

Keep it, I implore you, and give me the pardon *she* asked of you."

But Canaris turned on him with the air of one who cries, "Get thee behind me!" and answered with enough of the old vehemence to prove that grief had not yet subdued the passionate spirit which had been his undoing, —

"It is no longer in your power to tempt me, or in mine to be tempted, by my bosom sin. Forsythe knows the truth, and the world already wonders. I will earn a better fame for myself: keep this, and enjoy it, if you can. Pardon I cannot promise yet; but I give you my pity, 'for her sake.'"

With that — the bitterest word he could have uttered — Canaris was gone, leaving Helwyze to writhe under the double burden imposed by one more just than generous. Olivia durst not speak; and, in the silence, both listened to the hasty footsteps that passed from room to room, till a door closed loudly, and they knew that Canaris had set forth upon that long pilgrimage which was in time to lead him up to Gladys.

Helwyze spoke first, exclaiming, with a dreary laugh, —

"So much for playing Providence! You were right, and I *was* rash to try it. Goethe could