

face looked inexpressibly mournful. Involuntarily her hand went to her heart, and she looked at Mrs. Jefferson with sad, appealing eyes. "I have suffered a great deal," she said, slowly. "I only bore it for his sake—for the hope they gave me that one day we should meet, and love, and taste the happiness of life together. Tell me, was it anything I said or revealed that shocked him?"

"Well—I guess so," said the little American, uneasily. "Of course, to us it was all mysterious; but he seemed to make it out, and at last, when you rose up and stretched out your arm and cried out, 'Die! in your crimes—*die!*' the Colonel just gave a sort of gasp, and crash went his chair, and he lay there on the floor like a dead creature. We were all finely scared, I can tell you. The odd part was that you went to sleep again like a child, just as simply and quietly as possible, and my husband and the poet, and poor old Diogenes, they got the Colonel to his room, and laid him on the bed, and we sent for a doctor, and he's not conscious yet. That's all I can tell you."

The Princess Zairoff leant back on her chair white and silent. She asked no more questions.

Presently an attendant appeared with obsequious inquiries. The princess suddenly shivered. "Ask them," she said, abruptly, "to bring up the temperature to 300°, I am cold."

"Cold!" Mrs. Jefferson stared. "I guess it's as well I came here first," she said, "for certainly I can't stand it 50° hotter than it is at present. I'll go into the second room. You see I'm reversing the usual order this morn-