

"Would you want to marry me . . . just the same?" she asks.

"More!" says Maurice Ethelbert. "A hundred times more."

"Why more?" Pam inquires vaguely; her curiosity suddenly fanned to seek the reason of this strange great increase in his affection for her.

"Because," the Spawer tells her, "the less you are to the world, dear, the more you must be to me. The less claim the world can make upon you, the more I feel I've got you all to myself."

"You would still marry me, under any conditions?" asks Pam.

"Under any and all."

"And you won't let me go?"

"I won't let you go."

"Whatever people say?"

"Whatever people say."

"You'll hold me as tight . . . as you held me when we thought we were going to die . . . that night."

"Tighter, darling, tighter."

"Even if . . ."

"If what?"

". . . I should turn out . . . just a bit of a lady . . . after all, dear?"

The Spawer is going to answer, but he stops suddenly, lifts up the girl's face, and looks straight into her eyes.

"Pam!" says he.

THE END