

lent shooting the environs of the place afforded, rendered the country quite as attractive as it had been during the summer months.

Gentlemen with guns and dogs, gentlemen on horseback and on foot, frequently passed Durand's door, but Genevieve saw nothing of them. Mr. de Courval had frequently and kindly invited the new married couple to visit the manor house, but as Paul evidently did not care about doing so whilst there were strangers there, Genevieve remained contentedly at home. One afternoon she was standing in front of the door, looking at the distant hills glowing in the mellow, golden light of that beautiful season we call Indian summer, when Mr. de Courval, accompanied by two gentlemen friends, passed on foot. They all three looked weary and dispirited, for they had been on foot since early morning; and when Genevieve, whom Mr. de Courval instantly accosted with his usual friendly politeness, asked them to step in a moment and rest, a thing she could not avoid doing without violating common courtesy, for Mr. de Courval complained of fatigue, her offer was gladly accepted. He introduced his friends, one, a Mr. Caron, a gentleman of middle age; the other, a handsome young cavalry officer, named de Chevandier, who had come out from France to spend some months in Canada. The latter seemed equally surprised and struck by the pretty face and quiet graceful manners of their hostess, as she placed before them tumblers, with a jug of excellent cider, which we need not inform our readers was not home made.

Genevieve, however, was entirely unconscious of the particular attention with which Captain de Chevandier favored her, and that very elegant young gentleman would have been highly mortified had he known that she had not even observed the glossy luxuriance of his dark hair and moustache, or the classic regularity of his features.

Durand came in before the departure of the guests, and, quite unembarrassed, pressed hospitality upon them with kindly courtesy. De Chevandier's aristocratic prejudices were somewhat shocked by the appearance, on the scene, of this plebeian entertainer, but his ineffable airs were as much thrown away on the husband, as his looks of admiration had been on the wife. At length the three gentlemen, rested and refreshed, took their departure, the military Adonis indulging in wondering regrets on their homeward way, that "such a charming little creature should be doomed to pass her whole life among cows, fowls, and all that sort of thing."

After they had left, Durand informed his wife that he was thinking of paying a visit

to Montreal, to purchase groceries and other necessary articles, as well as to see the merchant to whom he usually sold a large portion of his farm products; concluding by enquiring if she would like to accompany him.

"I can spare you a few dollars, little wife, to lay out on ribbons, in the fine shops, even though our butter and chickens have been failures," he added, with a smile, expecting that Genevieve would eagerly grasp at the offer; for a trip to town, even without the promise of spare dollars, was considered a great privilege by the wives in Alonville. To his surprise, indeed, disappointment, she reflected a moment, hesitated, then finally declined. The reason of this was the uncertainty she felt as to how she should act towards the Lubois. Did she go to town without calling to see them, and thanking Mrs. Lubois for the clumsy, old fashioned gold brooch she had sent her as a wedding present, she might be taxed by the family with great ingratitude, and yet, on the other hand, did she present herself with her husband at their exclusive mansion, they might prove very unwelcome visitors. To avoid this dilemma, then, she resolved on remaining at home, especially as Paul would not be absent more than a few days.

The day succeeding his departure, Genevieve, who was exceedingly fond of the open air, and could imagine no greater treat than to sit for hours on a bench in the garden, or under the old elm that shaded so pleasantly her comfortable home, listening to the chirping of birds and insect life around her, betook herself with some pretence of needle-work to her haunt behind the trunk of the great tree whose ample rotundity sheltered her in great part from the observation of passers by, whilst its foliage protected her from the sun.

She had been brought up in a dingy, dirty town in France, for there are dingy, dirty towns in that favored portion of the globe, whatever may be said to the contrary, and the country was to her an unexplored world as delightful as it was new. How she revelled in her own quiet way in its freshness, its beauty, its perfumes; and how every new phase of its life elicited an admiration which she did not dare to openly express lest she should expose herself to ridicule. Perhaps this predilection was in part responsible for the lamentably slow progress she was making in the acquirement of housekeeping knowledge, for whilst she would be in person in the kitchen, her head aching, her cheeks aglow, amidst the fumes of frizzling, stewing or broiling, or, what was still worse, washing or scouring, her thoughts would longingly turn to the cool, pure air outside, the rustling of the green boughs overhead; and she would inwardly