

love of a woman, that the past no longer exists for me; that it no longer existed for me from the moment I saw you coming down stairs that first night at Lamoral. I waited this time to make sure that a woman loved me as I wanted to be loved, as I must be loved — and I waited too long. You are not like your mother, except in looks. You are you — the woman I want to make my wife, the woman I look to, to make life with me. Marcia! Let the past bury its dead — what do we care for it? We are living, you and I — living — loving — ”

He drew me up to him — and life in its fulness began for me. . . .

“ And now put on your hat, give me your coat, and come with me,” he said a half an hour afterwards.

“ Where? ”

“ To the City Hall to get our marriage licence.”

“ To-day? ”

“ Yes, now, before luncheon. Tell Jane you will not return — ”

“ But my bag — shall I take that? And Delia, what will — ”

“ Delia must look out for herself; you can explain by letter. Tell Jane to have your bag sent this afternoon to this address.” He gave me a card on which he scribbled, “ Check room of the Grand Central Station ”. “ We can be married at the magistrate’s office — ”

I must have shown some disappointment at this decision, for he asked quickly:

“ What is it, Marcia? Tell me. Remember, I can bear nothing more.”

I took a lighter tone with him. I saw that the nerv-