

## "Turn to the Right."

"But, but! It is but a disguise," I answered quickly.

"I might have known that," she rejoined, sinking back with a smile and a sigh of content. "But when I first saw you I was almost afraid something had happened to you. And I have been uneasy lately," she went on, releasing my hand, and beginning to play with the coverlet, as though the remembrance troubled her. "There was a man here a while ago—a friend of Simon Fleish's—who had been south to Pau and Narac, and he said there was no M. de Marsac about the court."

"He probably knew less of the court than the wine-tavern," I answered with a ghastly smile.

"That was just what I told him," my mother responded quickly and eagerly. "I warrant you I sent him away ill-satisfied."

"Of course," I said; there will always be people of that kind. But now, if you will permit me, madame, I will make such arrangements for mademoiselle as are necessary."

Seizing her accordingly to lie down and compose herself for even so short a conversation, following on the excitement of my arrival, had exhausted her to a painful degree—I took the youth who had just returned from stabling our horses, a little aside, and learning that he lodged in a smaller chamber on the farther side of the landing, secured it for the use of mademoiselle and her woman. In spite of a certain excitability which marked him at times, he seemed to be a quick, ready fellow, and he willingly undertook to get, late as it was, and procure some provisions and a few other things which were sadly needed, as well for my mother's comfort as for our own.

I directed Fanchette to aid him in the preparation of the other chamber, and then for a while I was left alone with mademoiselle. She had taken one of the stools, and sat cowering over the fire, the hood of her cloak drawn about her head in such a manner that even when she looked up, which she did from time to time, I saw little more than her eyes, bright with contemptuous anger.

"So, sir," she presently began, speaking in a low voice, and turning slightly towards me, "you practice lying in here?"

I felt so strongly the futility of denial or explanation that I shrugged my shoulders and remained silent under the sneer. Two more days—two more days would take us to Narac, and my task would be done, and mademoiselle and I would part for good and all. What would it matter then what she thought of me? What did it matter now?

For the first time in our intercourse my silence seemed to disconcert and displease her. "Have you nothing to say for yourself?" she muttered sharply, crushing a fragment of charcoal under her foot, and stooping to peer at the ashes. "Have you not another lie in your quiver, M. de Marsac? Do, Marsac! And she repeated the title, with a scornful laugh, as if she put no faith in my claim to it."

But I would answer nothing—nothing; and we remained silent until Fanchette, coming in to to the chamber, was ready, hold the light for her mistress to pass out. I told the woman to come back and fetch mademoiselle's supper, and then, being left alone with my mother, who had fallen asleep, with a smile on her thin, worn face, I began to wonder what had happened to reduce her to such dire poverty.

I feared to agitate her by referring to it; and in the evening, when her curtains were drawn and Simon Fleish and I were left together, eyeing one another across the embers like dogs of different breeds—with a certain strangeness and suspicion—my thoughts recurred to the question; and determining first to learn something about my companion, whose pale, eager face and tattered, black dress gave him a certain individuality. I asked him whether he had come from Paris with Madame de Bonne.

He nodded without speaking.

"I asked him if he had known her long."

"Twelve months," he answered. "I lodged on the fifth, madame on the second, floor of the same house in Paris."

I leaned forward and plucked the hem of his black robe. "What is this?" I asked with a little contempt. "You are not a priest, man."

"No," he answered, fingering the stuff himself, and gazing at me in a curious, vacant fashion. "I am a student of the Sorbonne."

I drew off from him with a muttered oath, wondering—while I looked at him with suspicious eyes—how he came to be here, and particularly how he came to be in attendance on my mother, who had been educated from childhood in the religion, and had professed it in private all her life. I could think of no one who, in old days, would have been less welcome in her house than a Sorbonnist, and began to fancy that here should lie the secret of her miserable condition.

"You don't like the Sorbonne?" he said, reading my thoughts; which were, indeed, plain enough.

"No more than I love the devil!" I said bluntly.

He leaned forward and, stretching out a thin, nervous hand, laid it on my knee.

"What if they are right, though?" he muttered, his voice hoarse. "What if they are right, M. de Marsac?"

"Who right?" I asked roughly, drawing back afresh.

"The Sorbonne," he repeated, his face red with excitement, his eyes peering uneasily into mine. "Don't you see," he continued, pinching my knee in his earnestness, and thrusting his face near and near to mine, "it all turns on that? It all turns on that—salvation or damnation! Are they right? Are you right? You say yes to this, no to that, you white-coats; and you say it lightly, but are you right? Are you right? Mon Dieu! he continued, raising his head abruptly and clashing the air with impatience, "I have read, read, read! I have listened to sermons, theses, disputations, and I know nothing. I know no more than when I began."

He sprang up and paced the floor, while I gazed at him with a feeling of pity. A very learned person once told me that the troubles of these times bred four kinds of fanatics on the one side or the other: the lost sight of all else in the intensity of their faith; men who, like Simon Fleish, sought desperately after something to believe, and found it not; and lastly, scolders, who, believing in nothing, looked on all religion as a mockery.

He presently stopped walking—in his utmost excitement I remarked that he never forgot my mother, but trod more lightly when he drew near the alcove—and spoke again.

"You are a Huguenot?" he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"So she," he rejoined, pointing towards the bed. "But do you feel no doubts?"

"None," I said quietly.

"Nor does she," he answered again, stooping opposite me. You made up your mind—how?"

"I was born in the religion," I said.

"And you have never questioned it?"

"Never."

"Nor thought much about it?"

"Not a great deal," I answered.

"St. Gris!" he exclaimed in a low tone. "And do you never think of hell-fire—of the worms which dieth not, and the fire which shall not be quenched? Do you never think of that, M. de Marsac?"

"No, my friend, never!" I answered, rising impatiently; for at that hour, and in that silent, gloomy room I found his conversation dispiriting. "I believe what I was taught to believe, and I strive to hurt no one but the enemy. I think little; and if I were you I would think less. I would do something, man—fight, play, work, anything but think! Leave that to clerks."

"I am a clerk," he answered.

"A poor one, it seems," I retorted, with a little scorn in my tone. "Leave it, man. Work! Fight! Do something!"

"Fight!" he said, as if the idea were a novel one. "Fight? But there, I might be killed; and then hell-fire, you see?"

"Zounds, man!" I cried, out of patience with a folly which, to tell the truth, the lamp burning low, and the rain pattering on the roof, made the skin of my back feel cold and creepy. "Enough of this! Know your doubts and your fire to yourself! And answer me," I continued, sternly. "How came Madame de Bonne so poor? How did she come down to this place?"

He sat down on his stool, the excitement dying quickly out of his face. "She gave away all her money," he said slowly and reluctantly. It may be imagined that this answer surprised me. "Gave it away?" I exclaimed. "To whom? And what?"

He moved uneasily on his seat and avoided my eyes, his altered manner filling me with suspicions which the insight I had gained into his character did not altogether preclude. At last he said, "I had nothing to do with it, if you mean that, nothing. On the contrary, I have done all I could to make it up to her. I followed her here. I swear that is so, M. de Marsac."

(To be Continued.)

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### FOUGHT THE BEAR.

A Bruce County Man Defeats Bruin Single-handed—An Exciting Adventure.

The Warton Echo of March 22 relates the exciting adventure of Mr. Daniel Renshaw, of Oliphant, with a bear. On March 20 he set out on the trail of a fox for which he had set poisoned meat. He came across a hollow log in the woods and on glancing in saw a big black lump peen feet from the hole. Thinking the fox had crawled in there and died he entered the log head first and grabbed at it by the fur. There it stuck, however, so, taking firm hold with both hands, he gave such a vigorous pull that the "lump" suddenly moved, turned itself round and confronted him in the shape of an enormous black bear, "bared to the gums," and evidently strung up to make a fight of it. Then began the tug of war. The bear struck at Mr. Renshaw who, in turn, having no weapon but his fist, returned the compliment on the brute's nose—drawing in prize-winning parlance "first blood." The rounds were continued thus for some time, to the accompaniment of snarls and growls that would have paralyzed the nerves of any ordinary man. Mr. Renshaw meanwhile backing slowly towards the open, which he at length reached, the bear close after him. Here the fight was renewed, with the advantage to Mr. Renshaw that he had picked up a stick, wherewith he now pelted, pounded and prodded his antagonist without mercy. But the human-like attitude of the creature, as standing erect, it "hit out with the right" while "guarding its eye with the left," was something marvelous. Thus the struggle continued until induced, presumably by the whinnings of her progeny (she was a female with two cubs) the bear beat a retreat into her lair leaving her antagonist temporary victor.

Mr. Renshaw waited for some time her further pleasure, but she declined, so, proceeding home, he returned with a couple of his boys and a well-charged musket. The bear, on their nearing the spot, reappeared with the evident intention to renew hostilities, but a discharge of buckshot at point blank range laid her low, and thus ended the combat. The animal weighed about 300 lbs. Mr. Renshaw got two gallons of oil out of the body and sold the skin to Mr. Tyson here for \$15. During his time Mr. Renshaw has killed over twenty of these animals.

The Eastern Seal Fisheries.

St. Johns, Nfld., March 24.—Reports from the seal fisheries are very discouraging. All of our steamers had poor fares. The Newfoundland has 6,000, which were taken on March 8, six days before the law allows. She has one of the best catches of the whole fleet. The seals are inshore. The people at northern ports are out hauling them ashore by the hundred. The Labrador had two men killed on Tuesday, one being cut in two pieces by a rope. A report from M'gat Cove says that seventeen schooners are in sight from St. Paul's Island, and Superintendent Campbell thinks the ward ones are getting seals.

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