

her superior, a being so far above herself that in his presence even rank and unspotted pedigree stood aloof and would not lift up their heads.

By Lise's couch she passed the hours till a calm sunset gave place to starry twilight. When the moon rose there was little change in Lise. She lay still and white; her half-open eyes were glazed. The breath came imperceptibly from between her parted lips. To the watchers—the doctor, who sat by the shaded lamp on one side of the bed, and the countess and the Frau Pastorin, who were together on the other—she looked more and more like a corpse. The window was open; a broad band of red light streamed upon the lawn below, occasionally broken by a flitting shadow; and subdued murmurs of voices were heard in the silence of the sick chamber. In the sitting room below the pastor was helping the miserable hours to pass, was trying to distract the attention of the count and Barmann—one absorbed in thoughts of his only son, the other enduring agonies of suspense because of his one dear daughter.

None slept, or attempted to sleep, in the cottage that night. Messages went backwards and forwards to the castle at intervals. The doctor invented requirements if only to give the watchers something to do. He knew the castle storerooms, and every now and then he would suggest some item which would be required "when the patient recovered consciousness."

All the time he said to himself, "She is dying—slowly—but dying," and he dreaded the scene in store for him with the unhappy parents, when he should have to tell the truth.

The gray dawn was fighting with the night shadows, all lights began to have a sickly hue, the count had fallen asleep on the sitting room sofa, and the pastor's heavy eyelids would close in spite of him as he leant back in an arm-chair talking to Barmann, who incessantly paced the room, when a footstep was heard on the stair, and the countess rushed in, saying, in a hoarse voice, "All is lost—she is dying."

In an instant the men were up and out of the room, and she was alone in the gray dawn, weeping and wringing her hands; calling upon the Almighty to pity her for her interference; it was well meant; blaming herself for this catastrophe; bewailing the awful moment when Alexis should come to find Lise—dead.

There was a cruel silence everywhere; and with the suddenness of a shot fired in the dead of night came a sound in the far distance. She started to her feet and listened, stilling her very breath—what was it? At first it was indistinct, like the rattle of a dog's chain; then it grew louder and plainer—it was the rattle of hoofs upon the hard road.

"My boy," she said, with an awful calmness, and sat down to await events as if she were turned to stone.

She heard the bell, Katchen hurry out—quick footsteps, the sound of Alexis' voice, then all was still again.

For a few minutes she felt as if she were alone with death, cut off from life, love, hope—suspended in the darkness of eternal doom. Some one came to her, and

she felt a hand on her shoulder; but she only shook her head faintly. But Ulrich, for it was he, spoke firmly and cheerfully, "I bring good news."

"Good news?" She repeated the words vacantly. They conveyed no sense to the dazed, suffering mind. But as he told her in simple, plain words that Lise had come out of her stupor, had recognized them all, and that the doctor had said she would live, she began to understand, and when the count came in and embraced her, and Barmann sobbed incoherent thanks, she awoke to the fact that she had not only been spared lifelong remorse, but had been spared perhaps to joys as yet undreamt of. But she turned from the count, who would have supported her to the sick room, and appealed to Franz, clinging to him in her weakness as she would have clung to a far loftier, holier presence.

He took her carefully and kindly to the door of the room, then the pastor, grave but smiling, drew her in, and she saw Lise supported by the Frau Pastorin, and Alexis on his knees by the side of the bed—then, somehow, she was there, too, and a faint, weak voice said, "Mother."

When the excitement had subsided they all inquired for Ulrich. But he had gone, leaving a note directed to Alexis. This contained the ring Lise had given him at their betrothal, wrapped in a paper on which he had written, "Those whom God has joined together, let not man attempt to put asunder." And this was the last they heard of him for some time.

Lise speedily got well, and Alexis did not join the Black Deaths. But his own regiment was ordered to the seat of war, and he went through the campaign, Lise remaining at the castle, the comfort of his parents. As soon as peace was proclaimed, they were married, and Lise accompanied her young husband to Breslau.

Franz Ulrich remains a bachelor, in spite of his father's constant suggestions to him that he should marry; suggestions to which he replies that there are other matters here below even of greater and more vital interest than "marriage, and giving in marriage," as, indeed, there are to souls like his, which are, as it were, eyes steadfastly fixed upon eternity.—*Temple Bar.*

WITH the recent improvements in materials and apparatus for photographing, there has come a great accession to the ranks of those who find in this interesting study a pleasurable, inexpensive and sometimes lucrative employment. As is the case, however, in almost every wide-embracing field of activity, there is no noticeable success attained except by those who make diligent and intelligent application, and this is particularly true with the large number of amateur photographers, who find it so easy to learn the principal elements of what is necessary to make sun pictures before they realize how important it is to have also some artistic taste and education. This is abundantly indicated in the discussions which take place before the numerous societies of amateur photographers, now springing up in all sections.