

had to be aboard on Sunday, and he was saying good-bye to a few acquaintances. He seemed quite cheerful, as he walked about with his hands in his pockets, chatting with this one and that ; it was the false and hysterical gaiety that precedes a final separation. As soon as he saw Anna he came towards her.

‘Well, good-bye, Miss Tellwright,’ he said jauntily. ‘I leave for Liverpool to-morrow morning. Wish me luck.’

Nothing more ; no word, no accent, to recall the terrible but sublime past.

‘I do,’ she answered. They shook hands. Others approaching, he drifted away. Her glance followed him like a beneficent influence.

For three days she had carried in her pocket an envelope containing a bank-note for a hundred pounds, intending by some device to force it on him as a parting gift. Now the last chance was lost, and she had not even attempted this difficult feat of charity. Such futility, she reflected, self-scorning, was of a piece with her life. ‘He hasn’t really gone. He hasn’t really gone,’ she kept repeating, and yet knew well that he had gone.

‘Do you know what they are saying, Anna ?’ said Beatrice, when, after eleven o’clock, the bazaar was closed to the public, and the stall-holders and their assistants were preparing to