

luminated dial of the City Hall clock and the spire of St. James'; but the fog obliterated all landmarks.

They were both very damp from exposure to the mist, but it is doubtful if either of them was aware of it. He made several further attempts to discover her identity without avail; at every turn she evaded him skillfully and it was beginning to look as if she would step ashore and vanish into the fog without leaving behind her a single clue for him to follow. This illusiveness was an added spur to his desire to know this girl. He did not believe that she was a married woman at all. It was a conclusion which seemed to be justified by her elaborate precautions to make him think otherwise. Because of some foolish notion of the conventions she intended to go as she had come, taking advantage of the fog to write down the night's adventure in a book which must be closed to him for all time and forgotten.

Deliberately Phil held back the canoe. They were within a few strokes of the landing now.

"Listen to me very carefully," he began. "I am going to ask you for the last time to tell me your name or the name of some friend whom I can get to introduce me to you properly. Isn't that fair? I have told you the truth about myself and will hand you my card to prove it. You must play equally fair with me or——"

"Or what?" she demanded haughtily as he hesitated.