

found out is a fool. But I didn't give you credit for such an extreme of folly as this. You had better ring the bell for Mr. Chasemore. He is the proper person to dry your tears. I should only be accused of hypocrisy if I attempted to do so.'

'He is not here. He has left me, and in all probability I shall never see him again,' said Regina. 'He has found out that it was my cursed ambition that led me to marry him, and he will not believe now that my false heart is capable of such a thing as love.'

'How very romantic!' sneered Lady William. 'But it really shocks me to hear you swear so. If these are the morals of Premiere Street, I really think that the sooner I return to my "demi-rep" friends the better. They, at all events, are not in the habit of using oaths to enforce their arguments.'

'Oh, go, go, go, cried Regina passionately. 'Every word you say is a fresh aggravation to me. I will not answer for myself if you remain here longer.'

And so Lady William shuffled out of her daughter's bed-room and went down to the lower floor, where she summoned the servants in turn, and having extracted all the details of the scandal from their lips proceeded to make a tour of the houses of her most intimate friends to retail what she had heard to them.

And meanwhile her unhappy daughter lay on her pillow with her face downwards, wondering if she should ever see Vivian again, and if so, what words she could use in order to make him believe she loved him.

On the same day, and about the same hour Mr. Farthingale seated in his private office in the city, was handed the card of Sir Arthur Chasemore. Now his daughter Selina, for reasons of her own, had studiously avoided giving him any intimation of what had taken place in Premier Street the day before, preferring that the circumstances of the case should come to his knowledge their own way. He was therefore, quite unprepared for seeing the baronet enter the office with a lady on his arm.

'God bless my soul, Miss Oppenheim! This is very unexpected indeed!' he said fussily, as he set chairs for his visitors.

The lady has changed her name. Mr. Farthingale. Allow me to introduce you to Lady Chasemore.'

The little lawyer stared in mute astonishment.

'Your wife, Sir Arthur?' he stammered at last.

'My wife, Mr. Farthingale, as fast as the

law can make her. And therefore you will not be surprised that we have come here this morning on business. As Lady Chasemore's husband, I am entitled to ask you how soon you intend to settle up the affairs of her late aunt, Mrs. Mather.'

'I really don't understand you, Sir Arthur; I believe there is a little something due to Miss Oppen—I mean Lady Chasemore—and when I have time to look into the matter, I will let you have an official statement but—'

'You must be good enough to make time, Mr. Farthingale and I fancy when you go regularly to work you will find that the "little something" is more than you imagine. Here is a letter from Lady Chasemore's uncle in Bombay, in which he states that his sister left various sums of money, chiefly in railway scrip, amounting in all to some sixteen or eighteen thousand pounds, and that the papers must necessarily be in the hands of her solicitor.'

'This is most extraordinary,' said Mr. Farthingale, growing very red. 'Who is this Bombay uncle? I never heard of him before.'

'Perhaps not, Mr. Farthingale,' interposed the silvery tones of Lady Chasemore. 'My aunt had quarrelled with him for many years, and never mentioned his name; but I knew it, and finding you were so very long in settling her affairs, I wrote and asked his advice as to what I had better do.'

'Why did you not apply to me, Lady Chasemore? You know that ever since the death of your lamented aunt, I have only been too anxious to lend you every assistance in my power,' said the lawyer, with much confusion.

'Oh! of course I know you were very good in procuring me an under-teacher's place at Clarence Lodge, and promising, if possible, to save a little money for me out of the wreck of poor auntie's fortune, but I have been waiting for it three years, Mr. Farthingale, and so both I and Sir Arthur think it is about time we were provided with a statement on the matter.'

'What scrip is in your possession belonging to Lady Chasemore?' demanded the baronet stertily. 'I have no intention of leaving this office until I know, Mr. Farthingale.'

'Oh! really, Sir Arthur, I hope you won't be hard on me. I have had so much business of importance on my hands lately, that I have had time to think of nothing else. This scrip had to be sold out and collected, Sir Arthur, for I never imagined that Miss Oppen—I mean Lady Chasemore—would continue to trouble herself with shares; and