

"Yes: Superior."

"Thank you," said Richard, in a strange voice. "Now I know where I stand."

Again he went to the window looking out on the dreary landscape before him, his head leaning on his hand as he rested his elbow on the woodwork of the frame; and again he came back to her whose love had once made his happiness as her defection now made his despair.

"Do not be afraid, old love," he said gently; "I will not trouble you again with a fondness that has grown unwelcome to you. Only believe and know that I am the same to you as I was in the beginning, and have been all through. When you want me you will find me."

He held out his hand and pressed hers tenderly, looking into her face with a long long look as one bidding an eternal farewell. Then he left the room hurriedly, and in a few moments was out in the driving snow, ploughing his way—whither?

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