

opposite direction. He catches Durand's low, amused laugh as he goes, although he does not hear his words.

"Pardieu! cherè Petite, what have I done that monsieur your friend should scowl upon me so blackly? Is it that you have a lover, and he is jealous? I saw him looking pistols and small swords as I embraced you."

Miss Marie Landelle has left the circle surrounding the band, and strolled away on the arm of one of her innumerable admirers out of the heat and noise, and glare, and it chanced that it is Longworth who comes upon her first. She is seated under a great elm, her hat off, her face slightly flushed with heat and weariness, all her blonde hair falling damp and glittering over her shoulders, slightly bored evidently, but beautiful as a dream. Longworth thinks it, as he has thought it a hundred times before, and wonders how it is that, admiring that perfect loveliness as he does, it yet has so little power to move him.

Her cavalier of that moment is seated beside her, looking almost idiotically happy, and darts a frowning look at the intruder. But Miss Landelle glances up with that supremely sweet, though somewhat monotonous smile of hers, and moves aside her diaphanous drapery, to make room for him on the other side.

"Thanks; don't disturb yourself," he says. "Ah! Markham, how do? Didn't know you were here. Horrible hot and stupid isn't it! Unutterable bore all this sort of thing; but they will do it every summer, invariably selecting the Dog Days, and we persist in coming to see it."

"Where is Reine?" asks Reine's sister.

"Looking for you. She met a friend just now, a friend from France, and both have gone in search of you. I will take you to them if you like."

"A friend?" repeats Miss Landelle; and a puzzled look comes over the serene face. "A friend from France—here. But there is no one to come. Who can it be?"

"A very handsome man—Monsieur Leonce Durand."

Marie Landelle's is a face that seldom changes either in colour or expression; but as he speaks Longworth sees a

most remarkable change pass over it. The faint, incredulous smile fades, the slight flush dies slowly out, the lips compress, the pupils of the bronze eyes seems to contract—a look of quiet, intense anger sets every feature. There are no conflicting emotions of terror or gladness here, as in Reine's case. Miss Landelle evidently has but one feeling on the subject. She rises at once.

"Excuse me, Mr. Markham," she turns to that bereaved gentleman with her usual grace, but without her usual smile. "Mr. Longworth, will you be kind enough to take me to my sister and her friend?"

"Her friend," thinks Longworth, as he presents his arm; "is he not yours, then, as well? If he were your deadliest foe you could hardly wear a look that would welcome him less."

He has said, and he has thought many times, there is something about this young lady that baffles him.

She reminds him of a mirror, clear and transparent on first view, reflecting everything, hiding nothing, but turn to the reverse side, and you meet—blankness. Whatever depth there may be you get at nothing but the fair, shining, polished surface; all beneath is like the back of the mirror—impentrateble. There is a sort of still strength in her character, it seems to Longworth, that may be hidden from her closest friends for years, unless some hidden emergency calls it forth. Has that sudden emergency arrived? Has she any reason for being antagonistic with this man? That he is unlooked-for and unwelcome to both is evident; but the difference, so far as Longworth's penetration and prejudice can make it out, is that Reine likes, perhaps loves him, while the elder sister simply and absolutely is his enemy.

They walk on in silence for a little. Then Marie speaks, and even her voice has a subtle change, and sounds as hard and cold as Mrs. Windsor's own.

"Reine introduced Monsieur Durand to you, I suppose?" she inquires.

"She did."

"He is Reine's cousin, you know—her brother, almost."

"Indeed! Mademoiselle Reine's great aunt was his stepmother. Does that