

her to the old life were about to be snapped. She could not understand the dull feeling of misery which crept over her. She felt alone, desolate; she marvelled at herself.

Windridge rose to his feet. He was pale, and when he spoke it was in a hesitating voice, very different from his usual clear, calm utterances. A strange feeling came over Doris. She laid down her work, and allowed her eyes to meet those of Windridge.

‘Doris, will you come with me and help me? I have been too long alone.’ There is no woman who will make life what you could for me. I love you with my whole soul.’

Doris covered her face with her hands. She was overcome with surprise, and also with the wild thrill of happiness caused by his words. She knew in a moment that this was her destiny, from which she could not, dare not, turn away.

‘You know my whole past, but if you could ever care for me, I entreat you do not let anything therein stand between us. This is the love which makes or mars a man’s happiness, the other was a foolish passion which could not stand the test of