

she was learning to hold so dear; she is despised where she was beginning to seek for approbation, scorned where she most wished to be highly held.

She does not blame Longworth—he has acted hastily and rashly; all the same, she could not have explained if he had come in calmest moderation to ask that explanation. How strange he should so have overheard. Is there a fate, a Nemesis, in these things? She does not blame him; she only feels crushed, stunned, benumbed, left stranded on some barren rock, the land of promise gone for ever, with a drearily aching heart, and a sense of loss and loneliness for ever with her.

Six days have passed since that moonlight night by the garden wall, when she had sat with hidden face and listened to Longworth's bitter, scathing words. He has gone the next day, Marie is gone, and Miss Harriott, by some fatality, is absent for a few days with some country friends. She has not once stirred outside the gates, she has not once seen Durand during this interval. She has said nothing of her broken engagement. When Longworth comes back he will tell her grandmother; he must tell. She does not know what the result will be—she does not care. Nothing worse can happen than has happened already.

She lies still for a long time. She has slept very little last night, and in the silence and warmth of the room she drops half asleep now. A loud knock at the house-door startles her into wakefulness. She sits upright, and Catherine opens the parlour door, and announces "Mr. Martin."

Mr. Martin, a bluff, elderly man, comes in, and Reine goes over and gently awakes her grandmother, and tells her her expected visitor has come.

"Well, ma'am," says Mr. Martin, in a hearty voice, "here I am up to time, and with the money down on the nail. Fifteen hundred and fifty pounds, that's the amount, ma'am, ain't it? Here's the cash all correct and proper; count it over—count it over!"

"Reine," Mrs. Windsor says, languidly, "count it, please, and then write out Mr. Martin's receipt."

Reine obeys. She counts over the roll of notes carefully, finds the amount

right, produces pen and paper, and makes out a receipt for Mrs. Windsor to sign.

"Take this money upstairs," says Mrs. Windsor, "and lock it in the cabinet in my bedroom. Here is the key."

"And when you've locked it up, young lady," interposes Mr. Martin, with refreshing frankness, "I would advise you to take a turn in the fresh air. One of my girls fainted yesterday, and she didn't look a mite paler doing it than you do now."

"Yes, go," her grandmother says, coldly, and looking annoyed. "The heat of this room makes you look wretched. Lock the cabinet and leave the key on my dressing table."

"Ay, ay, look out for the key," says bluff Mr. Martin; "can't be too particular about money. It's a sight easier to lose always than to find. Nobody hadn't ought to keep money in the house anyhow."

"There is not the slightest danger," answers Mrs. Windsor, still very coldly; "burglars are almost unknown in Baymouth, and I keep no one in my house whose honesty I cannot implicitly trust."

Reine leaves the room and goes slowly to her grandmother's bedchamber. The cabinet mentioned is a frail but very handsome Japanese affair of ebony, inlaid with pearl and silver. She places the roll of notes in one of the drawers, locks it, and lays the key, as directed, on the dressing-table. As she descends the stairs again, she encounters Catherine with a letter.

"For you, Miss Reine," the woman says, and hands it to her. "Law, miss how white you do look. Quite faintly like, I declare. Ain't you well?"

For Reine, not Marie, is the favourite of the household now. Time has told, and though Miss Landelle is as lavish of sweet smiles and gentle words as ever, it has been discovered that she is selfish and exacting, and not at all particular as to how much or how little trouble she may give those who attend her.

"She can't even put on her own clothes, she's that helpless," says Catherine, indignantly, "nor so much as button her boots or her gloves, but it's please, Catherine, here, and thanks, Catherine, there, Catherine, do this, and