

time, and then perhaps he himself will travel by the same road his thought has gone before, for I should dearly love to see him again.' For myself, do not forget me, for I feel particularly lonely to-night; Eric lost, and you not here. Ah, well, the cards have been against me, that is all; join us somewhere when you can; *au revoir*.

"ALICE ESMONDET,

"Park Lane, 15th June, 1877.

"CAPT. TREVALYON,

"The Langham, London City."

"Jove! how sorry I am" he exclaimed thoughtfully as he finished reading, then puffing his cigar, now vigorously then allowing it to die out, he thought silently "Detained on this afternoon by Simpson, my new steward. Then my club dinner having guests I could not go to Park lane, afterwards the crush at the Delamere's when I missed them in the crowd, then the preremptory summons to Eaton Square when I went, thinking it would be to Haughton's interest. Yes, the Fates are decidedly against me, and that gay little message from Vaura Vernon. I shall conquer destiny and meet them somewhere next autumn. And Alice Esmondet! confessing a tender passion for Haughton. She would have been just the woman for him. How dull of him not to see it; but for a soldier and a society man he knows less of the women than any man of my acquaintance. Now for a man who has, I may say, forsworn matrimony, I take pride in my knowledge of the sex, the sweetest bit of humanity we have. I wonder what manner of remembrance Vaura has of me, if merely as an old-time friend of her uncle and herself. I have not seen her, I may say, since, as a young officer, I went to the Hall as to my home, a returned 'hero of Delhi,' in newspaper parlance. She was the loveliest little child—woman at that time, I had ever seen. Jove! how