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ARMINE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sibyl Bertram was right in saying that she had a capacity for hero-worship...

And to this mood Mr. Talford played the part of a well bred Mephistopheles...

For it must be remembered that the enthusiasm of which she was capable...

But when she looked around for the disciples who practised these teachings of enthusiastic masters...

She did not pursue the subject farther, but a few days later her surprise and pleasure were great...

"I am sure that you are well used to being thought of sufficiently for that or any other purpose," said Mlle. d'Antignac...

"I feel it so," answered Sibyl. "It must be simply his kindness. He must know how much I wish to see him again."

"Perhaps he does know it; sometimes I think that there are few things which he does not know or divine," said Mlle. d'Antignac...

"I must think better of myself since I am able to please M. d'Antignac," said Sibyl. "It seems to me incredible for while I was talking to him I had a feeling as if he were looking me through and thinking what a poor, crude creature I was..."

them of responsibility to a higher power. Then came the tempter, in the form of Marmaduke Talford...

Now, it may readily be conceived that this was not a doctrine likely to please one whose nature yearned strongly and passionately toward ideal good...

Something of this she said to her mother, though not a great deal; for she was never expansive...

"My dear Sibyl!" said her mother in mild remonstrance. "Half-starved, mentally and spiritually, and only able since last night to make an act of faith in human nobleness..."

"I don't know that I should care about being looked through," said Mrs. Bertram; "but he must be a very interesting person, and I am glad that you like him so much."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bertram, who knew—or thought she knew—her daughter on this point...

"If you saw him you would not think so," answered Sibyl. "I can hardly express the manner in which he impresses me, but it is as if the interest he awakens does not depend so much on his personal qualities..."

"You are certainly very enthusiastic about M. d'Antignac, and not very complimentary to yourself," said Mrs. Bertram, smiling.

"I find it out," said Sibyl, with a smile and a sigh.

CHAPTER XVIII. Far down in Brittany stands the old Chateau de Marigny in the midst of a wide domain...

Near the chateau is the village of Marigny, filled chiefly with the simple and devout fisher-folk of the Breton coast...

It may be thought that in loyal Brittany these elements would not count for much; but in France, above all other places on the earth, extremes of good and evil confront each other.

Duchesse, therefore, found material enough to work upon to secure the defeat of the Vicomte de Marigny. To effect this end, however, he spared no effort either publicly or secretly...

Meanwhile the days passed pleasantly and not without some gleams of pleasure to Armine. She saw little of her father and knew little of what he was doing...

"Never—here. He does not hope or dream of it. All his hopes are set in eternity, where alone he can know again the sense of existence without pain."

"It must make him wish to hasten there," said Sibyl in a low tone. "You would think so, and no doubt he does long for it in a manner we cannot understand..."

"The least is often the greatest," said Mlle. d'Antignac, understanding the ring of self-contempt in her voice.

"There is nothing more useful for us to remember than that. And when we see the number of those who, in undertaking to set the world right, are only setting it wrong, we may be glad to be prevented from trying our hand at the same business, with probably the same result."

"You are certainly very enthusiastic about M. d'Antignac, and not very complimentary to yourself," said Mrs. Bertram, smiling.

am very well satisfied here, mon pere. I think I would rather not go. "Why not?" asked her father, with some surprise and a glance which expressed a shade of suspicion.

"I know nothing of Marigny," she answered. "But I like this place, and am quite content to remain here."

"How soon shall we start?" she asked, seeing that resistance was useless with no better reason than she had to give.

Along one side of their way, however, the shade till extended. But suddenly the road turned; they passed some iron gates; the coachman, pointing with his whip, said, "Voilà le chateau!"

The village itself was situated farther beyond, and its long, straggling street led toward a cliff, down the face of which a steep path went by rudely-cut and somewhat dangerous steps to the beach where the fishing boats lay.

"If I had time," said her father, "I would stay for a few days at any rate; you would enjoy it even more than you think. I knew the coast well once. It is wild and picturesque, and terrible to a degree you can hardly imagine."

"There is need to work," said her father. "Rest is not for one who hears the cries of multitudes in his ears, who labors for the great cause of humanity."

"I should like to stay here for days, long enough to take it all in!"

"If I had time," said her father, "I would stay for a few days at any rate; you would enjoy it even more than you think. I knew the coast well once. It is wild and picturesque, and terrible to a degree you can hardly imagine."

These things with a force man can ever have less, paired and less, her clinging form of still around lay sparkling her wells of gold in the midst, goulte omitted for miles across a tree tops a Armine knew But she was pect, fair to had come to

It was the per greeting should shade too much ment. The villa sudden increase walking down the Armine bowed Madame la Comtesse in waiting, notwithstanding Armine, a mean the salutation he her eyes, again rapidly than he and her heart he herself: "He d'Antignac's friend—no man and yet he grinces. He is sorry to be id opinion of the should have m ask herself. So hard to be reg one whom s served as a fri

But that life no new experi the short, quick an habitual bu again, and th group of Calv which she w Outlined again stood the dark other cross wa the sky of I divine Figur thorn-crowned contradiction even as the J cross, reviling agony, so m infidels proel children they do who directed ag their first w where is i remarkable should a rel generation e supreme typ and sacrifice

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