

"You are not fool enough to believe such nonsense, I hope," said Captain Campbell.

"I don't know as it is nonsense. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy, you know."

"Yes; I was sure you would quote that—every one does when advancing some absurd doctrine. But it's all the greatest stuff, nevertheless."

"But did he tell you whom you were to be——"

Sybil stopped short; even in jest she could not pronounce the word.

"Murdered by?" said Willard, quietly finishing the sentence for her. "No, he told me nothing. I saw it all."

"Saw it! How? I do not understand."

"Oh, the story is hardly worth relating, and ought not to be told in the presence of such a skeptic as Captain Guy Campbell," said Drummond, running his fingers lightly through his dark, glossy locks.

"Heaven forbid I should wait to be inflicted by it!" said Captain Campbell, starting up. "I will relieve you of my presence, and allow you to entertain my superstitious sister here with your awful destiny, of which she will doubtless believe every word."

"I should be sorry to believe anything so dreadful," said Sybil, gravely; "but I do think there are some gifted ones to whom the future has been revealed. I wish I could meet them, and find out what it has in store for me."

"Let me be your prophet," said Drummond, softly. "Beautiful Sybil, there can be nothing but bliss for an angel like you."

Her radiant face flushed with pride, love and triumph at his words.

"Do you believe in omens?" she said, laughingly. "See how brightly and beautifully yonder moon is rising. Now, if it reaches the arch of heaven unclouded, I shall believe your prediction."

Even as she spoke a dense cloud passed athwart the sky, and the moon was obscured in darkness.

The dark, bright face of Sybil paled at the dread omen. Involuntarily her eyes sought Drummond's, who, also, had been gazing at the sky.