

"See you, Marie, if what I suspect be true, then our case is desperate indeed. And to think I should have been so infatuated as to bring them here!"

"Of whom do you speak, and what is it you fear?" said Marie.

"Of whom do I speak?" echoed he, "Of these strangers. What do I fear? If it should indeed turn out that the girl is — But no! it cannot be. It is only one of those chance puzzles which sometimes arise to confound the calculations of the most practised players in the game of life!"

"Your words sound like an enigma, *mon cher*! But that there is some terrible secret behind, your troubled look assures me. You are not one to start at your shadow. Can you not trust me, Adolphe?" and she wreathed her arms around him and looked pleadingly into his eyes.

Returning her caress mechanically, Delaval at length replied in a guarded whisper:—

"Marie! I have brought you here, and you have well played your *rôle*. But has it never struck you, you—the *false*, that one day you may be confronted by the *true*?"

"Ah!" and now her blanched cheek and starting eye shewed she comprehended him. "That is it then! And you think it possible."

"Possible! yes. All things are possible. Even for the dead to rise. And a dead face now haunts me!"

"Not her's, Adolphe?"

"No, not her's:—at least, if she be,—*that* guilt does not lie so directly at my door. But another's—one who died this night:—not by my hand, though; not by my hand! That is something."

"Who was it?" cried his sister.

"Oh, a worm; a mere worm; that troublesome Bralligan!" was the reply. "He crossed my path; he knew too much; I had to crush him. But not *so*! O God, not *so*! I see the rocks run red with his blood! That face of agony; that dying yell; they freeze my soul with horror!" and he hid his face in the neck of the girl.

Marie clasped him fondly, and covered his cheek with kisses, saying:

"My poor Adolphe! Thou art too soft-hearted; thou hast the nerves of a silly child. What was a life like his? Was it not needful to find a scape-goat? Had the bullet struck true,—the