

WASTED TIME
Alone, in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thoughts of a vanished year;

THE WRONG MAN.

BY THE HON. MRS. A. MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

Madeline began to feel that, though acting from the best motives, she was showing a certain degree of weakness, which might become culpable.

As she read these ominous words, she raised her eyes to her mother, and gazed with mingled compassion and anguish at the small delicate features enclosed in exquisite lace.

Camille felt quite sick with a vague horror. She began to perceive that, unless something was done to put an end to this system, it would soon be too late.

She was also influenced by another reflection. It might be right for her to put up with any amount of injustice from her mother, and she might easily resign herself to the consequence.

By the time she had arrived at this conclusion of all her worst fears, she was in a fever of anxiety and excitement, outraged by her mother's detestable conduct, and yet feeling the greatest reluctance to oppose her, mingled with the apprehensions that, unless she did something now to stop her, matters would grow from bad to worse.

When arrived at the house she sent her maid in with a message to the effect that she wished to see him on a matter of importance, if he could give her five minutes private conversation.

When she found the old family lawyer himself standing at the door to receive her, and the sound of young voices and the rustle of a silk dress valed through a door opposite.

Camille felt the time was come when she must make some answer, and trying to steady her voice, she said, 'You know, mother, I have no power to alter my father's will, even if I wished to do so, which I do not.'

But, when I tell you, Camille, that he never meant it—oh! that he would many years ago that these pictures would always be mine—when I assure you of this, can you be so blind and so cruel as not to see that it is to me, and to me alone, that they ought to belong?

When she had finished, she felt her blood turn cold at the voice of concentrated indignation and horror with which M. Bonnehoe alluded to the incident. He assured her she done quite right in telling him all, and that he had now only to request she would leave the matter entirely in his hands, and without making any reference to her, or divulging the fact that she had sought his protection.

Camille was ordered out of her presence before it had reached this stage, and forbidden to appear again that day. She left the room with a heavy heart, feeling very lonely and very friendless in the midst of her wealth.

While thus meditating on the difficulties of her position, it struck her that, whether or not she sent for Monsieur Bonnehoe, it would be well, first of all, to ascertain whether her mother had really endeavored to substantiate her claim to other pictures in the house, or whether, as she hoped, it had merely been a particular bing to possess that one table which had led to the paste and the labels.

Great was her surprise, not unmixed with disgust, at finding five out of every ten with a label, posted somewhere out of sight, to the effect that the article in question had been given her by the Count, or had always been hers, or had been made over to her by Camille herself.

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