

"*Dieu merci !*" she almost shrieked in reply. Suddenly the false tone of excitement, which she had momentarily assumed, deserted her, and she sank once more into utter helplessness and exhaustion. "*Maintenant je meure contente,*" she murmured almost inaudibly—" *Fanchon, où est maman ?*"

"*Me voici, ma fille,*" answered the afflicted Madame Dorjeville herself, who, attracted by the wild exclamation of the sufferer, had entered the room hastily, and unperceived by her—" *que veux tu ?*"

No answer came from the closed lips—no sign of recognition from the pale and fixed features of the motionless girl. "*Voici votre maman, Mademoiselle,*" eagerly exclaimed the weeping Fanchon, her whole countenance expressing fear, grief, and consternation—still Adeline answered not.

"*Adeline, ma fille, parle-moi !*" cried the distracted mother, imprinting her lips on the pale cheek of the girl. An exclamation of wild and fearful agony succeeded to this action. "*Oh, ciel, elle est morte !*" she shrieked, and throwing her arms around the unconscious form, she sank fainting at her side—Adeline was dead.

Let us pass over the details of this afflicting scene. Conscious that his presence could be of no use, and in a state of the utmost stupor, and agony of mind, Dormer rushed from the apartment. When he reached the Rue de Richelieu, his features were yet agitated from the excitement produced by the preceding scene. Delmaine, who had been anxiously awaiting his arrival, rose eagerly to receive him.

"Have you seen her then?" he demanded, while the pale hues of fear and anxiety flew with the rapidity of lightning to his cheek.

Dormer made no answer, but moving with a hurried step across the room, threw himself on a *canapé*, and buried his face in his hands.

Intensely excited by the manner of his friend, Delmaine vehemently repeated the question.