

often looked upon her
 sink how short a time
 could brighten the dark
 end its fresh youth to
 château. She looked
 me when visitors would
 portrait in the picture-
 at it represented the
 e, who had married and
 an ocean-bound island;
 how the stranger, gaz-
 vy the home to which
 once would be added,
 the high-born damsel a
 ing her husband's heart
 e, far from the sunny

came at last—a day in
 on the earth was array-
 s to celebrate its espou-
 here was a more touch-
 landscape than the full
 mer. The village bells
 children strewed their
 the dying year's half-
 the feet of the bride-
 Never had the Doug-
 a more joyous festivity.
 re thrown wide, incense

floated out to the halls and corridors and
 through the wide-open lattices, to mingle
 with the fragrant air of the October after-
 noon. The music sounded sweet and sol-
 emn; and the bell of the great tower pealed
 out its deep-toned melody.

Nanette was present at the bridal. She
 still looked wan and wasted; her hair was
 brushed back softly under her peasant's
 cap; her dress was plain and quiet; she
 seemed content, and even happy. She was
 in the hall when the bride was departing.
 Hélène stopped and smiled upon her.

"May I kiss you, Nanette?" she said.

As she spoke, she stooped and embraced
 her; then Nanette said,

"May the good God give you every joy,
 to you and yours!"

Tears were falling from Hélène's eyes
 when she turned away. To Eric, Nanette
 said, with a smile,

"Why does the lady weep? It makes
 me happy to see her your bride. She will
 go with you to distant Foula."

She had caught the name, and long after
 the carriage had driven away she repeated
 to herself,

"Far over the sea, to distant Foula."

Yes, thither they had gone to that dreamy