

Hélène; "the whole vil-  
Monsieur Eric's praise."  
a *belle cousine* swells the  
t, shrugging his shoul-  
porte, demoiselles will  
lt them *jusqu'aux cieux*.  
not come here to argue  
r other *Bohémiens* from

with anger. The vis-  
ions of having provoked  
ch a degree, continued,  
as always understood  
o my wife; and I wear  
a *vie*, that you will have  
es you."

Hélène, trying to speak  
I never be you."  
ed he, quickly, "unless  
a nameless adventurer,  
e with a peasant-girl."  
aid Hélène, drawing her  
s full height, the Dong-  
her cheeks, "I will not  
e manifest *grossièreté* of  
n future, when you wish  
so to a lady, take care  
f your remarks be other  
husband."

He stood like one in a trance. Disap-  
pointment, rage, jealousy, were all at work  
within him; yet as Hélène swept lianhtly  
past him, he held out his hands to her  
in mute appeal for forgiveness. That af-  
ternoon, before he left the château, he found  
courage to speak to her again.

"I have behaved like a *bête*," he said, hur-  
bly; "but oh, *ma mignonne*, it was jealousy!  
I always knew how it would be, and that I,  
in spite of my long, devoted love, would be  
thrown aside for a stranger. Forgive me,  
though, now, and I will never offend again."

"Nor call Monsieur Eric a Laplauder!"  
she said, smiling a gracious forgiveness, and  
holding out both her hands to him.

"Ah, consin," he said, half sadly, "this  
Monsieur Eric is a happy man to possess  
that generous little heart, always ready to  
forgive. But those bright eyes have a great  
deal to answer for; and I, their victim,  
must be, *hélas!* only a consin."

"And a good friend, I hope," she said,  
"even when I am gone far over the sea."

The time before the wedding passed very  
rapidly. Hélène flitted about as happy and  
joyous as ever, but was seen much more  
frequently entering the little chapel, where  
she spent many a half-hour in prayer and