

## THE THOROUGHBRED

enough so there'd be room—two or three acres—where things could have air and sun enough to grow in—flowers, and vegetables, and chickens, and a cow. And a baby.”

“That was why,” she told him after a while, “I sold the jewelry and gave the two thousand dollars to Major March.”

He amazed her by taking this announcement with a grin, rather than a gasp.

“Oh, Major didn’t give you away!” he assured her. “But, of course, when the tests came out the way they did and I saw what we had, I asked him where he’d got the money. How much he’d had to pay for it. Because, of course, what he had had to pay ought to come out of my share as well as out of his. His way of refusing to tell me *was* so impressive—religious, you might almost call it—that it would have given almost anybody a hunch. And then, when he swore that the person who had given him the money hadn’t driven any bargain for it at all, it struck me that there wasn’t anybody else—couldn’t be anybody else who’d be—”