

a servant drive this clergyman to the village. Admit *no one* to my presence."

"Yes ma'am," said the discreet maid, not moving a muscle of her face.

"I shall send for you both ere this time to-morrow," said the priest, shaking hands kindly with Lionel.

"You would make a good general officer, fair madame, where speedy dispatch was necessary," said Lionel gallantly.

"'Twas easy, a man and woman sleep double, a priest and a nun are parted; make yourself comfortable on yonder lounge, I am coming to look at and talk to you, my long lost star, my king."

"Most fellows would envy me," he thought, stretching himself on the lounge for he was really fatigued, and if he is made prisoner, may as well rest.

"George would kill me, could he see me," thought Kate, seating herself on a pile of cushions close to his chest, "but what did he tease me about gooing off with a cousin for, I know it was false, but if I can even now win the love of this man, I shall defy him and pretend to have taken him literally." And letting her lace wraps fall about her, sinking into the cushions, leaning forward, both arms folded on his chest, this recklessly, impulsive, black-browed woman looked her prisoner full in the eyes. Being a man, his face softened. She saw it, and there was a moment's silence save for the cooing of the love-birds hanging in their gilded cage in the roseate light.

"Could I not content you my king? you have been cruel to me; cease to be so, and though I can be fierce, cruel, and vindictive to others, I shall be always gentle to you; you know by my letters that my love is unchanged, let me rest here, my king," and the head with its shining black tresses sank to his chest, "and I shall teach you so to love me that you will lose even the memory of other women. Speak, my king, but only to tell me you accept my all," and her voice sank to a whisper.