

Besides, since Mrs. Scott came to the chateau, Lulu very often had several lumps of sugar. The Abbe Constantin had become a spendthrift, a prodigal; he felt like a millionaire; Lulu's sugar was one of his follies. One day, he even came very near addressing to Lulu his same little stereotyped speech:

"This comes from the new owners of Longueval. Pray for them to-night."

It was three o'clock when Jean arrived at the parsonage, and the cure immediately began:

"You told me that you wanted to talk with me. What is it about?"

"About something, godfather, which will surprise you and grieve you; and which grieves me, too. I come to bid you farewell."

"Farewell! You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away."

"When?"

"This very day, in two hours."

"In two hours! But we are to dine at the chateau this evening."

"I have just written to Mrs. Scott to excuse me. I am absolutely obliged to go."

"Immediately?"

"Immediately."

"And you are going?"

"To Paris."

"To Paris! Why this sudden determination?"

"Not so sudden. I have thought about it for a long time."

"And you have said nothing about it to me! Jean, there is something the matter. You are a man now, and I have no longer the right to treat you as a child; but, you know how much I love you. If you have troubles, or sorrows, why not tell them to me? Perhaps I could give you good counsel. Jean, why are you going to Paris?"

"I would rather not tell you, it will grieve you; but you have a right to know. I am going to Paris to ask to be exchanged into another regiment."

"Into another regiment! To leave Souvigny?"

"Yes, precisely, to leave Souvigny for some time, for a little while; but at all events to leave Souvigny; that is what is necessary."

"And I, Jean,; you do not think of me! For a little while! a little while! but that is all I have to live, a little while. And during these last days which I owe to God's mercy, it was my happiness, Jean, yes, it was my happiness to have you here, near me. And you would go away! Jean wait a little, be patient, it will not be very long; wait until the good God has called me to himself; wait until I am gone to meet your father and your mother again on the other side. Do not go away, Jean, do not go away!"

"If you love me; I, too, love you, and you know it well."

"Yes, I know it."

"I have the same tenderness for you that I had when I was a little child, when you took me home, when you brought me up. My heart had not changed, it will never change. But if duty, if honor compel me to go..."

"Ah! if it is duty, if it is honor, I will say no more, Jean. All must yield to that, all, all! I have always found you a good judge of your duty, a good judge of your honor. Go, my child, go. I ask you nothing. I desire to know nothing."

"Ah! but I want to tell you all," cried Jean, overcome by his emotion.

"And it is better that you should know all. You will remain here, you will will return to the chateau, you will see her again. She..."

"Who, she?"

"Bettina!"

"Bettina!"

"I love her, godfather, I love her!"

"Oh, my poor boy!"

"Forgive me for speaking to you of such things; but I tell them to you, as I would tell them to my father. And then, I have never had any one to speak to about it, and that stifles me. Yes, it is a madness that has taken possession of me little by little, in spite

of myself; for you can well understand mon dieu! It was here that I first began to love her. When she came with her sister, you know, and the little rolls of money, and when her hair tumbled down, and that evening, the month of Mary! Since then I have been permitted to see her freely, familiarly; and you yourself have talked of her to me continually, you have extolled to me her sweetness, her goodness. How many times you have told me that there was no one in the world lovelier than she!"


"And I thought so, and I think so still; and no one knows her better than myself, for I alone have seen her among the poor. If you knew how tender and brave she is on our rounds in the morning! Neither misery or suffering dismay her. But I am wrong to tell you all this."

"No, no, I will not see her again; but I like to hear you speak of her."

"You will never in your life, Jean, find a better woman, or one who has a more noble character. One day when she took me out with her in her carriage, full of playthings—she was carrying the playthings to a little sick girl; and in giving them to her smile and to amuse her, that I thought of you—and I remember now that I said to myself: 'Ah! if only she were poor!'"

"Yes, if only she were poor! but she is not!"

"Oh! no. But what can be done, my poor child. If it pains you to see her, to live near her, then, so that you may not suffer, go away. Jean, it must be; go away; and yet, and yet..." (TO BE CONTINUED.)



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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to to R. S. O. cap. 110 that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named John Noonan who died on or about the 7th day of November 1894 are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to the undersigned administrators or their solicitors a statement in writing containing their names, addresses, and full particulars of their claims with vouchers if any, duly verified by statutory declaration on or before the 1st day of February 1895, after which date the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not have had notice at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto this 20th day of December, A.D., 1894.

The Trusts Corporation of Ontario, Administrators, of the Estate of John Noonan, deceased. By **ANGLIN & MALLON,** South-West corner of Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto, their solicitors herein.

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