

SHE CLOSE WISELY.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF A BALTIMORE BELLE WHO GAVE HER LIFE TO THE CHURCH.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1.—There is a most romantic history attached to the lady who, after many years' reign as one of the social attractions and beauties of Baltimore, Md., has withdrawn from the world, and taken the final vows and black veil as a nun. It is no uncommon thing for ladies of family and position in Baltimore to enter the cloister-quiet as frequent as for Philadelphia belles to marry foreigners and go to live gay lives abroad, but there are few who turn their backs on so much, and with so many possibilities before them give up all, as this fair daughter of a city noted for beauty, who had for her portion all in the world that is supposed to give happiness—admiration, wealth, position and honor. Miss Emily MacTavish belongs to a family in which beauty is hereditary. It is seldom, however, that a family history shows at once the power and fatality of beauty as it has here. On both sides her family connections are of the most distinguished character. She is on her father's side the granddaughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the signer of the declaration of Independence, and on her mother's side the granddaughter of the once Commander of the Army of the United States, General Winfield Scott. There are few who have not heard of her three beautiful aunts, known as the American Graces, who were the Misses Caton, Charles Carroll's granddaughters. These ladies, after flourishing as belles in Baltimore, went to England, where the Duke of Wellington presented them to the court of the Prince Regent, upon whom their beauty made a great impression. They all became peeresses. Mary, the eldest, married the Marquis of Welleley, the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington; Elizabeth married Baron Stafford, and Louisa became the Duchess of Leeds.

Catonville, located on the edge of Baltimore, was named after the family, which owned most of the place. Since then a very large portion of the property has passed into the hands of the Roman Catholic Church, and in and around Catonville, with their large woodland tracts and picturesque surroundings, can be seen some of the most interesting convents, monasteries, and schools in this country. Mount de Sales is a beautiful spot, where the nuns, some of them formerly titled ladies from Italy, France and Spain, teach, in the most accomplished manner, young ladies from the most prominent families of the South. At Mount de Sales, which is one of the largest convent schools in the United States, there are nearly as many ladies from Protestant as from Catholic families. Most of the leading Catholics of Maryland send their daughters there or to Notre Dame, another convent located north of the city. The daughters of A. S. Abell, the proprietor of the Baltimore Sun, and of General Agnus, the proprietor of the Baltimore American, both of them prominent Catholics, were educated at Mount de Sales. The monastery of the Franciscan monks, near Catonville, is the largest in this country, and attached to it is the industrial school for boys, where most of the boys committed by magistrates in Baltimore for trifling offenses are sent. It is an interesting fact that not only at Catonville, but all around the city of Baltimore, on its three land sides, there is an almost continuous chain of convents, monasteries, and places of religious retreat and instruction, which remain even at this day as a memorial of the Catholic founders of the state.

The MacTavish family, whose possessions came from the Carrolls, the Culverters, and the Catons, has given nearly, if not all, its property to the Church. So much good has been done by the House of the Good Shepherd, to which the late Mr. Drexel left a large sum and a branch of which has just been established in Norristown by Archbishop Ryan, that it is interesting to know that the first House of the Good Shepherd in the United States was established in Baltimore, by Mrs. Emily MacTavish, the mother of the young lady, who, after the usual probationary period, has taken the black veil. Mrs. MacTavish, who died about twenty years ago, was a granddaughter of Lady Georgiana, the Duchess of Leeds. It was she who gave the house and grounds to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The old mansion is now a part of the modern institution, and its broad front, wide porch and angled wings look out upon the garden, planted in the last centuries by the dead and gone beauties of the MacTavish family. Hainging on the walls of the reception room is a life size picture of a lovely woman in the bloom of youth. Her abundant black hair is combed and puffed at the sides in the style of forty years ago. The picture is that of Margaret MacTavish, who became the famous Mrs. Howard, the confidant and intimate friend of Napoleon III., the only woman of whom the Empress Eugene was ever jealous. Margaret MacTavish went with some of her family to England in 1850, and married a Captain Howard, an officer in the British army, and a connection of the Catholic branch of that noble family, the Howards of Norfolk. She was in Paris the time of the coup d'etat, and attracted the attention of Napoleon. It is not known there how she died, except that some mysterious trouble overtook her, and the picture upon the wall is the only relic of her splendid guilty life. As a measure of expiation Mrs. MacTavish has given the old home and all her property to the Church to establish a sisterhood and a home for erring and depraved women, and out of the mother house here has grown the one in Philadelphia.

Now another, and it is believed the last of the family, has given her life to the Church and hidden her beauty behind the Visitation cloister walls. Her health and high social position placed her in the front rank of Baltimore society. Stately in her bearing as Tonyon's Maud and calm in her manner as her grand-aunt, the Duchess of Leeds, whom she resembles, Miss MacTavish was possessed of that conscious repose and high born grace seen so often in Vandeyck's portraits, representing as they do the transmitted beauty and refinement of a dozen generations. Those who witnessed the ceremony of her first entrance into the nunnery will never forget its solemnity. When she came to the altar clad in white satin, like a bride, there were many regrets for the loss to society of such beauty and talents that were offered in vicarious atonement for the sins of an ancestor. Henceforth the life of this great belle and beauty, now one of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, will be spent among sinning and fallen women, trying to reclaim them to society and to the Church.

FRENCH CATHOLIC SOCIALISM. PARIS, Feb. 5.—Count Albert de Mun, who recently attempted to start a new French Catholic party, but was dissuaded by the Bishop of Sens, has just made a striking speech at Marseilles on Catholic socialism, in the presence of a great concourse of Catholic workmen, and with the concurrence of the Bishop of Montpellier and of leading Catholic manufacturers.

La Nature claims that a machine of one-horse power would keep 27,000,000 watches going.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Forgiveness is one of the weapons with which to kill sorrow," said the Doctor, "and generosity is the balm with which to cure a broken heart."

"She knew that Mr. Beauvais' advice was the same."

"I will go back," said Angelina, "but let me wait till I am better, Doctor."

The Doctor covered his face with his hands and walked to the fireplace, where he leaned on the mantel. Mrs. Hart came to the door, but instantly retreated.

"I think it better," said the Doctor, "that you make Captain and Mrs. Hart your confidants. When you do not tell them the name of your husband, you do not break your promise to him; and your determination to return to him will enable you, I think, to feel at ease with him; otherwise, you cannot recover your strength soon enough to carry out your intention. The concealment is killing you."

"I shall do as you advise," said Angelina. "And meantime I shall hope that you will not altogether cast me off."

"You shall have in me a true friend, Angelina," replied the Doctor. He called Mrs. Hart, and told her that the patient needed motherly care for a month or so, and after that he recommended a sea voyage.

Notwithstanding the excitement of the day, Angelina was more cheerful that evening than she had been since she knew Captain and Mrs. Hart. The unburdening of her heart had given her some relief, and it was a support to her to lean on a judgment so reliable as she believed Dr. Fleury's to be. His sympathy had comforted her, and he had not blamed her as she had feared. Her determination to go back to her husband brought a foreboding of something like hope that her going back would bring reward. It so came about that night that the old couple made an opportunity for her to repeat to them the substance of what she had told the Doctor. They cried with her while they listened with sincere sympathy to the sad story of her misfortunes and her wrongs. Mrs. Hart was like a mother to her. The captain insisted he should know the name of the steward who had so treated a young and innocent woman, and his anger against the man knew no bounds; but Angelina could not be persuaded to tell the name of her husband.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Hart. "Forgive and forget must be the rule between husband and wife, and leave the punishment, if you wish any to fall on the offender, to God."

"You are right, Bees, dear. I've never seen it fall that wrong-doing works out its own punishment. I'm thinking the man has had his punishment already. If we could ask him, he'd tell us so."

"I am afraid I was the one who did wrong when I left him," said Angelina.

"Well, if you did, haven't you had bitter tears to shed? But I can't say you did. I don't like to judge for another. You had a great excuse; for how could you know that he wouldn't be all his life the same weak man he had been so long, and keep you from your right place?"

"I have more experience, now, Captain, than I had then; and I am afraid it was a foolish and hasty, if not a wicked step to take."

"Well, child, don't torment about that. The Doctor has given you good advice to go back, and you have been good to take it. God bless you! What a load of sorrow your poor heart has carried all this time!" The Captain felt as if he could take her in his arms as he would an own child; but he had never shown Angelina the slightest attention that was not respectful and formal, though kind in the extreme.

"Bees, dear, what can you do for the child?" he asked.

"Love her more and more every day," answered the old lady; "but how can we part with her?"

And so the night ended. The dreaded disclosure had been so different in its result from that anticipated by the poor wayfarer. It had brought to her a calmer state of mind. She felt glad to throw off the mask she had worn so long, that was ever hateful and stifling to her. How had it been possible for her to decide to go back? It was so contrary to her wishes; in such opposition to her intentions; and what had influenced her to change both so suddenly? It was the firm assertion made by the Doctor that the laws of God and man commanded her to do so, and the sudden conviction in her own mind that he and Mr. Beauvais were right. There was also a little spark of faith in God and His loving Providence still burning within her soul, that had not been altogether denuded by the wickedness of some men; and she often felt late had pondered over the mysteries of the creation, and she longed to have a better understanding of why she had been created, and for what she was destined.

For a week, or more, the subject of her return was avoided, and then the Captain had to sail again. It must be arranged now that when he made his next voyage she would be strong enough and ready to go with him, and he would place her safely in the hands of her husband.

So it was arranged according to this plan, and the Doctor said that it was more than likely that Miss Crawford could go in the same vessel.

Angelina lived in perfect seclusion during the absence of the Captain, never going out except with Josephine, and seeing no one except Dr. Fleury, who came occasionally. In about three weeks Miss Crawford was well enough to bear a little company. The Doctor spoke of her to Angelina, and proposed that she should visit her in anticipation of their being companions on the sea voyage.

Angelina replied: "It is a singular fact, that though known by reputation to one another, it would be painful to both of us to meet. If we are on the vessel together it is my wish that Miss Crawford should not know my name. I shall not make her acquaintance."

"This is a part of the tangled skein," said the Doctor.

"Yes, a disagreeable part," replied Angelina. "Miss Crawford is wholly innocent in the matter. I hope she is likely to be happy."

"I think so. She is engaged to an English nobleman who met her in Florence, and travelled with her father to Rome and Naples. They will be married in a few months."

thought could not be harbored. She did not believe she had done anything that would make her sorry that she had gone back to him. "Where was Mrs. Harper? Would she ever forgive her? Who had taken care of Pura? Her eyes filled with tears. Would Pura ever love her? And so thought followed thought, weaving a chain of events for the future in her imagination with which she cheated time. She began to be impatient for the return of the Captain. Meantime Dr. Fleury, like a brave, good man, made a sacrifice that no one on earth knew, and buried it in his bosom till called for at the last account when all good and all evil will come forth to view.

Time rolled on, and the ship came into port again. The Captain came home and had his usual welcome, after which he said to Angelina:—

"Ten days in port, and back I go. Are you well, the same, mind to go with me, child?"

"Oh, yes, Captain, and glad to go; but very sorry that I can't take you and Mrs. Hart with me."

"Ah, we must stay anchored here. The sea is not many years left to us—oh, Bees, dear!"

"That is so. But we must have no serious talk to-night," said Mrs. Hart. "What have you brought to us?"

"Look in that basket Jack left in the hall," he answered. "But here, in my vest pocket, is a letter that the gentleman who put you on board my ship in New Orleans handed me for you, Angelina, and this paper, just as we shoved off from shore."

Angelina ran away to her room with the letter and paper. She broke the seal of the letter; it was from Mr. Ralf, and read:—

"DEAR ANGELINA.—You will be glad to hear that you are a free woman! Daniel Courtney is dead! I send you a paper with the particulars."

Angelina saw no more. A heavy fall on the floor overhead alarmed the Captain and Mrs. Hart. They rushed upstairs and found her unconscious.

"My God! what has happened?" exclaimed Captain Hart.

"Is she dead?" asked Mrs. Hart, bending over the poor stricken young woman.

"Oh, water—the salts from her table under—a little ammonia quickly, quickly!" screamed Mrs. Hart to Josephine, who had come in alarm as soon as the fall on the floor was heard.

"There, you are better—better, my poor child," said the Captain, lifting Angelina, with the assistance of Josephine, on her bed. The letter had fallen from her hand, and was there to tell the story. The Captain picked it up, and glanced at the first two lines.

"Heavens!" cried the Captain, and then checked himself. Mrs. Hart was by the bedside, standing between the Captain and Angelina, and shut him from her sight. He threw the letter again to the floor where he found it. It was a long one. It was difficult to hide his agitation. Going over to the bed, Angelina looked pitiously into his face, and, with an effort, held out her hand to him, and the other to Mrs. Hart, and whispered:—

"Oh, if I could die now! Oh God, let me die!"

"Do not grieve—be comforted, child," said Mrs. Hart. "When you are better you will tell me all. There, do not cry; I am afraid it is too much for you."

The Captain had gone to the breakfast-room to get some wine. He put the glass to her lips, and asked her to take it.

"Now, Bees, dear, she is better; I will go away. Darken the room, sit down by her side, and let the child sleep. God help her!"

When the Captain had left the room, Mrs. Hart picked up the letter without looking at the contents, and put it into the portfolio that lay upon the table, where Angelina had papers and letters. She thought she would not ask her the cause of her sudden illness till she was quite restored, and when she wished to tell her. Soothed by the presence of Mrs. Hart, and overcome by the shock received by the unexpected news of Daniel's death, Angelina fell asleep. Then Mrs. Hart called the maid, and directed her to remain quiet in the room with the young lady, while she went to see the Captain, and confer with him. When she met her husband he was in a state of wonder, and said:—

"Well, Bees, dear, it is all out now! What do you think is the secret that poor young creature has carried all this time? Who do you suppose is her husband?"

Mrs. Hart shook her head sorrowfully.

"Daniel Courtney, the Nabob of Louisiana, and he is dead!"

Mrs. Hart sat down suddenly on the nearest chair, and exclaimed:—

"The wife of Daniel Courtney; and she is here earning her support as a governess! I have my own thoughts, and I hope that there is in all this something to say in his favor. Let us try to think so, now that he has gone to be judged elsewhere."

"That's so, Bees, dear. Tread softly on the dead. Our turn will come soon to need mercy."

"Poor child, what a sad life she has led! What will she do now?" asked Mrs. Hart.

"God knows. If her husband has not cut her off; but that can't be. No man could do so base a thing. How I do we know of the great world outside our own, Bees!"

"We can't judge of the case till we hear all her story. Shall we send for Dr. Fleury?"

"Better wait and see how she is. It might sicken her to see any one just yet."

A good dinner was waiting for Captain and Mrs. Hart, and he had been quite ready to do it justice, but the sudden illness of Angelina cast a gloom upon the household, and they could not bear to sit down to the table without her.

"What a feast Angelina and I hoped this would be to us three," said Mrs. Hart.

"We must make the best of what comes. After all, it is more for her happiness to be free from this mask in which she was a prisoner, and then she can begin a new life. Better, is it not, than to be wandering alone hither and thither? The couple were not happy, that is clear. Come, Bees, dear, cheer up; we can befriend her, and who knows—"

The Captain was interrupted by a call from Dr. Fleury, who was on the look-out for this home trip, and glad to see the good Captain when he came. Both the Captain and Mrs. Hart rose to meet their friend warmly. He gave a hand to each while looking on the table wistfully, saying:—

"Upon my word, that boiled mutton and caper sauce tempts me to join you."

In another moment he had taken the place intended for Angelina.

"But," he remarked, "I must not take Angelina's place. Why is she not here?"

The Captain told the story of the letter, of her going to her room to read it, and in an instant after, of the heavy fall upon the floor overhead. The Doctor started from his chair.

"How is she now," he asked anxiously.

"Sleeping quietly, and the maid is with her."

was the husband, then, of Angelina Raymond. And he is dead."

The Doctor was nearly stunned by the news. Surprise, wonder, and joy, at the release of the poor wife from her bondage, were emotions that in turn confused his thoughts, and made him like a person in a strange dream.

"Then you knew that she was his wife?" exclaimed Mrs. Hart.

"I knew that she was the lawful wife of some one. She did not tell me of whom, but this letter tells us the secret."

"Daniel Courtney," said the Captain, "is the greatest, the most popular, the richest man in America."

"Ah, that will not help him now," said the Doctor.

"God be merciful to him!" said Mrs. Hart, "and give his wife Angelina charity towards him. His sin was a weakness of his human nature. God help us all!"

"I believe we need not doubt he has had his punishment before death. What can give a man happiness after he has wronged the woman who trusted him?" said the Captain.

"May he rest in peace!" said Mrs. Hart. The Doctor did not listen to these last remarks, nor could he eat. His knife and fork lay upon his plate.

"My good friends," he said, rising, "will you excuse me, I cannot stay. This news affects me more than I can tell you. It is better that I should not disturb Angelina to-night. Do not say that I have been here. I'll come to-morrow about mid-day. She will be stronger then."

The Doctor left the house.

The next morning Angelina was more composed than Mrs. Hart had expected she could be, but it was the calm of deep grief. The death of Daniel had produced an entire revolution in her feelings. His kindness to her in the trial of De Grasse—his respectful reserve towards her during months of her stay with Mrs. Harper—and his delicate attention to all her wants when she was homeless and penniless—all now were crowded into sweet memories, and brought back the warmth to her poor heart, that had so long closed against one spark of love for him.

"Oh, my husband! oh, my dear Daniel!" she cried, while tears streamed from her eyes; "why did we so wrong ourselves, and one another? Oh, spirit of my beloved, come to me if it be possible! Where are you? Will I never see you again? Is there no chance left to me to throw myself in your arms and ask your forgiveness? Oh, spirit of my husband! do you—can you know—my great sorrow!"

Angelina looked around her, as if expecting to see him, or hear a response to her heart-cry. It was the dead of night. Josephine had fallen asleep in the armchair beside her bed; the candle was burned low in the socket, and shadows on the wall made grotesque figures that made her half afraid.

"Josephine, Josephine," called Angelina. "Yes, Miss Angelina."

"Give me a little water, please."

"Yes, Miss Angelina—where, when?" answered the maid, rubbing her eyes. The excitement of the evening had its effect upon the maid, and she was awakened, or only half awakened, from a dead sleep, and her head fell back again on the chair, and she was asleep again. The flickering light of the candle an hour later cast hideous shadows all round the room, and threatened to leave them in darkness.

"Josephine, Josephine," called Angelina, "pray give me a little water, and light another candle."

"Yes, Miss Angelina. Shall I light it from the pitcher?"

"Oh, Josephine, pray get a candle at once—do you not see we are almost in darkness?" The poor tired maid rubbed her eyes, aroused, apologized, and lighted a candle.

"Have you wanted me long, Miss Angelina," asked Josephine.

"Please give me a little water," was all the reply she could make, for by this time she was not inclined to say more. Again the maid took her seat by the bedside, and Angelina returned in thought to the sweet days of her love of Daniel. She was back again in the little cottage, and he was coming to see her. They talked of their love and of their future happiness. He told her that she was his world, and that without her there would be no sunshine in it for him. She looked with pride upon his handsome, manly form, and threw her arms around her husband's neck and asked, "How soon, how soon, dear, will everybody know that I am your wife?—I want everybody to know it." A shadow crossed the picture for a moment, but then little Pura, the sunbeam, came into her mind. A sudden pain shot through Angelina's heart. It beat quickly and fluttered as if struggling in its death throes.

"Josephine—quick—wine!" she called, hardly able to articulate.

Josephine was up in an instant. Angelina's pallor alarmed her, and in her haste she brought the ammonia instead of wine, and pouring out a little into a wine glass, put it to Angelina's lips. The strong odour revived her, and the maid saw her mistake; mortified by her careless blundering, she begged a thousand pardons.

Again left to her own reflections, Angelina thought of the tender kindness of Mrs. Harper, of her advice, alas, unheeded! and of Marie's fidelity to her, and of the magnificent home prepared for her. What did Daniel think and say when he had found her gone! Then the fullness of her heart overflowed.

"Oh, my husband! Why has this love for you come back to me! too late! My arms reach out to you and you are far off! My eyes look for you and I cannot see you! My heart is bursting with love for you, and I would give the world to know that you loved me to the last! But how could you? Oh, Daniel, Daniel! If I could have you back but one moment of those I lost, I'd tell you that I have not had one hour's joy since I left you, and you would take your Angelina in your arms and forgive her! Oh, Daniel! My husband!"

Tears were streaming down her cheeks. She lay with clasped hands across her bosom. It was heaving with emotion. When this spasm of regret had spent itself, the poor sufferer fell into a troubled sleep.

A loving and motherly hand gently touched Angelina's that lay upon the coverlid.

"I awaken you, dear child, because it is time you had a cup of coffee and some food, and you were breathing heavily," said Mrs. Hart, in the tenderest voice.

Angelina smiled, thankful for the affection that was now so necessary to her in her loneliness, and she said: "With Josephine's assistance I will rise and go down to breakfast now."

"Do you think it best to make the exertion? I'm afraid you are not quite strong enough."

"Oh, yes, dear Mrs. Hart," said Angelina, reaching out her hand to the dear old lady, who took it, and stooping over her, kissed her forehead. "Yes, I must be strong now, Mrs. Hart. I thought I would go back and be cared for again by—"

"But that dream is over. I must be strong. I feel better able to do my duty now than I have ever been; I must not lose my opportunities as I have done."

"What extraordinary cause has brought about such a change in Angelina," thought Mrs. Hart.

Have not our readers experienced the grace of strength received in the visitation of the angel of death? Has it not seemed that the touch of his wings has imparted the grace of light to see and better to understand the short distance there is between the present and the future existence? That night Angelina had wrestled with the angel, and he had not departed without leaving his blessing on her.

"You look better, dear, and I am so glad that you are going to be brave."

"I can only say I wish to be so. I had I will succeed I dare not believe. But I must be strong!"

"Come dear, then; the Captain had to go to the ship, and we shall be alone at breakfast. Are you ready now?"

The good lady had darkened the breakfast room by dropping down the lace curtains, so that a subdued light was spread over the apartment. There were fresh flowers on the table and on the mantel. From the silver coffee urn the aroma of coffee was refreshing. White buns and fresh butter with fruit invited them to the morning repast. They partook of it almost in silence. The canary in the cage, however, was more than usually joyous; and puss, the favorite Maltese cat, was the picture of contentment on the soft Turkish rug where she was playing un-molested with the fringe. Breakfast over, Angelina sat down in a large easy-chair near the fireplace, where a small wood fire blazed, and she leaned back to recover from a slight dizziness she felt. Mrs. Hart, unwilling to intrude upon her grief, sat down by her work-table as far off, and took up her crochet tidy which she was making.

"I received a letter by the Captain, you remember," said Angelina. "It contained very sad news, and I was only able to read the first two lines. I think I could read the rest of it now while you are with me, dear Mrs. Hart."

"I picked a letter from the floor," answered Mrs. Hart. "Shall I get it for you?"

"If you please."

Mrs. Hart was met by one of her housemaids, to whom she gave some directions, and she was obliged to go with her a few moments to the garden. When she had been to Angelina's room for the letter, and returned to the breakfast room with it, she found Dr. Fleury sitting by Angelina's side, and advising her to use great control over her feelings in this crisis of her life. She had, it appeared, told him the news that she had received in the two lines of the letter, and she was considerably agitated.

Mrs. Hart handed her the letter. She looked at it, turned it over, and seemed afraid to open and read it. No one spoke till her face became flushed, and Dr. Fleury feared she was not strong enough to bear the contents of the letter.

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He said, in a questioning tone, "Will it be well to tax your nerves just now? May I keep the letter for you till to-morrow?"

"I am quite well enough, thank you. Suspense is more injurious to me than a knowledge of the facts can be," replied Angelina. Handing the letter to the doctor, she added:—

"Please read it to me. I shall have nothing more to do with secrets and mystery. You and Mrs. Hart can know what I can know of myself henceforth."

Angelina nerved herself to hear the letter. The doctor did not like the task assigned to him, but would not refuse it. Mrs. Hart laid down her work and took a chair close by the side of Angelina, and held one of her hands. The doctor took the letter slowly from the envelope, and in a subdued tone of voice read as follows:—

"DEAR ANGELINA.—You will be glad to hear that you are a free woman. Daniel Courtney is dead." A shudder passed over Angelina's frame, and she sighed. The doctor paused, she motioned to him to go on.

"I send you a paper with particulars; Mr. Courtney was not the same man after you left. He kept up tolerably before the public, and no one will ever know that he was married, so you can rest easy. That secret is buried with him. Donaldson, Mrs. Harper, Bellechasse, and Colonel Keane and I are the only persons who know it. Donaldson has gone to Australia, and will never come back to the States. The truth is, he would be caught and imprisoned if he set foot in America. Mr. Harper is dead, and Mrs. Harper, they say, is not expected to live. She is in Cuba, and down with yellow fever. Bellechasse, the old fellow, grieves over Courtney's death, so that he has gone off to his plantation in Cuba, never to return. Colonel Keane, I heard, died about a month before Courtney; so you see this secret is buried ten feet below ground. Oh, hang it, if I didn't forget to tell you about the child—I forgot her name—"

Angelina started, leaned forward, and gazed steadily at the doctor to hear.