

"you know, in deciding so momentous a question as separation or reunion, we should be prudent and deliberate."

"Perhaps so," he said, slowly, and left the room to make arrangements for her journey. When he returned she was sitting by the table, her face buried in her hands.

"I am afraid you are awfully done up," he exclaimed, looking tenderly at her. "Come near the fire; you are trembling with cold."

"Not with cold," she returned.

While waiting for the carriage, Carrington told her how he had met Miss Onslow in Prince's Street, and to his great surprise heard she had had no reply from Mrs. Fane; instinct suggested mischief, and he determined to save his wife the annoyance of disappointment and enjoy the delight of a few hours alone with her. He therefore took the train to Torriemurchan, and thence drove to Findarroch.

"But how did my note get into Sir Frederic's hands?"