

to be plunged in a profound and painful reverie, and did not ~~once break the silence from the time of their leaving the wharf until their arrival within sight of his own house.~~

They had passed beyond the city limits and on each side of them stretched wide snowy fields bounded by low stone walls. They were approaching the shores of the Arm, where many of the merchants of the town had erected substantial, comfortable houses for themselves.

When they stopped before a gate and the man jumped out to open it, Mr. Armour pulled himself together with an effort and looked down at Vivienne with a confused, "I beg your pardon."

"I did not speak," she said calmly.

"I thought you did," he replied; then touching his horse with the whip they again set out on their way, this time along a winding road bordered by evergreens.

"It was kind in you to come and meet me," said Vivienne when they drew up before a large, square white house with brilliantly lighted windows.

Mr. Armour murmured some unintelligible reply that convinced her he had not heard what she said.

"What curious behavior," she reflected. "He must be ill."

Mr. Armour was looking at the closed sleigh standing before the door.