

clear, soft cheek, a living lustre in the dark eyes. While ever and anon, a ready, sudden smile, intensely radiant, aroused the dimples round the red mouth, till the whole face, vivacious at all times, became wondrously vital with ardent life, such as is seldom seen on the faces of our northern women. Indeed, there was something exceedingly un-English about the aspect of Madame de Vigny. She *shone* like some rich southern flower. There was a gorgeous taste about all the details of her dress. The attitudes, too, in which she was apt to fall, lounging, graceful and careless; the voice, a luscious, lingering contralto — all combined to keep up the impression her face created; such an impression of fervid radiance as we have in looking at some tropical bird or blossom.

She looked up, and the flashing smile lightened upon Vaughan as he approached.

"Ah, fellow-traveller!" she cried, the slight foreign accent giving an added piquancy, hardly needed, to the rich voice. And she extended her hand, ivory white, gemmed with rings and a cloud of delicate lace falling about it.

Vaughan sprang to receive it; he held it for an instant, while he leaned towards her, with many lowly-uttered words of greeting and of inquiry.

"Not tired in the least — O no! But up here one feels as if the world hung a mile below — *n'est ce pas?* And the cold, and the wind — *ils me font peur!*"

She shrugged her shoulders expressively. Then she proceeded to put aside her portefeuille, and drew towards her a dainty mother-of-pearl work-box, from which she extracted a piece of embroidery that might have been achieved in fairyland, it was so aerial. At this she began to work busily, with a pretty importance. Now and then, however, she glanced up from beneath the shadow of her long black eyelashes, on the handsome face of her companion, whose gaze rested upon her with an earnestness that was more than admiring.

"They are all 'at lessons' in there," she proceeded, tossing back her head. I was counting the time till they should be finished. I was tired of writing my letters, and it is triste to be by one's-self a whole morning. When the wind makes such a noise, too. I am so glad you are come." This, with the witching smile, half-hidden, half-revealed, as she bent over her work.

"You make me very happy," murmured Vaughan, seizing her gold scissors, and twisting them about in an evident embarrassment and want of ease most unwonted with him.

"Yes, after Paris and London this is curious — *n'est ce pas?* I never