

d'Anguillon went away, taking with him a beautiful bunch of roses for the Duchess's grave. He looked round again as he left, bidding farewell to this dwelling, where their lives had been united for some time. He could not help feeling joy at the thought that it was to be pulled down and that it would never be profaned by another love.

The Marquis arrived at Orleans at three o'clock. Blanzac was half an hour's drive from there. He went straight to the old chapel, leaving the carriage in the road. By taking a cross-road, he soon reached a heap of freshly cut flowers, which marked the spot where Christiane lay.

The grave of a person who has belonged to us, and whom we have loved, affects us differently from that of a relative. Something mysterious seems to emanate from it. Just at first, more particularly, we feel distinctly that the bond is not entirely broken and that love is really stronger than death. Jacques' knees had scarcely touched the earth which covered the Duchess, when he felt a strange happiness. No she had not quite gone. The idea of her disappearance, which had caused him such anguish, left him completely. It seemed to him that he had found her again and a little joy mingled with his sorrow. He spoke a few tender words to her. He promised her that he would do some good in the world, as she had asked him, and that he would never, never forget her. He stayed there a long time, for he could not make up his mind to leave her. Twice he started away and then came back again, as though she were keeping him there. Before leaving, he looked all round. It was just the kind of sepulchre for which she had always wished. The trees that grew on the hill stopped