

one, and that his demonstrations of affection bored her to extinction. She had not spared him of late. On the contrary, she had railed at everything connected with him and his people, and she had once even said that she had been badly cheated in marrying him.

He had swallowed all these insults, but not one of them was forgotten.

"And what do you propose to do with me?" she asked shrilly. "I'm not going to Australia."

"I didn't expect that you would," he answered in the same quiet, passionless voice. "You told me at Glenlochan that you were sick of the sight of me, so probably I'll be a good riddance. Is this the house? Rather a nice place, isn't it? Why, there's the old man."

He darted from her side in pursuit of a figure he saw in the distance by the side of the ornamental lake.

Clare went on to the house, feeling very sick at heart. But before the day closed real trouble took the place of imaginary ones.

The evening papers contained the news that the Hon. Edward Charters, younger brother of Lord Radleigh, had shot himself in his chambers at the Albany and had died on the spot.