

"He is," answered Lady Harriet. "And complaining of having too much to do to leave it. So your sister said to-day when she came home with me."

So! It was Lady Tennygal, then, who had been the second lady spoken of by Mrs. May! And he had passed his word to her and Tennygal in those old days at Parkwater ———. He turned, impatiently, to leave the room.

"Are you going out?" asked Lady Harriet.

"I am. What of that?"

"Nothing," she sighed. "Shall you be late?"

"Very possibly. I may not be in at all to-night."

"To neglect me is nothing new," thought poor Lady Harriet; "but he has never once asked after the children."

Colonel Devereux proceeded to his father's residence, and learnt that Sir Archibald was dining out. Lady Devereux was at home, the servant said.

"Alone?" he inquired.

"No, sir; Lady Tennygal is with her."

With a muttered word, Colonel Devereux turned to leave the house again. "Sir Archibald breakfasts early, as usual?" he looked back to say.

"Oh yes, sir."

So the colonel returned home again. He took some refreshment, which he had not yet done since leaving Deal, passed an hour in the library with his large accumulation of letters, and then went to bed.

Early rising was not amid the virtues of Colonel Devereux. Besides, he had passed a remarkably restless night, and towards morning he dropped into a heavy sleep. It was past eight when he awoke. With uncommon speed he dressed, went out without breakfasting, and threw himself into a hansom, desiring to be driven to Sir Archibald Devereux's. The man whipped up his horse that it might go its best, as bechoved it when taking a fare to the great Sir Archibald's, her Majesty's Secretary of State. Colonel Devereux paid the man and bounded into the house.

"Is Sir Archibald in his breakfast-room?"

"Sir Archibald has breakfasted and gone out, sir."

"Gone out?"

"Twenty minutes ago, sir."