

have not been friends, and perhaps my own unfortunate temperament has been at fault. That I was useful and devoted to your uncle you know. May I not ask the privilege of remaining for his funeral?

"Yours truly,

"LUCRETIA HUNTER."

Mary read it and wrote in reply:

"I see no objection.

M. F."

When, three days later, they assembled in the little graveyard of St. David's Church, Lucretia, tall and handsome, in deep black, came last to the grave, looked down, threw in a handful of lilies of the valley and went away to the station.

Two weeks later, as Grace was on his way to dine with the Swanwicks, a quiet family dinner, he saw Archer on the far side of the street. He crossed over and joined him. As they went on, Archer asked: "What day did Knellwood sail?"

"Yesterday. He changed his steamer and has waited. I do not know why."

"It would be strange if he were to come upon Mrs. Hunter and poor little Miss Kitty in Europe."

"When," returned Grace, "I chanced to say to him that she had gone to join Mrs. Hunter and was going abroad with her, he said, 'I trust that we shall not meet.'"

"It has troubled Miss Fairthorne," said Archer, "more than it has Mrs. Swanwick. Harry went after Miss Kitty to New York, but she was very un-