

upon for the benefit of his friend Dumais, made over to him in due form all his real estate, reserving only for himself during his life-time the half of the new and spacious house which he had built.

The visits of Archie to the manor house became more frequent as he advanced in age, and he ended by establishing himself there altogether. Blanche was no longer in his eyes anything more than an adopted sister; and the sweet name of brother, which Blanche had given him, purified the remnant of passion which yet clung to the heart of this noble woman.

The author has become so attached to the chief characters in this veracious history that it costs him a pang to banish them from the scene. He fears also to grieve those of his readers who may share this attachment should he kill them all off with one stroke of the pen. Time will do the fatal work without the author's assistance.

It is eleven o'clock in the evening, toward the end of October. The D'Haberville family are gathered in a little parlor sufficiently illuminated, without the help of the candles, by the flame from an armful of dry cedar chips which are blazing in the great chimney. Lochiel, now nearly sixty years of age, is playing a game of draughts with Blanche. Jules, seated between his wife and daughter, near the fire, is teasing them both without altogether neglecting the players.

Young Archie d'Haberville, only son of Jules and godson of Lochiel, is in a brown study. He is following the fantastic figures which his imagination has created in the flames now dying slowly on the hearth.

"What are you thinking about, my grave philosopher?" said his father.

"I have been watching with intense interest," answered the young man, "a little group of men, women,