

he took no notice of me. He kept up a conversation with Fenton, who once stood up and said excitedly, that she thought his wife's death would have softened him; and as for proofs, he was the last man who should ask for them—he, from whom she had suffered everything, for whom she had done everything. Quietly, he inquired if Mrs. Charters had ever denied anything to her—had ever shown her the much talked of jewels—the proofs? Fenton did not know how to answer this, and then sat down again. At that meeting my future was arranged.

“If every-one's lives, from the mysterious first to the unfathomable last, is a tragedy, then, I suppose, the days that go to make up the life are lines of the whole. But no one ever reads or hears a tragedy without wishing that the author or actor had studied the public taste so critically as to know that dozens of the lines might have been omitted and the interest enhanced. To do this is the story-teller's privilege; therefore, Lily, you will not object to leave Eleanor Charters, the child, in a lawyer's office and find her after twelve years, again in France speeding on. Well, if I had been asked, whither bound? I would have answered—Paris.

“In the intervening years I had never seen my father. Fenton and I had lived quietly, a short distance from Southampton, upon my mother's fortune which was settled upon me. The mystery of my parents' separation was to me almost as great as ever. Fenton had told me all she knew. She had entered my mother's service shortly before her marriage. My mother was the orphan daughter of a captain of a merchantman, who had married a Cuban lady, and after accumulating a large fortune, settled in London. My mother offended her father's few relatives by marrying Creswell Charters, whom they considered a penniless fortune-hunter, and in that they were not far wrong. After their marriage he wasted as much of mamma's money as he could lay hands on, and at length became positively neglectful and unkind to her. One evening mamma was in her private sitting-room with a gentleman whom she had received several times. Papa, who had been away, came home unexpectedly, and when the stranger went away a dreadful scene ensued, in which papa was bitter and sarcastic, and mamma hot and passionate, as a proud woman, with Spanish blood in her veins, can be. Fenton, from the next room, heard him accuse mamma of giving away her beautiful jewels which her father had gathered for her in all