

to Providence." Then rushing to the door, where my ear was glued to the keyhole, and where he nearly caught me:

"Annonce," said he to me in a very loud voice, "Monsieur Félix Phellion and family."

Thereupon a door opened and five or six persons came out, who were led by Monsieur Picot into the salon.

At the sight of her lover Mademoiselle Colleville fainted, but the spell was soon over, and, seeing Monsieur Félix at her feet, she threw herself, weeping, into Madame Thuillier's arms, crying:

"Godmother, you always told me to hope."

Mademoiselle Thuillier, who, as I have always thought, despite her harsh nature and lack of education, is a very remarkable woman, had a happy inspiration:

"One moment," she said, for they were just starting for the dining-room. "Monsieur Phellion," she said, going up to him, "monsieur and old friend, I ask the hand of Monsieur Félix Phellion for our adopted daughter, Mademoiselle Colleville."

"Bravo, bravo!" cried all in chorus.

"My God!" said Monsieur Félix Phellion, tearfully, "what have I done to deserve so great a happiness!"

"You have been an honest man, and a Christian without knowing it," replied the Abbé Gondrin.

Here la Peyrade flung down the letter.

"Well, you haven't finished it?" said Corentin, picking it up. "But there's not much more: M. Henri informs me that this scene affected him; that knowing I had formerly taken an interest in this marriage, he had thought proper to give me the details of its conclusion, and like all police reports, somewhat extended, he concludes by a slightly veiled demand for a reward. Ah! by the way," resumed Corentin, "there is one detail of some importance:"

The Englishwoman made it known during dinner that, having no heirs, her fortune, after the deaths of herself and husband, will go to Félix, who, as a consequence, will become enormously wealthy.

La Peyrade had risen and was striding rapidly about the room.