

gaslight falls across the white loveliness of her face.

"It is very fine to talk of working one's fingers to the bone; but I could not do it, and would not if I could. I am young and pretty, I like silk dresses and soft beds, handsome rooms and good dinners, servants to wait on me and a fine house to live in. All these we are to have—all these we have a right to. I do not thank madame the grandmother, nor monsieur the friend—no, not that! It is our right and our due. Don't you remember what poor Leonee used to say, 'Man has a sovereign right to all he can get.' For all these good things we take a few cold looks, a few harsh words, and even these time will change. Go to bed, Petite, and never say again you hate Monsieur Longworth."

"Good night," Reine says, and goes at once.

"Sleep well, my angel," cheerily responds Marie.

And then the door between the rooms closes, and each is alone.

Marie goes to bed, and to sleep, but long after that beauty's sleep has begun and she lies in her darkened chamber, a vision of slumbering loveliness, and sweetness, and youth, Reine kneels by her open window, trying to still the tumultuous beatings of her undisciplined heart, trying to banish hatred, ill will, and all uncharitableness towards this stranger, and look at things calmly and reasonably like Marie.

But she is neither calm nor reasonable, and it is very long before she can crush down all that sinful anger and rebellion. Tears fall hotly and swiftly from between the fingers that hide her face, broken murmurs of prayers fall from her lips; something about strength for the accomplishing of the divine will, and with prayer comes peace. The one Friend who never refuses to hear, call when and where they will, the cry of sorrowing human souls for help, sends help and comfort both, and as she kneels the tears cease, and the starlight falls like a benediction on the bowed dark head.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE.

"FRANK, my dear," says Miss Har-

riott, "this is growing monotonous. I thought a week of New York essential to my happiness, but I find three days a great abundance. This perpetual, never-ceasing stream of men and women rushing up and down Broadway as if it were what they came into the world for is dazing me. The din and crash of the streets is beginning to bewilder me. If you would not see me a hopeless maniac on your hands, Frank, take me home, I conjure you."

Miss Hariott makes this speech at the hotel breakfast table, where she and Frank sit alone. The window at which they sit faces Broadway, and the usual ebb and flow of humanity that pours up and down that great artery of the city's throbbing, stormy heart at half-past nine of a fine May morning is at its height. Mr. Dexter, whose matutinal appetite and spirits are excellent as usual, protests that he lives but to obey, that the faintest of Miss Hariott's wishes are to him as the "firman" of the Sultan to a true believer, and that, although up to the present he has cherished the hope of encountering the "little ladies," he now at last resigns it as a hope all too bright and good to be realized.

"And I know that girl with the veil was pretty," says Frank, pathetically. "It is hard lines, after devoting myself as I did all the way across to Mademoiselle Reine, to part at last and forever without so much as one good bye. But such are the floorers of fate."

"How do you know you have parted for ever?" says Miss Hariott. "I don't countenance betting as a rule, but I am willing to wager a box of gloves—number six and three quarters, shade dark brown and grays—that before you are a week older you will have met again the 'little ladies.'"

"Done!" cries Mr. Dexter, and producing book and pencil on the spot, gravely enters the bet: "Six and three-quarters, dark browns and grays." "Miss Hariott, if you have their New York address let us go and call upon them at once. I shall never breathe easily until I have fulfilled my destiny and fallen in love with that girl with the golden hair."

"Frank, I wonder if all young men are as hopelessly idiotic as you are, with your perpetual talk of falling in love. As