

It was on that occasion Jamie confided in me. He told me his decision to return to England was not wholly influenced by his publishers, but because of his interest in Bess Stanley who, he had heard, was seen a good deal in the company of a distant cousin of my husband's — another Gordon Ewart, named from his father from whom my Gordon bought the manor and seignior of Lamoral.

He discerned that the only wise thing for him was to be on the spot, "to head the other off" as he put it.

"If I can be only one half day with Bess now and then, I can make her forget every other man," he declared solemnly.

I laughed inwardly, but I knew he spoke the truth. Jamie Macleod is fascination itself when he exerts himself.

"I am going to win, you know, in the end," he said. "Another Ewart shan't cut me out again —" He spoke mischievously, audaciously.

"Oh, you big fraud! It's well I understand you."

"And I, you, Marcia — I'll cable."

"Do, that's a dear. I shall be so anxious."

Yesterday I received the cablegram; Jamie has won.

I can't help wondering about those other "Gordon Ewarts", distant cousins of my husband. Can it be? —

No, no! I will not even speculate. That past is forever laid, thank God.

I write "forever" — but perhaps that is not possible, for I have lived through a strange experience that makes me doubt at times. When my nestling was