

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

But Lady Dangerfield did not faint—too much cold water, perhaps. She glanced at her preserver, and noticed, even in that moment, that he was one of the very handsomest men it had ever been her good fortune to behold. She glanced at herself. Good Heaven! half the exquisite abundance of curls and braids she had set forth with that morning were miles out at sea, her complexion was a wretched ruin, and her lovely pink gromadine, in which she had looked not a day over twenty-five one short hour ago—that pink gromadine, all puffings and fillings and flounces—no, words are poor and weak to describe the state of that dress.

all the sort of face we mean when we say "it will pass in a crowd." Most people in a crowd would have turned to look twice at the very striking face of my lady's nursery governess. Lady Cecil went up to her room at once, and rang for her maid. In her damp dress she stood before the open window, while she waited, and looking down she saw, immediately beneath her, in the rose garden, Miss Heroncastle! Miss Heroncastle, calm, composed, pale, grave, lady-like, and looking, with her neatly arranged dress and serene manner, as though she had been there for hours, the last person possible to be guilty of any escapade whatever. She looked up, smiled, bowed, turned slowly, and disappeared in a time well.

and Trafalgar Square. It would be cruel, I suppose, to hint at his being a commercial traveller, down from the metropolis with his samples. "God! he looked like someone I've met before," muttered the earl placing uneasily on his daughter. He was in London the night of the opera, and it is just possible he may have followed us down here. Only that it would not be like him—proud as Lucifer, he used to be; and then I should think, for he had got over the old madness. Did you see this unknown knight-errant, Queenie? "I? No, papa; it was all over before we came up. The curtain had fallen on the grand emotional tableau, the hero of the piece had fled; Sir Arthur and I were only in time for the farce."

down, drew a great breath of relief, and looked out. How peaceful it was, how sweet, how hushed, how lonely. Oh, why couldn't life be cast in some blissful Arcadian valley, where existence might be one long succession of rainy sunsets and silver moonrises, where nightingales sang the world to sleep, where young ladies need not get married at all if they like, and thirty thousand a year is not a necessity of life? She clasped her hands, and looked up almost passionately at that bright opal tinted star-streak sky. "Oh!" she said, "I wish, I wish, I wish, I need not marry Sir Arthur Treghenna."

will hanker after Susan, if he marries Susan, he will break his heart for Fanny. Oh, why can't a man marry both—both? Boots asks with a melancholy howl. "He hangs his deeply rugged face into the snowy folds of a scented cambric handkerchief and sinks down a statue of despair, still, feebly murmuring: "Both—both—both!" The curtain falls to slow and solemn music. "First syllable!" shouts an invisible voice. People put their heads together, and wonder if the first syllable is not—"Both."

a moment you had stabbed him! You shall not go up and mope in your room—you shall stay and see the play out. Sir Arthur smiles. Miss Heroncastle while I dress for the table of Rebecca and Rowena." "Sir Arthur obeyed with a smile, at the pretty parental command. He was strangely struck with this tall majestic young woman who looked as an exiled queen might, who spoke in a voice that was the music of the spheres, and who was only a nursery governess. She had produced as profound an impression upon him as upon the others, by her vivibly powerful acting. "Charlotte Corday herself could never have looked one whit more stern and terrible, with the uplifted knife over the doomed head of the tyrant, than had Miss Heroncastle."