

quarters of the globe—of giving them for some purpose to the man who had just left her, and then followed an imputation which mamma did not deny. That happened when I was barely two years old. That very day mamma, with Fenton and me, left her husband's house. For about a year we travelled about the Continent, then settled down at Ste. Cécile.

"Often, as Fenton repeated this story to me, she would finish with a sigh, a wish that that jewel case, searched for in vain, could be found, and an adjuration to me never to think any ill of my mother. That I never did, but, notwithstanding Fenton's fidelity, the sight of that jewel case and the letter it contained would have given her greater pleasure than anything on earth; and of late years I, too, had thought much and pondered deeply over the trouble that had some way cut me off from all sympathy or communication with the world, till at last it seemed that for me there could be no happiness till that jewel case was found and my mother's truth and honor vindicated. So you can easily imagine what filled my thoughts as the train whirled me on towards the man who was near to me, as my father, but by no other tie, except that he was ill, perhaps dying. It was Christmas Eve, just such a night as to-night, wildly stormy. Only the day before there had come to me, at Southampton, a telegram from him, saying he was ill, and would like to see me, asking me particularly not to bring Fenton, whom he had always disliked.

"Perhaps the days and years, bringing nothing but ordinary duties and the filling of them, were wearying me; perhaps I had a hope that I might influence my father to acknowledge his wicked injustice, or—at this supposition my heart beat more quickly—might *he* not have found the lost jewels, and might he not be merely using his illness as an excuse.

"Much against Fenton's will, I took my travelling bag and shawl, and left in the first train for Dover. I crossed to Calais, where the night train for Paris connected. On the first demand for my ticket, I passed it for inspection.

"*Ees et* that Mlle. knows not that her ticket is for Paris; that this train goes only to Amiens, and there connects with the train for Valenciennes, for the north?"

"I had taken the wrong train. Yes, here in France, where every one classes misfortunes of that kind under the head impossibilities, I had managed it, and easily enough, too. The two trains left