

married Joan, Deborah's wild cry had reached him across the seas, and he had made his way back to the farm in the plains, and had narrowly escaped being arrested on a charge of murder—the murder of Simeon Krillet—but Deborah had saved him, paying a heavy price for his life, and then he had slunk back to England again—a man torn between two desires, his love for the Shulamite of the plains and his affection for his spoilt, pretty little English wife—Joan, who was artificial as Deborah was natural. Ah, but not artificial at the last; she was a true woman when she lay in her coffin, something small and white and waxy in her arms—the doll she would never play with—a woman and her babe.

He gulped down something in the nature of a choking sob, for Joan, dead in her coffin, meant infinitely more to Waring than she had ever done alive; then his thoughts flew back once again to Deborah Krillet—Deborah who could have made him forget all these tragic turned-down pages in his life if she had only opened her arms to him and kissed him with the lips that, in the past, he had likened to a thread of scarlet.

“Two women, and I've fallen to the ground between them, for Joan is dead, and Deborah—well, she is as dead to me now as if she lay mouldering in her grave, for her heart—the heart I helped to break—has become a mere piece of solid ice; she's hardened into stone——” He put up a hand to his forehead and pressed his temples desperately. “Damn it all,” he muttered hoarsely, and Robert Waring was a man who seldom swore; “I've done with women now—and for ever; no other woman shall take Deborah Krillet's place—that I swear; I'll be true to her memory at least, for I ruined her life for her in the years that