

room this morning with the thief Durand. Then, heaven help you, and help me who once believed in you. I thought you almost an angel of light—truthful, noble, innocent as a very child. And you are the wife of a gambler and a burglar, his aider and helper. Go to him! You are well fitted for each other! From this hour I shall have only one hope in connection with you, and that I may never look upon your face again!”

He turns and leaves her in the hall. Below he meets Catherine.

“Tell Mrs. Windsor I will come again to-night,” he says “I am busy now,” and so goes.

“The girl runs up stairs. In the upper hall Reine still stands as he has left her, her hands locked to gether, her eyes, fixed, her face stony. Something in that frozen agony of face and attitude frightens the servant, and she bursts out crying—

“Oh, Miss Reine, Miss Reine! You were always so gentle and kind, and to think that it was me found the sponge! If I’d known, I’d have cut my hand off before I ever took them to missis. I’ll never believe you knew a thing about the robbery to the day of my death?”

Slowly Reine seems to wake, and after a second’s blank stare holds out her hand.

“Thank you, Catherine,” she says, drearily; “and thank you again before I go away for all the attention you have paid me since I have been here.”

“Oh! miss, are you going? Oh! what will Miss Marie say when she comes back?”

A sort of shudder passes over the listener. She turns from her, and opens once more her grandmother’s door. Mrs. Windsor has fallen back among the pillows, panting from her recent excitement, but excited still.

“What! you again!” she exclaims. “You dare to enter here! Is there anything Monsieur Durand forgot last night that you would like to secure before you go?”

“Madame,” Reine says, and approaches the bed, “do not say any more. One day you may be sorry for having said so much. I want nothing—I have taken nothing. I thank you for all you have given me, and I am going away, and will come back no more.”

The woman before her, who has always disliked her, who has reigned in that dislike, lets the rage that consumes her have uncontrollable vent now.

“Go!” she cries. “Yes, go, you viper, you thief! You daughter of a thief! Your beggarly father came and stole my child, your beggarly lover comes and steals my money! Go! the sight of you is hateful to my eyes. Go I say—go at once!”

“At once,” the girl dreamily repeats.

“This hour, this moment, and never return. All the disgrace that has ever touched me has come upon me through you and yours. You shall disgrace me by your presence no longer. Last night’s booty will keep you in comfort for a while, and when it is gone you know well how to get more. Go, and, living or dead, never let me see you again.”

Without a word, Reine turns and goes.

In her own room, hers no longer, she stands for a little, her hand to her head, trying to steady herself and recall her dazed thoughts.

She is to go, and at once. Yes, that is easily understood. She glances around; her preparations need not take long. All she brought with her is still in her old French trunk. The few things necessary to take immediately she puts in a bag, not one article that Mrs. Windsor’s abhorred money has bought among them. Her purse with the last quarter allowance is in her pocket; she cannot do without that. Longworth’s diamond is on her hand; she sees it, takes it off, and lays it on the table. Then she puts on her hat and jacket and is ready.

She does not meet either of the women servants as she goes down stairs. She opens the house door and stands for a moment taking a farewell look at all about her.

The evening is dull and overcast, clouds hurry across the sky—last night’s storm has not entirely stormed itself out—it intends to rain again before morning. But on the train the rain will not interfere with to-night’s journey.

She is going to New York.

It is a large city, and she has been in it for a brief time; she has no other object in selecting it. What she will do