

"Unwittingly on my part," he eagerly rejoined. But his listener shook her head.

"You deceive yourself if you think so. Since I have seen you together, you have never loved Caroline Maturin."

"At least," said he, after a brief silence, "I love her too well yet, to bear to think calmly of the grief I shall cause her."

"You are too kind," sharply answered Miss Kendal, whom all such allusions seemed to arouse into uncontrollable spitefulness. "You must summon courage. Call to mind how your own proceedings are necessarily cramped, till——"

He said nothing. As if from deep musing, he suddenly started, and addressed her again—"But before she goes you will let me see her?"

"For what reason?"

"I *will*—I *must* see her!" he cried, passionately. "If necessary I will follow her——"

"You best know the extent of your own daring. But Madame de Vigny can be indignant—can resent insolence."

"Insolence!"

"It would be such—you must know that."

Vaughan ground his teeth. "Nevertheless," he declared, "I would follow her—ay, to the end of the world. And I *will* know whither she is going."

"O, a truce to these spasmodic flashes! We live in a century that laughs at such things. There is no mystery, and no need for such vehemence to discover it. Madame de Vigny simply travels by rail to London."

"To London?"

"I have told you. Now, Vaughan Hesketh, I think we have said all that needs to be said. You had better go."

"And not see her for a single moment?" he cried in an agony of entreaty.

"I see no use—no object in such an interview." But almost against her will, Elizabeth Kendal was touched by what seemed the one golden grain of reality in the young man's composition. "Wait here," she added; "you may make your own adieux if you see fit." She left the room.

Vaughan still sat with his hands clasped firmly together on the table before him, and his head bent down. Disturbed thoughts, wild, eager expectation, divided their empery over him. It was only by a determined effort that he held himself still, in at least an external calm.

It seemed a long time before the closing of a distant door, a sudden