

expression had again become one of insensibility to either pleasure or pain, and Camperdown closely observing him went to the door and sharply ejaculated: "I can make nothing of this Obstinacy the Second. I would give a thousand dollars if my wife had not chosen to go orphan-hunting in the country at this time." Then he turned on his heel and came back into the room. "What about Vivienne?"

"It would be a crime to link her life with my disgraced one," said Armour heavily. "She must forget me."

"Is she a girl to do that?"

"To forget is the privilege of youth," said Armour drearily. "You may fancy that I am doing a cruel thing; ten years hence Vivienne will be happily married to another man. You cannot tempt me," he said with sudden energy. "I have weighed the matter. The pang will be sharp and short for Vivienne——"

"And for you?" said Camperdown eagerly.

"For me—it does not matter. I am going away."

"Going to blow your brains out," muttered Camperdown. Then he exclaimed with increased energy: "Think of your God, your country, your promised wife. You have been living for the good opinion of your fellow-men. Your god Respectability is a poor, rotten thing."