THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL Or, Agatha's Recompense.

CHAPTER XXXVL

2

" I WILL GIVE YOU CAUSE TO REMEMBER ME." "Ask her to come up here at once," he evied; and the bewildered waiter looked at him in frightened wonder. Why did he start from his chair in that frantic manner and stand looking so white, wild and agitated ?

"A lady!" he repeated ; "an English lady, tall and fair, with golden hair ? Make haste; do not keep her waiting. Good heavens! I shah go mad with delight. I will ask her on my knees to marry me, andso help me, Heaven !-- I will be a good man ; | type years ago, and tired of such women as T will, indeed." He never thought of Valerie. She was far

from his mind. The whole world to him was Agatha-no one but Agatha.

The frightened waiter answered : "I do not know, monsieur ; I cannot tell.

The lady is reiled."

"It is my Agatha. Good heavens ! how gratefal I am. It is to me as though she wers given back from the dead." He was blind and dazed ; it seemed to him a miracle that Agatha should come back. He staggered rather than walked to the door, hungering, thirsting for one look at her. Up

the wide staircase, with its crimson carpets, its marble statues, its wealth of green plants, came a tall, slender figure. He could not under the dark waters of the lake.

He tried to speak to her, but his lips were stiff, and could articulate no sound ; a bloodred mist seemed to hing over him. He caught her arm, and drew her into the room. He clasped her in his arms, he covered her fice and hands with passionate kisses, ho murmured the wildest words of love and welsome to her ; he was quite mad and beside! himself with joy.

" My darling, my love ! Thank Heaven you have come back to me, my love, my said. wife P

She was strangely still. She trembled in the strong clasp of those strong arms; a thing which would win you to myself." gleam of light from the lamp fell on her face "What did you do?" he asked, curiously. gleam of light from the lamp fell on her face and head. Surely the hair falling in a rijpling mass down her shoulders was black. He gave a little cry.

It was Valerie-not Agatha ! He had thought to gather Agatha to his heart, and to atone to her by his passionate love, and instead, it was the woman who had been her murderess who was lying in his arms.

She knew there was no hope for her when she heard that cry ; it froze her very heart.

"You i" he cried, with a great oath, fling-ing her from him-" you ! What brings you here ?' She stood for a few minutes, a silent, beau

titul embodiment of despair. "What brings you here?" he cried.

" My love for you, and your promise to

me," she replied. You said that if you had met me first you should have married me; you promised that if ever you mat me and were free you would marry me. I am here to claim your love and remind you of your promise."

He mattered something between his teeth -hard words the knew; bat as this was her last card, she decided to play it well. She would keep her patience and courage while they were of any use to her, and then it would be war to the knife.

"You do not call that kind of fooling a promise," he said. "I: was your sceking. Any man would have said the same thing when a woman urged him. You know, and I know, it was only sentimental nonsense.

We laughed at each other." "I know this one thing," she said. "I loved you with all my heart then, as I do now.

"That is not my fault," he retorted. "Great Heaven, what pain you have given me. Why did you come here? I thought it was Agatha.'

"Listen to me," she said, impressively, and DIS ATILI

""Of course I did, You must have laughed at yourself, Valerie.' "Unfortunately, I did not. Bat I will answer for one thing—you shall never laugh at me again. I will give you such cause to remember myself and my name-that though

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you may curse me you will never laugh at me. "Now do not be tragic, Valerie, and let

us end this unpleasant interview. I will tell you the exact truth about yourself. I admire your beauty-every one must do that. I admire your talent, al-though I thick you are an intriguante, and not to be trusted. Still-truth is best-you are one of the last women in the world I should ever love. 1 knew your Listen one moment longer. If I had you. admired, esteemed, loved you, I should hate you more, because of what you have done to Agatha-for that alone-although I forgive you, because you say you meant no harm-

for that I shall slways like you less than ony person I know." "That is your real meaning and decision ?"

she suid, calmly. "Yes," he replied, "and I should like to

enforce it-to make it as emphatic as I can." "I thank you-I quite understand -there is no need. I shall waste no time in abuse. But I will tell you this to your face, Sir Vanc-you are the most disloyal, dishouorable man who ever went by the name of gen tleman. Perhaps from this you may learn see distinctly, for his eyes were dimmed with a lesson not to trifle with women. You have tears. Ab, thank Horven she was not lying trifled with me. You saw that I was inclined to admire and like you, and you onjoyed the incense offered to your vality. I grant that I was greatly to blame in letting you know that I foved you. You were still more to blame in accepting that love and homage. Why were you true to one thing for once in your life ? Why did you not say plainly that you loved Agaiha, and Agatha only, and that no other woman had any interest for you ?"

"It would have been better, I admit," ho

"You see what it has led to. You led me on until I cared enough for you to do any-

She knew now that her game was lost ; that never would her hopes and dreams be realized. Sir Vane was dead to her ; but he should never laugh at her again ; he should take his punishment with him.

" You shall never laugh at me again," she said, " never. I will tell you what I did. I wrote that letter and addressed it to myself. She had expected him to grow half-mad with anger and indignation ; but, to her surprise, he merely shrugged his shoulders con-

temptuoely. " To tell you the truth, mademoiselle." he said, "I more than suspected it. It was so entirely like you, and so worthy of you. Well, you have done your worst with au anonymous letter. It was a good shot ; and it took effect---right through your rival's heart. Ob, gentle, womanly hands, that could do such a deed ! Oh, rare and womanly

heart that could plan it." His lips worked nervously, and his face grow livid.

" I said that if ever I found out the writer of thus letter I would slay him. You are not even worth my anger: but you have my infinite contempt, as one who state in the dark." "It seems to me that your contempt is

better and less dangerous than your love, she said, curtly.

"So you wrote the letter? You are a clever woman, Valerle, and the idea is worthy of a French play. Would you mind telling me how you secured your information, which Ladmit to be perfectly correct? I should really like to know."

She told him is a few words.

His look of anger softened into contemptuous admiration

"You are a clever woman, Valeric, wonderfully clover. I admire your talents, 1 admire your courage ; but I would not adise you to exercise them in this fashion

spoil it. You remember, perhaps, certain words of Congreve, the poet :-

" Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, Nor helt a fury like a woman soorned." Keep them in your mind."

"Why should you take veogeance on me?" " It is I who am wronged." he said.

"You have spoiled my life, and I hate you for it," she cried in a fury of passion. ' My love has turned to hate-I am all hate, and I bid you heware of my vengeance." "I sm not in the least degree afraid of it," he replied ; "and your manner of announcing it is worthy of the stage. And now, mademoiselle, you have contessed your intrigues, you have accused yourself, you have denounced me, you have sworn vengeance, all after the kind of a true tragedy queen ;

add to these favora one more-leave me in ренсе." "I will, she said; "but, remember, the time shall come when you shall fear my vengeance and fear me. Until then, farewell." She was gone-there was no time for another word. He saw the tall figure vanish down the broad staircase, and he wont back

to his room. He was more unacroed, more unsettled than ever, M: had partly suspected that elomator in 3 had something to do with that we were otter; she was more wicked han he thought. And now he AD# 15 that Agatha was dead ; she for a state . would be in despair ; she would go down to the lake and throw herself in. No one had seen her since the servants sum her at the lake-side.

"Poor, pretty Agatha," he sighed, leeply. It was the saddest ending to a preity rodeeply. mance. Still it was of no use mourning over a woman who was dead; if she could have been living, and he could have found her, all veland good.

He was never constant for very long together; this had been by far the hin; est love of his life ; now it was over there was an end of it, and it was of no use repining. He knew, he had always known, that if ever this knowledge reached her she would die of

It was a most unfortunate business, and he would have been more content to have laid her in some green English church yard, than in the depths of the lake waters.

He was very depressed and unhappy for two or three weeks, so much so that he con-sidered himself a model of constancy; and then he began to cheer up a little.

He met somo English friends in Paris, and they spent some pleasant evenings together. Ouce more the love of fast life took hold of him; its false glare blinded him, and he could not believe that he had spent so many months in the solitude of Bell-fieurs. He resolved on leaving Paris, and going home to Eogland. There, in the midst of the whirl in which he had lived, he should forget all the sooner. He was dreadfully grieved and sorry; but he did not feel at all as though his life was inished or marred, far from it. He had to live it.

So, after a few wooks, he returned to Garswood, and was soon plunged into the midst of business, politics, and gayety. He was even more handsome and attractive than ever : quite as esgerly welcomed ; quite as much sought after. T_0 he mistress of Garageood was still the desire of many a fair maiden's heart. There was only one thing which he could not do. He would not go to the Abbey when Lord Croft invited him.

He never ceased to love Agatha, and he never ceased to grieve over her ; but, as time paveed, the impression grow less. It had only been one of many opisodes in his life-it had been the whole of hers.

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St. John-one of the finest institutions in St. John -- one of the finet instructions in the heat and and they draw heater Paris -- a sud accident happened to the young to her, these good sisters, who sel-Count de Tiernay. He was returning with this mother, the boautiful and wealthy touched the white hand, so cold and to unters do Tiernay, from a ball, when they still--the others raised a treas of the golden

Oh, . Deaven, what a night !- how full of we better do ? If we knew anything of her misfertune and accident !"

In the confusion that ensued when the on the seat belonged to the party. Agatha was carried into the hospital and taken to a room, and many hours elapsed before the

truth was known. The doctors examined the young count, Sister Anna shook her head.

done about the young lady, who did not

countess said, in surprise : "We had no young lady with us." Then he remembered the beautiful face in the porch. "She does not belong to us." said the coup-

tess; " but I am so grateful to Heaven for its mercy, that, if she be in want or in need, I will take cars of her." And that was how Agatha became the protegee of Madame la Countess Tiernay.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CRY OF AN ANGUISHED MEART.

Madame la Countess Tiernay was one of the wealthiest and most generous ladios in Paris. She had been one of the most famous court beauties, and had married the Count Tiernay, one of the richest and celebrated men in France. Her life hd been one long acene of brilliant enjoyment ; she was one of the most popular queens of French society-no one more beautiful or more sought after. While she was at the zenith of her happiness and properity her hushand died, and the heautiful countess was left with this one son. She gave up the fashic sable world then, and devoted her whole existence to her son; and he, in his turn, was extremely fond and proud of his beautiful mother.

They went out together continually; the young count was far pronder of taking his stately, handsome mother to a built than of escorting the loveliest girl

in Paris. Madame la Countess was most charitable ; it was one of her favorite virtues and occupations. It was said of her that no one over appealed to her for help in vain. So that Agatha had fallen into good hands when she attracted the attention of Madame 1.

Countess de Tiernay. The result of the prolonged and repeated examination of the Count was that his injurica were not fatal. Still, the most skilful doc-tors said it would be better for him to remain at the hospital for some days at least, lest the removal should injure him. The nurslog at the hospital of St. John was carried on by a band of devoted sisters called "the Sisters of the Rad Cross," a body of noble women, whose lives were devoted to good One of the kindest and sweetest works. among them, called Sister Angela, was placed in charge of the young girl found in the old stone porch. The Countess de Tiernay had been struck with 'Agatha's almost angelic beauty, and had asked the sisters to find a

nice room for her; she was no: to go into the wards where the great body of the patients lay-she was to be what was called a private patient-to have one of the pretty rooms that overlocked the gardens. She was to have overy attention, every comfort at madame's expense; and when she grew better, medame would ace what was to be done. No one knew onything of her-no one had seen her cuter the great stone porch where the wonden crusifix kung. Two er three of the sisters stood round the bed whereen they had

land her ; no fairer picture was over seen than this-the face, white and still as sculptured The same evening that Agatha found marble the long, dark lashes hung on the her way to the porch of the hospital of pale check; the wealth of shining hair lying like a veil around her. They drew nearer

story or antecedents, it would guide us. ... Vone, Vane !' oried the girl ; and the attendants bastened to answer the bell, they golden head tossed wearily on the white pil-assumed naturally that the young girl lying low, "Vone, Vane,!" " Vane is a man's name," said the doctor.

" Vane is certainly a man's name. Must pro bably a love story." " Vane, Vane !" she oried; and good

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and formed a favorable opinion of him; "It will be long before he hears you, my

will be a bad case ; but she is in good hands. seem to be injured, but who was very ill. The You can do nothing more at present than use

ica t + the head." The sister took up the long golden hair in her hand, the kin ily, loving heart shining oat of her eyes.

" hope this will not be cut off," she said. "We will save it, if possible," he replied. " Vane, Vane 1" cried the gir!. A burning flush mounted to her face

hor eyes were full of wild, burning light; the white bands beat the air helplessly ; the golden head was tonsed incessantly to and fro ; the quick, rapid cry of "Vane, Vane !" never stopped.

face. "I herdly know how to enswer your "That will be trying," said the doctor, as the voice rouched to a scream of kern dis-tress; "it will be very trying for you, aister "It is worse for her," said the kindly tion of wrong in my life; but I am afraid

woman --- " mach worse."

But the time came when Sister Anna would have given anything for relief from that one piercipg ory. It never ceased ; st one time it was low and tender, then it roue into a prolonged wail of despair.

As the lever grew higher, she began to talk about other things. She lay and murmure i something of a church-of a fair-faced saint with a palm branch-of her mother's grave; bot all ended in the cry for "Vane." She must have suffered terribly, the sisters said. "She has a fine, though delicate. constitution, and the fight will be for dear life," the

dector said. The countess herself came often to the bed side, and more than ence her eves filled with tears as she heard that ever pathetic cry, · Vane, Vane !"

Then come the time of recovery, when by degrees the oruel mist cleared away, and memory, more crual still, came in its place. Good Sister Anna will never forget the day when the beautiful eyes looked in her own, and the weak voice asked :

" Sister, where am I ?"

"In the Hospital of St. John, my child. Heaven be praised that you can speak sensibly." "Where ?--in what place ?"

"You are in Paris. my dear," answered the nun. "Paris ? I thought I lived by a lake," she said. "Paris ! How did 1 come here ?" "I cannot tell you ; we found you in the

old stone porch." Slowly enough the memory of it came back to her. A stone porch, with a great crimson lamp burning. Ah ! and a crucifix hanging on the wall. She could see the white face and the crown-thorned head. Why had she come there? Then she was in a railway trais, traveling by night madame, let me be taught to work. I donet and by day with speed; and then think now that I could live unless my mind sho was standing on the terrace, with were always employed. If I have leaure to Valerie stan ling before her, and telling her, over and over egain, that she had never been married, and she was not Vane's wife. She remembered it all then. She locked in the gentle face of the run.

"I should like to make my life useful to others," sho said ; " and I love children. I "Sister," she suid, "do you think I am ill encugh to die ?" think, madame, if you are willing, I should

"I hope not, my dear," was the gentle ar-

" I think it is a very sensible decision, "Oh, pray for me that I may die. God replied madame. hears the prayers of good people; pray that I may die." She was silent for some minutes, during which Agatha watched her anxiously. Then "Death is not always better than life,"

said the sister. "You differ from the last young girl whom I nursed." "Do I? In what way? she asked,

for me that I may not die, but that I may

Agatha, too, was recovering then, and had

become a great favorite with all the good

sisters. The impression that her beautiful

ever so faintly, of the least wrong doing.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I HAVE BEEN SINNED AGAINST."

had received a letter that morning from the

sisters, saying that the young English girl

was wanted for others. Would madame

let them know what was to be done?

The result of which was that the countese

had written to ask if they would send the young lady to her. She

would soon decide what was to be done.

Agatha went up to her. "I should like you to understand," she

never prayed again that she might die.

"What are your qualifications, my dear ?" "What are your qualifications, my dear ?" she asked. "What could you teach ?" " Munic," replied Agitna, her face brightiner fuce bright

like to be a governers."

what an only sen is to the mother who ador; a

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him ? I adore my son-he is the whole world to me. Some time since, as you know we were returning from a ball together, and by some accident our carriage was nearly destroyed, and he was slmost killed, He was taken to the hospital, and by the prompt, kindly skill there displayed, his life was saved. You, poor child, had taken r fuge there the same night, and when I heard of you I vowed, as an act of gratihe was not so soverely injured as child," she said; but Agatha only looked at tude to Heaven, I would make you my hadame la counters. in her delight and grati-nadame la counters. in her delight and grati-tude, sat there weeping happy tears, one of "Vane, Vane !" "You overwhelm me with gratitude, the sisters came to inquire what should be "Bain fever," said the doctor, "and it madame," she replied, with tears in her

madame," she replied, with tears in her eyea.

"Nay, I would not do that, dear child. You agree to become my charge-that is well. Do not think that I wish to pry into your life, or ask any questions ; there is but (nº I must ask, and my heart answers it befor my lips speak it. One cannot help secing that you have had a misfortune of some kind or other. Tell roo, quite frankly, has it

been your own fauls ?" To herself, this kindly lady admitted that it would be just as easy to accuse an

Agatha looked at her with a pale, tearless

question, madame," she said. "How for I am to blame in the eyes of God I

know not. I never had the least in o...

that I am weak, credulous, and ignorant

enough to stand worthy of blame before

wicked any one must have been to take ad-

vantage of such innocence as hers.

" Poor child !" said madame, thinking how

" Very herd and bitter things have been

said to me." she continued ; "I cannot tell

you if I deserve them. I can only say that

of myself I would at any time prefer death to

sin ; but I have been sinned against. Ma-

dame, my dear young mother named me

Agatha after the fair young saint on the old

church wisdow-a saint with a halo round

her head and a palm branch in her hand, and

her story is this, that she preferred to die rather than offend God. I would do just the

The fair, pure face, the tender eyes, the

"I helieve you," she said ; " and I trust

sweet, sensitive lips, the clear, vibrating voice, all impressed madame.

you. The question is at an end. Whatever

misfortune may have been, it was not, 1 am sure, your fault. Now you must decide

your life in your own way; I leave the de-cision with yor. You are a lady ?"

simply, and madame smiled.

seciety you would marry well."

"I am a doctor's daughter," said Agatha,

" By appearance, education, and manner.

you are evidently a lady, well qualified to take your place in any society. Now I offer

you your choice. I adopt you, in gratitude t) Heaven. You will forgive my frank epeaking if I tell you that you are so beauti-

ful and winning, that if I introduce you into

" On, no, madame ; I shall never mary,

she replied ; "and your rank is so far above

mine-that-I would rather not. If you are

good enough to take any interest in me,

taink I shall most surely die." "It shall he as you wish." said the coun-

tess. "What would you like to by ? What

would you choose ?-some profession ?"

The sweet face grew just a little paler.

angel from heaven.

Heaven.

ame.'

patient and listen. I love you a thousand times better than that baby girl was capable of loving," she went on, in a tone of deep emotion, the tears standing like pearls on her beautiful lashes. "I would go through fire for you. I am not a foelish schoolgirl; I am a woman of talent and power. I could make a worshy helpmate to a man like you ; I could help you to be famous-think of it; above all, I love you so dearly and so well that I would give my life for you. Do you hear, Sir Vane?" she said passionately-" very life I would give for you, and think it but little.

There was pathos in the ring of her voice, passion its love in the expression of her face. He fels that it was truth, and not feigned.

" This is hardly the time for talking nonscuse, 'he replied. '' I do not wish to seem inhospitatle, tat I should be greatly relieved If yon woold go. 1-I thought it was Agatha, and I am not myself."

The passion deepened in her face, but something of anger mingled with her emo-

"I might," she said, "have expected this from your hands." kind at asguage from you, yet strange to "I would not kill you," he said ; "I think say, I did not. I will know my fate. Were the heaviest punishment for you will be to all the words you said to me false. Did you live. What more have you to tell me?" not mean what you said ?" "Ooly this: That I took my letter to

not m an what you said ?" " Not one word," he replied, scornfully, "and you know it. You are a practised coquette, though you are but a young giri, and you know that it was merely pastime, You carea nothing for me, nor 1 for you."

When she looked up at him her dark over

were swimming in tears. "I do not know how it began," she said. "I only know how it has ended ; and that is, in my deepest love and devotion to yon.'

"Of course I am grateful," he said, impatiensly ; "but I do not want it. It is jaite useless ta me." "Yoz envit you loved me, Sir Vong."

"Now, be reasonable, Valerie; you can when you choose. What can a man do when a heautiful woman follows him, as you did me? You will own that you did; it was never I who sought you. What did you dn? You followed me in my walks ; you sought me when I was alone; you threw yourself in my way ; you made the most of your beautiful face and your glorious voice. You may have charmed my senses, but you have never touched my heart, and never will."

For one moment the tall, graceful figure swayed to and fro, and the brilliant proud face grew white as death. "You should spare me," she said, "be-

cause I love you. You, of all people in the world, should be kind to me."

"I am not unkind," he replied ; " but I protest against this sentimental nonsense. I will have no mention of love, because it does not exist. It was all a piece of setting, Valerie, and I played second to your first. You -even you-cannot be so abourd as to think the few septimental scenes that were enacted in that garden had any meaning?" "They had to me," she said, faintly.

"They had none to me. To tell you the

real truth," he added, with brutal frankness, "I always laughed at them, even the most tender points, they were so ridiculous-so got up; and 1 assure you that I always went k to Agatha loving her doubly for her fair, sweet innocence.

.A red finsh covered that beautiful face, This was more than she could bear.

"Yon laughed at me," she said, fiercely.

again " I have wounded you ; I have burt you ;

I have reached you at last," she said.

" By a very clumsy weapon-an anony-mona letter," he said : " the fittest instru-ment for such a deed." And for several minutes there was silonce

between them.

CHAFTER XXXVII.

A WOMAN SCORNED,

And Valerie and Sir Vane seemed to

measure each other's strength in that one long, silent glance. "The tug of war" had

come. "I think," said Valerie, "that however greatly you may be tempted, you will never laugh at me again. I have more to tell yon. "You had better be careful," said Sir

Vane ; " I feel something almost like murder rising in my heart." "I wish it were murder, and you would

kill mo," said she : "I should welcome death

your fair-faced Agatha, and I read it to her, word by word, slowly and impressively, so that she might understand it ; and when I had finished, she read is word for word, herself. It may make you more pitiful to women to know how it affected her-it

killed her ! If every smile comes to her face again, it will be more wonderful than the standing still of the sun. She fell at my feet, and she lay there a crushed, heart-

broken woman. She told me that she would go away from you, and never lock at your face again. She told me, also, that if you

knelt to beg her to marry you, she would not now : so that even should you find her, you will have no chance." 'Lou can leave that part of the business

with me," he said. "Il, or, rather, when I find her, that will be all right."

He spoke calmly, but his face was as pale as that of a corpse. If she had been a man her life would not

have been worth a moment's purchase. " I was very sorry for her," she continued.

" I do not think any woman over suffered so much. Her face became ghastly white, and she looked like one who had a sword right in in her heart. I was sorry for her, but it was highly necessary that she should understand her position.'

How he restrained himself he never knew; afterward, when he recalled this interview, his one great wonder was that he had not killed here it seemed to him a miracle. He made no answor to her taunts, but they made him feel as he had never felt before. " Let this be ended now," he said. "You have done your worst, now go." "I go." she replied. "Women have

n ed you, Sir Vane ; you have made toys ' town, and have trampled upon them-they have given you blessings instead of ourses. I am of different metal, and I intend to take my vengeance. "You are entirely welcome to it," he re-

plied ; " and -pardon me if I seem flippant -you can take as much as you like." "It seems little enough now," she said ; " tut I spoil your life-I will spind mine in

"It seems little enough now," she said ; " Lut I spoil your life-I will spind mine in watching yours, and at every turn I will I fear she is dying. Bring tome help for here "You are right, sister ; and

ustess do Tiernay, from a ball, when their bair. corriage came in collision with a firera that was rapidly driven by a man not quite sobar,

He could never answer for the consequences, for he was killed at once. The collision was of terrible terce

the horses were so seriously injured that they had to be shot. The two belonging to the count were most valuable The counters was thrown out, but escaped uninjured. The coust wes flung with violence against the curb-stone, and lay there like one dead.

A crowd collected at once. and two gendarmes came to the scene. It was a curious sight to see that beautiful lady in her dia. monds and magnificent dress kneeling on the pavement orying out that her son was killed. She would let no one raise the injured head Clare, but herself. She laid it on the soft satin

fulis of her dress. "Find a doctor," she cried, in most heartrending tones. " For Heaven's sake find a ductor.

A gentleman in the crowd went forward, and mid:

"Madame, it might bo half on hour Lefore a doctor could be tound and brought here; the haspital of St. John a just around the corner; the best plan will be to carry him there."

"Do you think he is dead ?" asked th lady.

The stranger placed his hand on the count's breast.

"He is not dead, madame; his heart is beating, though faintly. He may rally if he has immediate help, but not if he waits here until the doct, r comes--in that case he must

dio." "Then, for Henvep's sake, let him be taken there!" she said, and it was done at once.

There was an instant stir in the crowd. A Frenchman soldom requires ask-rg twice for help. The door of the carriage was taken quickly from the hinges : he was laid upon it. Several strong men came forward with effers of help, and he was carried quickly down the street to the hospital of S:. John.

The countess walked by his side; she would not leave him for a moment. The neual crowd followed. It was not an nucommon, but a most picturasque precession, the wounded man, his mother in all the splendor of her ball attire, the diamonds gleaming in the light of the lamps, her jeweled hand clasping one of her sen's, the crowd, all agape with wonder, following. There was the deep, eld-fashioned porch, with the bright light shining, and the great crucifix hanging in the hall. She rang the hell, and while they waited for an enswer the counters saw the ellent figure, with its white face and folded hands, lying on the seat. Even the stir of the crowd had not arcused Agatha from the deadly sleep of exhaustion. The counters went up to her

silent figure, with its white face and folded hands, lying on the seat. Even the stir of the crowd had not aroused Agatha from the deadly sleep of exhaustion. The countess went up to her. "Dear Heaven !" she cried : "what

face !-- what a beautiful, angelic face ! How did this girl come here?"

"She is English," said Sister Gertrude; "a fair, beautiful English girl; her hair is like gold, and her face like a while rose.' "She is so young," said Sister Clore; "and her face--ih, Madenna ! how boautiful it is. I wonde, if all the English ladies are like her?" shall never forget how I was stariled at the

" Do you think she is a lady ?" asked Sister Anne, who rather disliked and inistrusted the may not die.'

Sister Clare raised again the white hand that 1+y outside the counterpane. " Look, eister," she soid.

term.

And one glance was enough. Ine beauti-ful, soft, white hand lying there was certainly live, and suffer and repeut." "You differ from her, my dear."

the hand of a lady. "Look, too, at her dress," said Sister Clare. "Everything she wears is of the most costly description; her dress is torn and soiled as if by long walking; loor at the dead leaves olinging to it, but it is of the finest description; look at this handkerchief of the pursat lace indeed, dear sister, the poor thing is a lady." "It does not matter much," said good

Sister Gertrude, "whether she is a lady or not; that is the last thing we need trouble about. Who or what she is does not concern us much, but what we can do for her? She is very ill."

"She looks to me," said Sister Anna, "as though she would never open her eyes agaio," and then the kindly sisters drew nearer in auxicus dread.

" May Heaven pity her," said Sister Clare. "Sarely she will not die without a word or a her magnificent boudoir, a room so luxuriously furnished that it might have prayer. We must do something at once. Sister Anna you will be the best to remain with her. Sister Gertrude will you find Dr. Regnier at once ?" The sisters dispersed, each carrying away

with her a vivid recollection of the beautiful English girl lying on what scemed to be a bed of death. Then Dr. Regnier came, and looked aston-

ished at the beautiful girl. "Something serious," he said, to Sister

Auna. He bent down over the pale face, he laid

his hand on t e girl's heart. "She is alive," he said ; "but this is a

worse case than the young count's. He looked at the white face, and tried to raise one of the white evelids.

"It is the brain," he said to himself ; "I feared as much." "Most probably, sister," he sail aloud,

"this is the swoon that often precedes main tever. It will go hard with her, poor child ! Nothing is known of hor, I suppose ?"

"Nothing," replied the eister. "When they carried in nichsleur le count, she was found just as you see her now in the porch. The Countries le Tiernay has taken charge of her, as an act of gratitude, she says, for her son's almost mirsculous escaps from death." Suddenly the fair head stirred, and the boautiful eyes opened wide with a vacant | high-bied grave, the elegance of every atti-

eters. " Vare ! Vane !" she cried, and the doctor looked at the sister. " Vane ! Vane !" eho repeated, and the doctor, looking wisely at the sister, said :

Vana !"

terested in what the sister was saying.

rest and peace in death."

ening-" I understand it well; and French, "Ab, my dear, she was a young girl, just and Italian ; and 1 think I am a good English scholar." like you, but French-not English ; and the "A very fair list of qualifications," said mudame, well pleased. "Of course, there French are so emotional, you know-so quick. She had been in great trouble, and the doctor said he thought she would die. In the middle

will be a difficulty about situations at firstof the night I was sitting with her, and I you had better take one with me. Come and stay with me as my companion for six time. A low voice broke the silence of the months. You can read to me, write my night. "Sister,' she said, 'pray Heaven that I You need not be seen-you can have "Why, my dear ?' I asked. 'There are -you can always retire. Then, when the time is over, unless you wish to remain, " There is something better in life,' she said. 'There is time for repentance. Pray

I can give you such recommendations as will insure you a good situation snywhere."

"How must I thank you, madame !" she cried ; "my heart is full of gratitude. How good you are to me! What should I have done but for you ?'.

"Yes," replied Agatha. But she took the lesson to heart, and "Thank Heaven, my dear child, which has The day same, when to the great relief of made me the means of carrying its bounty to madame, the count was ably to be carried you. Thank Heaven." home. "When I lay in the little room," said

Agatha, " how often have I wondered what would become of me when I grew well. I did not know. And now you, madame, have natural character made upon them all was so taken every shadow of cars from my heart. I good that no one ever suspected her. even thank you."

"We must go into details now," said madame. "Of course, you are quite upprovid-ed with dress, and indeed with everything else ?'

"I am, indeed," said Agatha.

Madame opened her desk, and took from The Countess de Tiernay sat alone in it a bank note.

"That will provide you with two or three nest dresses, and all that you want besides,' been prepared for an empress. The she said, "and you may repay use, my dear, room was a fit shrine for the handsome, when you grow tich." stately woman who used it. The countess

A few more days, and Agatha was installed wore a dress of rich black velvet, trimmed in the luxurious mansion of the Countess de with rare point lace; she were diamond rings Tiern y. Every attention was paid to her. on her fingers, and a diamond brooch fastened Sha had two very nice rooms, and she had the rich lace. She was thinking deeply. She time for heresif : modumo was by no means an exacting employer. In time she became greatly attached to the beautiful wis now convalescent, and that her room English girl whose sweet face was always so and; she loved her very much, and the more time she epont with her the more she admired her, the purity of her character, the trank, noble simplicity that could hardly even comprohend deceit or measures in others, the fervent, spiritual mind ; the way that seemed so matural to her of thinking more of

Madame locked at her in wondering ad-Madame locked at her in wondering ad-"You like to visit the poor," she said to "You like to visit the poor," she said to each time she was under the influence of the her one day; "you shall have carte blanche ; fever. The sisters hed dono their nest for there are over a hundred families at least that I should like to assist. You shall be and bonust-quaint, old-fashioned, but they almoner."

And something of the old light came back The tell, slender figure, and pale, beautiful to her when she was once more of use to the face were seen to greater advantage than poor. The intelerable sense of degradation under which she had suffered and smarted seemed lessened. Once more the sweet face did its work among the poor wounded hearts, brought sunshine where durknoss had long reigned.

The first day of her resdence in that superb mansion the countess asked her what was her name.

"There is nothing in a name," said madame, laughing," "still I must have one for you-you ought to be called 'Lily,' you are just like one. Yesterday roll, do you not think so ?" [said gently, "the source of my interest in when you threw my blue shawl over your arm, "You are right, sister ; and now what had 'you. I have an only son. Do you know you looked to me so exactly like one of Ra-

She was walting for her now, and in a few minutes a servant ushcred her into the room. miration. She had only seen her twice, and

her; they had pu chased a plain black dress made her look the more beautiful by contrast. would have been the case in any other dress. Madame noticed the air of distinction, the

tude. "This girl is a lady," she said to herself-"a perfect lody." She smiled kindly, and held out her jeweled hand in greeting. "I am pleased to see you, dear child," she said. "Come nearer to me,"

"That is a name-an English name-

"It is a droll one, said the good sister ; "But these English, they are just a little