

As they bid good-bye to the old couple and leave them standing in the door, and as they are just vanishing from sight, they both wave hands, and he turns to his wife with the words upon his lips—

“I thought you would like to see them.”

“Life would not have been complete without it. I am glad you have made them so comfortable.”

“A mere bagatelle to us. I bought that unreclaimed and had the house built ; they have made it to blossom like the rose.”

“They have made it very nice ; they seem industrious.”

“They are. Some might think it careless, leaving a thousand dollars at their disposal.”

“No, indeed ; money can never repay them.”

“That is just what I think. They have a daughter down in Georgia, she is buying her freedom. I am going to send my man after her when we get home, and have her sent to her mother.”

“What a capital idea ! Mothers' hearts are about the same the world over.”

When the spring with its balmy breezes visits this France of America, a cheerful, pleasant party wend their way northward, even Mr. Montgomery accompanying them. There is a break in the party, on reaching New York. Two women cross the ocean. A visit is made to the long deserted chateau in Paris. M. de l'Estrange is in Constantinople, on official business. They spend many peaceful, quiet days together. No day passes, be it storm or sunshine, in which they do not stand by that tall marble shaft, bearing the name Montgomery. Much of their time is spent in