swered Joan, looking with grateful eyes out upon the pleasant garden, and after a moment bringing them back almost wistfully to her friend's face. "Are these all your letters, Isabel?"

"All to-day, dear," Isabel answered, knowing—oh! so well—what her heart was hungering for—news of that absent one whom she had no hope of meeting again. "But why are you so unmindful of your own letter? I see Mrs Harrington's writing on the envelope."

Joan took the letter from her lap, and read the address.

"I wish I had courage to tell Mabel, Isabel. It must be done sometime. I have no right to this name now. I am no longer a wife."

"Time enough by-and-by," said Isabel, quickly. "Open your letter, dear. It will at least divert your thoughts for a little.

Somewhat listlessly Joan broke the seal, and slowly read the somewhat brief letter to the end.

"She has not much news, but she says Lady Finch's governess has been very poorly," said Joan, handing the open sheet to her friend.

"Here is a *Times*, I perceive, addressed to Mr Angus in Robert's writing," said Isabel, cutting off the wrapper before she read Mrs Harrington's letter.

Folding out the bulky newspaper, she ran her eye rapidly over it, almost expecting to see some passage marked for perusal. Failing in finding what she sought, she turned, woman-like, to the record of births, marriages, and deaths. Presently she gave a violent start, and, springing up, laid the paper on Joan's knee, and, gathering up her letters, went away into the house. Joan, in no little amazement, lifted the paper, and glanced over it. In the obituary this met her eye—

"At 32 Boardman Square, S.W., on the 19th inst., Amelia Burnett, aged 24."

．　　　．　　　．　　　．　　　．　　　．

It was the middle of September, and still the English folk remained inmates of Madame Pierrot's household. The villagers regarded them no longer with curious interest,