

ately. "I shall hate this shallow-brained little Parisian. Randal, too, if he loves her."

She drew herself up and laughed scornfully.

"And I shall be *miserable*. I like that. I think I see Kathleen Moore breaking her heart for him, or any other man. No, no, Gypsy, wild Irish girls don't die so easily. Among my own dear native hills, I will soon forget England and Randal Percy, and be a free-hearted mountain lass once more."

Brave Kathleen! She spoke boldly; not once did her voice falter; and yet the cold, stony look of her large black eyes told of the dreary aching of her heart. I could only fold my arms closer around her, and *look* the sympathy I could not speak.

There came a tap at the door at this moment, and the next Mary Percy entered, exclaiming:

"Come Kath—come Gypsy, this will never do. There are a thousand and one inquiries for you down stairs, and here you sit as silent and lonely as two nuns. Come along!"

And pushing her arm through ours, she drew us down stairs.

"Come, lady fair," said her brother, approaching Kathleen, "I believe I have the promise of this set?"

"And will Gypsy do me the honor?" said Randal Percy, approaching me.

"No," said I, shortly; "I don't want to dance."

"Then I will not either," said he, gallantly, seating himself beside me.

At this moment Etoile passed us, leaning on the arm of a young officer in a splendid uniform, and listening with a smile of evident pleasure, to the graceful nothings he poured in her ear. Randal looked after them with a jealous eye.

"Did you ever see any one so lovely, Gypsy?" he said, enthusiastically.

"She's rather pretty," said I, with a disdainful shrug; "and if I mistake not, a most finished little coquette, as a certain cousin of mine will find out one of these days."

"*She* a coquette! impossible, Gypsy! I never, in all my life, saw any one so artless, so unsophisticated, so perfectly free from coquetry," he exclaimed, indignantly.

I laughed outright at this sudden burst of feeling.

"Perhaps so," said I. "Paris is a second Eden for training up girls artless, innocent, and all that. I suppose, however, I