

but I said nothing, for I knew enough of human nature to be sure that no matter how many times he might say 'she loves me not,' it would be dangerous for me to make a similar remark. I also felt sure after many observations of my own that Marie did love him; and those little signs, those sidelong looks of love by which a woman gives away the secret she would most conceal, confirmed my opinion.

It was, therefore, a surprise all around when, in the spring of 1875, Paul determined to go to Canada to consult some authorities for a biography of Frontenac, upon which he was then working. Marie appeared broken-hearted at the prospect of separation, and at the last moment a maiden aunt undertook the journey with her, and I waved farewell from the wharf to the trio, who stood arm in arm upon the steamer's deck. All the way back to Paris that odd phrase haunted me, 'love him as an eagle loves its prey,' until I cursed both myself and my diseased imagination.

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"A month or so after this I picked up in the most casual way the following facts:—Paul Elmière was the last scion of an old and illustrious family which had formerly been very powerful.

"An ancestor of his, one Louis Elmière, had been in the retinue of the Duc de Guise when, in 1562, he made that unfortunate attack on some Huguenots worshipping in a barn near Vassy, in Champagne, and, in the mêlée, Elmière had killed one of two brothers of the powerful Spanish family of the Alvarado. In this way a feud had been started between these two families; and it had smoldered on for over three centuries, ever and anon blazing out in some atrocious crime at the ferocity of which everyone shuddered, and for whose motive all were at a loss. The bitterness and secrecy of this feud had even affected the women of the families, and more than once had beauty lured valour to its death.

"The last manifestation of the old hatred had been by Paul Elmière's father just before the battle of Trafalgar, in which he lost his life. Despite the protests of his officers, Captain Elmière had convicted upon a few trumped-up charges of treachery the beautiful Lucile Alvarado, together with her lover, a young ensign of the allied Spanish fleet, and had set them adrift during a storm in an open boat, which was almost immediately swamped. Of course, as Elmière was

killed at Trafalgar, no charges were brought up to stain his memory.

"I next learned what almost stunned me—that Marie was a collateral descendant of the Alvarado family; and, coupled with a strong detestation of all northern French, she entertained a violent desire to avenge the murder of the beautiful Lucile upon the Elmières.

"Back came the phrase, 'love him as an eagle loves its prey.' The love for Paul, of which I had no doubt, the desire for revenge that was now laid bare, and the struggle between these conflicting impulses explained those fits of coldness, that strange reserve, which used to drive Paul almost to despair. The awful conclusion forced itself upon me—Marie must have intended to revenge the old feud upon Elmière, and all that checked her was her love for him which seemed slowly to increase; but the arrival of the aunt would perhaps strengthen her original resolve, and the struggle of love and revenge with a life at stake was even then going on over the water.

"My letters to Paul were unheeded, and finally he asked me, if I had nothing else to write, not to write again.

"He was evidently infatuated, and the spirit of my grandsire rose within me as I determined to cross to Canada and to rescue him, my dearest friend, from his fate.

"Owing to circumstances over which I had no control it was not till July, 1877, that I reached Montreal, and started to trace my friend. He had been seen at McGill College, but, as many of the reference works which he needed were 'not in the library,' he had gone to Quebec. I followed, and there I lost track of him completely. Add to this the fact that I had not heard from him for over a year and my feelings may be imagined.

"In the course of my inquiries, I had become rather intimate with a venerable priest of the Church of Ste. Anne, at Beaupré; and he had been of great service, especially in explaining the political and religious problems peculiar to Canada.

"One August afternoon, we were sitting on the river bank near Beaupré, looking across to the rich foliage of Isle d'Orleans, when Father Brunellus suddenly stopped in his explanation and pointed to a small mound a few rods nearer the water. 'There is a story connected with that,' he