

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

19

"Love was to her impassioned soul
Not, as to others, a mere part
Of her existence; but the whole—
The very life-breath of her heart."

As she advanced, Willard Drummond started up, saying, gayly:

"Welcome back, Miss Sibyl. I thought the sunlight had deserted us altogether; but you have brought it back in your eyes."

"How's your patient, Sibyl?" said Captain Campbell, who, not being in love, found Mr. Drummond's high-flown compliments very tiresome sometimes.

"Much worse, I am afraid," she answered in a peculiarly musical voice. "I do not think he will live to see the morrow's sun. His ravings are frightful to hear—some terrible crime seems to be weighing him down as much as disease."

"After all, the human soul is an awful possession for a guilty man," said Captain Campbell, thoughtfully. "Things can be smoothed over during life, but when one comes to die—"

"They feel what retributive justice is, I suppose," said Drummond, in his customary careless tone; "and apropos of that, somebody will suffer terrible remorse after I die, I am to be murdered, if there is any truth in fortune-telling."

He spoke lightly, with a half smile; but Sibyl's face paled involuntarily as she exclaimed:

"Murdered, did you say? Who could have predicted anything so dreadful?"

"An old astrologer, or enchanter, or wizard of some kind, in Germany, when I was there. The affair seems so improbable, so utterly absurd, in short, that I never like to allude to it."