

"Yes, dear, I understand," replied the woman who had known happiness. And she closed her lips quickly, as if she feared that they might falter.

"It is so clearly my duty, and duty is best, is it not?" said Wanda. As she spoke she turned to Cartoner. The question was asked of none other. It was to his judgment that she gave her case; to his wisdom she submitted the verdict of her life. She wished him to give it before these people. As if she took a subtle pride in showing them that he was what she knew him to be. She was sure of her lover; which is, perhaps, happiness enough for this world.

"Duty is best, is it not?" she repeated.

"It is the only thing," he answered.

Deulin was the first to speak. He had strong views upon last words and partings. The mere thought of such things made him suddenly energetic and active. He turned to Wanda with his watch in his hand.

"Your mind is made up?" he asked. "You depart to-night?"

"Yes."

"Then I must go at once to see to your passport and make arrangements for the journey. I take you as far as Alexandrowo. I cannot take you across the frontier, you understand?"

He turned to Cartoner.

"And you? When do you go to Spain?"

"To-night," was the answer.

"Then, good-bye." The Frenchman held out his hand, and in a moment was at the door. Lady Orlay followed him out of the room and closed the door behind her. She followed him downstairs. In the hall they stood and looked at each other in silence. There were tears in the woman's eyes. But Deulin's smile was sadder.