

clouds commence to break, the storm is less violent, and the lightening flashes more rare, while the thunder is heard further and further away, like a lion retiring from a scene of carnage when he has spent his fury, rather because he meets with no resistance, than because he is obliged to give way to one who is stronger than himself.

In the next chapter he describes how he went from the fatal tower, and in the darkness before dawn wandered on the mountain seeking some more hospitable shelter. He wanders thus until morning, and finds himself at the back of the mountain where he discovers a hut. Hastening towards it with joy, he is disappointed when he sees a man whose savage aspect, tall figure and broad shoulders repel him, and who tells him with some sharpness that he has nothing for him, and that his house cannot serve as a shelter for anyone, no matter whom. The stranger is sitting on the trunk of a tree, sharpening on a large stone an axe which appears to have been stained with blood. As the wanderer approaches, he hides this axe with a curious gesture of discontent, under a branch which is at his feet. In pleading with the stranger, he tells him that he has passed the night on the mountain, and describes his adventures in the tower, and then the hermit, attracted apparently by his frank demeanour, exacts from him a promise of secrecy and produces an old manuscript from which he reads him the story of the crime which was committed at the tower. This story forms Chapter 4, and is entitled "Jealousy."

It was the fourth of March, just nineteen months after the death of her father and mother, when Leocadie the heroine of the story is introduced kneeling in the church at confession. The hour is past six, and the services of the church had long been finished. At this moment a handsome young man of about twenty-five enters, as was his habit, not only to offer a prayer, but also to enjoy the scene which was indeed imposing, of an immense edifice slowly