

but my love for mamma. Now she was nearer than ever to me; now all the old associations crowding round me, made me feel more keenly than ever what I had lost. When one feels so much, one must express it or die, and if there ever was any one to whom you could tell your trouble, that person you will always call for when trouble comes again. Now, I could no more help calling out mamma! mamma! than I can help feeling what I am now relating. As if in answer to my cry, came from the opposite side of the fire-place the question, 'Is Mlle. in want of anything?' Looking up, I was somewhat startled to see a brown, sharp-eyed man whom I had noticed first at the pier, afterwards at the dépôt in Calais. On both occasions, as now, his glittering brown eyes had been fastened intently on me. His clothes were dripping wet, and it was evident that he must have followed Baptiste and me from the train without my perceiving him. He made me feel uncomfortable, and I was glad when Céleste came into the room saying, 'Mlle.'s room is ready; she will pardon the discomfort; it is only to-day the carpet is taken up.' I thought I would try the effect of my name on Céleste, so I said: 'I missed the train for Paris, where I will go by to-morrow's train. I am English—my name is Eleanor Charters.' As I held the lantern close to my face and said Eleanor, Céleste looked up abruptly, but she shook her head at the Charters, and only said: 'Will Mlle. Chartairs,' hesitating at the Mlle., 'permit that I show her to her room? I have much to do. It is not often in winter that we have three guests at Ste. Cécile.'

"I did not know till afterwards, that during my mother's residence at Ste. Cécile, she had re-assumed her maiden name. I was disappointed in Céleste, it seemed so hard that she should have so completely forgotten me. As she led the way up the stairs I knew so well, I looked back into the kitchen, so sombre in the flickering firelight. In one of the many corners I saw indistinctly a man's head and hands resting on a table; the face was fair, with fair moustache and pointed beard, and as I turning caught the intense gaze of a pair of full blue eyes, again I almost cried aloud to my mother, for the eyes were so like hers, but I checked the impulse, thinking, it is one of the villagers whom I have known when I lived here, and ere the stairs were mounted I doubted whether the face was not a mere delusion of my fevered imagination. There was the room, the same as ever except that the