

alone. Fancy his saying that! He is not a husband; he is a lover! We quarrel, you will be glad to hear, but only to avert the day of judgment and also to create conversation.

After we were married, we drove here in a hansom; there were no favours nor orange blossoms. Aunt Lydia gave us too many of them at our first marriage. We sat down and talked — talked like Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, of all things in our hearts, and Vera, I am not afraid of him now.

Dick says that he never passed through such days of torment as he did when he thought I was in love with Charlie Woodward, and then again in Halifax, “between Sir Anthony, the man from Borneo, and that brute Morgan” (I quote his words), “I was desperate. I nearly carried you off.”

“If you only had,” I said. “If you only had.”

“Has life been so awful for you,