

rots in the barns. For the Armenians this is the best pledge for its future prosperity."

By their side Selim-Agha journeyed in silence. "What makes you sad?" said Lucy. Selim answered by a grave smile, which was customary with him. Miss Blandemere pursued her enquiry; interrogated the Agha concerning his family, about his past and present life. He departed a little from his reserve, and described to her, with simple eloquence, the pleasures and dangers of his nomadic life, the long leisure of the winter in the close houses, the journeys in pursuit of cattle during the beautiful season when the tribe planted their tents successively on the mountains of the immense plateau of Tauris. Then he told of the strife with rival clans, of the razzias, the skirmishes by the borders of torrents and precipices. At times, in the midst of his recital, he would fix his eyes on Lucy, forget his story in contemplating her, and then ride on, plunged in silent reverie. Lucy was no coquette, but she could not observe without a secret pleasure the emotion of Selim. "It is not to sport with fire," thought she. "In three days we will be far from each other." After one of these intervals of Selim, she asked of him what he was thinking of. "Have you any chagrins?" said she.

"Perhaps," was the response.

"Then I see that these belong to all climates. Happily, it is possible to get rid of them after that information."

The Kurd looked at her with a melancholy smile. Their companions were a little behind. He bent towards Miss Blandemere—and in her ear pronounced these words of an old Persian Anthology.

"Feridoun, thy thoughts are sad as the funeral wail."

"My sister, the blond locks of the stranger are rays of the sun—

Rays which have entered my heart, and they burn me."

"Feridoun, the girls of our country, are the cure for thy ills."

"My sister, I shall forget the ills which I suffer,

Only under the funereal cypress beyond the gate of the city."

Miss Blandemere reddened. It is my fault, thought she. My questions have been imprudent, and I should have foreseen the response. Stewart and the Armenian having rejoined them, Selim put his horse to the galop, and withdrew from Lucy. She did not wish him to do so. The avowal which she had involuntarily provoked was made with a tone of resigned sadness, which prevented