

"How angry he is with Noël McAllister; needlessly so. *I* have forgiven him long ago."

"Have you, indeed? And have you heard about Lady Margaret?"

"Yes. Mr. McAllister did me the honor of calling on me the other day."

"Noël McAllister called on you, Marie?"

The old name slipped out accidentally, and, in his excitement, he did not notice the mistake.

"Yes."

"And he told you about Lady Margaret, about his wife being dead?"

"Yes."

"Was that all he told you?"

Marie looked rather surprised at being cross-questioned in this abrupt manner; but replied quietly:—

"No; it was not all. He told me much more."

"Yes! yes!" said Lacroix, with the persistency of a cross-examining lawyer, "And you Marie, what did you say?"

"If you really want to know exactly what I said, my words were to the effect that I had no time to reopen a closed chapter in my life, and that my carriage was at the door."

A strange expression, almost of relief, with