The Old Tane. TRIBTY-SISTH VARIATION.

1829 1886. hred of cong you bid me bring htched from fancy's embers ; ben the ilys forget to sing. faithfal heart remembers !

2

to swift the wings of Eavious Time To wait for dailyings phrases, weven strands of labored rhyme To thread their cuuning mazes.

A word, a sigh, and lo, how plain Its magic breath discloses Our life's long vista through a lane Of three-score summers' roses !

One language years alone can teach : Its roots are young affections That feels their way to simplest speech Through silent recollections.

That tongue is ours. How few the words We need to know a brother ! As simple are the notes of birds, Yet well they know each other.

This freezing month of ice and snow That brings our lives together Lends to our year a living glow That warms its wintry weather.

Bo let us most as eve draws nigh, And ilfe matures and mellows, Till nature whispers with a sigh. "Jood night, good algut, oid fellows!" —DR. O. W. HOLMES in the Atlantic.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

In Normandy, on the banks of the Seine, stands a smal', picturesque chateau. An iron gateway, surmounted by a crown, gives entrance to the old-fashioned grounds which surround it. Before it, lies a lawn, which, stretching nearly to the river's edge, is bordered by an old stone balustrade; and at the back a long avenue of tall, wide spreading trees leads to the village church. The river here is broad, and now and leads to the village church. again encircles some small, wooded sland ; and in the distance chains of low, green hills gracefully mark the

It is a charming spot. A traveler in these parts naturally stops to gaze on the old house, now closed and deserted, and wonders to himself: "Who lived here? What may be the history of this place?" The history of the Chateau d'

Ando is a simple one, and is soon

During the great revolution of the same land of exile, and there, in constant hope of better days, many years rolled slowly by. But still in exile, the old Comte and Comtesse de Claironville died and were laid to ant, to judge by the eagerness and rest, leaving their only son and his

deeply. At last, after long and tedious waiting, joyful tidings were brought to the peaceful vailey. The restoration had taken place; Louis XIII. was acknowledged king.

Many of the immigrants at onc returned to their native land, and among them were the young Comte and Comtesse de Claironville. Amidst his patriotic joy some per-sonal sorrow lay buried in the heart of M. de Claironville. The home of his children was confiscated—it was in the hands of strangers, and he, with his diminished fortunes, could never again be the possessor of the fine old manor and broad lands of Claironville. He had now to make for him-

self a new home. So he returned to spoke, a faint, distant rumbling entered, and a letter directed in her his birthplace in Normandy, and caught Annette's attention. It came son in law's hand writing was handed Normandy. near there he chose the ground and built the Chateau d'Ande.

And away the children went down the long avenue, over the dead leaves, till they came to the old, gray church. The door stood open; the little ones entering hesita-ted for a moment before penetrating the precincts of gloom; but soon getting accustomed to the dim light and seeing the sanctuary lamp burn-ing heightly, they took courage and ing brightly, they took courage and weat up to the very altar-rail. Then they kuelt, and joining their little hands, as their mother had taught them to do, they said their childish prayers. Those prayers went straight to heaven. Bright angels stooped to listen to the winning, sweet-toned voice of innocence; and then, at their Master's bidding, flew up to the neighboring death-bed to carry strength and foretaste of heavenly joy to the soul that was so soon to wing its flight from earth, and to pour balm and consolation into the grief-riven hearts of the young hus-band and the sorrowing mother.

CHAPTER II.

The years glided swiftly by. Madame de Vinieres watched so ten-derly over her little grandchildren that they never knew the pain of missing a mother's care. When Charles was 11 years old he

was sent to school. The separation was a hard trial for both the brother and sister. Fraternal love was very strong between these two; it grew with their growth, it deepened as Differtheir characters developed. ent, yet much alike, the children were all in all to each other. Annette was very proud of her tail, handsome brother; in her eyes no one was Charles' equal. And the boy, with brother;

all the deep tenderness of his nature, loved the little sister, who was so gentle and bright, so trusting and affectionate. Charles leaving home was their first sorrow, and an often repeated one it was to be:

His return was the greatest joy of the year, both to him and to little them before she died and went to Annette. heaven.

Let us visit them once more, and last century, the Comte de Charon-ville sought refuge for himself, his wite and only child in one of the quiet valleys of Switzerland. Other Franch immigrants had chosen the She was now thirteen, with the same sunny looks and pretty face as when a child of five. At the present moment she was evidently waiting, ant, to judge by the eagerness and rest, leaving their only son and his impatience of her every look and lovely bride to mourn them long and motion. At the slightest sound she would breathlessly listen, and then disappointedly look at the old clock was near at hand.

on the chimney piece. In the shadow of the room sat Madame de Vinieres in a great armchair with folded hands and a sweet, gentle smile on her placid face. She was watching and smiling at her little granddaughter, and like her, had been thrown aside to gaze though more patiently, seemed to be dreamily at the bright flames of the waiting. At last the clock of the village church struck nine. "Oh, grand'mere!" exclaimed coming evil—yet why this pensive-Annette, "will they never come?"

"My dear child." ' the old lady rebefore another half hour." But even as Madame de Vinieres Presently the door opened, a servant

bouse, or running for very joy down the long avenue behind the chateau. M. de Claironville was a devoted father; his children and their hap-Many a warm, bright afternoon he his would take them on the river, and just now alight on one of the pretty islands so numerous in this part of the Seine, and again row to some small town or village on its banks, and visit its old church or quaint cathedral, its castle of bygone days, or holy shrine, where pilgrims often flocked. Those were happy days! But at last they came to an end; and But at last they came to an end; and at their close the parting between the brother and the sister seemed, if possible, a harder trial than ever. Annette was sorry, too, to part from Henri; for during these holidays they had become very fond of one another, and he was now her friend as well as Charles'.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The youths returned to college, and M. de Claironville to Paris, where his employment kept him for many months of the year. Madame de Vinieres and her

granddaughter resumed their old life, and a happy life it was, though so quiet and uneventual. Study and visits to the poor, who were all as friends to the kind old lady and her lovely grandchild, filled many of its hours ; and yet there was much time left for Annette to seek her favorite corner of the old-fashioned garden, and there read many a tale of good and wicked fairies, of knights and ladies of bygone ages, or what she loved still more, sweet legends of the sainte.

In the long, still evenings, sitting on a low stool at Madame de Vin-ieres' feet, the child would never tire of hearing her tell the simple anec-dotes of her young mother's life—of her goodness and her beauty, of her when Charles and Annette were orn, of her tenderness and love for her darling little ones, and of how her last prayer and blessings were for

CHAPTER III.

Again the years glided by. Sum-mer roses bloomed and faded, cold

winter came and went. As fair and beautiful as a rosebud was the little maiden of the Chateau d'Ande, and as cheering to the neart as the brightest summer's day. But alas ! when Annette de Claironville was only eighteen, sorrow, the cold winter which is the death of joy, and clouds even the sunny skies of youth,

It was autumn again. A drizzling, dull afternoon had been devoted by Madame de Vinieres to knitting, and by Annette to tapestry. Evidently the girl was not in an industrial mood, for more than once her work ness?

On the evening of this dull day plied, "they could not be here before the two ladies were at dessert. now. In fact, I hardly expect them Annette is being childed by her

"All he regretted in life," he said, "was the separation from those he loved." But he "was happy, very Beside the tall, old-fashioned chimney piece, a gentleman was stand-"This. I think," said Madame happy to think he would soon see his mother," she whom he could only just remember, but whom he had loved with such a tender veneration. Regnac, "is a friend of yours." "Henri!" exclaimed Madame de Vinieres, "is it you, my child?" The sight of him, so young, so handsome, recalled her Charles so vividly, the old lady could not trust Many loving nessages were sent to his dear, kind grandmother and to his darling sister. Even old Mari-anna was not forgotten. And then, herself to say more. Charles, her own dear Charles, was also uppermost in Annette's thoughts as she recognized her friend. She remem-bered he had been her brother's comin his father's arms, surrounded by in his father's arms, surrounded by a few sorrowing friends, and with the blessing of Holy Church, he breathed his last. A beautiful smile was on his lips, a smile so peaceful that it plainly showed all was well with the departed soul; a panion for years, she could not for-get he had knelt beside him in the hour of death. The last rays of the declining sun smile so joyful that the beraved father fondly thought it betokened the presence of his beloved wife; the beamed through the high, broad

windows; they played among the soft brown curls of little Annette; they made the tear drops sparkle on her long, dark lashes as her hand mother who from her heavenly home had so watched and guarded her dear, orphaned children, and who met and was closed in Henri's. A half-hour later the inmates of the chateau assembled in the large, now had come to greet her first-born to eternal life, and to lead him with

oyous hymns of gratitude and praise to the very throne of God. "During the last twelve hours," added Mon-sieur de Claironville, "he and Henri had not left Charles' bedside. Deep valls. It was the dinner hour. and universal was the grief for his dear son's death; for all had admired near Henri. "In all the gay, Parisian circles," thought the young marquis, "he had never seen a face so sweet and him for his brilliant parts, his noble qualities, and all had loved him for his gentleness of disposition." Mon-sieur de Claironville's letter was full lovely of Christian fortitude and resigna-Youth is always winning, but to tion. He even tried to say some words of comfort to Madame de some it is, perhaps, never more so than when in grief. Perhaps the long, black dress, the soft white tulle Vinieres and his little daughter; but, alas! these efforts could not hide how encircling her slender throat, added In the long, still evenings, sitting cruelly his own heart was bleeding, to Annette's charms. However this

might be, it was no wonder Henri de Valnois should admire Mademoiselle de Claironville. All present must have thought as he did. Annette, to whom praise and flattery him thus cut off from life in the very were all unknown, was unconscious of her own beauty and great lovelibud and bloom of early manhood. "It would be a comfort," he said in When the cheerful meal was

ending, "the only earthly comfort he could then feel, to be at home with his dear mother, to fold his little daughter in his arms, to feel that she, at least, was left to cheer him in his sad old age. But it could not be. Duty for awhile forced him to

remain away; and not before the last days of the year could he revisit his loved and peaceful Chateau d'Ande."

CHAPTER IV.

Though weeks and months rolled on, no color returned to Annette's cheek. She looked thin and worn. If possible, she was more than usually kind to those around her. She would smile when Madame de Vinieres was by, and try to cheer the kind and tenler grandmother. But Madame de Vinieres had known too much of sorrow; her tenderness for Annette was too great not to divine her inward suffering. She saw what sad-ness lay behind her grandchild's smiles, and when the little face was in repose, and Annette was unconscious of being watched, the old lady could plainly mark the expression of

deep sadness which had settled there, and how again and again the soft blue eyes would be dimmed with Charles !" would be gently murJUNE 26, 1886

sphere." Never had he felt his poverty so keenly, never had he so regretted the fortune of his fathers and their

tress of his heart and home. The struggle was a hard one, the sacrifice was great and full of pain; yet Henri made it. It was better so. From that day forward his love must lie deeply builed in the sanctuary of his heart. He would never speak of it again. Only Charles knew his secret, and with him it was scaled in heaven. Annette would sometimes kindly think of him as of her brother's friend. And later if, as he hoped, she might one day hear he had bravely died in fighting for his country's welfare, she might sigh country's welfare, she might sign and say a prayer for one whose heart had been all hers, though she had never known it. A dark cloud now hid the moon's bright light antique drawing-room, with waxed parquette floors and tapestry-covered from earth. Henri shuddered. At table, Annette, shy and blushing at being among strangers, was

seemed an emblem of his own sad fate. And young, and brave, and generous though he was, he shed bitter tears, tears in which there was no shame, on the tomb thus newly made of his love and happiness.

CHAPTER V.

A twelvemonth had passed since Madame de Vinieres and Mademoiselle de Claironville had returned to Ande from the Chateau des Ormes, It was June once more. On a mossy slope, leaning against the old trees, sat Annette, gazing on the lovely scene before her. lovely scene before her. "Never," she thought, "had it looked

more beautiful!' The river flowed peacefully by, reflect-

ended, Madame de Regnac was urgent in her entreaties that Madame

The river flowed peacefully by, reflect-ing in its silvery waters the blue skies and fleecy clouds above; its islands, bathed in brilliant light, were like enchanted gardens of a fairyland; the meadows sparkled with flowers of white as a goalloped frame to this fair picture of earth and heaven. How merrily a bird was singing in an old elm tree hard by! Were his glad notes healds of coming joys? Annette would not stir for fear of frightening him away. Full of happi-ness, like the bird's song, her heart was in unison with all the beauty and the brightness of that summer's noon. Some miles from this peaceful vil-lage, on the banks of the same wind-ing river, a young officer was riding fast. He was absorbed in thought. Presently he roused himself and urged his horse to greater speed. Was it by accident or was it by design that Henri de Valnois soon found himself before the iron gateway of the Chateau d'Ande? He entered. A servant was standing near and took his borse

onateau d'Ande? He entered. A servant was standing near and took his

servant was standing near and took his horse.
The young marquis approached the house, and at the hall-door met Madame de Vinieres. The old lady was also gazing on the charming landscape and enjoying for a moment the genule summer breeze. She was surprised to see Monsieur de Valnois, but she smiled and received him kindly.
'Why, Henri," she said, leading him to the drawing room, "how came you to these far-off parts ?"
"For the last fortnight, madame," he replied "our regiment has been quartered at Rouen. The day was fine, the distance not great," he added, blushing consciously. "I trusted I should be permitted to lay my homage at your feet, and to visit once more the spot where you ching the distance in the spot where you hind hospitality was once extended to me?"

It was not only since her arrival

it must only be as of one far beyond him, far removed from his life and

grand ancestral home. How gladly would he have lain all these at Annette's feet. How proudly would he have acknowledged her the mis-

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this glorious landscape ?" asked Henri, a she moved towards the house. "Madam de Vinieres said I should find you her and gave me permission to join you." "Oh, certainly," answered Annett returning to the grassy seat. "Is it no truly beautiful? Do you remembe Henri, how we used to play here on th lawn, and how happy we all were then i "Do I remember. Annette? Indeed

"Do I remember, Annete? Indeed would be impossible for me to forge those days. Many and many a time," I continued, after a moment's silence, "hat I thought of what we then said, an thought, and did; and since," he added in

a lower tone, as though more to himse than to her, "one little face has been evo

than to her, "one little face has been every present to me. It has been to me as star shedding radiance on my lonel youth-as a guardian angel, leading mever onwards and upwards." Henri paused, and Annetta grew ven red. Unconsciously she smiled, an wondered to herself why Henri spoklike this. The floodgates of his heart wen opened now, and like a mighty stream his love gushed forth. "Yes Annetta," he soon continued, "loved you then. I loved you more, fa more, when I saw you at Des Orme But I was poor, too poor, I thought, taspire to your dear hand. And so went away, meaning forever to conce my love, to forget you if I could. But asked too much of my poor heart-mot asked too much of my poor heart — mon than it was able to accomplish. And a I have come back, Annette. I have com

to place all my happiness at your feet. Annette could not answer. Did sh love Henri too? She had never owne it to herself-no, not once ; but now for the first time she must inwardly acknow edge that for many years, and especial since the past summer, Henri had po sessed a great, great share of her affe tion and had been full often in h

thoughts. But her heart too was full, too full ju now for words. She turned her hes away to hide her tears ; they were con

away to hate her tears; hey were con-ing fast and rested on her crims: cheeks, like dew drops on bright rose But in that downcast face, the your marquis perhaps read the answer he ardently desired, for he took the litt hand in his; he pressed it to his lips wi joy and gratitude. He told Annette ho Charles had known the secret of h love, and how he had smiled and said would be glad to call him brother... Who does not know that age has man if the desired and said the the

gifts and privileges, and that the power of reading youthful hearts is sometime among their number? is possible, therefore, that Madan

de Vinieres had seen more clearly in her grandchild's soul than Annette d herself. It is possible she and Monsie de Claironville had talked the matt over more than once, and had agree much fortune was not necessary to co tentment and true blies; a noble hes tentment and true bliss; a noble hes and generous nature were gems of prio less worth, and more likely than aug else to win their little Annette's los and to make her a happy wife. . . The golden light had vanished; t sun had long sunk behind the bills wh-Henri and Annette re-entered t

bateau. Madame de Vinieres was as usual Madame de Vinieres was as usual her great arm chair. Her knitting l unheeded on her lap, aud signs of ter were on her gentle face. In an insta the young girl was at her side, ar throwing her arms lovingly around h neck, she kissed her tenderly. "Bless you, my sweet one," said t grandmother, pressing the girl to h heart and taking Henri's hand: "G bless you both. my much-loved childre

bless you both, my much-loved childre and grant you every happiness !"

CHAPTER VI.

A few weeks later there were gro rejoicings among the inhabitants Ande. One glorious morning in July, the v lage church was decked with flow children dressed in white carried bask filled with choicest blossoms, and m and women were all in holiday attire. Presently, from the chateau, came i Comte de Clarionville, and by his si white as a little enowdrop, and wreat in orance blossoms, was a fair you white as a little enowdrop, and wreath in orange blossoms, was a fair you bride. He led her down the bre avenue of old, wide spreading tre Sunbeams danced among their branch and gaily checkered the soft, green gr on which she trod. Birds were sing loud and merrily, as they, too, wo: add to the brightness of that happy d Following the gray-haired father a his little daughter came Madame Vinieres leaning on Henri's arm. T young marguis was in military dresse

Vinieres and her granddaughter should stay with them as long as they could be spared from Ande; and for Annette's sake the old lady gladly yielded and promised to "aux Ormes" for one whole stop

fortnight. The kird host and hostess did all they could to make the time pass

pleasantly, and those days were happy ones even for Annette. Henri was full of kindness and thoughtfulness, and often he would speak to her Charles with love and admiration, and tell a thousand anecdotes of their school-boy days. Annette was all attention to every word which

touched the subject so near her heart; and Henri, gladly giving her this sad pleasure, was all sympathy for her loss and sorrow. But, alas! has it not been truly said that "pity is akin to love?" And was it strange that in his sympathy for one so young and lovely Henri should feel his heart moved and disturbed within him ?

at Des Ormes that he admired Annette: he had loved her since they tears, and the name of "Charles ! first met, when the child of thirteen had welcomed him to her "dear

mured, The tears would then come Chateau d'Ande." All these years he had constantly caught Annette's attention. It came son in law's hand writing was handed faster, the small hands would be such kind hospitality was once extended to me." "You are welcome now, as you were then, Henri," the old lady answered. "And so you are at Rouen," she contightly clasped, and the lips would remembered his little playmate, but move as though in prayer for strength and resignation. But these these thoughts had been revealed to no one, they had been ever hidden in the depths of his own heart. It outward signs of grief were never of long duration. Annette was not one "In a so you are a track," tinued musingly. "It is a charming town, a dear old place. Some of the happiest years of my guilhood and early married life were was only when Charles was dying that he begged his torgiveness for to nurse her sorrow. If at times it having kept one secret even from him. And he then told him all-how conquered her she would soon rise girlhood and early married me were passed there." Neither spoke for a moment; both were thinking. Age of the past—Youth of the present. "Ah, madame," Henri at last exclaimed, above it and wipe away her tears and he loved Annette, though he knew strive to smile once more. Still, it full well she might never be his wife. It could not be. He was not wrung Madame de Vinieres heart to see her child thus suffer, it made her what the De Valnois once had been, unable to control his emotion, "by those happy memories of your own youth and youthful joys, be favorable to the prayer anxious to note how pale and thin she grew. So it was with genuine pleasure that we find her one day in he could not ask her to share his life Jappy memores of your own youth and youthful joys, be favorable to the prayer I have now come to make." Henri had not meant to speak so soon, or tell his errand thus abruptly; but his heart was very full, the well remembered scenes had stirred it to its depths, and touched by Madame de Vinieres' gentle kindliness, his secret was soon told. "I have loved Annetts," he continued quickly, "and I have long tried to conquer my affection. I know I have nought to offer, nought but this very love, which, though I strove to kill it, has but gained strength with years. At last I determined to hear from her own lips, or from yours, madame, that the joy I so longed for might never be mine, that all hope was indeed vain." of wandering and hardship. Charles had smiled and taken his early May reading a letter she had just received from Madame la Comhand at these words. "Oh, Henri," he had said, "your tesse de Regnac. This lady was a relative of Mad-ame de Vinieres, and had been a great friend of the young Comtesse heart is worth all other treasures. If I might choose my sister's husband, it is you of all others I would wish de Claironville. to call my brother." No more was said, but again and "She and Monsieur de Regnac again, Henri remembered these would be so happy," she wrote, "to welcome Madame de Vinieres to the words. Vanity was not among his Chateau des Ormes, and it would faults, and he did not set the same give her such great pleasure to see value on himself as his friend had done; and it was a comfort to think Charles would have been willing, aye, glad, to see Annette his bride. vain.

When the house was finished and simply but tastefully furnished M. de Claironville took his wife to live there.

Ten happy years were spent in their new home; two children were sent to bless their married life, and when our story opens sorrow for the first time was visiting the inmates

of the chateau . It was a cold, bloak day in Novemembrace. ber. The wird was sadly moaning among the leafless trees. In the larg-Blushing with excitement and est bedroom of the chateau the young wife and mother lay dying. Her husband was kneeling by her bed-side, broken-hearted; her mother, Madame de Vinieres, equally sorrowful, but more calm and resigned in her grief, was holding Madame de hand, and warmly said : "Welcome, cousin Henri; welcome to our dear Chateau d'Ande." Claironville's small, thin hand. The children had been brought to the Cousin Henri, or the young Mar-Comtesse's room to receive her last kiss and blessing. Marianne, the old nurse, had taken them below to quis de Valuois, took the extended hand, and with the true French courtesy pressed it to his lips. the drawing-room, and in her grief, He was an orphan, and, by marcareless even of her treasures, as she riage, a connection of M. de Claironfondly called them, had left them ville. The Comte and the late maralone to hurry back to her dying quis had been friends from child-

mistress. The children, with teardrops still on their long, dark lashes, walked saily to the window, little realizing or comprehending the cause of so much sorrow. Charles

was a tall, thin child of nine years, with soft, flaxen hair and dreamy broad, fine forehead told of no mean brown eyes. Annette was but five and a small wee thing even for that tender age. A profusion of sunny curls fell over her shoulders, and her and character. He and Charles were at the same large, dark blue eyes, generally

beaming with smiles, were now fixed wonderingly on her brother. fathers, had formed an early attach-After a short silence, Charles took ment for each other; and this year, at his son's request, M. de Claironhis little sister's hand.

"Annette," he said, "shall we go to the church and ask God to bless friend to spend the midsummer holi-character, Monsieur de Claironville days at the Chateau d'Ande. mamma and to make papa and grand'mere and all of us happy ?" With Charles at home, Annette

"Ob, yes, Charles ! oh, yes !" cried the child in broken language; "mamma says to pray for her.'

nearer and nearer, and soon the to Madame de Vinieres. The old little girl could recognize the longed- lady took it hastily, and glanced at for sound of carriage wheels. "Here they are, grandmere," she noticed the large black seal with

hood, and many years of their youth

had been spent together in the same

land of exile.

cried, and bounding out of the room, which it was closed. Yes, Annette had seen it. She had

ran to the hall-door. Soon the carriage entered the iron grown deadly pale, but she did not gate-way, and stopped before the move. Feeling that whatever the chateau. Another instant and M. news might be, it could not now be de Clairohville lovingly clasped his softened to her grandchild, Madame little daughter in his arms, and then de Vinieres unfolded the black bor-

resigned her to her brother's fond dered paper, and slowly read the first few lines. Notwithstanding the great effort she made at self control, radiant with smiles, Annette sud- she could not prevent the look of

denly perceived that a stranger was anguish or stay the heavy' tears with them. She had known he was which chased each other down her coming but in her joy she had for-gotten his arrival. Recovering her-self, the at once held out her little "Annette," the old lady began;

but her voice failed her and she could say no more. At once the awful truth flashed

across the girl's mind. "It was about Charles, granma. I know it is about Charles," she ex-claimed; and rising, she knelt by Madame de Vinieres and buried her face in her lap. No tears came to Annette's relief,

in that one short instant she felt an unknown-undreamt of agony She could neither speak nor before. She knew that, Charles, the move.

Henri, now eighteen, was tall and idol of her life, had been taken from handsome; dark, wavy hair clustered her. It was too much for the poor around his well-shaped head; a young heart, as yet untried, so unused to sorrow. Alarmed by her silence and immo intelligence, and eyes, now tender, Alarmed by her silence and immo-now full of fire, showed both heart bility, Madame de Vinieres tried to

raise her; she might now move the slight form at will-her grandchild college, and were both studying for the army. The boys, like their Several hours elapsed before An.

nette could hear the full account of Charles' death. He had been taken ill about a week since, and his mal-

had been immediately sent for. When he arrived the end was already was as merry as the day was long. near. Charles was conscious, and

Early in the morning she would be knew there was no hope of his re-afoor, singing gaily through the covery. He was very calm and entered the large reception hall. brightly in his heart, 'twas true; but

again her dear kinswoman, and the child of her beloved Marguerite. A few friends were then with them,

she continued, "but as they wer mostly all known to Madame de Vinieres they would probably add some pleasure to her stay among them.'

A grateful acceptance was soon written, and about a week later, in the early morning, Madame de Vinieres and Annette set out on their journey. The Chateau des Ormes was a ten hours drive from Ande. affections, it was, too, evidently but as the friend of Charles. He The day was soft and balmy; the country through which they passed sighed.

was full of beauty. When they reached their journey's The pale moon was peacefully shining upon this troubled world as end it was the hour of sunset. long row of poplars led to the lodge; the young marquis paced up and down a garden walk. These and a moat was crossed, and a few hours later they alighted before an old and similar thoughts were following each handsome chateau. Monsieur and other in quick succession.

Madame de Regnac were at the door to meet them. No welcome could des Ormes," he concluded. "He must have been warmer, no greeting more not stay to add fuel to the fire. An-

Again there was a pause. It was Mad-ame de Vinieres who now first broke the Why, though, think of this? It might not, it could not be. He had

ame de Vinieres who now first broke the silence. "Henri," she gravely replied. "I have known and loved you from a child. I know I can trust you. I know my An-nette's happiness would be safe in your keeping. If you can get her consent you will have mine. Go," she said, as Henri vainly strove to tell his thanks, "you may speak to her yourself. You will find her in the garden near the balustrade. She has been there for the past hour." naught to offer, no home, no fortune. He had heard, and rightly too, that in the neighborhood of Ande were several noble youths who had asked in marriage the hand of Madem-oiselle de Claironville. Was she insensible to the attentions of them all? Or why would she care more for him? If he had any share in her

She has been there for the past hour." Surprised at his own happiness, Henri left the drawing room and advanced towards the lawn.

towards the lawn." He stopped. The young girl was still there, leaning her soft, round cheek upon her hand. The sun's rays shone on her lovely face, his beams playing among the loose, brown curls. The sweet blue eyes were fixed on the gorgeous skies above, watching the clouds as they changed from crimson to rich purple, and from purple to bright gold. "Yes, he must leave the Chateau

to bright gold. But Annette had heard a footstep. She not stay to add fuel to the fire. An-An-quickly turned, and r.cognizing Henri, live rose blushing and smiling to greet him. ; but "May I not stop a moment to admire

Vinieres leaning on Henri's arm. T young marquis was in military dress a looking on his handsome, manly fit even the jealous villagers were forced own he was a meet husband for th dear Mademoiselle Annette. Many fervent prayers were said, mu blessings from on high were invoked the youthful couple as side by side t knelt within the altar rails. And t were married in the name of God Holy Church; united for life thro health and eickness, through joy and health and sickness, through joy and row, until death them should part.

Once more happiness reigned supro in the old Chateau d'Ande, and in t children's merry voices again re ech through its walls. Monsieur de Clair through its waits. Monseur de Cian ville dearly loved the boy who bore own son's name, and the little Marguer whose sweet face reminded him of Annette's, when in long years gone by had climbed upon his knee as her l ones now did. ones now did.

Madame de Vinieres and oll Maria of their new "treasures;" and page and of their new "treasures;" and peace grateful tenderness attended their

Thus let us leave them. Death and row will sure to come in time, but t whose histories we find traced thus knew how to bear the cross, and how lifting it on high, to make it bud f

lifting it on high, to make it bud f bright blossoms for eternity. Ask not where all these are flown. now why the old chateau now st closed and deserted. While earth's loveliest lights shind the happy picture, let us cease to g that in our memories it may thus ever bright and fair.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook mailed free on application to the Run Caemical Works, Providence, R. I.