

has received a severe blow, and—this must also be told—I have at this moment scarcely anything except my profession."

"Oh, how happy I am in being permitted to be near you!" she said, pressing her hand lightly on his lips. "I can not hope to supply the place of all you have lost, but whatever a tender wife can do to brighten the life of a noble husband shall be accomplished."

"And when will these proud lips condescend to call me 'thou'?" he asked, smiling down at her.

Her fair face flushed to the very roots of her hair.

"Ah, John, thou wilt not stay too long away from me!" she murmured, beseechingly.

"Did you really think I would go without you?" he said, with a low laugh. "If the intelligence did not come in so appropriately at this moment, you would not have learned till this evening that you will set out with me for Bonn at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, under the care of your dear friend, the councilor's wife. She has entered into a little plot against you, my child—the trunks have been standing packed, ever since yesterday, in her guest-chamber upstairs. Assisted by her advice, I have even chosen the traveling-hat I want to see on that proud little head. You will spend a month with Frau von Berg as my betrothed, and then—then a lovely wife will sit in the study of the grim professor, who is to bring home a frowning brow and cross looks every day."

Baron von Hirschsprung proved his father's title, as the sole heir, to the old mam'selle's legacy, which was paid to him. He declared all the Hirschsprung claims upon the Hellwig family settled, when the professor had doubled Aunt Cordula's thirty thousand thalers by adding thirty thousand from his own property, thus replacing the full sum of sixty thousand.

Frau Hellwig was obliged to pay a thousand thalers for the burned MS. of the Bach operetta, which she did with extreme reluctance, because she received assurance from all quarters that, in case of a lawsuit, she would be forced to make a far greater pecuniary sacrifice.

"Why should I deny it?" said the young lawyer, blushing deeply and speaking with deep emotion, as he stood with his friend the professor, on the morning of the latter's departure, in one of the deep window recesses, waiting for the two ladies. "I grudge you Felicitas! The first time I saw her, I knew her to be one of the rarest of God's creatures, and it will be long ere I can forget. But I have one consolation, she has made you a different man, added a new convert to the good cause of the unassailable moral rights of humanity. My free, and certainly sound views of our social wrongs, could have no more striking illustration than pardon the bitter truth—the fact that the proud Hellwigs were heavily in debt to the kindred of the despised player's child. Some people stand apart, looking arrogantly down upon others, and the blind world does not suspect how rotten are its most respected institutions, and that a fresh breeze of freedom is necessary, to sweep away everything that favors arrogance, heartlessness, and with them a whole succession of the worst crimes."

"You are right, and I will accept this bitter conclusion calmly," said the professor, gravely, "for in truth I have greatly erred. But the path I had to retrace was very rugged and stony, so do not grudge me the prize I toiled so hard to win."

The professor introduced his young wife into the "exclusive" circle of the university families, and, spite of the malicious insinuations of the councilor's widow, the beautiful bride was everywhere received with admiration and love. The vision that once so

charmed his imagination became a reality. Felicitas smooths the lines of care from his brow and when, in the evening, seated in his pleasant home, he begs: "Sing to me, Fay!" the superb contralto voice instantly pours forth that melody, the voice that once drove him from his mother's house into the Thuringian forest, because it so irresistibly attracted him to the juggler's bewitching daughter.

The professor had had all the furniture in the rooms occupied by the old mam'selle removed to Bonn. The piano, busts, and luxuriant garland's of ivy now adorn Felicitas's own room. The young mistress of the House still keeps her valuable old fashioned silver in the secret compartment of the antique cabinet; but the gray box, with its contents, was burned by the professor on the day the Hirschsprungs had been paid the full amount of their claim. Thus the book was destroyed, the wrong righted, so far as human power could do so, and Aunt Cordula's spirit, untroubled, could pursue the flight to higher spheres it had already begun on earth.

Heinrich lives with the young couple in Bonn. He is held in high honor and feels extremely content; but whenever he meets in the streets the councilor's widow, now clad in silks and velvet made in the latest fashion, he mutters to himself with a smile—while she averts her head as though she had never seen his honest face before: "Those little forget-me-nots were not the least use, most gracious lady."

The beautiful woman can no longer adorn her faultless white arm with the bracelet; her father "conscientiously" delivered it to the Hirschsprung heirs, with the remark that it had come into his possession "by mistake or accident." He lives on very hostile terms with his daughter, because she committed the "incomprehensible folly" of proving his share in the theft of the Hirschsprung property. She has been compelled to relinquish the halo of piety and gentleness, but still takes part with great ostentation in all charitable plans, while her little daughter, left to the care of strangers, is fast sinking into the grave. And he, the devout relative on the Rhine! It is not to be imagined that any Nemesis will overtake him in this world. He will, with pious resignation, term everything that may come upon him a trial sent to test his Christian faith. So let us leave him to the verdict of public opinion. The sharpest punishment that can be inflicted upon a hypocrite is to have the mask torn from his face before the gaze of the world.

Frau Hellwig still sits behind her ascopias plant. Misfortune has at last crossed her sanctified threshold—she has lost both her children. John she cast off, and one day the news came that Nathaniel had been killed in a duel. He left many debts and a clouded reputation. The iron expression of her features has somewhat softened, and many persons assert that the head once bold so high, with its rigid air of arrogance and infallibility, often sinks wearily on her breast. The professor, a short time ago, wrote to inform her of the birth of his first child. Since that time the little knitting-basket, which formerly contained nothing but balls of coarse blue and white yarn, has held a pretty bit of rose colored work, on which the lady often knits by stealth. Frederica avers that it is no missionary stocking, but a lovely sock for an infant. Whether the dainty rose colored article will ever inclose the nimble feet of the youngest member of the Hellwig family, we do not know—but for the honor of humanity be it said: There is no soul so hardened that it does not contain one soft spot, one noble aspiration, one chord that will give forth melody—though it is often unaware of this hidden treasure unless some ex-

ternal circumstance reveals it. Perhaps love for her grand-children may be this warm spot in Frau Hellwig's heart which, hitherto unsuspected, may yet diffuse a soft radiance that will melt all the ice in her nature. We will hope so, dear reader.

THE END.

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