

years. The gentlemen have had a long talk. The father tells him that for five years she was the queen of society. Coronets were laid at her feet, but she cared for none. The world called her proud and heartless. Then she met Harold, and at the age of twenty-five she lavished upon him all the wealth of her warm Southern heart. What wonder the love was mutual? Who could resist such charms? Her estates are boundless, nearly all at her own disposal, having been inherited from her mother, who died in giving her birth. And so it happened that between the father's dissatisfaction and Harold's pride and inward remorse, he took a year, in which to try the strength of her love, to try and retrieve his shattered fortune. All those days in which the personal ran through the daily papers, they were travelling with a party in Switzerland; whenever the papers were received they were glanced over and left. Her love for Angel is unbounded, she bestows upon her all the wealth of her lonely aching heart. Walking one evening beneath the trees with arms entwined, she turns to her, and looking and talking absently, says :

"Was I not very rude to you that first evening? I did not think you were a mortal woman. I felt I dared not trust you. I thought you were such a sprite as lured Hero to her doom. I was fairly afraid of you; and especially your calling me Sybil. I do not know how I shall feel when you are gone. I shut my eyes to it. I do not know where I shall go."

"I do. We have it all arranged; you are to go home with us. Do you think we would leave you? I can bespeak for you a welcome that will satisfy even you."