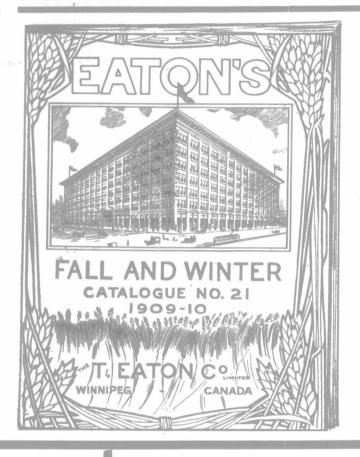
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your choice, and I have done that which I had better have been dead and buried with the heaviest pyramid of Egypt on top of me, buried without hope of resurrection, than have done?"

Bigot, accustomed as he was to woman's upbraidings, scarcely knew what to reply to this passionate out burst. He had spoken to her words of love, plenty of them, but the marriage had not flashed across his mind for a moment, -not a word of that had escaped his lips. He had as little guessed the height of Angelique's bition as she the depths of his craft and wickedness, and yet there was a wonderful similarity between the characters of both,—the same bold, defiant spirit, the same inordinate ambition, the same void of principle in selecting means to ends,-only the one facsinated with the lures of love, the other by the charms of wit, the temptations of money, or effected his purposes by the rough application of force.

"You call me rightly a miserable sinnes," said he, half smiling, as one not very miserable although a sinner. "If love of fair women be a sin, I am one of the greatest of sinners; and in your fair presence, Angelique, I am sinning at this moment enough to sink a shipload of saints and angels!"

of saints and angels!"

"You have sunk me in my own and the world's estimation, if you mean what you say. Bigot!" replied she, unconsciously tearing in strips the fan she held in her hand. "You love all women too well ever to be ca fixing your heart upon one!" A tear, of vexation perhaps, stood in her angry eye as she said this, and her cheek twitched with fierce emotion.

"Come, Angelique!" said he, soothingly, "some of our guests have entered this alley. Let us walk down to the terrace. The moon is shining bright over the broad fiver, and I will swear to you by St. Picaut, my patron, whom I never deceive, that my love for all womankind has not hindered me from fixing my supreme affection upon you."

Angelique allowed him to pres hand, which he did with fervor, almost believed his words. She

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