

love of it in Sacha's servantless phalanstery, she was amply provided with this world's goods by her father's will, and to-day she had been spending her money freely, as a woman loves to spend it, on her personal adornment. The joy of living had been reinforced for the moment by the joy of purchasing. Her light step rebounded from the dead flags of Regent Street almost automatically as from the springy turf of the chalk downs on Moor Hill. A painter who chanced to pass turned round as she went by to watch her go; with that eager young face, those laughing eyes, that graceful ease of motion, what a model, he thought, she would have made for the merriest of the Oreads! And, oh! indiscreet south-west wind, even as he looked and admired, what passing glimpses you revealed of twinkling feet and ankles that the Oread herself might well have envied!

On a sudden, at the corner, as she danced along lightly, with her eye for the most part intent on the hats and bonnets, a poster caught her glance, laid flat on the ground with flaring big letters. 'Nihilist Outrage in Moscow,' it said, in all the startling emphasis of its very largest type. 'Murder of General Selistoff by Prince Ruric Brassooff. Suicide of the Prince. Death of Madame Mireff.'

The last name alone must certainly have riveted Ioné's attention, even without the others; but it was with a quick flush of excitement that she read the first words as well; for though she knew nothing positive as yet as to Mr. Hayward's past, she felt sure at that moment it must be he, and no other, who had committed this final act of deadly vengeance on the oppressors of his Fatherland. And she trembled with indignation, already, at the bare words, 'Nihilist Outrage.' How dare they—the cowards! He was Owen's friend, and hers. Dear, dear Mr. Hayward! Who should venture to confound such an act as his with mere vulgar and commonplace self-seeking murder?

She bought the paper hurriedly, giving the boy a shilling, and never waiting for her change in the excitement of the moment. Then, just round the corner, she tore it open with feverish fingers and read the Moscow