

she thought him guilty of stood out from this pure life like a monstrous contradiction. Adda for the first time wondered whether she could have been mistaken, and that doubt alone racked her whole soul, for, if there was a mistake, she had persecuted an innocent man, and Henry's resignation, the patience with which he bore so many public insults, were in that case simply sublime.

It was whilst making a visit with her aunt Miller to the wife of the President, that the light broke overpoweringly upon her. The Marchals' voluntary sacrifice had been carried over town by a Mrs. Mengus, whose husband had been commissioned by the Professor to dispose of all their goods and to forward the proceeds to Paris. As Mrs. Mengus entered into the details of the affair, the complete impoverishment of the little family, their future modest home, Adda became more and more uneasy. Unable to bear it any longer, she hastily took leave, hurried home with her aunt regardless of the calls that remained yet to be made, and the purchases the evening ball at the prefecture required, and bursting upon her mother, just then engaged with two laundresses, the biggest gossips in town, she asked in a tone which took the unsuspecting lady all by surprise: "Mother, upon your eternal welfare, tell me if Mr. Marchal has ever sought me in marriage?" There was no chance of eluding the question, or consulting her husband. Adda pressed her for an answer, and allowed not her piercing eyes to wander a moment from her mother's countenance, watching anxiously its every expression. And as Mrs. Lauth hesitated, "Answer, answer," she said, in so excited a manner, that the good lady, fearing a nervous crisis replied, stammering: "It is so long ago! You were so young! Besides, what do you care now, since he is married to another?"

Adda burst into tears, fell on her mother's neck, and after a nervous, "Thank you, thank you," fled to her room, where she gave free vent to her grief. Mrs. Lauth and Mrs. Miller found her there a short time after absorbed in the Bible.

For some time Adda's mental condition gave her parents considerable uneasiness. Her manners and language went beyond all the limits even of eccentricity, and the family became seriously alarmed about her reason. Grand-parents, uncles and aunts, father and

mother, came together to hold a council as to what was to be done. Some thought her mind should be diverted, and proposed amusements; others advised travelling and a journey to Italy, others again marriage. But how marry her if she herself would not consent? There was no lack of suitors: she had discarded about half a dozen within one year. Only the day before, a friend of the Canon had proposed, a certain Mr. Courtois, a fine fellow, good dancer, counsellor at the prefecture, and only son of a wealthy family. But Mr. Lauth had been so distracted by his daughter's late demeanour that he had not even acquainted her with the offer. It was, however, thought proper by the family to acquaint her with the fact, and to persuade her to accept. They were all prepared for resistance, and expected to find her as usual, irritable and peevish on the subject. But Adda, contrary to all expectation, astonished them all by an unusually respectful submission. She commenced by getting ready for the ball, took, contrary to her habit, a hearty supper, paid special attention to her toilet, and showed herself that evening extremely attractive. Her entrance made quite a sensation. Although she was aware of the general admiration she was creating, she heeded none of the praises whispered around her, and only satisfied herself, her eyes wandering over the ball-room, that certain persons were present. Mr. Courtois, her late suitor, showed himself duly attentive, and engaged her for the first dance. She danced divinely, but when her partner was going to take her back to her seat, she requested him to go a little further, to the place where Doctor Marchal was standing. Mr. Courtois knowing the invincible dislike the young lady had always manifested towards that gentleman, was getting ready for combat, to show off his championship, when he was strangely taken by surprise by the following dialogue:—

"Mr. Marchal, will you allow me to take your arm for a moment?"

"My arm, Miss Lauth."

"If you please."

"I am at your service."

"Thank you, sir; I expected no less from you," and, making Mr. Courtois a slight bow, she walked the whole length of the drawing room on his arm. The whole of Strasburg was amazement; every eye was fixed on them; Clara could not believe her senses; those who wore