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ve ed al. as the Countess Poniatowski. A man who was in another compartment of the train, dressed as a Roman priest, but who is supposed to be one of the band of professional criminals ruled by this extraordinary woman, has been arrested in connection with the occurrence."

Forsyth laid the paper down—Sybil told him a month later that it was "with a sigh of relief"—and said:

"She seemed to expect something of the sort when she spoke about her death sentence and showed such fear of the man Benzon. But isn't Uncle Jem's intuition marvelous? He has always held that the confederacy would come to loggerheads and be no longer dangerous after our victorious tussle with them."

"Yes, dear," Sybil assented, dutifully. "Your uncle is a very remarkable man, with very remarkable gifts." But she did not add, as she might have added had she so chosen, that it had required a woman's knowledge of woman's heart to inspire in the General the insight which had steered the Duke's storm-tossed bark to harbor.