

failed to notice the deep flush that had crimsoned his face from the moment his cousin had offered the bracelet to Felicitas. He was certainly ill-suited to be a "ladies' doctor," or pursue the study of the subtle ailments of the fair sex. He was terribly blunt in his dealings with women. It was certainly perfectly natural that all present should have been greatly alarmed by the child's peril, and should desire to have their anxiety about its possible consequences relieved; but the man of science gave only brief, dry answers to the ladies' sympathizing questions; nay, some especially artless remarks were answered with biting sarcasm.

At last he left the child, wrapped in a thick, warm shawl, to their tender hands, and walked toward the door. Felicitas had retreated to the farthest corner of the room, where she believed that she would be entirely unnoticed. She was leaning her shoulders against the wall in an attitude of evident pain; her face was lividly pale, while her knit brows, the fixed expression of her eyes, and her tightly compressed lips showed that she was suffering physical agony—she had a large burn on her arm which was aching intensely.

While in the act of closing the door behind him the professor again glanced around the room, his eyes rested on the young girl, and, after looking intently at her for a moment he hastily approached.

"Are you in pain?" he asked quickly.

"It is endurable," she replied with quivering lips, that closed again convulsively.

"You are burned?"

"Yes, on my arm." Spite of her suffering she assumed a repellent attitude, and turned her head toward the window. She could not meet the eyes which, from her childhood, she had so detested. He hesitated a moment, but the feeling of duty conquered.

"Will you not accept my help?" he asked, slowly, in a tone of great kindness.

"I do not wish to trouble you," she answered distantly. "I can relieve myself as soon as I go back to town."

"As you choose," he replied. "But I must remind you that my mother still has some claim upon your time and strength. Therefore you ought not to willfully make yourself ill." He avoided looking at Felicitas while he uttered the last words.

"I do not forget it," she answered, with less irritation; she felt that this allusion to her duty was not made to humiliate her, but evidently to induce her to accept his aid. "I understand our agreement perfectly," she added, "and you will find me to the last hour in the place assigned me."

"Well, is your medical assistance needed here, John?" asked the counselor's widow, approaching.

"No," he said, curtly. "But what are you doing here, Adele? I just told you that Anna must be taken into the fresh air, and can not understand why you keep her shut up in this close room."

He went out, and the young widow, taking her child in her arms, followed, accompanied by all the ladies. Frau Hellwig had quietly returned to the table long before. Between her last row of knitting and the one now growing beneath her fingers, the lives of two human beings had been in the utmost peril; but this circumstance had had no power to disturb the composure born of steel nerves and a still harder nature.

At last Heinrich appeared with the necessary clothing. He had run so fast that the perspiration was streaming down his forehead. Rosa came with him, and Felicitas received Frau Hellwig's permission to return to town. She knew that Aunt Cordula kept an excellent salve for burns in her well-stocked medicine chest, and while Heinrich kept her watch below, went directly to her rooms.

While the old mam'selle brought out the cooling ointment and gently bandaged the arm, Felicitas related the story of the accident. She spoke quickly and with much emotion. Physical pain and mental agitation had greatly excited her. Yet the young girl's strong will conquered her passionate emotion, until Aunt Cordula gently remarked that she ought not to have refused medical aid. Then the last barrier of her control gave way.

"No, aunt!" she cried suddenly; "his hand shall not touch me, even to save my life. The class to which I belong is 'detestable' to him. That word from his lips once mortally wounded my childish heart—never shall I forget it. His duty as a physician made him conquer to-day, for a moment, his aversion to the Parish—I will have no sacrifice from him."

She stopped exhausted, her face was distorted by the pain her arm was causing.

"He is not destitute of pity," she continued, after a pause. "I know that he denies himself amusements for the sake of his poor patients. In any one else such constant self sacrifice and unassuming goodness would touch me to tears, but in him they make me feel as if they were crimes. I know this is base and ignoble, aunt, but I can not help it. It causes me intense pain, wrath, and resentment to be forced to admire anything in one whom I shall forever hate."

Once having left her vantage ground of self-control and reserve, she complained most bitterly, for the first time, of the young widow's heartless conduct. The peculiar hectic flush appeared on the old mam'selle's cheek.

"No wonder—she is Paul Hellwig's daughter!" she exclaimed.

The few words, faintly but sharply uttered, expressed the sternest condemnation. Felicitas listened in surprise. Aunt Cordula had never made the slightest allusion to any member of the Hellwig family—she had received the news of the widow's arrival silently, and apparently with the most complete indifference, so that the young girl had supposed she had never had any acquaintance with the family on the Rhine. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE VALUE OF EVERY ACT.—How it is that every act we do leaves upon us its impression we know not; but the scars and seams of our bodily frame may warn us of the havoc sin makes in our unseen nature. The current of our thoughts, the wandering of our imaginations, the tumult of our passions, the flashes of our temper, all the movements and energies of our moral being, leave some mark, wither some springing grace, strengthen some struggling fault, decide some doubtful bias, aggravate some growing proneness, and always leave us other and worse than we were before. This is ever going on. By its own continual acting, our fearful and inward nature is perpetually fixing its own character. It has a power of self-determination, which to those who give over watching and self-control, becomes soon unconscious, and at last involuntary.—Cardinal Manning.

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