

'Sir! if you have one particle of manly feeling in your bosom you will not speak to me again.'

His coarse, jesting remark, as he stepped back, and passed on, Izzie could not catch.

By and by, as the train approached Dunkirk, the lady with the infant got up, and went away into another compartment, and very shortly thereafter the man of the basilisk eyes was in the seat which she had vacated.

'No, no,' he said, as Mrs. Whitman attempted to arise. 'Don't run away from me in that fashion. I want to have a talk with you. You have interested me. Be quiet for a moment. You cannot escape me, be sure of that. I can travel as far as you do. Now listen.'

'Sir! This is outrageous.'

'Pshaw! Sit where you are.' And he put his hand upon her arm, and forcibly drew her back into her seat. 'We shall be in Dunkirk in less than half an hour. If you will—'

'Sir! ———'

'Sit still, I tell you! Mercy! you do not fancy I am going to eat you, do ye? Now, see: Don't try to play the woman of iron and ice too severely, because you weren't cut out for it. I have travelled on this road so long that I know every crook and turn, and I can show you a few points, if you—'

At this point the woman had not only become disgusted, but she had become frightened, though not as yet had she raised her voice in alarm, or for other ears than those of her tormentor. But now, with a more decided effort than she had before made, did she seek to arise from her chair, and again he pulled her back, with,

'Don't be a fool! Just keep quiet a bit and listen—'

Thus far had he spoken, with a hand upon her arm, when Mrs. Whitman became aware of another presence. A shadowy something, with lightning-like rapidity, flashed across the line of her vision—a dull heavy thud!—and the green-eyed vampyre fell as though a thunderbolt had

crashed down upon him! Just then, —perhaps attracted by the fall—the steward of the car came upon the scene.

"Steward, drag this fellow out from here, and if he, or anybody else wants information, or explanation, come for me."

Izzie Whitman looked up and beheld her mild-eyed friend, whose gentle kindness had been so grateful to her. She looked just in time to see the face of a tiger become the face of a true and noble gentleman. But on the next instant she was filled with terror and alarm upon seeing the stricken man start to his feet, and turn upon the man who had knocked him down. His eyes blazed; his teeth were set; his fists clenched; and fury in every line and lineament. But he did not strike. One look into the stern, handsome face of the champion, and he drooped on the instant, drooped and quailed like a frightened cur.

"General Wainright!" he gasped.

"At your service, sir," the gentleman of the silvery locks replied; "but at the service of this lady, first. Let me hope that you will be wise."

Thus speaking the general pointed to the door, and without hesitation, and without a word, the vampyre took himself off. Then Wainright turned, and sat down by the lady's side.

"I think," he said with a beaming smile, at the same time pointing to the charm upon her watch-chain, "that you wear that sign fairly."

"It is my husband's, sir," she answered. There was something in his smile so winsome, and his face was so inviting to trustfulness and confidence, that she told him the story of the circumstances, and of the happy thought which had led to her taking it for a talisman.

"God bless the symbol!" he said fervently; "and may it ever be a talisman, safe and reliable, to such as honestly wear it. I trust the time may never be when a Templar shall witness distress beneath that sacred