

"Did you put it into a wrong envelope? Did you post it yourself?"

"No; I left two notes with Mrs. Bayley to post."

"Then I would not mind betting heavily that *she* did the mischief."

"Oh! impossible."

"We shall never know positively."

"The carriage is at the door," said the landlord.

"In a moment; take care the lamps are lit." Then, as the man left them: "My love! my life!" he exclaimed, "for whatever you decide, I love you with all my soul, I must let you go. Will you send me a line to-morrow, to let me know if all is well?"

"I will," she said, turning from his eyes, which made her heart throb wildly. She went to the window, and looked at the night. "It is very dark. I suppose the road is safe?"

"It is, or I would not let you go. Gertrude" — catching her hands — "look at me! May I