

Her own costume was picturesque, but it might appear unusual in London society. Still, they could use their own judgment about that.

Then, when she was gone beyond recall, he chanced one day to put on the coat he wore when the letters and paper declaring his misfortune came to him. He found his brother's letter; he opened it and read it. It was the letter of a man who knew how to appreciate at their proper value the misfortunes, as the fortunes, of life. While Frank Armour read he came to feel for the first time that his brother Richard had suffered, maybe, from some such misery as had come to him through Julia Sherwood. It was a dispassionate, manly letter, relieved by a gentle wit, and hinting with careful kindness that a sudden blow was better for a man than a life-long thorn in his side. Of Julia Sherwood he had nothing particularly bitter to say. He delicately suggested that she acted according to her nature, and that in the seesaw of life Frank had had a sore blow; but this was to be borne. The letter did not say too much;