

She has married again and gone to Canada. Louise looked after her."

Duncan took up his riding-whip from the table.

"Now tell me," he said, "what it is that you have to say to me."

"Do you read the papers?" Wrayson asked abruptly.

"Only so far as they treat of matters connected with this country," Duncan answered.

"You have not read, then, of the Mexican divorce?"

The man's eyes were lit with fire. The handle of the riding-whip snapped in his hands.

"They have never granted it!" he cried.

"Not in its first form," Wrayson answered hastily.

"The whole suit fell to the ground for want of evidence."

"It is abandoned, then?" Duncan demanded.

"On the contrary, the courts have granted the decree," Wrayson answered, "but on political grounds only. Every material charge against the Queen was withdrawn, and the divorce became a matter of arrangement."

"She is free from that brute, then," Duncan said quietly. "I am glad."

Wrayson glanced down towards the valley. A couple of wagons and several Kaffir boys with led horses were just entering the valley.

"Yes!" he said, "she is free!"

Something in his intonation, some change in his face, gripped hold of Duncan. He caught his visitor by the shoulder roughly.

"What the devil do you mean?" he demanded.