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splendour of the figure in the portrait—her heart gave a bound such as it had never yet given for a man.

She did not need to be told that this was the counterfeit presentment of him who, in some mysterious way, had brought ruin upon those who loved him; and suddenly she understood the full meaning of Loria's words when he had said, "the relatives all believed in his guilt, so his sister would have nothing to do with them."

Virginia Beverly, headstrong, wilful, passionate, was only superficially spoilt by the flattery which had been her daily diet as a great beauty and a great heiress. She was impulsive, but her impulses were true and often unselfish. Now her warm heart went out to meet the loyal heart of the pale, sad girl in black, whom an hour ago she had never seen, whose very name she had not known. "She is right to believe in him," Virginia said to herself. "Loyalty is the finest virtue of all. I believe in him too. Whatever crime they say he committed, I'm sure he was innocent. What—a criminal, with that face? It's not possible, and I wish I could tell her so."

She could scarcely tear her eyes from the por-