

"Leonce——"

"You are not looking well, Petite," he interrupts, "and Mr. Longworth is away. Has the one anything to do with the other?"

"Listen, Leonce——"

"No, Petite. Let us talk and think of you a little. Some one should think of you, for you never had a habit of thinking of yourself. You are looking ill, and I fear you are not happy. I think, too, that Monsieur Longworth is jealous of me, and that my presence here may be the cause of your unhappiness. It shall be the cause no longer. I go to-morrow."

His face keeps its settled pallor, his eyes their dark and dangerous gleam, but his voice is low, and quieter, if possible than usual. She stands looking at him in mute fear.

"I ought never to have come. I know that Monsieur Longworth thinks I am or have been your lover. Undeceive him, Petite, when he returns—tell him the truth. You may trust him. He loves you—in a cold and unsatisfactory fashion, it may be, but after his light. He will keep the secret, never fear, and then for you all will go on velvet. I will not detain you, little one, lest the terrible grandmamma should miss you and make a storm. Whom have we here?"

He draws back. The house door opens, but it is only Mr. Martin going home.

"You ought to have a shawl, miss," says the old farmer. "It is turning chilly and you'll catch cold. Don't forget to look after the money. I hope you looked it up all safe?"

Reine bows silently. As he opens the gate, he catches sight of Durand, and eyes him keenly. "Sho!" thought the Yankee farmer; "I didn't know she'd got her bean, or I'd have been more careful speaking of the money. Nobody knows who to trust."

"Who is that?" asks Durand.

"A man who has been paying grandmamma some money!"

"A large sum?"

"Fifteen hundred pounds."

"I wish I had it," Durand says, with a short laugh. "I went to Monaco before I came to America, and won enough to keep me ever since. But I am a beg-

gar once more, and Monaco is inconveniently far off."

"I can lend you, Leonce," Reine says, eagerly, taking out her purse. "Madame Windsor paid me my quarterly—how shall I call it?—salary—allowance—what you will—yesterday. I do not want it. Pray take it!"

"Thanks, Petite—it is like you; but, no, I will not take it. Keep it for your poor ones. The terrible grandmamma is liberal at least, is she?"

"Most liberal indeed, if money were all."

"I wonder she likes to keep such large sums in the house. It is rather lonely here too."

"She does not think fifteen hundred pounds a large sum. She generally keeps enough for the current expenses each month in her room, and there are no robbers in Baymouth."

Durand's eyes lift and fix for a moment on the room that is grandmamma's. He knows it, for Reine once pointed it out, and her own and Marie's.

"But tell me of yourself," she says. "Oh, Leonce, do not follow Marie. You may trust her indeed. She is angry with, but cares nothing for Frank Dexter. It is because she is angry that she goes. You know Marie—she is not easily aroused. It is the sweetest temper in the world; but when aroused—"

"Implacable. Do I not know it? How am I to follow her? She gives no address, and I have no money. I must go to New York and join my people—the opera season approaches. Have no fears for me, *m'amour*—take care of yourself. Tell Monsieur Longworth—it will be best."

"I cannot. I have promised Marie."

"Break your promise. Think of yourself. Do not sacrifice your life to her selfishness. She would not for you, believe me. You love her well, but love her wisely. Do not let Monsieur Longworth make you unhappy by thinking I am your lover. Petite, may I ask you—am I not your brother?—do you love this cold, stern, proud Monsieur Longworth?"

She turns her face from him in the dim gloaming, and he sees a spasm of pain cross it.

"Ah, I see. I wonder if he knows what a heart of gold he has won. Petite