

"Sir, I have a little business matter of my nephew's to discuss with you. If you will kindly tell me where you are quartered, I shall wait upon you within the hour."

Mr. Cray took the card and looked at it in a kind of dazed way. The Wynnes walked on. Mr. Cardrew made some trifling, commonplace remark to Lucy and me about the mountaineers in their picturesque Tyrolese dress. The colour stole back, pink and soft and sweet, to Lucy's white cheeks. The Colonel held himself as if he were giving orders to his men. Mr. Cray looked as if some one had suddenly punched his head, and I saw a twinkle in John's eye. Mr. Cray gave the somewhat complicated direction mechanically, the Colonel thanked him, and we parted ; but after the incident our conversation, perhaps naturally, flagged.

Lucy and I did not return to our lodgings when Mr. Cray went back to keep his appointment with the Colonel. Poor, dear girl, she was very nervous, and clung to me as if afraid something terrible was about to happen. We lingered about the village for a little time, watching the medley of people with but a languid interest, and as the dusk was beginning to fall I suggested a short stroll