

ignored the revengeful abhorrence with which the memory of Leon Vallé had for years inspired him, and for the sake of her whom he had loved and served as the scion of a noble race, had dedicated his life to the father for whom she had gladly died.

As Doña Feliz had once done years before, Chata kissed with reverence the hand of this embodiment of fidelity, and with a throbbing heart turned from the last scene in the drama of which her life had formed a part. Thenceforth a new act was entered upon, in which deep and tender memories and present peace and trust are working out the trite but blissful tale of wedded love.