BY A. C. GUNTER.

detectives that we employ and who dogged every step of your way from Paris to Nice, must go on the stand. Their evidence could hardly be pleasant to Miss Anstruther. There is nothing you Anglo-Sexen Puritans fear so much as scandal; and one would lose her to you forever; therefore I am persuaded you will say nothing, my dear friend."

Barnes thinks this over and knows that the Count is right. "Nevertheless," he says, "I shall speak to Mademoisle Paoli."
"Certainly, if you insist," returns Musse, with a gracious book, unlocking the door. Nothing you can tell her, I am confident, will ever change Marina from her purpose, and he laughs a little silvery laugh that is not becoming in him, and calls out after the American, "Au revoir, old comrade; rea over and have a game of Baccarat this

erening."

"I have other business, thank you," says

"Ah, I see. Love's young dream—third door to the right, first floor?" follows him in Danella's soft Franco-Italian voice, as he goes up stairs to meet Marina. The Count steps back to his room in great

apparent good humor, and looks at a memo randum from the detectives who have followed Barnes. He reads it over and wonders what that gentleman and the young English girl had to interest them in the English navy. Meditating upon this, he remembers that Miss Anstruther herself had been curiously impressed by the picture of the duel; and after turning the matter over in his mind, he goes out for a walk; and chancing to wander down to the harbor and the Hotel des Anglais, asks some rather pertinent questions, and obtains some in-teresting information which sets him to thinking deeply; and in the end produces peculiar results, for Musso Danella reasons on the Italian principles of Machiavelli, which are derived direct from Satan him-

Barnes takes the Count's advice, as regards directions; and the door is opened for him by Marina herself. She is still in deep black; in fact she never wore anything but mourning, from the day of her brother's death until some time after this the great change came into her mind. Her figure, that the close-fitting dress displays in a series of curves of beauty, is perhaps a little fuller and more rounded than a year ago. If so, it has lost no charm of grace or Her face has a tinge of suppressed sadness upon its mobile features. save when some wave of varying passion sweeps across it, and then it is the impersonation of that passion itself, without a trace of any other to weaken its intensity. As Barnes confronts her he notices the

superb vigor of her manner and excitable changes of her emotion.
"On!" she cries, "at last I have waited for you, you have for me the last words of my brother-No, I have his last-his cry of welcome to me-Marina !- that was all for me-that was his adieu to earth, was it not?" The question at the end is asked in pathetic sadness in complete contrast to

"It was." replies Barnes softly. "But his other words, the message from the dead-and you did not tell it to me before-long ago-you could let a sister

the excited rapidity of her first exclama-

When I left Corsica, Mademoiselle, you were delirious from brain fever and would

not have understood me." 'True!" the girl says slowly-and then suddenly, "Forgive me. The cruel disappointment of to-day has made me thoughtless : but to have sought that assassin,

one long year, day by day and night by night over haif the world and never found himand this morning when I was blessing God for having given him to my hand—to again find — nothing — nothing!—NOTHING!"

In an ecstacy of disappointment the girl throws herself upon a chair, and after a moment makes an effort and says to Barnes, who has been watching her in silence, "You cannot understand; you are of a race that thinks and does not feel; be thankful that Heaven has blessed you with no heart, only "But you have not heard the message I

bring. It may temper your disappoint-

"Then don't give it to me now. It is what I feared. I forbid you to say it now First see what I have done-How faithfully I have struggled to perform my oath-How I have labored to find the man upon whom my hand shall fall-then if you think that even Antonio's words could change the consecration of my life, deliver my brother's message." This last she speaks as if inspired, but not from God; and, as Barnes does not answer her, brings him a large book of memoranda compiled with the system and accuracy of a detective, showing, that with all her hate, her pursuit has been carried out with a logic that indicates some subtle mind has been brought to bear upon the matter. Barnes concludes wisely that it is that of Musso Danella. He is delighted to have the opportunity of studying her investigations, as it may help him to judge if Enid's brother is in immediate danger of discovery. The first document before

LIST OF OFFICERS. H. M. S. VULTURE, 1882. John Lenox Ward, Commander.

Henry Lawson, T. Edgerton Reede, Walter Montrose Phillips, Lieutenants, Walter Montrose Fainips,
Nelson Trowbridge,
Hon. Matthew Lennox Haye.
George Hodspur, Navigating Lieutenant.
Thomas F. Fearing, Chief Engineer.
Mortimer N. Douglas, Paymaster.
Wellington Elenwood, Surgeon.
Arthur William Herrick, Assistant Engineer.

And then follows the names of about eight midshipmen, junior engineers, etc.
"That list was obtained from the office of
the British Admiralty," says the girl, "and
is absolutely correct, like other official

statistics. Barnes notes here to himself that Edwin Anstruther joined the "Vulture" at Gibraltar as a supernumerary, consequently his name does not appear on the list sent from England, and now knows how Marins

has failed to discover him. The next thing that meets his eye startles him. It is an elaborite description of each officer on the list, with his photo-

graph attached. How did you get these ?" cried the American in surprise.
"Time and money did it—but what use?"

cays the girl sadly. "Any being of reason would say it must be one of these men whose faces I look on in this book : gaze upon them with me; you saw his face that fatal day, and know it is one of those who is the murderer that I seek."

"How do I know that?" "How? I have seen every man on this list, but that engineer who was suddenly ordered to China; this one who is on the Gold Coast of Africa, and Reede who was detached to the 'Ruby' in the South Pacific, I have talked with them as I have with you to-day, and they all said that they were too busy with official duties for any of them to get leave the day the 'Vulture'left Ajaccio. And then I went to the captain, a closemouthed Scotchman, who promptly told me that no officer of his left his ship that day

— Catch me giving leave on the morning of mailing—not to a royal prince, by Heaven!
Madam!—and then I knew that there was
some conspiracy among them, even includ-

—for they feared a court-martial for their comrade. Had it been in the French navy I could have discovered, because a duel would have brought an punishment; but with these men who cling together and always fight shoulder to shoulder, I could have been marking."

de nothing."

"And so you despaired?"

"Despaired?—You would not say that if you knew me. I took another way—the hespitals. When men are sick and wounded, in that hot Egyptian climate, they sometimes rave, and in delirium there is often truth. I have been at the bedside of some of them, and one died in my arms and yet gave no sign!" yet gave no sign !"

Barnes is staring at her; in his mind is a vision of the seventeenth century at de

Brinvilliers.

But the girl centinues, "Though I couldn't find the man whose life I wanted, I found lives to save, and aursed the poor victims of the war and fever, and did some little good—for they said I was gentle, and called me 'the Angel of the Hospital !' and one, a sunny-haired Saxon giant, whose pale face was kind as a child's, and who, they told me, was brave as he was gentle—for he had a cross upon his was gentle—for he had a cross upon his heart—the one so many of them die to gain.

When they brought him in wounded—I—
I said 'He shall go back to his English home: perhaps he has a sister like my poor brother had, who is waiting for him in that far-off land;' and I—they said I saved his life—and he—he used to call me his—his—"
Raynes whose ever have been upon the

Barnes, whose eyes have been upon the floor, raises them and sees before him, instead of an angel of vengeance, an angel of pity, and, perhaps, of love; for the girl has now a blush upon her face.

She concludes after a moment's pause of

emotion, with a little effort—"He called me his Princess of Mercy—and used, after he was stronger, to walk with me in the moonlight in the Khedive's gardens, and tell me he owed to my kind hands his life. And when he was well he grew to look like

'Edwin !" cries Barnes. "Yes, Edwin Gerard An—the last is a curious English name difficult for a southern tongue to pronounce—but I have his eard." and she produces for him the name of Enid's brother, and cries, "You know him too! Is he not glorious!" for she notices some sign upon Barnes' face, that makes her think this.

"No, I have only met his sister." "Yes, she is beautiful, like him-I saw her, too, in Paris before my picture—you love her, don't you?" and Marina looks curiously at him.

To this Barnes makes no reply, but changes the subject back to the original one, saying, "And afterwards?" "Afterwards ?-Count Danella took me away from Egypt almost by force; he said the climate was killing me. And then I painted the duel—it was a work of love and a work of hate. I thought perhaps some one in the vast multitude that throng the Paris Salon might give some sign before it, and by that I might discover. A private detective stood, night and day, near by, but all that it has brought me was the pursuit of you-

"And after all this ?" "I should have gone to China to see the lieutenant who is there-but lately the Count has received some curious information from Gibraltar that makes us think shere were other officers on board the 'Vul-

ture,' whose names are not upon that list-Oh, I pray Heaven that he may not have died before I reach him! I want him to know that Antonio Paoli has a sister!" The girl is now once more a picture of in-

Barnes, who has been studying Marina's face and pondering how to bring her brother's noble words home to her, here says, "When you were thinking of their noble work in the Egyptian hospitals, I should have given you the message from the dead." Then he tells her earnestly but quietly the story of how her brother died in his arms, and that his last solemn words to him were, "I had sooner my sister forgot me than that the memory of my death destroved her life," and asks her if she, with all her talent and all her beauty and goodness, has no better work in life than seeking

The girl answers him calmly, "I have thought of that so often, but I am a Corsican. Old Tomasso would despise me and I could not look my neighbors in the face in my dear old land-for they know my dead brother was murdered. You talk to me just like de Belloc did."

"Ah, you have asked him ?" "Of course. I took all these pictures to him and begged him to point out the guilty

"And he?" centinued Barnes, for Marina

had paused and is beating the floor with her foot in petulant passion. "He !" cries the girl, "he ! the pretended friend of Antonio, refused to even look at them to aid my vengeance. He said the duel was as fair a one as ever fought, and the young English officer was a gentleman of great honor and bravery."
"So it seemed to me also."

"Ah! you agree with him! — Fair?
Brave? when the man who killed my
brother wore armor."

"Who told you that?" gasns Barnes.

Mateo, the innkeeper. The man was shot in the side and would have died like his victim but for his cowardly protection."

Barnes here explains to her the incident of the lucky penny, telling her she painted

is in her picture.

Upon this the girl interrupts him with a cruel little laugh, and says, "I had no idea my painting was so bad; I meant it to represent a scale of armer broken off by the

"Then you will not forget."

"Then you will not forget."

"Not while I have these to remember him by," and Marine points to a portrait of her brother that hangs upon the wall, then brings the American the broken pistol and gasps, "It is stained with his bloed," and taking from her bosom a little leaden ball that hangs about her white neck, cries, her live trampling with sorrow. "The bullet lips trembling with sorrow, "The bullet that killed my dear brother! By this I will remember my cath."

"You are young yet," replies Barnes, sadly. "Some day you will know it is happier to love than to hate."

But she answers, rising as if to end dis-

cussion, "While I live I shall know but one pession, and that is hate. Until this is iniciaed, not if all the men upon the earth asked me, would I know love." "Not if, in the garden of the Khedive, Edwin Anstruther asked you?" Marina starts and staggers as if he had

struck her, a great wave of blood rushes over her face and then leaves it deadly pale with misery, and sinking down she utters a cry of agonized longing.

And thus Barnes leaves her, his own phlegmatic nerves a little shaken, for he has had more surprises than he cares for this day, and meditates in a startled, dazed

sort of way: "Great heaven: ! If those two meet, and she should ever know!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE OTHER ONE. After using three matches to light his cigar, in a monotonous, listless sort of manner, Mr. Barnes takes his way towards his hotel, turning over in his mind the various possibilities pertaining to Enid's brother, and decides that that young officer must leave Nice. "They couldn't fail to come together if Edwin staid here," he meditates. "Marina would be sure to discover him sooner or later. Though I could prevent his being assassinated I have no doubt, still it would make a very disagreeable complication. Although, if he's the man I think he is, I must ship him off to-

night." As he begins to plan the details of the affair he finds himself in front of unpleasant duties at every point. "I shall have to disclose to the chap that he has taken a man's life, and that from now on he must look to his own as carefully as the Czar of Russia guards his precious imperial welfare. And then, how much shall I disclose to Edwin? I can't tell him his angel of merey will kill him on sight; he wouldn't believe me if I did. Then if by chance he should love Marina"—here Mr. Barnes emits a prolonged whistle and turns the problem over again in his mind, and, having by this time entered the Promenade des Anglais, which is now full of foreign visitors that have not as yet fled from this winter city, he suddenly finds his meditation ended and his problem solved in the pleasantest manner imaginable.

A victoria is coming toward him in the ors that have not as yet fled from this winter city, he suddenly finds his meditation ended and his problem solved in the pleasantest manner imaginable.

A victoria is coming toward him in the street; in it a young lady of radiant beauty, in the freshest of white summer dresses, colored by a corsage bouquet of blush rosebuds and a sash of shimmering satin of the same delicate tint, making vision whose leveliness attracts every masculine eye on the promenade except that of the American, who is in deep brown study. Beside her sits a plain, round-faced girl with a long, lankey form, big enough to be sixteen and dressed short enough to be eleven. This child is a mass of gaudy coloring from her bronze boots and cardinal stockings to her blue hat and red feather, the parts coming between being clothed in right yellow dress and purple sash. As Barnes comes near the carriage the young lady makes a sudden sign to the coachman, the horses are pulled up and a soft voice says in playful piteousness, "Are you not going to speak to me?"

The gentleman addressed, who has gloomy scrowl upon his countenance and is at that moment meditating that he has not seen Enid Anstruther for a whole day, and that twenty-four hours is a little eternity, awakes from his apathy with a start; the frown upon his face becomes sunshine; he takes off his hat and answers, "Speak to you? of course. So long as I'm out of the deaf and dumb asylum." Then seeing that Miss Anstruther has a hand held towards

him, seizes it. His speech makes the gawky girl laugh and say, "Why, you're funny, ar'nt you? You're the celebrated Mr. Barnes of New York?" "And you, I presume, are the equally illustrious Miss Maud Chartris?" "Yes, I'm the little girl," here she grins, "that you're going to give candy enough to kill her. Enid told me. She's been

looking all over for you, haven't you, This brings a wonderful color to Miss Anstruther's face, which Barnes thinks is very becoming. He watches to see how she will parry the innocent's candor, which she does by saying promptly in a very matter-of-fact way, "Yes, I have been looking for you; there is a note from me at your hotel," and then with a sudden asperity of manner she turns on the offender at her side and discharges. "Maud, if you don't stop sucking the end of your parasol Mr. Barnes will

forget he promised you the candy."
"He dars'nt," returns Maud, with a grin of conscious power. "The other one tried to slip out of giving me a bonbonniere he said I should have, and you know how I fixed him." "The other one" jars on Barnes, as well

as on Miss Anstruther, who has become intensely interested in the coachman in front "How did you fix him?" mutters he,

"1-I got him to ask-" Here his divinity's face becomes so distressed that Barnes cuts Maud short by You run into that candy store half saving, a square down the street and buy what you want and I'll come in and pay for it." rush and Maud is gone; she wants no second invitation. "What did you make that rash offer

for ?" says Miss Anstruther, innocently. "Because I wanted to relieve you of the innocent's candor," says Mr. Barnes, lying glibly, with a laugh.
"I'm rather afraid your diplomacy will

cost you dear; you have no idea of her capacity for bonbons; but you have made her your friend, and she is a vindictive and aggressive enemy. Now, why didn't you call upon me last evening? I was quite "Lonely with your brother here?" re-

joins the American. "My brother had but half an hour with me. His ship was suddenly ordered to Gibraltar, and sailed at sunset yesterday."

Barnes gives a sigh of relief; his problem is solved. Edwin Anstruther is out of Nice, so there can be no trouble for the present. While he is thinking this Enid continues. "I could not ask you to call last night because I was alone, though had you come I should have pardoned your intrusion, but now Lady Chartris is here, and protected by her matron wings I shall be happy to receive you at any time—this evening, I hope—Oh! what a greedy girl!"
This last is addressed to Miss Chartris, who comes to the carriage followed by the shop-man, who is laden down with numerous packages of sweets of every kind, and is

proportionately polite and cringing.

The reason I took so much was I've a hungry brother and sister; the reason I took so little is because it gets stale.

Thank you till next time, Mr. Barnes, of New York."

"Don't you get enough to eat at home?" questions the gentleman. "Not of marrons glaces," replies Miss Maud, with her mouth full, and as the carriage drives away she cries out, "I like you better than 'the other one."—What are you looking so cross at me for ?" The first is to Barnes and the second to Miss Anstruther, who colors and laughs a little, leaving that gentleman savagely pondering over "the other one," which is a new distraction for him. Who the deuce is 'the other one,' and how did Maud fix him ?-if she only fixed him so that he won't come to time again I'll make her a very handsome present." With this malicious reflection Barnes pays the candy dealer, and wonders if a poor man couldn't live on his bonbon bill through several long strikes. Going to his hotel, he finds a little note in her handwriting that makes the sun seem a little brighter as he

"Dear Mr. Barnes,-Lady Chartris has arrived; so now I can ask you to call so that I may thank you again. We shall be at home this evening after eight.

"Yours very sincerely,
"Enid A. Anstruther. Hotel des Anglais, Nice."

His valet and baggage having arrived from Paris, Mr. Barnes slips into a dress suit and feels the better in it—as men geuerally do-though most of them detest the trouble of the change. After dinner he won wisdom by inspiration imported from Havanna, and decides on two things; first, not to give any hint to Miss Anstruther of his suspicions in regard to her brother having fought his duel and killed his man—"she had better never know that," he thinks; second, to make himself absolutely certain that Edwin Gerrard Anstruther was the English officer who met Antonia Paoli on that morning in Corsica. This can be easily done he imagines, by a little judion that morning in Corsica. This can be essily done he imagines, by a little judicious pumping and a look at his sweetheart's photograph album; perhaps, also, he will see a picture of "the other one." This turns his thoughts to a different channel, and he wonders how long it will bebefore he buys the engagement ring; and if "the other one?"—Here he jumps up suddenly and marches straight for the Hotel des Anglais, for a dreadful idea has flashed through his mind. "What if 'the other one' is in Nice?"

The other one is certainly not present as

girl did it."
"Certainly! Lord"—she checks herself
"the person whose face was in this locket,"
for she has already removed the picture, girl to complete and enhance the beauty of her face. She does not rise to meet him, but says, "Please sit down here by me in the window; the night is too perfect to speil it by gas. Lady Chartris will be here in a minute, and then I presume she will expect us to call up conventionality, in the form of the waiter to light the chande-

Barnes says nothing, but audaciously walks up to his goddess and takes her hand holding it perhaps a little too long, or pressing it perchance a little too fervidly, for Miss Anstruther gives out a little feminine "Oh!" and says rather wickedly, "Am I to thank you for making this parlor a rosegarden for me ?"

Barnes looks around and sees an immensity of cut flowers all about the room. He has not seen them, and though he curses himself for not doing so, he anathematizes the man who sent them more; being satisfied it is "the other one."

fied it is "the other one."
"No!" he says slowly. "You must thank somebody else for these; I am a man of business; and, shall I tell you the truth, have had more practical interests of yours to look after to-day, than flowers." This is a much greater stroke of diplomacy on his part than he guesses; his only idea was to palliate not being as attentive as "the other one;" but he has given the

as "the other one; but he has given the girl something to be curious about, and that curiosity linked to him.

Miss Anstruther is now a blaze of inquiry

"For me? More practical interests?

What do you mean? Isn't my luggage, all right? Have I lost a box? Did I leave anything behind me in the railway carriage ?-or, is it those awful men?"

last in a tone a little tremulous. "None of these; you need fear the men no longer; they were following me. At present, at least, I can tell you no more," says Mr. Barnes, who sees he has made a lucky hit and does not propose to destroy "I suppose you have no idea who these flowers came from?" he has a little incredulity in his voice.

"Oh yes, I have! I think they were ent by -guess ?" "The other one !" he mutters in such a gloomy and morose tone that Miss Enid goes into a spasm of laughter as she gasps, "No!—They came from Edwin—my brother, of course!" Then bushing a little she says, "There is no other one!"—and gets embarrassed as she sees Barnes' face gleam at her unintentional but most suggestive remark. But pulling herself together finishes—"There is no one at all, and of course there can be no

"Ah, then the sooner you get one, the better!" returns Mr. Barnes, very tenderly, who has a theory that when a woman blushes at a thought, she generally thinks it and wisely judges that his darling has been meditating about him in the position he wishes to assume; which is that of the impetuous lover. What do you mean by that?"

Enid, who hardly catches his drift, though she is a pretty quick thinker herself. His answer leaves no room for doubt. "I mean,"-he says this very slowly mean what a beautiful hand you have for a

wedding ring."
The cool insinuation of this remark gives Miss Anstruther a chill. She hardly likes to say that she hasn't a beautiful hand, which her vanity tells her would not be true; and if she admits that she has -what next?-Americans are a rapid people, and this is apparently the fleetest greyhound of the lot. He has known her thirty-six hours,

and has implied more than many men would

after a year's worship. A bright idea strikes her. She crusnes him by saying "That depends upon who would place it there!" Then seeing that she has hit Barnes harder than she wishes to, she loses her head and palliates it by an impulsive "Oh, I didn't mean that-to

"To me!" Barnes has got her hand, and might have proceeded to extremities and been toolish, for Miss Anstruther was a been toolish, young lady whose pride would have resented such an assault upon the citadel of her affections, and would have never permitted a surrender to a thirty-six hours' siege. But here a small voice, that is not conscience, breaks upon her ear. It says, "I am in the next window sisting quietly! I thought I would tell you, Enid, as you always like to know if I am near when you have genthemen visitors !"

The intense silence that follows is broken Miss Anstruther saying sternly "Maud, de not tell atrocious stories!" "It's true ! you know you didn't like

when 'the other ene' used to come !" Enid rises in dignity, a flush of anger on her face, a tear of vexation in her eye, her mouth very firm but trembling with annoy-ance, as she says determinedly: "Until you can learn to respect me and the truth also you must leave this room !"

"I sha'n't!" replies Miss Maud, coming in from the window, "and if you go to bullying I'll tell him—" She gets no farther, for Miss Anstruther has thrown farther, for Miss Anstruther has thrown open the door, and remarks, "If you do not leave the parlor and stay out of it all the evening I shall tell your governess—you know what!" this last very significantly.

Miss Maud Chartris gives a pitcous "Don't please!" and bolts from the room in shiert terrors.

abject terror.
"Mind over matter!" remarks Barnes. "Yes," says Miss Anstruther, who rings the bell and orders the waiter to light the room, and does not return to the window.
"I always keep one undiscovered crime of Maude's in abeyance, over her head; and

in desperate cases threaten to deliver her

to justice. Were it not for that, I could not live in the house with her. And now will you do me a favor ?"

"Certainly !"

"Then tell me how much my railway journey has cost you?"

Some men would have replied "Nothing!"
and never got asked for another favor. But
Barnes, who is an American, as regards business, and a gentleman, as regards habit, pulls out his pocket book and mentions the

The girl fills his hand full of bills, and says simply, "I can repay you your money, but your kindness—I'll keep that, if you please, to remember you by. My brother doesn't recollect meeting you, but asked me to thank you for him also!"

This is precisely the opening that Barnes. This is precisely the opening that Barnes

"If you have a picture of him," he suggests, "I can tell you with more certainty."
"Yes—here is my locket—that was Edwin's two years ago!" says Enid with a little smile of pride, and hands him the ar-ticle, which contains the face of a dark man of about thirty.

"Do you think he looks like me?" the girl asks, after a moment. relieved, for he sees that this is not the of-ficer of the duel. "He is as dark as night, and you are fair?"

"Impossible! Let me see!" She takes

the locket from him, and exclaims, "This is not my brother!" The next instant her face flushes very red and her eyes beam with indignation; she turns to him and says, "This is a miserable joke of that fearful child! Mand Chartris has taken out my brother's face and inserted that of a friend!"

"Nothing more!" says Barnes rather pointedly, for he has become very jealous of the man in the looket.

"If Thad a a lover dear enough to me to wear his likeness upon my heart, I should not submit it to the gaze of others; I should want it all for myself. Of course it was not necessary for me to give any exity the standard of the same of the sam

it was not necessary for me to give any explanation to you of the matter?"

"Of course not!" mutters poor Barnes, humbly, who feels he is being whipped for Maud Chartris's tault, "You are sure the

"Oh! a lord is 'the other one,' " thinks

the American, "it's lucky she's an English girl; if Enid Anstruther came from my side of the water I shouldn't have one chance in a thousand!" He forgets his anxiety for the battless in his interest for the chartest in his interest. the brother in his interest for the sister, and Lady Chartris coming in, the conversa-

and Lady Chartris coming in, the conversation takes snother subject.

Lady Chartris is fat and fifty, though she
struggles for a youth that has gone from
her into the distant past; she talks of her
early widowhood, and of being a young
woman and alone in the world, with only
her babies. "This is my oldest," she says,
patting Maud's hand, for she cannot reach
her shoulder; that young lady having
taken courage and followed her mother into
the room.

"Ah! a sweet child!" murmurs Barnes, sympathetically, for he has many good reasons for making the mother his friend—

'How old ?-eleven ?" "Yes, nearly twelve," replies Lady Chartris. "How wonderfully you guess "Oh! I knew she couldn't be older than that, by looking at you," says Barnes, and doesn't even blush at his remark. "A well-

grown child for her age."

"Oh, I was as big as I am now when
I was thirteen," says Miss Maud, who
has been waiting eagerly for her chance

At this distressing contretemps a silence falls on the group, only broken by a some-what malicious laugh from Miss Anstruther, who has not entirely regained her "Ten, you mean, my little one," ejacu-

lates her mother. "You confound ten and thirteen. Your governess must give you longer lessons in arithmetic—I shall speak At this prospect of increased tasks, the youthful prodigy's countenance falls im-

Here Enid takes occasion to mention that they think of going to Monte Carlo the "Yes, we are going to Monte Carlo," re-peats Lady Chartris, but doesn't invite next day

Barnes to join the party. Whereupon that gentleman suggests that the ladies permit him to snow them the beauty of the Public Gardens by moonlight, as this is their last Enid half assents, though Lady Chartris

thinks it is rather too late, and the subject

drops for five minutes, when Lady Chartris

in speaking of Americans, mentions the name of the Countess of Morington. "She, I believe, is an American; do you know "Pretty well," says Barnes, "she is my

"Oh!" remarks the wflow, somewhat impressed, for Lady Morington is a very great swell in London, "I'm glad I have met one of your relatives ;-but as we are going into the garden with you, we had

better put on our wraps at once.' As the ladies leave the room to prepare for their walk, Lady Chartris suggests that Mr. Barnes shall accompany them to Monte Carlo, and that gentleman is very happy to accept the gracious invitation; a few moments after they are in the beautiful gardens-and Lady Chartris being engaged in pursuing the eccentric rambles of Miss Maud, Mr. Barnes finds himself tetea-tete with Miss Anstruther, who is hang-

ing on his arm. "I went to that wretched child," says the young lady, perceiving her chaperon is not in ear-shot, "and demanded my brother's picture. Maud confessed her crime, but declared she had lost the likeness, and now I have none to show you; but you you could hardly forget Edwin if you had met him. He is fair like me!"

"And very tall?" suggests Barnes, who remembers that Marina had called him a Saxon giant. "Not very tall for an Englishman, but tall for a Frenchman." This description might be that of the officer of the duel.

'Has your brother any marked peculiar-

ity?"
"No, except that he is very noble look-

"That would be the description of my sister," replies Barnes. "Now my sister, have no doubt, thinks me very noble look.

Does she ?" the incredulity of he: voice and astenished expression of her eyes are net complimentary, but after a second Enid lengths and says, "I don't think I am pre-judiced. My young brother Arthur is de-cidedly ignoble; he bids fair to be a perfect

pigmy."

Barnes can get no information in regard to Edwin that is absolutely satisfying, so he turns the talk into another channel and tries te bring it back te a more personal nature, but here he finds himself baffled and de feated. Miss Anstruther fights very shy, and is, as he expresses it to himself, " vary wary bird in matters of sentiment" that evening. Try how he will the girl twists romance into merriment, and suddealy remembers that they have lost Lady Chartris—after a short, fruitless search, Miss Enid suggests that her chaperon having probably returned to the hotel, she must immediately follow her. As they leave the garden they psss two figures walking together, whom Barnes salutes; one is Musso Danella and the other Marina. "I have seen that girl before," says Enid, "she is the young lady who painted that awful picture of the duel in the Paris Salon."

"Yes," says her escort, "I stood beside you while you studied it."
"Indeed! I did not notice you; but per-haps that is excusable, as I hardly knew you from any other man then." "Let me prove to you I was near you," replies Barnes. "Are you very much in leve with the gentleman who pitied in the

At this Miss Anstruther gives a merry little laugh and cries, "No, I hated him, he was so ugly."
"Then why did you say you loved him?
You might raise false hopes."
"Canvas?" cries the

"What! in a man on canvas?" cries the girl in a gasp of astonishment.
"No—in his earthly representative." At this extraordinary remark the girl opens her eyes and says, "Yes—if he ever heard me."

"All the same, you should be careful about such statements," continues Barnes in selemn pathes. "You girls should be very particular. If he had heard you, the man might have broken his heart for you. Why did you do it?"

The girl gives way to a strain of musical laughter at Barnes' tones—which are these

of a camp-meeting parson—and then stuns him with those extraordinary words: "Why did I do it?—It was a ruse! But we are at the des Anglais; good night, Mr. Barnes, of New York." Then she laughs

[To be continued.]

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