
A VIRGIN HEART

heart and her troubled senses. When M. Hervart's name was pronounced in her presence, it recalled to her those studious walks at Robinvast, with that old friend of her father's who told her the anecdotes of entomology.

M. Des Boys, as he had resolved, revealed to his daughter what he called the misfortunes of M. Hervart. And so, when she heard that he was to marry Mme. Suif, she allowed herself an honest smile of commiseration. That happened in the third year of their marriage; they were spending the season at Grandcamp, where, without knowing her, she often rubbed shoulders with a young woman who had played a decisive part in her history.

Leonor was wandering one morning on this same beach where Gratiennne had attracted him; but he was not thinking of Gratiennne, who as it happened was looking at him, from a distance, with interest. He was thinking of Hortense, of whose death he had seen the announcement in a local paper; of Hortense, who had written him, on the eve of his marriage, a letter so moving in its proud resignation that it had