BY A C. GUNTER.

again, runs up the stairs to her room, and looks at her beautiful self in the glass earn-estly and sadly, and a little tear or two dims her bright eye, as she says to her fair image, "You are lost to me; you will soon be no longer my own-you will be his! He's going to conquer me; I can see it in his eye; he's one of those horrid creatures who go about and make poor girls marry them, whether they want to or not !" And then she gives a little laugh and then a lit-tle sigh, and wonders, if he is very wild, and then suddenly exclaims, "The wretch if he had dared to speak to me to night 1 would have crushed him—oh, if he should be only amusing himself !"

Here she commences to turn pule and choke, and goes to bed and has a nice, enjoyable cry, until the fear that he may see her eyes are red next morning, stops her, and she goes to sleep to dream of—

As for Barnes, he goes home stunned with astonishment, and mutters, "A ruse! What kind of a ruse? A ruse for what ?" and begins to think that women's minds are beyond the ken of masculine logic; and that Marina's portrait of him must be the cursedest likeness ever painted; and this makes him think how he can set his mind at rest in regard to Edwin Anstruther, which leads him to very savage thought of "the other one" which send him to bed in a bad humor. And so both he and the girl he adores arrive at the same result, and what is probably best for them after this day's experience, and that is-sleep.

> THE ENCOUNTER AT MONTE CARLO.

> > CHAPTER XII.

LA BELLE BLACK WOOD. The mind of Count Musso Danella was of that peculiar character that often sees a great deal in a very little. Educated in Padua, he had early become imbued with that mediaval school of Pessimist philosophy that, as enunciated by that diabolical Florentine, Signor Niccolo Machiavelli, made middle-aged Italy a nation of treachery and deceit. One of the cardinal principles of the faith being that every human action has its controlling human metivegenerally, a bad one.

Believing, then, that nothing is really unselfish, Danella wonders why Barnes should have taken such an interest in attempting to persuade Marinato forego her vengeance. What difference did it make to the Ameriwhat difference did it make to the American whether there was one less Englishman upon the earth. But he said a word to save him—ergo, it made some difference? Problem: to discover what difference? And turning this in his subtle brain, the following facts startled him.

It was not important enough for Barnes to visit Marina in Paris, for he could have easily found her there, to give her the meseage from the dead; why was it important enough for him to do in Nice what he had not cared to do in Paris? In other words, what has connected Mr. Barnes so much more intimately with this affair in the last twenty-four hours ?

These considerations on the afternoon of the American's visit cause the Count to look over the detective's memoranda, who had followed him from Paris. Two facts meet him in the investigation. First, Barnes has fallen in love with Enid Anstruther. Second, Miss Anstruther mentioned in her conversation while standing upon the sta-tion platform at Toulon, the English navy. The Count saunters down to Mr. Barnes hotel, and, politely pumping the clerk, learns that no one whomsoever has called on that gentleman since he has been at Nice. He wanders up to the des Anglais and discovers that a young English naval lieuten-ant has waited upon Miss Anstruther, and that, moreover, he is her brother. He goes to the harbor and is told that the British gunbeat Sealark sailed for Gibralter the evening before, Lieutenant Anstruther being one of her officers. Arranging these tacts in his mind, the question naturally shapes itself, "Was Lieutenant Anstruther of the English navy the motive that caused Mr. Barnes to try and influence Marina to forget her oath of the Vendetta?" The American loves the sister, and a service to the brother would tend to assist his suit; besides-here the Count remembers, with a start, this English girl herself has been interested for some cause or other in the painting of the duel. He himself has seen her looking at it on two different occasions. Altogether, though the clew is not as promising as it might be-for Barnes may have been but curious to know how the affair progressed, and been perhaps drawn to see Marina by her beauty—still, in the absence of any other, it is worth investigat-

Consequently the next morning the Count tells Marina, who is uneasy, feverish and worried, and who shows it to his eyes that follow her every movement, that he is going to run over to Gibraltar by railway; and, as it will be a very rapid trip, she had better take old Tomasso, to look after her, run up to Monte Carlo, and seek to forget all trouble until his return, in a little gaiety and dissipation. "I advise you, ma belle, to play a little! The joys of rouge et noir make some of us kill ourselves; but their excitement keep others alive. Do a little gambling. You are rich enough to risk few twenty-franc pieces for health." "You are going to Gibraltar?" replies Marina, ignoring all else. "Is it that you

"Yes—a hope—a very little hope!"

"Then go! And if you find him you will find me strong enough to do my part!"

The paleness leaves her cheek, and she

gives Danella a glance of gratitude that sets his blood on fire. "I shall be back in a week, bellerina carissima!" says the Count, and he takes the railway for Marseilles and Spain, while she and old Tomasso go up to Monte Carlo on the same train that carries Mr. Barnes, Miss Anstruther and the Chartris family.

To the desperate gamester, Monte Carlo is like an opium dream, in its extremes of the joys of Heaven and the pangs of Hades. So is it with Mr. Barnes, though the stake he plays for is not generally wagered on tha tables or the Casino: but as the smiles of Fortune and women usually go together, a good many pretty girls have probably been lost and won on the roulette of Mon-

The first evening at this principality of chance is almost a Heaven to Mr. Barnes, and a fairy dream to Enid. After dinner he takes her and the Chartris infant to the Casino and introduces them to the mysteries of roulette; both girls win, Miss Anatruther gathering up enough gold to keep her in gloves for a year; while Maud, by the help of letting Mr. Barnes pay all losses. and pocketing all winnings, contrives to

carry off a few weeks' bonbon money. Bothscould stay and wager their souls, such is their eagerness and delight, but the luck changing, Mr. Barnes returns the infant Chartris to her hotel and carries off his divinity for a walk in the gardens,

Here, on one of the terraces they pass Marina. She is seated in a hopeless kind of manner sadly watching the throng. Her dress, which is black as the night, makes her pale face look even paler and sadder

the band floats around her, but the girl never changes her sed smile, and her mind seems to be far away. She recognizes Barnes' bow and appears for a moment as if she wishes to speak to him; but that gentleman hurries Miss Anstruther en, thinking it safer that the two young ladies do

met meet.

Enid notices this, and says, "What do you run past that pretty girl for? One would think she was not good to look at!"

"Neither she is, when one has been educated to higher types!" This is emphasized by a very killing fook from Barnes.

"I do not see any higher, type here! In

"I do not see any higher type here! In fact I've never seen a more beautiful woman. I'm afraid the trouble is not in her charms, but in your appreciation of them," remarked Enid, who has a way of generally taking the other side in most discussions.

"She knows you. Her face interests me—
She looks as if she had a history—Please

introduce me!"

If there are two woman in the world that Barnes thinks should not meet, Marina Paoli and Enid Anstruther are the two; but as he can't give his reasons, he can only procrastinate.
"Certainly, to-morrow morning with

pleasure!" "No! To-night."

"What? and spoil my evening?" a little "Your evening should be ended by this time; I must soon go back to the hotel. There! I see her now!—This way—come! She looks sad and lonely; let us try to

make her a little happier!" Such a request is impossible to refuse without giving explanations that Mr. Barnes will not and cannot give; besides his divinity's us has made him so tender that he is very pliable at this moment. So he walks up, and after exchanging a word with Marina, says "Mademoiselle Paoli, let me present Miss Anstruther!" As he utters Marina's name Enid's eye

begin to open, and she cries "Paoli?" Were you in Egypt, Mademoiselle? "Yes, a year ago!" replies Marina with a repressed sigh.

Did you spend some of your time in the English Hospital at Alexandria ?" "Yes!"-there is an expectant look now

on the Corsican's face. "And nursed my brother-Edwin Anstruther ?

"Then, darling! you are the woman whe saved his life!" and Enid goes up to the girl and gives her a tender kiss, putting her whole soul into her lips, in a manner that makes Barnes hungry for his turn to come; for it is the first kiss he has ever seen Miss Anstruther give; and the manner in which she does it is a beautiful little poem of

At this salute Marina becomes deadly ale and almost repulses her, standing as i fighting back some mighty emotion. "Don't you remember Edwin!" falters

Enid, who still embraces the Corsican. "Remember him?" and Marina seizes the English girl in her arms and gives her a burning kiss that makes Barnes start and mutter to himself, "She kissed the sister, but thought she was kissing her brother!" "What an impulsive dear you are!" says Miss Anstluther, arranging her somewhat disordered toilette, "Where are you stopping here?"
"The Grand!" says Marina, as in

dream. "How nice! so am I! we'll go up togother and talk about him!" Enid puts her arm in Marina's, and they leave Barnes behind them, who follows in a very sulky mood, as he has no liking to play second fiddle to vbody in Miss Anstruther's P

The next moraing the two girls come down to breakfast together, a sure sign of friendship in woman, and Miss Anstruther telle Mr. Barnes they have spent half the night in talking about her brother.

"She told me of the message he asked her to send me when he thought he was

about to die. And I showed her his letters to me afterwards-all but one, that was a little too romantic about her!"
"So this Corsican is the English girl
yeu've picked out for your brother's wife?"

"Net at all ! She cannot marry! Marina is going to be a nun !" "A nun ?" gasps Barnes in a helpless, stu

pid way. "That's what I said! A nun! She tells me she will never marry, that her life is consecrated !

"Of course! Consecrated! I forgot!" "Did you? You don's seem as clever as you generally are. What are you going to do to amuse me this morning?" says the young lady with a pretty air of proprietor-ship, for she has begun to discover that she can dictate to Mr. Barnes once in a while,

and rather enjoys it. "You said you would teach me how to sheot a pistol!" And so they take the little Chartris girl, who makes almost too effective a chaperon; for she has ears and uses them; and s tongue, and will use it if they give her anything to talk about; and pass a very agree-able morning together, Enid winning a pair or two of gloves on some impossible shots she forces Barnes to attempt.

She has not invited Marina to go with

She has not invited Marina to go with them, for she prefers the American's company to that of any girl's; though Marina makes an agreeable distraction.

And the evening of the second day approaches that has a surprise in it, and much misery for them both. There has been the usual distractions of gay life at Monaco; a German student, having made love to red too constantly, being jilted, has blown out his brains; a Russian Prince has run away with an Austrian Countess, and a Greek with an Austrian Countess, and a Greek adventurer has had a wonderful run of luck and broken the bank. But the reulette ball runs round as viciously as ever; and this evening, though Barnes does not bet on its eccentricities, Miss Anstruther does with the arder of a devotee and a woman, which means a good deal; for nearly all the fair sex are natural gambles. There is a capriciousness in the fortune they woo that is like themselves, and it attracts them; and broken the bank. But the reulette ball is like themselves, and it attracts them; being one of the few notable exceptions to

The luck is a little against her, Mr. Barnes notes, as he sees in the crush about one of the roulette tables, squeezed between Enid and a Russian Princess, a woman he knows too well, and who, he thinks, is unworthy to breathe the same air as Miss Anstruther. to breathe the same air as Miss Anstruther. The lady looks up and recognizes him pointedly; and, in that social republic, he responds by a slight bow. A moment after the cattle king from Kansas, who had brought confusion upon him that day in the Paris Salon, stamps into the room, forces his way through the excited throng, and, standing behind the lady, backs up her bets with liberal ardor; and, she chancing to win, he cries out, "Hello, Barnes of New York; I say, this is squarer than three card monte, and most as good as American the work take him long to find out who that gentleman is!"

"So—you would betray me?" she answers, for the cattle king's millions are at present an object to her. "But I shall not go all the same. I love meney a great deal, but I'll risk a break with M. Ruggles to make you unhappy, you miserable canaille of a canaille mation?" and she lashes herself into a fury, and calls Barnes and his—and her country too, for that matter—some very unpleasant names, for La Blackwood

her country too, for that matter—some very unpleasant names, for La Blackwood has the temper of a fiend when she allows herself the luxury of giving it an outing, which is pretty often.

Mr. Barnes déclines to play poker. Miss Anstruther looks up and remembers the cattle sovereign; but, being deep in the mysteries of her system, which consists in betting on the odd numbers—believing in the old maxim—pays little attention to anything else; and, this time being successful, grabs her winnings in an eager manner, as if she feared the croupier would defraud her of them. At this, the lady at her side says something to her; and Barnes grinds his teeth together as he sees his god
Mr. Barnes stands before her and takes her invective in silence, but with a very unpleasant names, for La Blackwood has the teamper of a fiend when she allows herself the luxury of giving it an outing, which is pretty often.

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Mr. Barnes stands before her and ta

grinds his teeth together as he sees his god-dess in the joy of fortune, laugh and reply to her in a very pleasant off-hand sort of her pale face look even paler and sadder than it is. Old Tomasso, who still wears the picturesque costume of his island, stands near sympathetically watching his loved mistress.

The gay crowd pass her by; the music of it, which has the most to lose by scandal, your immaculate angel or 'La Belle Blackwood?' And now, the door!" giving him

"Then I advise you to play no more."
"And why not? Do you fear I shall squander my fortune and blow out my brains like poor Von Waldow, the German student? If I couldn't take care of my own, there are trustees in England who grind me down to my allowance." The remark about trustees is made with some bitterness.

"Certainly not. But the excitement af-

feets your spirits; you exult too much when you win, and despair too much when "Oh, then I make a vulgar display of my

"Not at all," replies Barnes, keeping his temper, for he sees Enid has lost some of "You know I do not mean to insinuate that; but to one who has known you as I do-"Yes-three days!"

He pays no attention to this remark, which Miss Anstruther throws in with rather a sneering emphasis; but goes on, "You do not seem exactly yourself. Remember, I speak to you as a friend." "Of course, unpleasant advice always comes from friends;" a slight interrogation

can be marked in the lady's voice. 'Besides," here Barnes becomes very earnest, "the society of the table is not exactly proper for a young girl like you. Did you notice the woman who sat next youthe woman you spoke to—of course you did not know her face—it was that of the in-famous La Belle Blackwood." Barnes has lost his head and left himself

open for a tremendous return shot, and he "But you did! Yes, and bowed to her,

too, when you were in my company; do you suppose I would have spoken to the creature unless you had guaranteed her by your "I!" murmurs Barnes, who had not ex

pected this view of his conduct. "Yes!" cries the young lady, who is now thoroughly angry and will give no quarter, "and you know her address in Paris, and told it to the cattle scoundrel; and fibbed about it, in very shame, saving you had read it in Figaro, when I looked over every line of that paper and it wasn't there! Oh, it is noble in you to reproach me with hav-

ing brushed past her in a crowd!"
"Very well!" says Barnes, who concludes that he had better not discuss La Belle Blackwood any more that evening, "Continue to play, but remember that I warn you, you will regret it before three

Will I? Not so much as you will regret insulting me!" And planting this Parthean arrow in her worshipper's heart with a very savage glance in her eyes, Miss Anstruther rushes up the stairs and flies to

As for Barnes, he walks out into the moonlight, thinks it the blackest night of the season, and says in a horrified way, "If I have lost her! She's not an angel but I want her more than all the angels in Heaven!" Then he mutters to himself, "If I don't win this battle she will despise me, and 'the other one' will get her This sets him to thinking deeply. He knows La Belle Blackwood too well, not to know she will address Miss Anstruther again. She has that self-assertive diablery that loves to insult the world from which she is cast out, and had made her infamy very famous by several times furnishing the Parisian journals with piquant little para-graphs in which her name has been coupled with that of the ladies of the grand-

Barnes makes up his mind that by no chance shall this happen to the object of his devotion, so he walks off to the Hotel Paris, and sends up his card to La Blackwood, and, while waiting that Aspasia's answer, sees to his joy a miserable little French dandy come sneaking down stairs and go off into the darkness. I have a card that'll fix Madam la Diable now, he reflects, as he is shown to that lady's luxurious

apartments. La Blackwood receives Mr. Barnes effu-

"Ah! mon cher," she says, speaking be tween the puffs of a deliciously flavored Russian cigarette, and half reclining in a languid feline manner in sumptuous armchair, the blue satin of which is in admirable contrast to the delicate tint of her dress-for she is in a masterpiece of Worth's, and looks as fresh as a violet after all her years of dissipation—"Make your-self at home, my boy. Will you have a glass of Chambertin, a cigarette, or both?"
"Neither! thank you!" replies the gen-

tleman coolly. "Then take a chair !- If you're not always thirsty, you are always lazy !" Not at present! I am here on business Unpleasant business !"

You? Business?" The lady opens her eyes in supreme surprise, "You never did any business before in your life."

Perhaps not, but I'm going to do a stroke to-night. You addressed this evening at the Casino a young English girl?"
"Ah! The one with whom you are so much in love! I can see you have always good taste! Your charmer is here—alone?"
This last question is put with such a leering insinuation that if Barnes had any

thought of sparing the miserable creature one pang in the interview he throws it "No!" he replies. "Had she been of your kind I should have nothing to say to you on the matter. She is under the charge of Lady Chartris; and you dared to speak to

her publicly this evening."
"And why not, if I cared to?" "Because your addressing her was an im pertinence

"Was it?" says the lady, yawning politely in Mr. Barnes' face, "then I shall be im-

becile?" says La Blackwood, who is begin

the great rule of nature, that similarities repel each other.

The luck is a little against her, Mr. Barnes
"Because I am going to compel you to

"You? You are impertmently funny!
Tell me how? you idiot!"
"Because, if you don't, I shall tell
Ruggles that Mr. de Cravasse is here, and it won't take him long to find out who that

who call yourself a man of the world, that means the same as harlot in woman! You wish to shield your impocent Miss, who is innecent because she is not eld enough to have learnt vice; and to protect her dainty exclusiveness you insult me? Fool! you know I always keep my word; and I swear to you if she comes to the Casino to-morrow I will kiss her lips—and if she resents

breakfast with marked coolness; and a

anger in her eyes and says sharply, "A word

"I ?-a villain !" stammers Barnes, who

"Ah! you dare not answer! And what

from the Casino; she was in feverish

o pass her room; love has sharp ears, and

I caught a sound of suffering. At first she refused to admit me, but I told her I would

break down the door, and then I found her

in tears. She passed half the night sobbing

n my arms; I took the place that should

have been occupied by you."
"Yes—ah, of course, I should have been

delighted to have been there !"-murmurs

Barnes, who wonders which of them is an

"And yet she said you had insulted her?

"I am delighted to hear that!" says

"Ah! And you glory in it, But remember that I love Enid, and that if you play

a succession of shrill sounds, and then mut-ters to herself, "The heartless one; destroy-

ing Enid's happiness and whistling joyously

For this communication gives Barnes as

much delight, as it would have given Miss Anstruther chagrin if she had known that

he received it. He murmurs to himself, "The roulette tables are playing my game

for me with a vengeance—Breaking her heart? My darling!" and goes about

whistling the merriest airs of the merriest

French operas, even enduring with wonderful sang-froid, a fearful stab with the eyes

that Enid gives him when she makes her

tables that afternoon and returns to the

hotel a heavy loser; and, at night, being

desperate, from a mighty desire to compe

Barnes to own that she is right and can

take care of herself at roulette, she puts in

mands, except a little rouleau of gold that,

the one flash of reason remaining to her

that evening, counsels her to keep for an

emergency, and, getting Marina to accompany her, goes to the Casino; not to woo fortune, but to conquer it.

"I will win!" she hisses to herself, clench-

ing her two rows of pearls together that

and all through this evening she no sooner places her stake than it is raked in by the

croupier, whom she begins to regard as an imp of darkness. She can't lose forever, she thinks, and makes a bold try for for-

tune by betting on a single number, and wins—thirty-five times the amount of her

wager. Marina, who has been astounded

at the sums Enid has lost, whispers to her,

night."

lose as you lose.'

'Come away; it is luck enough for to-

And so she will. She is holding out her

hand for the money when she sees Mr. Barnes looking at her. "He will think his

power drove me away," mutters Miss Hothead. She shakes off Marina's hand

that would draw her from her fascination

and bets more recklessly than ever. And

now fortune leaves her entirely, and goes

cause her last louis has been staked and

lost. But Barnes is still looking earnestly at the girl, she thinks, with a lurking

smile; so she whispers hurriedly to Marina.

what I have is yours; all English are rich,

I believe, but you must be very wealthy to

Enid borrows from the Corsican an

amount equal to what she had left behind her at the hotel. "This I can pay to-mor-

row," replies the English girl, and will take no more. But this she bets very

wildly, and in a few minutes says to Marina, "It is the last, and it is gone."

e near and see her misfortune, she wh

pers, "Come, let us go home, I'm tired of

So the two walk to the hotel together

place, though perhaps he may have had his orders from Count Danella, who never for-

ing?"
"At your leisure, mia migia," and the

Corsican girl kisses the English one; then

after a little murmurs, "You are like your

"Oh! my losses are a mere bagatelle," replies Miss Anstruther, airily, for she has

a fearful pride in her this night, and goes up the stairs very haughtily. But, get-

ting to her own room, this mere bagatelle

makes her sigh and shudder and give a

brother; he is reckless also."

Then, looking about for fear Barnes may

"Certainly," says the latter, "you know

from bad to worse until she must stop, be

Miss Anstruther makes an attack on the

appearance an hour or so afterwards.

You have led her on to love you, and now

you are breaking her heart."

Barnes, in rapture.

spirits. Half an hour afterwards I chanced

makes you such a villain ?"

"Why, really-

and drags her off to the roulette tables, attended by old Temasso.

It is night; the lights, the surging crowd of people, the music from the far-off bandall excite this wild young lady, and she plays with a feverish energy, that alarms Marina, who cautions her, and gets snubbed for her advice. an invitation to go with a very impressive gesture of the hand. Barnes knows the woman will keep her word. To prevent Enid's going to the Casino involves an explanation that in all probability may cost him—what he dares not contemplate; for he knows the haughty pride of Miss Anstruther. He almost stagfor her advice.

The luck, after one or two little fluctuations, settles against her; and Miss Anstruther goes home in a very angry mood against fate, and the world, and Mr. Barnes. Consequently, that gentleman, the next morning, gets a genuine astonishment; not from Enid, but from Mademoiselle Paoli.

But as he goes out La Blackwood gives him a burst of mocking laughter, and cries, after him, "My kiss won't hurt your baby; I was innocent myself once."

A flash of thought, and Mr. Barnes comes back into her presence, and says shortly and ma hoarse voice, for he is very descriptions of well short and man or well short and will short and man or well short and will short and man or well short and will short and well short a He doesen't see Miss Anstruther; she has a headache; but Marina greets him at

perate now, and will spare no man or wo-man to save the girl he loves from any scandal or annoyance. "Do you know a man named John Marshall Spotts, of Cresline, Ohio?"

She gives a gasp.
"Do you know a woman named Martha Strowbridge Spotts of the same place?"
"My God!"

"Within two weeks from this time there will be placed in their hands a portrait of you; a description of you, and your life and career taken from the Paris journals. Also a remark about that little scar upon the back of your fair neck. Yes! that one you put your hand to-the one you wear the lace to hide. Do you think they will know 'La Belle Blackwood' then?"

isn't quite sure he understands her.

"Yes, a villain! What have you been doing to Enid?"

"That is not true. Why did she treat you so coldly yesterday?" "Oh, God! My mother! They think me dead! It will kill her!" And this woman who has faught her fight in all her pride of folly and wickedness, falls on the did you do to her last evening?"
"I?—nothing! I didn't see her."
"Impossible!—last night we returned floor and writhes and grovels at his feet, crying between her panting sebs, "Have mercy! Have mercy!"
"Then leave Monaco before nine o'clock

to-morrow morning, or you know I will keep my word !" Barnes leaves the miserable woman, confident that he has won his battle, and going to his hotel mutters a prayer—the first he has uttered for years—"That he may win his idol yet!" which, being of a practical mind, becomes very like a petition to Providence that Miss Anstruther may have an awful run of bad luck at the roulette tables, and so be brought to bow down to him and acknowledge him as her guardian angel once more. An event that is very likely to happen.

CHAPTER XIII.

BORROW IT FROM BARNES! The next morning Mr. Barnes, who rises earlier than is his usual habit, strolls over to with her heart you shall answer to me, Marina Paoli." She leaves Barnes, but turning at the head of the stairs she hears the Hotel de Paris and enquires for La Blackwood. He is informed by the clerk, with a shrug of his French shoulders, that Madame has gone. "She complained of malaria; malaria in the Riviera?"

"And M. Ruggles ?" "He has followed after her; he was very

angry; he was swearing!"

Barnes wonders whether the proprietor, who has a kindly greeting for him, would look upon him with so much complacency if he knew it was to his kind offices howed the loss of two of his most extravagant guests. He goes over to the Grand Hotel and sees Enid and Marina come down to breakfast once more together; the two young ladies having discovered, perhaps, that they are an excellent contrast; one, dark and grand; the other, fair and graceful.

Miss Anstruther appears a picture of vivacious tenderness to all in the party, save Barnes: she figuratively tickles Lady Chartris' fat sides by one or two little bon-mots from the Parisian newspapers, and compliments Maud on a new that practical and outspoken infant say suspiciously, "What do you want me to do for you, Enid? You can't bribe me with words ; I'm not Mr. Barnes. Why haven't you spoken to him? he's been looking at

you for five minutes!"

Thus compelled, Miss Anstruther says,
"Good morning!" to the object of her displeasure, in a frozen voice and with a serve her as teeth; and whoever has said those unlucky three words, knows that they are a spell against good luck.

This is the case with Miss Anstruther, glacial glance; then, not waiting for his reply, rushing into an animated converga-tion with Marina that lasts through break-fast, trying to show how excitedly happy she is; and, in this, being easily distanced by the beautiful Corsican; the real article beating the sham, as for some mysterious reason Marina is to-day a creature of

Barnes imagines it is because Enid makes her feel Edwin is near her.

They have hardly finished the meal when old Tomasso enters and with respectful reverence announces to his mistress, "Signorita, the carriage for you is at the

At this both the young ladies go to their room for their hats; some expedition apparently being in their plans for the day.

Mr. Barnes walks out and posts himself by the carriage, determined to see if Miss Anstruther will stick to the line she has taken

through breakfast with him. Marina comes down first; and as he places her in the landau, she gives him a little squeeze of the hand and says, "Thanks, Mr. Barnes, for your pleasant acquaintances; you have made my life that was lonely here years have. was lonely here, very happy. But what have you done to Enid? She is extremely

angry with you?"
Reply is here interrupted by Miss Anstruther, who coldly accepts Mr. Barnes' assistance to step into the carriage; but her manner indicates that it is under protest, and instead of thanks she gives him a

very ugly flash of her eyes.

Marina, apparently anxious to palliate her companion's coldness of manners, says, "We are going for a little towards Mentone, would you—" here she pauses with a little gasp of pain, for Enid has given her a cruel pinch, and before she completes the intended invitation, Miss Anstruther re-

the moonlight, attended by Tomasso, who is like his mistress' shadow in this wicked marks cuttingly, "We would ask you to join us, but fear to take you frem your other lady friends!" With that the carriage drives off, old gets anything. Tomasso sitting gravely on the box beside the driver, and the two girls in a feminine your money, Marina," says Miss An-atruther, "or shall I pay you in the morn-

dispute about something.
'I don't envy poor Marina her drive
with my angel this morning. What a fiendish pinch she gave her to cut off my invitation," thinks the American, "I suppose other lady friends means La Belle Black-wood. What a cursed dull place Monaco is!" and gives a sigh and longing look at the carriage that is just getting out out of sight. Then goes in to do the agreeable to Lady Chartris and family; but making very poor work of this, he wanders off to the Casino, where he meets some men from New York, who have come there in a yacht, and hey have a very wild day of it, though

little groan. She has squandered her quarter's allowance; she has drawn every franc of her letter of credit. She remem-bers she has unpaid bills. When she has perhaps not a merry one for poor Barnes.

The two young ladies came back from their drive, if possible, better friends than given Marina her money in the morning she will have to borrow from Lady Chartrisbefore, and soon go arm in arm to the Ca-sino, where Miss Anstruther rather shocks and Lady Chartris, she knows, is a most uncomfortable woman from whom to borher companion by the desperate manner of row. Then she thinks of the cause of all her play; wins an amount of money that astonishes her, and comes back to dinner her woe. Oh, if he had not said cruel with a reckless triumph on her face that makes it look very beautiful and rather naughty. Mr. Barnes being present, she things to her about her passion for gambling—but she forgives him; it was that awful woman. And she imagines La Belle Blackwood as a kind of female dragen, dedisplays her luck by giving Miss Maud vouring innocent youths that look like Mr. Chartris a couple of twenty-franc pieces for Barnes, and cries out to herself, "The hora present; and telling that infant prodigy rid monster! I could kill her!" and of her wonderful fortune and the great profits of her play, until Maud's eyes grow clenches her fists as if to do it. But here this chivalrous feminine very large with greed of gain and lust to win herself; and Enid has raised up a spirit George utters a suppressed shriek, her doubty knees strike together and she near-ly faints, for in the subdued light of the

in the little girl, that ultimately turns upon and rends her and strikes her to the earth room, concealed under the clothes of her bed, she sees a hidden form of a burglar, or upon a later day; for she has made that juvenile prodigy crazy to gamble.

After belting her meal in an eager sort of way, for she is, anxious to go back to her a man or something, and is about to let forth a cry that will raise the hotel, when Mand Chartris puts her curly head from under the sheets, and in a pathetic whisoccupation again, and has a vague idea of winning some fabulous sum and flaunting the gold in Mr. Baynes' tace, to show him how wise she is, and how foolish he was; per says, "Enid, don't shriek; it's only me. Don't scream, but forgive me."

[To be continued.]

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few minutes after, happening to see him alone in the hallway, this peculiar young Corsican comes to him, a great flash of Climbing

with you, Signor Barnes."

"A hundred if you are kind enough to talk to me, Mademoiselle Paoli!" here he stops and looks at her in astonishment, for But not up to our boot tops yet. It is a poor way to advertise one's business by referring to another, but you find that quite in style here; but we shall refrain.

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