

Kent found this very unsatisfactory. It was a concession, and he did not seek her society as a concession. The walk, as usual latterly, was short, and neither had the air of enjoying it very much. They roamed along the dusty roads for the most part in silence, and for the rest with platitudes. He could not avoid seeing that her companionship was reluctantly accorded, and after their return, when she put out her hand in the stereotyped "Good-night," he resolved not to beg her to go with him any more.

He wasn't without a hope that, by refraining from the request, he might move her to gratitude; but her avoidance of him did not diminish, and when August came, he questioned whether he ought to leave her for a while. The part that she had allotted to herself was plainly more than she could sustain; to relieve her temporarily of his presence might be the most considerate plan he could adopt? But the notion repelled him violently. Though she was colder and ill at ease, she enchained him. He had very little, and that little he was loath to lose. To look at her across the room, unobserved, in their long pauses was not charged with regret only—the bitterness had an indefinable joy as well; he liked to note the effect of lamplight on her profile as she read, took pleasure in her grace when she moved. To spare her what distress