

into smallest fragments. Youth grows fearfully excited, tries to snatch it. Lady says a few words to him, her teeth set; he yields in despair. They all then kiss the Book, evidently making oath.

The past is again veiled, and we love the actors too well to endeavour to solve what they have apparently sworn shall not be revealed. The following eight years of Vaura's life have been spent chiefly at Paris, at the Séminaire of Madame Rocheforte, bringing us to 1877, the intangible present, a mere cobweb dividing as it does our past, as it silently recedes from our winged future.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATES SPIN WITH THREADS OF BLACK.

WE now return to Captain Trevalyon, as he leaves the residence of Mrs. Tompkins, No. — Eaton Square. He quickly seats himself in his dog-cart, still standing at the door. When grasping the reins from his servant drives rapidly to Park Lane and the town house of his friend, the Lady Esmondet, who loves him well, as all women do who have his friendship; and with whom, now that he has left the army, he spends (during the season) much of his time. But now his thoroughbreds, King and Prance, have sped so quickly through Belgravia that their destination is reached.

"Just as I feared, Fate is against me," he thought, glancing at the house; "nothing has delayed them, they are off, I have again missed her."

Aloud he says to his servant: "Sims, go to the door