

how he had made her suffer—never suspect how in minutes the unutterable recollection that she had hidden for his sake had wrenched and tortured her while she talked to him so easily; she prayed that he never *might* know! But to yield at his first sigh, because he looked unhappy—how could she contemplate it?

Yet was his unhappiness her sole temptation? She trembled. Was she despicable to long for his arm about her again? Was it degraded to feel that even to-day—

In July Kent was lonelier than he had been hitherto. His wife could seldom contrive to accompany him when he went out, and the excursions were in any case curtailed. She seemed to care less for walking, and there were little tiresome things that demanded her attention, or to which, at least, she chose to give it. The child missed her, when he woke at eight o'clock, if she was not at home to run in to him; she wanted to practise on the wheezy piano; there was needlework she was compelled to do—always something!

The first time, Kent was merely disappointed, and came back early in low spirits; but after the third of his solitary walks, misgivings oppressed him with double weight. She was indifferent—no other explanation was possible; she was indifferent, and no longer chose to mask it!