

she could not help taking it out and reading it.

Her first refusal to send money was answered with urgent pleas and promises of marriage. Lucy did not write again, not even to tell the fellow that she was married already. The next letter was indignant, the next abusive. Then threats followed. They were just the sort of threats that would terrify an ignorant girl. Formless, they struck terror to Lucy's heart.

She had one consolation. Frank could not find her. In the last days before her marriage she had had no friends. She could not leave the house. None knew where she had gone to live when her meeting with George Gray led to their marriage.

The last letter, received a month before, had terrified the girl. Bennett wrote that he was returning East; all his speculations had failed; and he was resolved to discover the meaning of her silence. After that she had not gone to the postoffice box.

She was seated upon the porch of her new home. She had come to love her husband more than she had thought possible. That morning, for the first time in months, she felt at ease. She was not thinking of Bennett at all when a man entered the gate and came quickly up the path.

It was Frank Bennett. Lucy knew him at once. He had grown much older and looked dissipated; his trim mustache was gone and his clean-shaven face gave him an indescribably coarse appearance. Half paralyzed with terror, she sat mutely watching him fascinated, as a bird by some hideous snake.

He ascended the steps of the porch, and, taking off his hat with a flourish, stood watching her.

"I'm selling books," he announced. "I have here—" he touched a package—"a complete guide for the housekeeper. It is very useful for young wives. Makes their husbands contented and keeps their love."

His hideous mockery had no note of pity in it. He must have learned of her marriage and have come there to torture her.

"I don't want any books," said Lucy in a strained voice.

Bennett, without answering, unfastened the package.

"One dollar down and one dollar monthly will give you full possession of these three companion volumes," he continued. "You'd better take them. Don't you want to make your husband happy? Don't you want to surprise him with—"

"I tell you I don't want any books," exclaimed Lucy, indignantly, rising to her feet. The thought of years that she had wasted on this worthless man, the memory of his threats and insults, had driven away her fears. Anger replaced them.

"You think you don't want them, eh?" sneered Bennett. "Then I'm sorry for your husband. Maybe he's so well-to-do that he keeps a couple of servants and you just have to doll up and sit around all day? Now see here! I'm going to leave those books, and when you've thought the matter over you're going to buy 'em. I shall come back here tomorrow to get my dollar.

"If you're not out of her within one minute, I shall telephone to my husband to have you arrested," said Lucy. Take yourself and your books out of here, and don't ever let me see your face again, or you shall be horse-whipped."

To her amazement, Bennett calmly picked up the books and began to go down the garden walk. He did not say anything nor seem indignant. He shut the gate behind him, and a couple of minutes later Lucy saw him entering the house next to her own, beyond the vacant lots adjoining.

All at once the explanation flashed on her. He had not recognized her!

He had simply been trying to peddle books in his own characteristic, impudent way. She did not know the transformation that love had