

decidedly a false god, but sufficiently powerful to arrange a surprise for the travelling lawyer. It came out at Three Rivers.

He arrived about midnight, and slept at the hotel, feeling curiously depressed. The next morning he was worse; but he was a resolute and industrious dig, and after his own fashion.

The doctor's opinion was evidently serious, but his remarks were non-committal. "Keep him in this room. Give him ten drops of this water every hour. One of these powders if he becomes violent. One of you must stay with him all the time. Only one, you understand. The rest, keep away. I will come back in the morning."

In the morning the doctor's face was yet more grave. He examined the patient carefully. Then he turned to Jean who had acted as nurse.

"I thought so," said he; "you must all be vaccinated immediately. There is still time. But what to do with this gentleman? God knows. We can't send him back to the town. He has the small-pox."

"ANN, ARUNDEL AND SUREY." "The Countess of Arundel should keep to the hour of her appointments then," Judith Blount said, rising to her feet.

"There is that old cabane of Poulin's up the road. It is empty those three years. But there is a good spring of water. One could patch the roof at one end and put up a stove."

"Good!" said the doctor. "But some one to take care of it? It will be a long job, and a bad one."

"I am going to do that," said Jean; "it is my place. This gentleman can't be left to die in the road. Le bon Dieu did not send him here for that. The head of the family"—here he stopped a moment and looked at Pierre, who was silent—"must take the heavy end of the job, and I am ready for it."

"Good!" said the doctor again. But Alma was crying in the corner of the room.

Four weeks, five weeks, six weeks the vigil in the cabane lasted. The last patches of snow, as if winter had picked up its rags and vanished. The willows along the brook turned yellow; the grass greened around the spring. Scarlet buds flamed on the swamp maples. A tender mist of foliage spread over the woodlands. The choke cherries burst into a glory of white blossoms.

The bluebirds came back, singing love-songs; and the robins, exclaiming in joy; and the blackbirds, creaking merrily.

Pierre kept the cabane well supplied with provisions, leaving them just inside of the gate. But with the milk it was necessary to be a little careful; so the can was kept in a place by itself, under the out-of-doors, in the shade. And beside this can Jean would find, every day, some of the patient's blood in the farmhouse window, a piece of cake with plums in it, a bunch of trailing arbutus—once it was a little bit of blue ribbon, tied in a certain square knot—so perhaps you know that sign too? That did Jean's heart good also.

But what kind of conversation was there in the cabane when the sick man's delirium had passed away and he knew what had happened to him? Not much at first, for the man was too weak. After he began to get stronger, he was thinking in a great deal, fighting with himself. In the end he came out pretty well—for a lawyer of his kind. Perhaps he was desirous to leave the man whom he had deceived, and who had nursed him back from death, some day, as much as possible, of the dream that brightened his life. Perhaps he was only anxious to save as much as he could of his own reputation. At all events, this is what he did.

the lovers there was nothing but a little gate. "I understand," said the doctor, smiling, as he tightened up the reins, "I understand that this is a title in your family, M. de la Motte, in effect that you are a marquis?"

"It is true," said Jean, turning his head, "at least so I think."

"So do I," said the doctor. "But you had better go in, Monsieur le Marquis—you keep Madame la Marquise waiting."

JUDITH'S DISCOVERY. LOVE'S VICISSITUDES IN THE DARK DAYS OF TYBURN. BY MARGARET ROCK. CHAPTER I.

In one of the study, ill-ventilated rooms of a common hotel situated not far from the Tower, a lady sat writing one day in the reign of Elizabeth. She was a remarkably handsome woman, of perhaps twenty seven or twenty eight years of age, but a certain look of mockery and scorn in her dark eyes, and a certain hardness in the expression of her well-shaped mouth detracted from the beauty of her appearance.

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house, and has never sent word or message to me." "Some evil may have befallen him."

"Not so," Judith made haste to answer. "Truly for a time I feared so and had many inquiries made, and to no purpose."

"Well?" her companion asked, as she paused. "Well," Judith laughed bitterly "he was, in Will Shakespeare's words, but 'inconstant' ever." "Is said he went to France to escape some threatened danger, for he was bold of speech, verily. Now, he is married to some waiting woman of the Duchess of Gause."

Judith paused a moment before replying. "I have heard it from those I should not doubt."

"But these are strange and evil days, Judith. Some one may have misinformed you, and it may be with intention," the Countess of Arundel said.

"I think not," Judith spoke slowly, "I think not."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the elder lady spoke: "And hast no other woosers, Judith?" "There be more numerous than welcome," Judith said carelessly, "albeit, my father lavers one not a little. This man I like or trust not. His name is Congrove."

Another silence fell. This time it was broken by Judith. "But it is time I was elsewhere. If my father knew—"

"Oh, forgive me, dear Judith, for give me, nor will I detain thee much longer," the Countess cried contritely. "Nay, dear lady, hurry not. There be those in our service who are faithful to me, howbeit. I say or do. One of my father's resources as true to me. She would never allow my father to suspect where I am. Nay, look not concerned, she is of thy own faith. Now, what wouldst thou have me do?"

"Simply to convey Father Bennet to my lord's chamber, if so you run no risk thereby, and, also, the necessary Church requisites for the celebration of Holy Mass. Canst thou do so?" "Easily. Rose Lathorn will assist me. I have sole management of household affairs."

"Your mother?" "Your mother?" "Poor girl! Mine own mother died ere I was a dozen years of age," the Countess said sympathetically, and she rose and began to fasten her cloak. Suddenly she paused: "But, Judith, would it not be possible to allow others of the Catholic prisoners the ineffable happiness of assisting at Mass."

Judith's softer mood had changed. "It would be over-daring, your ladyship, and so far, I have no love for martyrdom, yet imprisonment."

"Thou sayest truly it would be; and yet the happiness for them—"

"Content thee, lady, with what I have promised."

Judith took the proffered seat, but shook her head. "It may not be; though truth to tell I would fain abide in such a sweet spot. But on my way to France."

"To France?" "Ay, there, with God's help, to join a holy Sisterhood."

"You! You, Judith, a nun!" Judith Blount smiled slightly. "It ameth your ladyship, does it not?"

"For a surety. Yet I ever knew, Judith, that wert one with us."

"Ah, well perchance, though art right I know how deep I sorrowed for your sorrow."

The Countess pressed her companion's hand, and turned her head inside. After a few moments she spoke.

"But, Judith, tell me of thyself."

"Thou rememberest our last meeting?" Judith inquired, and her countenance inclined her head. "Thy will doubtless, also, recall thy meeting with a prisoner on his way to the Tower?"

"I do fall well."

"When I reached home I sat about devising means for the dear lord to have the joy of Mass. It was not a difficult task. A more difficult one was to get the other Catholic prisoners a chance of enjoying the same privilege, but Rose Lathorn managed. I had to seek a noisome cell where the lord prisoner brought to the Tower had been lodged. When I entered, the prisoner was lying on a bench near the door. Even in the dim light I knew him: he was Hugh Daves."

"Ah!" "It seems he never had been in France. He had been arrested for his defence of a poor missionary priest, who was the butt of a group of village boys, and thrown into some remote prison where he had long lain. From thence he had been removed to a castle near Ely, and thence to London. Some relative of his coveted his hereditary friends of court, so poor Hugh had no chance of redress. His tongue had ever been a quick and imprudent one, and made him many enemies, and though I tried all my friends for aid for him I was unable to obtain any."

"Well?" the Countess of Arundel asked; but it was some time ere she was answered.

"It is only one of many such stories," Judith said at length, with a tremor in her voice. "A fortnight after he was lodged in the Tower he died at Tyburn."

"At least I was able to secure him every spiritual comfort. Do you know that he often kept by your good lord's side in those days?" "Nay, my news was, perhaps, meagre."

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"And now I am on my way to France under another name. Nay, thou shalt not know it now, lest inquiries be made. Rose is not far distant. There is a vessel lying off the Sussex coast awaiting us. Tomorrow night, should the wind be fair, we will look our last on England. We, Rose and I, are supported by my relatives to have flown northward."

"And hast thou no regrets, Judith?" "For leaving England and home? Nay, not one. But, for a surety, many for my sinner's sake."

"Thou was a long silence, and Judith rose to depart."

"Nay, good Judith, not without refreshment, thou comest I be!" the Countess cried.

"I have need of none and time presses. But I would fain thank you for the task you set me when last we parted on Hugh Daves' face, never have been as I am, a sad, unworthy, but, God helping, a faithful Catholic."

The Countess of Arundel was weeping. "And now, farewell, noble lady. God lighten, or rather God give you strength in your trials; and I leave your god prayers."

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CHAPTER II. Years came and went from the day on which Philip Howard's wife and Sir Michael Blount's daughter met and parted in the old hostelry near London Tower, and many events had stirred men's minds. The Earl of Arundel had died of slow poisoning, without ever having seen his child. The looking on his wife or children. From the prison, he shed his blood, with hundreds of others, at Tyburn. Egist. "I know that full well, Judith. But dost thou believe in the new faith?"

"Marry, then, no! I! This years are but few since its birth in the land, and yet how many changes it hath undergone. The head of the Church of to-day, good luck, puts to the torture and gibbet them who believe as her royal father (who also claimed religious supremacy) would have had them believe."

"But there is, I have been informed of the fact." "Judith, my lord must have speech with him."

"Must he, then?" Judith Blount questioned. "Aye, he must have shrift; for if we were vain to deny that any day may see his death warrant signed."

Judith thought silent. "Nay, Judith, I prize thee, think. He is a Catholic, and deprived of what he values most on earth, the chance of receiving the sacraments. Thou canst aid him and me if thou wilt."

"But why should I? I am no Papist."

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