

The seconds crept away.

"I must go," she said; "I'll write to you."

"Shall you go to your mother's?"

"I must; there's no train to Monmouth after three. Will you send for a cab to take me to Waterloo? I'll tell them you were coming with me, but something prevented you. . . . Can I bathe my eyes in your room before I go?"

Kent showed her where it was, and waited for her in the parlour. Then they went downstairs together to the cab. She leant forward and gave him her hand.

"Don't be afraid of me," she whispered again.

"God bless you!" he said, closing the door.