

extreme bitterness, "For you I shall find a time, and woe to you, also, if the explanation be not satisfactory."

"Father," said the daughter, laying her hand timidly on the arm of her parent, "be not harsh towards my great uncle; he has been very, very kind to me. Let me not lose him because I find you."

"For that one word 'father,' my child," said the soldier, "I will forgive him; and beside, he has been kind to you."

"And so he was to my mother," continued the young girl, soothingly, "while she lived."

"It is enough, I will not reproach him. There," said he, and he walked to the Notary, "there's my hand once again; henceforth I forget all but your kindness to the dead," (he spoke this mildly,) "and to the living whom you have restored to me. But let me ask, not in unkindness, why was the existence of my child concealed from me?"

"Nephew," replied the old man, "she had grown up with me—she had grown to me—she seemed my own—and I feared you might demand her. To part seemed almost impossible. I dreamed not then that you would ever return; and really, I believed in so doing I was acting for you, the child, and for myself, the best part. Our father has taught me better. It was not the fear of your spirit-like visitation overpowered me, so much as that of your actual existence; and no sooner had you quitted me, than I that very night recommended these doubts to our father. He rebuked me severely for my conduct, and advised your arrest, to prepare both you and Cecile for this *denouement*. I am now an old man—consider, is it well for your child to be taken from my hearth-stone? I am rich—she shall have all, all—you are poor."

"Bah! Monsieur Notary," burst in the Captain, "I have twenty-five thousand francs of *rente*." There was a general exclamation of surprise. "But she shall remain with you, on one condition."

"Name it," said the Notary, quickly.

"Well, then, you must receive me too."

"Agreed."

"Now let us adjourn," said the father.

"Whither?" asked the *Juge de Pair*.

"Home," answered the Notary; "come my good friends." They hastened to the door.

"And you also, Monsieur," said the Captain; "surely you go likewise to rejoice at my new found happiness."

I could not refuse. At the home of the Notary I that day spent one of the pleasantest of my life. It was some six years after, that I chanced to be in the neighborhood of Ohain. I then enquired after my old friends; they directed me to a handsome "Campagne." There I found the soldier and his daughter: the latter introduced me to her husband. The