

She was in a mood of unrest that morning. Two days ago, something had happened to break in upon the false peace which she was hugging to her heart. A letter had come to which she had instantly replied. She dreaded lest this morning should bring another ; and as she took her seat, she saw that it was so.

With a glance at Dannie, she slipped the unopened envelope into her pocket.

She had been looking forward to this morning, for Miles had succeeded in hiring a mount for her, and she and he were to have gone riding after breakfast. It was, however, raining, in a steady, decided manner—not a Devonshire drizzle, but a real down-pour. She smiled reassuringly at Miles when he began to scold the climate. It was, she said, a good thing they could not go out. She had letters which must be written.

During breakfast she spoke little and ate less ; and as soon as she could do so, she slipped away to the little room where she and Dannie wrote letters—bidding the dog follow her, with a scarcely perceptible motion of the hand, which, however, Marquis understood and obeyed.

Dannie rose from table, drew her chair to the magnificent fire, and produced her knitting. Miles stood on the hearthrug, thoughtfully filling his pipe.

"That was from young Carewe?" he asked, a little hoarsely.

Dannie raised mild, short-sighted eyes to his face. Something in his voice struck her. She could not, however, see plainly enough to discern his expression.

"Yes," she replied, "it was from young Mr. Carewe. She had one from him two days ago, you know."

"I didn't know. Did she answer it?"

"By return of post."

"And now he writes again."

"I suppose that was only to be expected."