

hours, who was her good friend. Years passed ; she was nearing womanhood, the young man was still her friend, but in his mind there had come something deeper. A young stranger also came, handsome, brave, and brilliant. He was such a man as any girl could like and any man admire. The girl liked him, and she admired him. The two young men quarrelled ; they fought ; and the girl parted them. Again they would have fought, but this time the girl's life was in danger. The stranger was wounded in saving her. She owed him a debt—such a debt as only a woman can feel ; because a woman loves a noble deed more than she loves her life—a good woman.”

She paused, and for an instant something shook in her throat. Her husband looked at her with a deep wonder. And although Iberville's eyes played with his glass of wine, they were fascinated by her face, and his ear was strangely charmed by her voice.

“Will you go on ?” he said.

“The three parted. The girl never forgot the stranger. What might have happened if he had