

that unless I can persuade you to accept my love and consent to become my wife, I shall never again know happiness. Listen to me, mademoiselle, no one will ever love you as I do!"

Génie shrank back.

"Oh, not yet, not yet!" she cried piteously.

Jean Canière was evidently not discouraged by her words. He took her hand with tender respect into his and pressed it to his lips.

"You shall not be hurried; it shall all be just as seems best to you," he said earnestly. "Only, dear Mademoiselle Génie, be merciful! Do not keep me in suspense too long."

"Be patient with me," she faltered. "It is not that I do not like you, but—"

"I am very patient," said Jean Canière tenderly. "Who would not be patient when he dares to hope?"

Once more he kissed her hand, and then he rose quietly and left her to recover her composure.

Madame Féraudy met him as she came down the garden walk and questioned him with her eyes.

"Not yet," he said in answer, "but she allows me to hope, and I am content."

"I am glad," she said hoarsely.

Jean Canière turned back and walked with her towards the arbour. He had something to say to her, and he did not know how to say it.

"Have you heard from Féraudy?" he said abruptly, when they were all together again.

Madame Féraudy looked a little startled.

"Yes, this very morning," she said. "I have a letter from him. Why do you ask?"

"Did he mention his health, madame? I have a reason for asking."

"He had had a touch of fever, but is better, and has been at work again; but now that the pressure is over he is going to his little Hospice for rest."

"You have heard something, Monsieur Canière?" said Génie, turning very pale.

"Yes, you are right; I have heard from the Pasteur Nicholas. I knew him well in Languedoc when we once lived there. He says Doctor Féraudy's friends ought to know that he needs very great care."

"What more?" faltered Génie.

Madame Féraudy did not speak, her face was set and rigid.

"It seems that there was a dangerous

strain of the heart some little time ago, and that the fearful overwork of the epidemic had increased this, and—"

"Oh, André, André!" cried Génie in an agony, "it was done in saving me! I knew, I was sure that he was hurt! Oh, God, be merciful; it was all for me!"

Madame Féraudy's voice was hoarse and difficult.

"Tell me the truth, Jean Canière. Is there any hope?"

"While there is life there is hope," said Monsieur Canière, trying to speak brightly. "But I think you would like to go to Dieppe. Nicholas says that there are nice rooms in a farmhouse close to the Hospice. I took it upon myself to telegraph to him to engage them for you. May I take you there?" he said wistfully.

Génie put out her hand to him gratefully.

"Not yet, Jean," she faltered.

He understood very well. He allowed himself no more tenderness, but plunged at once into practical preparations for the journey.

As he stood, two hours later, in the little country station and watched the train rush off into the distance, his heart was very full.

(To be continued.)

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER III.

LOCAL APPLICATIONS.



AM very strong and so was able to help Maggie to lay Ansell down flat on the floor. We loosened her dress round her neck, opened the window wide, put a little cold water on her face, and she was soon herself again.

Her little sister looked on open-mouthed with astonishment when we laid her down on the floor, and told us that she had been doing her best to drag up her head.

Maggie explained to me afterwards that fainting is caused by failure of the heart's action, so that it does not send enough blood to the brain. Consequently by laying the person down with the head on or below the level of the body the blood is driven back to the brain. Maggie says that a little weak brandy and water or a teaspoonful of sal-volatile in water can be given, only as it happened neither of those things were at hand at Ansell's. Ansell is in a consumption and not likely to live long, so the doctor says.

We got her back into bed, which Maggie made first of all, and the poor girl seemed very thankful to find herself there again.

"Don't you feel a draught from the door?" inquired Maggie, for the head of Ansell's bed in the tiny room was close to the hinge of the door; and really there seemed no other place in which it could be put.

"Yes I do, miss," said Ansell in a low voice which seemed to come with difficulty.

"Have you such a thing as an old linen

airer?" inquired Maggie, "for that makes a capital screen."

"No, miss."

"We have one at home which Ansell could have," I remarked.

"But until we do it up for you, you must not have that draught," said Maggie thoughtfully. "Let me see; if I place a nail just above the door near the hinge we could hang a dress or shawl on it, and it would keep off the air that comes through the hinges," and in a very short time Maggie had done this and was rewarded by hearing Ansell saying that she did not feel any draught at all.

We stayed and talked to her a little, and in the course of conversation discovered that she often found it very hard to raise herself in bed, and when her mother was out her little sister was too small to be of much use in the way of raising her.

"When I was in the A— hospital, miss," said Ansell, "there was a capital thing hanging over my bed by which I could pull myself up."

"Yes, I know," said Maggie; "well, when we come and see you to-morrow, we may be able to bring you something which will answer the purpose equally well."

Of course I was curious to know what this was, and Maggie explained it to me as we walked back. We stopped at our village shop and Maggie bought there a few yards of the webbing used for waistbands of skirts. When we got home she took a piece of stout stick about nine inches long, and after covering it with some rags and cotton wool she sewed a piece of serge over it neatly, thus making a padded handle. She doubled her length of webbing, and passing the stick through the loop she sewed it firmly down close under the handle, thus forming a cross-

bar to the double lengths of webbing. The next day she fastened the ends to the iron-work at the foot of Ansell's bed, the length of the webbing being enough to admit of the handle lying close to her and being not too long to afford resistance when she wanted to pull herself up by it.



But to return to the screen. We really made rather a nice one from the old linen airer. We assailed the woodwork and then nailed some old damask that we found lying by and fortunately not moth-eaten, and we took it down in triumph to Ansell, who said it was even an improvement on the nail arrangement.

"A screen like that is often of the greatest use in a sick room," said Maggie; "for if not wanted to keep off draughts, it can be placed so as to screen off the wash-stand and anything that does not add to the beauty of the room, or else it can screen off the fire."