

great many half-tender phrases, to which Armande listened with downcast eyes and a fluttering heart.

"So this is the manner in which you take care of children placed in your charge, Mademoiselle Dovalle!" exclaimed an angry scornful voice beside them.

Both started up to confront the indignation of Constance Markham.

"Constance!" cried Gordon. "Is it really you, we did not expect you till later."

"So it appears," she retorted, her lips quivering with passion. "Mademoiselle, be kind enough to take the children to the house. I will speak to you presently."

Trembling with undefined fears, and only partly aware of her offense, Armande did as she commanded, leaving Gordon and Constance together.

Half an hour later the latter entered the school-room and said coldly, with angry, glittering eyes

"This envelope contains a cheque in payment of your services, Mademoiselle Dovalle. I shall be glad if you can make it convenient to leave here by the first train to-morrow morning."

"Leave? Oh, Miss Markham, why? What have I done?" asked the poor girl, her face blanching to a death-like pallor.

"Done! echoed Constance, passionately. "How can you ask me such a question, girl? Your artfulness is really beyond belief! I think you were to be trusted, but I find you are nothing better than a heartless and deceitful coquette!"

"Mademoiselle!" gasped Armande, in breathless supplication.

"It is true," Constance went on furiously. "Not content with doing your utmost to entrap my brother, you could not even allow my affianced husband—"

Armande interrupted her with a little cry. "Mr. Letheby is your affianced husband?" he asked.

"Oh, don't pretend you did not know," retorted Constance scornfully. "You will deceive me no longer—I understand you now. I have heard about your morning walks and all the rest of it, and I tell you candidly that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Armande for a moment struggled painfully with her emotion. Then she found sufficient calmness to reply quietly:

"You are doing me an injustice. I was not aware of your engagement to Mr. Letheby, no one ever told me of it—and I saw no impropriety in his walking by my side if he chanced to meet me as I came from Mass. If it was wrong I did not know it. I never

sought his society, nor did I ever endeavor to attract your brother's attention. But, of course, after this, I can no longer remain here. I will go to-morrow morning."

The children were inconsolable when they were told that their patient gentle governess was about to leave them, but Constance said nothing about it to the other members of the family until after Armande's departure. Whereupon Will had a fresh quarrel with his sister, and left home for an indefinite period, and even quiet Mr. Markham felt impelled to ask his daughter's reasons for such a summary proceeding.

Of course she did not give the real ones; but in a short time the rupture between Gordon and herself was healed and the wedding-day was fixed.

Gordon was by no means ardently in love, but he admired his bride's beauty, accomplishments, and fortune, while she liked him perhaps better than anybody else and considered that his probable succession to a baronetcy was a strong point in his favor. How many marriages daily take place actuated by similar motives!

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Terror and confusion reigned in a handsome London House. The servants were talking in hurried whispers in the intervals of packing their boxes and preparing for a precipitate flight. The terrible enemy small-pox had taken up his abode there, and no entreaty or persuasion would induce them to remain.

"I am sure I don't know what is to be done," cried Mrs. Letheby, helplessly. "There is not a nurse to be had—and I dare not go into the room. I have always had such a horror of small-pox, and they say you are more likely to take it when you are afraid, don't they? What can we do Dr. Eade? None of the servants will stay now; they know what my poor husband's illness is—except the cook, and although she has had it, she positively refuses to go into his room. It is horrible how these selfish people are!"

Dr. Eade could hardly repress a smile; but the matter was a serious one, and his half-bitter amusement was short-lived.

"I called at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy as I came along just now, and stated the case to the superior," he said. "There was no sister disengaged just then, but she promised to send one as soon as possible."

"I wish she would," said Mrs. Letheby in tones of fretful weariness. "I feel half ill myself—no wonder, with all this worry. I can't sleep and my hands burn as though I had a fever. Feel them."

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