

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

"My daughter," he said, "I bade you leave even your duty to my keeping. Now I summon you to fulfill it. Your duty lies yonder, by your husband's side in his agony of death."

"I will go," I whispered, my lips scarcely moving to pronounce the words, so stiff and cold they felt.

"Good!" he said, "you have chosen the better part. Come! The good God will protect you."

He drew my hand through his arm and led me to the low doorway.

The inner room, as I entered, was very dark with the overhanging eaves, and my eyes, contracted by the strong sunlight, could discern but little in the gloom. Tardif was kneeling beside a low bed, bathing my husband's forehead. He made way for me, and I felt him touch my hand with his lips as I took his place. Richard's face, sunken, haggard, dying, with filmy eyes, dawned gradually out of the dim twilight, line after line, until it lay sharp and distinct under my gaze. The poor, miserable face! the restless, dreary, dying eyes!

"Where is Olivia?" he muttered, in a hoarse and labored voice.

"I am here, Richard," I answered, falling on my knees where Tardif had been kneeling, and putting my hand in his; "look at me, I am Olivia."

"You are mine, you know," he said, his fingers closing round my wrist with a grasp as weak as a very young child's; "she is my wife, Monsieur le Cure."

"Yes," I sobbed, "I am your wife, Richard."

"Do they hear it?" he asked, in a whisper.

"We hear it," answered Tardif.

great ceremony. They entered the house and came directly to the salon. I was making my escape by another door, when Monsieur Laurence called to me.

"Behold a friend for you, madame," he said, "a friend from England. Monsieur, this is my beloved English child."

"You do not know who I am, my dear?" The English voice and words went straight to my heart.

"No," I answered, "but you are come to me from Dr. Martin Dubree."

"Very true," he said, "I am his friend's father—Dr. John Senior's father. Martin has sent me to you. He wished Miss Johanna Carey to accompany me, but we were afraid of the fever for her. I am an old physician, and feel at home with diseases and contagion. But we cannot allow you to remain in this unhealthy village; that is out of the question. I am come to carry you away, in spite of this old cure."

Monsieur Laurence was listening eagerly, and watching Dr. Senior's lips, as if he could catch the meaning of his words by sight, if not by hearing.

"But where am I to go?" I asked. "I have no money, and cannot get any until I have written to Melbourne, and have an answer. I have no means of proving who I am."

"Leave all that to us, my dear girl," answered Dr. Senior, cordially. "I have already spoken of your affairs to an old friend of mine, who is an excellent lawyer. I am come to offer myself to you in place of your guardians on the other side of the world."

I moved a little nearer to Monsieur Laurence, and put my hand through his arm. He folded his own thin, brown hand over it caressingly, and looked down

into my new sphere. It would have been difficult to resist the cordiality with which I was adopted into the household. Dr. Senior treated me as his daughter; Dr. John was as much at home with me as if I had been his sister. Minima, too, became perfectly reconciled to her new position.

I saw little of Martin. He had been afraid I should feel myself bound to him; and the very fact that he had once told me he loved me had made it more difficult to him to say so a second time. He would not have any love from me as a duty. If I did not love him, fully, with my whole heart, choosing him after knowing others with whom I could compare him, he would not receive any lesser gift from me.

"What will you do, Olivia?" asked Dr. John one day.

"What can I do?" I said.

"Go to him," he urged; "he is alone. I saw him a moment ago, looking out at us from the drawing room window. God bless him! Olivia, my dear girl, go to him."

"Oh, Jack!" I cried, "I cannot." "I don't see why you cannot," he answered gaily. "You are trembling, and your face goes from white to red, and then white again; but you have not lost the use of your limbs, or your tongue. If you take my arm, it will not be very difficult to cross the lawn. Come, he is the best fellow living, and worth walking a dozen yards for."

I believe I should have run away, but I heard Minima's voice behind me, calling shrilly to Dr. John, and I could not bear to face him again. Taking my courage in both hands, I stepped quickly across the floor, for if I had hesitated long my heart would have failed me. Scarcely a moment had passed since Jack left me, and Martin had not turned his head, yet it seemed an age.

"Martin," I whispered, as I stood close behind him, "how could you be so foolish as to send Dr. John to me?"

We were married as soon as the season was over, when Martin's fashionable patients were all going away from town. Ours was a very quiet wedding, for I had no friends on my side, and Martin's cousin Julia could not come, for she had a baby very young, and Captain Carey could not leave them. Johanna Carey and Minima were my bridesmaids, and Jack was Martin's groomsmen.

On our way home from Switzerland, in the early autumn, we went down from Paris to Falmes, and through Noireau to Villen-bois. The next stage of our homeward journey was Guernsey. Martin was welcomed with almost as much enthusiasm in St. Peter-port as I had been in little Villen-bois.

My eyes were dazzled with the sunshine, and dim with tears, when I first caught sight of the little cottage of Tardif, who was stretching out his nets on the stone causeway under the windows. Martin called to him, and he hung down his nets and ran to meet us.

"We are come to spend the day with you, Tardif," I cried, when he was within hearing of my voice.

"It will be a day from heaven," he said, taking off his fisherman's cap, and looking round at the blue sky with its sun-drenched clouds, and the sea with its scattered islets.

It was like a day from heaven. We wandered about the cliffs, visiting every spot which was most memorable to either of us, and Tardif rowed us in his boat past the entrance of the Grotto. He was very quiet, but he listened to our free talk together, for I could not think of talking to him as any stranger; and he seemed to watch us both, with a far-off, faithful, quiet look upon his face. Sometimes I fancied he did not hear what we were saying, and again his eyes would brighten with a sudden gleam, as if his whole soul and heart shone through them upon us. It was the last day of our holiday, for in the morning we should return to London and to work; but it was such a perfect day as I had never known before.

"You are quite happy, Mrs. Martin Dubree?" said Tardif to me, when we were parting from him.

"I did not know I could ever be so happy," I answered.

We saw him to the last moment standing on the cliff, and waving his hat to us high above his head. Now and then there came a shout across the water. Before we were quite beyond earshot, we heard Tardif's voice calling and the splashing of the waves:

"God be with you, my friends. Adieu, mam'selle!"

(The end.)

Consumption Can Be Cured.

Reading aloud is recommended by physicians as a benefit to persons affected with any chest complaint.

The recommendation is made because in all cases of lung trouble it is important for the sufferer to indulge in exercise by which the chest is in part filled by and emptied of air, for the exercise is strengthening to the throat, lungs and muscles of the chest. Reading aloud can be practiced by all, and can be a pleasure and profit to both reader and hearers. In this treatment it is recommended that the reading be deliberate, without being allowed to drag, that the enunciation be clear, the body be held in an easy, unstrained, upright position, so that the chest shall have free play, and that the breathing be as deep as possible, without undue effort.

Regarded as an Evil in Austria.

As a result of a report submitted to the Austrian council of agriculture, setting forth that aunts cannot be brought to recover losses in transactions for the future delivery of grain, the council has unanimously declared itself in favor of prohibiting altogether transactions in grain for future delivery. This information is conveyed in a communication to the State Department from United States Consul Warner at Leipzig, Germany. Mr. Warner states that the council has petitioned the government to use its influence to suppress this practice altogether in Austria-Hungary.

Chances Increased.

A boy baby a month old can expect but 42 years of life. If, however, he lives to 5 years his chances of living have increased to 51 years and 6 months.

Regulation of Price of Medicine.

The price of medicine in Prussia is regulated by the state.

PIONEERS IN SIBERIA.

RED TAPE TENDS TO HINDER EMIGRATION.

So Many Qualifications Are Asked of Intending Emigrants that All But the Most Persevering Become Discouraged and Remain Where They Are.

While the stringent regulations now governing emigration to Siberia have abolished to a great extent the disorder and abuses of the old system, they have entangled the whole process in a network of bureaucratic formalities, and the preliminary steps which must be taken by every intending emigrant are enough to make all but the most resolute desist. Before making any movement at all the emigrant must seek the advice of the local authorities and obtain a certificate of his suitability and capacity. Permits to emigrate are no longer easily obtainable, but are frequently refused on such grounds as "insufficient means," "physical disability," the regulations laying it down that only "good farmers and taxpayers" are to be granted permits. The provisional permit is given only to the head of the family or some other able-bodied member of it, who, having taken the advice of the emigration officials at Tchelabinsk as to the nature and location of the available lands, is sent at a nominal fare into Siberia, where he is free to examine all the lots available. If he is successful in finding suitable land he must first have his choice approved at the local emigration office, the title being indorsed upon his pioneer's certificate. Afterward a final permit to emigrate is given to the remaining members of his family, who follow him on special terms as to railway fare, monetary assistance and exemptions; the poorer obtaining grants or loans to enable them to set up house and purchase the necessary implements. Formerly this assistance was given liberally, but the present policy of the government is to encourage emigration by the more prosperous and thrifty peasants only and monetary assistance is now restricted to small amounts, seldom exceeding from \$15 to \$25, and then nearly always in the form of a loan repayable without interest within ten years.

But before the final decision to emigrate is taken, the number of requirements to be satisfied is so great that it is not difficult to understand why not 30 per cent of the pioneers undertake the responsibility of bringing their families from home. For while Siberia as a whole contains the natural resources necessary for nearly all forms of agriculture, these resources are very unevenly distributed, and there is no single district which does not oppose to great natural advantages certain serious drawbacks. All the best agricultural land has long been occupied, says R. E. C. Long, in the Forum, and the pioneer who has only some two months in the year in which he can satisfactorily examine lots scattered over a great area, must compromise a hundred conflicting interests before he can be sure of making the best selection. He must consider the nature of the land, whether dry, marshy or salt, the question of water supply, whether wood exists in sufficient quantities and of the right quality both for building and fuel, and whether the crops raised are those to which he has been accustomed in Russia. He must inquire as to the system of agriculture practiced—Siberian land requires much heavier work than Russian—the losses from thieves, disease, wild beasts and insects; the question of markets and means of transport; and the cost of establishing a home. He must ascertain whether the local inhabitants have emigrated from the same district, and speak the same dialect as himself.

William Ernest Henley, the English poet, when asked if he would like to reply to the criticisms of his recent attack upon Robert Louis Stevenson, quoted Bishop Berkeley in a lordly tone: "They say! What say they? Let them say!" The criticisms are really not worth the trouble of retort. I shall probably read them in the papers. I have kept silence for five years against ill-natured attacks and every kind of innuendo and I can do so for another five years.

PROTECTED.

English Consul Saves the Life of an American Sailor.

In recalling incidents of international courtesy, when British and Americans have supported each other, a writer in the Boston Transcript tells the following story which came from an American sailor who had landed at a port in Chili: The men had gone ashore and become somewhat hilarious, and one of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. The American got up, and promptly knocked the policeman down in return. He was arrested, tried and condemned to be shot the next morning. Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities, saying that it would be monstrous to put a man to death for such an offense; but they paid no attention to him. On the day specified the sailor was brought out and plied in readiness for execution. The English consul, preparing to hoist the Union Jack, saw a crowd in the field opposite, and realized that the execution was about to take place. He rushed over to the American consul and cried: "Loring! You're not going to let them shoot that man?" "What can I do?" was the answer. "I have protested against it. I can do no more." "Give me your flag!" cried the Englishman. With the two flags in his hand, he ran to the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiery and reached the prisoner. He folded the American flag about him and laid the Union Jack over it. He stepped back, and faced the officers and soldiery. "Shoot, if you dare," he shouted, "through the heart of England and America!" The man was not shot.

WATER FOR THE HOLY CITY.

Jerusalem Is Now Supplied by a System of Modern Designs.

The holy land has its railways, electric lights and American windmills, and now Jerusalem is about to get a supply of good drinking water. In ancient times the city of David was well supplied. The remains of aqueducts and reservoirs show this. But since the Turk's day the people of Jerusalem have been dependent on the scanty and often polluted accumulations of rain water in the rock-bewn cisterns beneath their feet. Even this supply has recently failed, says a correspondent of the London Times, owing to want of rain. Distress and sickness became so general that the Turkish governor has at length been induced to sanction the purchase of iron pipe to bring water from Ain Salah, or the "sealed fountain," at Solomon's pools, about nine miles south of Jerusalem. A pipe six inches in diameter will bring 8,000 "skins" of water a day for distribution at "fountains" supplied with faucets.

Solomon, in his famous "Song," speaks of this secret spring, now turned to use. "My beloved," he says, "is like a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." It is a deep-down subterranean spring, which has, from the time of Solomon, flowed through the archway tunnel built by him to the distributing chamber or reservoir near the northwest corner of the highest of Solomon's pools. Half a century ago the location of this "hidden" spring which was still, as in Solomon's time, flowing into the reservoir mentioned, was unknown. The tunnel is roofed by stones leaning against each other like an inverted V, the primitive form of the arch, which is also seen in the roof of the queen's chamber of the great pyramid. The entrance to this tunnel from the spring is one of the oldest structures in existence. The piping is to be laid along the old aqueduct which formerly, from the time of

Solomon, brought this same water to the temple area. There are eleven or twelve ancient fountains here and there in the city, long unused, but now to be utilized, and from which the water may be drawn free to all, several taps being attached to each fountain.—Baltimore Sun.



A novel by a Hungarian writer, Baron Nicholas Jusika, is being issued in English. It is a vivid picture of the overrunning of Hungary by the Tartars in the thirteenth century.

Amelia Barr's new novel of Cromwell's time, "The Lion's Whelp," takes its title from the text in Genesis: "A lion's whelp—from the prey, my son, thou art gone up—and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, in the years since she began to write—it was in 1888, that she published her first novel—has given the world more than a score of books, each one of which has enjoyed a well-earned popularity. The "Herb of Grace" is her latest, issued from the Lippincott press.

Think of one woman writing seventy-one books!—a library in itself. John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stanard) is the lady, and her latest novel, "The Price of a Wife," is her seventy-first book. She has kept in the front rank of novelists ever since she attained sudden popularity with "Bootsie's Baby," in 1885.

A group of studies of James Bryce in history and jurisprudence has been in the press for some time. There are two volumes, and the contents of these have been composed at different times, extending over many years. While the studies are very diverse, a common thread runs through a number of them. This is a comparison between the history and law of Rome and the history and law of England.

Bret Harte, whose reported illness was lately denied, recently returned to the idea of the "Condensed Novels," which were his first published work in prose. A further volume of "Condensed Novels," suggested by such popular writers as Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle, may therefore be looked for from him. His earlier excursions in this style of parody belong to the California period of his career and were contributed to the San Francisco Californian.

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Had Library on Mormonism.

Theodore Schroeder, of Salt Lake City, has given to the Wisconsin Historical Library his library on Mormon history. This is one of the largest collections of books on this subject in existence, embracing, as it does, 23,000 bound volumes, pamphlets and newspaper files.

Very Bitter.

"There is nothing but bitterness in your heart," she sighed, gazing into the embers. "Naturally," he responded. "Haven't the doctors informed you that I have a tobacco heart?"

CATTLE-RANCHING TO-DAY.

Outlook Brighter than It Has Been in Ten Years.

No phase of agricultural life anywhere, except perhaps in Australia, has ever possessed the romantic and adventurous charm of American cattle ranching. When out beyond the Platte and westward toward the Rio Grande and toward into New Mexico and Arizona, the great plains were open and the grass of Uncle Sam as free as air, men with ginger in their could lay the foundations of fortunes with no other capital than a pony, a cow saddle, a rope and a branding iron. They required no land, and seldom cared for more than a few acres for the ranch house and a place to keep the "chuck wagon" and other innumerate parts of the outfit. If they chose, they could range an area as wide as France. The Americans took the business from the Mexicans and extended it northward to Wyoming. There was nothing to prevent. In that day the cowboy told the visiting Englishman:

"This is God's country, and there ain't no fences."

Those times are going, or have already gone. Barbed wire and the settler have changed it all. The few acres that sufficed for the bunkhouse and saddle room are not enough where free grazing is passing away. The cattle king must own his grazing ground and the cowboy has been turned into a member of the fence he once despised. The packing industry has gone out toward the source of supply to Omaha and Kansas City and other far Western towns. Railroads have done away with the long drives to shipping points, fences have spoiled the round-up, and branding pens are helping on the obsolescence of the larist. In large sections of the cattle country every small town has its stockyard and spur track.

This doesn't mean that the cattle business is on the wane. Far from it. Its outlook now is brighter than it has been for ten years. Prices are better at home and the demand abroad is strong. European shipments of cattle on the hoof increased uniformly down to 1897, and though they have diminished slightly since then, the financial returns have been relatively better. In the last five years the average value of meat products exported principally to Great Britain and Germany has been over \$141,000,000 and of live animals over \$41,000,000. But the range cattle business no longer offers opportunities for the accumulation of such colossal fortunes as it once did, says Frank M. Todd in *Ainslie's*, where so much more money capital is required than formerly, does it offer opportunity to so many men with only their hands and brains to aid them.

STILL WILD AND WOOLY.

Oregon Man Makes Another Dance a Jig to the Tune of a Sharpshooter.

A weird story of the Jesse James stripe comes from the Starkey prairie country, far southeast of Portland, Ore., in a little agricultural valley in the Blue Mountains. It tells of a Starkey prairie resident compelled to dance a jig in the darkness at the point of the gleaming barrel of a neighbor's revolver, while stimulated constantly to greater effort by the whistle of bullets past his ears and about his feet.

There has been ill-feeling for several weeks on Starkey prairie over a series of dog-killing. Neighbors suspected each other of the poisonings and a lot of bad blood was engendered. Little meannesses began to be practiced, the latest of which was to tie a bulldog of pronounced vicious tendencies on a Starkey prairie bridge after dark. This was designed to scare a young team of horses.

It was a settler named R. Wilkinson who fell into the trap. Wilkinson drove directly on the bridge, when the bulldog began to operate, with the result that he nearly had serious trouble with his colts. Wilkinson settled in his mind the author of the trick immediately and drove straight to the house of Henry Bean. Bean, he thought, was the transgressor.

Calling Bean to the door, Wilkinson had him covered before he could escape, and a dog dander was ordered. The eloquence of the sixshooter induced compliance and the suspected bulldog operator began awkwardly to shuffle. "Easter," ordered Wilkinson, and as a bullet sang startlingly near the feet commonly more familiar with the road behind the plow than the dance-hall floor, they responded crudely. Finally Wilkinson let his victim off with the admonition to keep his bulldog at home.

Then he compelled him, at the pistol's point, to come clear to Wilkinson's home. The method of transportation was not stated, but it is said Bean had to continue dancing at intervals clear across the prairie. At Wilkinson's place he was forced to sign a note making over \$75 to Wilkinson in this deal. Then Bean was released altogether.

Bean says he will not stand for this treatment. He is not such a pistol artist as his neighbor, says a Spokane Falls, Wash., *Spokesman-Review* special, so he has employed a lawyer to help him out and legal action will result.

Youthful Curiosity.

"Well, if you'll excuse me," said the guest, "I guess I'll retire;" and arising he walked toward the door and awaited the escort of his host.

"Please, may I go with you?" pleadingly exclaimed the boy of the household.

"And why should you want to go with me?" smilingly replied the guest; "aren't you satisfied with your own comfortable little couch?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but I want to go with you 'cause I heard pa say this morning that you expected to retire on \$100,000."—Richmond Dispatch.



"I CAME UPON A GRAVE."

A strange, spasmodic smile flitted across his ghastly face, a look of triumph and success. His fingers tightened over my hand, and I left it passively in their clasp.

"Mine!" he murmured.

"Olivia," he said, after a long pause, and in a stronger voice, "you always spoke the truth to me. This priest and his follower have been trying to frighten me into repentance, as if I were an old woman. They say I am near dying. Tell me, is it true?"

"Richard," I said, "it is true." His lips closed after a cry, and seemed as if they would never open again. He shut his eyes wearily. Feebly and fitfully came his gasps for breath, and he moaned at times. But still his fingers held me fast, though the slightest effort of mine would have set me free. I left my hand in his cold grasp, and spoke to him whenever he moaned.

There was long silence. I could hear the chirping of the sparrows in the thatched roof. Monsieur Laurence and Tardif stood at the foot of the bed, looking down upon us both, but I only saw their shadows falling across us. My eyes were fastened upon the face I should soon see no more. The little light there was seemed to be fading away from it, leaving it all dark and blank.

"Olivia!" he cried, once again, in a tone of mingled anger and entreaty. "I am here," I answered, laying my other hand upon his, which was at last relaxing its hold and falling away helplessly. But where was he? Where was the voice which half a minute ago called Olivia? Where was the life gone that had grasped my hand? He had not heard my answer, or felt my touch upon his cold fingers.

Tardif lifted me gently from my place beside him, and carried me away into the open air, under the overshadowing eaves.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The unbroken monotony of Villen-bois closed over me again. A week has glided by—a full week. I am seated at the window of the salon, gazing in a breath of fresh air—such a cool, balmy breeze as blows over the summer sea to the cliffs of Sark. Monsieur Laurence, under the shelter of a huge red umbrella, is choosing the ripest cluster of grapes for our supper this evening. All the street is as still as at midnight. Suddenly there breaks upon us the harsh, metallic clang of well-shod horse hoofs upon the stony roadway—the cracking of a postillion's whip—the clatter of an approaching carriage.

Pierre, who has been basking idly under the window, jumps to his feet, shouting: "It is Monsieur the Bishop!" Minima claps her hands and cries, "The Prince. Aunt Nelly, the Prince!"

Monsieur Laurence walks slowly down to the gate, his cotton umbrella spread over him like a giant fungus. It is certainly not the Prince; for an elderly, white-haired man, older than Monsieur Laurence, but with a more imposing and stately presence, steps out of the carriage, and they salute one another with

at me, with something like tears glistening in his eyes.

"Is it all settled?" he asked, "is Monsieur come to rob me of my English daughter? She will go away now to her own island, and forget Villen-bois and her poor old French father!"

"Never! never!" I answered vehemently. "I shall not forget you as long as I live. Besides, I mean to come back very often; every year if I can. I almost wish I could stay here altogether; but you know that is impossible, monsieur. Is it not quite impossible?"

"Quite impossible!" he repeated, somewhat sadly, "madame is too rich now; she will have many good friends."

"Not one better than you," I said, "not one more dear than you. Yes, I am rich; and I have been planning something to do for Villen-bois. Would you like the church enlarged and beautified, Monsieur le Cure?"

"It is large enough and fine enough already," he answered.

"Shall I put some painted windows and marble images into it?" I asked.

"No, no, madame," he replied, "let it remain as it is during my short lifetime."

"I thought so," I said, "but I believe I have discovered what Monsieur le Cure would approve. It is truly English. There is no sentiment, no romance about it. Can you guess what it is, my wise and learned monsieur?"

"No, no, madame," he answered, smiling in spite of his sadness.

"Listen, dear monsieur," I continued; "if this village is unhealthy for me, it is unhealthy for you and your people. Dr. Martin told Tardif there would always be fever here, as long as there are no drains and no pure water. Very well; now I am rich I shall have it drained, precisely like the best English towns; and there shall be a fountain in the middle of the village, where all the people can go to draw good water. I shall come back next year to see how it has been done. There is my secret plan for Villen-bois."

The next morning I took a last solitary walk till I came upon a grave. It was my farewell to the wrecked romance of my married life. Monsieur Laurence accompanied us on our journey, as far as the cross at the entrance to the valley. He parted with us there; and when I stood up in the carriage to look back once more at him, I saw his black-robed figure kneeling on the white steps of the Calvary, and the sun shining upon his silvery head.

For the third time I landed in England. When I set foot upon its shores first I was worse than friendless, with foes of my own household surrounding me; the second time I was utterly alone, in daily terror, in poverty, with a dreary lifelong future stretching before me. Now every want of mine was anticipated, every step directed, as if I were a child again, and my father himself was caring for me. How many friends, good and tried and true, could I count! All the rough paths were made smooth for me.

I soon learned to laugh at the dismay which had filled me upon my entrance