

CHAPTER XLI

THE FATE OF WOMAN

SHE had taken a book with her, and when David Jordan discovered her, she was stretched out on the grass under a tree, *not* reading the open volume in her hands. It was Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*.

"I thought it might improve my mind, but," she complained, as he sat down beside her, looking radiant at having found her, "with the thermometer at its present height, I can't manage to take in more than a sentence in every three and a half pages. I can easily believe all those stories about Carlyle's abusing his wife! Any man that could write in such *large capitals*! Look at this page!"—she held the book open at a page very generously strewn with the offending big type. "Think of the state of mind that could make a page like that! It's dangerous. I should be afraid to be married to it!"

He laughed, took the book from her and tossed it away. "Glorious old Scotchman!—but we don't want anything to do with him this hot summer's day, do we?"

"He reduces me to pulp!" she sighed. "I shall