

and then felt a queer sensation about the region of my heart at the sight of sundry faces at different times, but as for being fatally and incorrigibly in love, never, on my honor !”

“ Well, before you reach the age of thirty, you’ll have a different story to tell, or I’m mistaken.”

“ No ; there is no danger, I fancy, unless indeed,” he added, fixing his eyes quizzically on Drummond’s handsome face, “ I should happen to meet this little enchantress you spoke of awhile ago.”

A cloud passed over the brow of his companion ; but it cleared away in a moment as a quick, light footstep was heard approaching, and the next instant Sibyl Campbell, the haughty daughter of a haughty race, stood bright, dazzling, and smiling before them.

No one ever looked once in the face of Sibyl Campbell without turning to gaze again. Peerlessly beautiful as she was, it was not her beauty that would startle you, but the look of wild power, of intense daring, of fierce passions, of unyielding energy, of a will powerful for love or hate, of a nature loving, passionate, fiery, impulsive, and daring, yet gentle and winning.

She might have been seventeen years of age—certainly not more. In stature she was tall, and with a form regally beautiful, splendidly developed, with a haughty grace peculiarly her own. Her face was perfectly oval : her complexion, naturally olive, had been tanned by sun and wind to a rich, clear, gipsyish darkness. Her hair, that hung in a profusion of long curls, was of jetty blackness, save where the sun fell on it, bringing out red rings of fire. Her large Syrian eyes, full of passion and power, were of the most intense blackness, now flashing with sparks of light, and anon swimming in