

wild, impulsive sister, she would now as soon think of entering a convent as passing her life there."

"Yet you said it was partly by her request you were going there now?"

"Yes, she expressed a wish to show you the place." A slight flush of pleasure colored the clear face of Drummond. "I don't know what's got into Sibyl lately," continued her brother. "I never saw a girl so changed. She used to be the craziest leap-over-the-moon madcap that ever existed; now she is growing as tame as—as little Christie."

Drummond's fine eyes were fixed keenly on the frank, open face of Captain Campbell; but nothing was to be read there more than his words contained. With a peculiar smile he turned away, and said, carelessly:

And who is this little Christie to whom you refer?"

"She's the *protege* of the old lady on the island—fair as the dream of an opium-eater, enchanting as a houri, and with the voice of an an angel."

"Whew! the bold Campbell, the daring descendant of old Guy the Fearless, has lost his heart at last!" laughed Willard Drummond.

"Not I," answered Gny, carelessly. "I never yet saw the woman who could touch my heart, and, please Heaven, never will."

"Well, here's a wonder—a young man of three-and-twenty, and never in love! Do you expect me to believe such a fable, my good friend?"

"Believe or not, as you will, it is nevertheless true."

"What—do you mean to say you have never felt a touch of the *grande passion*—the slightest symptom of that infectious disorder?"

"Pooh! boyish fancies go for nothing. I have now

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