

"Because there was another man; but I've only just discovered he's a sham, with no real love for me. It makes me sorry I ever knew him."

"Me—no real love for you! That's not the truth: it's because I have no real name to give you—that's why I've spoken as I have. Never have I cared for anyone except you, Junia, and I could have killed anyone that wronged you—"

"Kill yourself then," she flashed.

"Have I wronged you, Junia?"

"If you kept me waiting and prevented me from marrying a man I could have loved, if I hated you—if you did that, and then at last told me to go my ways, don't you think it wronging me! Don't be a fool, Carnac. You're not the only man on earth a good girl could love. I tell you, again and again I have been moved towards Luke Tarboe, and if he had had understanding of women, I should now be his wife."

"You tell me what I have always known," he interposed. "I knew Tarboe had a hold on your heart. I'm not so vain as to think I've always been the one man for you. I lived long in anxious fear, and—"

"And now you shut the door in my face! Looked at from any standpoint, it's ugly."

"I want you to have your due," he answered with face paler. "You're a great woman—the very greatest, and should have a husband born in honest wedlock."

"I'm the best judge of what I want," she declared almost sharply, yet there was a smile at her lips. "Why, I suppose if John Grier had left you his fortune, you'd give it up; you'd say, 'I have no right to it,' and would give it to my brother-in-law, Fabian."