

fully floated in the words of Leonie's song: "Love not: love not!" Oh, warning vainly said! The silvery moonlight streamed between the parted curtains—the house was very still. The song Mrs. Rutherford plaintively sung was the only sound to disturb Alwyn Bartram. He stood there mute, motionless; and if ever human suffering atoned for human sin, then he, Estella's husband, in that hour of supreme despair, had redeemed the past.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"POST TENEBRAS LUX!"

LATE in the afternoon of the second day, a carriage drew up before that shabby tenement house, where carriages were a dream and myth, and Mr. Bartram sprung out.

He ran up the stairs, and rapped at the door of his wife's room. There was no response. He rapped again—still silence. He turned the handle; the door was locked.

"The lady's gone."

It was the voice of the woman who before had admitted him. She came to the head of the stairs, and peered at him curiously.

"Gone!" he echoed, in amaze. "Gone where?"

The woman shook her head.

"I don't know, sir—she left no word. She came into my room, yesterday, and bid me good-bye, and told me, if a gentleman called, to tell him she had left for good. That's all I know, sir."

The woman disappeared. Alwyn Bartram leaned against the dirty, begrimed wall, sick at heart.

What did it mean? Was she mad? Why had she run away from him again?

"She pretended to love me," he thought, bitterly, "and she proved it—*thus!* But this time I will find her—this time she shall not baffle me! Poor child! she is afraid to trust me still."

He went out rapidly, re-entered the carriage, and was driven back to his hotel. As he entered, a waiter met him with a sealed note.

"Just been left, sir, by a servant in livery. I was about to bring it up to your room."

Mr. Bartram took it, and started visibly. Ah! he knew