

sometime companion, after repeating again and again Othello's miserable reproach, went to the window, opened it, and so tried to cool himself. After a short period passed thus, he returned to his chamber, and there wasted away his passion in a letter. He folded the letter rather hastily, and—by some strange mischance—omitted to seal it! Then he left the house, hurried across the few fields that led to the village, and dropped the unsealed letter into the box at the post-office. The rest of the day he occupied himself with gathering together his wardrobe; and in the morning he came down calmly enough to breakfast, and said to Lady Maldon—who happened to be out of bed at that early time:

“I shall not be your guest longer. All our pleasures must have an end, and with them, the pleasure this house has been good enough to afford me. I shall be in London this evening. Have you any commands?”

“London this evening!” said her ladyship,