

"You look so."

A malicious smile flitted across the face of the queen of the day, as she handed her poor rival a cup of tea. So might Queen Ealinnor have smiled as she tendered the poisoned goblet to Fair Rosamond.

Eustace Herbert looked guiltily, first at one, and then at the other. He felt that he had not done the right thing in inviting Eva to the picnic, and then deserting her for Madge. And then, as he contrasted



ALL BUT ONE, A YOUNG GIRL WHO SAT BY THE STREAM, SILENTLY WEEPING.

them, he felt that Eva could never be the same to him that she had been before he met Madge—tall, stately imperious Madge, with her warm olive skin, her wealth of raven tresses, her aquiline nose, and her firm, exquisitely-chiselled mouth and chin.

She ought to have been an empress, instead of a linendraper's assistant, and he felt his heart throb as he thought how this goddess had condescended to him.

Poor little blue-eyed, golden-haired Eva! She had not a single regular feature. But when the tender eyes lighted up with animation, and the small, sensitive mouth broke into a smile, men thought her "doosid pretty," and liked to talk to her.

She did not smile during that meal, nor, indeed, for the rest of the evening. The drive back to Napier under a glorious sunset sky, succeeded by the enchantment which moonlight threw over hill and plain, was a thing to be lovingly remembered by all the rest for many a long day. But all this availed her nothing, for Eustace and Madge sat together.

In her lonely lodging that night, Eva took from a drawer a photograph, and kissed it. Then she sobbingly whispered to it the secret of her heart, which, perchance, she could not have brought herself to confide to any living being—not even to the loved one who had been taken from her.

"Oh, mother, pity me! I loved him, and I think he loved me, till she came and took him from me. And now I am indeed alone!"

The hawk had sorely torn the dove.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST FLIGHTS OF A FLEDGLING.

Eustace Herbert was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. From his infancy he had been coddled by her, and when, at the age of nineteen, his weak chest made her anxious, she took him to a physician, whose prescription was an outdoor life in New Zealand. It was a great wrench to her to part with her darling, and the realizing of the £10,000, which the simple-minded country lady gave him wherewith to buy a sheep run, left her but a very modest income; but the sacrifices were made, and out came this handsome, feather-headed boy with a few letters of introduction, and about as much knowledge of men and women as of sheep.

One of his letters was to a commission agent, whose speciality was mining shares.

Eustace found him in a little den, something like a big packing-case. A desk, three chairs, a fireproof safe and copying-press, constituted the simple furniture; but it was wonderful what a lot of gold was melted down in that small crucible.