

REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE

PART II.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The rest of the party entered by the other windows. The lamps were lit, and Lady Dangerfield's voice came shrilly summoning the baronet to see.

Only the flutter of the leaves, and the chirp of some bird in its nest, the soft rustle of the trees, the faint, soothing of the wind—the "voices" of the night—nothing more.

"No, madam," encountered you in the streets of a very different city. I have an excellent memory for faces, and though I may be puzzled to place them for a little, I generally come out right in the end.

sums were staked, little fortunes were lost and won, and men left haggard and ghoulish in the gray dawn, with the cold dead standing on their faces, or rode home flushed, excited, richer by thousands of pounds.

work, with the air of one who understood her business. She bathed his face and temples with ice-water; she slapped his palms; she applied sal-volatile and burnt feathers to his nostrils; and presently there was a flutter of the colorless eyelashes, a tremor all over the body, and Sir Peter's small, nearsighted, pale blue eyes opened and fixed on Miss Herculiste.

"My dear Sir Peter, how do you feel now?" the soft, sweet tones of that most soft, sweet voice asked. "Better, I sincerely trust!"