

She poured out her words in a torrent of scorn and then sunk into her seat and burst into hysterical tears.

"It is perhaps natural that you should look upon me as an enemy," said Lady Wrotham; "but death ought to be away with enmity. There is none left in my thoughts. I am deeply sorry for everything that has happened. I cannot undo it if I could. Can you not forget what is past and be my friend to me?"

"No," said Mrs. Prentice. "I do not want your friendship. You have behaved wickedly. You divided me from my husband, and when I would have gone back to him it was too late. Oh, too late, and I shall never be able to tell you how sorry I am."

She broke down again, sobbing and moaning.

Mrs. Redcliffe rose from her seat. "I think," she said, "it would be better to leave her now. I will stay with her."

The two women faced one another. Each had played a large part in the life of the other, but they had never yet met face to face or had speech together.

"I am very glad you are here," said Lady Wrotham. "I will go now; but Mrs. Prentice must not think that I have any ill-will towards her for what she has said to me. I am deeply grieved on her account, and if she will see me later I will come to her again."

She turned and went out of the room. "I won't see her," cried Mrs. Prentice. "You must not let her come again. It was she who made the mischief. I should not have allowed this terrible estrangement to reproach myself with if it had not been for her."

Mrs. Redcliffe stayed with her all the morning. The poor woman clung to her, and would not let her go. She took her up to the darkened room where her husband lay, with all the trouble and anxiety of life smoothed out of his face. She relied on her for a decision as to all the wearying details of