

come out so forcibly, that at last I yielded to his judgment. But I am only stating the simple truth in saying that you owe it entirely to him, your being here now—that these doors ever opened to receive your father's daughters. To Mr. Longworth's high sense of honor and right you owe whatever gratitude may be due for the home I give you, not to me."

Once again a pause. In the creeping dark Marie still shades her eyes; in Longworth's own chair Reine sits, with bitter hatred of Longworth rising and swelling in her heart.

"What I intend to do for you," pursues Mrs. Windsor, "is easily told. Being my daughter's daughters, and having received you, I feel it due to myself and my position to receive you becomingly. I shall present you to the best society at Baymouth at a reception next week; I shall settle upon you a yearly income, to be paid in quarterly instalments, in advance, sufficient to enable you to dress well, as become my granddaughters, without troubling me. Your first instalments will be paid you to-morrow, and, remember, I shall expect your wardrobe at all times to do me credit. Beyond that, you will be in all things your own mistresses, free to come and go, to mingle in society here, and to make friends. This is all I have to say. I have spoken plainly; but plain speaking is always best, and the subject need never be renewed. I look for neither gratitude nor affection—I need hardly say I do not expect to give it. And now, as you must be fatigued after your day's travelling, I will detain you no longer. We understand each other. Is there anything you have to say before you go?"

Both young ladies rise, and stand silently for a brief instant; then Marie speaks.

"Nothing, madame," she says in a very low voice. "I wish you good night!"

"Good night," briefly responds Mrs. Windsor.

Reine does not speak at all. She bows in passing, and receives a bend of the haughty head, and so they pass out of the darkening sitting room into the hall. The gas is lit there. As they go upstairs they hear Mrs. Windsor ringing for

lights—she does not like that haunted hour, twilight."

In their rooms, too, the gas is burning, and turned low. As Reine shuts the door, both sisters face each other in that pallid light.

"Well," says Marie, drawing a long breath, "that is over! It was like a douche of ice water on a winter morning! And to think that, but for the blonde monsieur with the cold eyes, we should be sent back in the next ship!"

"Marie," Reine cries, pale with passion, her eyes afire, her dark hand clenched. "I hate that man!"

"I do not," says Marie, coolly; "I thank him with all my heart. That high sense of honor of yours, monsieur, is eminently convenient. Thanks, Mr. Laurence Longworth, for favors past, present, and to come!"

She sweeps him a mocking courtesy, then throws herself on her bed.

"I need not mind crushing my black silk," she says, laughing; "my one poor five-and-sixpenny silk! To-morrow our first quarter's allowance is to be paid. Oh, how sleepy I am! Lectures are always sleepy things. Reine, Petite, get rid of that tragic face and let us go to bed!"

"To think," Reine says, in a stifled voice, passionate tears in her eyes, "that but for that man, that utter stranger, we would have been sent back like beggars, that but for his pleading we should have been scorned and spurned! Oh, I hate him!—I hate him!"

"I always said the aunt did not bring you up well, Petite. It is very wicked to hate any one. And the blonde monsieur is not an utter stranger to our gentle grandmamma, at least—did she not say he was the only being on earth she cared for? And once more I kiss his lordship's hand for the good he has done."

"Marie," Reine impetuously busts forth, "I wish, I wish, I wish we had never come! I did not want to come! I would rather work my fingers to the bone than have dainties flung to me like a dog! Oh, why did you write that letter? Why did we ever come here?"

"Because it was wise to write, and well to come. Listen here, Petite."

She lifts herself on her elbow, and the