

I thought she replied, with the slightest constraint in her voice. 'One could not let an old acquaintance die without making an effort to save him.'

At that instant I grew scornful, and longed to tell him of her husband. But then a husband was not an acquaintance. I ventured instead: 'I am sorry, but I must cut short all conversation for the present. When he is a little better, he will be benefited by your brightest gossip, Mrs. Falchion.'

She rose smiling, but she did not again take his hand, though I thought he made a motion to that end. But she looked down at him steadily for a moment. Beneath her look his face flushed, and his eyes grew hot with light; then they dropped, and the eyelids closed on them. At that she said, with an incomprehensible airiness,—'Good-night. I am going now to play the music of *La Grande Duchesse* as a farewell to Gibraltar. They have a concert on to-night.'

And she was gone.

At the mention of *La Grande Duchesse* he sighed, and turned his head away from her. What it all meant I did not know, and she had annoyed me as much as she had perplexed me; her moods