

"No ; I have been at The Castle."

"Taking tea with the new owner?" she asked merrily ; and he answered, "Yes."

When they entered the house, he suddenly laid his hand on her head, and looked into her face with an odd expression in his grave eyes.

"Sara, can you bear a great surprise?"

"Yes—what?"

"The new owner of Glentarne is Robert Liddel. I met him there, and have been with him these two hours. He has never forgotten us, Sara. We misjudged him. And he is coming here to-night to see you."

Then he went away, and left her to herself.

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It was nine o'clock before Robert Liddel came. Christopher admitted him, and opened the sitting-room door, but he did not enter with him. Sara was standing on the hearth. She moved at the closing of the door, but did not turn her head. Robert Liddel went to her, and touched her arm, then she looked at him with a long searching look. At first these two, parted for so long, had no word to say.

"Sara," he said, at length, in the tones she remembered well, "have you no word of welcome for me—not one?"

Her lips quivered, and her eyes fell.

"I am glad to see you back," she said, with a slight constraint in her voice, and unconsciously she moved a little further from him.

For a moment, Robert Liddel looked at the only woman he had ever loved, wondering to see how little she was moved by his presence. She had loved him once, and he had thought it would be for ever ; but it had been a mistake, after all. She was as fickle as