

even speak to him, and by and by when he was out of danger and the time for his departure drew near, the girls united in the one great ambition—that of becoming Mrs. Algy Tressidar.”

For an instant, her eyes clouded and she spoke bitterly. Leslie was conscious of wishing to take a more comfortable chair, it seemed tiresome to sit so rigidly, she did not realize that every muscle was strained and taut, and that her nails cut into her palm.

“Of course I loved him, too. He said he loved me, that he owed his life to me, and that it was mine to do with as I pleased.” She laughed with a great dry sob in her throat. “I believed him because I was innocent of the ways of men, and when he finally left the hospital, *I went, too*, do you understand?”

“Poor little girl!”

“We lived in an adorable bungalow way off in the hills; he had got leave for six months, and instead of going home to England, he hid with me. Realize what I did? Perhaps, I have forgotten, I only know I was happy, because I had him.”

The hunger, the passion, the anguish made Leslie faint and again she moved her head and tried to breath comfortably.

“Then he went away, left me one day, and did not come back. I got a letter weeks after, saying that he was not worthy of me, that he was ‘drinking,’ and couldn’t stop, advising me to go back to the hospital and take up my old work of mercy.”