

THE GIANT.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Brave Chiefs! In the land of Giants I was born, My ancestors leapt o'er the Rhine stream in I was only a babe, when my mother, fond soul!

CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART III.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THEY PARTED.

That ride—ah! her life it came back to her like a bad nightmare. She kept her eyes turned away as much as she could from that rigid form, and ghastly face opposite, but in spite of herself they would wander back.

would Lady Helena never come? She might long way St. John's Wood, but she might surely be here by this time. It was half past ten, and tired out thinking, tired out with her day's work, she had fallen into a sort of uneasy sleep and fitful dream in her chair when she suddenly became half-conscious of some one near her.

And Sir Victor, from his lodgings in Fenton's Hotel, followed his wife home every evening. It was his first thought when he arose in the morning—the one hope that upheld him all the long, weary, aimless day—the one wild delight that was like a spasm, half pain, half joy—when the dusk fell, to see her slender figure come forth, to follow his darling himself un-

shining upon her from his eyes. She was over kneeling by the bedside, holding his hands in hers—how, she could never have told.

somehow. No one suspected him, only Inez Catheron, returning to the nursery, had seen him—had seen the deadly blood-spell, had seen his instant flight, and stood stock-still, speechless and motionless as a stone.

CHAPTER VI. THE LAST ENDING OF THE TRAGEDY. An hour later, when Lady Helena softly opened the door and came in, she found the still so, his weak head resting in her arms as she knelt, her bowed face hidden in her falling tears hardly visible.