

unflinchingly at the files of musketry before her. The command 'was given, a sheet of flame flashed forth. Marie reeled and fell ; a ball had entered her heart.

The clock struck six when Paul awoke from his deep sleep. In deadly terror, for it was already day, he sprang from his couch. His clock, his uniform were gone. He seized an old hunting suit, dressed himself quickly, and hurried out of the room. Henri rushed up to him with up-raised hands.

"What time is it?" said the young man desperately.

"It is too late!" the old servant answered tremulously.

"Miserable man, you know not what this is to me!"

"I know it ; it concerns your life."

"It concerns my honor, and that is more! Hurry and get my horse. I must go away without disturbing any one. I wished to see them once more. That was the reason of my coming. I have given my word of honor to return in time. Now, away, away!"

At that moment Madame de Turgis came rushing up to him. Although they had spoken in hushed voices, she had heard part of their conversation. She was extremely agitated.

"What is the matter? What have I heard? she gasped.

"Keep him back! You must not die! Your death will be mine!"

She clasped him in her arms as if to draw him from the brink of a precipice.

In the meantime Henri hurried to Marie's room, hoping that Paul could not withstand the united entreaties of mother and sister. He knocked again; still silence reigned. He took an old servant's privilege to open the door. He hastened back to his master, who tried to free himself from Louise's embrace, who had also been aroused.

"Marie was gone."

One thought flashed simultaneously through their minds. They rushed to her room. Paul was the first to see the note. It was addressed "My Dearest Brother,"

was signed "Marie," and ran as follows: "You shall not die, and your honor will be saved. Live and comfort our dear mother. Tell her not to grieve for me. I gladly give my life for yours. Farewell, beloved ones! In heaven we will meet again."

"And shall I let my sister perish?" cried Paul wildly.

He rushed away. At the foot of the stairs stood his groom, who looked as if he saw a ghost.

"Is it really you, master? Who was then the victim who wore your uniform?"

"It was my sister! Oh, unhappy mortal that I am! She has sacrificed herself for me."

He pressed both hands against his breast, all the blood seemed suddenly to stagnate about his heart. He felt as though life and senses were forsaking him, and then, struck as it were by a flash of lightning, he fell senseless. Madame de Turgis, despite her inexpressible grief, felt that she must do everything to save her son. She almost blessed the unconsciousness that had come over him. After the swoon had passed away, he was raving with fever. Often he cried, "Paul de Turgis—here!" or "Fire!" Then again, "Keep her back, keep her back!"

The same day, Louise, disguised as a peasant girl, and accompanied by Henry and their groom, went to Vannes. The dead—over seven hundred—were still awaiting their burial. After an hour's search they found Marie. Her glassy eyes still betrayed the restless look with which she had scanned the distance, fearing to the last her brother's arrival. Louise raised the still, cold form and kissed the lips closed forever. Her remains were placed at the foot of the altar in their chapel, where two years afterwards Paul Louise were united.

Many days and nights—many weeks—passed before Paul de Turgis knew what was passing around him. He recovered in time; but what he had suffered was known only to himself and heaven. He was given back to life and love, but at a high price, A Sister's Sacrifice.