

Teddy by names that are not lightly forgiven. "It is you! You meant to! When I—when I told Rettau on the station, he said, 'Then it was Teddy after all.' By Heaven, it is your doing!"

Teddy cursed the indiscreet Rettau beneath his breath.

"It isn't," he said, not knowing that he

"You loved her, I know. Did you ever tell her so?"

"Yes," said Teddy, curtly.

"And what did she say? *What* did she say?"

Teddy went white. He would have occasion to tell lies presently if he answered more questions.



"YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS, KEENE, OR THERE'LL BE A ROW."

was perfectly untruthful; in that Miss Derring had cast Keene off, swiftly and without given reason, because of a slow-grown knowledge that she could not live within measured distance of Teddy's whare all her years. Teddy kicked the crumbling wall of it, and the dust flew. "That's very likely, isn't it?" he demanded bitterly. "You—you needn't hit a chap this season, Keene."

"She didn't say—she—cared. That's enough. You'd no right to ask that much."

"I had! If you—you——"

Teddy jerked the hunting-crop out of Keene's hand, and it spun away with a whirling dust-devil, and the cold earth and sky were a jeering, shrieking hell.

"You'd better get out of this, Keene, or there'll be a row. Good God, man, she's