

Lucifer, has to be fed and led for a forty year. Damme, 'tis terrestrial hell!"

Mr. Healy, contemplating his toes, did not answer for awhile. Then he looked up and spoke very slowly: "Faith, 'tis himself should be more worth to a man than his work. . . . I have thought, do you know, that at whiles God will be spoiling a man's work to save the poor soul's self."

Mr. Wharton stared at him. "Humph," says Mr. Wharton with a shrug. "I do not know Beaujeu's chances of heaven, but on earth he is sure of hell."

Mr. Healy beheld afar on the stair the dainty grace of Nancy Leigh, and he watched her vanish before he turned again to Mr. Wharton. He looked with a whimsical smile at the ugly scowling face. "Sure 'tis something in life to make one dear soul happy," says Mr. Healy.

Mr. Wharton gave forth a scornful laugh, but a door opened behind them and Mr. Healy turned away from him. Down the corridor towards Mr. Wharton's wondering eyes came Beaujeu and Rose. His hand lay in the girl's arm, her cheeks were daintily flushed, she smiled a little and her eyes glowed like dark gold. M. de Beaujeu walked with a free light step, he bore himself soldierly, the blind eyes were bright and he too was smiling.

"Oh, damme!" says Mr. Wharton.

*The Editor has the pleasure to announce that a new Serial by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, entitled "A Face of Clay," will commence in the December Number of the MONTHLY REVIEW.*