

let you go now! And I am afraid — afraid of what might happen —”

She stopped on that, somehow gathering without looking at him that she had not followed his thought.

“I want to take him by the hand,” said Varney, “and tell him that it’s all right now.”

There was a light carriage-robe about them, for the vanished sun had left the breath of autumn in the air; and beneath it her hand, from which the white glove had been stripped, touched and was suddenly gathered into his own. A glorious tremble shot through his body; and now he could turn his shining face fully toward her.

“You are n’t thinking that I could keep an enemy *to-day!*”

As the carriage stopped before the hotel entrance, he added:

“And I must tell him not to bother Peter any more. You see, Peter’s a fine man, but he has n’t got my reasons for being — in love with all the world. I — I — I hate to go. Our first parting has come soon. But — this is a duty, and — and — good-bye!”

She never forgot the look upon his face.

“Good-bye. And oh! would you please *hurry?*”

With an herculean effort he detached himself from the carriage and rushed into the hotel. The same bored-looking clerk was sitting behind the desk, paring the same nails with the same office scissors. But this time, at sight of Varney, he sprang instantly to his feet, all smiles and eagerness to serve.

“Why, *good evening*, Mr. Varney! Well, sir!

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