

CRAVEN. Pardon me, sir, Mr. Craven's mission has been fulfilled. (*Glancing in the direction of Clara.*) And he sails for England to-morrow. (*Clara's expression instantly betrays her surprise and the disappointment she feels. Craven turns his head, for a moment, from her.*)

CLARA. (*Aside.*) So soon. (*He looks at her again—and smiles. As their eyes meet she, also, smiles. Her old manner involuntarily manifests itself, and opening her fan with a convulsive little jerk, she coquettishly screens her profile.*)

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.