

list," interrupted Hélène; "the whole village is ringing with Monsieur Eric's praise."

"And doubtless, *ma belle cousine* swells the chorus," said Stewart, shrugging his shoulders. "*Mais qu'importe*, demoiselles will have heroes and exalt them *jusqu'aux cieux*. But, *mon ange*, I have not come here to argue about Laplanders, or other *Bohémiens* from the world's end."

Hélène was pale with anger. The viscount, quite unconscious of having provoked her resentment to such a degree, continued,

"You know it was always understood that you were to be my wife; and I wear to you, *belle ange de ma vie*, that you will have a husband who adores you."

"So I trust," said Hélène, trying to speak calmly; "but it will never be you."

"Who, then?" cried he, quickly, "unless it be a *Bohémien*, a nameless adventurer, whose love you share with a peasant-girl."

"Cousin Henri," said Hélène, drawing her childish figure to its full height, the Douglas blood flushing her cheeks, "I will not say anything of the manifest *grossièreté* of your remark; but, in future, when you wish to express yourself so to a lady, take care to let the subject of your remarks be other than her betrothed husband."