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a panorama of a few seconds, the gilded halls of Versailles pass before her, and with the vision came the old temptation.

"Angelique!" repeated he, in a tone full of passionate entreaty, "will you be my wife, loved as no woman ever was—loved as alone Le Gardeur de Repentigny can love you?"

She knew that. As she weakened under his pleading, and grasped both his hands tight in hers, she strove to frame a reply which would say yes while it meant no; and say no which he should interpret yes.

"All New France will honor you as the Chatelaine de Repentigny! There will be none higher, as there will be none fairer, than my bride!" Poor Le Gardeur! He had a dim suspicion that Angelique was looking to France as a fitting theatre for her beauty and talents.

She still sat mute, and grew paler every moment. Words formed themselves upon her lips, but she feared to say them, so terrible was the earnestness of this man's love, and no less vivid the consciousness of her own. Her face assumed the hardness of marble, pale as Parian and as rigid; a trembling of her white lips showed the strife going on within her; she covered her eyes with her hand, that he might not see the tears she felt quivering under the full lids, but she remained mute.

"Angelique!" exclaimed he, divining her unexpressed refusal, "why do you turn away from me? You surely do not reject me? But I am mad to think it! Speak, darling! One word, one sign, one look from those dear eyes, in consent to be the wife of Le Gardeur, will bring life's happiness to us both!" He took her hand and drew it gently from her eyes and kissed it, but she still averted her gaze from him; she could not look at him, but the words dropped slowly and feebly from her lips in response to his appeal:

"I love you, Le Gardeur, but I will not marry you!" said she. She could not utter more, but her hand grasped his with a fierce pressure, as if wanting to hold him fast in the very moment of refusal.

He started back, as if touched by fire, "You love me, but will not marry me! Angelique, what mystery is this? But you are only trying me! A thousand thanks for your love; the other is but a jest—a good jest, which I will laugh at!" And Le Gardeur tried to laugh, but it was a sad failure, for he saw she did not join in his effort at merriment, but looked pale and trembling, as if ready to faint.

She laid her hands upon his heavily and sadly. He felt her refusal in the very touch. It was like cold lead. "Do not laugh, Le Gardeur, I cannot laugh over it; this is no jest, but mortal earnest! What I say I mean! I love you, Le Gardeur, but I will not marry you!" She drew her hands away, as if to mark the emphasis she could not speak. He felt it like the drawing of his heartstrings.

She turned her eyes full upon him now, as if to look whether love of her was extinguished in him by her refusal. "I love you, Le Gardeur—you know I do! But I will not—I cannot—marry you now!" repeated she.

"Now?" he caught at the straw like a drowning swimmer in a whirlpool. "Now? I said not now, but when you please, Angelique. You are worth a man's waiting his life for!"

"No, Le Gardeur!" she replied, "I am not worth your waiting for; it cannot be, as I once hoped it might be; but love you I do and ever shall!" and the false, fair woman kissed him fatuously. "I love you, Le Gardeur, but I will not marry you!"

"You do not surely mean it, Angelique!" exclaimed he; "you will not give me death, instead of life? You cannot be so false to your own heart, so cruel to mine? See, Angelique! My saintly sister Amelie be-

lieved in your love, and sent these flowers to place in your hair when you had consented to be my wife—her sister; you will not refuse them, Angelique?"

He raised his hand to place the garland upon her head, but Angelique turned quickly, and they fell at her feet. "Amelie's gifts are not for me, Le Gardeur—I do not merit them! I confess my fault; I am, I know, false to my own heart, and cruel to yours. Despise me—kill me for it if you will, Le Gardeur! better you did kill me, perhaps! but I cannot lie to you as I can to other men! Ask me not to change my resolution, for I neither can nor will." She spoke with impassioned energy, as if fortifying her refusal by the reiteration of it.

"It is past comprehension!" was all he could say, bewildered at her words thus dislocated from all their natural sequence of association. "Love me and not marry me!—that means she will marry another!" thought he, with a jealous pang. "Tell me, Angelique," continued he, after several moments of puzzled silence, "is there some inscrutable reason that makes you keep my love and reject my hand?"

"No reason, Le Gardeur! It is mad unreason—I feel that—but it is no less true. I love you, but I will not marry you." She spoke with more resolution now. The first plunge was over, and with it her fear and trembling as she sat on the brink.

The iteration drove him beside himself. He seized her hands, and exclaimed with vehemence—"There is a man—a rival—a more fortunate lover—behind all this, Angelique des Me-loises! It is not yourself that speaks, but one that prompts you. You have given your love to another, and discarded me! Is it not so?"

"I have neither discarded you, nor loved another," Angelique equivocated. She played her soul away at this moment with the mental reservation that she had not yet done what she had resolved to do upon the first opportunity—accept the hand of the Intendant Bigot.

"It is well for that other man, if there be one!" Le Gardeur rose and walked angrily across the room two or three times. Angelique was playing a game of chess with Satan for her soul, and felt that she was losing it.

"There was a Sphinx in olden times," said he, "that propounded a riddle, and he who failed to solve it had to die. Your riddle will be the death of me, for I cannot solve it, Angelique!"

"Do not try to solve it, dear Le Gardeur! Remember that when her riddle was solved the Sphinx threw herself into the sea. I doubt that may be my fate! But you are still my friend, Le Gardeur!" added she, seating herself again by his side, in her old fond, coquettish manner. "See these flowers of Amelie's, which I did not place in my hair; I treasure them in my bosom!" She gathered them up as she spoke, kissed them, and placed them in her bosom.

"You are still my friend, Le Gardeur?" Her eyes turned upon him with the old look she could so well assume.

"I am more than a thousand friends, Angelique!" replied he; "but I shall curse myself that I can remain so and see you the wife of another."

The very thought drove him to frenzy. He dashed her hand away and sprang up towards the door, but turned suddenly round. "That curse was not for you, Angelique!" said he, pale and agitated; "it was for myself, for ever believing in the empty love you professed for me. Good-bye! Be happy! As for me, the light goes out of my life, Angelique, from this day forth."

"Oh, stop! stop, Le Gardeur! do not leave me so!" She rose and endeavored to restrain him, but he broke from her, and without adieu or further parley, rushed out bare-

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The Honorable and Reverend James Smilax was an austere man, and as such was accepted by Miss MacSimpson. But he was once known to make a joke.

He was learning Italian preparatory to his honeymoon in Venice.

"Suppose," said his instructress and wife-elect, "you were asked, 'Where is your luggage?' What would you say?"

"Well, my dear," he replied, "if I was in France, I suppose I should say 'Voilà!' But in Italy—really I don't know."

"Fcco! would be the correct answer," said the lady.

"To be sure," rejoined the Honorable and Reverend gentleman, "I should have remembered that Echo answers where."