

of land as school
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side the school
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There are flower
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thing happens it.
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is painted grey.
s of double desks
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ks near the south
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the room. There
under the school,
e are talking of
th. There is a
t the front of the
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out our school
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for remembrance
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nitoba member—
O. McKENZIE.

RIDING
othy,—This is the
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Hoping to re-
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ESTERN TUFF.

E GIVEN
othy,—This is my
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ve to go and hunt
mornig I had to
r the cows. The
all over. Wishing
um every success, I
COW-BOY.

THE GOLDEN DOG

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

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CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

"I did more than gather the pur-
port of it, my Lady: I have got the
letter itself!" Angelique sprang up
eagerly, as if to embrace Fanchon.
"I happened, in my eagerness, to jar
the door; the lady, imagining some
one was coming, rose suddenly and
left the room. In her haste she
dropped the letter on the floor. I
picked it up; I thought no harm, as
I was determined to leave Dame
Tremblay to-day. Would my Lady
like to read the letter?"

Angelique fairly sprang at the offer.
"You have got the letter, Fanchon?
Let me see it instantly! How con-
siderate of you to bring it! I will
give you this ring for that letter!"
She pulled a ring off her finger, and
seizing Fanchon's hand, put it on
hers. Fanchon was enchanted; she
admired the ring, as she turned it
round and round her finger.

"I am infinitely obliged, my Lady,
for your gift. It is worth a million
such letters," said she.

"The letter outweighs a million
rings," replied Angelique as she tore
it open violently and sat down to
read.

The first word struck her like a
stone:

"Dear Caroline:—it was written
in the bold hand of the Intendant,
which Angelique knew very well—
"You have suffered too much for my
sake, but I am neither unfeeling nor
ungrateful. I have news for you!
Your father has gone to France in
in search of you! No one suspects
you to be here. Remain patiently
where you are at present, and in the
utmost secrecy, or there will be a
storm which may upset us both. Try
to be happy, and let not the sweetest
eyes that were ever seen grow dim
with needless regrets. Better and
brighter days will surely come.
Meanwhile, pray! pray, my Caroline!
it will do you good, and perhaps
make me more worthy of the love
which I know is wholly mine.

"Adieu, Francois."

Angelique devoured rather than read
the letter. She had no sooner per-
used it than she tore it up in a
paroxysm of fury, scattering its
pieces like snowflakes over the floor,
and stamping on them with her firm
foot as if she would tread them into
annihilation.

Fanchon was not unaccustomed to
exhibitions of feminine wrath; but she
was fairly frightened at the terrible
rage that shook Angelique from head
to foot.

"Fanchon! did you read that let-
ter?" demanded she, turning sudden-
ly upon the trembling maid. The
girl saw her mistress's cheeks twitch
with passion, and her hands clench as
if she would strike her if she answer-
ed yes.

Shrinking with fear, Fanchon replied
faintly, "No, my Lady; I cannot
read."

"And you have allowed no other
person to read it?"

"No, my Lady; I was afraid to
show the letter to any one; you know
I ought not to have taken it!"

"Was no inquiry made about it?"
Angelique laid her hand upon the
girl's shoulder, who trembled from
head to foot.

"Yes, my Lady; Dame Tremblay
turned the Chateau upside down, look-
ing for it; but I dared not tell her
I had it!"

"I think you speak truth, Fan-
chon!" replied Angelique, getting
somewhat over her passion; but her
bosom still heaved, like the ocean
after a storm. "And now mind what
I say!"—her hand pressed heavily
on the girl's shoulder, while she gave
her a look that seemed to freeze the
very marrow in her bones. "You
know a secret about the Lady of
Beaumanoir, Fanchon, and one about

me too! If you ever speak of
either to man or woman, or even to
yourself, I will cut the tongue out of
your mouth and nail it to that door-
post! Mind my words, Fanchon! I
never fail to do what I threaten."

"Oh, only do not look so at me,
my Lady!" replied poor Fanchon,
perspiring with fear. "I am sure I
never shall speak of it. I swear by
our Blessed Lady of Ste. Foye! I
will never breathe to mortal that I
gave you that letter."

"That will do!" replied Angeli-
que, throwing herself down in her
great chair. "And now you may
go to Lazette; she will attend to
you. But remember!"

The frightened girl did not wait for
another command to go. Angelique
held up her finger, which to Fanchon
looked terrible as a poniard. She
hurried down to the servants' hall
with a secret held fast between her
teeth for once in her life; and she
trembled at the very thought of ever
letting it escape.

Angelique sat with her hands on her
temples, staring upon the fire that
flared and flickered in the deep fire-
place. She had seen a wild, wicked
vision there once before. It came
again, as things evil never fail to
come again at our bidding. Good
may delay, but evil never waits. The
red fire turned itself into shapes of
lurid dens and caverns, changing from
horror to horror until her creative
fancy formed them into the secret
chamber of Beaumanoir with its one
fair, solitary inmate, her rival for the
hand of the Intendant,—her fortunate
rival, if she might believe the letter
brought to her so strangely. Angeli-
que looked fiercely at the fragments
of it lying upon the carpet, and
wished she had not destroyed it; but
every word of it was stamped upon
her memory, as if branded with a hot
iron.

"I see it all, now!" exclaimed
she—"Bigot's falseness, and her
shameless effrontery in seeking him
in his very house. But it shall not
be!" Angelique's voice was like
the cry of a wounded panther tearing
at the arrow which has pierced his
flank. "Is Angelique des Meloises to
be humiliated by that woman? Never!
But my bright dreams will
have no fulfilment so long as she lives
at Beaumanoir,—so long as she lives
anywhere!"

She sat still for a while, gazing
into the fire; and the secret chamber
of Beaumanoir again formed itself be-
fore her vision. She sprang up,
touched by the hand of her good angel
perhaps, and for the last time.
"Satan whispered it again in my
ear!" cried she. "Ste. Marie! I
am not so wicked as that! Last
night the thought came to me in the
dark—I shook it off at dawn of day.
To-night it comes again,—and I let
it touch me like a lover, and I
neither withdraw my hand nor
tremble! To-morrow it will return
for the last time and stay with me,—
and I shall let it sleep on my pillow!
The babe of sin will have been born
and waxed to a full demon, and I
shall yield myself up to his embraces!
O Bigot, Bigot! what have you not
done? C'est la faute a vous! C'est
la faute a vous!" She repeated this
exclamation several times, as if by
accusing Bigot she excused her own
evil imaginings and cast the blame of
them upon him. She seemed drawn
down into a vortex from which there
was no escape. She gave herself up
to its drift in asort of passionate
abandonment. The death or the
banishment of Caroline were the only
alternatives she could contemplate.

"The sweetest eyes that were ever
seen"—Bigot's foolish words!—
thought she; "and the influence of
those eyes must be killed if Angelique
des Meloises is ever to mount the
lofty chariot of her ambition."
"Other women," she thought bit-
terly, "would abandon greatness for

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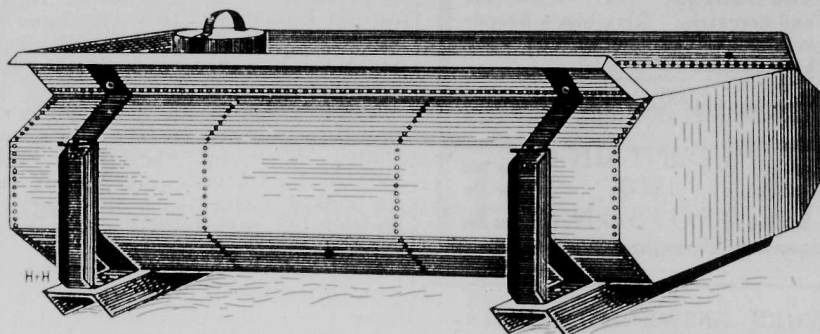
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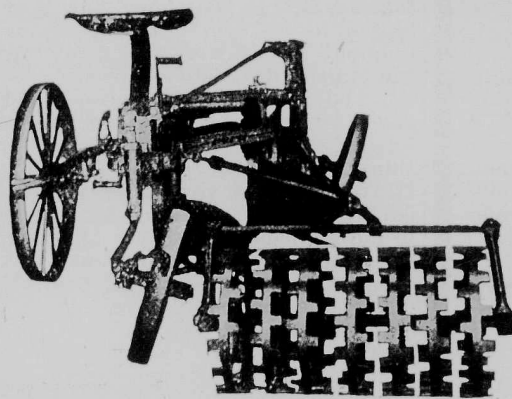


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