

and enquire if Lady Esmondet has really gone ; if so, has she left any message for me."

" Yes, sir."

Returning, he hands a letter to his master, saying :

" Her ladyship left this with the housekeeper for you, sir, and Grimes says, sir, they waited 'til the last minute for you, sir."

Not delaying to peruse the written words of his friend, he drove with all speed to the Great Northern Station, only to learn that the train had left on time at midnight, when, turning his horses' heads once more, and for his hotel, he has soon reached the "Langham." On gaining his own apartments his great dog Mars gives a whine of satisfaction at the return of his master, who, throwing himself wearily into a favourite chair, while the smoke from his cigar curls upwards, takes from his pocket the delicate epistle with the perfume of violets upon it, and which reads as follows :

" Lionel, *mon cher ami*, I feel it in my heart to scold you. How is it you are not with us ? The Claxtons will hear of no further delay. So while they get into travelling gear, must have a one-sided leave-taking with you, as we must needs leave Park Lane without a hand-clasp. Vaura, always lovely, is more bewitching than ever to-night, as she talked earnestly to Travers Guy Cyril, you will remember him. She looked not unlike Guido's Beatrice ; (I don't mean the daubs one sees, but Guido's own), the same soul-full eyes, Grecian nose, and lovely full curved lips. Guy, always melancholy, Vaura, always sympathetic, the reflection of his sad eyes lent to hers a deep tenderness ; that he loves her hopelessly, poor fellow, is only too evident, he bid us adieu for a New York trip, thence, he seemed to think, no one cared. And so, lives are parted ; one is inclined to quarrel with Fate at times ; she bids you to the "Towers" and elsewhere ; Vaura and self to the Scotch Lakes, afterwards to gay Brighton. I would you were with us, *cher Lionel*, but