

rible snores had long since induced the god to resign his office to some luckless inferior deity. A lamp flared on the table, and the "Chevalier von Faublas" lay on the floor. Glauroth sat up as we shook him, making a noise like a hydraulic organ, and vehemently declared that he had not slept a moment. I expressed my entire belief in the assertion, and begged him to resign his couch to me. Ten minutes after, having hastily explained the state of affairs and sent him away, refusing all offers of assistance, I stretched myself upon the soft cushions with a feeling of intense gratitude to my Creator.

CHAPTER VI.

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

Spite of the pain still caused by my wound, I soon fell into a refreshing slumber—a repose so deep that the day was already far advanced when I awoke the following morning. Indeed it could scarcely be called morning, for the clock was already near the stroke of noon. At first I could scarcely remember what had happened, where I was, and whether it was some illusive vision or Mlle. Blanche herself who sat on a sofa opposite me leaning over a book, and now rose, pulled a bell-rope in one corner of the room, and then approaching my bed, sat down in a chair beside it.

"Is it you?" I asked, gazing at her in bewilderment.

"How do you feel?" she exclaimed, with evident agitation. "Thank God that you are awake—now your wound can be dressed. I would not allow you to be disturbed, and then I became very anxious because you slept so long."

Before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to answer her—for did I know myself how I felt at that moment!—the abbé and Friedrich entered.

"Allow me to examine your wound," said the priest, "I am a sort of doctor, or rather surgeon; I hope I shall be able to do whatever is necessary until our family physician arrives; he will probably visit Madame Kuhn to-morrow—he is obliged to come all the way from Noroy, and it is difficult to send for him."

Mlle. Blanche left the room, and the abbé with tolerably skilful hands removed the bandages from the wound; Friedrich brought water and fresh linen bands, which had already been prepared, and I submitted to the dressing in silence.

"I do not think there is any danger," said the abbé; "it is a mere flesh wound, which will soon heal; the loss of blood has probably exhausted you."

"The loss of blood or the walk," I answered, "or both together; at any rate I feel as if it would make me very happy to be allowed to lie here without stirring a finger for the next four and twenty hours."

"That you can certainly do," answered the abbé, washing the wound; then applied lint to it, and replaced the bandage.

"Can you move your arm?" he asked when he had finished.

I raised it; a violent pain shot through the muscles, but did not impede the motion.

Mlle. Blanche returned and took her seat in the chair she had previously occupied.

"I will be your nurse," said she, with a strange, cold precision in her tones. "Your servant has told me everything that happened after you left Colomier. I am to blame for this mischance, and I will show you how deeply I regret it, how eagerly I will do everything in my power to make amends and soften the consequences."

"And if you are not to blame?" I asked, slowly collecting my thoughts.

"What do you mean?"

"Would you then—supposing I needed a woman's care—offer it with the same kindness?"

She looked at me without speaking.

"You understand," I continued, smiling, after a long pause, "that these attentions will make me very happy; but if you tell me that only the consciousness of being to blame for my mischance, only the desire to make amends for it, leads you to perform these acts of self-denial, I reply—I thank you, but the whole affair is by no means so serious as you suppose, and I shall get up immediately to prove to you that I really do not require such self-sacrificing care, that you are not 'to blame,' and need not lay so much stress upon the accident that has befallen me."

She still gazed at me in silence, then said at last, as if suddenly awaking from a reverie, "I do not understand you; it is very unkind to say—"

"I merely mean that I would rather have a proof of your kindness than a proof of your conscientiousness. But enough of that; I do not understand how you can consider yourself to blame for my misfortune."

She looked earnestly at me, and then replied:

"Now you are not speaking frankly. Your heart is filled with a base, wicked suspicion—yet no, it is a suspicion which is only too natural! You are convinced that we sought to lead you into an ambush. I have learned from your servant's statements that the supposition that we had previously made our arrangements to pass the night at Colomier startled you, and induced you to go away by stealth. Does not that sufficiently prove your distrust?"

Friedrich had gone away some time before with the bandages and other articles no longer needed, so I could not summon him as a witness

that Blanche was in error; the abbé had also left the room to order the servants to bring me some food; we were alone.

"I went away because it was my duty not to remain absent from my post during the night," I replied; simply and wholly for that reason."

"Is that really so?" she exclaimed with singular eagerness. "Was that the true reason?"

"Certainly—can you doubt it?"

"I always doubt a man's making any great exertion merely from a sense of duty, when he has so many reasons or pretexts for disowning its necessity."

"Then you have no great respect for a man's sense of duty?"

"No," she replied, coldly.

"And yet it was the only thing that induced me to tear myself away last night from a place which, believe me, had a strange charm for me, and compelled me to relinquish the pleasure of driving home with you to-day."

"Then I thank you!" she exclaimed, eagerly, holding out her hand to me as if involuntarily; "I thank you, and will even frankly confess that I was glad."

"Glad I why?"

"Because you were more resolute than I supposed yesterday, when I found you so yielding."

"But if I now entirely acquit you of all blame, does that relieve you from the duty of taking care of me, and assuming the rôle of a Sister of Charity in my behalf?"

"You appear to endeavour to make it difficult for me to do so."

"No, certainly not! I need not tell you how happy it would make me if you would remain with me; not as a mere matter of duty."

"Ah!" she interrupted gaily, as if to hastily cut short my assurances upon that point, "we women are always expected to do more than our duty, but it is asking a great deal to request me to give you a proof of the fact."

"You are right, a stranger, an 'enemy,' does not deserve so much from you. The man for whom you would do that must be grand, extraordinary, far beyond the usual—"

"He must be an extraordinary person, a man who knows how to conquer and rule his passions."

"With the exception of his love for you?"

She looked at me as if to reprove the jesting tone in which I had spoken, and answered coldly:

"No, he must also be able to rule his love for me with unshaken firmness, and have the strength to crush it, should reason or duty demand the sacrifice."

"Then I know what boon I must desire—an opportunity of appearing before you as a sort of Hercules, who destroys the Lernaean Hydra of his love, or a beast tamer who tames the tiger of his useless longings under foot!"

"I spoke more seriously than you seem to believe."

"And there is more deep feeling in my soul than my words betray, Blanche," I replied, looking steadily into her eyes.

She glanced at me as if startled by the familiar title, and then hastily turned away, saying:

"I must explain the cause of the sudden attack of which you became the victim. I heard all the particulars at daybreak this morning, from the farm-people at Colomier. The sight of your uniforms created a great excitement in the haulet through which we passed, and the inhabitants collected together in the tavern at nightfall to discuss the affair; while there, their brains became so heated by our fiery wine and the influence of the conversation, that words were no longer sufficient, their agitation must find vent in deeds—and the act decided upon was a general arming and march to Colomier to ascertain what had become of the Prussians who had not returned through the village, what they were doing, and whether they had not murdered or run away with the abbé and myself, who had been seen in their company. A party of a dozen or more young men set out, armed with the guns which have been divided among the people, to march through the darkness to Colomier. About ten minutes walk from the estates, they met our farmer, who was just returning home, and it was with great difficulty he succeeded in repressing their warlike zeal and making them understand that the Prussian soldiers were our guests, and were spending the night beneath our roof on the most friendly terms. He begged them to return home quietly, threatened them with the unfortunate consequences that would ensue if they injured the foreign soldiers, and at last succeeded in persuading them to go back. On reaching the hamlet they must have gone directly to the tavern, and unfortunately caught sight of you as you passed through the village. I need not describe my terror when the farmer told me the whole story early this morning. He did not know what had become of you, so my cousin and I hurried back to the chateau as fast as possible."

"On our arrival," she continued, "we went at once to your servant, who could at least give us the assurance that you had reached here alive—but the anxiety about your wound and your feelings towards us still remained."

"I ought to be grateful to you for this anxiety," I replied, "and indeed I should be in my inmost soul, if it were not for that last supposition. It is terribly exasperating to me."

"Good Heavens! it would have been so natural for you to suspect—"

"No; suspicion, distrust, belief in such atrocious malice, would be the most unnatural feeling imaginable for my heart to entertain towards you. Do you not feel it? You must have

been very blind, very deaf, if you have not perceived that it would be impossible!"

I pronounced the words very decidedly, I fear almost angrily; at least she answered, laughing.

"And does that annoy you so much? If I were blind and deaf, surely it were only so much the worse for me, since I suffered unnecessary anxiety, and it is very ungrateful to reproach me, because the thought that you had misjudged me was a painful one."

"And yet it does annoy me horribly that you should have such an idea. There are some feelings which have their own logic."

Again a faint colour tinged her cheek, but she was spared an answer by Glauroth's entrance. He had heard from Friedrich that I was awake and had had my wound dressed, and now came in person to convince himself that I was well cared for. Blanche took advantage of the opportunity and left the room in silence.

I was obliged to relate my adventures once more to Glauroth, although he had heard the story from Friedrich long ago, but I cut short his conjectures, many of which contained the suspicion which Mlle. Blanche attributed to me, by asking him what had happened the day before. He assured me that he had not left his post in my room, and had ordered his supper brought to him there; the gardener, who served it, afterwards entered the apartment several times on various pretexts; at last he returned between nine and ten o'clock with a chambermaid, who began to arrange the furniture and sweep the room, evidently with the intention of compelling Glauroth to leave the apartment. The gardener informed him that as I might now return at any moment, the room must be swept and dusted and the bed made, which they had been unable to do before because Glauroth had remained there all day; my substitute then, as he said, nodded to them very pleasantly, but in spite of the terrible noise and dust made by both servants, did not leave the room.

"It was plain enough that they wanted to drive me out," said Glauroth, "but I did not yield."

"Virtuous man!" I exclaimed. "And the Chevalier von Faublas?"

"Capital," he answered, "capital! The idea of puzzling our brains at school for years over Cicero's Orations and Xenophon's Anabasis, when there are such books in the world!"

Glauroth expatiated at great length upon the delightful task I had given him, and then went on to express the anxiety he had felt on my behalf—which, however, had not prevented him from falling fast asleep—the caution which we must observe towards our hosts, and the problem their evident desire to detain me at Colomier and induce him to leave my apartments, offered for our solution. I sought as much as possible to introduce other subjects of conversation, and described our drive and the appearance of Colomier; it was painful to me to listen to the distrustful jeering manner in which he alluded to our hosts, but I could not endure to hear him mention Blanche; every time he pronounced her name wounded me afresh.

And yet I was not wholly free from suspicion myself. I knew that she was entirely innocent of the accident that had befallen me, but for all that it was evident that there was some mystery about my rooms, that they had sought to detain Friedrich and myself all night, and that the proposed excursion to Colomier was no mere friendly attention, but had a definite object. True, the chamber in the rear probably contained nothing more than a quantity of new weapons placed there by the flying Franciscans whom we had driven before us, and who now naturally desired to obtain them behind our backs. I had thought this before, and would now have sworn to it! It was certainly very foolish to be so much annoyed by Glauroth's suspicions!

But now there was another fancy which secretly stung and tortured me, and although it was a very base suspicion, I could not shake it off. I had with a soldier's boldness—with a sort of insolent audacity called forth by a military life—allowed Blanche to see plainly the impression she had made upon my heart; she had received these frank acknowledgments with great kindness. But I now asked myself, "Is that only a part of the game which they are trying to play with me? Will this cordiality and kindness be succeeded by a scornful rejection of my suit when their object is attained?"

At all events I would have a clear understanding of the matter, and was all the more determined to do so to escape from a suspicion which, being utterly foreign to my nature, caused me inexpressible torture. But had I not reason to feel its pangs redoubled when a few hours after, to my great surprise, Blanche again entered my apartment? My behaviour that morning had certainly not made it more easy for her to return. And yet she came.

"I have come to ascertain whether you are well cared for and have everything you need," said she; "or, to be perfectly frank, to learn whether you are feverish or not."

"If you will feel my pulse I think you will be perfectly assured that there is no fever about me," I replied.

"I don't understand how to feel a pulse," she answered, "but it greatly relieves my anxiety to know that you are free from it so far; I hope you will now escape entirely."

"I am very glad also," said I, "because I have a certainty of being able to rise to-morrow, and seek for the opportunity of which we were speaking this morning."

"What opportunity?"

"The opportunity of appearing before you in the rôle of a moral Hercules."

been very blind, very deaf, if you have not perceived that it would be impossible!"

I pronounced the words very decidedly, I fear almost angrily; at least she answered, laughing.

"And does that annoy you so much? If I were blind and deaf, surely it were only so much the worse for me, since I suffered unnecessary anxiety, and it is very ungrateful to reproach me, because the thought that you had misjudged me was a painful one."

"And yet it does annoy me horribly that you should have such an idea. There are some feelings which have their own logic."

Again a faint colour tinged her cheek, but she was spared an answer by Glauroth's entrance.

He had heard from Friedrich that I was awake and had had my wound dressed, and now came in person to convince himself that I was well cared for. Blanche took advantage of the opportunity and left the room in silence.

I was obliged to relate my adventures once more to Glauroth, although he had heard the story from Friedrich long ago, but I cut short his conjectures, many of which contained the suspicion which Mlle. Blanche attributed to me, by asking him what had happened the day before. He assured me that he had not left his post in my room, and had ordered his supper brought to him there; the gardener, who served it, afterwards entered the apartment several times on various pretexts; at last he returned between nine and ten o'clock with a chambermaid, who began to arrange the furniture and sweep the room, evidently with the intention of compelling Glauroth to leave the apartment.

The gardener informed him that as I might now return at any moment, the room must be swept and dusted and the bed made, which they had been unable to do before because Glauroth had remained there all day; my substitute then, as he said, nodded to them very pleasantly, but in spite of the terrible noise and dust made by both servants, did not leave the room.

"It was plain enough that they wanted to drive me out," said Glauroth, "but I did not yield."

"Virtuous man!" I exclaimed. "And the Chevalier von Faublas?"

"Capital," he answered, "capital! The idea of puzzling our brains at school for years over Cicero's Orations and Xenophon's Anabasis, when there are such books in the world!"

Glauroth expatiated at great length upon the delightful task I had given him, and then went on to express the anxiety he had felt on my behalf—which, however, had not prevented him from falling fast asleep—the caution which we must observe towards our hosts, and the problem their evident desire to detain me at Colomier and induce him to leave my apartments, offered for our solution. I sought as much as possible to introduce other subjects of conversation, and described our drive and the appearance of Colomier; it was painful to me to listen to the distrustful jeering manner in which he alluded to our hosts, but I could not endure to hear him mention Blanche; every time he pronounced her name wounded me afresh.

And yet I was not wholly free from suspicion myself. I knew that she was entirely innocent of the accident that had befallen me, but for all that it was evident that there was some mystery about my rooms, that they had sought to detain Friedrich and myself all night, and that the proposed excursion to Colomier was no mere friendly attention, but had a definite object. True, the chamber in the rear probably contained nothing more than a quantity of new weapons placed there by the flying Franciscans whom we had driven before us, and who now naturally desired to obtain them behind our backs. I had thought this before, and would now have sworn to it! It was certainly very foolish to be so much annoyed by Glauroth's suspicions!

But now there was another fancy which secretly stung and tortured me, and although it was a very base suspicion, I could not shake it off. I had with a soldier's boldness—with a sort of insolent audacity called forth by a military life—allowed Blanche to see plainly the impression she had made upon my heart; she had received these frank acknowledgments with great kindness. But I now asked myself, "Is that only a part of the game which they are trying to play with me? Will this cordiality and kindness be succeeded by a scornful rejection of my suit when their object is attained?"

At all events I would have a clear understanding of the matter, and was all the more determined to do so to escape from a suspicion which, being utterly foreign to my nature, caused me inexpressible torture. But had I not reason to feel its pangs redoubled when a few hours after, to my great surprise, Blanche again entered my apartment? My behaviour that morning had certainly not made it more easy for her to return. And yet she came.

"I have come to ascertain whether you are well cared for and have everything you need," said she; "or, to be perfectly frank, to learn whether you are feverish or not."

"If you will feel my pulse I think you will be perfectly assured that there is no fever about me," I replied.

"I don't understand how to feel a pulse," she answered, "but it greatly relieves my anxiety to know that you are free from it so far; I hope you will now escape entirely."

"I am very glad also," said I, "because I have a certainty of being able to rise to-morrow, and seek for the opportunity of which we were speaking this morning."

"What opportunity?"

"The opportunity of appearing before you in the rôle of a moral Hercules."

"You are jesting," she answered, "and evidently imagine that I am holding some overstrained and romantic idea, such as often governs the fancies of young girls. You are wrong. The feeling I acknowledged to you is deep and sacred—earnest, I may say painfully earnest, for it was taught me by a harsh lesson."

"A harsh lesson?"

Blanche had again taken the chair at my bedside; after a long pause she said:

"Why should I not tell you? You will then see that your jest wronged me. About a year before my father died he betrothed me to his partner's son. You know it is more the custom in France than in Germany to question hearts less than interest in such alliances."

"You are betrothed, Blanche!" I cried in terror. "You were! tell me that you were!"

"Listen to my story. I did not love my fiancé, whom I had rarely met; but he pleased me, and won my confidence. I had the most loyal feelings towards him; I painted the future he was to shape for me in the brightest, most rosy hues. He was attentive to me, well-educated, and very agreeable—attractive to every one. But after a time a vague anxiety began to mingle with my dreams; Adolphe travelled a great deal, and when he returned I always noticed a certain coolness between him and his parents, to whom I paid long visits. On such occasions I myself found him out of humour, listless, and inclined to a self-condemnation and contempt, which grieved and angered me in one whom I wished to honour and reverence for energy and self-control. My father deferred the time of our marriage, which had been already decided, for reasons that appeared to me to be pretexts rather than his true motives; and in a short time he died, after an illness of only a few days. After I had lost him my heart turned still more fondly to my betrothed husband. But alas! several weeks elapsed before he came to me, and then it was in such a strange condition—he seemed as if he had just recovered from a severe fit of sickness, and was pale, languid, silent, and listless in everything he did and said. He appeared to have lost all youthful feelings, the energy of life. I suffered deeply, and asked an explanation from him and from my mother, but in vain. He returned home, and I vainly tormented myself in trying to discover what had happened. At last my cousin Etienne came to my assistance, and one day when I was telling him of my anxiety—for I had received no letters from Adolphe for several weeks—he said:

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A new journal called *Le Victor Hugo* has appeared.

THE road from Nice to Monaco along the littoral will certainly be finished before winter. The works are now progressing very rapidly.

THE engagement of Prince Ruspoli to Miss Diller, of Chicago, is said to have been finally broken off. The young bridegroom that was to have been has been recently suffering from an attack of diphtheria, but is now convalescent.

At Deauville the ladies are wearing red hats, for shape almost like that of a cardinal's hat. The Duchesse de Sesto, who is one of the most brilliant *habitués* of the casino, has just sold to a company 300,000 metres of land for the erection of a race-course for steeplechases.

THE *Grélot* of the 10th contained a satirical illustration representing Italy as an old beggar woman, with the legend, "Pity poor Italy, who will not work." The artist, M. Alfred le Petit, has since received a number of letters from Italians demanding a retraction or a reparation by arms. One challenge, which was couched less cautiously than the rest, he accepted, and he in consequence left Paris with his two seconds, M. Jules Jouy and Pierre Maldezin, for the Swiss frontier, where the duel took place on Tuesday morning. The weapons chosen were swords. M. Mauffredo Bassetti, who had challenged M. Alfred le Petit, received a somewhat serious wound in the breast at the first bout, when the seconds interfered and put an end to the fight.

A MADMAN, a fan-maker by trade, sent a letter last week to the President of the Republic marked "Secrets of the State." In the letter he explained his ideas on politics in general and on the regeneration of France. His means of action were very simple. He had remarked that in all matters misunderstandings arose from the fact that politicians, men of science, professors, etc., constantly had their blood rushing to the head and so obscuring their brain by heat and vapours. He therefore proposed that all persons suffering from this infirmity should provide themselves with fans of his manufacture. "By this means," he wrote, "each one will enjoy perfect tranquillity, there would no longer be passion in writings and speeches, and we should no longer see discussions and enmities among human beings." M. Jules Grévy did not reply, and the writer determined to set his apartment on fire. He was accommodated at the lunatic asylum.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.