

"ment of you was shabby. To spite him all the more and to show our contempt for his new dance, let us dance a *gavotte* together."

Is the act and the thought that inspired it not natural? Are the Marc Évrards and James Evils, as here portrayed, not characteristic of the times they lived in? Were their quarrels and mode of death not in touch with that stormy epoch?

"Seeing his dying victim staggering towards him, with a sword which defied his remaining strength to lift, a sardonic smile beamed in Evil's countenance. He awaited the approach of Marc, who crawled towards him.

"Hold! gasped the latter. I have strength enough left...to kill you!

"With up-lifted sword he at last managed to reach Evil. Oh! God, cried he, come to my aid.

"Evil threw himself upon the moribund, disarmed him, clutched him by the wrists and throat, and dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

"You are wrong to call upon God at such a moment, cried he. Vengeance belongs to the Devil, and he is my God. See how he has handed you over to my tender mercy. Laugh best who laughs last. But before I hurl you, body and soul, into the infernal regions, know that at this very moment, under your very eyes, I intend to make your wife my mistress.

"Marc made a last and supreme effort to release himself from the grip of his mortal foe — but in vain. Evil lifted him bodily and threw him over the cliff, his victim disappearing from view with a loud shriek. Now for my little charmer, cried the fiend in devilish exultation. But he never lived to touch her, for Tranquille, Évrard's faithful servitor, shot him dead on the instant. She, thus unexpectedly delivered from her enemy, flew to the cliff, and whilst peering into the ravine below, was seized with vertigo and suddenly precipitated to the bottom, where lay her husband with life almost extinct. Tranquille cried out in terror on witnessing this second catastrophe. He at once, at great risk to himself, scrambled down the steep rock and with much difficulty reached the spot where his beloved master and mistress lay side by side. He saw at a glance that neither of them had long to live. Marc continued to vomit