

to do that before I could offer you his place. All that I can love now is the memory of him."

"Listen," said Turl, without moving. "I have thought it over. For your sake, I will be the man I was. It's true, I can't restore the old face; but the old outlook on life, the old habits, the old pensiveness, will bring back the old expression. I will resume the old name, the old set of memories, the old sense of personality. I said last night that a resumption of the old self could be only mental, and incomplete even so. But when I said that, I had not surrendered. The mental return can be complete, and must reveal itself more or less on the surface. And the old love, — surely where the feeling is the same, its outer showing can't be utterly new and strange."

He spoke with a more pleading and reverent note than he had yet used since the revelation. A moist shine came into her eyes.

"Murray — it is you!" she whispered.

"Ah! — sweetheart!" His smile of the utmost tenderness seemed more of a kind with sadness than with pleasure. It was the smile of a man deeply sensible of sorrow — of Murray Davenport, — not that of one versed in good fortune alone — not that which a potent imagination had made habitual to Francis Turl.