

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

PAUL DEULIN happened to be in Lady Orlay's drawing-room in London one afternoon, nearly a month later, when Miss Cahere's name was announced. He made a grimace and stood his ground.

Lady Orlay, it may be remembered, was one of those who attempt to keep their acquaintances in the right place—that is to say, in the background of her life. With this object in view she had an “at home” day, hoping that her acquaintances would come to see her then and would not stay too long. To-day was not that day.

“I know I ought not to have come this afternoon,” explained Netty, with a rather shy haste, as she shook hands. “But I could not wait until next Tuesday, because we sail that day.”

“Then you are going home again?”

Netty turned to greet Deulin, and changed colour very prettily.

“Yes,” she said, looking from one to the other with the soft blush still in her cheeks, “yes, and I am engaged to be married.”

“Ah!” said Deulin. And his voice meant a great deal, while his eyes said nothing.

“Do we know the—gentleman?” asked Lady Orlay,