# Or, Agatha's Recompense.

CHAPTER XL. - (Continued.) "Great Heaven! what are these Engthought the young man to himself. "The most charming of their maidens remains undazzled by flowers and diamonds.

"It shall be just as mademoiselle wishes," he replied. "My object was merely to give

pleasure."
"I assure you," she replied, with a candor that was almost shocking, " that I found no pleasure, in it "

With a look of deep mortification, the count bowed ugain. "I am indeed unfortunate," he said, "I

am almost unhappy." A smile long absent from Agatha's face, came back-a smile that seemed to begin in her eyes and ripple over her tips-a smile that made her so be utiful the young man

said to broself, suddenly:
"I will marry her! She will be the fairest wife in France. But this requires thought. The thought, once baving taken root in his mind, he fell a victim to it. Her face haunted him; he thought of it by day and by night. It was the first serious attack of love-fever he had had; he had worshipped at a hundred shrines, but never for long, and now he

Wanted to marry.

He shought about it for some time; his mother might say something of her past, which he understood to be mysterions; what of that to him? She had no money, true; but she was a fortune in her Own adorable self.

He could not and would not see any reason in the world why he should not marry this girl on whom he had fixed his heart.

Having determined himself to marry her, it did not occur to him that perhaps might not be willing. His chief puzzle was how he should make the offer-whether it should be through his mother, whether he should write, or whether he shoul i seek an interview with her himself. That he might be refused or rejected never occurred to him.

"The English miss," so heautiful, so good, with the face and voice of an angel. I: would be better-surely a hundred times betweento write to her; it was more resp c fut, more like homage. He composed a letter that for cloquence, for description of his love-lio'coss, was a masterpiece worthy of Du nas.

He was notighted with it; he read and reread it, lane sting that all the young men of Paris were not there to profit by it. He gave it to le: hi melf.

" Miss brooke," he said, "the answer to that makes me the happiest man on earth,

or plunger me into despair."

Agatha was beginning to feel much annoyed at his proceedings. She liked him just be cause he was the son of madame, she was pleased with his general character, much amused at he vanity. She was almost shocked when she read that most complimentary letter.

That any one should want to marry hershould think of marrying her—was to her most harrible. She could not think why to young and happy a man as the count, Should went to marry her, There was a kind of desceration in her mind-she, who had believed herself to be Vane's wife, to receive an offer of marriage; she was humiliated at the very i ies of it.

Perhaps Henri Count de Tiernay was never so surprised in his life as when he received the answer to his note. She thanked him courteously and gracefully, but was firm in declining it. She prayed that he would never allude to it agoar.

The count was furious—bold al. Love

and desprir raged in his breast. He west to his mother and tell her how much he loved the years that he girl. "She will never marry, my sor," said the countess, "I know but nittle of her past, yet I am sare there is something in it which will keep her from marrying."
The worst was inconsolable.

"It is just my lunk," he soul, "to fall in love with one I can never marry !" "It seems to me that every wish in your life has so far been gentified. You must learn to bear disappoint nems."
She was somy for him, but at the same

tim thankful Mus Brooks had refused rim. San had taken a protegie for the love of Houses, beliebe did not at the same time expect in her a daugter in law. Acatha look of patifully at her.

" Ocer Malame," one said, "I must go : must leave you; I could not remain ere. Mansforr to count look milerable, and when I have been away a few days he vill have form thee me."

"I am amund not," replied madame, slawly. "For many things I should have

aked my son to have had a wife like you. You would have had such a good inducate over him. Must you leave me, do you

"I om afraid there is no other course open to me," naid Agains. And madema signed deeply. She was grived to lise ber beautiful and charming companion; yet she said that the time must come when the mu 5 pars with her.

After some long disensaion and conversion tion, it was arranged that Agabha should go to one of the registry offices in Paris and try

to find a situation. "You will have no difficulty," said mad-

ame; unl, indeed, her only embarresement was one of enoise; that from the dex m pieced before her she signid have chosen the one she did warn fatalism. Correlally, the mistress of the registry office speke of it as being on s of the best situ tions on her books.

An Earlish tray and goathened residing in

"aris - and a literated by accomplished, well-Placeton lady was wanted as a companion to

\* Are there no children to teach ?" usked

Agatha. No, there are, no children," was the reply : in its earthfully are med to her a wonder ceny may wife needed a companion, when the had a Luentid.

The agent gave her a cord with the attractor if it, and Mrs. Norman, Rue Rivell, favir "

She went at onco. The house was a mansion, about as magnificent in its way as medianals. Puro was a levidences of wealth and luxury about it that amend Agatha. The cornect, seemed to be all English. A footness with her into the Marry, and told has that Mr. Norman world be with her soon. The lux-ry of this room entprised her -there were very possible resource. What could the calcines of such a house want with a companion?

### CHAPIER ZLI.

### A MOUSE WITH A MYSTERY.

Agatan care from her chair, as a tall, wellrecord bely oblered the room. She, who in ter diaple way was a keen observer of chareter, were stanck dumb at ence, by the opressed person and passion of the woman's ace. A fell and very beautiful figure. Agatha was impressed also by the figure; it was simply perfection; and the dress she formed, and showing by no means beau-rather have kept Agatha with her at any cost tiful tooth—"a plain woman" any one must to her son. have called her; but there was

Under some ircumstances, the face might have been much more comely, but now it was hard and supicious. Agatha was not sitegether impressed favorably with a r

voice was thoroughly refined, musical and clear.

the regist y office."
"Pray be seated, Miss Brooke; and as you have travelled some little distance, let me

offer you some refreshment." A good and kindly beginning, but Agatha

"Do you know," she said—and again Agatha was struck with the bitterness in her voice-" do you know that you are a

very beautiful woman?" "I am afraid that I care very little about it; that fact gives me no pleasure."

and everything in it for a beautiful face, and you do not prize it! Shall you like being a companion ?" "Yes; very much, 'she answered. "Do you realize the fact," continued Mrs.

Norman, "that if, with a face like yours, you appeared in society here in Parcs, where they go mad about beautiful women, you would marry at once, and marry well?"

delight; "that does not tempt you. You do not care about society-its base lies and deceits, its feshion of smiling in your face while it stubs you in the beart. You do not care for it?"

another idea seemed to flit over her lace. "Did you come direct from the office, Miss Brooke?"

"Have you heard my name?—do you know anything of me?" asked Mrs. Norman "No, I have not heard it. I have not neard you mentioned," she replied.

with a sweet subtle smile.

tione," she said, "and some of them are so disagrecable. I must ask this: Has-has my husband had anything to do with thisour application to mo?" But Agatha was too innocent to under-

leaving her unharmed. "No, 'she replied, wonderingly. "It was

the Countere de Tiernay who sent me to the registry office." Mrs. Norman saw that no glimpse of her

meaning had been understood by the pureminded girl. She was pleased. " You have been living as companion with her for some time, I suppose?" "Yes," replied Agazina. "I had thought

of returning to England, but If I should be so forcunate as to please you, I should not mind remaining in Paris."

om sure," said Mrs. Norman, with a stiff. disagreeable smile that Agatha under-tood afterward. "Now about terms, Miss Brooke. Pardon me if I say money is no conject to me. I want a bright, kind, clever companion."

"I was sure I can be kind; I could pro-

mise to be attentive and devoted to you-all my life I have been accustemed to take care of others; but I cannot, I am afraid, always be bright.'

Mrs Norman. "As for being clever," continued Agatha

"I an say nothing," we never spend an evening at home. My hashand likes society, and I do not care to be al no in this great house. I want you to take luncheen with ve, to dire with us, to go kin until noon; she was free to do as she

"Then we my consider the affair set'led, of hore. If it phase tyou, let me know, And I must add, this, Miss Brooke, that if

you go out with me I must find you in dresses. When could you come to me?" "Any time you wish. I am at liberty to

Agatha. "What do you think of this?" she said. Agatha looked of the face. It was ringularly handsome, but to fall of impulse, but

Agatha looked at her suddenly. It seemed a strange proceeding, and not altogether wise to pronouce any decided opinion on a

stringer. Why should Mrs. Korman want her opinion on any five? "Should you think that a face to be trusted?" asked Mrs. Norman.

Agatha looked helpless, first at her and then at the photograph. Prudence and com-mon sense told her sho had better not enswer. She said : "I do not believe that anyone judges of

character from photographs. I could judge better if I saw the living face. It is very handsome, but I san see nothing more than bounty."

leadly she wanted Agatha to say the face was not a true onc.

The whole interview left a strange impression on her mind. Mrs. Norman's face was different from any she had seen; the repressed passion, the

"You must take care, Miss Brocke : I feel sure there is a mystery in that homsehold, not admire her." Denot go-there are plenty of other situ ations open to you."

"I shall have something to bear overywhere," said Agatha; and I feel interested in this lady. She did not lock to me like a happy woman. Perhaps I may he of some use to her-I may add to her comfort."

"There is one thing," said madame, "if you do not like the household, you can leave at once; you will always have a home

THE VILLAGE ANGEL; close together, the mouth not well that was about to happen, then she would

kindly. She was shown to her room, and the the wardrobe and drawers, and make herself quite comfortable.

Norman, "and she will do anything you wish. Her name is Alme." And Agatha found Aline a nice, kind-

hearted girl.

grew full of sympathy.

if she would like to go down to dinner. "I may as well," she thought, She chose a pretty dinner dress of plain black net, but the white, beautiful neck and arms shone through it with the

cloud of net. She looked for too beauti ful for her post, and the worst thing about it was this, that the more she tried to disguisher loveliness the more distinctly it was She went down to the drawing-room

where Mrs Norman waited for her; she smiled when she saw the exquisits face and figure-a curious, thoughtful, complex saule, that would not make any one much the nappier for seaing it. She herself was superbly attired in a dress of pale velvet, trimmed with oak leaves; the faultl-se figure, the superb bust and shoulders, the white, rounded arms and levely hands contrasted oddly with the plain face,

"Why should you want it! You have beauty enough of your own."

"Beauty 1" she repeated, with a little reckiess laugh. "If I had your face I would have my heart's desire-I would have my revenge. You must not think me mad, but you do not know what a beautiful face would do for me." A sound of coming footsteps, Mrs. Nor-

man's face flushed, then turned deadly pale; she trembled with agitation.

The door opened, and a gentleman cutered—the original of the photograph, Agatha saw at once. He spoke a few care less words to his wife, and bowed low when he was introduced to Miss Brooks. Itis wife was watching bim; she noted the

pleased or angry. As a relief to all embarrassment, the dinner-bell rang, and the three went to the dining-room together.

face did not please her. It was not true there was a shiftiness in the fine eyes, some thing of cunning in the smile-she did no like them. He was very attractive to her, and, in a

minor degree, to his wife. He drank plenty of champagne, and pressed it eagerly upon thom. "What are you going to do this evening?"

asked Mrs. Norman. As she toyed with some rich purple grapes

lymz in her plate, those white fingers trembled with suitation. "This evening," he said, "I have torce or

"None of them include me, I suppose?" said Mrs. Normon. "I think not. I shall be at liberty to-

morrow evening."
"Will you? Then I should like to witness "Will you? Then I should like to witness the 'Sphinx.' It is being played now at the -, and they tell me that the naw sotress, Mudemoiselle Freds, is perfec-

spoke. He langhed in l a flash passed over his handsome face. " Perfection is very difficult to find," here-

And then Agatha knew there was something wrong between husband and wife.

## CHAPTER XLII.

presuroing distinct of Paris, over the dim, headsiful oburabes; the could read, she could bet !

in thelovely gardensof the Tullerler, she usufe the the bridges and which the Paris who would not have known the face.

during dinner she sneered at them. When shearked her husband to take her out he generally contrived to avoid it. Once he said, loughingly: "It has such a stupid, old-fa-bioned

wife out in that manner. We shall be called Darby and Jonn, Phyllis, if you are not

man: "the most litting and proper thing in wife out."

when do you ever see them at the theatre or opers with their husbands?"

is that people should go out to enjoy thrusselves-not in fetters and chains." "I always enjoy mysoif best with you, sail Mrs. Norman.

"! busdend two

He laugued carelessly.

"If you choose to imagine that I mean all sorts of disagrecable things," he said, "I cannot help it. It is quite as easy to interpret people kindly as unkindly.

"My husband," said Mrs. Norman, turning suddenly to Agatha, "is a lovvent worshipper of beauty. A woman may heall that is most accomplished, clever and intellectual, but unless she has a beautiful face he would "Do you think that a very formidable

trait is my character, Miss Brooke?" he asked. Agatha answered : "I think it is a very common one, and

that you share it with most other gentlemen.' "That is very cruel of you," he said. "It is perfectly true," she replied. "I

think most mon are led away by a pretty face thought, "and then this dear lady will than the English. or a well-turned figure. "I like them combined," said Mr. Norman,

with an air for which she could have boxed

"Mr. Norman differs from other pauple in this respect, 'said his wife, "that he very

No smile came to her face. It was a long devotion and love of Sir Vane, could not understand it. She sat looking from one to the other in wonder. Was this the reace, love and happiness of mairied life? There were times when Mr. Norman seemed to hate the very sound of his wife's voice, and when she detested him. Agatha could not tell at the end of a month whether this plain woman, with the beautiful figure, loved her husband or detested him.

That there was something nunsual hotwoon them she felt assored; but she was far too delicate and refined to make any effort to find it out. One thing struck her with wonder every hour of the day, and it was the lady's desire to make herself botter looking. She spent a small fortune in the purchase of cosmetics, powders, and washes for the complexion, but she never could improve a skin that nature had never intended to be smooth and clear.
"Do tell me," she would say, looking

wistfully at Agatha-" do tell me how you manago that lovery complexion? It looks like milk and roses.

"I do not manage it at all," Agatha replied, with a wondering laugh. "You must use something," said Mrs. Norman.

"I are plenty of soft, beautiful rais " said Agetha, and then for some time Mrs Norman had a mania for the use of raid

Gradually, but slowly, the truth broke is upen Agatha.

It was because Mrs. Norman's husbard so greatly admired beautiful women that she wanted to be beautiful. When Agatha found out that, her heart went out in wistful pity to the woman whose plain face was her one great trouble. The metive seemed almost to justify the weakness of vanity; but before Agatha had been many weeks there she felt quite sure that even if madam had the beauty of Venue, her husband would never have loved her. One little incident told her that. Mr. Norman was playing one day with a beautiful little epaniel, when by some accident the dog detached the gold enain he wore, and a wetty golden locket which had been fastened to it, which rolled away to the ground.

It fell near Agatha. As a mere act of common politeness she picked it up. The fall had opened it, and though she had not the faintest wish to see what it contained, she could not help it. Her eyes fell on the loveliest girl's face she had ever boheld-a face with erlendid liquid blue eyes and golden hair. She thought nothing of it-a man may wear the portrait of his sister, mother, cousin, aunt or friend. It certainly looks better when he wears the portrait of his wife; but then every one does not study ontward appearances. As she returned the locket to him he saw that think is the one quality in a woman that she ninst have seen the face inside. Their eyes met, and his ince flushed a little. She larget the whole event until the next day, when Mr. Norman made a protext for speak

ing to her.
"Miss Brooke," he said, "I want to thank you for your kindness to me yesterday over

She looked up in quick surprise. "I remember no kindness, Mr. Norman," he raid.

"I do. You picked up my locket und gave it to mo." "That was courtesy, not kindness," she arit, gravely.

"Call it what name you will, it is all the You waw the face it had ?" "I saw a face," she admitted, rejuctantly, "Did you recognize it?" he asked, quickly, "I-certainly not. I hardly saw it."
"Well," he said, laughingly, "you are

have known it at once "I have not the faintest interest in it," she said, colday. "Add one favor," he continued. "Say nothing to Mrs. Norman about it. One may

just as well avoid all scenes." "I am indignant that you should think such a request needful," sho replied. "Lam incapable of doing such a thing."
"It is a foolish thing of me to wear it,"

he said, "but I was compelled to yield." "I bog," said Agatha, with the gentle lighty which suited her so well-" I had that you will not insult me by saving any more about it, or I shall feel gorry that rendered you the service, slight as it was. 1 have no wish for any confidence on that point.

"I repeat that you are the only lady in "I have no reply to make," sho said. "Of course," he cried, impatiently, tako madam's side. You women hang to-

gether so that a man has no chance." A few days after this Mrs. Norman wanted

some shopping done, and did not feet inclined to go out-her head sched, and one | ant." was depressed in spirits. Agatha officed to go and do it for her. While the was in the Palais Royal she had some occasion to go into a jeweler's shop; a brooch that she valued much was broken. To her surprise the saw Mr. Norman there, and before him on the counter lay some superh sets of diamonds. One she noted especially for its rare beauty—a diamond necklose, and instead of larket or pendant there was attached to it a diamond cross.

"This is the fluest set we have," said the joweler. "The back residence by a Romain prince for his the gradest, and he has left them with The fluxs. In most expensive," said

Mr. Norman. "That good without saying," he replied,
"What is the price?" asked Mr. Norman, " How say the least you can. Do not ask the most for the time-honored reason that I am an Eoglichman."

The jeweler whispered to him. There was some slight controversy, and then he cried out: "I will take them; I will write out a

check now." He did not see Agatha, who transacted her business, happy to think that he was making so magnificant a present to the wife, who for his sake had such a passionate desire to be beautiful. It comforted her simple heart. beautiful. It comforted her simple heart, shall be only too well pleased it you will After all, she thought she had judged him come; then the burden of ontertaining will harsbly. A man who spends so many thousand a not full upon me." pounds on his wife must have some good in It was a pleasant dinner purty. Mr. Norhim. She heard him say something to the man was in one of his most aninhle moose; jeweler shout sending them that very after. his wife evidently did her heat to be cheerful moon—there must be no delay; and the pesi. and bright, it was by far the most pleasant to congratulate Mrs. Norman.

The hashand was more agreeable than ever during breakfast. He fold some sparkling young wife a sweet and plaintive contracto. stories. He dipped lightly into the floating scandals, but the wife's face was gloomy and lowering-evidently the diamonds had not "They will come this afternoon," Agatha

smile.

mends came, neither could she by any charm | charcoal or the depths of the river, essen

jewels, she has nothing like those dismonds, and they will suit her well."

But the diamonds did not come, and she began to think that the jeweler must have made a mistake. She grew quite nervous and anxious about them; sue had so distinctly heard Mr. Norman repeat that they were to be sent that after-

It would be better, she thought, in her simplicity, to speak to him. What a horrible thing it would be if they were lost. The sweet face grew quite pule at the hare idea. Better to speak to him most certainly. So when Mr. Norman came home, and was going to his dressing room, she sent to ask it she could see him for a few minutes. All Paris anghed next day at the story. He told it in the most amusing fashion every. where-at the clubs, on the houlevar s -And very much indeed the gay city enjoyed the joke. She spoke with admirable simplicity, and seemed so naxious that the jewels should not be lost. He laughed; then he said, scleanly :

" Have you mentioned the matter to Mrs. Norman ?"

" Certainly not," she replied, "Then do not do so. You have fallen asleep and dreamed it all. I have never nurchased diamonds, or anything else for my wife; and, what is more, I never thought of doing so:"

Agatha was left to make what reflections she liked.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE VENGEANCE. Evidently something worse than usual had happened, for Mrs. Norman looked really unhappy. She had never been bright or cheerful, but now she was something worse than that, Her husband never took ony notice of her failing health or spirits since the affair of the diamonds. Agatha had quite disliked Mr. Norman; she would have left, but that she had grown attached to the unhappy woman who never ceased to bewail her want of beauty. She said one day to Agatha:

"If I had been offered my choice of all the gifts that Heaven gives to men and women, I would have chosen beauty."

offered him beauty, and he chose it. I would have taken either of the other two in his "Beauty wins the hearts of men," sighed the woman who longed for it.

"It may win, but it does not keep them. A man can love beauty in a picture or a statue; he wants more than that when he loves. Shall I tell you what I

"I should like to hear," said Mrs. Norman. Constant cheerfulness, said Agatha.

beauty in any woman." "I wish other people thought the same thing. I would cultivate a cheerful face. But, Miss Brooke, Lething could make my face even passable; I know all its defects. My eyes are small and so close together; breadth between the eyes and the eyebrows is a great beauty, and my husband loves a

beautiful face." There was such pathetic misery in her voice, that Agatha's heart was greatly

touched. "I wish you could believe me," she said, "that you must certainly overrate beauty. Some of the rost charming women who have ever lived have not had one good feature in shout the only lady in Paris who would not their faces - not one. Genius, good temper Nature has given you a perfect figure; you stroyed, and every one hoped in mercy, that have the most beautiful neck, arms, and he might die. He was carried to the hospital,

"You are kind to say so; but enceonce !" she repeated, with a sudden passion, had gone to the hospital fo mak from the many

"I am spre if you would 'ry to be bright and cheerful, to smilt and talk pleasantly, it seemed to grow worse. When the other would be different," said Agatha. 4. You speak, who have never known neg-

lect or fedificence; you who have beauty speak to one without it." "A beautiful soul makes a beautiful fuceintelligence on the brow; a clear, frank, purs auture shiring in the cyar; gries, courtesy, and lovern the lies, are better than pinkens

white tovoliness." Men Norman shook her hard gravely.
"I have seen what I have seen," she said, "and my experience has not been too pleas-

" I know I shall never convince you, but is is a fact that come of the most famous women dipping the rags into the sweet, cooling le have been the plainest—women who have ruled the world. Of what avail was her great beauty to Morie Smart?-it did not keep her head from the block Of what evail | guish," was her quenty loveliness to Marie Autoinette? How many wamen, whose soulare lost, would now be saints in beaven but

for the curse of beauty ?" "Still, it is a wer-Marie Starr's face "Still, it is a green-Marie Stearl's face Mr. Norman rang the bell.
as come down to us in senz and story."

"Is has—but it did not save for from said, with a shudder, "What a herrible has come down to us in song and story." death. Branty may charm for awhile, but, believe me, men soon tire of it, while of hear such another." mental charms they never the."

"Has your beauty given you no pleasure?" asked the resiless woman.
"None," sighed Agatha Brooks.

A tew days afterward two or three friends came to dine at the house. Mrs. Norman was very kind and considerate. "If you would rather not dine with us, "It is no Miss Brooke," she said, "it will be quite Norman. I think, though, that you would enright.

Norman: " very nice, clever people. I think you would like them. I need not say that I

tively hurried home that she might be there evening she had spent there yet. The Americans were cultivated musicians; Col. Napier Hudson had a fine tenor voice, and his fair,

It was the conversation during dinner that struck Agatha the most; it turned upon the difference of crime in England and France. Colonel Hudson thought the Franch people more capricious and fautastic in their crimes

drive away the despondency from madam's tisily French. There is far more fact stie houser in a French murder then in an When she knows what a beautiful present | English one. An Englishman, with no to is coming to her she will cheer up," thought murder his wife, kicks her to down; a

frenchman shuts her up with a pan of char coal. And the two gentlemen argued for some time as to which method displayed the

"Speaking of murders, ad Paris is rieg. ing with the most terrible story that has eve

of the most awful trugedies bave taken piace in , aris, and if this be the worst, it must be very bad."

son; "so bad that it could not be worse. In our country many a man and woman have been lynched for less. This is the most herribe thing I have ever heard." "I hardly like to say 'Tell it to us," said

"And mice," added her husband, "It seems too terrible even to me: tion in

a picture—the most costly glass and antique silver, the finest damask, the loveliest flower and the richest fruits-a picture to bear is

guished looking. Altogether it seemed neither the time, the place, nor the society for such a story as she had to tell.

"I do not care for horrors," said the American Lady, "but this story, ringing all

gleam of interest in Mrs. Norman's face. "Love and jealousy are the foundations of all tragedies," she said, and her husbaid interrupted quickly.

American lady. "There is the lover and the lady. He seems to have been a steady, kind hearted man, and he was engaged to marry this women. For some reason or other, this lady became

Agatha was not mistaken this time

"There was no real cause for this jeniousy, "To my thinking, that is a quality far before she brooded over it until she must have gone The man was true and faithful to her, lat mad. One evening they went together to power, elequence, shown in the isse, are that. They picked him up, burned, better than beauty, You will forgive me if scarred—the most horrible eight that I say that you have little reason to complain. could be imagined. Both eyes were quite destrayed, and every one hoped in mercy, that

hands I have over seen. To watch you move | where he lingered in terrible totture, "Then al! Paris was touched to hear that the women whom he was engaged to marcy one it have repeated with a sudden passion, it have gone to the nespital to ask from the analysis as maleious as it was ugly. He does not know that I heard him, but I did. Another time I heard him say that he could not kine a plain women," she added, sidly, the never him to patient, roo. See took up her station by the headile, t had made some Ltfl; progress before sie came, but after the took charge of him be nurses dressed his wounds with the cooling lotion it relieved them; it was noticed that whenever his dances drossed them his greams and shricks were so fearful that even strong men could not endure to hear them. A surpicion came to one of the doctors that it.

> Mrs. Norman's shiping eyes were fixed on the apeaker's face with a tension of unxiety painful to witness. "The finale is so horrible," continued the American lady, " that I hardly like to tell it. The doctor watched her and found that whonever she dressed his wounds, instead of

> There was a little cry of horrer from all present, except from Mrs. Norman, and to student of character her face was a pro-

CHAPTER XLIV. PALSE AND TRUE LOVE. "I cannot think," said Mrs. Colonel Hadson, "what made me tell that story. It

"It is not pleasant, certainly," said Mrs. Norman. "In my opinion, she threw vitriol at the wrong person. If he had consed to love her because a fairer face had come between them, why did she not mar the beauty of that face !" A silen shudder went through the guests ; the woman's fuce was so carnest, the light in her eyes so clear. " She would have punished him doubly had she taken the beauty from her rival's face," she continued ; he would have suffered for his own sake

and hers." "Phyllis!" cried her husband, "you do not know what you are talking about."

face was flushed and a strongs gleam shope in her eyes. "Can anything," she said, "be bad enough for the woman who comes in

"I am afraid," said Colonel Hudson, "that

hands, but her faco was plain and here,"
ordinary, her eyen small and too! If the Countess de Tierney had known all

yore, of pale gray velvet, ficted her like a glove. Every bas and turve of that figure was shown by the wonderful Parlian costume. She had the most exquisite white

something in her face which at racted attention.

"I am Mrs. Norman," she said; and the

"I am Miss Brooke. I have called from

declined anything.

Mrs. Norman looked anxiously at her.

"And I would give the whole wide work

Agatha monod from her with a sick shudder, sick at heart.
"Ah !" cried Mes. Norman, with firece

" No, not in the least. I would never mix in it it I could possibly help it." Mrs Norman looked quite pleased. Then

"Yes, direct," she replied, wondering what the strange lady meant. "You are quite sure?" "Yes, quite suro," replied Agatha.

Sho saw a sudden yellow fire leap into the dark eyes, and Mrs. Norman looked at her "One is compolled to ask so many ques-

stand even the meaning of the question. The insult, for it was one, flowed past her,

"We shall remain for the present, I

"You will be bright enough for me," said

"There is nothing to be said; I know all about it," said Mis. Norman. "Let me explain your duties. You will have two rooms for 3 surself, and your duties will nover begin until noon. The first thing, you will have to take impleen with us-with Mr. Norman and myself; then in the afternoon we will drive or walk; we dine at leven after which we go to theatre or ball, or opera :

everywhere with me, from the time you just lived. She could warder ever the beautiful me in the morning until night not to leave me. Should you like that lite?" "As well as any other," said Acatha, replied Mrs. Norman. "The question of stipend you will find that I have made a note

day." "Then come to-morrow," she replied. "I will do so," said Agatha. Just as they were parting Mrs. Norman took up a photograph that stood in the beautiful frame on the cable. She showed it to

not trustworth; -- by no means trustworthy. "What do you think of that face?" asked Mrs. Norman.

Mrs. Norman hardly looked pleased; evi-

power, the strong character, all struck her. When she told the story of that interview to Madame de Tiernoy, the French Lidy said at

Agatha went, as had been arranged, on the day following. Mrs. Norman received her often sees beauty when others see none." rest of the day was given to her to arrange civil war, and Agatha, secustomed to the

"My maid is a Frenchwoman," said Mrs.

There was some mystery in the house, there could be no doubt of that. When Ahne spoke of her mistress, her voice changed and

Agatha spent the greater part of the day in her rooms; then, just before six, a message came to her from Mrs. North it asking

aleam of pearls; the fair flow and gelden head rose like a flower from the

Mrs. N. rman went up to her. "How happy you must be to have that beautiful face. I wish to Heaven I could buy it from you!"

start of surprise, the look of admiration. It was impossible to tell whether she was Agatha looked curiously at the master of the house. He was very handsome, but the

four imperative engagements.'

She looked direct at her husband

THE RUSBAND'S JOKE. It was not altogether unpleasant this first dry in her new and stronge home. Ag-bha was an early riser, and her duties old not be-

flow of the Scine. Those morning hours were nealnable to her. Then came the part of the day which she really did not like, sitting down to breakfust with Mr. and Mrs. Norman; they worse ther ! gloomly silent, idly polite, or disigrecable to each other; there was never any attempt at but she was to understand soon Mrs. Norman inquired about his engagem-nice

Durby and Joan kind of look, taking one's "I do not agree with you," said Mrs. Nor-

"Look at the fashionable ladica of Paris "Thank Heaven, I am not a Frenchwoman!" sail Mrs. Norman. "I am not sure that you have much to be thankful for," said Mr. Norman, "My bloom

"The circumstauces are quite different." "You mean," she retorted, "that I, being a plain woman, attractno attention, and could not expect to receive any, except from my

joy it."
"'Viil your visitors be Freuch people?" asked Agatha. " No; they are Americans," replied Mrs.

"A stupid, brutal murder is essentially But the afternoon were on, and no dia. English," he said; "death by the fumes of

greatest sign of civilization. "We have not chosen a very cheering subject," laughed Mrs. Colonel Hadson,

be∈n told." en tota. "What is it?" asked Mrs. Norman, "Some

"It is very bad," said Mrs. Colonel Hud.

Mrs Norman; "but you have excited my ouriosity."

this happy home atmosphere," sain Mrs. Colonel Hudson. So far as ontward appearances went, nothing could be more luxurious or more cheeffel than this brilliant room; the table itself van

one's mind, Mrs. Norman wore a picturesque dress of black and gold, with wonderful rubles shining on her white neck. Mrs. Colonel Hudson wore a superb dinner dress of blue velvet and pearls; Agatha a simple but exquisite black luce, with a pomegranate blossom in her hair, The gentlemen of the party were distin-

over Paris, combines so many elements, and shows how black a fiend a woman may become. Of course it contains love and jealousy." Agatha saw, or fancied she saw, a keen

"They are the cause of a great deal of "You would have been like Paris, 10 lenge. lenge. "I have forgotten all the names," said the large is the large.

jealous, and the object of her jealousy was a beautiful young actress, at one of the theatres here in Parie." Over the plain face of Mrs. Normen would win a man's heart most quickly, and color, a nervous contraction of the lips. came a strange expression, a change of No one else remarked it, and the American lady went on with her story.

> the theatre in question. Whether the woman saw anything which provokes her auger or not, no one known. Coming through one of the long, dark passages that led to the street, there was a sin and most horrible cry: the man up his arms and fell, the wolfer cried toudly tor help, and in a few minutes a large crowd had assembled. They thought the man was shot, but his cries of pain soon revealed the fact that a small buttle of vitriol had been thrown in his face. He lay writeing in agonies too great for words. There who saw him said it would be a thousand times more merciful to kill him than to try restore him; but the law does not allow

could not be all right and he watched her."

tion, she dipped them into the fresh vitriol which she had concealed in the room, and had then steed by, gleating over his an-

does happen sometimes that a certain horror seizes enc-this did me."

He spoke angrily, and looked annoyed. Agatha felt embarrassed; there was a sease of restraint over all of them; Mrs. Norman's

between lovers — very often between husband and wife; and beckur she has an extra rose-tint or a beautiful mouth. blight two lives? Such a woman ought to be shot !"