

my fortunes are mended." She turned to Mrs. Courtney and went on without the slightest trace of indecision or embarrassment in her manner. "You see, Mrs. Courtney, I am very, very poor. They have taken everything. I—I fear I shall have to accept the kind, the generous proffer of a——" her voice shook slightly—"of a home with my friends until the Huns are driven out."

Barnes's silence was more eloquent than words. Her eyes fell. Mrs. Courtney's words of sympathy passed unheard; her bitter excoriation of the Teutons and Turks was but dimly registered on the inattentive mind of the victim of their ruthless greed; not until she expressed the hope that Miss Cameron would condescend to accept the hospitality of her home until plans for the future were definitely fixed was there a sign that the object of her concern had given a thought to what she was saying.

"You are so very kind," stammered the Countess. "But I cannot think of imposing upon——"

"Leave it to me, Ede," said Barnes gently, and, laying his hand upon his sister's arm, he led her from the room. Then he came swiftly back to the outstretched arms of the exile.

"A very brief New York engagement," he whispered in her ear, he knew not how long afterward. Her head was pressed against his shoulder, her eyes were closed, her lips parted in the ecstasy of passion.

"Yes," she breathed, so faintly that he barely