

of a country parish. It is said that a famous Parisian conjurer used to accustom himself to glance at the shop windows, and afterwards mark down each article that he saw. By the constant practice of this, he was in time able to enumerate every article exhibited in any shop by a moment's glance. But with women it is intuition; so Adèle catagorized him who so intently watched her. Knowing no one, and remembering the strict injunctions she was under, Adèle, as soon as the service was over, hurried homewards. 'Home, what home? Had she a home?' She had not proceeded far before she heard a quick footstep behind her, and shortly afterwards a voice called,

"Mademoiselle, you have lost your handkerchief."

"She turned, and received a handkerchief from the young man whom she had seen in church. The etiquette of country is not that of town, and Adèle did not object when young Paul Sansfaçon continued on with her. Saving her brother, Adèle had never spoken to any one of the opposite sex, and she naively told him what sort of a life she led at home,—not that she thought it a hard one, or even different from that of any other girl, but simply as a matter of conversation.

"Paul Sansfaçon, understanding the sort of people Adèle had to deal with, discreetly bade her adieu before coming in sight of the house, leaving it to good fortune when he might see her again. The world had already entered into Adèle's mind. She said nothing of her meeting with Paul, and in this she showed the tact of a woman. Louis was still unwell on the following Sunday, and again Adèle went to church, but with different feelings from those she experienced on the previous Sunday. Then she was overjoyed by a sense of freedom; now there was an ill-defined hope, an unformed doubt. 'Shall I see him, will he speak to me?' All week long this hope and this doubt

had been present with her, making her happy, torturing her.

"And Paul, the village wheelwright, what had been his thoughts about innocent, untutored Adèle? While in his shop, often would a day-dream interrupt his work, and the form of Adèle, full of natural grace, would flit before him, and the simple words she had spoken to him would again whisper in his ear. By the end of the week he was head and ears in love, and on the Sunday morning he was especially careful in the arrangement of his toilet. He made no excuse of a dropped handkerchief, but joined her at the church door, much to the chagrin of many a village maiden, who had set their caps at the well-to-do Paul Sansfaçon. The unsophisticated Adèle met him gladly; her heart was pure and innocent, and very impressible. Paul told her what had been his thoughts since he last met her, and confessed his love, and asked her to become his wife, and she, in her childlike manner, also confessed to him her love; but she said:

"I must tell my brother and sister."

"What if they object?" he asked.

"Then, alas!" she said, "what can I do?"

"I will tell you," he said, for Paul was a determined young man, not easily thwarted, and of quick action; "I will have the banns published, and I then will go and claim you from your brother."

"Paul," she asked, "can you do that? and will it be right?"

"Perfectly right, dear Adèle," he answered.

"Furious was the storm and wicked the invectives poured upon the head of poor Adèle, when she told her brother and sister what had happened. What right had she, a child, to get married when her sister Sarah was content to live single? Was she not well enough? had she not enough to eat? ungrateful girl!"

"Two Sundays passed, and Adèle