

eye, and pointed to the further end of the room, opposite to the door. Following the direction of his hand, I saw a mirror ; and in that mirror I saw András Mári reflected as plainly as I had heard her speaking in that unknown tongue.

It was she, though her dress had been changed for that of a peasant-woman—cleaner and fresher, perhaps, than was usual, but not otherwise distinctive. She was speaking gravely and quietly, and I could see that the rough men about her treated her with all the deference due to a lady. I was glad that my burning curiosity to know what she was saying could not be gratified ; I was angrily glad that my determination not to see her had been disappointed. As for Phil, he smiled and said nothing. But I thought there was a sort of “ I told you so ” touch in his smile, that annoyed me more than I can say.

Well, what was it to me, after all ? There was nothing for me but to go home, wait for her visit, and never let her suspect that I had seen her here. We should part in due time, and nothing that concerned either of us really concerned the other. She did not remain long in the tavern ; and, having given her sufficient law, we also left, and returned home. And somehow it seemed less like home when I returned.

Something must surely have happened ; she did not come all that day, and I was finding Phil worse than no company. At last, however—it was towards evening—a tap came to my door. I opened, and a sealed note was put into my hand by a messenger—a girl—who instantly took herself off without a word.