

to make money, and in this he was seconded by his sister Sarah. These worked both day and night, hoarding up their gains, and avoiding all communication with their neighbors. This sort of life did not suit Adèle, who was full of life, and longed for companionship with the outer world. She was neither allowed to visit nor to entertain visitors; either would have been a waste of money and a shameful loss of time. Each day, she was allotted certain duties to perform,—household work or labor in the fields. Minutes were looked upon as so much grist to the mill, and idleness as a robbery of the family till. All through the summer Adèle worked and sang, but with a heavy heart; and all through the long, long winter she sat at her wheel spinning, till the very sound of it racked her pretty head with throbbing pains. But the spirit of youth is strong, and still she sang in spite of aches and sadness. Never yet had she been to visit the city. Louis or Sarah alone attended to the sale of the products of the farm, one of them always remaining at home to see that Adèle performed her work. The city was a *terra incognita* to her, for never a word escaped the lips of Louis or Sarah as to the wonders to be seen there. With the exception of consultations (to which she was never admitted) as to the economy of the farm, few words were spoken in that house, and its silence was broken but by the sweet voice of Adèle when she warbled some old French ditty. Often, while working in the fields, would she look towards the far-off city, and an intense longing to know something of its world would rise up within her, and for a time suspend the fulfilment of her task. One day alone in the week was Adèle at freedom—Sunday. Then, in the early morning, accompanied by either Louis or Sarah, she was wont to go to mass; but among the large numbers who flocked to attend the service of the Church of St. Augustin she could not

count a friend, not even an acquaintance. Thither she went, and thence she returned, guarded by her lynx-eyed Cerberus; but her young heart was full of the love of life, and then, unknown to her, the life of love. Timidly she sat in the narrow pew, and with ever down-cast eyes followed the words of the curé. At the church door she heard the merry laughter and innocent banter of village girls and village beaux, but they were not for her ears, and homewards, guarded, she passed.

“It happened in the summer that Louis was ill; he had taken cold, and was suffering from a low fever. He was attended to by Sarah, who professed a knowledge of herbs. When the Sunday came, Adèle asked permission to attend mass, which, after much discussion and strict injunctions not to loiter by the way or speak to anyone, was given. With joy in her heart and a bounding step she walked to the church. Never before had she felt so free, so happy. Her life had been one, as it were, of confinement, a prison existence. How little sufficed to bring happiness to Adèle. A couple of hours freedom seemed to her elysium, although she knew that at the expiration of these two hours her prison life recommenced. Her great joy and happiness added to her devotion, and more zealously than ever did she follow the words of the curé. Once only did she venture to look up, and in that look she encountered two eyes intently fixed upon her. Instantly she returned to her missal. But, they say that women are so quick. In that quick glance Adèle saw that it was a young man who thus intently watched her; that he had black hair, well oiled and brushed, dark brown eyes, regular features, and wore a blue coat, light-colored vest, and a red tie. It does not take a woman long to make an inventory of a person's apparel,—a glance is sufficient. It must be an intuition of women, for Adèle was not accustomed to mingle in crowds, or observe the fashions, even