

bags, poor nervous invalid," she said. "I want to talk with Henry. He leaves to-night, you know."

"Make her unhappy over what might have been," he said to Henry as he went toward the door. "Then she may, in self-defence, attempt what might be."

"You are wonderfully good, Katherine." Henry walked across the veranda and stood beside her chair. "And now to take the boy East with you. There hasn't been a thing that you did not think of."

"Nonsense. It has all been fun—for me." Her voice broke, but she pretended she was coughing, and Henry did not appear to notice. "But there is one thing," she went on a little hysterically—"one mean thing I've wished all day, even in the Church this morning, and that is, that Harry were not your son, but Steve's. Then you might let me have him."

"Katherine!"

"Yes, I know it was brutal—on your wedding day—but I have learned to love the boy—and he gives me something to do. That is what I need, Henry, just as you have always said. And then, you know, I am really not responsible for what I say to-day—losing Helen, and turning my face toward the city, with all the gossip and the petty jealousies,