son has not poured all the paison into "I have said," rejoined the king

"the half of Bohemia. Arrest him Hatto, arrest him-" And if he has accomplices ?" The king trembled again; he felt himself surrounded by a legion of men

thirsting for his blood. "Sire," said Father John Nepomu cene, "in the name of heaven do not obey the blind impulse of anger. I cene. know not what man may be dragged before you as the guilty one; but I tremble at the thought of your commiting a new act of violence."

"He who speaks of mercy or delay is

a traitor." Then turning to Hatto, Wenceslaus flercely called: "Show me the wretch who has had the bold-

ness to attempt the life of the king!"

Hatto, raising his arm, placed his hand on the shoulder of Offied. A cry of horror rang through the ban quet ball. Otfried, who hardly under stood the terrible meaning of Hatto's gesture, drew back from the touch of his hand as if he had felt a loatnsome reptile crawling upon him.
"There is the poisoner," said Hatto

again pointing to Offried.
"It is not, it cannot be he," cried

the queen. "The accomplices," demanded the king.

tempted the crime; it is enough."
While Hatto was yet speaking, the pockets of Otfried were searched, and an attendant drew forth from them a carefully sealed packet, which he placed on the table. The physician, placed on the table. The physician, obeying the order of the king, took it up and examined it. "This," said he, is a quick and deadly poison, the same as that which was drunk by the whose corpse was lying before your Majesty.

Justice shall be done," exclaimed the king: "justice swift and full."
Otfried was already bound by variets only too ready to show their zoal in the presence of the king. "Jaller," said Wenceslaus, "this man is yours till the hangman claims him."

Otfried was now awakened to a

sense of his situation, and with a proud and fearless bearing he asserted innocence. "I swear," said he, innocence. am innocent. This wicked deed shall recoil on those that have done At."
"Courage," said the priest; "God

will not suffer you to die the victim of a calumny so wicked."

a calumny so wicked."

Wenceslaus kept his eyes steadily, soarchingly fixed on the queen. Her countence spoke of deep sorrow, but no remorse. Otfried was dragged away by a compaty of solifiers. The corpse of the criminal who had drunk the poison was removed. Wenceslaus gradually became more composed. According as the expression of fear and suspense began to depart from his face, that of ferocity began to settle upon it. The poison had been drunk by another, the poisoner was bound and in prison. He felt the need of banishing of banishing the remembrance of his terror, or rather of becoming so drunk as to forget that he had been so near his death a few moments his death a few moments before. Raising a large silver goblet to his lips, he said to his guests: "Zounds, my lords, you no longer cry. 'The king drinks,' and yet it is the very moment to add, 'Vive le roi.'" In an instant all the cups were re-filled, and the cry, " Vive le roi," rang through the restive room. The queen was the only one that did not drink the pledge. The king notteed this, and his brow grew darker. "Drink, i madam," he said to her, while filling her cup, he

handed it to her himself.

Jane took the cup with a trembling hand, but before she could raise it to her lips, she fell senseless from her seat. Wenceslaus rose to her assist ance, but Hatto, placing himself before him, said: "Your majesty will allow

her maids to attend the queen."

Jane was carried to her apartment. When she recovered a little, she pressed her hands against her forehead, to re she had witnessed Wenceslaus stood near, watching and waiting for her first moment of con-sciousness. The first word she spoke · Offried.

"Offried! is it of him you are think ing ?

"Sire," replied the queen, "you are saved, but he, he is lost!" Dare you distress yourself about e me ?"
should I hide my anxiety for him before

him? him? His father saved the life of the Count of Hainault. Offried is my adopted brother. Offried was blessed by my dying mother-"

Otfried was your betrothed, Jane." Heaven bears me witness that I be came your wife without yearning or regret for the past. If you ask your own heart and your own conscience you also will bear witness to my sincerity and to my devotion to you."
"I am jealous," said Wence laus.
"But have your right to be so?"

One has always a right to suffer-

ing."
"Such suffering does me deep Swear !" said the king. "Swear

by your eternity, swear!"
'I will not swear," replied the queen. 'You accepted my promise at the foot of the altar; it is enough. If your suspicions fall on her who has been given to you as your spouse, and to be the honor of your house, my oaths cannot satisfy you. Ah, Wenceslaus, have I not a right to expect better

treatment?"
The king was moved. His mind was tortured, nevertheless, by the dark suspicion breathed by Hatto. Many circumstances seemed to justify the calumny; besides, "trifles light as air are, to the jealous, confirmation attended jealous, confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

Could the queen ever banish from her mind the thought of her childhood's companion, the friend of her girlhood, the betrothed, the accepted lover from whom she had been torn to become the wife of Wenceslans? The king had no doubt about the guilt of Offried; and the more he thought of his guilt the more inclined he became to believe the queen guilty. It would have been so easy for her, if Wenceslaus were dead, to make a powerful party for herself. She was loved in Bohemia, Her virtues

made her popular; her youth, her beauty, and other qualities, which won her a crowd of enthusiastic followers, would enable her to make her frierds and followers of Otfried. At a time when elections quickly followed one another with a strange facility, it might happen that Offried, the son of Not berg, once a page, now little more than an adventurer, might aspire even to a diadem. In times past soldiers sudden ly and successfully made themselves

kings; why not again? Quickly as a vision, scenes, troub lous and changing, passed through the mind of the king. It entered into his mind, in a vague waythat the queen might have had some share in the attempted crime. It was this suspicion which had caused him to rush into the queen's chamber, that he might catch the first words that fell from her lips when she recovered from her swoon. But as he gazed on her fair open countenance, her eyes beaming with unsullied can dor, he felt speak within him again the voice which so often spoke to him with a heavenly eloquence, of virtue, of char ity, and of everything great and noble and his troubled soul grew calmer. His doubts were lifted from his mind, as dark loathsome vapors are borne away by the rising wind. He asked himself how was it possible he could have suspected that one so good, so gentle as the queen could have any part in the attempt made upon his life.

These thoughts were followed by arker ones. The hissing voice of Hitto again grated on the ear of the king. "Whom could Officed's crime serve? The queen! She might be come a widow in order to give her hand to the companion of her youth, and her accepted lover before she became

Thus fear, trust, and rage by turns held sway in the heart of Wence laus. He was a changed man. The fruit of Jane's prayers, care, and ceaseless efforts to improve him, was lost. The sweetness of the flueen had for a while tamed him, and made him human - like. The King of Bohemia redeemed the excesses of Wenceslaus. The charm was at last broken. The queen had been suspected. She had lost her power with the king. Hatto was reinstated in his former place in the king's favor. Her danger, her anxiety, and suffering, cast the queen into high fever. The king's tenderness for her was rekindled. He sent for a physician; he besought him to save her. He sent a page to tell Father John Nepomucene to watch and pray all night for her recovery, before the tabernacle in the church. The illthe tabernacle in the church ness of the queen wrung his heart with grief.

The danger of her death lasted eight days. More than once Hatto strove to speak to the king without success. Wencesiaus was so taken up with the danger in which the queen lay, that even Otfried was forgotten. But when the danger had passed, and the queen's life was spared, all his rage against the accused Otfried returned. Hatto no longer found it hard to obtain speech with the king. He was sent for to arrange what kind of punishment Offried should undergo, and to fix the day of his death.

"The punishment," said Hatto, "should be proportioned to the fault. Offried should be dragged to pieces by wild horses. He should die before the eyes of the whole court. On the spot where the execution takes place let there be a platform raised for the king, the queen, and the great men of the singdom The crime was public, so should be its atonement : and if any unknown accomplice hides in the crow he will learn that nothing can escape the vengeance of heaven, and the devo-tion which watches round the person of the king.

"You are right, Hatto; yes, you are right," cried Wenceslaus.

"Besides," continued the guilty adviser, "who knows but Ottried, seeing himself about to undergo terrible pun ishment, may confess everything in order to obtain an easier death ?

"Let everything be got ready," cried the king, in a deep voice. Will the queen be a e to bear a sight in her present weakness?'

asked the heartless villain "She shall bear it, replied Wences laus. The king and the favorite then separated; the king to seek the queen the favorite to give orders for the man ner and the hour of Otfried's death Wenceslaus found the queen in the ora tory. She had hung therein the tusk of the wild boar as a boly reminder of the gratitude she owed to the son of Notberg. While she remained on her knees, beseeching God to make known the inuocence of the young man, whose cause she could not plead, and whose pardon she could not ask, for she feared that to ask mercy or grace for him would only hasten his death, the simple gift of the adopted child of Isabella caught her eye. Again in her inmost heart rang the words, "A life for a life!' At this moment she felt crushed by the remembrance of the obligations which the tusk recalled and by her powerlessness to fulfil them. But soon the strength of her soul lifted her above this passing weakness. She vowed she would save the child of Notberg, and when Wenceslaus came in, her soul was grapt in the noble resolution she had formed. Thenceforth she could hear, she could bear everything. Unmoved she heard the execution of Offied was to take place on the morrow, and that she herself was to witness the death of him she had vowed to defend and to save He face was calm as the face of a slum bering child. She told Wenceslans ab would obey his commands. Surprised at her calmness, Wenceslaus fell back into a state of uncertain y, and as he withdraw he asked himse!f whether the queen was one of the holiest or worst women that ever lived.

TO BE CONTINUED.

God does not require that our work shall succeed, or even that we shall complete it. He only asks us to labor One who dies leaving his task unfin ished is as far advanced in the eyes of leisure to complete his work entirely. - Golden Sands.

SWEET "SAINT" VALERIE

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

She was walking on the levee rapt expression on her face. There was a small based on her arm, which would have shown the initiated that she was returning from an errand

mercy.
She was quite unconscious of the admiring glances that followed her, for her thoughts were occupied with things far away from that autumn after aoon. There was a spiritual beauty her deep eyes, which was suggestive some cloistered nu praying in a dim old chapel beyond the sea. Her black dress and the black veil she wore gave

still greater force to the idea.

They called her "Sweet Saint Valerie" for miles around the plantation. To minister to others in sickness or i

orrow was her natural vocation.

Now she held the threads of many lives in her hand, and she was trying to understand what to do with them.

To maidens who can regard love as pretty plain sailing Valerie's question never comes. They can say on the leaves of an imaginary dalay, "I love him, or I love him not," and decide the matter on the evidence of their own hearts. To her the question marriage at present meant the welfar of all of her immediate family, an financial complications without number. On the reverse side of the situa tion was her own self sacrifice. Oh, she could only pray them all into con fort and peace of mind-if long fas and weary vigils would preserve the old plantation! If sackeloth and scourgings would but pay off mortgage

and oil commercial wheels!

Orange flowers and bridal veil seem ed to be a more reliable medium, while Northern capital was ready to flow in healing streams at the sound of the wedding march.

There is generally a practical strain in very good women. St. Toress, fairest and most spiritual of Catholic mystics, had a strong talent for or ganization, and Valerie possessed a clear comprehension of all the worldly details. details about her. Was it sin to we a man s'e did not love for the benefit of those she did? Her handsome un practical old father, with the traditions of a different civilization about him, rose in her mind. She saw him sitting in the stately library he be called upon to leave — her brothers compelled to give up their education and seek uncongenial, ill-paid work — her sister no longer the little lady of the manor, but a household drudge

She set her sweet lips at the bare suggestion. For herself she might face an unknown future rather than loveless marriage-but for them !

The lamps were lighted before she reached home, and she stole around to the side to see if her father was in the library. She saw him sitting by the table—his gray beard buried in his hands. The sight struck her with a sharp pang. It was in her power to raise that head, to bring back gladness to the gentle face.
"Oh, dear God!" she murmured, "if

this be sin, forgive me?'

The New Year's ball in New Orleans at Mme. de Hamers' was especially

brilliant that year.
Several people remarked that there was a weary look on Valerie's levely face, and that the lilies of the valle at her heart were visibly drooping. She had glaced towards the principal entrance several times rather nervously. One short week ago she had men-tally made her choice. To-night she was to ratify that decision, to give her delicate hand, blue-veined with the blood of old nobility, into the clasp of Mammon. She was not a woman to do anything by halves, and the qualities which had earned the title of Sweet Saint Valerie were alive and awake to

follow her into a new career. Marechal Beaumanoir, who was on her neighbors at home, approached Valerie. He was a thorough represen of what good birth and culture can do for a man. He had grasped the principles of "New Old South," and was trying to make a business su inclination. If there was a suggestion of malice in his sunny nature, it was directed toward that praiseworthy and successful class called "self made men." He had a faint idea it would be pleasant He had a faint idea it would be pleasant to make love to Valerie, but he also realized distinctly that it would be unwise. He had come down to New Orleans, whither he had gone for a visit, with the hope of monopolizing her at this New Year's ball. As he

saw her glance towards the door, he said: "By the bye, does not our friend, the New Hampshire millionaire return this evening? He spent the greater part of the day here, according to all

Valerie blushed hotly, but said pleas

"He did stay for several hours, but I believe he began to talk business with M. de Hamers and forgot the time." "Poor wretch," commented Mare "Poor wretch," commented Mare chal. "Why will men of that class attempt to go into society? They cannot lay the ghost of their trade for half

This specimen is more prean hour. of his kind, but his early association are always apparent. Can't you pic ture him doing the "chores" on th mountain farm and regaling himself the dawning with the omnipresent pie

Before he had finished speaking object of his remarks appeared. Hyms Guinn was certainly presentable, by he lacked all the graces which di-tinguished Marechal. Guinn was no very tall, but sturdily built, and I carried his weight with a certain nity. His eyes were blue gray, h hair and moustache were very forming a striking contrast to the dark

nonchalant beauty of Marechal. For a moment Valerie compared then bitterly—the man she might have chosen and the man she was to choose Then she called up a smile of welcome for the stranger, and held out her hand. Later in the evening he was saying

arnestly to Valerie: "Oh, yes, we will pay off the mort-gage on the plantation, and your father can imagine that he may pay me back

most of the time, as you know, so we will live here, and things will be comfort-able for all. But, Valerie"—his voice softened as he left the too familiar paths of business for the unfrequented highroad of courtship—"I do not want you to marry me unless you can love me a little. My people were good and honest and homely, but we are not as you are. Perhaps I love you so because you are a princess to me, a beautiful, dainty thing I can worship always, Yet I am proud, my dear, for all this, and I would not take you with an unloving heart. If you do not care for me, we should both be miserable."

Valerie hesitated, and suddenly, as Valerie nestated, and state of the clock struck twelve, the bells rang out a wild peal. The words of "In Memoriam" finated into the girl's con-

The year is dylng in the night; Ring out wild bells, let him die.

They were chiming out her youth her hope, her maidenhood as well. They were chiming out the unstained truth by which, up to this time, she

had guided her actions.
"Can you love me, Valerie," he said; "love me well enough to marry me, and well enough to be happy?"

Ring out the old, ring in the new.

In the midst of her contending emo tions she felt g'ad that he was unwil-ling to make his marriage mere ex change and barter. It would be wel to respect him at last.

Ring out the false, ring in the true. The notes turned her. "Ring in the false, ring out the true!" they seemed

He looked at her as she sat with

her hands clasped in her lap. "But my answer, Valerie?"

If it must be done, let it be done ompletely. She would keep all the completely. She would keep all the blame and hypocrisy to herself. She would spare the weak old man, who had given her love, from the tempta tion of accepting the sale, knowing it to be such. In the darkness of the days to be she could console herself by feeling that they would both have refused to accept such a sacrifice. They must not dream it was a sacrifice. At last she raised her eyes and said

very steadily :
"I do care for you, and I feel that I

Mr. Guinn had a vigorous understanding, however, and after fitteen months of married life he had struck the plumb line into Valerie's conscious ness. He read between the lines of her graceful and patient life, and could ot but feel a business man's respect for the completeness with which she had kept her word.
"Poor girl!" he thought. "She has

taken up her notes as they became due. It would be no good to let her see that know she is paying them in counter

He felt great sympathy for her, and treated her with a chivalry which men of gentler rearing might have copied. He would not have married her had he known that she brought him no love. Had her motive been a personally mercenary one he would not have forgiven her afterward. Now he simply did what he could to make it

easier for her.

They spent most of their time in New Orlean, and Valerie's family found her married home a pleasant one. Mr. Guinn never obtruded his plebeian ways upon others. When he was sc-cially at a loss what to do, he simply

did nothing. His earliest education had been the plainest kind; literature and art were sealed books for him. He had no time in the stirring days of his earlier manhood for such things; the conditions surrounding him had not called

One evening in the second winter of their marriage he came home earlier than usual. Valerie had been revolving a project in her mind all day. She would educate him in the higher branches without his knowledge; she would so disguise the tuition part that ould have She thought to herself gratefully that men of his kind were easily satisfied and deceived. He was so content with her semblance of devotion, so good and so reasonable. She had rather feared that he was of the demonstratively affectionate kind, but she was surprised by finding that he showed his Northern temperament in a certain coldness of manner and reticence of

On the evening before alluded to she dressed herself with particular care. Her gown was tinted with ashen pink and gave a sort of floating, cloud-like effect to her figure. At 8 o'clock she roached the subject to him.

"I have just received some new books on American literature. Hymar. I ordered them for paps, you know. remember you once said you always go to sleep when you read a novel, but I thought perhaps you might lie com-fortably on the sofa and listen while I read alond."

spoke with elaborate coolness.

but her object was quite apparent to the practical man beside her. "So she wants to cultivate me," he said to husself. "It is beginning to be hard to be mated with what she calls ignorance." Aloud he said, with a ignorance." Aloud he said, with a faint scorn she did not catch, "Why, certainly, my dear child. I shall be

She read for half an hour, glancing furtively at the pretty French clock. Then she remarked with a naivette uite charming:
"Do you think you can remember

that much, Hymar? He sat up on the sofa, and for a second that keen light eyes shot out a glance that startled her.

I have to keep in my mind all the fluctuations of a complex market," he said. "I must daily remember more details than all your authors put together would write up in a year. You eed not begin by slow stages.

Affer that she read every night, but gradually it was he that directed the subjects and regulated the time. He drew out from what she knew out-side the printed page, and assimilated wonder as the swift burning of the

train she had fired berself.
In January the first break came in e even tenor of their daily existence Hymar brought home a telegram. His father was very ill in the old New Hampshire farmhouse, and might not live to see his son. "I'll start within live to see his son. "I'll start within the hour," said Hymar.
"I will be ready," she answered.
This sorrow and sickness came like an echo from that maiden past, when

people had called her "Sweet Sain "What do you mea ?" he asked.

"Surely you do not mean to go int the White Mountains in January? I-

the White Mountains in January? I—
I—do not think, for other reasons, you
would care to go."

For a moment the old life came to
him—the loving, rustic people of his
youth, his plain, unlettered home. He
thought of his father, lying perhaps at
the point of death, and his mother,
with an apron over her head, weepin
in a corner. His stalwart brothers and
sisters—he could see them too bowed sisters—he could see them, too, bowed with the dignity of a greater grief. And without, far and near, the solemn mantle of New England snow.

For a moment his heart turned from the delicate lady he had wedded, and her eyes had no appeal or him. Her soul sank suddenly. Had she failed? In the hour of his trouble an artifical

ve had no power to comfort him. She said no more, but made her preparations to accompany him. He made another protest, but she cried pite-

"I am your wife. I have a right to

be with you and your people in trouble. I am such a good nurse. Let me do my duty, Hymar." All through the journey, these words came back to him. Por Saint Valerie!
Yes, in mercy to her, he must let her

do her duty.

A great surprise awaited him in New
Hampshire. His wife, his dainty
Southern princess, came into his
stricken household like an angel of light. She nursed the old man, who they found hovering between life and death; she encouraged his mother, and soon the family regarded her as one

themselves. A week passed by. His father rallied; the docsor gave them hope, and the patient looked with strange under-

standing at this new daughter-in-law.
They all took her quite simply.
"Hymar done well," said his elder brother, emphatically. "She has considerable faculty and no airs. We heard a year ago that her and him put on toler ble style, and that Hymar, 'long of his wire, had given up all his nat'ral ways. 'Pears like Hymar's got

on more style than what she has."

On the tenth day Hymar sat alone in the dining-room. Valerie entered noiselessly. "Father is better," she noiselessly. "Father is bet said: "he wants to see you."

"Did you say my father was better?" he asked, with a slight accent on the possessive prononn. "Oar father, Hymar. Surely what is

yours is mine." Her face was very beautiful as she spoke, but her words sent no warmth to his heart. Neither did the subsequent words bring him joy, when through his father's period of convalescence he saw his whole family cluster around her

in a familiar love and admiration. She was doing all this, he said bitterly to himself, as a Sister of Charity might have done. Once he overheard his father talking to his mother in the

high, querulous voice of old age:

"I hav got to love that girl better'n
anybody'd suppose; but she sets more
store by Hymar'n he do by her."

Yes," said his mother: " her eves is always a followin' of him round. He's perlite, but he don't seem in no

ways lovin'. "I hev been thinking," said the old man, "that perhaps his money's gone the wrong way with Hymar — that p'raps, now he's so high up in the world, he wishes he'd hev married different—not a pretty, hard-working girl like Val'rie, one of our sort, calling us father and mother, but a fashionable lady, with fine clothes and high and mighty airs.

Her husband thought of her as he had seen her at a ball only a month ago, resplendent in diamonds and rosecolored velvet.

He heard his mother repeat once

more, like the sad refrain of an old song:
"No, Hymar don't love her like she
loves him," and he felt more desolate than ever before in his life.

Mr. Guinn passed the spring sadly. He was prosperous in all things, and his lovely wife came back with him from New Hampshire benefitted instead of blighted by the cold. In good truth he was growing weary of the perpetual deception which surrounded him. It was dreary, he thought, to watch a beautiful and virtuous woman acting a part. He applied himself more eagerly to the evening readings, and soon showed Valerie what a heavy-weight showed Valerie what a heavy-weight masculine intellect could do in a short

time. Perhaps he had discovered a danger ous solace for the pain at his heart in the use of his mind.

It was during the spring that they went to the old plantation for a shor visit. Marechal Beaumanoir had always

taken the exchange and barter view of Valerie's marriage, and had tried in several little French ways to console her. When she returned from New Hampshire her busyant spirits had dis He had hoped that a nearer view of the family into she had married would bring the whole hideous thing home to her.
"The maternal ple must have agreed

with her," he said basely; but to do him justice, he felt ashamed of the h afterward.

"There has been high water for some time,' said the father, standing on the reranda and speaking to Hymar Guinn.
If you are determined to return to New Orleans to-night, you had better

go down by the boat."
"First," said Hymar, I must ride over to see Mr. Beaumanoir—he wants to consult me on business." Valerie watched him as he drove

away, and her father, gazing at her, said: some day. That will please him and hurt side the printed page, and assimilated nobody. I will have to be in New Ocleans it. She was filled with a kind of dim were led by your heart to understand Boston Pilot.

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and love that man. I used to wonder at your devotion once, but now I see he was worthy of it from the beginning."

And Valerie said to herself that friendship and esteem were the best unrantee of happiness in married life, and that the romantic love of youth was a most undesirable dream.

"Try to keep the news of the crevasse from Miss Valerie," her father said to the servants next day, as he set out from the eastern end of the planta-tion. "I hope that Mr. Guinn has escaped it entirely by remaining at the Beaumanoir — that there is great

Two hours later she learned it. Her father had gone to see if he would hear any news of this husband whom she had told herself a thousand times she did not love. All at once, with a wild and sudden anguish she realized that life without him was a blank. At the idea that she might have seen him for the last time all her courage and self-con-

trol deserted her.

A mingling of remorse and despair A mingling of remorse and despair drove her frantic. He had been her one thought, one care for five years. He had been all her own, and she had not known that she had loved him. The frightened servants gathered around her. Her sister and younger brothers stood aghast at the sight of Valerie in extremity of woe. She had been the prop of them all—calm and gentle in emergencies, forgetting herself to aid others. Now she thought only of herself.

That he might have escaped she did not dare to hope. He was dead; such

was her punishment. She rushed out in the storm, and they ollowed her as best they could. She went in the direction of the Beaumanoir

plantation.

Her sister pleaded in vain: "You will kill yourself, Valerie, It is quite in vain; papa will bring us news."
"What can you know, Marion? You have no husband. Let me be—let me be! I will find him."

Valerie's father had the satisfaction of discovering Mr. Guinn safe at Beaumanoir plantation. He explained that he feared his son-in-law might have gone on and been caught in the water

flood further down. "I let Valerie know nothing of it." said her father. "She would have been quite beside herself. She has such an

fectionate heart."
"Valerie is very self-contained," replied her husband; she is always cool. He thought bitterly that the creva-se might have done his lovely wife a good turn by sweeping him away. He could picture her in her decorous

and becoming widow's weeds.
"Yes," to said again, sighing; "I have never seen her lose her self con-The three men stepped out upon the

veranda, just as a breathless and dis-heveled woman made her way towards the house. Valerie never knew after wards what she said or what she did, except that she found herself in her husband s arms. Valerie, weeping distracted, with her hair down and her self-control torn to shreds, was a new Valerie to him. Marechal and his father took it as a matter of course. Any wife is allowed to be as hysterical as she pleases when she finds her consort saved from sudden death.

It was with blank astonishment, how ever, that Hymar beheld her first; then in her broken sentences he found the clue. Just as he knew before that she did not love him, so he knew now that she did. Only an emotion swamping all personality could have reduced her to that abject state.

So he confronted her, feeling again the lover of that distant New Year's night, taking the goods Provi-dence had brought to him without much question as yet.

As the days and weeks went by he concluded never to question. The love had come as a reward for her unflinchng solf-sacrifice. He would not trouble her by letting her guess the cruel pain which had blotted those years for him. Once she said to him, as she sat with her head on his shoulder and his arm

around her: around her:
"You seem now as I thought you would be before we married, Hymar—demonstrative and loving. You used to be so gentle, but a little cold, you

She puzzled long over the answer, and wondered if he could have guessed

the old sad truth,
"Would you have welcomed my love then as you do now? Let us thank God. Sweet Saint Valerie, let us be thankful that you have kept your white saint's soul, and yet added the warm eart to make you perfect .-