

THE VILLAGE ANGEL; Or, Agatha's Reconnoissance.

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued.)

"Great Heaven! what are those English" thought the young man to himself. "The most charming of the maidens remains undazzled by flowers and diamonds."

close together, the mouth not well formed, and showing by no means beautiful teeth—"a plain woman" say one must have called her; but there was something in her face which attracted attention.

what was about to happen, then she would rather have kept Agatha with her at any cost to her son. Agatha went, as had been arranged, on the day following. Mrs. Norman received her kindly. She was shown to her room, and the rest of the day was given to her to arrange the wardrobe and drawers, and make herself quite comfortable.

with an air for which she could have boxed his ears. "Mr. Norman differs from other people in this respect," said his wife, "that he very often sees beauty when others see none."

"When she knows what a beautiful present is coming to her she will cheer up," thought simple Agatha; "and though she has fine jewels, she has nothing like those diamonds, and they will suit her well."

of the depths of the river, essentially French. There is for most fastidious a French murder-thriller in an English one. An Englishman, wishing to murder his wife, kicks her to death; the Frenchman shuts her up with a pin of ear-pearls.

CHAPTER XLV.

A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE HUSBAND'S JOKE.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CHAPTER XLVIII.