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## In A Dead Calm.

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was like a long summer day. But darkness came upon that day as suddenly as the darkness of the tropics. She rose one morning, light-hearted and happy, to pursue the careless round of pleasure. She lay down in a darkened chamber, never again to mix in that splendid crowd.

Betwixt moon and twilight Henri de Malfort had fallen in a combat of eight, a combat so savage as to recall that fatal fight of five against five during the Fronde, in which Nemours had fallen, shot through the heart by Beaufort.

The light words of a fool in a tavern, backed by three other fools, had led to this encounter, in which De Malfort had been the challenger. He and one of his friends died on the ground, and three on the other side were mortally wounded. It would henceforth be fully understood that Lady Fareham's name was not for ribald jesters; but the man Lady Fareham loved was dead, and her life of pleasure had ended with a pistol ball from an unerring hand. To her it seemed the hand of Fate. She scarcely thought of the man who had killed him.

As her life had been brilliant and conspicuous, so her retirement from the world was not without éclat. Royalty witnessed the solemn office of the Church which transformed Hyacinth, Lady Fareham, into Mère Agnes, of the Seven Wounds; and a king's mistress, beautiful and adored, thought of a day when she too might creep to this asylum in sorrow and deep humility, seeking refuge from a royal lover's inconstancy and the world's neglect.

THE END.