

land, that wretch's memory has haunted me like an evil spirit. Only last night I dreamed of her—dreamed I saw her evil black eyes gleaming upon me in this room. Paugh!"

A shudder of disgust—a look of abhorrence; then he lifted the paper again—and again he dropped it.

A door far above closed with a bang; a fresh young voice caroling like a bird; the quick patter, patter, patter, of little female feet downstairs—the last three cleared with a jump; and then the door of the breakfast-room was flung wide, and the heiress of Scarswood Park flashed into the room.

Flashed—I use the word advisedly—flashed in like a burst of sunshine—like a hillside breeze—and stood before her father in fluttering white muslin, pink ribbons waving, brown hair flying, gray eyes dancing, and her fresh, sweet voice ringing through the room.

"Good morning, papa!" Miss Dangerfield cried, panting, and out of breath. "Is breakfast ready? I'm perfectly famished, and would have starved to death in bed if Ninon had not come and routed me out. And how is *your* appetite, papa?—and I hope I have not kept you waiting too long—and, oh! wasn't the concert perfectly de—licious last night!"

And then two white arms went impetuously around the neck of the Indian officer, and two fresh rosy lips gave him a kiss that exploded like a torpedo.

Sir John disengaged himself laughingly from this impulsive embrace.

"Gently, gently, Kathie! don't quite garrote me with those long arms of yours. Stand off and let me see how you look after last night's dissipation. A perfect wreck, I'll be bound."

"Dissipation! A perfect wreck! Oh, papa, it was heavenly—just that! I shall never forget that tenor singer—who sang Fortunio's song, you know, papa, with his splendid eyes, and the face of a Greek god. And his name—Gaston Dantree—beautiful as himself. Don't talk to me of dissipation and a wreck; I mean to go again to-night, and to-morrow night, and all the to-morrow nights while those concerts are given by the Talbots."

She stood before him, gesticulating rapidly, with the golden morning light pouring full on her face.

And Miss Katherine Dangerfield, heiress and heroine, was beautiful, you say, as an heiress and heroine should be? I am sorry to say *No*. The young ladies of the neighborhood, other-wise English misses with pink and white complexions, and per-