

bring *la petite Anglaise* over with you from England."

The words had in them much more of truth than politeness ; Marie was still noted for bluntness of speech. The befrizzled and beflounced lady beside her made no reply, but carefully gathering the folds of her dress around her, that they might not so much as touch the snowy-white counterpanes of the beds, Ninon slowly made her way towards the place where both the comtesse and her servant were now engaged with another patient. Faith was gently supporting the sufferer's head on her bosom, while Gabrielle, with a look of tender compassion, was holding a cup to her lips.

"That woman looks awfully ill, really a shocking object !" exclaimed Madame Parrocca with a gesture of disgust. "I wonder how the comtesse can bear to wait like a nurse upon such a miserable wretch !"

"Many may wonder at it," answered Marie. "That case is the worst in the ward the only one which is hopeless. That woman is slowly dying of a most painful disease ; she will never rise again from that

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