

mills and factories shriek forth the welcome hour of six, and disgorge their swarming hives, they enter a fly and are driven away to the Stone House.

"Monsieur, are you not coming with us?" Reine asks, clinging to him instinctively, and looking at him with eyes all black and wide with vague terror.

"I will go to the door," Longworth answers, kindly. "My dear Mademoiselle Reine, do not be nervous about this business. As your sister says, you are only going to your rightful home."

She makes no reply; her small face is absolutely colourless as she shrinks away into a corner of the carriage. No more is said; but a sense of kindly compassion fills Longworth. It is of her he thinks as they drive along through the familiar Baymouth streets, not of the lovely, serene Marie. And now they are at the gate, and grim and gray, and still and stern, as its mistress, the Stone House rises before them, half-hidden in trees, with the red light of the sunset on its small paned windows.

"We are here," says Longworth, somewhat superfluously.

He springs out, assists them to follow, precedes them to the door, lifts the knocker, and sends a reverberating echo through the house.

"And now I will say good bye, and good speed until we meet again."

He shakes hands cordially with both, and as the heavy hall door opens, disappears. The rather elderly woman who admits them looks at them with curious eyes.

"Be you missis's granddaughters?" she asked. "The young' ladies from France?"

Marie bows with a smile.

"Then you are to walk right in; missis will be with you in a minute."

She opens the door of a reception room, handsome and costly in every appointment, but with the chill air of a state apartment not often used. They are not more than a moment here when the door opens and their grandmother is before them.

So stately, so severe, so cold, so calm, so royal.

Marie has seen a queen more than once; but a queen who did not look half so unapproachable as this lady with the silver hair and smileless face. But

Marie is not easily frightened; she has known the power of that magical face of hers too long to doubt its potency here. She goes up with both arms outstretched, and touches lightly, and quickly, and gracefully first one cheek and then the other.

"Grandmamma," she says, softly, and tears flash into the lovely eyes, "we have come."

Neither by word nor sign does Mrs. Windsor reply. She submits to the caress with just a gleam of scorn passing across her face, and her eyes rest on that other smaller, darker, less fair, and more shrinking form.

"Reine," Marie says; "come, Petite."

She comes forward, and bows very low. Mrs. Windsor holds out her hand, and Reine lifts it and touches it with her pale lips. Then grandmamma speaks for the first time.

"You are like your mother," she says, looking full at Marie, and there is not a particle of emotion in face or voice, "only very much handsomer. You are like——"

"I am like my father," Reine answers, and if there is a ring of defiance in her tone, it is involuntary and unpremeditated.

"I never saw your father," Mrs. Windsor responds, and the eyes that rest on Reine are full of chill displeasure. "Mr. Longworth"—she turns to the elder sister as she says it—"came with you, of course?"

(To be continued.)

#### TRUTH.

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange;

Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,  
How much would novels gain by the exchange!

How differently the world would men behold!

How oft would vice and virtue places change!

The new world would be nothing to the old,  
If some Columbus of the mortal seas

Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

What "antres vast and deserts idle" then  
Would be discovered in the human soul!

What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,  
With self-love in the centre as their pole!

What Anthropophagi are nine of ten  
Of those who hold the kingdoms in right!

Were things but only call'd by their right  
name,

Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

—BYRON.