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Her night-dream of love was over. Her fears vanished, her hopes were all alive, and she began to prepare for a possible morning call from the Chevalier Bigot.

CHAPTER XVII. Splendide Mendax.

Amid the ruins of the once magnificent palace of the Intendant, massive fragments of which still remain to attest its former greatness, there may still be traced the outline of the room where Bigot walked restlessly up and down the morning after the Council of War. The disturbing letters he had received from France on both public and private affairs irritated him, while it set his fertile brain at work to devise means at once to satisfy the Marquise de Pompadour, and to have his own way still.

The walls of his cabinet—now bare, shattered and roofless with the blasts of six score winters—were hung with portraits of ladies and statesmen of the day, conspicuous among which was a fine picture from the pencil of Vanloo, of the handsome, voluptuous Marquise de Pompadour.

With a world of faults, that celebrated dame, who ruled France in the name of Louis XV., made some amends by her persistent good nature and her love for art. The painter, the architect, the sculptor, and, above all, the men of literature in France, were objects of her sincere admiration, and her patronage of them was generous to profusion. The picture of her in the cabinet of the Intendant had been a work of gratitude by the great artist who painted it, and was presented by her to Bigot as a mark of her friendship and demi-royal favor. The cabinet itself was furnished in a style of regal magnificence, which the Intendant carried into all details of his living.

The Chevalier de Pean, the secretary and confidential friend of the Intendant, was writing at a table. He looked up now and then with a curious glance as the figure of his chief moved to and fro with quick turns across the room. But neither of them spoke.

(To be continued.)

With the Flowers.

Perennials for the Flower Garden.

The advisability of perennials for the farm flower garden has been so often set forth in these columns, that no further word on that subject is at present necessary. To those who have proved their merits, however, the following list of varieties, selected from a list given by Mr. Roderick Cameron in a paper read before the Horticultural Society at Toronto, may prove suggestive. The species are all such as will succeed about Toronto:

Phlox paniculata Decussata; Phlox Etna, fiery red, 2 to 3 feet high; Phlox Snowdon, pure white, 2 feet; Phlox, Nettie Stewart, white, with light pink eye, flowers in June and July, and is the earliest of its class; Phlox Subulata (moss pink), 4 to 6 inches, can be got in any color, from pure white up, and is grand for border, etc.

Pink Family.—Lychnis Haagiana Grandiflora, 1 to 2 feet, from white to fiery red, blooms from midsummer to fall; Lychnis Viscaria Splendens, double rose red, (June); Lychnis Plenissima Semperi, double pink.

Loosestrife Family.—Lythrum Salicarium, or purple loosestrife, a grand subject for a damp spot in the garden, 4 to 5 feet, (July and August).

Lily Family.—Tritoma, 4 to 5 feet, orange-red, (July and August); Kniphofia Aloidis Obelisque, 2 to 3 feet, (July, Aug. and Sept.); Liliun Martagon Alba, or White Meadow Lily, 2 feet; Liliun Testacium Nankeen, buff color, 5 feet, grand variety; Allium Azurium, 2 to 3 feet, in bloom June and July, deep sky blue, a good clump of them makes a fine display. Yucca, 2 varieties, both first class, hardy-border evergreen plants, valued for foliage. Funkia, Lance-

sweet voices that floated up on the notes of the pealing organ was clearly distinguished that of Mere St. Borgia, the aunt of Angelique, who led the choir of nuns. In trills and cadences of divine melody, the voice of Mere St. Borgia rose higher and higher, like a spirit mounting the skies. The words were indistinct, but Angelique knew them by heart. She had visited her aunt in the Convent, and had learned the new hymn composed by her for the solemn occasion.

As they listened with quiet awe to the supplicating strain, Angelique repeated to Le Gardeur the words of the hymn, as it was sung by the choir of nuns:

"Soutenez, grande Reine,
Notre pauvre pays!
Il est votre domaine,
Faites fleurir nos lis!
L'Anglais sur nos frontieres
Porte ses etendards:
Exaucez nos prieres,
Protegez nos remparts!"

The hymn ceased. Both stood mute until the watchman cried the hour in the silent street.

"God bless their holy prayers, and good-night and God bless you, Angelique!" said Le Gardeur, kissing her. He departed suddenly, leaving a gift in the hand of Lizette, who courtesied low to him with a smile of pleasure as he passed out, while Angelique leaned out of the window listening to his horse's hoofs, until the last tap of them died away on the stony pavement.

She threw herself upon her couch and wept silently. The soft music had touched her feelings. Le Gardeur's love was like a load of gold, crushing her with its weight. She could neither carry it onward nor throw it off. She fell at length into a slumber filled with troubled dreams. She was in a sandy wilderness, carrying a pitcher of clear, cold water, and, though dying of thirst, she would not drink, but perversely poured it upon the ground. She was falling down into unfathomable abysses, and pushed aside the only hand stretched out to save her. She was drowning in deep water, and she saw Le Gardeur buffeting the waves to rescue her, but she wrenched herself out of his grasp. She would not be saved, and was lost! Her couch was surrounded with indefinite shapes of embryo evil.

She fell asleep at last. When she awoke, the sun was pouring in her windows. A fresh breeze shook the trees. The birds sang gaily in the garden. The street was alive and stirring with people.

It was broad day. Angelique des Meloises was herself again. Her day-dream of ambition resumed its power

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