THE RULING PASSION BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

A YEAR OF NOBILITY.

ENTER THE MARQUIS. The Marquis sat by the camp fire peeling potatoes. To look at him, you never would have taken him for a mar quis. His costume was a pair of cordu roy trousers; a blue flannel shirt, patched at elbows with gray; lumber nan's boots, flat footed, shape less, with loose leather legs strapped just below the knee, and wankled like the hide of an ancient rhinoceros; and a soft brown hat with several holes in the crown, as if it had done duty, at some time in its history, as an impromptu target in a shooting-match. A red woollen scarf twisted about his loins gave a touch of

color and picturesqueness.

It was not exactly a court dress, but it sat well on the powerful, sincey figure of the man. He never gave a thought to his looks, but peeled his potatoes with a dexterity which be trayed a past master of the humble art, w the skins into the fire.

"Look you, m'sien'," he said to young Winthrop Alden, who sat on a fallen tree near him, mending the flyrod which he had broken in the morning the figure of the first tree for the firs look you, it is an affair ing's fishing, of the most strange, yet of the most certain. We have known always that ours was a good family. The name tells it. The Lamottes are of la haute classe in France. But here, in Canada, we are poor. Yet the good blood dies It is buried. not with the poverty. It is be hidden, but it remains the same. like these pataques. You plant good ones for seed: you get a good crop. You plant bad ones: you get a good crop.
You plant bad ones: you get a bad
crop. But we did not know about the
title in our family. No. We thought
ours was a side-branch, an off shoot.
It was a great surprise to us. But it is

Jean Lamoste's deep voice was quie on. His bright blue eyes above his ruddy mustache and bronzed cheeks, were clear and tranquil as

those of a child. Alden was immensely interested and amused. He was a member of the Boston branch of the Society for Ancestral Culture, and he recognized the favorite tenet of his sect,—the doctrine that "blood will tell." was also a Harvard man, knowing al most everything and believing hardly anything Heredity was one of the few unquestioned articles of his creed. But the form in which this familiar confession of faith came to him, on the banks of the Grande Décharge, from the lips of a somewhat ragged and distinctly illiterate Canadian guide, was grotesqu enough to satisfy the most modern taste for new sensations. He listened with an air of gravity, and a delighted

sonse of the humor of the situation. "How did you find it out?" Well, then," continued Jean, " will tell you how the nevs came to me. It was at St Gédéon, one Sanday last The snow was good and hard, and I drove in, ten miles on the lake from our house opposite Grosse He. A ter Mass, a man, evidently of the city, comes to me in the stable while I

leed the horse, and salutes me. Is this Jean La notte?' " 'At your service, m'sieu'.'

" Sm of Francois Louis Lamotte?"
" O no other. But he is dead, God I been looking for you all through

Charlevoix and Chicontimi. Here you find me then, and good-

day to you says I, a little short, for I Cant, chut, says he, very friend-

ly. 'I suppose you have time to talk would you like to be a have a castle in France t I think I will lick

I laugh.

ouss of logs where my mother tween us."
-you saw it last summer. But of "But certaintly not!" answered e sleigh. All that evening it. How he being an avocat, has re-marked the likeness of the names. How he has bricked the family through and Quebec, in all the ther's great-grandfather, Eti-La Motte who came to Canada two hundred years ago, a younger son of the Marquis de la Lucière. How he has the papers, many of them, with red says he, there are others of the family here to share the property. e divided. But it is large s—allions of frances. And the castle larger than mill at Chicoutimi; with and electric lights, and colored he wall, like the hotel at

Vaen my mother heard about that teased. But me—when I was a marquis, I knew it

h ne eyes were wide open now.

urned away his face to light hide a smile. "Did he asy many many of you?"—came en the puffs of smoke.

'' answered Jean, "of

that I had desired up on the lumber nundred and ten dollars, we gave quiet little channels by which one could

him that. He has gone to France to make the claim for us. Next spring he comes back, and I give him a \$100 more; when I get my property \$5,000 It is little enough. A marquis more. nust not be mean.

Alden swore softly in English, under his breath. A rustic comedy, a joke on human nature, always pleased him; but beneath his cynical varnish he had very honest heart, and he hated cruelty and injustice. He knew what a little money meant in the backwoods; what hard and bitter toil it cost to rake it together; what sacrifices and privations must follow its loss. If the smooth prospector of unclaimed estates in France had arrived at the camp on the Grande Décharge at that n Alden would have introduced him to the most unhappy hour of his life.

But with Jean Lamotte it was by no

means so easy to deal. Alden perceived at once that ridicule would be worse than useless. The man was far to much in earnest. A jest about a mar quis with holes in his hat! Yes, Jean ould laugh at that very merrily ; for about the reality of the marquis! That struck him as almost profane. It was a fixed idea with him. Argument could not shake it. He had seen the papers. He knew it was true. All the strength of his vigorous and healthy manhood eemed to have gone into it suddenly, as if this was the news for which he had been waiting, unconsciously, since he was born.

It was not in the least morbid, vision

ary, abstract. It was concrete, actual and so far as Alden could see, whole some. It did not make Jean despise his present life. On the contrary, it ap-peared to lend a zest to it, as an inter-esting episode in the career of a noble man. He was not restless : he was no discontented. His whole nature was at once elated and calmed. He at all feverish to get away from his familiar existence, from the woods and the waters he knew so well, from the large liberty of the unpeopled forest, splendid breadth of the open sky. consciously these things had gone into his blood. Dimly he felt the premoniions of homesickness for them all But he was lifted up to remember that the blood into which these things had entered was blue blood, and that though he lived in the wilderness he really belonged to la haute classe. A breath o romance, a spirit of chivalry from the days when the highspirited courtiers of Louis XIV. sought their fortune in the New World, seemed to pass into him. He spoke of it all with a kind of proud

implicity.

"It appears curious to m'sieu', no hean so in Canad doubt, but it has been so in Canada from the beginning. There were many nobles here in the old time. Frontenac, -he was a duke or a prince. Denon ville—he was a grand seigneur, La Salle, Vaudreuil—these are all noble, counts or barons. I know not the differ-ence, but the cure has told me the names. And the old Jacques Cartier, the father of all, when he went home to France, I have heard that the king made him a lord and give him a castle Why not? He was a capable man, a brave man; he could sail a big ship, he could run the rapids of the great river in his canoe. He could hunt the be the lynx, the carcajou. I suppose al these men—narquises and counts and barons—I suppose they all lived hard, and slept on the ground, and used the axe and the paddle when they came to the woods. It is not the fine coat that makes the noble. It is the good blood, the adventure, the brave heart." "Magnificent!" thought Alden.

"It is the real thing, a bit of the seven teenth century lost in the forest two hundred years. It is like finding an old rapier beside an Indian trail. I suppose the fellow may be the descendant of some gay young lieutenant of the regiment Carignan-Salieres, who came out with De Tracy, or Courcelles. An amour with the daughter of a habitant laugh. Very well in a name taken at random—who can unand also a handful of ravel the skein? But here's the old mekshot, and the new moon thread of chivarry running through all the tangles, tarnished but unbroken." This was what he said to himself Monsieur Lamotte. I want man talk with you. Do you I accompany you to your talk with you. I accompany you to your marquis or no marquis, I hope this is Residence? You know that little not going to make any difference be-

a pretty good house. It is yearm. So I bring the man sleigh. All that evening While I am au bois, I ask no better than to be your guide. Besides, I must earn those other hundred dollars, for the

ee. How there belongs to that an enace and a title in France, hereby sears with no one to claim give nothing more to the lawyer until he had something sure to show for his money. But Jean was politaly noncommittal on that point. It was evi dent that he felt the impossibility of meanness in a marquis. Why should he meanness in a marquis. be sparing or cautious? That was for the merchant, not for the noble. A hundred, two hundred, three hundred dollars : What was that to an estate and a title? Nothing risk, nothing gain! He must live up to his role Meantime he was ready to prove that he was the best guide on the Grande

Decharge.

And so he was. There was not a man in all the Lake St. John country who knew the woods and waters as well as he did. Far up the great rivers Peribonca and Misstassini he had pushed his birch canoe, exploring the network of lakes and streams along the desolate Height of Land. He knew the Grand Brule, where the bears room in September on the fire-scarred hills among the wide, unharvested fields of blueberries. He knew the hidden ponds and slow ck ing brightly. He had put creeping little rivers where the beavers build their dams, and raise their silent water than and talking watercities, like Venice lost in the woods. He knew the vast barrens. covered with stiff silvery moss, where the caribou fed in the winter. On the Decharge itself-that tumultuous flood. never falling, never freezing, by which the great lake pours all its gathered must be money to carry on | waters in foam and fury down to the deep, still gorge of the Saguenay—there Jean was at home. There was not a winter, and the mother had curl or eddy in the wild course of the river that he did not understand. The

drop down benind the islands while the main stream made an impassable fall; the precise height of the water at which it was safe to run the Rapide Gervais the point of rock on the brink of the Grande Chute where the canoe must whirl swiftly in to the shore if you did not wish to go over the cataract; the exact force of the tourniquet that sucked downward at one edge of the rapid, and of the bouillon that boiled upward at the other edge, as if the bottom of the

river were heaving, and the narrow line of the filet d'eau along which the birch bark might shoot in safety; the treachery of the smooth, oily curves where the brown water swept past the where the brown water swept past the edge of the cliff, silent, gloomy, menac ng; the hidden pathway through the securely and reach a favorite haunt o the ouananiche, the fish that loves the wildes) water—all these secrets were known to Jean. He read the river like book. He loved it. He also spected it. He knew it too well take liberties with it.

The camp, that June, was beside the Rapide des Cedres. A great ledge stretched across the river; the water came down in three leaps, brown ab golden at the edge, white where it fell. Below, on the left bank, there was a little cove behind a high point of rocks curving beach of white sand, a gentle slope of ground, a tent half hidder among the birches and balsams. Down hidden the river, the main channel narrowed and deepened. High banks and deepened. High banks hemmed it in on the left, iron coasted islands on the right. It was a sullen, powerful, dangerous stream. Beyond that n mid river, the He Maligne reared it wicked head, scarred, bristling with skeletons of dead trees. On either side of it, the river brake away into a long fury of rapids and falls in which no boat could live.

was there, on the point of the island, that the most famous fishing in the river was found; and there Alden was determined to cast his fly before he went home. Ten days they had waited at the Cedars for the wate to fall enough to make the passage to the island safe. At last Alden grev impatient. It was a superb morning sky like an immense blue gentian, full of fragrance from a million bells of pink Linnes, sunshine flattering the great river,-a morning when danger and death seemed incredible. " To day we are going to the island,

Jean; the water must be low enough Not yet, m'sieu,' I am sorry, but

it is not yet."

Alden laughed rather unpleasantly
"I believe you are afraid. I though "I believe you are afraid, I thought you were a good canoeman—"
"I am that," said Jean, quietly, and therefore, -well, it is the bac

anoeman who is never afraid." "But last September you took your onsieur to the island and gave him to fishing. Why don't you do it for in fishing. Why don't you do it for me? I believe you want to keep me away from this place and save it for

Jean's face flushed. "M'sien' no reason to say that of me. I beg

Alden laughed again. He was some that irritated at Jean for taking the thing so seriously, for being so obstinate. On such a morning it was absurd.
At least it would do no harm to make an effort to reach the island. If it proved inpossible they could give up. "All right, Jean," he said, "I take it back. You are only timid, that's all. Francois here will go down with me. We can manage the canoe together. Jean can stay at home and keep the camp. Eh, Francois?"

François, the second guide was a ush of vanity and good nature, just sense enough to obey Jean's orders, and just jealousy enough to make him jump at a chance to show his independence. He would like very to be first man for a day,-per haps for the next trip, if he had good luck. He orinned and nodded his head All ready, m'sieu': I guess we

can do it. But while he was holding the canoe steady for Alden to step out to his place in the bow. Jean came down and pushed him aside. "Go to bed, dam" fool," he muttered, shoved the canoe out into the river, and jumped lightly to his own place in the stern.

Alden smiled to himself and said

nothing for a while. When they were a mile or two down the river he re-marked. "So I see you changed your Jean. Do you think better of the river now? "No. m'sieu'. I think the sa ne."

Because I must share the luck with

you whether it is good or bad. It is no shame to have fear. The shame is not to face it. But one thing I ask of you—" And that is ?" "Kneel as low in the canoe as you

ean, paddle steady, and do not dodge when a wave comes."

Allen was half inclined to turn back, and give it up. But pride made it difficult to say the word. Besides the fishing was sure to be superb : not a line had been wet there since last year. It was worth a little risk. The danger could not be so very great after

all. How fair the river ran,—a current of living topaz between the banks of emerald! What but good luck could come on such a day?
The canoe was gliding down the last smooth stretch. Alden lifted his head, as they turned the corner, and for the first time saw the passage close before His face went white and he set

his teeth. The left hand branch of the river. cleft by the rocky point of the island, dropped at once into a tumult of yellow foam and raved downward a ong the northern shore. The righthand branch swerved away to the east. running with swift, silent fury. On the lower edge of this desperate race of brown billows, a huge whirlpool formed and dissolved every two or three minutes, row eddying round in a wide backwater into a rocky bay on the end of the island, now swept away by the rush of waves into the white rage of

the rapids below.

There was the secret pathway. The trick was to dart across the right-

swung backward, and let it sweep you around the end of the island. It was easy enough at low water. But now smooth waves went crowding and shouldering down the slope as if they were running to a fight. The river rose and swelled with quick, un-even passion. The whirlpool was in its place one minute; the next it was

blotted out; everything rushed madly downward—and below was hell. Jean checked the boat for a moment quivering in the strong current, waiting for the tourniquet to form again. Five seconds—ten seconds—" Now!"

The cance shot obliquely into the tream, driven by strong, quick strokes if the paddles. It seemed almost to leap from wave to wave. All was going well. The edge of the whirl pool was near. Then came the crest of larger wave, -slap! -into the boat. cold water, and missed his stroke. eddy caught the bow and shoved it out. The whirlpool receded, dissolved. The whole river rushed down upon canoe and carried it away like a leaf.

Who says that thought is swift and clear in a moment like that? Who talks about the whole of a man's life passing before him in a flash of light? A flash of darkness! Thought is paralyzed, dumb. "What a fool!" "Good bye!" "If—" That is about all it can say and if the about all it can say. And if the moment is prolonged, it says the same thing over again, stunned, bewildered impotent. Then? The rocking waves the sinking boat; the roar of the fall the swift overturn; the icy, blinding strangling water—God! Jean was flong forward. Instinct

ively he struck out, with the current and half across it, toward a point of rock. His foot touched bottom. He drew himself up and looked back. canoe was sweeping past, bottom up yard. Alden underneath it.

himself out into the Jean thrust stream again, still going with the cur rent, but now away from shore. He gripped the canoe, flinging his arm over the stern. Then he got hold of now away from shore. He thwart and tried to turn it over Too heavy. Groping underneath he caught Alden by the shoulder and pulled him out. They would have gone down together but for the boat. "Hold on tight," gasped Jean, "put your arm over the cance—the other

Alden, half dazed, obeyed him. The torrent carried the duncing, slippery bark past another point. Just below it,

there was a little eddy. "Non," cried Jean; "the back-

They touched the black, gliddery They staggered out of the eks. vater; deep ; falling and rising again. They crawled up on the warm moss.

The first thing that Alden

was the line of bright red spots on the wing of a cedar bird fluttering silently through the branches of the tree above him. He lay still and watched it, wondering that he had never before observed those brilliant sparks of color on little brown bird. Then he won his legs ache Then he saw Jean, dripping wet, sitting on a stone and looking down the river He got up painfully and went over He put his hand on the man's

"Jean, you saved my life-I thank

you, Marquis!"
"M'sieu'," said Jean, springing up, 'I beg you not to mention it. It was nothing. A n A narrow shave,-but la And after all, you were right—we got to the island! But now how to get off?"

AN ALLIANCE OF RIVALS.

Yes, of course they got of —the next day. At the foot of the island, two miles below, there is a place where the was frightened when the others did not | name, the papers, the links of the ge and got a boat to come up and look for their bodies. He found them on the shore, alive and very hungry. But all the marquis? that has nothing to do with the story.

Nor does it make any difference how Alden spent the rest of his summer in the woods, what kind of fishing he had, or what moved him to leave \$500 with Jean when he went away. That is all padding: leave it out. The first point of interest is what Jean did with the money. A suit of clothes, a new stove, and a set of kitchen utensils for the log house opposite Grosse Ile, a trip to Quebec, a little game of "blof Americain" in the back room of the Hôtel du Nord-that was the end of the money.

This is not a Sunday school story Jean was no saint. Even as a hero he had his weak points. But after his own fashion he was a pretty good kind of marquis. He took his headache the morning as a matter of course, and his empty pocket as a trick of fortune. With the robility, he knew very well, such things often happen; but the nobility do not complain about They go ahead, as if it was a baga-

telle Before the week was out Jean was on his way to a lumber-shanty on the St. Maurice River, to cook for a crew of thirty men all winter.

The cook's position in camp is curious
—half menial, half superior. It is no
place for a feeble man. But a cook who
is strong in the back and quick with his fists can make his office much respected Wages, \$40 a month; duties, to keep the pea-soup kettle always hot and th bread pan always full, to stand the jokes of the camp up to a certain point, and after that to whip two or three of the most active humorists.

Jean performed all his duties to per fect satisfaction. Naturally most of the jokes turned upon his great expectations. With two of the principal jokers he had exchanged the usual and conclusive form of repartee—flattened them out literally. The ordinary badinage he did not mind in the least;

it rather pleased him.
But about the first of January a ne hand came into the camp—a big, black-baired fellow from Three Rivers, Pierre Lamotte dit Théophile. With him it hand current at the proper moment, was different. There seemed to be outch the rim of the whirlpool as it symething serious in his jests about

the marquis." It was not fun; it was mockery; always on the edge of anger. He acted as if he would be glad o make Jean ridiculous in any way.

Finally the matter came to a head. Finally the matter take soup one something happened to the soup one tobacco probably Sunday morning - tobacco probably. Certainly it was very bad, only fit to throwaway; and the whole camp was mad. It was not really Pierre who played the trick; but it was he who sneered that the camp would be better off if the cook knew less about castles and more about cooking. Jean answered that what the camp needed Jean it was a joke to poison the soup. Pierre took this as a personal allusion and requested him to discuss the question outside. But before the discussion began he made some general remarks about the character and pretensions of

"A marquis!" said he. "This oagoulard gives himself out for a mar quis! He is nothing of the kind rank humbug. There is a title in the family, an estate in France, it is true But it is mine. I have seen the papers I have paid money to the lawyer. I am waiting now for him to arrange the matter. This man knows nothing about it. He is a fraud. I will fight him now and settle the matter.'

Jean.

If a backet of ice water had been thrown over Jean he could not have cooled off more suddenly. He was dazed. Another marquis? This was a complication he had never dreamed of. It overwhelmed him avalanche. He must have time to dig himself out of this difficulty.

"But stop," he cried; 'you

fast. This is more serious than a pot of soup. I must hear about this.
us talk first, Pierre, and afterwards

The camp was delighted. It was a fine comedy—two fools instead of one. pricked up their ears and The men lamored for a full explanation, a debate n open court. But that was not Jean's way. He

ad made no secret of his expectation out he did not care to confide all the tails of his family history to a crowd of fellows who would probably not un derstand and would certainly laugh. Pierre was wrong of course, but at least he was in carnest. That was something.
"This affair is between Pierre and

me," said Jean. "We shall speak of it by ourselves."

In the snow muffled forest, that afteroon, where the great-tree trunks rose ike pillars of black granite from a marble floor, and the branches of spruce and fir wove a dark green roof above their heads, these two stray shoots of a noble stock tried to untangle their family history. It was little that they knew about it. They could get back to their grandfathers, but beyond that the trail was rather blind. Where they crossed neither Jean nor Pierre could tell. fact, both of their minds had been empty vessels for the plausible lawyer to fill, and he had filled them with var ous and windy stuff. There were discrepancies and contradictions, denials and disputes, flashes of anger and clouds of suspicion. But through all the voluble talk,

somehow or other, the two men were drawing closer together. Pierre felt Jean's force of character, his air of natural leadership, his bonhommie. thought, "It was a shame lawjer to trick such a fine fellow with the story that he was the heir of the family." Jean, for his part, was pressed by Pierre's simplicity and firmness of conviction. He thought, "Wha a mean thing for that lawyer to fool such an innocent as this into supposing himself the inheritor of the What never occurred to either of them was the idea that the lawyer had de That was not to be ceived them both. dreamed of. To admit such a thought would have seemed to them like throwwater runs quiter, and a bateau can ing away something of great value cross from the main shore. François which they had just found. The family come back in the evening. He made his way around to St. Joseph d'Alma, set forth,—all this had made an impression on their imagination, stronger than any logical argument. But which was the marquis? That was the question. "Look here," said Jean at last, "of what value is it that we fight? We are cousins. You think I am wrong. I

think you are wrong. But one of us must be right. Who can tell? There will certainly be something for both of Blood is stronger than current juice. Let us work together and help each other. You come home with me when this job is done. The la wyer returns to St. Gedeon in the spring. will know. We can see him together will know. We can see him together what If he has fooled you, you can do what I have to him. When — pardon, I will do the you like to him. When — pardon, I mean if — I get the title, I will do the fair thing by you. You shall same by me. Is it a bargain? You shall do the On this basis the compact was made. The camp was much amazed, not to say

disgusted, because there was no fight Well-meaning efforts were made at in tervals through the winter to bring on a crisis. But nothing came of it. The rival claimants had pooled their stock. They acknowledged the tie of blood, ignored the clash of interests Together they faced the fire of jokes and stood off the crowd; Pierre frowning and belligerent, Jean smiling and scornful. Practically, they bossed the camp. They were the only men who always shaved on Sunday morning. This was regarded as foppish.

The popular disappointment deepened into a general sense of injury. In

March, when the cut of timber finished and the legs were all hauled to the edge of the river, to lie there until the ice should break and the "drive begin, the time arrived for the camp t close. The last night, under the inspiration drawn from sundry bottles which had been smuggled in to celebrate the occasion, a plan was concocted in the stables to humble "the nobility" with grand display of humor. Jean was to be crowned as marguis with a bridle and blinders: Pierre was to be anointed as count, with a dipperful of harness oil: after that the fun would be impromptu

The impromptu part of the programme began earlier than it was advertised. Some whisper of the plan had leaked through the chinks of the wall between the shanty and the stable. When the crowd came shambling into the cabin,

snickering and rudging one another. Jean and Pierre were standing by the stove at the upper end of the long

"Down with the canaille!" shouted Jean. "Clean out the gang!" responded

Brandishing long-handled frying-pans, they changed down the sides of the table. The mob wavered, turned, and were lost! Helter skelter they fled. tumbling over one another in their haste to escape. The lamp was smashed. The benches were upset. In the smoky hall a furious din arose,—as if Sir Gala-had and Sir Percivale were once more hewing their way through the castle of hewing their way through the castle of Carteloise. Fear fell upon the multitude, and they cried aloud grievously in their dismay. The blows of the weapons echoed mightily in the darkness, and the two knights laid about them grimly and with great joy. The door was too narrow for the ni Some of the men crept under the lo berths : others hid beneath the Iwo, endeavoring to escape by the win dows, stuck fast, exposing a broad and indefended mark to the pursuers. the last strokes of the conflict were de

"One for the marquis !" cried Jean, bringing down his weapon with a sound ing whack. "Two for the count !" cried Pierre,

livered.

making his pan crack like the blow eaver's tail when he dives.

Then they went out into the snowy night, and sat down together on the sill of the stable-door, and laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks. "My faith !" said Jean. "That was

like the ancient time. good wood that strong paddles are made —ch, cousin?" And after that there was a friendship between the two men that could not have been cut with the sharpest in Quebec. III.

A HAPPY ENDING WHICH IS ALSO A BEGINNING.

The plan of going back to St. Gedeon wait for the return of the lawyer, was not carried out. Several o little gods that use their own indiscretion in arranging the pieces on the puzzle map of life, interfered with it.

The first to meddle was that highly irresponsible deity with the bow and arrows, who has no respect for rank or age, but reserves all his attention for

When the camp on the St. Marrice dissolved, Jean went down with Pierre to Three Rivers for a short visit. There was a snug house on a high bank above the river, a couple of miles from the town. A wife and an armful of children gave assurance that the race of La Motte de la Luciere should not die out on this side of the ocean. There was also a little sister in-law, Alma Grenou. If you had seen her you

would not have wondered at what hap-pened. Eyes like a deer, face like a mayllower, voice like the "D" string mayflower, voice like the in a 'cello,—she was the picture of Drammond's girl in "The Habitant:"

"She's a nicer girl on whole Comte, an' jus'
got eighteen year—
Black eye, black hair, and cheek rosee dat's
lak wan Fancuse on de fall;
But don't spik much,—nos of das kin'—I can't
say she love me at all." With her Jean plunged into love. It

was not a gradual approach, like glid-ing down a smooth stream. It was not swift descent, like running a lively rapid. It was a veritable plunge, like going over a chute. He did not know precisely what had happened to him at first; but he knew very scon what to do about it.

The return to Lake St. John was postponed till a more convenient season after the snow had melted and the ice had broken up—probably the lawyer would not make his visit before that. If he arrived sooner, he would come back again; he wanted his money, that was certain. Besides, what was more likely than that he should come also to erre? He had promised to At all events, they would wait at So. At all events, they won.

Three Rivers for a while.

The first week Jean told Alma that

she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She tossed her head and expressed a conviction that he was joking. She suggested that he was in the habit

of saying the same thing to every girl.

The second week he made a long stride in his wooing. He took her out sleighing on the last remnart of very thin and bumpy-and utilized the occasion to put his arm around her waist. She cried "Laisse moi tranquille Jean!" boxed his ears, and said she thought he must be out of his The following Saturday afternoon he

craftily came behind her in the stable as she was miking the cow, and bent her head back and kissed her on the face. She began to cry, and said he had taken an unfair advantage, while her hands were busy. Sae hated him"Well, then," said he, still holding her warm shoulders, "if you hate me, I am going her hand said her her. I am going home to morrow.'

The sobs calmed down quickly. She bent herself forward so that he see the rosy nape of her neck with the curling tendrils of brown hair around it.
"But," she said, "but Jean,—do you love me for sure ?"

After that the path was level, easy, and very quickly travelled. On Sun-day afternoon the priest was notified that his services would be needed for a wedding, the first week in May. Pierre's consent was genial and hilarious. The marriage suited him exactly-it was a family alliance. It made everything move smooth and certain.

The property would be kept together.
But the other little interfering gods had not yet been heard from. One of them, who had special charge of what remained of the soul of the dealer in unclaimed estates, put it into his head to go to Three Rivers first, instead of

another \$50 from Pierre Lamotte dit Theophile, before going on a longer jour sey. Oa his way down from Montreal he stopped in several small towns and slept in beds of various quality.

Another of the little deities (the one that presides are present willages).

villages; that presides over unclean

travelling law Three Rivers. He arrived a at the hotel, fee The next mor he was a resolu he was a resonater his own buggy and dre to Pierre's lawagon stop at to see who it. The man face pale, lip chattering. "Get me or " I am dying. They helpe he immediatel From this he p Pierre took th haste to town

DECEM

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The doctor serious, but h Keep hin ten drops of One of these violent. One him all the ti come back in In the mor yet more g patient caref · I though all be vaccin

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can't send h has the smal That was ding festival end. While arms, they citedly and was the first gin to think up the road years. But water. One end and put some one to be a long jo I am go "it is my prot be left

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