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LIKE AND UNLIKE.

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CHAPTER XXXI.—"EXCEPT AN ERRING SISTER'S SHAME!"

Lady Belfield and her maid arrived in London while the sun was still bright, and the town had its busiest afternoon aspect. All the Royal Oak omnibuses were faring hilly eastward or westward, and the scanty carriage population were rolling in at the Marble Arch, to circulate drearily in a deserted park. Constance Belfield saw the whole scene dimly, like figures in a dream; the flaunting flower beds with their scarlet geraniums in riotous bloom, the palms and tree ferns, and second-rate landaus and doubtful victorias, the country cousins and the snabby liveries, all the genteel squalor of West End London, when rank and fashion and wealth have fled. She was driving across the park in one of the little hired broughams from the station, hurrying to her son, in an agony of perplexity and morbid anticipation, conjuring up new visions of horror as she went. She could hardly speak when she alighted at Wilkie Mansions, leaving Sanderson in the carriage, she seated herself in the lift dumbly, and let the porter take her up to the third floor. The maid who opened the door stared in utter mystification, expecting to see no one less than Lady Belfield, and having a guilty consciousness of the military hovering near, if not actually on the premises.

"Is your master here—and very ill?" gasped Lady Belfield, passing the girl hurriedly, and going straight to her son's bedroom.

"No, my lady, master hasn't come back from York. He went at the beginning of the week, and he wasn't to be back till to-day, or perhaps Monday."

Not back from York, and the telegram was from South Kensington. Lady Belfield's brain began to swim. York! There might have been an accident at York perhaps—on the railway: on the racecourse. He might have been riding in a steeplechase. Her notion of York Summer Meeting was very vague: she could hardly draw distinctions between the Knavesmire and Sandown Park. Her vivid fancy conjured up the vision of a broken fence, a fallen horse and rider lying in one heap of death and ruin under the summer sun.

"Do you know if anything has gone wrong with your master?" she asked. "Have you heard of anything?" and then seeing the girl's ignorance in the blank astonishment depicted in her face, she asked suddenly.

"Is Mrs. Baddeley at home?"

"Yes, my lady. She came home last Tuesday, and is to be at home till the middle of next week, *ong parsong*, the page says."

Lady Belfield waited for no more. She crossed the landing and sounded the electric bell at Mrs. Baddeley's door. The page admitted her immediately, having been made to understand that he held his place on the condition of never keeping a visitor over two seconds at the door. He might read as many novels as he liked, and might be as lazy as he liked, but the ordeal by patience which middle-aged and portly butlers inflict upon visitors was not to be inflicted by him. He flung open the drawing-room door with an air, and announced "Lady Belfield."

Mrs. Braddeley was en deshabille, muffled in some loose garment of white cashmere and peacock plush, half a la Watteau, half a la Grèque, looking very handsome and very indolent, with a three volume novel lying on the sofa—all three volumes open, as if she had been dipping here and there in the story of interesting bits—a silver-gilt chocolate pot on the spindle-legged table at her side, and Tory reposing at the end of the sofa.

She started up to receive Lady Belfield without knocking over the table, or disturbing the dog, who opened his yellow eyes and blinked at the visitor in sleepy indifference. All her movements were graceful and sinuous, and she circulated among her archipelago of dainty tables like a serpent.

"Dearest Lady Belfield, what a surprise!" she exclaimed. "Is Helen with you?"

"No, she is not with me. God knows where she is, poor, wretched, lost creature. But I want to know about my son. He telegraphed for his wife. He must be ill."

"He is not much given to worrying about his wife when he is well, I admit," said Leo, "but what do you mean by talking about my sister as a lost creature, Lady Belfield. Are you out of your mind?"

"I shall be if I don't find my son. For God's sake tell me the truth, whatevor it is. Where is Valentine—what ails him? Why did he telegraph for his wife this morning?"

"I know nothing about your son, Lady Belfield. He has lived at his clubs mostly since Helen went to you. I scarcely ever see him in this house. He is always going off to some race meeting. This week he is at York, two or three weeks hence he will be at Doncaster. I have long ceased to trouble myself about his movements."

"He telegraphed this morning—at half-past seven—from South Kensington!"

"Then I suppose he is in South Kensington—and alive, or he could not have telegraphed. And now, Lady Belfield, tell me about my sister, if you please. By what right do you talk of her as a lost creature? What has she done?"

"She has left my house—she has dishonoured her husband."

"How dare you say that? By what right?"

Leonora Baddeley had placed herself between the visitor and the drawing-room door, as if to keep Lady Belfield there by force, were it necessary. She had drawn herself to her fullest height, very pale, with an angry spot of crimson burning like a flame in the centre of each cheek, her eyes flashing, her lips quivering, and yet with a strangely rigid look, as if the whole face were turning into stone.

"She has gone off, then," she cried. "Oh, what art, what hypocrisy, what finished acting! She fled to you for shelter in the hour of temptation. She buried herself in the country, she hid herself from the world, and she has gone off after all. *That* is what it all meant—the tears—the pale sad looks—the flying from the seducer. She has gone off with him! Oh, what villainy."

Tears came into her flashing eyes—tears of agony, or of rage. She dashed them fiercely away whichever they were.

"How do you know that she has gone off with anyone?" she asked suddenly.

"I have a letter in which she confesses her guilty determination, a letter in which she tells my son, deliberately, that she has ceased to love him, and is going away with another man whom she loves as passionately as he loves her."

"As he loves her," echoed Leo, with a mocking laugh. "God help her if she builds her hopes on his love. God help her if she counts upon that for future happiness—or for bread-and-cheese. God help her next year when he is tired of her, and leaves her to die in a ditch like any other drab."

"Mrs. Baddeley, is it womanly to talk of any woman as you are talking, most of all to talk thus of a sister—a sister you once loved?"

"Yes, I know, I loved her well enough once. But am I to love the woman who—God help us all, Lady Belfield. I am mad when I think of my sister—and that man."

"You suspect some one, then? You know who has tempted her away?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"Indeed I do not."

"Did you ever see her with St. Austell? Did you ever see those two together, Lady Belfield, for ten minutes—for five—for one? One minute would have been enough, if you had eyes."

"Yes, I have seen them together. I feared it must be he."

"You feared!" cried Leo, contemptuously. "Why you must have known that it was so. It was not possible to doubt her folly, or his infatuation. Do you know how long Lord St. Austell's infatuations usually last, Lady Belfield?"

"Indeed I do not. I know nothing about him, except that he has a very bad name."

"His lordship's grand passions—his eternal irrepressible self-sacrificing amours—last about as long as his dress suits. I believe he has a new one every season. To say that my sister has gone off with him is to say that she has gone to utter and unmitigated ruin."

"It would be unmitigated ruin in any case," said Lady Belfield.

"Oh, no it wouldn't. There are mitigations. There are men who will marry a woman when she is divorced, they being the cause of that divorce. Lord St. Austell won't. *Pas si bête.* There are men who will move heaven and earth to protect the woman they have ruined from the risk of becoming a pauper. Lord St. Austell would think any tolerably clean workhouse good enough for his victim, when he has grown tired of her. God help my sister when her brief day of bliss is over. It will be a dream," said Mrs. Baddeley, clasping her hands before her eyes, and speaking in a softened voice, as if she were dreaming that dream, "a golden dream in a golden land, with a man whose voice is like music, whose talk has a magical power, who can make life worth living. Yes, if it were in an attic in a back street, in the shabbiest quarter of Paris, or in a third-rate hotel in the dullest town along the Riviera. It will be a blissful dream; but it won't last long. It will be gone like other dreams—and she will wake to misery."

"Help me to save her, if you can, said Lady Belfield. "Her honour and good name are lost beyond redemption, I fear: but let us save her from the misery of her position—from the dreadful chances of the future. Let us find her and get her away from that villain, and put her somewhere in safe and gentle care. I have loved her as my daughter, Leonora. I would do anything in this world to help her—and I think Adrian would, too, even in her degradation—even in spite of the disgrace she has brought upon us. She has broken for ever with her husband—she can never be anything to him again: but she is your sister—and," added Lady Belfield with streaming eyes, "in the day of her sorrow and repentance she shall be once again my daughter."

"You are a noble woman," said Mrs. Baddeley, with a touch of softer feeling than she had shown hitherto, "and I wish I were like you. I wish my sister had been worthier of your affection. Her day of repentance will come soon enough. Have no doubt of that—with *him*."

Her passion, that fierce white hot rage which had transformed her from a woman into a vindictive fury, was calmed all at once. She burst into sudden tears, and after a fit of sobbing, became womanlike again.

"Poor Helen," she sighed, "poor deluded girl. May I see the letter?"

"No, it was meant for her husband's eyes only. I will give it to no one else."

"When did she leave the Abbey?"

"Early this morning, before any of the servants were astir. No one saw or heard her go. She must have gone some distance on foot."

"Not far, you may be sure. St. Austell would be somewhere near with a carriage. He has plenty of experience, and he would do things handsomely *at first*. Did she take any luggage?"

"Nothing. All was packed ready to go. She had not even taken her dressing bag, Sanderson told me. Sanderson was in her room with the housemaid this morning."

"Yes, I can fancy them prying and exploring. How like Helen to pack her boxes and leave them all behind her, trusting to the chapter of accidents for getting them again. How like Helen to elope without so much as a brush and comb. St. Austell will have to buy her a trousseau. I wonder how he will like that?"

"You don't suppose that I shall detain her property. Her trunks will be sent to her as soon as it is known where she is."

"Will not that be to encourage her in sin? Better starve her into swift repentance by the loss of her jewels and gowns. I don't think St. Austell will cover her with diamonds. He will give her sweet words."

"Pray do not talk of them like that, as if all this sorrow and sin were a theme for laughter."

"Oh, there is a ridiculous side to every subject," said Leo, hysterically. "Do you suppose I am not sorry for her because my sorrow is mixed with scorn?"

"I would rather see you more serious, more sisterly. Are you convinced that it is Lord St. Austell who has tempted her away."

"As certain as if I had seen them driving away from your park gate this morning. I tell you their attachment was notorious. They were invited out together like man and wife—only on different cards. If it had been in Italy their names would have been on the same card. People are fond of St. Austell for his cleverness and pleasant ways, and every one is indulgent to him and his fancy of the moment. I might have told you they would run away, only even I was duped by Helen's flight to the Abbey, and fancied her safe under your wing. He gave out a few weeks ago that he was ordered to the East—something wrong with his lungs. His lungs are always out of order when he wants an excuse for leaving England. He talked everywhere of wintering in Egypt or in Ceylon. I thought that meant mischief—only I did not think my sister would disgrace herself, infatuated as she was."

And then, on being shown the telegram, Mrs. Baddeley at once denounced St. Austell as the sender. The message was intended to serve Helen as an excuse for getting away; a hasty summons from her husband, an order she could not disobey.

"Some creature of his sent it, while he was in Devonshire, close at hand, ready to join her directly she was clear of the Abbey."

"But she started before the telegram arrived," argued Lady Belfield.

"A *malentendu* of some kind, and again very like my sister. She is the very spirit of disorder—loses her head on the slightest occasion. Everything was deliberately planned by him, no doubt. *He* is coolness personified. She forgot all his instructions at the last, and ran out of your house like a mad thing."

After this there was a silence of some duration. Lady Belfield sat in a dejected attitude, thinking deeply, trying to realise the situation and all its hopelessness. Leo walked up and down the room, with hurried steps, stopping every now and then, as if panting for air. The windows were all open, and the roll of the carriages sounded in the high road, muffled by distance, monotonous as the roaring of the sea; while that inevitable street cry from some invisible back slum, rose shrill upon the nearer silence now and again like a funeral dirge.

"I shall have to tell my son," said Lady Belfield at last. "Where am I to find him?"

"He is at York, I believe—at the Station Hotel, with Beeching. He was to be Beeching's guest for the race week."

"And the races are not over yet?"

"To-day is the last day."

"I must go to York. I must break this trouble to him."

"You had better telegraph to him to come to you. He will know his trouble soon enough. I don't think it will break his heart, Lady Belfield. If he had cared very much for my sister he would not have neglected her as he has done almost from their honeymoon."

"He has been very much to blame, I know; but for all that, I believe he was deeply attached to his wife, and that the blow will be heavy. Good-bye, Mrs. Baddeley, I must go and write my telegrams. I shall stay in your sister's rooms all to-day in the hope of Valentine's return, but I shall spend the night at the Alexandra."

Leo followed Lady Belfield to the door, subdued, and even affectionate.

"Let me give you some tea at once, and some dinner by-and-bye," she pleaded. "You are looking terribly white and worn after your journey."

"You are very good, but I would rather be alone. Phœbe will get me some tea."

Phœbe was the Devonshire parlor maid, a protegee of Lady Belfield's, delighted to be useful to her.

CHAPTER XXXII.—"ONCE IS A WIDE WORD."

Mrs. Baddeley stood on the threshold of her door, watching till the opposite door closed upon Valentine's mother. Then she went hurriedly back to her drawing-room, and looked at the clock.

"A quarter to six. More than two hours before the start of the Continental mail," she calculated. "If they left Chadford early this morning they must be in London now—at his house perhaps. The safest place, he would think."

She kept her finger on the electric bell till the page was in the room.

"Get me a hansom directly, and send Perker to me," she said.

Perker was her maid, with whose assistance she changed her flowing Grecian robe for a trim tailor gown and a little cloth toque to match, in less than ten minutes. She was sitting in the cab before she had finished putting on her gloves, sitting with resolute brows and clenched teeth, driving to Park-lane.

"If I can save her, I will," she thought. "I am about the only person who can do it."

There are very few small houses in Park-lane, and those few are distinctly precious, and rented far above their value; for it is an inestimable privilege to live in that exalted situation without having to maintain a palace. Lord St. Austell was one of the rarely privileged householders. He had secured the short remainder of a lease of a small house at a corner, a house which to the casual eye seemed all balcony and flower pot, but which contained three or four comfortable rooms, with old-fashioned panelling and very low ceilings.

It was not the first time Mrs. Baddeley had visited the corner house in Park-lane, but she had never been there alone until to-day. She had gone with one or two chosen friends to take afternoon tea in the low countrified drawing-room, with its lively outlook upon the flower beds and the carriages and the crowd. She had been there on Wednesdays to see the coaches go by, and to eat strawberries and cream and pine-apple ices from Grange's and to look at Lord Austell's books. He was an amateur in books of the lighter sort, and in bindings, and was proud of showing his latest acquisitions. He used laughingly to declare that he had only half-a-dozen teaspoons, but so far as they went, they and the tea the stirred were at the service of his friends. Mrs. Baddeley might take whom she pleased to Number 333 Park-lane, provided she kept within the limit of the six tea-spoons.

"They are all that remain of the famous St. Austell plate," he said.

"What, was all the rest melted down for King Charles?" asked Leo.

"No, but most of it was sold off to oblige Colonel Montressor, *alias* Ikey Moses, the West End money lender," replied St. Austell.

His lordship's butler knew Mrs. Baddeley and offered no hindrance to her entrance as she brushed past him and went into the room at the back of the dining room; library, *tabagie*, or den—the room in which St. Austell wrote his letters in the morning and read Guy de Maupassant or Guy after midnight: a long, irregular-shaped room, lined with bookshelves and furnished with the miscellaneous souvenirs of travel between Italy and the East.

St. Austell was in his usual seat before the writing table, looking through a pile of letters and papers which had accumulated in a four days' absence. A hat box, a travelling desk, and a case of umbrellas and canes lay on the ground near him. His luggage had been sent on to Charing Cross.

He looked up at Leonora with angry surprise.

"I told Morgan I was not at home," he said.

"Did you really? But you see I didn't ask Morgan's opinion upon that subject. An instinct told me I should find you here."

"You are such a clever woman. I am only sorry that I am too busy to enjoy your conversation just now," said St. Austell going on with his letters, "but you may as well sit down all the same. I have only a couple of hours to settle my affairs, dine and start for Dover."

"You are going to Paris, I suppose?"

"I am going to Ceylon—but one has always to begin with Paris. It is the turnstile in the gate that leads everywhere."

"You are not going alone?" said Mrs. Baddeley, very pale and very resolute.

"Of course not. I take my servant. If I could afford it I would take my doctor. I am going abroad for my health."

"That is a lie. You are going with my sister—it is on Helen's account that you are going to Ceylon. You think you can hide yourself there with your latest mistress, escape from her infuriated husband. I don't think Mr. Belfield is the kind of a husband to take things altogether quietly. There is a good deal of the original savage in him. A kind of man to settle matters with a revolver, as they used to do in America a few years ago, when New York was further from London and Paris than it is now."

"I am glad to say that I am not afraid of Mr. Belfield, and I am sorry to say that I am not running away with his wife," said St. Austell, without looking up from the letter he was reading.

"You would like me to believe you, I suppose," muttered Mr. Baddeley, beating the devil's tatoo upon the faded Indian prayer rug.

"I am much too busy to care whether you believe me or disbelieve me. Haven't I told you that I have to settle my affairs, financial and otherwise, and dine before eight o'clock. If you have any idea that I am hiding your sister in this house *par exemple* you had better go through all the rooms and look in all the closets while I finish my work here. When you have set your mind at ease by doing that, perhaps you will honour me by sharing my sole and my chicken."

"You mocking devil. I'll take you at your word," said Leo, starting up and moving towards the door. "I know she left Chadford with you this morning. I know that, I tell you. She must be in this house—or waiting for you at the station. Where else could she be? And you could hardly leave her at the station."

"Try this house," said St. Austell, still without looking up. "The investigation will occupy you till dinner time, and enable me to finish my business here."

"I will," she said, lingering near the door, and looking at his imperturbable face.

She went out into the hall, and looked into the dining room. The table, dwindled to a circle, was laid for one. The room was empty. She ran up to the drawing rooms, and pulled aside portieres, and looked into corners, and behind the piano, and shook a week's dust out of the fresh, pure-looking chintz curtains. She was not satisfied even with this, and hastily explored the upper floor—bedroom, dressing room, boot room, bath room, servants' rooms—ashamed of herself, and giving only a hurried glance in at each door. It was but the work of ten minutes in all.

"Have you looked in the kitchens and the cellars?" asked St. Austell, when she returned to his den, crimson with shame and out of breath.

"She will meet you at the station, or she is waiting for you there," said Leo.

"I hope I may find her there. It would be a pleasant surprise. May I tell them to lay a knife and fork for you?" he asked, rising and going towards the bell.

"Certainly not. I shall not detain you much longer."

"So sorry that I should be obliged to count the minutes in such charming society," murmured St. Austell, putting away his papers, and locking his despatch box. "I have finished my work for the moment; I am quite at your service," he said, leaning his back against the mantelpiece, in his favourite attitude, his slender, languid figure and pale oval face accentuated by the back ground of old Italian oak, and the vivid colouring of brass and copper, vermillion and orange pottery, and pale green agate.

"You think that you can deceive me, St. Austell," Leo began passionately, standing with one knee upon the seat of a Prie Dieu chair, and with her hands clasped tightly on the carved cherry-wood back; "you think I have been blind all this time—that I have not seen and understood what was going on between you and my sister."

"Upon my honour, my dear Leo, I have thought nothing about you, either one way or the other. When a man is desperately in love with one woman, he is not given to abstruse speculations upon the sentiments of another woman."

"Not even when he once made passionate love to that other woman?"

"Once, Leo? Once is a wide word. The butterflies were once grubs. This world was once a misty nucleus floating in unimaginable space. I know that I was once in love with you—passionately, as you say—and that I once pursued you—and that you encouraged my pursuit until it reached just that one definite point at which it became inconvenient and dangerous, and then you threw me over, as you have thrown over so many better men—poor young Stroud, for instance, who lost his head and then consoled himself with a bullet. There are men who do not relish being fooled and flung up, you see, Leo. The foolish ones shoot themselves. The wiser go away and forget you, as I did. We are not all patient sheep after the manner of Beeching."

"Yes, you forget me—forget—forgot!" retorted Leonora, in a choking voice. "I suppose you thought I did not care for you?"

"That was precisely my idea."

"You did not know. You shall never know. I would cut my tongue out sooner than tell you. And you upbraid me with those sweet days when I could think of you as my friend—when I saw you every day without reproach of conscience—when—"

"When you fooled me to the top of my bent."

"I was so happy until you threw off the mask, and then I could but remember that I had a good kind fellow in India, working for his country and me."

"And that you had a character to lose, and that it is not a pleasant thing to be cut by other women—even the rather easy-going women in your set. They have their standard. So far and no further is the motto of the clan. Oh, my dear Mrs. Baddeley, sentimentality won't answer between you and me. You are one of the cleverest women I know. You know the age you live in, and you are able to live up to its requirements. You manage to get everything in this world that you want—without any sacrifice, even of character. But you must not expect more than than."

"I expect nothing from you," she answered moodily. "But I mean to know the truth. Why are you going to Ceylon?"

"For my lungs."

"Oh, I have heard that before. That an old story."

"A true one all the same. The right lung is decidedly affected, and my doctor insists upon a mild climate. Perhaps were that the only motive, I might have wintered at Bournemouth or Ventnor, but I had another motive, which so far has been thwarted."

"How's Tory?" he asked, when the silence began to grow oppressive.

"Tory is in excellent health, thanks. And you are really going to Paris by the mail?"

"Really."

"And you still protest that you are going there alone?"

"I have never protested. I merely stated a fact. I go to Paris with my servant, that is all. If you want particulars, I shall put up at the Hotel de Bade. I shall amuse myself in Paris for a week or so, and then I shall go quietly on to Brindisi, stopping wherever I feel disposed. I shall go by the Rapide as far as Macon, and then in all possibility I shall make a detour and cool myself on the Riffel before I dawdle down into Italy. It will be time enough if I sail for the east in October."

"A charming programme, with a sympathetic companion," sneered Mrs. Baddeley, "but as a solitary promenade I should consider it rather dreary. One knows all those places before-hand, and at our age," with a deprecating shrug, "they are only storehouses for memories and regrets. The world is hardly large enough nowadays for people who have the capacity to live and to remember."

"I am not afraid of solitude. I am egotist enough to find myself pretty good company."

"I have a good mind to share your chicken and your cab to Charing Cross," said Mrs. Baddeley, after a few moments' reflection. "There are some friends of mine at Dover who have been plaguing me to go and see them. I might run down for a day or two, take them by surprise as they are yawning in their lodging house lamplight, after having exhausted the newspapers and their own conversation."

"Do," cried St. Austell, "you would burst upon them with as revivifying power as if you were Aurora. And how nice for me to have you for a travelling companion. One generally gets to Dover in an after-dinner nap, but of course that is only a *pis-aller*."

"I won't rob you of your sleep," said Leo, starting up to go, with an air of having come to a sudden decision. "I won't go to Dover to-night. And I have just remembered that Tory will be waiting for his chop. He always dines an hour before I do, so that he may behave prettily and be society for me while I dine."

"Happy Tory. Good-bye."

"Good bye. It means for a long time, doesn't it?" she said, as she shook hands, his fingers detaining the neatly gloved hand just a little longer than they need have done, with a faint reminiscence of a worn-out sentiment.

"Who knows?"

"Ceylon is so far."

"There is no such thing as distance nowadays. Australia means a fortnight—no other place need count. I'll see you to your carriage."

He put her into the hansom which had waited, and which rattled her back to Wilkie Mansions in a quarter of an hour. She kept her word so far as the poodle was concerned, and looked on while he ate his chop, daintily, on a plate set upon a table napkin. She saw him safely through his meal, and then changed her smart tailor gown for the dowdiest thing she possessed in the way of gowns—a black silk and cashmere of two years ago. In this and a black bonnet and rather thick veil, she might easily escape recognition in the lamplight at a crowded station.

She drove to Charing Cross and was in the station just a quarter of an hour before the departure of the Continental mail. She saw St. Austell's valet getting the luggage registered, a good deal of luggage, but all distinctly masculine. She saw St. Austell himself buying newspapers at the stall. She saw him pass through the gate on his way to the train—alone; and she saw no feminine figure that bore the faintest resemblance to her sister.

"She is to meet him in Paris," thought Leo, "it has been all planned before hand. She will go by another route, perhaps. From Exeter to Southampton and thence to Havre and Paris. By that way she would escape observation. Yes, she will join him in Paris. That is the reason he took things so quietly. God help her—and me."

She gave a long sigh—regretful, passionate, despairing even—and stood near the gate while the whistle shrieked and the Continental express moved slowly out of the great vaulted station into the summer twilight. The last rays of the setting sun gleamed on the brazen engine as it steamed away, taking St. Austell to warmer skies and faint sweet odours of spice-bearing trees and tropical flowers. How long might it be before they two would meet again. In any case he was lost to her. He had been dead to her ever since he began to fall in love with her sister; dead by the worst of deaths, the death of indifference verging upon scorn. Once he had been at her feet, the chosen companion in a round of fashionable dissipations, bound by no tie but mutual tastes and mutual pleasures, and she had fancied those flowery chains of hers were strong enough to keep him forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)