

pursued by the Prince's emissaries. Even at New Orleans I was in a constant fear of being recognized, and insisted on leaving it as soon as possible. We only stayed till M. de Sasse could dispose of my diamonds, and had placed the money at a banker's. Here I thought I should be out of the reach of travellers. You can imagine what I suffered the day those strangers came. I could not resist the wish to hear something about Russia and my poor little son. Alexander Levacheff recognized me. I saw him in private, and exacted from him an oath of secrecy. And now I have only a very few more words to say. Some persons in our positions, M. d'Auban, might feel when about to part, 'It would be better had they never met.' But I can, and from the depths of my heart I do say: 'It has been well for me that I have met you, known you, trusted you—'

She broke down, and could not finish the sentence.

He was going to answer, but she stopped him and said, with some excitement:

"But *you*—what good have I done you? I have saddened your life by the sight of my grief, long wounded you by my silence, and now I leave you, less able perhaps to bear your solitary existence than heretofore."

He could scarcely speak. Men do not find words as easily as women, when they are deeply affected.

"It is true," he said, in an almost inaudible voice. "But, nevertheless, I am glad you came; I can say it with truth. Whatever I may have to suffer, I shall always thank God for having known you."

"Well, it may be one day, on your death-bed, perhaps, a consolation for you to think that you have acted very justly and kindly towards one who, when she came in your way, was drifting like a rudderless bark on a dark sea. The Bible says, that man is blest who could have done evil and did not do it. I might well apply to you those other words of Scripture: 'Thou art that man.' May He who knows all reward you!"

No other words passed between them. He took her hand, silently kissed it, and withdrew. The shades of evening had gradually fallen, and the moon was shining on the long thick grass of the lawn. As he looked upon the beautiful glade and the silvered landscape, he thought of

the night when Therese had for the first time spoken to him of the white man's daughter. As long as he was listening to her he had hardly realized what it would be to live and to work on alone in that spot where for two years she had been his constant companion and the principal object of his life. Now it seemed suddenly to come upon him. He not only knew it must, but also felt it ought to be. There was no prospect of escape from this dreaded separation. It might take place at any moment. Overpowered by his grief, he sank on a bench in the garden, and was only roused from his sad musings by Simonette's voice.

"Monsieur d'Auban!" she said, in a loud whisper.

"What do you want?" he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

"I have something to say to you. I want you to promise not to let my mistress" (it was the first time she had called her so) "leave this place before I come back. And whilst I am away, please both of you not to grieve too much."

"What—what are you talking about? What is it to me whether you go or stay?"

"Nothing, I know," answered the girl, in a voice the pathos of which might have struck him had he been less absorbed by his own grief. "But I am going away. Do not be harsh to me. Perhaps you may never see me again."

"I do not know why you go. I cannot talk to you to-night. Leave me alone."

"Will you not say a kind word to me?"

"For heaven's sake, go away!" cried d'Auban, scarcely able to command himself.

"Do not be cruel to me. I want all my strength for what I am about to do. I was within hearing just now, when madame was speaking to you. I heard what she said."

"Good heavens! and do you dare to tell me so?" exclaimed d'Auban, pale with anger. "I have had patience with you long. I have shown great forbearance, but I shall not suffer you to remain here any longer as a spy on your mistress. She shall know of your base conduct." He walked away greatly agitated.

"Wait—wait!" cried Simonette in a tone of anguish, and clasping her hands together. He did not turn back. She gazed after him for a moment. "Not one look! not one word!" she murmured.