

forgotten this faithful friend, in thinking of other things; she feels self-reproachful for it, as she reads. Jemima is stopping for the present, in a humble London lodging, and proposes remaining there until her 'dear sweet Miss Snowball' writes good-by. Then she will go back to New York and resume life in her native land. It is not quite so easy to think wisely thoughts of Sir Vane, and make generous resolutions after reading this, and remembering how treacherously and stealthily this humble friend was forced away.

Another night; another day. This day certainly will bring the absent seigneur. A strange nervousness begotten of waiting and expectation, hope and dread fills her. She can rest nowhere; she wanders aimlessly about the house, starting at every heavy footstep, at every opening door.

Miss Routh watches her with malicious, smiling eyes. She has seen Rene, at least—has walked down to the village on purpose; and chatted for five minutes condescendingly with the hostess. No, they have not many strangers at the Arms this spring, the landlady says, dropping a courtesy; only one just now, a Mr. Macdonald, a foreigner, by his looks, and ways, and talk, in spite of his Scotch name. No, she does not know when he is going away; he does not say; he is a real gentleman in all his ways, and gives very little trouble. Mr. Macdonald appears at the moment, walking briskly up the road, with his sketch-book and cigar, and keen dark eyes, and Miss Routh hastily pulls down her veil and departs.

The day wears on. Sir Vane comes not. It brings no answer to her letter either, and Dolores' fitful exaltation of feeling vanishes as it came. A dull depression, a fear of the future fills her. How blank and drear that long life-pain stretches before her, here in this silent, dark, mouldering old home, with the faces of these two women who dislike her, before her every day, and all day long! Insulted, distrusted, unloved, how shall she bear it to the bitter end. And she is but nineteen, and life looks so long, so long!

Perhaps it is the unusual-confinement in the house that is telling upon her; it is now two days since she has been out. A half-stifled feeling oppresses her, she must get out of the deathly-silent, gruesome rooms, or suffocate. It is after dinner; the last ray of twilight is fading out; there is a broad May moon rising and a star-studded sky.

She leaves the house and wanders aimlessly for awhile between the prim beds and borders of one of the stiff Dutch gardens. Now and then she stoops to gather the old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers, but almost

without knowing what she does. A nightingale is singing, in a thorn-bush near, a song so piercingly sweet, so mournful in its sweetness, that she stops, and the tears rise to her eyes as she listens. And in that stop and pause to listen something more than the nightingale's song reaches her ear—the soft, cooing tones of Camilla Routh pronouncing her name.

'Dolores' lover? Was he really a lover of your wife's, Vane, before you married her?' she is asking. 'Anything more lover-like than they looked when I surprised them, it would be difficult to find. And he is very handsome—there can be no mistake about that—with the most beautiful Spanish eyes I think I ever saw.'

There is a grumbling reply; it sounds like, 'Devil take his eyes!' and it is the voice of the lord of Valentine.

Dolores stands quite still, thrilled and shocked, feeling all cold and rigid, and powerless to move. A tall thick hedge separates them; she wears a dark, dun-coloured dress, and in this shadowy light, among the other shadows of trees and moonlight, she can hardly be seen. They are walking slowly up and down a secluded avenue known as the Willow Walk. In the deep evening hush even Miss Routh's subdued tones are distinctly and painfully audible.

'He is still in the village,'—again it is Miss Routh who speaks, 'how often they meet, where they meet, I do not know. That they do meet is certain, of course. Yes, Colonel Deering has called twice, but she has declined to see him; one lover, I suppose, at a time, is as much as she can attend to.'

'Old loves, new loves, what are they worth, Old love dies at the new love's birth.'

hums the fair Camilla, and laughs softly.

'Signore Rene is far and away the handsomer man of the two.'

'Are you too deserting Deering and going over to this sallow, black-eyed boy, Camilla?' retorts with a sneer, Sir Vane.

'No,' lightly. 'Like your pretty wife, I am true to my first lover. She is pretty, Vane—really pretty. I always doubted it—being a blonde myself, I seldom admire blondes, but the other evening when I came upon her by his side down there in the park—you should have seen her—transfigured by gladness, love—who knows what? Yes, she is pretty—when she likes. I confess the woe-begone expression she puts on for us hardly becomes her. People are beginning to talk—many were whispering the other night at the Broughton how wretchedly ill and worn Lady Valentine was looking. It would be well to speak to her on the subject,