struggles; for she is giving up what the faith of her fathers and the teachings of her race have made it her holy duty to per-

But it is all or nothing, she knows that; and as she takes her brother's picture, and, covering it reverently, places it where it cannot remind her of the past, she gives a kiss and a tear, but says to it, "Now if your murderer stood before me, helpless and in my power, he is safe! The wife of Gerard must be no criminal; even if she is a Corsican, whose neighbors cry out, 'Shame upon you! Your brother cannot rest within in his grave—his sister instead of avenging him, marries one of the nation from whom his murderer came !'

So the night came; and, at the end, in tears and prayer she has cast out the thing that has been a blight upon her life, and thinks, "I am Gerard's now, and must be holy for his sake."

And here another joy comes over her; she is a Catholic; she can now confess and re-ceive the consolations of her religion; for since the day she has made her cath of vengeance she has not dared to face her church; with that in her heart she knows it would condemn and anathematize, even though all the traditions of her island said

murder was just. She has several times seen pass her at the hotel a priest, going on an errand of mercy to a sick boy brought here, when too late, that the balmy air of the Riviera may keep consumption from claiming his life.

This holy man, she remembers, is ene et the kind to whom she could lay bare her heart; one in whose face there are the traces of a struggle and victory over sin within himself; one who causes us to know that a true Christian makes the truest man.

It is by this time early morning; she sends to the office for his address, and word is brought her that Father Enrique is now in the house, having come to administer the last rights of the Church to the dying boy. She waits in the corridor; and, as he returns from his mission, says to him, "Father, you have just been giving consola-tion to one who is to die, teach me how to live." Then, drawing him to her room, she tells him the story of her life. The good priest looks at this beautiful sinner in ome astonishment; for, though he has had some curious confessions from penitent ladies at Monte Carle, still he has had none like this; but fortunately for her, being a man of common sense, after showing to her the enormity of her crime, and that all the customs or habits or passions of a country er a race could not make wrong right, nor nullify the law of God, whose law is the law of all who live upon this earth, nay more, of any who may exist within the uni verse, he begins to comfort and console her and lift her up and show her that Heaven has kindly given her this great love for Gerard, in order to turn her from her sin before she has consummated it, and the best and safest course for her is to marry as soon as possible and leave behind her the awful passions of her other life.

'And my penance?" she asks. "My ex "Penance ?-Repent ! Expiation ?-Be good wife to this heretic you love; and if you can't make him a good Catholic, make

him a good man." This perhaps is not very orthodox, but ing for him, more beautiful and more bashvery human. He leaves her consoled and ful than the evening before. her soul being calmed, sleep comes to her and gives her rest.

Mr. Anstruther having no yendetta on his mind, has a very comfortable night's slumber without confession, or even prayer for that matter; but is disturbed in the early merning and thinks he hears a knocking; he grunts out some unintelligible exclamation and rolls over for another snoeze. From this, however, he is awakened by a very sharp, vigorous and imperative attack upon his door. He springs out of bed and cries, "What is up? What's the mat-

Enid's excited voice answers him from without, "Up! You're not up! That's the matter! We've only twenty minutes to catch the train. I had you called an hour ago, Edwin ; dress quickly. At this he gives a prolonged whistie and mutters, "Cursed awkward; I forget;" then yells through the panel, "I won't be a minute, Enid!" and thinks of the rage of

his fair sister when she discovers that he will not take her to England that day. His mind is not made more easy by such exclamations as "Hurry! Hurry!

miss the train! You're not going to him, I am!—Be quick for my sake!" which come to him through the door as he Thus adjured, he makes a hasty toilet

throws open his portal, and Miss Anstruther confronts him in a very pretty traveling dress, a look of expectant hope on her face, and eager anxiety in her movements. "Come!" she cries, "only ten minutes new. No time to bid Lady Chartris good-"But my breakfast?" he suggests.
"Breakfast? Breakfast at Nice!—Come!"

She turns to two porters behind her and says, "Bring down his luggage," and then in a little scream of despair utters, "Why, you've not packed !" 'No. Didn't I send word I was not going to day ?"

"Not going to-day:" Description would fail to give an idea of the surprised disappointment of the girl. Enid sinks down and mutters, "I have telegraphed him. He will be at Dover to meet me!" then springs up and cries, "What does luggage matter to a sailor. Come!" 'No! I!-ah!-you see!"

"I see nothing but we have nine minutes to catch a train upon which my happiness depends—Edwin! as you love me, come!"
"No! it's impossible," remarks Anstruther with rather a hang-dog air; for he sees, with concern, there are tears of disappointment in his sister's beautiful eyes. "Enid I would go with you if I could—but, ah—I didn't like to tell you before—the doctors thinks it's best for me not to exert myself too much. You know-my wound

"Your wound! You frighten me?" "Ah!—Yes—You see I'm not up to travel." With this he gives a little pant or two, and to work his case up, sinks apparently exhausted into a chair. "Edwin, you are not fainting!" she screams, giving him a glance of horror that makes him ashamed of himself; but he has to keep to his role, for he feels he cannot tell Enid the truth just yet; and to leave Marina, until he recives her answer, is of

course out of the question. "You are not well enough to travel." "Yes!" he replies. "It is because I was wounded in Egypt I do not leave Monaco to-day." And with this wretched prevarication he tries to suit his conscience; but here Enid gives it another twist. She whispers, "You are very ill? Oh! that awful wound! Will it never heal? Go to bed, darling; I will bring up your break-

fast and stay here and nurse you!" "But 'Burton, darling?"

"Burton must wait ; you are sick ; he "What a dear little angel you are, Enid," says her brother, taking her in his arms and kissing her, as she deserves, "I'm not so ill, but I'll be round all right to-morrow; and, when I do take you to England, you shall have the handsomest trousseau you ever dreamt of. Now don't grieve me by being soo much disappointed at not seeing Barnes

for a day or two; and, above all, don't make me miserable by being anxious about

But this show of affection increases her cencern. She whispers, "You are trying to make me forget you are very ill. How fortunate I am here with you. "Fer how many kisses will you go to bed?"

"Not fer ten thousand."

"You won't go to bed?"

"Not till midnight."

"Then I will see that you do now. Yes, and that you have proper advice and at-

"Then I will see that you do now. Yes, and that you have proper advice and attendance—until we make you strong again!" and Enid darts from the room, for she has just remembered there is a celebrated English surgeon in the hotel, and has run off to find him and send him to her dear invalid. Though the physician does not come, someone with greater power to soothe him does. In her pursuit of the doeter Hnid runs across Marina, who has come down to eat a little breakfast, for nature has resumed its sway and she has remembered that she had no dinner the night before. "What has happened to make you so happy?" cries Enid rapidly; and stares in astonishment, for the Corsical is as radiant as the sun. "You haven't

can is as radiant as the sun. "You haven't left yet, dear; I feared I had missed you."
"No, I shall remain a few days. I hope to see a great deal of you, now Mr. Barnes has gone." shall when my brother gets

"He is ill ?" "Very! He almost fainted in my arms

a minute ago. I must find the doctor," and Enid hurries off, not noticing that Marina has staggered and almost fainted too.

Mr. Anstruther has thrown off the hasty toilet made for his sister, and is now, in dishabille, preparing an elaborate get up with which he hopes to dazzle his Corsican sweetheart, when there comes a faint knock. He cries, "Don't come in! That

you, Enid?"
"No! It is I!" says a trembling voice. "Marina?" There is a noise of scattered bedroem articles as he springs to the door.

"Yes—come to nurse you, as I did be-fore. You are ill, Gerard?" "Never better in my life." "Impossible! Your sister said you fainted! She said she would nurse you;

but, Gerard, I claim that right."
"And you shall have it when I am sick," he cries with a merry voice, for her last words make him very happy. Then he hurriedly explains the deception he has practised upon Enid, and opening the door a little, says, "Dear one, if you don't believe me put in your hand and feel my

Here there is extended into the room little palm, with groping fingers, which is seized upon; and, instead of a throbbing pulse, feels a long mustache and a pair of

A moment of bliss, and Marina cries, "Gerard, let me go! If your sister saw me thus, what would she think?" "If she sees you thus, show her this!

And keep it, darling, till I can replace it with a better!" and, finally, withdrawing her hand, Marina finds Gerard's seal ring

alipped upon her finger.
"Now, when will you meet me?"
"Whenever you like," whispers the girl,
leoking at the ring, and feeling it makes

"Very well. Run away now, dear one, and in a few minutes I will call upon you in your parlor," says Mr. Anstruther, in a very confident and commanding voice to this captive of his bow and spear. And he does so ; and finds the girl wait-

made her timid, compared to last night, when she thought never to see him again and had the boldness te despair.

She is in a dead white dress, a little out of the fashion, perhaps, as it has done duty for over a year; but she feels any-thing is better for her this happy morn-ing than the black she has worn, that reminds her of the vow she has cast out from

instantly upon his captive's hand, for he is in no mood to dally with his will-e'-the-wisp sweethears who has made him suffer so long, and says, "You have not taken off

my ring?"
"No," whispers his slave, "I did not care to. I-I was afraid you might not like "Quite right." And new you recellect that I teld you that to-day you must promise to make me happy, or tell me the vow

that prevented you."
"Yes, but there is no necessity of my telling you the vow, Gerard—it is gone. I destroyed it last night, for love of

"You, darling !-And you, will you mar ry me?"
"That is for you to say; light of my ex-

istence, my life is in your hands."

After half an hour of rapture, the two wander off from the hotel to pass the day together; for Edwin knows his sister is in pursuit of him with her doctor, and will, if she finds him, force him to an explanation, or to the bed of an invalid.

Twice during the day he surprises Marina. The first time, he says suddenly, "Why did you never answer any of my letters that followed you from Egypt?" "I never got them-where did you direct your correspondence:"
"Number 147 Boulevard, Montmartre,

Paris. Marina says nothing, but does a few moments' meditation upon this curious fact, as the address he gave her was the correct one. Somewhat later in the day, he surprises

She has just told him that Count Danella is her guardian.
"Musso Danella?" he asks.

"That is magnificent. I met him two weeks ago in Gibraltar; we became great chums. He is one of the most entertaining men I ever knew. I'll write to him of our engagement to-morrow."
"That will be unnecessary; he will be

here to-morrow." "So much the better-it will shorten the time.

"What time, Gerard?" "The time that stands between me and the day you will be my wife. You see I have been unhappy so long that somehow I fear that I may wake up to-morrow to find you flown, as after that evening in the Khedive's gardens. How could you make your heart so cruel to me? Could you not have destroyed what kept us apart then, as you did last night?"

"Yes!" Marina answers. "Was it a fear that dreve you from me?" "No! It was a duty!" "And is the duty performed now?"

"Then tell me what it is and we will do

it together." This question is what Marina has dreaded. The priest to whom she has confessed has shown her the awful nature of her vow of vengeance, and has lashed and condemns.

in words of anothema the sin is which she has lived while plotting the murder of a fellow creature, but she dreads Edwin Anstruther's condemnation more. In Egypt, when he had become strong enough for light duty, and had been appointed to com-mand the Provost Patrol of Alexandria, she had once seen a wretched camp-follower, captured in the act of looting an Arab house, brought before him. She remembers new her lover's mercilessly-just, cutting voice, and the terrible glance he threw upon voice, and the terrible glance he threw upon this criminal, and trembles for herself.

"What if he should think her unworthy of him and put her from his heart!" And she shrinks from her punishment parade like a "What are you educating Maud to be?"

child would from the rod.
"Don't you think," he says, after a pause, you owe to me the knowledge of what has ade us unhappy ?"

"Yes!" she gasps.
"Then what is it?—Good heavens! You are ill !- You are fainting !" and has her in "No! But—as you love me, don't ask me my vow.—Some day when I have made you think that I am very good—some day when as your wife I have tried to show you Mr. Barnes.

that I am better than you might think me, I'll tell you—all. Gerard—for my sake don't ask me now." After a little pause he says very slowly but very tenderly: "I think I understand on which you gave me no presents!" She emphasizes the presents with a very sav age glance at her mother, who says in a trembling voice, "Well?" for Baron Von Bulow's foreign airs and graces have made a cruel breach in her ardent old heart.

"Well, then he said, 'Mamma makes you you, dear one; you have made some oath of renunciation of the world; I have often wondered, why so young and beautiful a creature, not even of our nation, did such noble, gentle, Christian work in all that misery and death of the English hospital at

Alexandria. You are a Sister of Charity without the garb-You fear I will condemn you because you have given up your vow to dod for your love for me. I am Catholic enough to respect that vow, and when I am your husband, dear one, will help you to keep its spirit. There's suffering enough in England; and you shall be the Lady Bountiful of Beechwood-Your vow has made you dearer than ever to me. Did it not give me woman's nursing and woman's sympathy when I was far from home? God

bless you !" and he gives her a kiss of reverence as well as passion.

Marina shudders in his arms. Dare she

tell him now?—she had gone into that hos-pital not as an angel of mercy, but an angel of death. She can only gasp, "Don't! You make me ashamed of myself—Gerard, will God

ever forgive me ?" "For loving me? Of course He will But it distresses you, and I shall say no more about it-until you ask me to help your work in dear old Hampshire." From this he goes off into a description of the good she can do in his English country home; and how she will be the toast of the county, and the bell of the meets at country side and race balls, when she is the lady of the Manor at Beechwood.

She listens to him, at ease again, for she knows he will keep his word, and some day, a long way off, when she has shown him how great her love is for him and that she has repented, she will confess to him and

Continuing, he asks her, "When shall the wedding be?" Here she surprises him and makes him very joyful, for she says, hiding her head in his breast, "The sooner the better." This he thinks is because she wishes to please him, when Marina's great thought is to get away from her old life as quickly as possible.
"Will a week be too short a time?" says

this sailor, who believes in rapid action.
"No, Gerard, if it is your will and will make you happy," she answers simply, giving him her hand. Soon after they return to the hotel and he goes to tell his sister the news.

As Marina passes up to her parlor, Tom-asso, who has been waiting for her in the hall, enters after her; and, taking off his hat very respectfully, mutters with an em-barrassed air, "Mademoiselle Marina, will you permit your old attendant, who is also your foster-father, to ask you a question?"
"Certainly," dear Tomasso," says the
girl, holding out to him a hand which he kisses in a stately, reverential manner, standing before her in his native, picturesque costume like a feudal servitor making a figure that Meissonier might have importrait "An Old Corsican."

So he begins, in his patois, "This Eng lish officer who has been with you so much these last two days—the one you nursed when I was with you in Egypt—is he a spy that is to betray his fellow who murdered your brother and my foster sen, into our

"No," replies Marina, very faintly, "no, Tomasso, he is the man I love. "He is English. Impossible!"
"Impossible? When I marry him?" says
the girl, sharply, for she will have no dis-

respect shown to the man she honors, even by Tomasse, who has dandled her as a child on his knee and is very dear to her. "You marry one of the blood who murdered him? Your brother's picture! It

has gone from the wall. You no longer dare look it in the face." This he utters as if astonished, and then gives a great cry of wee, "Maledicta! You have forgotten your vow." Every word of his has stung Marina like

"Den't repreach me," she cries, "Tomasso, don't repreach me. The Church has taught me revenge is a crime."

"A crime? To slay your brother's murderer? Antonio, your sister has betrayed you. But I, your foster father, will remember." Then this old man hisses at Marina, "Love has turned your blood to water. You, a Paoli, have forgotten you are a Corsican !- and for this scum-! He gets ne further; his mistress turns

upon him, a blaze of fury in her eyes, crying, "I am still Corsican enough not to take insult from your lips! Though you are dear to me as one of my family, one word of disrespect to him I adore, to him, who is my lord, and therefore your master, and you leave me forever." At this the old man falls at her feet,

whimpers like a dog, kisses her hand and begs her to forgive him, for he is a bloodhound that has grown old in service; obe-dient to his mistress' whip; but face to face with his prey his eyes will become red; and then all the lashes and lashes in the world could not keep him from flying at his quarry's throat—and killing.

"Very well," says Marina, relinquishing to him her hand, "I love you Tomasso, and pardon-but if after this you utter one word that is not honor to him, I forgive no

So he goes out from her and stands as it stricken with despair, muttering to him-self, "Danella will have a word to say in this. A Paoli not a Corsican? Heaven will turn her heart that such dishonor de not come to us.

From this time he treats Edwin as his master; for he knows a sign of disrespect would cause the girl he worships to send him from her, but at times, when looking at Anstruther, his eyes have a peculiar and not kindly glance.

As for his mistress, she looks after her reating form, and thinks, fellow, faithful in his loves, servitor's faithfuli es-he is a better Corsican e laughs a little to heri must send him to Father self, and Enrique, to make him repent like me," then suddenly becomes very pale, and mutters with white lips, "My God, what will Dan-

CHAPTER XVIII.

SATAN ENTERS PARADISE. Mr. Anstruther strolls into Lady Chartris' parlor, and asks, "Where's Enid?" "Searching the hotel for you," says that natron, with a serious voice; "Edwin

you're to go to bed at once."
"To bed, mamma!" cries Maud, in as tonishment. "Has he done anything naughty?" Bed in the day time, to her, is a synonym of punishment.
"Of course not. He is ill."

"Oh, ill?" Here the girl turns her eyes on the supposed invalid, and diagnoses his case in an instant. "He looks too awfully

"A lady, of course! Why do you ask?"
"Oh!"—here he put a critical eye on the
girl's abbreviated costume, and realies. "] had a suspicion you were bringing her ap

"Chestnuts!" screams Maud, merrily.
"I don't like sailor jokes before children, says the widow, with a very red face, and What do you mean by chestnuts, Maud?" or Maud has learnt this Americanism from

"I n ean I've heard that thing before !" laughs the miserable infant, rushing to her "Von Bulow asked me how old 1 was the other day, and I told him I was only eleven, but that I had had three birth days that you had said nothing about, and

a ballet girl because she is too ancient to be one herself, petite?"

Anstruther who has looked on, slightly amused at all this, is now astonished and somewhat shocked.

Lady Chartais becomes a pale saffron sal low, save her two rouge spots that are now streaked by a couple of trickling tears; she says to Maud in a voice that permits no re ply, "Leave the room!"
"You're not going to punish her for my
fault, I hope, Lady Chartris?" asks Ed.

"Certainly not! but I am going to take my child to England to morrow, away from men who teach her to despise her mother!'

She says this with some dignity, and leaver him, her resolution having more effect of Edwin's fate than he knows of at the He is scarcely by himself a moment when Enid, running in, says in an anxious voice "Where have you been? You have made me so miserable. Doctor Sandwich and have been looking for you all day. He prescribes immediate rest. Now go to

bed, dear, and I'll bring him up to see you "No doctors for well men, Enid." "You are not ill?" She gazes at him as-

"Never better in my life!" and he emphasizes his remark with a hearty guifaw.
At this she suddenly cries, "Why! you've got back your old laugh?'

'My old laugh?" "Yes! the one you told me you had left behind you in Egypt."
"Oh—ah! Yes—of course! I'm feeling up to a prize fight now. This morning had brought force to compel me to go to you brought force to compel me to go to bed, the fainting invalid would have astounded you."
"Astounded me!"

"He would have knocked out every Frano-Italian waiter in the hotel.' "Then you are not sick this morning?" and he gets a reproachful glance that makes him ashamed of himself, but he says doggedly, "No!"

On this Enid's face become angry, and she cries, "So you caused me, your sister, she cries, "So you caused me, your sister, a day of anxious misery by pretending to faint—oh! what a heartless, practical joke. Then you disappear; and this afterneon, coming back in your genial quarter-deek manner, with some other of your vulgar sailor witticism send Lady Chartris in hysterics to her room, and poor Maud into despair. She is hewling new at the thought of being dragged back to England to school—infamous!" But this invective ends suddenly with a shudder, and the girl sobs. "You must be delirious, dear one-I'll call

Here Edwin gives another peal of merriment and asks. "Is that a maniac's laught "No! but what same reason could you have for torturing one who loves you, by pretending illness!

"Monaco is a pleasant loitering place and Burton, darling,' could wait." "So that was your reason. You pre-ferred those frightful roulette tables to tak-ing me to him. Oh! he!" Rage stops her, but women are not eften speechless long, from any cause; and, after a second, she exclaims, "No! you needn't pretend to love me and try to pull me upon the sofa beside you; and embrace me in your great brutal sailor captain's way-let me alone !" She gives a vicious stamp of her little foot and then shoots at him, "Is this your duty to your sister in the hazard of her life ?" 'Hazard of your life? What de you

mean ?" "Don't you think as my brother and my guardian you ought to take me to England and investigate the character of Barnes; to discover if he is worthy, before you entrust my life to his keeping." At this cumning appeal to carry her back to the absent Barnes, Mr. Anstruther gives

a grin, and having all the winning cards in his hand proceeds to play them in a very lazy and nonchalant way. "Oh!—ah! I am sorry you don't think 'Burton, darling,' worthy of you. Perhaps I had better break off the match by letter, Enid!" "Heavens! Do you want to break my

heart? He is the dearest, noblest fellow upon earth! But, then, as a matter of form, you know it is your duty to investigate him. "Impossible, for a few days. I have a

"Then why didn't you tell it this morning instead of frightening me so unkindly?"
"I did not like to speak of the matter

"Ah!" Miss Anstruther is suspicious. "But will tell you now."
"Darling!" Miss Anstruther is curious

"I am going to be married!" "Married! Edwin! To whom?" and Enid is questioning with eyes and tongue together. "It can't be Mildred Lawrence! She's the only English girl here."
"I have not the honor of that young lady"

acquaintance." "You know ne one! Great Heavens Lady Chartris is agitated; she fears to meet me—Oh! it is she! My poor brother, the designing woman is old enough to be your

This is uttered in such agony that Edwin suggests, "Guess again. What do you say to Maud? She was also excited when I

last saw her." "This is too serious for fun. What English people do you knew here !"
"None! But what would you say to
Mademeiselle Paoli!"

"Edwin! It is she! You love her!" "With all my heart!-and you?" "She is the dearest creature in the world but I wish she was not a foreigner," and Enid's face is a little troubled.

"Yes, it is hard," says Mr. Anstruther grimly. "Barnes is one, teo, I am told. Did I object to him?" "No, darling, and I hope you will be as happy as I am; I can't wish you any more," murmurs Enid. Then she suddenly cries as if struck by an idea, "Why, you're the man she's been breaking her hear about. That's the reason she used to kiss me nearly to death; she thought I looked like you; you were her love that was hope-Oh my! How remantic! She has a

"Yes," says Edwin, very happy at these revelations. "You know?" "Of course." "Oh, tell me all about it."

"She was to be a nun. She prayed all

about assassination, and then, Burton-

"I don't think you had better tell me what Burton said," remarked Anstruther,

last night before she gave it up for me."
"Why, at one time I thought she was Nihilist, or somebody that went about killing people."
"Don't talk nonsense, Enid," Mr. An struther says very sharply.
"But I am sure she did say somethin

with a dangerous ring in his voice, "But, by Heaven! if he says anything against my angel! I'll—!"

"Step!" cries Enid, with a little tremer in her voice and growing very pale; for though every drep of blood in her body is thoroughbred, she is mortally afraid of setting these two men she loves at each ether's threats by any words of hers. "Mr. Barnes invariably spoke to me of Madamoiselle paeli in the highest terms and with the greatest respect." "So I had presumed. Marina teld me he introduced you to her."
"He did!"

"De you insult him by supposing he would make you, his future wife, acquainted with any one unworthy of your friendship ?"
"Certainly not."

"What did he say about her?"
"He said that he feared she was breaking her heart, and it was a pity that one so young and beautiful would not let herself be happy."

"A sensible fellew. I endorse his remark -but remember, I must have ne prevariea-tien in this. If Mr. Barnes has made any charges against Mademoiselle Paeli he shall have a chance to prove them, and if he deem't, by the Lord——!"
"Remember I am your sister, and never

feared you or any one else sufficiently to lie to them. Now what do you want to know?" says Miss Anstruther with dignity, a bright red spot of anger in either cheek.
"What was the worst thing Mr. Barnes ever said about Marina?"

"Well, when she disappointed me about being my bridesmaid, he said—"
"Ah! What?" "I presume you know some girl in Engand who can take her place. "Was that all ?"

At this her brother looks at her contemptdel" He catches the naughty word between his teeth and goes on, "What do you mean, any way ?"

"I mean," says Enid, who is perfectly content to take all the blame so long as the absent Barnes does not share her brother's wrath, "I mean foreign girls are sometimes

"Queer, perhaps; but not queer enough te try, on nothing, to poison a brother's mind against the woman he loves. Enid, I am ashamed of you. "You can say what you like of me!" returns the young lady, "but don't you dare to utter a word against the man I

"Of course not. Mr. Barnes, apparently, has common sense; I am only sorry that his future wife has so little," remarks Anstruther caustically; and then he begins to pace the room and look indignantly and reproachfully at his sister, whose meekness, to tell the truth, rather astonishes him, as Enid has a way of generally going into the frent rank of the battle and staying

"Why don't you answer me ?" he breaks eut, facing his sister and looking like a wennded lion. "What have I done to you that you should try to make me unhappy? When you wrote to me saying you leved, did I retort, 'He is a fereigner—perhaps a dynamiter and an assassin?' You had only known Mr. Barnes one week. I took your word that he was a gentleman and worthy

of your love." "Yes, dear, you were kindness itself," and there are tears in Enid's eyes, as she remembers her brother's letter.

"Yet, when I come to you and say: Here is the woman I have worshiped for a year-ene who did a saint's work nursing the wounded and dying—who beat death from my couch, and when I awoke from delirium said, 'It shall be my office to make you well, so that your loved sister that you raved about shall see her brother's face again on "O-eh! The darling!" cries Enid, run-

ning to the door.

But Edwin, catching her, sternly de mands, "Where are you going?"
"To give Marina a sister's kiss, dear!" He detains her for a moment in his arms and says, "You are very dear to me, but don't you think you were a little foolish to

'Don't b-b-bully me any more," whispers his sister, choking. "Can't you see I am e-e-crying now." She breaks from him and going to Marina's rooms, salutes that young lady as her sister, and means it, for, after that hespital speech, not even Mr. Barnes could have made her believe anything but good of her brother's nurse.

After a few moments Marina says,
your eyes are red."

'Yes, I've been scolded for you, dear." "Impossible." "Yes, I told him of your vow." "Not what I said to you," falters Ma

"Oh, he didn't let me '

"No-what did he say?" "He commenced to strut and hector about and look like a lion at bay, and cry, By Heavens, if that Barnes says anything against my ange!" and Enid laughs and gives a little pantomime of her brother's rage; then suddenly says, "Marina, don't tell him what Burton said to you about not associating with me, it would make trouble between the two men we leve.' The Corsican considers a moment; then takes Miss Anstruther by both arms, looks her straight in the face and replies very gravely, "Certainly not. Mr. Barnes was perfectly right; I have taken his advice. My vow is a thing of my past; there is

nothing now that can prevent my making a good wife to your brother. Do you believe "Don't I!" cries Enid, emphasizing her words with a tender embrace. "What a curious vow it must have been.' "Some day I will tell you." whispers the Corsican, "but not now-now it is too sad

love for your brother." "As if I could !" returns Enid. "Come down, my sister, and make him happy as At this the two girls go together to Mr. Anstruther, when it is settled that Enid is to be Marina's bridesmaid; and then, the

a remembrance; but never doubt me or my

veriding over, they are all to go to England Miss Anstruther looks at the billing and seeing of the two lovers, until she feels like an unhappy Peri standing at the gates of Paradise, then wanders off to write a long letter to the absent Barnes, containing much unexpected and curious news. Late at night, as Enid is going to bed, a knock comes to her doer. "Who is it?" knock comes to her doer. she cries.

As the beautiful Corsican enters, Miss Anstruther asks, "Anything the matter?" "No, but I thought you might like to talk about him." "Come in bed with me, dear, and we'll devote the night to Burton."

"Marina !"

"No. I mean Edwin." murmurs Marina. with a laugh. "Of course! How selfish I am. We'll halve them; I'll talk of one, you of the

And whispering of their two Adams, these two beautiful Eves sink into blissful slumber; while the early morning train brings into Monte Carlo, the Serpent, in the form of Count Musso Danella, with the apple of knowledge, which is the root of evil, in his hand.

> CHAPTER XIX. SATAN LAUGHS.

[To be continued.]

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