

lène; "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,
was 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
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 haughti-
ly 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