

Mrs. Russell looked vexed.

'Katie,' said she, 'I wish you to stay by me.'

'Oh yes, auntie dearest,' said Katie, with her usual self-possession; 'of course I shall.'

But she made not the slightest movement to leave Ashby, and this annoyed Mrs. Russell all the more. She looked all around, as though for help. The Spaniard's eyes were all ablaze with wrath and jealousy.

'Madame Russell,' said he, in an eager voice, 'commanda me, beg, I shall help.'

These words were plainly audible to Ashby, who, however, only smiled.

'Madame,' said Lopez, still more eagerly, 'commanda me. Shall I condut the mees?'

For a moment Mrs. Russell seemed inclined to accept the proffered aid, but it was only for a moment. The good lady was timid. She dreaded a scene. A quarrel in so public a place between these two jealous and hot-headed youths would be too terrible, so she at once gave way.

'Oh no, no,' she said hurriedly. 'Thanks, Captain Lopez, I think I shall ask you to conduct me to our carriage. Mr. Russell will be with us immediately.'

Upon this Lopez offered his arm, which Mrs. Russell took, and they both went off. Ashby followed slowly with Katie.

'Katie,' said he, after a pause, 'I'm going too.'

'What?' said Katie in a joyous voice, 'in this train?'

'Yes, along with you.'

'How perfectly lovely!' said Katie, which expression showed that these two were on very good terms with one another. 'But then, you know,' she resumed, 'Mr. Russell has the carriage for only.'

'Oh, well, it's all the same,' said Ashby. 'I'm going on in the same train. That will be happiness enough. But see here,' he added in a hurried voice, 'take this letter;' and with this he slipped a letter into her hand, which she instantly concealed in her pocket. 'I'll see you to-night at Burgos,' he continued in a low tone, 'and then at Biarritz or Bayonne. I have friends in both places. You must do what I ask you. You must be mine. You must, darling. Don't mind these confounded Russells. They're nothing to you, compared with me. Russell has no right to interfere. He's not your uncle; he's only a miserable guardian; and he's a contemptible scoundrel too, and I told him so to his face. He's planning to get you to marry that cad of a son of his. But read my letter. Make up your mind to-day, darling. I'll see you to-night at Burgos.'

Ashby poured forth this in a quiet, low, earnest voice, as they traversed the short space that lay between them and the cars,