

a darkness that was as black as her future to her. She had quarreled with Larry. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

When he came to his breakfast, next morning, he had his eyes open, but otherwise his mental attitude seemed to be unchanged. He ate his breakfast—which she laid before him as humbly as if it were an altar sacrifice—and he spoke to her in a voice that was only too well controlled. But he did not meet her anxious penitent glances, and when he went away to his work he left her to as unhappy a day as any that her husband had ever given her. She had quarreled with Larry! He would be leaving her. It was all over.

She prepared for him, broken-heartedly, a lavish dinner of stuffed heart and mashed potatoes; and he came home earlier than usual to eat it with what she mistook for signs of a better feeling toward herself. That night, to her surprise, he did not go out; he read his newspaper and re-read it and read it again, until it was evident to her that he was reading the same pages twice without knowing it. She watched him—but without gathering any idea of what was going on in his mind.

And she watched him all next day, which was Sunday, without understanding his lack-luster mood, his absent-mindedness and his gentleness toward herself. He did not go out; he sat gloomily indoors; and when he proposed a street-car ride in the cool of the evening, she went with him, in a remorseful state of wonder.

At last, when she could bear it no longer, she asked: