

"Did you? But you had promised to come if ever we were in trouble."

"Yes. And I meant to keep my word. But I fancied you would never send for me."

"You see," Lucia said, trying to speak lightly, "that we had no other friend to send for."

"Is that so? Was that the only reason?"

"Maurice!"

"Tell me something, Lucia. Did you mean the last sentence of your note?"

"What was it?"

"You said you were unhappy."

"Oh! yes, I was. So unhappy—I was thinking of it just now."

"And at present? Are you unhappy still?"

"You know I am not."

"I have been miserable, too, lately. Horribly miserable. I was ready to do, I can't tell you what absurdities. Until your note came."

He stopped a moment, but she had nothing to say.

"It is a great comfort to have got so far," he went on, "but I suppose one is never satisfied. Now that I am not quite miserable, I should like to be quite happy."