

in my trunk, but this morning it doesn't appeal to me."

They began to be seriously alarmed ; this was a bad symptom.

"Then I am going to make you a cup of tea," said Madame Jules, "and you will feel better."

"My English wife," said Jules, "thinks tea a remedy for all ills."

José drank the tea, and declared that it was a fine medicine and that he felt better, but this did not prevent the faithful servant from taking to his bed that very evening never to leave it alive.

When the brave fellow knew that his end was drawing near, he said to Jules, who watched with him through the night :

"I have prayed the good God to prolong my life to your childrens' next holidays, so that I might see them once more before I die, but I shall not have that consolation."

"You shall see them to-morrow, my dear José."

An hour later Lochiel was on the way to Quebec, and on the next evening all those who were the dearest in the world to that faithful and affectionate servant were gathered around his death-bed. After talking with them for some time and bidding them a most tender farewell, he summoned all his strength in order to sit up in bed, and when Jules approached to support him, a burning tear fell on his hand. After this last effort of that strong nature, he who had shared the good and the bad fortune of the D'Habervilles fell back and ceased to breathe.

"Let us pray for the soul of one of the best men that I have known," said Archie, closing his eyes.

Jules and Blanche, in spite of remonstrances, would not resign to any one the task of watching beside their