

ds heaven.

night, and  
lingly yet,  
room was  
n. It was  
assume too  
y of peace  
vered near  
the door of  
r hand, he  
ere, would  
after such  
d to touch  
ad for her

tatingly, as

"she said,  
dim. She  
r own, and  
er sobbing,  
ired child,

held him  
best possi-  
in fierce

ine, which  
ewhere, is

soul.

## CHAPTER XLIX

"The sweet life melting through thy looks  
Hath made my life divine."



It was far on in the season—nearly in the middle of July—before Hargreaves returned to town. He came with the Von Reutensees, a happy party, susceptible to all the variety and the amusement to be extracted when the heart is light, even from a journey so prosaic. He left them at Charing Cross and made haste to his own rooms, to learn there for the first time that Woodgate had left ten days before, nor could they tell him where he had gone. He only waited to refresh himself a little, and then betook himself to Miss Ryder's house in Craddock Street. She was unfeignedly glad, and also somewhat surprised to see him.

"When did you come? and where have you left the Countess?" she cried, all in one breath as usual. "How splendidly you look! You must have had a glorious holiday."

"I have never had one like it, Miss Ryder," he answered, noting with a new access of pity the worn, tired face of the little story-writer, whose wan look told that the long hard-working summer in the city had left its mark. "But before I say a word about that, you must answer me the question I came to ask. It's not much more than an hour since I arrived. Where is Woodgate?"

The little story-writer gave a joyous laugh, and her hands an