thrifty, comfort making ways, keep bravely up the household, even as she

Normand, when in the autumn of his life a man loses the friend (l'amie) and

companion whom God gave him in the

Eden of its springtime ; when she, the mother of his children, she who is as the

key of his house, is taken from him-even though he rebels not against

shine has lost something of its bright-

to keep her shut up in Beauport, nor must she always remain a widow, eh ?

So I often tell her, and at last I have brought her round to my way of think

ness; and to him the heart-fire

for him ever after the sun-

cheerful again. "In scoth, the most tender in their care for me.

Ay, they do excellently for their th," he replied with an effort to be rful again. "In scoth, they are

would have it.

Providence,

daily,

vouth

## A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

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BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XXVII.

AGAIN THE GALLANT BOSTONNAIS. At Ville Marie I put before Gover-or Vaudrenil the affairs intrusted to me by our Sieur, and thence proceeded, with as little delay as might be, to Qaebec, there to carry out his instruc tions still further and to await his mails from France. I will not attempt to describe my emotions when, after four days' cance voyage down the St. Lawrence, I beheld looming up before me the rugged crag whereon the intrepid Champlain erested the royal stronghold of New France; when I saw the peaked roofs and gilded belfries of the upper town gleaming in the light of the setting sun; when I gazed upon the grim old Castle of St. Louis and above it the proud banner of the fleur de lis floating to the breeze, even

neur de lis noating to the breeze, even as it does to day in this good year 1735, and ever shall, I ween. It was a joy, indeed, to find that my long absence had not turned the hearts of friends from me; to have pressed upon me offers of hospitality and entertainment from high quarters. In the letter I brought from his Excellency it was ordered that I was to be given rooms in the Chateau, and the best that mansion afforded ; the Intendant, Monsieur de Beauharnois, in turn most cordially made me free of his table

at the Palace. The Recollets, seeing that I was not d to house myself with the great disposed to house myself with the grant would fain have me stay with them in their new monastery beside the church on the Place d'Armes, and I had a score of the place d'Armes.

on the Place d'Armes, and I had a score of other invitations. Nevertheless I chose to go quietly with my brother Jacques to the old resi-dence above the Guyon warehouse, which, with its many associations and its memories of my dear parents, was still home to me, albeit I now found there excluse represent of Guyon there another generation of Guyons, over whom my brother's wife ruled as "la bonne mere,"—she who was pretty

Louise Neil. Still comely she was, and most good-natured, albeit now, I hear, there is a deal too much of her in the wat er of avoirdupois.

For my reception there was a banquet, to which our nearest friends were idden, and during all my visit Louise strove to her utmost to tempt my palate with the delectable delicacies known to with the detectable defination about to the housewives of New France, since she would have it I was not grown fully strong after my late illness. It was not her fault, good soul i that her galettes beurre and her croquecignoles, though truly delicious, were not quite equal to those I had tasted in this house my boyhood days ; since-even my wife (for I have a wife now) -even my wife scarce makes such perfect croquecignoles as those which my dear mothe was wont to have for me of old when I came home from my studies in the book-room of the Recollets.

This I confide to the manuscript before me with the utmost secrecy, however ; and if the reader chances to find at this point two of the pages adhering at this point two of the pages adhering together, he will know the reason thereof. Or, if I must needs explain, well, then, I will set down that my wife has a spirit of her own, and moreovershe is proud of her cookery. Also, like my brother Jacques, I am somewhat lacking in the imperioas manner of the elder Guyon, and my wife holds me not in such awe as my good mother held my father; indeed, she holds me not in awe at all, albeit, I will acknow ledge, my lightest word has weight with her. Yet this, she says, is a mat ter of love ; and with her answer I an more than content. For if to some it appear strange that, although have been her husband many a year, she loves me still, and I am still her

lover, yet so it is. And so it would be, even were her skill at making croque cignoles not half so notable as I have found it.

she had come back to her childhood's home to help to soothe the last days of my avnt—for the good Dame Guyon was no more. Barbe, however, had stayed on, I had been told, to confort me. He drew me down to him and kissed me on both cheeks, after the hearty Norman fashion among the men as well as with the women of a family when t e grief of my uncle with a daughter's love. Anon I should see her ; should they meet after a long separation. "You are well come truly, my hew," he cried. "Now we will note the sheen of her fair hair, the flush of her cheek, the light of her eyes; should hear her blithe voice the old house up again, and have merry making and good cheer. Babette, my daughter, order dinner for the lad speak my name in happy-hearted wel speak my name in napy-nearced wel-come. But—my spirits sank as I brought myself back from my reverie and reined in Lambreur from the mad gallop to which I had spurred him. The t-uth confronted me once more. Ah, Normand,"—here the jovial light died out of his countenance, and he rubbed his eyes again as if a mist had come over them, though his lips still smiled, --- "Ah, Normand, 'tis, I fear,

should see Barbe at Beauport; I night take her hand in mine for a smiled,—"Ah, Normanu, 'Us, I fear, but meagre comfort we can offer you, after all. You miss the presence of your aunt, boy. I see it by the tristful look of your face. She is gone, and there is small content about the house. moment, and even press a kiss upon those white fingers in cavalier fashion; might spend the afternoon in talkin to her; nevertheless, we should be still as far from each other as when separ-ated by the leagues of wilderness that there is small content about the house. You would scarce know it for the same." "Well I know there is none can fill my aunt Guyon's place, sir," I made answer somewhat hoarsely, "Yet"— here I glanced at Barbe, and from her lie between Fort Pontchartrain and Quebec, more apart even than when I came from France and found she had married the noble Le Moyne and was here I glanced at Barbe, and non how my gaze strayed around the bright, pleasantly ordered room — "Yet it would seem to my inexperienced eye, that her daughters, trained in her

already his widow. Now it was not the memory of Cha teauguay that stood between us: it was a living man. I should find Barbe at Beauport, but I should find her, as she was when I saw her last at Le Detroit, the promised wife of the Bostonnai officer, whom she had released from the

blockhouse prison. This reflection was like a dash of This rei This reflection was like a dash of cold water in the face of a man hot with wine. It cooled the exhilaration of my wine. fancy, and sobered me to the realities . The landscape lost something of its poetic charm, and took on a gar ish aspect in the full sunlight of noor. I went on more leisurely, and my thoughts travelled bark to the day when

first met our Sieur Cadillac as a suitor for pretty Therese. At about the same hour I had arrived, and now as I drew rein at the door I recalled how on that day my friend Robert de Reaume came hurriedly out of the house, and my young boy cousins clamorously dashed around the corner to greet me ashed around the corner to greet me. I remembered how little Barbe ran forth from within and clung to my arm, half shyly, yet with the frank, ingena-

How strong is the force of associa tion! To day I looked about for Ro bert, though I knew him to be in Mon treal, where I had seen him a few days The boys were away on the high seas, for they followed the calling

A silence hung over the place; the yard was deserted. Slowly I dismounted and stood a moment in indecision upon the doorstone. Should I call, or lead my horse to the stable, and returning, enter unannounced this my second home of former times? Were they all dead, that such silence

ing, I opine." My uncle winked both eyes at me My uncle winked both eyes at me significantly. It was his way of ex-pressing a confidential attitude, and was most ludicrous. I was glad to see him thus cast off his melancholy, but I remarked too how, at these last words of his, Miladi of Chatawaway's color demond and r reigned? I retained my grasp upon the bridle of Lambreur, and took a As I did so, there was a faint sound in the house as of some one approach-ing through the hall; a struggle of

Chatesuguay's color deepened, and knew he referred to the Bostonnais some one with the bar that secured the heavy cedar panels; the next moment the door was thrown open, and involunwhom she was soon to wed. Scarce conscious of the lapse of time, the good man still called me lad, tarily I uttered an exclamation of joy. there in the doorway stood albeit only that morning I had noted some threads of gray among the locks which Barbe once called so black. Sel-

lady of my thoughts! Again Barbe had come hastening to bid me welcome, -Barbe, no longer a child, but the lovellest woman in New France! which Barbe once called so black. Sel-dom did I affect the peruque, though often I wore my hair poxdercd. On this occasion, however, it had been my fancy to go down to Beauport showing in my attire at least as little change as

Am I so much to blame that in this noment I forgot all but her sweet self forgot that it was Francois Guyon 1 had come especially to see, or so I had told myself! forgot the Bostonnais, and all the world, save that here way Barbe whom I loved,-Barbe, radian Barbe whom 1 loved,—Barbe, rathant in her youthful beauty with the sun light falling upon her as if it singled her out, as she stood in the open door-way, the dim interior of the old house forming a charming background to her graceful figure and blushing, piquant tace ? "Barbe !" I cried joyously.

" Barbe !' ofore I well knew what I was

ment from that day forth ? Eh bien, it is an ill tide which brings not luck to some harbor, and this tide was more welcome at Beauport than any that ever brought in Spanish galleon or English merchantman. Eh bien, eh bien ! My chapeau. Babette, and a kiss, my dear. Thank you for both. Thank you for both. Au revoir, Normand, au revoir." ment from that day forth ? Eh bien, it clasping the hand he stretched out to wak

revoir With a chuckle the old man went out, leaving me to as cosy a tete a tete with the Lady of Chateauguay as I had

ished for. After his departure I stood for a

amonent staring into the fire. "Sit you here," said Miladi, motion-ng me to the high-backed chair of my ing me uncle, while she sank into the arms its companion on the opposite side of the hearth. "Normand, you are pale, the hearth. "Normand, you are paid, you eat scarce anything, for all your lingering over the viands; you must have been more seriously ill than they would admit to me."

"Oh, mayhap I was not a Samson in strength for a while," I made answer lightly; "but now, thank God ! my grasp upon my blade is well nigh as firm as ever it was. My native air, with the whiff of sea breeze that comes up s up the river now and again, together with the sight of you, madame, will soon prove all the tonic I need."

"A 'bon mot,' cousin. You have improved somewhat in the art of com-

Improved somewhat in the art of control
 pliment," laughed Barbe, roguishly.
 "Perhaps because I have had leisure
 to study it," I replied simply.
 Miladi caught her breath and looked

down at the marigolds she had taken from the vase on the table and was wantonly tearing to pieces. Then presently raising her eyes and fixing them upon me, she said, leaning a little

toward me,-"Tell me all about it, Normand. Le Detroit, alas, how different it must be without Frere Constantin !"

to glow coldly, though for others it has It being her will to hear, I told her how the Recollet had fallen a victim to a ruddy heat. "Often enough I sailed away for the Spanish main and into the jaws of danger, with small thought that I left my good wife, Marguerite Marsolet, alone, and with much to worry her. Now that she has left me, I find no his friendship for me, and his kindness toward the children of the forest. There were tears in her sweet eyes nd upon her cheeks when I paused, and upon her cheeks when I paused, and although I had passed over with but few words the small part I played in the incidents of the day, she returned to it again and again, and beset me with in-quiries as to the duration of my illness. "Ah, Normand, Normand, I did not know," she repeated. "I had come comfort anywhere. Tut, give no heed to my complaining. I am an ungrate ful old churl to my children married in Beauport, who give me their company daily, and to Miladi here. Come to your dinner, lad, and let us be cheery. kncw," she repeated. "I had here to care for mother Guyon. Barbe, my dear, pour for your cousin a goblet of wine; and now fill me out another, that I may drink to him good Had I known you were lying near unto death t Le Detroitfortune. Saw ever man a fairer cup-bearer, eh, Normand ? I am not going

What would you have done, Barbe?"

could not refrain from asking. "Ah, what indeed ?" she cried pit An, what indeed ' she cried pit eously, wringing her hands. " My mother! You! My heart would have been torn with anguish. Did you not think hardly of me because I remained away from Fort Pontchartrain during all that distressful time ?"

all that distressful time ?" "I missed you sadly; so much I will acknowledge,"I said easily. "And I had no intelligence of the loving duty that kept you here at Beauport." "Pray, what was your opinion of me ther ?" who insisted.

en ?" she insisted. " My opinion ? 'Twas what it has then ?' always been-that you are the sweetest and loveliest woman in the world,

Barbe." "Nonsense !" said Barbe; but she

aveight had slipped off her spirits. "And — and — what else did you think ?" she went on naïvely. " I am past the age of day dreams," I rejoined, coming to myself. " so I only "I am past the age of day dreams, I rejoined, coming to myself, " so I only tried to accustom myself to the stern-ness of life's realities. I thought of the gallant Bostonnais officer whose life you

saved. I recalled how ardently you begged my help; the spirit with which anger of Monsieur de braved the Cadillac, both in the council and by ompassing the escape that so chagrined thought of the Englishman se

THE CROSS BACKS. BY AGNES HAMPTON.

The arrival of a bride and groom Morrisville was an event of no little importance; and the leaders of society in that little Ohio village were quite awestruck at the sight of five large new

trunks and a cargo of household furni-ture. Mr. and Mrs. Howard, not alto gether in blissful ignorance of the interest with which they were regarded by the inhabitants, decided to remain at the village hostelry under their new home could be put in readiness to receive

them; and five or six days were spent in selecting and fitting up the little cottage which was to be their sanctuary

for an indefinite period. Morrisville consisted of one main street beginning with the pretentious two story town hall, and stragging two story town hall, and straggling along westward until lost in a country road, where the houses came at longer and longer intervals. This thorough

and longer intervals. This thorough-fare was crossed by side streets, known respectively as Madison, Monroe and Harrison avenues. Five or six hundred feet back from the main street, to the north, a large brick factory reared its unshapely form. This building was evidently new, as were several humble dwellings in its vicinity and it was an appointment as bookkeeper of the new appointment as bookkeeper of the new plant that had brought Ned Howard from the East to locate in a strange

state with his young bride. The town was like a thousand others scattered all over the face of this broad land. The cottages had generous yards or garden spots attached, with pump of well conveniently near the kitchen door. They had a family resemblance, and were almost as much alike as the little wooden houses in the toy sets we door.

old fashioned people used to receive from Santa Claus; but now and then an effort had been made to relieve the monotony by an old bay window or an ell room.

The young people selected a cottage on Madison avenue, and there set up their lares and penates. Here, in an indescribably small space, were to be found six rooms on one floor, besides a found six rooms on one noor, besides a tiny hall and pantry. It was the most concise arrangement Edith had ever seen, having been accustomed from childhood to the generous proportions childhood to the generous proportions of an old-fashioned manor house on the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, with its wide halls and rambling porches, its roomy old garret and cellar. The disproportion of her present surroundings to the memories of the past and to the palaces of her girlhood day dreams brought tears and smiles to the dimpled

"Wouldn't mother laugh," she would say to herself, "at this little box of a se? She would call it a doll-house But then it's so cute and so convenient especially when a person cannot always get a servant There-another visitor -and the kitchen ap on was uncore-moniously switched off while she hurried to the front door. Every evening when Ned came home

Edith had some droll experiences to relate of the trials and triumphs of the day, the visits of the neighbors, their sindly meant advice and criticism ; for

in must be said they showed a very kind and generous spirit, and were anxious to take the girl-wife in hard as an kields to take the girl-whe in hard as
well as by the hand.
"Been lonely to-day, pet?"
"Lonely? Oh no, I never have time to be lonely. My neighbors are so kind and not the least ceremonious. I do

not have to meet them half way, for if I am not at the front door by the time they are they immediately hunt through the house until they find me. I believe Mrs. Street on our left could make a better inventory of our belonging than better inventory of our belonging than I could, and Mrs. Staley on our right has probably by this time com-piled our genealogies. They all seem to be impressed by the number of our books and have examined the titles with most careful scrutiny. Still they eager to return to Quebec when peace comes, that he may claim you; I pic-tured the wedding festivities here in are kind and friendly — no," she laughed, "I don't have time to be

lonely. "I hope," said Ned, with a look of

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report which is going around—is true." "Not that any one believed it, I beg to assure you, Mrs. Howard," said Miss Snow, in a soothing tone. "No, we are sure it is a shocking falsehood," declared Mrs. Flashley. "Investigate ?—report ?" grasped Edith locking from one to the other of "Investigate ?- report ?" Edith locking from one to the her guests, a crimson flush martling her cheeks while her eyes began to flash. "Do not become excited, I beg my dear," said Mrs. Treadwell; "of course, it is only a silly report, but we were ordered by our club to call and ask con about it...tik true my dear." and you about it-it is true my dear," and that you and your husband are crow ack

Edith stared stupidly at her questioner and was about to ask an explan-tioner and was about to ask an explan-ation, when Mrs. Flashley remarked : " Of course not Mrs. Treadwell : I told you it was a malicious slander." "Quite so," murmured Miss Snow, with a look of relief.

"I can't imagine what you mean. Mrs. Tresdwell. I never heard of any thing so funny. Cross back — what is that? Some kind of a bird—cross - bill cross beak, or oh !" and Edith burst in to a peal of hysterical laughter, "ho Then, noting the perfectly absurd serious faces of her companions, she said : "Pardon me but I do not under stand.

" Evidently not," murmured the spinster; "the poor child is ove

by such a charge." By this time Edith had regained her composure, and said with dignity "Pardon me, ladies, but I misunder dignity stood the object of your visit. You certainly have a right to extend kind and friendly invitations to me, or to withhold, them : but I fail to see by what right you catechise me, and, and, above all, why you should approach me with silly questions and in-"Of course, we knew it was not true

-but it has been noticed that you have not attended church since you came here, and some one starled the silly rumor that you belonged to those

"Mrs. Treadwell means Papists, my "Res. Treatwell means represent of dear," interjected Mrs. Flashley. "Romanists," murmured Miss Snow. "Oh!" gasped Edith, beginning to comprehend. But Mrs. Treadwell waved her hand

deprecatingly. " Don't say anything, my dear, until I have finished. Of

ourse, it may be that you have connected in some way with these people — they are very numerous, they ell me, in some parts of our country indeed, in the past few years they have been coming into this state in large been coming into this state in any numbers; but we have never had any nice people in Morrisville who profess-ed such doctringes, and we could not ed such doctrines, and we co endure the thought of such a thing in our club. So we decided to ask you if you had been connected with cross-backs-I mean Papists - in the past, say nothing about it now, but seek about it now, but seek in one of our respectable nembership Protestant churches, and be one with We all admire you so much and 18. wish very much to have you with us." Edith had found it difficult to listen in silence to this harangue. She was quite indignant, but at the same time her sense of humor was roused, and she was sorely tempted to laugh. Feeling. Feeling. however, that she had her dignity to and her faith to vindicate maintain she quickly decided what policy to

pursue. Curbing her feelings, a asted innocently, in a timid voice : "And if I do as you advise, will you-"Certainly; we will elect you unani-mously a member of our euchre club, and I assure you no one will be so You will popular in the whole town. invited to everything that takes place-I mean, of course, everything among our refined and exclusive circles. To speak in figurative language, you and your husband will ride on the crest of the wave."

Edith was conscious of a most undig. nified twitching of her risible muscles, but she managed to maintain a stolid gravity. Taking out a small, well-worn volume from the book case near by, she

MA can quot squire's Well,

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But I have lapsed into the present, whereas I should be writing of some

twenty years ago. On the morning after my arrival at ripple o Quebec, having made one or two visits to officials in the interests of La Mothe, I set out, upon Jacques' bay horse Lambreur, for Beauport and the home of my uncle, Francois Guyon of the Meadows, as he was often called.

The season was September, and as took the old road out by St. John' Gate, I looked not back at the gray churches and monasteries, the grin Castle and Palace, or the picturesque houses of the town, nor yet upon the yellowing trees of the gardens by the river, but kept my face toward the open country, and urged my horse to

greater speed. Still I knew that the valley of the St. Charles, winding away to the north-west, was fair, and the river where Jacques Cartier laid up his ships shone

like silver in the sunlight. So early is our Canadian autumn that already the hillsides began to take on a tinge of russet, and across toward the cleft of Montmorenci the maple of Montmorenci the maple groves and thickets were aflame with primson and gold, as if Nature had lighted a mighty camp fire and bidden lighted a mignty camp hre and bidden all her children to a harvest feast. But I am getting into the present again; at the time it was not of feast-ing I thought, and the forests, so gorgeous in their foliage, seemed to me then as so many altars whereon were lighted sacrificial fires to the Most High.

Their splendor too was half veiled in a soft haze, and how gloriously the wealth of color contrasted with the clear blue of the sky, and the violet that hung over Cap Tourmente and the distant mountains ! The road had been well travelled all mists

summer, and the hoofs of Lambreur rang a cheery music out of the hard

After an hour's riding I caught sight of the red chimneys and white walls of my uncle's house in the valley. Presently I should be again face to face sently 1 should be again face to face with Francois Guyon; I should hear his hearty greeting, and feel the warm clasp of his hand. Here, too, I should find the Lady of Chateauguay, the sweet Babette of the olden time. Yes,

And doing, I had caught her in my arms and

kissed her. A moment her beautiful head rested upon my breast; then, with a little ripple of merriment, she gently pushed me away, her jewelled hand flashed be-Barbe.

fore my eyes, and I felt a light blow on the cheek, like the sting of a gnat, whereat I laughed right heartily. I tied my horse to a tree opposite to the entrance, and went into the farm-

house with her. "Normand, how you frighted me!" she said, as she drew me along the pas-sage. " Are you a ghost, or your proper self? A letter from Therese told us we might look for you some little three weeks hence; we go little to Quebec nowadays, and your brother did not send as word that you were expected earlier."

There was short time," I answered. He was apprised by a voyageur only the day before." I was strongly tempted to kiss her

again, while we paused for this conver-sation. But now I remembered the Bostonnais; and though I could not

but be amused at her chastisement of my boldness, I had no mind to provoke resentment.

her resentment. With the gayety of a child, she once more put her hand in mine and led me into the hearth room, the heart of the into the hearth room, the heart of the heart of the house, where in the wide chimney glowed a stout pine kg even on that day. The people of New France guard themselves well against the chill that sometimes creeps into the dwell-ings during the early days of the chang-ing leaves, as well as at the budding of the themse moreover my nucle Guyon the trees; moreover my uncle Guyon on his last sea voyage had contracted a rheumatism which made him fonder of

" corner of the fire " than he was of old. For whereas in other times, after his

midday meal and pipe of tobacco, he was ever away to his fields or his ship, now he often dozed through the afternoon by the hearth. Here we found him in his great chair,

only half aroused by the slight commo-tion that followed my arrival. "Normand, is it indeed you, or am l

"Normand, is it indeed you and dreaming of my dear ones of Le De-troit?" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes, and sitting erect with astonishment. "Heaven be thanked, it is no dream that I am here, my uncle," I responded,

speak in an undertone words of love to my sister Therese, whose face sank lower and lower over her tambour frame —Therese, then, to my thinking, the prettiest demoiselle in the world; Therese, who was still so fair in her serene, matronly comeliness—but now my eyes turned back to Barbe, and I

smiled to myself, for now my ideal of womanly loveliness was-weil, it was

might be from the time when I was won

to ride there frequently. My gaze

turned toward the place where La Mothe stood beside the hearth on the

Mothe stood beside the nearth on the day when I first met him here. Again with the eyes of my mind I saw him, handsome, debonair, ardent, yet with a respectful grace, bending his head to speak in an undertone words of love to my district Theorem

A Pani woman brought food and put it upon the table. There was a meat pasty, if I mistake not, and the half of a capon, perchance, with sundry relishes. My uncle forced me to sit down to them-though I had small appetite, both because it was feast enough to be there, with Miladi pressing the dishes upon me, and also be-cause my brother's wife was right, I was not yet altogether robust. I strove to cover my defisiencies as

to hunger, however, by entering into an animated recital of the news of Fort Pontchartrain, and so enlivened waxed our conversation that erelong my uncle became quite like his whilom self. Indeed, more than once he broke into a breezy laugh, and slapped his thigh in his old sailor fashion, when something

pleased him. "Normand, it has done me good to see you, lad," he said, when I ventured to rise from the board. "It has made me feel a good ten years younger. I will go down to the wharves and look about me. You must stay with us, of course." "Thanks, my uncle, the interests of

Cadillac require that Monsieur de take up my quarters in Quebec," I made answer. "I must return thither made answer. "I must return thither this evening, but, if you will have me, I will ride down to Beauport for an hour " Chut, chut ! This arrangement of

your staying in Quebec is not to my liking," he grumbled. "Still, do as you think best, only-you must come o us as often as may be." Ready enough was I to give him this

"Well, well, I will be back ere you

"Well, well, I will be back of you are half done with telling Barbe the social gossip of Le Detroit," he con-tinued, getting out of his chair. "It is but just, too, that she should have a chance to question you concerning the doings of Therese and the children. Heard you aught of an English officer when you were there, nephew, and of his escape from the blockhouse? And heard you aught of a fair lady who helped him to escape, and chose to con-sider herself under sentence of banish-

the old house-" "Say no more of the Bostonnais, I beg of you," broke in Miladi, imperi-ously. I boked at her in astonishment.

"Love is a jealous taskmaster," I answered dryly, " but the war between France and England is not over. The Bostonnais is an honorable man, and if te come not, I dare say, it is not his

fault.' "Pray, why should he come ?" cried Barbe, starting to her feet, while her blue eyes flashed and a deep color burned in her cheeks.

"Why ?" I echoed, rising too. you not his affanced wife, Barbe? Have you not promised to wed, and to follow him to the south, as a wife must leave her people to go with her hus-band?'

"No, no, no !" she reiterated vehen ently, and sank back into her chair. "But he acknowledged to me that he loved you; he vowed that his dearest

hope was to make you his wife," I per-sisted. "Surely he told you?" "Barbe sighed. "Oh yes, the Bos-tonnais are not such how yot, the Bos-

tonnais are not such laggards in these matters as are others I have seen," she

"He told you of his love; he asked you to be his wife! You are not be-trothed, yet you admitted to me that you loved him,'' I continued, perplexed. Barbe shook her head.

No, no! It was you who said so,' she protested, studying the fragments of the blossoms once more.

"You will not marry the Eoglishman, then ?'

No, although he is a noble gentle-

"No, although he is a hold gentle-man," she replied softly. "Barbe, you cannot understand how happy you have made me by telling me this," I exclaimed, striding over to her

side. Miladi still kept her eyes cast down, and toyed with the petals of the flower. There was a brief silence between us, but the while, her little Spanish slipper tapped the floor impatiently.

It is a nice custom for the raining of say prayers in common every night — the Rossry, a Litany, the acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, and a De Profundis for the poor souls in purgatory. Does that sustom obtain in your home ?

mock anxiety, "they do not indulge in the pernicious habit of borrowing books. Lend them anything—they are welcome to the coat on my back,—but deliver me from the friend who wants

to borrow my books." The young couple had been house-keeping about a month when one day Edith was surprised to receive a very ceremonicus call from three ladies, the ceremonious call from three ladies, the leaders of Morisville society, Mrs. T. eadwell, the squire's wife; Mrs. Flashly, the banker's wife, and Miss Snow, a spinster of uncertain age, owner of the most valuable farm in the

vicinity. There was an air of sup-pressed importance in the bearing of this trio which mystified Edith, and with interest, not a little heightened by feminine curiosity, she awaited the lenouement. Mrs. Treac well, as became her dignified position of elder matron,

was pokeswoman. "My dear," she began in a patron-

izing tone, "you must have seen what a deep and friendly interest we have taken in you. We are so delighted to have a pretty young bride in our midst, and I must say we have been pleased

ven beyond our hopes Edith flushed slightly and was about to reply, when Miss Snow in: "Quite so, Mrs. Treadwell; indeed we rave

all fallen in love with these charming young people." "A great addition to the elite of our little village," murmured the banker's

wife. Mrs. Treadwell cleared her throat and began again: "My dear, we have rather an awkward duty to perform. You see we have recently organized a euchre club I assure you it is extremely

exclusive, and we wished to ask you to ioin ---She paused so long that Edith, think

ing she awaited a reply, said: "That would be very pleasant in-deed. Mr. Howard and I are fond of the game and would be glad to accept your kind invitation."

your king invitation. Mrs. Treadwell looked somewhat con-fused, and again cleared her throat, while the two silent members of the

committee exchanged a meaning glance "This is not-er-exactly an invita

tion. That is to say — aben — we we appointed a committee to investigate a certain matter—to find out if a certain

volume from the book case near by, she turned a few leaves, and said: "This is a very serious matter. Per-haps you may call it one of my super-stitions, but it is a habit of mine to see how my best friend would advise. Here is one thing that He says: 'For what is one thing that He says: 'For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' And just before that He had said: 'If any man will follow Me, lat him deny himself and take up his let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.''' A painful silence fell upon the little

group, broken after a slight pause by Edith, who continued : "Ladies, it is well that we should understand one anwent that we should understand one an other. Yee, I am a Roman Catholio, and my faith is to me the dearest thing in life. It is strange you can imagine for a moment that I desire to conceal it. would rather be a ragged beggar and keep my faith than be the richest woman in the world without it. woman in the world without would would hardly care to barter my soul for a membership in your euchre club." Then, fearing that Mrs. Treadwell was about to deliver another harangue, Edith Free conternations of L thenk you very much, ladies, for your kindness and candor, and I am elad that the euchre club was the means of making us better acquainted."

While she spoke, they were taking their leave, fully conscious that they were being dismissed, and yet they were unable to find anything offensive in her affable manuer as she led them to the front door and smil-

Not a word was spoten by either of the trio until they had gone quite a distance, when Mrs. Flashley re-marked: "My! what airs she put or. You'd think she was somebody in particular instead of the wife of a poor

young bookkeeper. I suppose they are so poor they can hardly keep body and

soul together." "The house is beautifully furnished." "The house is beautifully furnished. "Yes, but very economically; and the handsome lamps and bric a brac are all wedding presents, you may de-out upon it. He's as poor as Job's unker "

"She certainly got the best of us,"

said Miss Snow. "But, you know, the devil himsel

TO BE CONTINUED. It is a nice custom for the family to