

you think hardly of me, I will never love you nor thank you the less. Good night, good-bye—I like the English word good-bye. Good-bye, *Marraine*."

"But only until to-morrow," Miss Hariott says, in vague doubt and alarm. "Come and spend a long day with me to-morrow, and sing for me your pet song 'Normandie, ma Normandie!'"

"Ah, ma Normandie. 'Je vais revoir ma Normandie.' It is a long time since I have sung that. Good-bye; it is time I was gone."

And then there is a kiss, and a moment later Miss Hariott stands on her doorstep alone.

She is puzzled and annoyed, indignant with Longworth and Mrs. Windsor, without quite knowing why. What does it all mean? Some great trouble has surely befallen her little friend. There is a look in her face to-night she has never seen there before. Is it anything connected with Durand? Has he not gone? She has forgotten to ask. To-morrow she will know all. All what? And where is the girl going in such haste now? Will Longworth call to-night? She hopes so; he will clear up this mystery, and she will be able to give him a piece of her mind. Just at present Miss Hariott feels it would be an unspeakable comfort to scold somebody. Dissatisfied, curious, troubled, she shuts the door and goes back to solitude and her cheerful sitting-room.

Reine meantime hurries on. Her way to the station takes her past her church—a pale light glimmers inside, and she turns and goes in. One light only burns—the light of the "everlasting lamp"—and by its tiny ray, she sees half a dozen kneeling figures here and there. But no one looks up, all are absorbed, and she glides without noise into a pew and kneels down. Her prayer is wordless, but none the less eloquent. The cry of a tortured, humbled, agonized heart needs no words. One is there who reads hearts. *Miserere! Miserere!* is the burden of that voiceless cry. All other help is unavailing. He who listens here alone can help, and heal, and have mercy.

In the office of the Baymouth *Phoenix* gas is flaring at five o'clock this dull afternoon, and the tide of business and printing flows on rapidly and cease-

lessly. In his room the sub-editor, rather overworked during his chief's absence, is preparing to take an early departure, and moves about putting on his hat and coat, singing a cheerful though subdued stave as he does so. This is what Mr. O'Sullivan sings.—

"Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow."

"I never whistled in my life and I can't whistle now."

"Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man."

"I never whistled in my life—but I'll whistle if I can"

"It's well to be seen," says Mr. O'Sullivan, in soliloquy, "it isn't in the present day she lived, or it's the cow she'd have whistled for, not the man. If all I hear be true—and it's little I know of them except by hearsay—it's more and more mercenary the women are growing. There is Mrs. Beckwith—sure she makes no secret of what she married Beckwith for. There is Mrs. Sheldon—doesn't all the world know she threw Longworth to the dogs for Sheldon because—oh! faith, it's the cow they'd have whistled for, both of them!"

Mr. O'Sullivan sallies forth, goes to dinner, at which meal Mr. Longworth does not appear. After dinner, and a moderate amount of time spent peacefully smoking to aid digestion, the sub-editor of the *Phoenix* starts off, for his habitual constitutional. One of the prettiest walks, and that which he most affects, is the road that leads to the station.

As he draws near the church he espies in the obscurity a figure that has a vaguely familiar air. In a moment he recognizes it—it is Mademoiselle Reine Landelle. Is she going to church at this hour? There is nothing out of the common or surprising to O'Sullivan if she is; he goes himself sometimes. But as the light of the street lamp, burning in front of the building, falls full on her face, he pauses suddenly. Its deadly paleness strikes even him. Obeying an impulse, he follows her in, and takes his place in a pew near the door, where he can watch her, himself unseen.

He sees her kneel, bury her face in her hands, and so remain rigid and motionless a long time. Other people are praying around him, but their atti-