

thing that obscured her vision, for the blood at first had rushed to her heart, leaving her deadly pale, then had rushed to her head, making everything, as it were, swim before her eyes, and her heart to throb almost painfully. Had the end of the world come—or the beginning? And now she saw the figure was that of a tall, dark individual with the stride of a cavalryman, who carries his toes slightly turned inwards, as if there were spurs on his heels. He was dressed in ordinary civilian clothes.

The old crow on the rotten limb, whose attention had begun to wander, roused himself all of a sudden, and gave a significant and expectant croak.

Then the stranger lifted his hat from his forehead and said—

“Miss St. Denis, don't you remember me?”

The dog crept towards him, sniffed at him, and did not growl suspiciously as was his wont at strangers, then dashed at him with boisterous welcome.

“Down, Michelle! What *are* you doing?”

Marie cried to the dog, as if it were a relief to her to say something. But it was a moment or two before she could find her voice to talk to the stranger. There was a wistful, hungry look in his eyes all the while. He looked like one who was only controlling himself by a strong effort. Then she turned in the most matter-of-fact way in the world—

“How do you do, Mr. Yorke? This is indeed a surprise. Who would have thought of seeing you in this part of the world?”

She was wonderfully self-possessed now this girl, so much so, indeed, that perhaps it was hardly natural. A stranger would have been puzzled just then to have guessed in what relationship these two stood to each other.

Even the old crow looked puzzled for a sec-