

she was passionately fond. At sight of Charters she appeared disconcerted for a moment, for he was certainly the last person she expected to see.

She wore a gown of black *crêpe de Chine*, with a touch of gold on the bodice, very plainly made, and having a sweeping train which set off her fine figure to advantage.

She looked tired and rather old, Ted thought, as he entered and the door was closed behind him.

"It's you, Ted?" she said, with a slight, forced smile. "Why, I thought you were continents away!"

"I came from Scotland last night," he answered gravely, and sat down on the nearest chair. "How did you leave Uncle Heinrich?"

"Better—but not well. He won't live long, Ted, and he has set his house in order. He wants me to go out to Holland and live with him for good, and I think I will. I'm tired of London."

She leaned against the piano, and began to pick to pieces a bunch of little yellow-and-gold Scotch roses that were stuffed in her belt.

She was feeling frightfully uncomfortable, for she had never before seen Ted Charters so preternaturally grave, and she knew by intuition that he had something behind.

"Well, you've dished me, Anna," he said presently. "There you are!"

He took from his pocket-book the big square envelope which contained his last letter to her and the sheet with Kathleen's few words scribbled across it. She scarcely looked at it, but her face deeply flushed.

"I told her the truth. She deserved it. You were marrying her under false pretences."

"I suppose I was," he said quietly, as he stooped to pick up the sheets, which she had allowed to flutter to the floor. "I thought that most probably you'd like to know that your arrow had reached the mark."