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out at last, then. Before I have done with you, Lady St. John, and her daughter-in-law, too, shall acknowledge you the hypocrite I know you to be. You will not dare ask for this note, which I will transfer to my own keeping. No signature either. All very carefully arranged, no doubt, but not carefully enough for me, after all. But now, Mistress Isabel, I must be on your track, and quickly too, for you have evidently got the start of me by a good twenty minutes."

Margaret then hastened to the library, arrayed herself in her hood and cloak, and listening in order to ascertain that the domestics were in the servant's hall, she let herself out, in the same way, that Isabel had probably done before her, through a glass door which led from the breakfast room into a large, old-fashioned garden which ran round two sides of the chateau.

The moon was up, but it only shone out at intervals from behind a mass of clouds; but Margaret knew the way well; she could have walked it blindfold; and passing with a rapid step along the green sward lest her step on the gravel walk should attract attention, she quickly found herself at a gate which gave egress to the valley.

Cautiously, but yet swiftly, the damsel wended her way till she came to that angle leading up to the hill, mentioned in the letter she had read as the place of meeting, and by turning a corner of which you could ascend the hill leading straight to the Palace of St. Germain.

Here she paused, convinced that she heard the murmur of voices, though she could see no one, and for a few moments she was wholly at fault as to what step she should next take. She had chosen the shelter of some overhanging trees in a thicket that bordered the hillside as a place of concealment, and through a sudden break in the clouds, the light of the moon, partially obscured though it still was, revealed to her the full extent of the road up to the very summit of the hill crowned by the palace.

Within a hundred paces of her place of concealment, Margaret distinctly saw approaching towards her her detested foster-sister leaning on the arm of a man perhaps some thirty years of age; he was somewhat negligently dressed, but after the fashion worn by gentlemen of the period, and had rather more of the manner of an Englishman about him than Frenchman; his personal appearance was prepossessing; he was well formed, tall of stature, and fair complexioned.

Margaret could almost hear the pulsations of her heart as she stood, or rather crouched, beneath the sheltering trees by the hillside, as gradually, by their nearer approach, the voices, hitherto low and indistinct, the murmur of which only reached her, now fell upon her ear loud enough for her to distinguish what was said, with the loss of only a word or two occasionally.

"How much longer will they be absent, Isabel?"

"I cannot tell you; perhaps a month, perhaps more."

"I must not meet them; of that, love, you are quite aware."

"What can I do? Oh, what can I do?" was the reply of Isabel, whose voice was evidently choked by her sobs. "My lips are sealed; a vow is on them which I dare not break."

Then the stranger said something in a very low voice, the purport of which did not reach Margaret's ears; but whatever it may have been, the anguish of Isabel increased, and she beheld her tear from her neck a small gold cross which she always wore, and which was adorned with diamonds, the gift of the Marshal to herself, and which she placed in the hand of her companion, who, passing his arm round her waist, laid her head on his shoulder and kissed her brow.

The two had now reached the bottom of the hill; one movement on the part of Margaret would have betrayed her presence, as she thus crouched beneath the underwood, so close that by raising her hand she might have touched the hem of her foster-sister's dress.

"Farewell," said the latter, in a voice broken by her tears; "farewell till I can steal from home for another of these nocturnal meetings. Alas, alas! my path is full of difficulties. I cannot desert you; if I did my very heart would break; but what would they think, what would they say, if—"

Again Margaret lost the words that followed; they were breathed out in a whisper, as if they might not even be uttered aloud, though she knew not any one was at hand to catch their sense; and even that whisper was stifled by her sobs.

"No, fear nothing, my love, my Isabel; fear nothing, for you have done no wrong."

"Yes, but virtue may bear the semblance of vice, and if—"

Again a pause.

"No harm can or shall befall you. Once

let me get to England and I will write to them, but now—at present betrayal would"—

"Fear not. I will faithfully keep my vow. My lips shall never disclose, as I hope for happiness hereafter, the secret you have entrusted to me."

"My own dear Isabel, I know not how to leave you in the state to which I, in my desperation, have reduced you; bear up, love, for my sake. Allow me to accompany you to the garden-gate at the end of the valley."

"By no means. I shall be at home in a few minutes. Farewell, till we meet again."

"Trust in God, my own love, for yourself, if not for me. Time will seem like an age till our next meeting. I will write as usual; you know where to look for my letters. Adieu, Isabel, once more."

A moment and the two had parted. She, swift of foot, fled down the valley like an affrighted fawn; he lingered and then wandered on, as if irresolute whether to follow her footsteps or not; but, finally, he retraced his steps and wended his way up the hill.

Then Margaret arose from her painful half-recumbent position, shook the dank dew from her dress, and pursued her homeward way.—She did not hasten, however, desiring not to tread too quickly in the footsteps of Isabel, yet advancing near enough to be at the chateau within two or three minutes of Isabel, so as to throw aside her hood and cloak and to seat herself, with a book in her hand, as if she had not been absent from home, by the time Isabel should enter the library.

"At length, then, fortune will make me some atonement for my outraged feelings, my wounded pride," said this baneful Margaret, as she took her usual seat in the huge chimney-corner. "To-morrow's post shall convey to him an anonymous letter. As to the Lady St. John and Madame, it will be time to enlighten them when they return home. How dared she step between me and him. Was it not enough that she should have the advantage of me as far as our birth was concerned? Was I to suffer in every way?"

"Revenge eats cold," says a rueful and bitter Eastern proverb, fitter for the children of an Oriental rather than a Christian clime; but the spirit of Margaret harmonized with the terrible idea.

"Miss Isabel is ill, and has sent me to tell you she shall not come down again to-night, Miss," said a young girl, who entered, followed by a man-servant, bearing a tray on which was a cold fowl, together with bread and wine.

"Very well, Julie. I shall not want you any more," said Margaret. "You can go to bed when you please. I have to write some letters, so do not let me be disturbed."

She took her meal alone, and then, with a glitter in her cruel eyes, she drew her writing implements before her and wrote as follows:—

A friend, who takes the warmest interests in the movements of Colonel St. John, implores him to be on his guard against the depraved Isabel Fitzgerald. The young lady is known to be in the habit of meeting a stranger, who is perfectly unknown to the family by whom she had been adopted, and these meetings have been held under the cover of evening at the foot of the hill leading to the royal chateau of St. Germain.

These lines were written in a feigned hand, and Margaret resolved to post them herself on the following morning. Amidst the fortunes of war, they never reached the hand of Maurice.

There were two lonely watchers in the old chateau that night; one was on her knees whilst the other was writing; her fair hair disordered, her eyes raining tears, she was praying to God for strength and patience; and when she laid her head on her pillow, it was for bodily rest indeed, but not for sleep; and when at last, after the clock had struck four, she sank into a disturbed slumber, her dreams were but the reflection of her waking thoughts.

She was again by the hillside with him who had become as it were the arbiter of her destiny; her heart was wrung with a tale of sorrow not unmingled with crime, and again her lips registered an oath that she would not betray him. Then the vision changed. She was alone, in a wild mountainous country; beside her was a frightful precipice; beneath she heard the roar of many waters; above was the canopy of heaven, without a single star to illumine it; then she fancied she heard the voice of Margaret, and when she looked around, she beheld beside her Maurice; she felt herself about to fall into the abyss, and called on him to help her, but he turned away; whilst Margaret, extending her hand, pushed her into the yawning chasm beneath. She started up, awakened by the horror of the dream; big drops of perspiration were standing on her forehead.

"It is but a dream," she murmured to herself; but then she shuddered, for the dream had but typified her thoughts when awake.

"I was so happy till—till—oh, God, help me!" she said, as if she feared shaping her thoughts in words even to herself. "Above all else, help me, oh! my merciful Father, if

they take from me their love. If Margaret should ever hold me in her power, if she be ignorant of this dread secret, though it may cast a gloom over my own life, it can injure me in no possible way; but if she discovers these stolen interviews, she, the foster-sister whom I fear, then I am indeed lost."

Another, too, kept watch—a watch of fiendish exultation at the thought that Isabel had some dread secret in her keeping not to be breathed even to her best friends. The tale she had to tell would go woefully against her, even with those who loved her most; for how could she account for having formed acquaintance with this strange man; how for being out by herself at night holding meetings by the lonely hillside; how satisfy those whose notions of female prudence and modesty were of the most rigorous description, as she had suffered her lips to be sealed by a solemn oath, which she had again ratified in the hearing of her arch-enemy.

Alas! alas! in this world, purity, innocence, and worth are too often made to bear the penalty of sin.

CHAPTER XVI.—A MYSTERY.

Evil-doers grow bold when the lapse of time fails to bring detection, and virtue, when for some unfortunate reason it at times bears the semblance of vice, which grows perhaps less nervous and sensitive under the course an unhappy train of circumstances may have led it to pursue.

The evening deepened as the year wore on, the trees had shed their yellow leaves and the dank dew of the November night fell heavily upon them as they lay in large soddened heaps in the valley, and the cold of the day had given place to a misty haze or fog, which veiled the towers of the neighboring palace from view. The old palace was, you will remember, situated on the brow of a hill. The Marshal's chateau was down in the valley, and it had been the abode of himself and his lady ever since the happy day on which their fortunes had been united.

From the windows of either building, glimmering like diamonds through the dark and misty night, lights might be seen, betokening that, though the royal exiled race of England were no longer sheltered beneath the roof of the palace, and that the family of the Marshal were still absent, nevertheless both the palace on the height and the chateau in the valley were alike occupied.

Through the fog of the November night, a tall and slender form passes rapidly along, heavy sighs again and again breaking the dead stillness that reigned around. Occasionally, Isabel, for she it is, pauses and listens, fancying her steps are dogged; then she looks around, but can descry nothing through the misty night save the twinkling lights gleaming in the distance on either side, and a sigh of relief burst forth.

"It was but a false alarm," says she to herself, "the echo of my own footsteps mayhap, but so like the steps of a person close beside me that I felt almost paralyzed with fear."

Her surmises, however, were not incorrect. Her foster-sister, bold and courageous as she herself was timid, was close behind her, angry at being out in the cold, damp night, forgetful that her own evil passions, far above natural curiosity, urged her on.

Unlike her conduct on the former occasion when Margaret had tracked her steps, Isabel did not pause at the angle in the road leading to the hillside, but turned the corner and at once ascended the hill.

There was far more chance now that she might become aware of the presence of her female foe than when merely in the valley, for the road was broad and straight, and the overhanging branches of the trees, shorn as they were of their foliage, presented no hiding-place beside which she might lurk; and as it was far from the wishes of the damsel that Isabel should discover her proximity to herself, she slackened her pace, so as to increase the distance between them, yet not so as to stand the faintest chance of losing sight of her.

The hill was a good quarter of a mile in length, and it soon became apparent, from the steadfastness with which Isabel pursued her way, looking neither to the right nor to the left, that she intended walking on until she reached the top.

But to Margaret's intense anxiety and astonishment, Isabel did not even then pause, but made her way to the very walls of the palace itself; then, indeed she stood for a few moments as if irresolute, but at length gave three distinct raps with her knuckles on a side door opening into a court-yard not very far from the principal entrance. In the utmost extremity of surprise and bewilderment, beautiful Margaret remained as it were petrified, wishful to see out the last act of the drama, in which, of her own perverse will, she was in a manner playing a part.

Fortunately a recess in the wall, not many

paces distant, presented a place of concealment, otherwise, when the door at which Isabel had knocked should be opened, it was more than probable she would have been discovered; and she now drew stealthily aside and stood within the recess, awaiting anxiously as to what might follow.

The damp earth, covered with the last dead leaves of the closing year, rendered it the less likely that the sound of her footsteps would betray her presence, yet it was evident Isabel's quick sense of hearing, rendered yet more acute by the painful circumstances in which she had placed herself, was again on the alert, for as the small arched door was opened, evidently by some person on the watch to receive her, Margaret overheard her say:

"Thanks, good Jacques. I have been terribly frightened to-night. I have fancied I heard footsteps behind me, and even now, whilst I stood waiting at this door, it seemed to me that some person was close beside me."

As Isabel spoke she entered beneath the arched doorway. It was quickly closed, and Margaret could hear in the court-yard beyond the receding footsteps of her foster-sister and her conductor.

In no small anger at her plots being for this night foiled, she stood for a few moments irresolute as to the step she should next take; finally she yielded to her curiosity; she was aware that in order to prevent the chance of her temporary absence being discovered, the visit of Isabel to the palace could not be a long one, and she resolved to remain at her post and observe if she returned home alone.

In suspense and fear combined, for courageous as she naturally was, Margaret did feel alarmed, and not at all liking her position, she nevertheless remained on watch. The minutes, however, lagged wearily along, and she breathed a sigh of inexpressible relief when, after the lapse of half an hour, the sound of footsteps, together with the murmur of voices, made her aware that Isabel was about to return. In a moment more the door was opened.

"Farewell, Jacques," she distinctly heard her foster-sister say. "I will be here again, then, in three nights from the present, unless he writes to the contrary. He says he hopes to embark for England in a week at most."

"I hope so, Madam, if only for your sake, for those visits cannot but be full of danger to you. I shall come down the hill with you, Madam."

"I think not; he seems so ill, you had best return to him; yet everything is so dark and still, and the road down the hillside so lonely, that I had best accept your offer: you need not be long absent from him."

The next minute the door was closed, and through the rapidly-increasing mist, now become a heavy fog, Margaret could faintly discern the figures of her foster-sister and her companion as they proceeded, just a few paces in advance of her, towards the hillside. Stealing like a thief from his lair, the beautiful and crafty woman now cautiously emerged from her hiding-place, keeping just a little behind the two, and in no small uneasiness at the unforeseen circumstance of Isabel having a companion, aware that when he should leave her, whether at the foot of the hill or in the valley itself, he would be sure to confront herself on his return.

Her ready wit, however, devised a remedy, repugnant as she was to adopt the plan.

One side of the hill was skirted by a dry ditch, surmounted by a low bank, separating it from an adjoining field. The bed of this ditch was composed of dank leaves, rotting in the mists and damps of November; could she but safely and noiselessly get into the ditch, she could in an instant climb the bank and creep stealthily along in the field on the other side till the man who accompanied Isabel should have returned.

In no small fear, she accomplished the undertaking without attracting their attention; and she commended her precaution, for at the angle where the road turned into the valley, those whose steps she was dogging suddenly paused.

"No, I forbid you to come any farther," she heard Isabel say. "Once in the valley, and within a stone's throw of the chateau, I no longer feel timid. It is well for me that the nights are dark, or these stolen meetings would long since have been discovered, and I pray God, most earnestly, that the necessity which leads me to grant them may soon pass away."

"Mademoiselle knows Jacques's feelings on the subject," replied the man. "I will now wish you good-night, as you do not wish me to conduct you farther."

The stranger then took his leave, Isabel swiftly wending her way homewards. Her companion, evidently a man of a class inferior to her, lingered for a moment as if half-uncertain whether to disregard her prohibition and follow her in spite of it, as he took a few steps down the valley, but finally returned. Margaret listened till the sound of the retreating

THE LIMERICK VETERAN;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."
(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER XV.—CAUGHT IN THE SNARE.

"Three weeks I have watched her movements closely, and she has managed to foil me. I will not allow her to escape me to-night," said Margaret, as she concealed a hood and cloak in the library, the lengthened absence of Isabel from that apartment one evening leading her to think she should find the articles in question useful.

Margaret had not reckoned wrongfully; her patience had exceeded that of Isabel.

Three weeks had passed and the young lady, Margaret well knew, had not left the chateau, and at last began to think her enemy was not on the alert.

But hatred never sleeps, suspicion once aroused never slumbers, especially if one wishes to be right in their calculations.

On the night in question, Margaret observed that when the clock struck the half hour of five Isabel left the library. She, too, quitted it, in order to get her hood and cloak and secrete them, as I have already said.

But she did not, after a long, weary watch at the window, observe Isabel pass along the valley as before; but, confident that she had left the chateau, she went to the sleeping apartment of the latter and knocked at the door.

And as she expected, there was no answer; so she opened the door and entered the room, in order to satisfy herself that her foster-sister was really absent.

There was a small inner room, used by Isabel as a sort of boudoir, in which she was accustomed to read and work, and in order to satisfy herself that she was not there, as she might have failed to hear the knock at the door of the outer room, Margaret crossed through to the boudoir.

It was vacant.

The needle-work on which Isabel had been engaged seemed to have been happily thrown on a chair without regard to the neatness which generally led her to fold it up and lay it aside till her return, and she was leaving the boudoir, resolved, come what would of her enterprise, to dog her steps, when the end of a small three-cornered note, peeping out from the leaves of a book in which it had evidently been purposefully placed, attracted her attention.

The next moment the note was in the hands of Margaret, and unfolding it, she read the following words:

DEAREST ISABEL:
 I beg you, by our common love for each other, not to neglect to meet me this evening. Oh! my love, you know not what I have suffered during the time that has elapsed since last we met. I will await your coming as usual at the right angle from the valley, where it turns off to the hill. Let me beseech you not to disappoint me, my own dear Isabel.

P.S.—As the evenings are closing in very rapidly, I will be at the foot of the hill at six o'clock.

"Audacious, consummate hypocrite!" said Margaret, folding up the note very carefully and returning it, not to its former place, but to her own pocket-book, "I have found you

out at last, then. Before I have done with you, Lady St. John, and her daughter-in-law, too, shall acknowledge you the hypocrite I know you to be. You will not dare ask for this note, which I will transfer to my own keeping. No signature either. All very carefully arranged, no doubt, but not carefully enough for me, after all. But now, Mistress Isabel, I must be on your track, and quickly too, for you have evidently got the start of me by a good twenty minutes."

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"How much longer will they be absent, Isabel?"

"I cannot tell you; perhaps a month, perhaps more."

"I must not meet them; of that, love, you are quite aware."

"What can I do? Oh, what can I do?" was the reply of Isabel, whose voice was evidently choked by her sobs. "My lips are sealed; a vow is on them which I dare not break."

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The two had now reached the bottom of the hill; one movement on the part of Margaret would have betrayed her presence, as she thus crouched beneath the underwood, so close that by raising her hand she might have touched the hem of her foster-sister's dress.

"Farewell," said the latter, in a voice broken by her tears; "farewell till I can steal from home for another of these nocturnal meetings. Alas, alas! my path is full of difficulties. I cannot desert you; if I did my very heart would break; but what would they think, what would they say, if—"

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CHAPTER XVI.—A MYSTERY.

Evil-doers grow bold when the lapse of time fails to bring detection, and virtue, when for some unfortunate reason it at times bears the semblance of vice, which grows perhaps less nervous and sensitive under the course an unhappy train of circumstances may have led it to pursue.

The evening deepened as the year wore on, the trees had shed their yellow leaves and the dank dew of the November night fell heavily upon them as they lay in large soddened heaps in the valley, and the cold of the day had given place to a misty haze or fog, which veiled the towers of the neighboring palace from view. The old palace was, you will remember, situated on the brow of a hill. The Marshal's chateau was down in the valley, and it had been the abode of himself and his lady ever since the happy day on which their fortunes had been united.

From the windows of either building, glimmering like diamonds through the dark and misty night, lights might be seen, betokening that, though the royal exiled race of England were no longer sheltered beneath the roof of the palace, and that the family of the Marshal were still absent, nevertheless both the palace on the height and the chateau in the valley were alike occupied.

Through the fog of the November night, a tall and slender form passes rapidly along, heavy sighs again and again breaking the dead stillness that reigned around. Occasionally, Isabel, for she it is, pauses and listens, fancying her steps are dogged; then she looks around, but can descry nothing through the misty night save the twinkling lights gleaming in the distance on either side, and a sigh of relief burst forth.

"It was but a false alarm," says she to herself, "the echo of my own footsteps mayhap, but so like the steps of a person close beside me that I felt almost paralyzed with fear."

Her surmises, however, were not incorrect. Her foster-sister, bold and courageous as she herself was timid, was close behind her, angry at being out in the cold, damp night, forgetful that her own evil passions, far above natural curiosity, urged her on.

Unlike her conduct on the former occasion when Margaret had tracked her steps, Isabel did not pause at the angle in the road leading to the hillside, but turned the corner and at once ascended the hill.

There was far more chance now that she might become aware of the presence of her female foe than when merely in the valley, for the road was broad and straight, and the overhanging branches of the trees, shorn as they were of their foliage, presented no hiding-place beside which she might lurk; and as it was far from the wishes of the damsel that Isabel should discover her proximity to herself, she slackened her pace, so as to increase the distance between them, yet not so as to stand the faintest chance of losing sight of her.

The hill was a good quarter of a mile in length, and it soon became apparent, from the steadfastness with which Isabel pursued her way, looking neither to the right nor to the left, that she intended walking on until she reached the top.

But to Margaret's intense anxiety and astonishment, Isabel did not even then pause, but made her way to the very walls of the palace itself; then, indeed she stood for a few moments as if irresolute, but at length gave three distinct raps with her knuckles on a side door opening into a court-yard not very far from the principal entrance. In the utmost extremity of surprise and bewilderment, beautiful Margaret remained as it were petrified, wishful to see out the last act of the drama, in which, of her own perverse will, she was in a manner playing a part.

Fortunately a recess in the wall, not many

paces distant, presented a place of concealment, otherwise, when the door at which Isabel had knocked should be opened, it was more than probable she would have been discovered; and she now drew stealthily aside and stood within the recess, awaiting anxiously as to what might follow.

The damp earth, covered with the last dead leaves of the closing year, rendered it the less likely that the sound of her footsteps would betray her presence, yet it was evident Isabel's quick sense of hearing, rendered yet more acute by the painful circumstances in which she had placed herself, was again on the alert, for as the small arched door was opened, evidently by some person on the watch to receive her, Margaret overheard her say:

"Thanks, good Jacques. I have been terribly frightened to-night. I have fancied I heard footsteps behind me, and even now, whilst I stood waiting at this door, it seemed to me that some person was close beside me."

As Isabel spoke she entered beneath the arched doorway. It was quickly closed, and Margaret could hear in the court-yard beyond the receding footsteps of her foster-sister and her conductor.

In no small anger at her plots being for this night foiled, she stood for a few moments irresolute as to the step she should next take; finally she yielded to her curiosity; she was aware that in order to prevent the chance of her temporary absence being discovered, the visit of Isabel to the palace could not be a long one, and she resolved to remain at her post and observe if she returned home alone.

In suspense and fear combined, for courageous as she naturally was, Margaret did feel alarmed, and not at all liking her position, she nevertheless remained on watch. The minutes, however, lagged wearily along, and she breathed a sigh of inexpressible relief when, after the lapse of half an hour, the sound of footsteps, together with the murmur of voices, made her aware that Isabel was about to return. In a moment more the door was opened.

"Farewell, Jacques," she distinctly heard her foster-sister say. "I will be here again, then, in three nights from the present, unless he writes to the contrary. He says he hopes to embark for England in a week at most."

"I hope so, Madam, if only for your sake, for those visits cannot but be full of danger to you. I shall come down the hill with you, Madam."

"I think not; he seems so ill, you had best return to him; yet everything is so dark and still, and the road down the hillside so lonely, that I had best accept your offer: you need not be long absent from him."

The next minute the door was closed, and through the rapidly-increasing mist, now become a heavy fog, Margaret could faintly discern the figures of her foster-sister and her companion as they proceeded, just a few paces in advance of her, towards the hillside. Stealing like a thief from his lair, the beautiful and crafty woman now cautiously emerged from her hiding-place, keeping just a little behind the two, and in no small uneasiness at the unforeseen circumstance of Isabel having a companion, aware that when he should leave her, whether at the foot of the hill or in the valley itself, he would be sure to confront herself on his return.

Her ready wit, however, devised a remedy, repugnant as she was to adopt the plan.

One side of the hill was skirted by a dry ditch, surmounted by a low bank, separating it from an adjoining field. The bed of this ditch was composed of dank leaves, rotting in the mists and damps of November; could she but safely and noiselessly get into the ditch, she could in an instant climb the bank and creep stealthily along in the field on the other side till the man who accompanied Isabel should have returned.

In no small fear, she accomplished the undertaking without attracting their attention; and she commended her precaution, for at the angle where the road turned into the valley, those whose steps she was dogging suddenly paused.

"No, I forbid you to come any farther," she heard Isabel say. "Once in the valley, and within a stone's throw of the chateau, I no longer feel timid. It is well for me that the nights are dark, or these stolen meetings would long since have been discovered, and I pray God, most earnestly, that the necessity which leads me to grant them may soon pass away."

"Mademoiselle knows Jacques's feelings on the subject," replied the man. "I will now wish you good-night, as you do not wish me to conduct you farther."

The stranger then took his leave, Isabel swiftly wending her way homewards. Her companion, evidently a man of a class inferior to her, lingered for a moment as if half-uncertain whether to disregard her prohibition and follow her in spite of it, as he took a few steps down the valley, but finally returned. Margaret listened till the sound of the retreating

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