



The storm was at its height as he rode into the station-yard of Waverley, and, fastening the bride to the horse to a post, sprang up the steps.

"God bless you, mother!" he said, and his voice broke. "I, too, would have answered for her truth with my soul, but—she has gone, and with him. And to-morrow we were to have been married!"

"You are taking me to France?" she said. "Yes," he said. "I think it best. We are free from pursuit there. Remember what that means. If the marquis overtakes us, he is lost. The moment he appears I hand him over to the police."

"You are sure?" she asked. "Quite certain, my lord. I know Miss Grahame well, of course, and could not make a mistake. There were only two passengers persons from the town; no one else, my lord."

"Will you stay the night here, or shall we go on?" he asked, in a low voice. Constance dropped the cloak from her face; it was white as death, and there were dark rings round her eyes. For a moment or two she seemed too dazed to understand, then her hand went toward the girl's and she clung to it with a feverish clasp.

"Go on," she replied, almost mechanically. "Very well," he said, calmly. "The choice rests with you. We shall change horses here."

"I do not know; but you will not leave me, Mary?" "No, miss," she replied, whimperingly. "Whatever happens, I won't leave you. But, oh, miss—the poor marquis!"

"I am ready. I will do as you wish," she said, in a hollow voice. He offered her his arm, but she refused, and clung to Mary's, and led the way into a small inn.

not to leave her. In an hour's time Rawson Fenton sent up word that the carriage was ready, and they went down.

They travelled through the day as at the greatest speed the horses could be urged to, and stopping only at change houses at midday, went on as if the journey would never cease.

Constance, with her cloak drawn over her face, lay back in the extreme corner of the carriage, speechless and motionless, while Mary, stricken with terror and amazement, sat and stared vacantly at Rawson Fenton opposite her.

There was some mystery in the business, some reason in the madness which her beloved mistress must understand, or she would not be there of her own free will; but Mary could not form even the faintest idea of what it could be.

Not a word was spoken as the carriage whirled along, swaying from side to side when the roads were bad and the horses were urged to their extreme speed.

After a time which seemed hours the carriage stopped. Rawson Fenton got out, and Mary, looking through the window, saw that they had pulled up at an inn. He came back in a few minutes and laid his hand on Constance's arm.

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