

could always have my own way, but I think that I didn't care so much about my own way as I did—about his."

"And you again forgot Henrietta?"

"Yes, Grandfather; there was no room for her. But when I heard her voice, I had to remember her; and I remembered at the same time, like a flash, all the things to be said *for him* on her side, against me. That she is the Duke's sister, and so rich, and—and all that——"

"And when you sent him to her, he went."

"Yes. He was very angry: he did not speak to me at all at the ball, and he went away without saying good-bye. He might," she added with a quick quiver of her lip, "have said good-bye to me! But he didn't, and—that is all."

The old man watched her for some minutes in silence.

Her absolute unreserve towards him was, he knew, that of a very reserved nature driven by circumstances and a longing for sympathy to tell just once what never could be repeated again.

He knew that women who confide in any people never tell the whole of their story, and that men would never tell hers to any one else.

There was something unspeakably touching to him, toward the closing of his long life, to see this young creature just starting out on her journey, with such a burden.

He himself, looking back on the women he had loved, could hardly remember which of two or three he had cared for most; he was exuberant, inconstant, light-hearted by nature, as well as by careful cultivation, but he knew that his grand-daughter was of different metal. The absurdity of one of her desperately faithful stamp objecting to matrimony on the ground that it promised more than it could fulfil, had not escaped him. He and Charnley Burke had laughed together over it long ago, but he had, naturally, never taken her prejudice seriously.

When the right man came, he had thought, she would change her mind quickly enough! And now the right man had come, was at the same time hopelessly the wrong man, she had not changed her mind, but would have