

One afternoon when I came home an hour or two earlier than usual, I found Euphan writing as if for dear life at the desk in my study. As I peeped in at the door, I saw something in her face which I could not quite make out. I thought I had never seen her look so sweet and winsome. There was a soft and indescribable tenderness on every feature which moved me strangely. I almost felt as if I were intruding, and would have slipped away had she not caught sight of me.

'Come in, David,' she said, stretching out her hand to me with her loveliest smile. 'Only you must not stay long, because I have a letter to write, a most important letter, which must catch the Indian mail. You know it leaves to-night at six o'clock.'

'Oh,' I said, as I put my arm about her. 'Has Peggy capitulated?'

She put her hand on my lips, and laying her soft cheek to mine, whispered something in my ear.

'God help her, poor thing!' I said fervently enough. 'You are wise to write. I will not ask