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*M.A.F.*

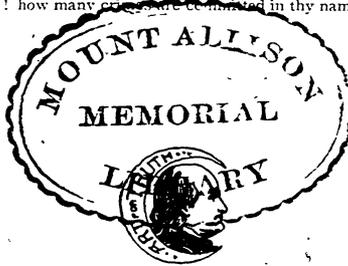
# KERCHIEFS TO HUNT SOULS

A Novel

BY

M. AMELIA FYTCHE

O Love! how many crimes are committed in thy name!



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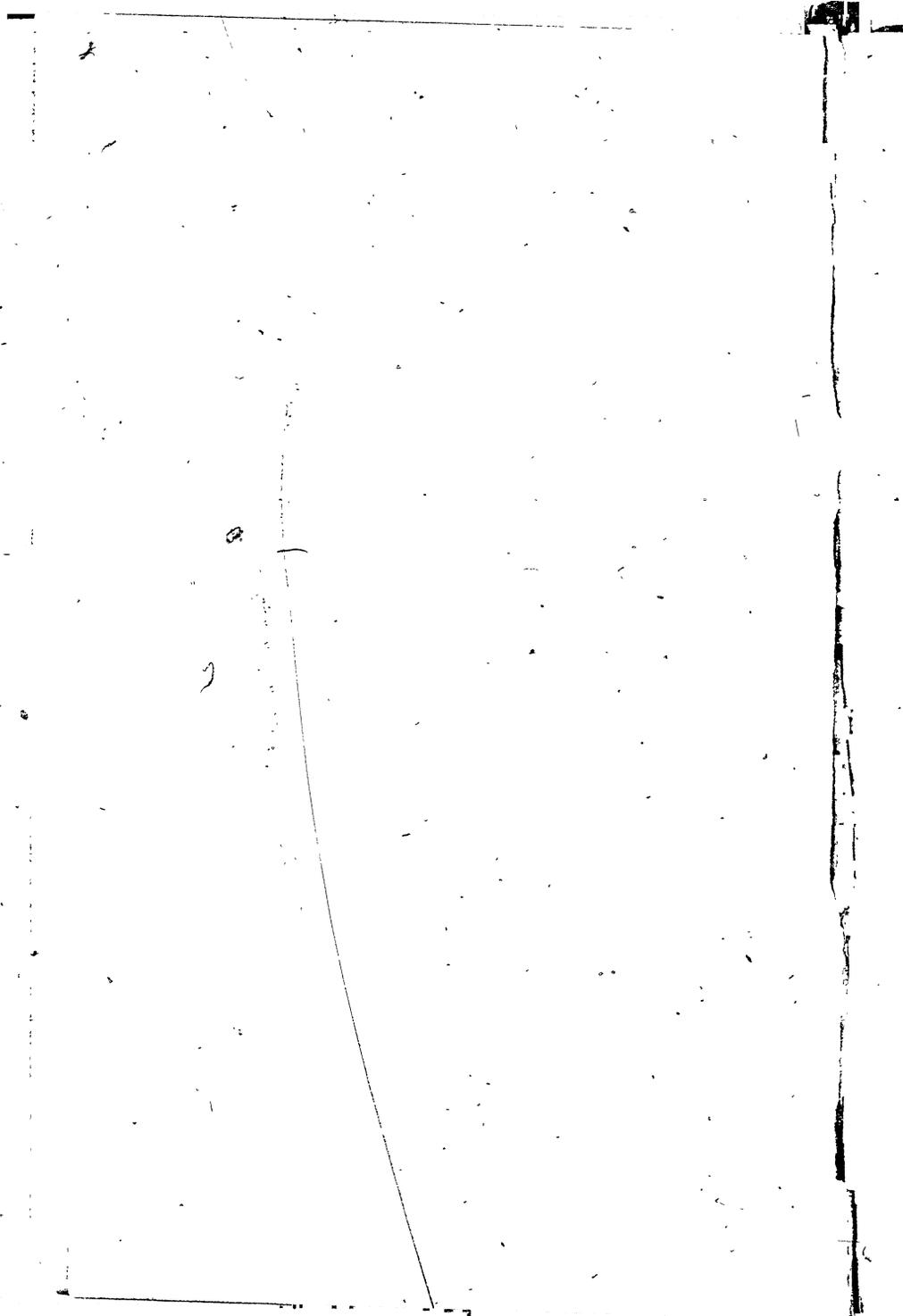
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# KERCHIEFS TO HUNT SOULS.

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## BOOK I.

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### CHAPTER I.

Flowers are lovely, love is flower-like,  
Friendship is a sheltering tree."—*Coleridge.*

"GOOD-EVENING, Miss Pembroke," said Harry Alexander, as he clasped her hand in both of his in a semi-brotherly way, adding, as if apologizing for his visit, "I called this evening chiefly on Hilda's account. Are you still determined to break up your school at Easter?"

"Yes, quite determined."

"Tell me, can nothing I say cause you to rescind that resolution?"

"No, nothing; my plans are all made."

"And if you go abroad, what shall I do with Hilda?"

"Oh, there are plenty of schools quite as good as mine."

"But not plenty of Dorothy Pembrokes," he pleaded.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed blushing, then quickly added, "Oh, Harry, why did you come to-night? You know I wrote you not to; this continual discussion is unsettling me."

"I believe you did say something to that effect in your note, but confess, now, you did not for an instant suppose that I would obey you, in fact you would have been very much disappointed if I had— Don't interrupt me, please; I know what would say—that Mrs. Grundy will talk, that you have a hard time of it at the best, that if I am a true friend I'll not make it harder for you. Yes, you have a deuced hard time of it, I admit. But don't you think you are getting a little morbid over it, Dora; that you are posing for more of a martyr than you have any right to?"

"There, Harry, that shows how completely you misjudge me; *I* posing for a martyr? I am so gay and careless most people think I have no heart."

"It may seem so to the chance acquaintance who sees no further than the surface, but I flatter myself that I am an old enough friend to read between the lines, and also to overlook the incivility of my hostess in not asking me to be seated."

Dorothy laughed, but made no reply, wondering what would happen next.

Her companion took off his gloves and overcoat with that exaggerated show of composure which is often the accompaniment of suppressed emotion; then, turning down the light and drawing an easy-chair to the open fire, he seated himself, and after nursing his leg (his favorite attitude) for some time in silence, finally said in a masterful sort of way, "What do you have that beastly electricity for, Dora? This is something like—firelight is conducive to conversation. Sit down and let us talk this out. Do you know I felt much as I should fancy one of those impudent interviewers would feel standing there in the garish light, with you opposite me, with one hand on the door, as much as to say, 'When are you going, sir?'"

"You'd make a capital interviewer, Harry, You don't take hints, do you?"

"Not from you, little woman."

"I verily believe you'll make me marry you yet in spite of myself."

"Oh?" he exclaimed interrogatively.

"What do you mean by oh?" Dorothy asked.

"Anything you like."

"But I don't like it at all."

"Oh!"

"There it is again!" she cried, with some little irritation. "I verily believe you say it to tease me."

“Pardon me, Dora, I was not aware of any hidden meaning in the exclamation. Why do you object to it? You use it constantly yourself.”

“Yes, I know; but my oh is not like your oh; it is a harmless little exclamation; yours means volumes. I always feel sat upon. You utter it, do you not, when I have said something that your majesty does not consider worthy of a better answer?” she asked, with a challenge in her lovely eyes,

“It may be I have used it so unintentionally; certainly what you last said merited no better reply. You do not for a moment believe, Dorothy, I would have you marry me feeling as you now do. Nevertheless I wish I could make you see things as I see them, and give up this foolish idea of going to Europe with scarcely a shilling in your pocket.”

“Oh, must we go over the pros and cons again?” objected Dorothy with a sigh, as she sank into a chair beside him.

“Yes, we must; there are a number of things I did not think of in our talk the other day that I should like to discuss now, for you are a reasonable little woman, and may see things in a different light this evening.”

“You are intolerable, Harry! You treat me like a child that does not know its own mind—*me*, Dorothea Pembroke, spinster, and principal for

the last five years of a young ladies' boarding school."

"Yes, there's the rub, Dora; a greater bundle of inconsistencies I never met before. Why did you not add advocate for woman suffrage and emancipation, for equal opportunities for smoking, drinking, flirting and loving, boating, muscular Christianity, high-church sisterhoods, Salvation Army parades, and Christian Science? My only wonder is that you have stuck to teaching and have not taken an M. D. degree."

"I wish I were a doctor or even a nurse. I can do nothing but teach; but I love that dearly, and only wish it paid better," she added with a sigh.

"And I am very glad it does not, for if you made a fortune by teaching I should give up all hope, Dorothy. Now you like, or rather once liked, to have a friend drop in from time to time, to whom you could whisper your woes; the worst of it is that, womanlike, after getting me all worked up to do my level best to help you, you turn round and tell me you had rather not be helped. Hard lines, I must say.

"Oh! Harry, let me tell you what I call the worst of it; it is that one can't have a platonic friend to confide in without his falling in love with her.

"Pardon me, Dora, but I never fell in love with you.

“ I know it, and that is worser than the worst : you ask me to marry you, and in the same breath say you do not love me.”

“ No, truly, I do not love you with that mawkish sentimentality that covers a multitude of sins in a love-match. I tried it once and it was not a success, I can assure you. The awakening was terrible. The thing called ‘ Love, with a capital L,’ has had its day ; it is time it was derogated to the shades, and marriages of inclination and knowledge, guided by reason, set up in its place. It is to the emotional love-matches that we are indebted for the idiots, epileptics, and criminals. Why should we not educate the affections, as we do the intellect? The propagation of the human race has been a bungle ; it is time we looked into the subject a little, and gave it at least as much care and thought as we do to horse-raising. Surely you, Dorothy, with your advanced ideas, do not disagree with me in this?”

“ No, not with my intellect, but with my heart I do. Harry, there is something within me that tells me that the love that bards and troubadours immortalized in verse and song is not dead, but only hiding in this matter-of-fact age. I believe that I am but the incomplete half of an immortal being, and that in heaven, though they neither marry nor are given in marriage, two affinities in this world will be joined in one glorious and im-

mortal entity there. I feel my incompleteness here more than I can express; all my aspirations seem to fall short of the mark. I shall wait till I meet my affinity before I marry."

"And suppose you never find your affinity, what then?"

"Then I shall never marry," she calmly rejoined. "Marriage, thank goodness, is not the aim and end of woman's life in this nineteenth century."

Harry shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot imagine how you have kept green all this romance in the worry and trouble, the wear and tear, of daily life; one would hardly expect it in a woman of your age; it is truly refreshing, and would not discredit a girl of sixteen. With such sentiments I can well believe that my offer of a home, friendship, and intellectual companionship would be spurned."

"Do not be severe, please; I have not spurned your friendship; in fact I count upon it, for you know you are my one and only friend. Don't expect me to marry you, and do not be angry with me because I cannot. I do not want a husband, but I do want a friend. God knows I appreciate your friendship; life would not be the same without it; don't withhold it, please?"

As she spoke Dorothy raised her large eyes and looked into his face with such a wistful, tender,

pleading look that Harry felt himself a brute without knowing why, and hastened to assure her he would always be her friend, was not angry in the least, only wanted her to marry him because he was her friend, had made an awful muss of the whole thing, hoped she'd forget all about it and let him run in in the friendly way he had been wont to do, before she set them all agog with this idea of going abroad. To this Dorothy gladly assented, and after some trivial conversation Harry rose to go, promising to call again in a day or two and bring a lot of guide-books with him which he would take great pleasure in going over with her; in fact he would do everything in his power to help her off, anything to prove his friendship.

It seemed as if he could not tear himself away, for at the front door he hesitated, then turned and retraced his steps to the drawing-room to beg her forgiveness if he had spoken strongly, and to assure her it was only her happiness he thought of.

When he was really gone, Dorothy felt very forlorn and forsaken, and not a bit happy in having her own way. "Bother!" she mused, "I can't help thinking of him; he takes possession of my thoughts in much the same way as he does of my room. He's big, but it is not that alone; I've had just as big men here often who did not take up half the place he does; the secret

is he's imposing and masterful; there are not many men like him in the world; he's not a bit egotistical. Fancy his coming back to beg my pardon for what he had said! I do treat him abominably; I wish I loved him well enough to marry him, but I don't; the trouble is he loves everybody, and the man I give my heart to must love me, and me only, passionately. Harry is an awfully good friend though; how tender he is to children and animals! I suppose that's why he is so good to me; he is sorry for me, pities me. Well, I do not mind it; I only wish he loved me too; it seems all right to accept things, even sacrifices, from him. Poor dear fellow! I wonder why he married Hilda's mother; I must get him to tell me some time." Then putting the chairs back in their places, and arranging the room for the next day, she lit the little candle on the hall-table, and softly stole upstairs to bed.

## CHAPTER II.

“Un bon ami vaut mieux qu’un parent.”—*French proverb.*

“If you be what I think you, some sweet dream,  
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself.”—*Tennyson.*

OLD winter in Canada was dying hard. Lamb-like indeed March had entered, and now, the 31st, the lion was rampant in all its fury. The next morning’s paper announced “that such a blizzard as swept over the town in the last twenty-four hours had never been seen or heard of before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.” True or not, all day long the storm had raged, and as night set in it was still moaning and sighing like a naughty child crying itself to sleep.

By every door and window, crack and cranny, the bitter cold crept into the hovels of the poor, killing the old and feeble, chilling the sick and puny, and making desperate the unemployed and starving. Very different was it with the wealthy, those whom kind Providence had apparently taken under especial protection. The cold and storm outside served but to heighten for them the pleasure of warm fires and other creature comforts

within. Especially was such the case in Dorothy Pembroke's little sanctum; her cosy drawing-room, in a glow of warmth and color, seemed cosier than ever on such a night.

The room had originally been square, with big closets on each side of the old-fashioned chimney; these had been pulled down, and the right-hand recess, in which was a window, had been filled with ferns, palms, and tropical plants, where her pet birds, Dick and Jacko, might with a slight stretch of imagination fancy themselves in their native haunts. The recess on the left had been converted into a cosy corner, a luxuriously upholstered seat extending round the three sides, above which were shelves and brackets filled with curios, costly bibelots, and quaint old china, reminding one of a shrine, the red light in the bronze and crystal lamp carrying out the illusion as it hung between the portières that partially screened the alcove from the rest of the apartment. Door, window, and mantle draperies were of old-rose plush; the square rug almost covering the highly polished floor was gray, with crushed roses strewn here and there, as if blown from the wreath that formed the border. A large Turkish divan and luxurious easy-chair were covered in cretonne, straw and fancy chairs were either in gray or rose; in fact the prevailing tone of the room was gray and rose dashed with yellow, the last conspicu-

ous in the fire-irons, fender, and brass poles above doors and windows. Great logs were roaring and crackling in the wide chimney; the flames, leaping and jumping, now lighting up this corner, now that, were the only light in the room save the little red one before the alcove. On the right of the fireplace stood the cretonne easy-chair, with open arms as if expecting an occupant; on the left was the divan, its head towards the cosy corner; and between it and the door opposite was a screen in gold and white. Tables were scattered about *ad libitum*, some filled with books and photos, some with flowers and bric-a-brac; a large double-decker, with cups, saucers, tea-caddy, thin bread and butter—in short, all the accessories of a tea-table—stood near the head of the couch.

Curled up on the sofa, almost buried in innumerable pillows of liberty silk, reclined the divinity of the place. She was in keeping with her surroundings; but how describe her?

Diderot advises those who would paint in writing a woman, "to dip their pen in the rainbow, and brush the paper with a butterfly's wing." Very poetical but hardly practical, except as a reminder of the light and delicate touch required when woman is the theme. Dorothy was of medium height, slight and delicately formed, small head, low forehead, dark-brown hair worn

high, straight nose, small, determined mouth. In repose she was pretty, animated she was superb. It was her eyes people said that made the difference, and at the same time many did not admire them. They were blue framed in black, not only by the long, curling lashes, but by the blue veins which came prominently to the surface on the under lid extending back to the temples; not what the French call *cerné*, and we sometimes term "set with dirty fingers," but something utterly in-refinable. People never knew how to interpret those eyes. They were naturally almond-shaped, and Dorothy commonly looked out of them sideways, but if she did not understand the question at issue, or wished to reprove, she raised her lids and seemed to be looking you through and through with two round inquiring orbs that revealed nothing but wonder on the part of the possessor. Dora was quite unconscious of how she looked at such times or affected others, though she knew the look was peculiar from having been repeatedly reproved for it in childhood. More than once her father had said to her, "Don't look at me in that way; you hear what I say; lower your eyes;" and on one occasion at school she had so annoyed her mistress by it that she sent the child to her room for the day, promising to punish her severely if she ever looked at her in that way again.

Dorothy distinctly remembered that memorable day, from having spent the greater part of it before the glass trying to recall the offending look, but without success, so gave it up. Just now these eyes are very soft and dreamy, as she lies there in the firelight sleepily watching the antics of her little black-and-tan dog as he tries to demolish a large yellow-satin bow tied to the leg of a white enamelled milking-stool, heaped high with the latest magazines and novels. "Won't it come, Mahdi? Never say die, my boy! Rats—rats is the word!" she cried, egging him on.

Incited to desperation Mahdi gave a hard pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether, which brought ribbon, stool, books, and Mahdi with them, tumbling down pell-mell.

The latter, determined to be revenged upon something, rushed at one of the dainty ruffled sofa-pillows and was tossing it madly as if it were a real rat and not one stuffed with feathers, when a sharp ring was heard at the door. Mahdi gave a disgusted little bark, and a parting shake at the cushion, then walked off, turned round three times, and curled himself up on the great black-fur rug in front of the fire, very much as his mistress did on the sofa. The resemblance went so far in this instance that each shut an eye and made believe to be asleep, when Harry Alexander, laden with guide-books, parted the portières. Often as he

had been in that room before, its comfort and beauty never so impressed him as now. The warmth and harmony were bewitching; he feared to breathe lest he should break the spell. He felt so earthy, so out of place in this enchanted spot; and yet there were few drawing-rooms on this mundane sphere where Harry Alexander would not have been welcome. His handsome, smooth-shaven, boyish face was an open-sesame wherever he went. He was a great six-footer, with a round head well set above his square shoulders, a deep chest, tender gray-blue eyes, firm mouth which often smiled, rarely laughed. Repressed energy was evident in every feature and every movement. A stranger's first impression upon seeing him was, how clean he looked!—his complexion being that fresh pink that Englishmen frequently have, suggesting the idea of frequent bathing, nay more, scrubbing with soap and lufur.

As Harry lingered, hesitating to intrude upon the scene before him, Dorothy sprang up, exclaiming joyfully "O Harry, is it you? I'm no end glad you have come; I felt so lonely in this storm, not a soul but cook and Jenkins to speak to."

"Poor child! But don't let me disturb you; lie down again, I beg of you; you can't think how nice you looked there. At first I thought no one was in the room; then I saw you. These half-lights are bewitching. Your room is a poem, and you in your

pretty tea-gown are in harmony with it. I trust I'm not Discord?" he exclaimed in his low, deep voice, that was almost a caress, so perfect was the modulation. "Were you asleep?"

"Hardly! I'm awfully glad to see you. Do you know, I'd given you up—I was afraid you were snow-bound; you were plucky to venture; didn't you find the drifts deep?"

"Oh, rather; it will be a week before the horses can get to town; I came in on snow-shoes."

"Fancy! You must be done up after a ten-mile walk in such a storm, and with those books too."

"Yes, it's beastly weather, but I'll put up at the Brunswick for the night. And do you know you are so jolly comfortable here it pays a fellow for tramping it."

"Do sit down; here's your sleepy hollow waiting for you at the fireside. I'll brew you some bohea."

"And did you really think of me, Dorothy, when you placed it there?"

"Yes, really; only don't be too proud, for it was *avec malice*, for fear you might choose to sit on the sofa with me, which is quite too small for two, unless I banish some of the cushions."

"Far be it from me to be so presumptuous. I have long ago resigned all idea of sharing your throne, Dorothy, though I hope to induce you some day to come down to my level. But fancy

such a sybarite as you to be talking of giving this all up and going out alone into the cold world! Joking apart, I see your furniture is advertised. So you are to have a sale, and scatter your household goods among the unwashed?"

"Yes, after Easter; but I shall not sacrifice my penates; none of my presents are to be sold. And that reminds me, Harry; I was going to ask you if you would mind giving them house-room while I was away."

"Willingly," he said; then quickly added, "But why have an auction at all? I want a house in town. I'll buy your things just as they stand, and you'll find them all in their places whenever you come back. Isn't that a good idea?"

"Good gracious, no! it would be a perfect farce; I might as well borrow the money from you first hand, and be done with it."

"I wish to heaven you would; won't you let me lend it to you, Dorothy?—don't shake your head and look so severe; I'm not asking you to marry me."

"Oh! the same chapter over again with a new heading. Must I repeat, Harry, that I will not barter my liberty for filthy lucre; in other words, sell myself for creature comforts?"

"You are a very independent woman for a pretty one, Dorothy. I always thought beauty and dependence inseparable in woman, till I met you."

"Well, I am not a beauty, and you thought wrong, as you often do when you think of us. It is amazing how illogical men are when they discuss women. You are ages behind the times, my boy! You must know that silliness is not the fashion nowadays; every woman wants to be thought clever, even if she is not. I suppose strong-mindedness is a bugbear to some men, and may account for my having had my share of admirers but never a lover. I am like an old bachelor beau of ours, who when we asked him why he never married, said he could lead the horses to water, but could not make them drink. I'm not strong-minded, Harry; I only make believe to be. As you say, I have been badly brought up on romantic literature; one of the first novels I ever read was 'the Heir of Redcliffe'; and my ideal happiness is to have for lover one who will go through fire and water for my sake."

"In other words," Harry grimly said, "anyone willing to blow out his own brains or some fancied rival's for your sake. I thought better of you, Dorothy, but you are like the rest of your sex."

"Thanks for the compliment, Harry, but feelings of that kind are not confined exclusively to my sex, I can assure you; I want to feel the love that makes a man forget family, fortune, fame, everything, to marry some ignorant girl far beneath him in social rank."

“You are pursuing an *ignis fatuus*, Dora; it makes me furious when I think how that poor word *Love* is twisted and tortured; it is the most elastic term in our language. We have love of God, paternal and maternal love, love for our brothers and sisters, relations and friends, for our neighbors, and even for our enemies; and the one word to express it all, from the love of the Creator to that which ends in marriage. Friendship is quite as noble a sentiment, and has often surpassed the love of man for woman, yet you and those who think as you do are shocked at the idea of marrying for friendship. The fact is, the amount of paganism that we have preserved side by side with Christianity is appalling, and in no one thing is this coquetting with the vague more observable than in the marriages sanctioned by so-called Christians. Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, and Burns, men whose lives were far from good, have become our high priests of love. Quite recently I saw in a goody book, ‘Love can be happy anywhere’; to prove which Byron’s words were quoted:

“O that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And hating no one, love but only her.”

“Fancy poor Mrs. Byron’s feelings upon reading those lines—such mawkish sentiment! Why,

then, didn't he go to the desert with his fifth or sixth innamorata? There was nothing to hinder him. Song, which is but an interpretation of love, has from time immemorial associated wine and woman. Happily, within the last few years, there has been a revulsion against the adoration of wine. Bacchanalian orgies are now tabooed, and it is quite time to depose Love. Venus, with her blind son, has reigned long enough; let us set up the daughter of Uranus in her place. In literature the most fearful immorality is often inculcated; love is made a cloak to cover a multitude of sins. Mallory says of Guinevere in 'Morte d'Arthur,' 'that while she lived she was a good lover, and, therefore, she had a good end'—a profane travesty of our Saviour's words in commendation of Mary Magdalen: 'In that she loved much, much is forgiven.' No, child, the phantom you are seeking is not love at all, but passion, which we possess—some more, some less, according to the grossness of our nature—in common with the brute. Fortunately there are beings in the world refined and spiritual who love with their mind, soul, heart, and strength, without passion or even a breath of sensuality."

"And there are some 'men,'" said Dorothy a little irrelevantly and mischievously, "who, if they are proof against Cupid's wiles, yet let their theories and fads run away with them. Now you

must be famishing after your long tramp; let us fortify or fiftify the inner man; and, *à propos de rien*, what would you do, Harry, if you were in a desert with your wife, and without a cook, and with nothing to eat?"

"As far as I can judge, considering the short time I have to decide upon such a momentous question, I should conclude, Miss Pembroke, as there was no food, and we in a desert, that it was a matter of congratulation that the cook was not with-us."

Dorothy burst out laughing: "Oh, I say! I put it badly; what I mean is, what would you do if you were in a desert with your ladylove and both were hungry? You wouldn't send her off alone to look for food, Byron-like, to minister to your wants."

"No, certainly not; I would go with her." Then divining from a quick, impatient shrug that Dorothy gave, that he had not answered satisfactorily, Harry quickly added: "But I wouldn't let my wife minister to me; I would do the foraging and take her with me, where I suppose she would prefer to be than alone in the desert— -But I cannot see what you are driving at, Dorothy."

"Only this: that I want you to forage for me now in a desert kitchen and pantry. Cook's laid up with a cold, and Jenkins is sitting with her—and

I don't want to call her—and I'm starving—and I'm sure you must be."

"Spare me any more reasons; I accept the quest gladly; but will not my ladylove come with her knight?"

"No, I don't like such adventures after dark—early associations, you know. Once when I was young and childish, I was sent to bed without my supper, and in the night I awoke famishing; stealthily stealing down stairs I sought the pantry, and was just spreading some jam on a great bit of bread when a mouse ran across the floor; to say that I screamed is a mild way of putting it; I only know that the household gathered at the spot like the clans at the sound of the pibroch, and that I spent the next day in bed, to duly impress me with the horror of midnight marauding. So indelibly has the lesson been inculcated that I lose all self-respect and feel branded with the mark of robber and burglar when I enter my own pantry after dark."

"From your vivid description of the dangers awaiting me, I feel very much as I imagine Don Quixote must have felt before the battle of the windmills. With your kind permission, lady mine, I shall take Mahdi with me, and this trusty shovel in my hand, if you will gird the poker and tongs to my thigh."

So saying, Harry set forth in search of ad-

venture, returning ten minutes later with a heaping tray, which he was about to place on a little ottoman, when Dorothy called out :

“Not there, not there, Sir Knight ;” so on he moved to a pretty chair without arms ; but again she called out, “Oh ! that is my very best chair ; not there.”

“What am I to do with the tray ?—hold it for the rest of the evening ?” he naively asked.

“No ; if you were only a good butler, now, and not a sham knight, you would know that you should bring in a table before you bring in a tray. You may take it out and see if you can do better next time.”

A few minutes later Harry again presented himself, this time with a small five-o'clock table, which he placed near the fire, and upon which he arranged the tray in the most approved butler's style, quite to Dorothy's approbation.

“Well, what's your plunder ?” she inquired, “anything worth the risk ?”

“I must confess, Dorothy, that I found kitchen and pantry swept and garnished, but there was booty in the sideboard ; see—half a chicken pie, jam, biscuits, cheese ; not to mention a bottle of stout. In the kitchen I captured a toasting-fork, and am now going to prepare you a dish fit for the gods.”

Whereupon Mr. Alexander, sitting with knees

crossed, as Lord Buddha sits, began the mysteries of one of those dishes that men who have any fancy for the culinary art delight in. By the way, there are four things in that line which a masculine flatters himself he can prepare better than any woman, to wit: a salad, a curry, a punch, and a welsh rabbit; and Harry was not above the weakness of his sex in this respect—it was a welsh rabbit that he was about to enter into competition with the ambrosia of the gods.

“*Prenez garde*, audacious mortal; remember that Marsyas, who challenged Apollo, was flayed alive.”

“Fortunately ‘Vengeance divine to punish sin moves slow.’”

“Yes, but the slower its pace the surer its blow.”

“Think you not the Lares will be propitiated if I cast a liberal portion into the fire?”

After an hour or more of this light chaff Dorothy said:

“And now I want to hear about yourself. You remember you promised to tell me when you married Hilda’s mother. Won’t you keep your promise now, Harry?”

“If you want the details you shall have them. It is a sad, everyday story, though,” he added with a sigh.

CHAPTER III.

“As every body hath its shadow, so every sin hath its punishment.”

IT took a few minutes to settle themselves into the position of narrator and listener. Perhaps Harry purposely delayed the self-imposed task of revivifying the past, but, finally, having assumed the position so often affected by young Englishmen, of doubling himself up like a half-open jack-knife, his elbows resting upon his knees, and his hands toying with whatever was nearest—this time a large silver paper-cutter—he began :

“I hate talking about myself, Dorothy, but here goes. I want you to know everything ; if I am prosy, stop me. To begin at the beginning. It was my last year at Cambridge. I was one of the Varsity eight, and as happy a young dare-devil lad as you could find between John o’Groats House and Land’s End. I lodged with Mrs. Anstruther, a sad, woe-begone woman, the widow of an army chaplain who I afterwards learned had drunk himself to death, after cutting up generally. I saw little of my landlady ; knew she had a

daughter at school in London, but hardly gave her a thought, when, one morning in rushing downstairs, I ran against, almost knocking down, one of the most beautiful young girls I had till then ever seen. Perhaps it is just as well to qualify this by confessing that my acquaintance with young girls up to that time had been rather limited, having neither sister nor girl cousins to compare with this vision of golden hair, blue eyes, and pink-and-white complexion. It was a case of love at first sight; literally blind love, for we fell in love with each other as we fell into each other's arms.

“Before the week was ended we had plighted our troth. My people, as you may imagine, were opposed to our union, and did their utmost to bring me to reason. My governor was awfully cut up about it, as he had set his heart upon my going into politics—wanted me to stand for the borough and that sort of thing. Finally he yielded so far as to say that if we would postpone our marriage for two years, I being only twenty-one, and Maude not quite eighteen, he would consent to an engagement. But I was madly, passionately in love, which I then thought excuse enough for setting aside all feelings but our own. A month from the day I first saw Maude we were secretly married. I willingly threw overboard father, mother, brother, friends, and fortune for my be-

loved; I was insanely in love—with what? With an idea, a phantom, a creation of my own brain, with a sensation. Had I been a poet I should have written sonnets to my beloved's mouth, eyes, cheeks, and hair; rash youth that I was, I nailed my arguments by quoting Scripture to prove myself in the right. I wrote the mother, upon her mildly suggesting that my passion might cool in time: 'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.' My father carried out his threat to cut me off with the proverbial shilling; but I snapped my fingers at poverty, longing for the chance to prove my love by working for my beloved. It was not as easy as I imagined. I succeeded finally in getting some boys to coach, which was not a competency by any means. Maude was very young and inexperienced; she knew nothing of housekeeping; and the old story repeated itself—as poverty was creeping in at the door, love was flying out at the window. Then Hilda was born; for some time previous Maude had been keeping up her strength with stimulants; I paid little attention to it, thinking it only a temporary depression that would pass off when she got stronger. But, alas! it was an inherited taste, and soon became confirmed. Even this did not cool my passion or

rouse me to the horror of perpetuating beings weighted with so perilous an heredity. Another little girl was born, whom the good God mercifully recalled almost as soon as given. Things kept going from bad to worse. Six years of penury followed our marriage; when things were at their lowest the post brought one morning a letter from my father's solicitor informing me that, by my mother's death, I had succeeded to her property. I at once wrote the governor, but he took no notice of the letter. However, our rector wrote me, at the mother's dying request, of her forgiveness, though I fear, from what he said, she never got over my marriage and subsequent estrangement. It was then that my conduct, as selfish and blamable, appeared to me in its true light. I was now independent, thanks to my dear mother, and determined to devote my life to my wife and child. I left Cambridge and took my family to Chenehurst, my place in the the country. What a proud father I was when my son was born a few months after! how many plans I made! True, he was a puny, sickly little fellow, with a big head; but we engaged a farmer's wife, a healthy, strapping woman, for foster-mother, and hoped for the best. He soon began to pick up, only the head was always too heavy for the body. Our village doctor advised consulting a London specialist——”

Harry's voice trembled, then a gulp, and he broke down altogether. As he stooped to pick up the paper-knife that had fallen from his hand, Dorothy, almost as much moved as he, glided from the sofa, and, drawing up a little stool, sat down close beside him. He, however, was so carried away by his reminiscences that for the moment he almost forgot his companion, and it was only when she took his hand and pressed it that he noticed how pale and tearful she was.

"Forgive me, Dorothy; I can't talk of it coolly yet, it is too recent—but I'm a brute to harrow your feelings, child; you have enough troubles of your own to bear."

"Oh! don't mind me," she whispered; "I'm only sorry I asked you to tell me; don't go on, dear, I can imagine the rest—your little boy died too!"

"Would to heaven he had! No, Dorothy, the physician confirmed our worst fears; my son is a hopeless idiot, and lives still in an asylum."

"Oh, how dreadful! Is there no hope?"

"None in this world. I thought I felt my mother's death, but it was nothing to this. I had married in haste; I was indeed repenting at leisure." After a pause he went on:

"Some one has said that the threshold of love and hate, join. I trust I never had hate in my

heart for Maude ; but such a loathing and aversion came over me that, Cain-like, I cried unto the Lord, ' My punishment is greater than I can bear.' I still had my daughter ; for her sake I remained at Chenehurst. I forbade the use or entrance of all intoxicants into the house, but as my mother-in-law was living with us, it was next to impossible to keep them out. But enough of these details ; suffice it to say that I might have still been there but for an accident. One day Hilda was taken suddenly ill. I hastened to fetch the physician, leaving the child in her mother's care. The doctor being from home, I was detained longer than I expected. When we returned mother and child were lying side by side on the bed in a drunken sleep. It was the last straw—they must be separated. Should I send the former to a home, or the latter to a school ? Neither. I gave Maude Chenehurst and an income to keep it up as long as she remained there ; once leave it, and she forfeited all. I snatched my child like a brand from the burning, and sought oblivion in Canada. You know the rest, Dora. Kind Providence sent you in my path. My farm has been an occupation, but it is you who have kept me in touch with God and man, and prevented my losing all faith in womankind. Hilda, too, loves you dearly ; you are her model ; to be like Miss Pembroke is her ambition. If I

did not know you myself, I should love you, Dorothy, for what you have done for my child."

"When did your wife die, Harry?"

"Some two years after I came out here. Poor girl! Only twenty-six, and such a life!—blighted by the sins of her fathers. Do you wonder, Dora, that it is like another death to me to have you go away? Stay; you say you want a life-work: here it is all cut out for you; let my child be your child, help me to bring her up to be a noble Christian woman. Don't you love Hilda? Don't you care what becomes of her?"

"You know that I do love her dearly, and since you have told me of your past life I have a different feeling for you, Harry, from what I had before; a sort of love akin to pity. Now, I know you would not have me marry you for pity; but did it ever strike you that your courtship (it would be a misnomer to call it love-making) has been carried on in an odd sort of way to captivate a young woman's fancy?"

"Yes, hardly according to the romantic school, I must confess. I suppose I am too old and serious—why, I am ten years your senior, Dorothy, and a widower at that. Yes, my attachment for you is certainly peculiar; sometimes I feel it is semi-brotherly or even semi-fatherly. I often find myself thinking of and planning your future as if you were an elder sister of Hilda's.

It seems unnatural for you to be all alone in the world, child, you are so romantic, so pretty, so unsuspecting. My idea when I asked you to marry me was like what I suppose Monsieur Récamier's must have been when he married Mademoiselle Bernard—your happiness was my one thought; but I suppose such a union could not take place out of France. That reminds me that I heard some news of you the other day—something you never told me.”

“News of me? Why, I tell you everything; you are my father confessor.”

“Truly? Perhaps you forgot this time. When I was dining at the Bishop's last Tuesday Mrs. Manners told me that when they were home last they saw a lot of your aunt, Lady Vincent, who said she was going to write and ask you to visit her, as she had set her heart on marrying you to an old East Indian friend of theirs who was returning to England for a wife—and the good of his liver. You did not tell me, Dorothy, that you were going to visit your mother's people at home.”

“Neither am I. My aunt did ask me, but I shall give them a wide berth. They treated mamma abominably, and can't say hard enough things against my father, which I wouldn't stand, you may be sure. Lady Vincent is a born match-maker; they say she has married off all her own

daughters much to her satisfaction, and now wants to try her hand upon me; but she'd find I'm made of different stuff. Fancy how my independent notions would shock her! I should not be in the house a day before I should be talking of my school and pupils. I must gang my ain gait."

"In that case the Indian nabob has not much of a chance, I fear."

"Not a ghost!" and the girl's merry laugh rang out loud and clear. "You don't catch me throwing over such a dear, good-looking boy as you for a yellow, weazened-up East Indian. You were not jealous, were you, Hal?"

"Not a particle; and now one parting bit of advice and I'm gone. I know you will be true as steel to your conscience and principles of right, Dora, but don't marry any man with the quixotic idea of reforming him; remember, what a man is before marriage he will, in all likelihood, be after; if he has sown wild oats he—and others, too, unfortunately—must reap them." No man that has a past to bury can keep it below ground; the *revenant* will be constantly obtruding itself; he cannot lay it. You spoke just now of marrying me for pity; marry no man out of pity."

"I don't intend to if I know myself. And now, dear Harry, I am going to ask a favor of you which pride kept me from doing before. Will

you give me a year to take my fling in? It is not likely I shall come across a lover in Europe; they do not marry portionless girls there, and with change of scene and people, my views may change too; I may then see things as you do."

"You want me to wait a year for you—is that it, Dora? I shall never marry if I do not marry you. I shall be yours, whether you marry me or another; in good report or in evil, in health or in sickness, so God help me. Take your *wander-jahre*; whenever you return you will find me in waiting. The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another," he repeated in a husky voice as he clasped her hand in both of his, his favorite and only caress.

With a murmured "Amen," Dora bowed her head and kissed his hand. It was the first time a kiss ever passed between them, and she had been the one to proffer it.

Quickly withdrawing his hands, and letting hers fall, he said, in a tremulous voice:

"Don't do that again, Dora, either to me or to any other man."

He made no attempt to return the caress, and hurriedly took his leave.

As the door closed, Dorothy made a rush towards it as if she would call him back, then stopped irresolute, finally turned and threw herself on the sofa in a passion of tears.

"Of what use?" she murmured; "it would only be the same thing over again, the same arguments for and against, that I've argued with myself for the last year. I must have something more than friendship; I must have love. I never have had it, not even the father-and-mother love that most girls have; with me it has been give, give. I've hosts of friends, but the moment any of them is called away by self-love or ambition, I am sacrificed. Even the pupils that I love best, and do most for, cheerfully say good-bye when the holidays come, never giving a thought to me whom they leave alone and loveless. Why is it that I never inspire love, only admiration—I who so long for it that I sometimes think that I would willingly, Faust-like, barter my soul for it? I know that I'm pretty; if my glass did not tell me so, I've had compliments enough to turn most girls' heads. It was only last week Mrs. Newhall wrote begging me to give the famous English painter who is out here a sitting for the Madonna in his great picture. How little Mrs. Newhall understands me if she thinks to flatter me in that way! Fancy a strange man looking me over as if I were a wax doll, or even worse—one of those wretched models—and finally deciding that my nose was the hundredth part of an inch too short, or my forehead the thousandth part of an inch too high, for his ideal Madonna.

Bah! I wonder what sort of a Magdalen I should make? Why did not Harry kiss me when he went? I half hoped he would, for I like him and might love him if he would only let me, but he is so awfully conscientious and frightfully honest with me. Why need he constantly reiterate that he does not love me better than his child, only differently? I don't want him to love me better; of course he ought to love Hilda, she is a dear little thing and I love her too; but all the same I want him to love me to distraction."

Musing thus, quite unconscious of time and place, Dorothy lay with her head buried in the cushions till the gray dawn struggling in at the eastern window warned her that night had flown. --"Pack clouds away and welcome day, with night we banish sorrow," she philosophically repeated, as she sought her room to bathe and dress for another day's battle. "I don't regret one bit what I've done; I would do the same if I had to do it over again."

## CHAPTER IV.

"Love is merely a madness, and I tell you deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do ; and the reason why they are not punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too."—*Shakespeare.*

FEW women in this world were so completely isolated by forces of circumstances, while dwelling in the midst of their fellow-beings, as was Dorothy Pembroke. Not that she was without relations and friends ; it was rather the isolation of a crowd, where everybody is eager about his own business, and pays slight attention to yours. Drop out of the ranks, and somebody near fills the gap. The Rev. Venus Pembroke, Dorothy's father, was an Anglican clergyman of the extreme low party. Tall, florid, sandy hair, and mutton-chop whiskers, cold blue eyes behind gold spectacles, high forehead, the effect heightened by his receding hair ; big hands, big feet, white teeth, and unctuous smile ; the sort of man well content with himself and his surroundings, his whole appearance seems to say, as he slowly rubs his hands : "The Lord has been very good to me. He has showered upon me so many special bene-

fits." Naturally such a man magnified his office, and took as a matter of course the homage of the women-folk surrounding him. One slave at least he must have; when a child it was his mother, after that it was his wife. His God was the Bible; he literally worshipped every word in it from cover to cover. A St. Augustine man, shortly after his ordination he was sent out to Canada, leading with him, after the manner of St. Peter and the other apostles, a dear sister, a little English daisy, orphan and heiress, whom, after he had induced her to sell all and lay it at his feet, he married. She was of no account in the parish except to point a moral as a model wife, submitting herself unto her husband as unto the Lord. She hung upon his words as if he were the mouth-piece of the Almighty, and his utterances divine; learning in silence with all subjection, and believing that woman shall be saved in childbearing if she continue in faith and charity and holiness, healthiness with sobriety.

Twenty summers of this domestic bliss mingled with twenty winters of discontent, and the child-wife, grown gray in the service, was released from the bondage and called up higher, leaving ten little slaves in her place. Dorothy, the eldest girl, did her best to fill the void; helped the children with their lessons, looked after their clothes, superintended the housekeeping, kept the ac-

counts, paid visits, and made a point of being nicely dressed for dinner and at liberty in the evening to amuse her father; all without a word of thanks from him. Why should she not do it? Was she not eighteen—older than her mother was when she married? and she had done it. He forgot that it had come upon the latter gradually, and that it was the last straw that had killed her.

However, Dorothy had a good constitution and great vitality, and was sustained by a feeling that if things did not go well, her father could easily get another housekeeper from among the many women who were making his slippers and pinballs; so, without a murmur, she renounced all thought of marriage for herself, and willingly gave up the best years of her young life to him and the children. Just as things seemed to be getting easier—the boys at school or in business for themselves, and she free to indulge in a few day-dreams—she was rudely recalled to earth by her father informing her of his contemplated wedlock with a young woman some years her junior. Naturally she remonstrated, and was told that if she did not like it she might go; and go she did. Twenty-four hours from then she was sitting homeless and friendless in a train bound for Guysborough.

What should she do? She had talents and ability, but, unfortunately, no specialty; in nothing was she proficient. Her father was opposed to the

modern idea of higher education for women; he gloried in being conservative, and expatiated both in and out of the pulpit upon the beauty of gentle, clinging females after St. Paul's model; women who dare not express an opinion until they have first ascertained their father's or their husband's; forgetting that, at the last day, no woman can shield herself behind such flimsy Chinese ramparts; each will then have to answer for herself, whether she stands or falls. Dorothy had plenty of energy, and without stopping to dwell upon the justice or injustice of her position, she set to work and opened a school; with what success you may judge when I tell you that to-day, just five years from the opening, in looking over the bill of sale of her effects, she finds that when all debts are paid she will be the fortunate possessor of a hundred pounds, with which to cross the Atlantic and make a new start in the Old World; not a fortune by any means, but more than she had when she left her father's house. Who says that woman is not bold, desperately bold?

During these five years Dorothy went but seldom into society. Though an acknowledged beauty she cared little for social success; was rather what is known as a one-ideal woman. Whatever work she engaged in for the time being, she pursued to the exclusion of all others; then she gave it up and started off on a new tack. Her

thoughts alternated between the grave and serious questions of the day—science, religion, and morals—and romantic speculations about love and marriage. One seldom meets with a person more susceptible to extraneous influence than Dorothy Pembroke; she was like a highly strung musical instrument responsive to every touch. Whether it be heavenly symphony or discord must depend upon the master hand that plays. She liked work when it was brain-work, and longed to make money to give away; but was too quixotic for a business woman, and it was owing mainly to Harry Alexander's kindness and liberality that she had got on as well as she had. The latter she admired exceedingly, but marry him upon the terms he proposed—those of esteem and respect for each other's character—she could not think of for a moment. Was it a relic of her father's conservatism and orthodoxy, or was it religious fanaticism mingled with romance, inherited from her mother, that made her such a devout believer in old-fashioned love? Surely the love matches she had had anything to do with had turned out very prosaic, to say the least; but, like all the children of Eve, she would try for herself. She thought, "I am not clever, but I am full of great and noble aspirations. If I may not be great myself, I might inspire others." Her passionate nature yearned for something more than friendship.

## CHAPTER V.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,  
Another stays to keep his country from invading,  
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading;  
Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?—*Old Poem.*

A MONTH later Dorothy was standing on the deck of a fast Atlantic steamer, bound for Liverpool, watching with quivering lip and aching heart the slowly receding shore; but she was a brave woman, and dashed away the tears and buried the past by concentrating her thoughts upon the present. "What a goose I am! ready to cry from sheer sentiment, when I have been longing for years to go to Europe, and now that I have cut the Gordian knot and have fairly started, I am actually growing chicken-hearted. I'm ashamed of you, Dorothy Pembroke! How many women would give their eyes if they stood in your shoes, the wide world before them, and not even a husband to say them nay. It was good of Harry to come all that way to bid me *bon voyage*; I was not a little surprised to see him on the steamer, with Hilda and her old nurse. And how well he managed it too, asking me to do

him the favor of taking Peperel over as my maid ; that she was going home to visit her people, but for me to keep her until I went to the Continent, for she knew England well and might be of use to me. I must say, though, I was a little startled when the others left, and he didn't budge. I was afraid he was going to cross with us, and then of course I should have ended by marrying him. Yes, I must say it was a relief when he explained he was going back in the pilot-boat—dear old fellow! he's a true friend ; I know I'm not half grateful enough. Did I thank him, I wonder, for all those magazines, flowers, and fruit, and this comfortable chair and wraps? I'm afraid I forgot it. Well, if he meant that I should think of him during the voyage he has certainly succeeded."

Her fellow-passengers were the usual lot of Canadians one meets with on the Dominion line ; merchants going for goods, children returning to school, and military men with their families going home on leave. Fortunately there were an unusual number of Americans on board ; these interested Dorothy more than her compatriots did. They were in three distinct parties. The larger one, composed of some eight or nine cultured, wide-awake, up-to-date men and women, evidently upon pleasure bent, were so cosmopolitan in appearance, that they had been some days at sea before Dorothy found out they were from

New York. Then there was a charming New England bride and groom taking a honeymoon trip to the Old World. Lastly, a party of three, a young man and two pretty girls, evidently his sisters. Dorothy saw at a glance that they were a type of Americans she had never met before; they amused her not a little by their utter disregard of etiquette, utterly ignoring the society lines of demarcation, leaping with a bound the walls and intrenchments behind which some of the Americans and English on board had taken refuge. They had constituted themselves self-appointed masters of ceremony; this they adroitly managed by making themselves indispensable to their fellow-passengers. It was impossible to snub them; they were irresistible, and their resources inexhaustible; they had sweets for the children, smelling-salts or camphor for the sick, wraps and rugs for the chilly, the latest novel or last ship gossip for the *désœuvré*: The amount of information they collected concerning their fellow-passengers was enormous; what they did not know they presumed or calculated upon. Most of the introductions that took place on board were through their agency.

As Dorothy sat watching the disappearing pilot-boat, like a speck in the distance, the youngest, a pretty girl with Titian red hair, accosted her with the remark:

"I reckon this is the first time you've crossed the Atlantic Ocean?"

"Indeed! Why?"

Without heeding Dorothy's modest question, she continued: "Was that elegant gentleman who went back in the pilot-boat your husband?"

"Why?" Dorothy a second time repeated.

"Oh, for no reason; only we—that is Le Baron and I—had a bet on it. I said he was; Le Baron says he knows you're not married, or at least you're not the mother of that big girl with him; while Hannah Jane says you're quite old enough to be, only that individual was too attentive by half for a husband. We asked your friend over there who you were, but couldn't get a word out of her. Is she deaf, or don't she know English?"

"Yes, Peperel speaks English; but she is Welsh, and I fancy she does not understand the American language."

"La sakes! that's too thin; why, it's the same as English. Now, you don't perceive any difference in my way of talking, do you?"

"Oh, yes, an immense difference."

"Do tell! I want to know! Why, Hannah Jane and I have been cultivating English for the past two years; we know all the English slang. Hannah Jane is an awful hand at it. She's gotten a little book in which she writes down every new English word she comes across. But wait till you

converse with Le Baron—there's no mistaking him for an Englishman; he talks to kill. He graduated at Harvard this year. I was at the commencement, and had an awful jolly time; he ought to have done it two years ago, but he went in so hard for sports, that par says all his schooling was knocked out of him. He's a perfect Anglomaniac, as all the swell fellows at Harvard are. What's your intention going abroad? We've all different objects. Le Baron wants to see the world. I'm going in for art. I dote upon art and artists; mar says I have a perfect cult for them. Now Hannah Jane is going to hunt up our genealogy; you know we're the Browns of Chicago—the Le Baron-Browns. Hannah Jane has three books about us in her trunk in our stateroom. I told her she didn't want to bring them, for she had gotten them all at the end of her tongue; but she thought she'd keep 'em there handy in case she met any swell people on the steamer who would like to see them. If you would like she will lend them to you with pleasure. I ain't English enough myself to enjoy reading long lists of names; Hannah Jane says it is a cultivated taste, unless you're born blue blood, and I'm not. I agree with par, it doesn't amount to a row of pins if you haven't money, and we've any amount of that—enough to catch any foreign lord we like."

"How does it happen your father is a baron? I thought there were no titles in the United States," inquired Dorothy, as much for something to say as out of curiosity.

"Law! 'taint a title we have; we weren't always Le Baron-Brown, but when par made his pile, mar said we must have an aristocratic handle to our name. You know it's all the fashion in America now; all the Smiths are River-Smiths, Oak-Smiths, and Montgomery-Smiths. Marsays during the war all the swell women were Mrs. Generals and Mrs. Colonels. I know in New York a Mrs. Street-Commissioner Jones, and a Mrs. President Brown, and a Mrs. Rev. Canon Briggs. But Hannah Jane says this is not good form in England. It was she that thought of Le Baron. Don't you think it a perfectly scrumptious name? Par won't adopt it; he says John Brown is good enough for him; but mar has it on her cards, and so have we. Hannah Jane is Miss Le Baron-Brown, and I'm Miss Sally Le Baron-Brown. Hannah Jane is going to change her first name when she gets to England; she has changed it so often now that I never can remember what she has decided upon. Last year she was Dagmar. Before we left home it was Gwendoline, as more English, you know, till some one told her that it had gone quite out of fashion on the other side, so she decided to wait and ask

them at the herald's office, when she buys our coat-of-arms."

"And you call her by the old name, Hannah Jane, pending the decision?" Dorothy, not a little amused, inquired.

"Yes, it seems more natural-like. She wants me to change mine, too, but I'm like par, I'm conservative. I've got heaps o' friends who wouldn't know Sally Brown by any other name. Holloa! there's my brother; I expect he wants me. Le Baron, come over here and let me introduce you to—I can't for the life of me remember what you told me your name was?"

"I do not think I told you," Dorothy said quietly, with an amused smile.

"Now I want to know," Sally exclaimed. "Well, what is it? Introduce yourself! I guess I'd better be going."

Dorothy hesitated some seconds, the whole thing was so strange to her. Sally Brown, astonished, inquired,

"What's the matter? You ain't ashamed of your name, are you? It don't take me that long to tell mine."

"I'm called—that is, my name is—Miss Pembroke."

"Miss; there! I knew you weren't married. But I must go right away and help Hannah Jane fix up the stateroom or she'll be tearing mad, so

I'll leave you, Miss Pembroke, to make friends with my brother."

The young man drew a camp-chair to her side, saying, as he seated himself, "You're well provided with literature, I see. Let me cut the leaves of this magazine for you? it's a great bore to have to do it one's self."

"Do you find it so? I, on the contrary, enjoy it; you are sure then to have the first reading; but then," she added with a smile, "it gives a young man an opportunity of making himself useful."

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "that's an idea; besides, it's the fashion—rather a slow one for we go-ahead Americans, but it's English, you know." After a pause he asked, "Ever been across the big pond before?"

"I beg your pardon, but I do not understand."

"Oh, I guess you call it the Atlantic Ocean; we out West often speak of it in that way. I am from Chicago, you know. Ever been there? You're not American, I bet; but we'll get on first-rate together, for all that. I'm awfully fond of everything English, especially pretty girls. They call me the Anglomaniac at home, and I try to live up to the name, I can tell you. I'm a pretty considerable talker, as you'll find out before our voyage is over. You are a bit sad at leaving that fellow who came off with us, but I'll cheer you up."

And so he ran on for full half an hour ; no knowing when he would have stopped—it never occurring to him that strangers might not be so much interested in his private life and surroundings as he himself was—had not Sally called out that they were all tuckered out and wanted him to come and help fix the things. He was a pretty boy, blond like his sisters, apparently of German extraction. All three were great talkers, but with this difference, the women were more self-asserting, more intense ; the kind of people who express their opinions unasked for, with an air of superior wisdom and authority that is most exasperating, making you wish that you might never see the like again. The young man was rather refreshing from his naïveté ; he talked because he had to, from the fulness of his heart.

Dorothy and he passed many a pleasant hour together ; in fact they would have become good friends but for his sisters, who acted as if they feared she might run off with him. At first Dorothy thought of seriously alarming them with a flirtation, but decided, upon second thoughts, that Le Baron was too good to make a plaything of to spite his sisters, and she snubbed him oftener than she otherwise would have done.

Dorothy herself was an object of daily curiosity to her idle fellow-passengers, whom her proud reserve unintentionally kept at a dis-

tance. She was beautiful, all agreed, though always with a *but* reservation in assenting. Her figure was good, but she was too short, or it was owing to that perfectly fitting tailor suit that she wore. Then some said her features were too perfect; monotonous in fact; her teeth so even they must be artificial; her dark-brown hair too heavy for her oval face; that was why she held her head so high. "It must be uncomfortable to be dragged back in that way, like a horse with a check-rein," one woman remarked. Her eyes of course did not escape comment; the men for the most part found them beautiful, and raved over her little baby stare. The women found this stare bold, and thought her very affected when she kept her eyes veiled under her long black lashes.

On the whole Dorothy enjoyed the voyage, it was all so new and strange to her, who had passed her life until now in a little provincial town. But all things come to an end, and one fine day in June they sailed up the Mersey to the Liverpool docks, where Dorothy and her fellow-passengers parted—for no one knew where; at least they were very much surprised when any of them chanced to meet again.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Elle est fraîche et jolie. Ses regards sont pleins de feu !  
Ses paroles charmantes ! Elle est une prison  
Où j’ai enfermé mon cœur.”—*Breton Song.*

HOW strange it seemed to Dorothy as she stepped from a second-class carriage on to the platform of the *gare* St. Lazare to find herself in Paris. She had to pinch herself from time to time to realize it, to make sure she was awake, not dreaming. She had remained but a week in London, and then hastened on to Paris; for, as we know, her resources were limited, and she wanted to be at work and at the same time improving her French. She had the address of an English boarding-house, and drove directly there; it was filled with Russian princesses, swell English, German counts, and such like. Dorothy took a room for a week, telling the landlady she wanted to get into a French family in order to acquire the language. How cool and charming the room assigned to her was, with its polished floor, and mirrors, and delicate pink-and-white cretonne hangings upon wall, windows, and bed! it suited so perfectly her æsthetic tastes. Oh, why could

she not stay there? Why must her inclinations and her purse be always at war?

The next morning, after the luxury of a roll and a cup of delicious French coffee in bed, Dorothy dressed for an exploring expedition—too stupid to venture upon taking a tram or bus. A fiacre on every occasion was beyond her means; she must walk, and trust to her bump of locality to find her way back. The day was clear and bright, and everything was so fresh and beautiful about her that she felt impelled to dress in unison with her surroundings, so she donned an exquisite visiting costume—her one extravagance while in London—a lovely, tender, apple-green cashmere and silk frock, black-lace hat with cream roses, black parasol with deep chiffon flounce, long, black undressed suède gloves, and black ostrich boa. Stopping in the drawing-room on her way out to ask the time of lunch, Miss Grocer, her landlady, expressed not a little surprise that she was going to walk and shop in that costume.

“My dear, you’re much too beautiful to go out alone!” her face showing unbounded admiration as she spoke.

“Oh, never fear; I can take care of myself.”

“Alas! but you do not know Frenchmen.”

“Neither do they know me,” Dorothy answered merrily.

“If you will wait till after lunch I will go with you myself; or will you not take a maid?”

"Not for the world," Dorothy gayly replied; and off she started in high spirits, partly owing to the ozone of Paris, and partly to a don't-care feeling she had.

Miss Grocer's house was only a few steps from Pont d'Alma, so Dorothy went directly to the river, knowing if she kept that in view she must eventually find her way back. On, on, she wandered, taking no heed of time, making various digressions to the right and left, to get a nearer view of some building that she recognized from photographs she had seen in bygone days. She was standing lost in wonder in front of Notre Dame de Paris, when she became aware that two men she had met quite an hour previously, were standing staring at her; she instantly turned, and walked quickly to the bridge leading to the right bank of the Seine. She felt them behind her; she knew they were following her. She quickened her pace; so did they. She almost flew, but it was of no avail; just before she reached Pont Henri Quatre they overtook her, one, a tall, distinguished, military-looking man of thirty or thereabouts, coming up on the right; the younger, slighter and dudish, joining her on left. She was not frightened; it was broad daylight; but it was awkward, to say the least. What would happen next?

"*Voilà!*" the man on the right said, looking

across her, to the man on left, "*comme elle est jolie!*"

Then the man on the left answered the man on the right, "*Oui, elle est crânement jolie, elle est très gentille.*"

Upon which the man on the right, looking her impudently in the face, said: "*Mon Dieu! elle est superbe!*"

Though this exclamatory dialogue was kept up for several moments, the first two sentences were all that Dorothy's ear, unaccustomed to colloquial French, could grasp. But they were enough. Drawing herself up and stepping back a little so as to face her tormentors, she favored them with one of her curious, innocent glances, and said with dignity,

"*Messieurs, je suis Anglaise.*"

The effect either of the look or of the word "*Anglaise*" was magical. The two men raised their hats, murmured "*Pardon, mademoiselle,*" and beat a hasty retreat.

After their departure Dorothy hastened back to the pension; her victory was so complete and the reaction so great, that she would have given worlds for a good laugh, or even a good cry. Two things, though, she made up her mind about: first, that it would never do to go out alone in Paris dressed fashionably; and second, that not a word of this would she breathe to her fellow-boarders.

## CHAPTER VII.

"..... Alas for my sheep which have no shepherd! wandering in the night with none to guide them; bleating blindly toward the knife of Death."—*Edwin Arnold.*

THE next time Dorothy went out alone she wore her tailor-made travelling dress and felt hat, and although it was impossible to hide her beauty, it was not of the showy kind; and much to her relief she passed on unnoticed in the crowd. Though Dorothy had come abroad without a single letter of introduction she had provided herself with a few addresses which she thought might be useful to her; one was that of a lady connected with the McCall mission. This morning she called upon her to ask if she knew of a French pension where she could board cheaply and improve herself in French until she found an engagement. Not knowing of any suitable place Miss Jackson told her she would accompany her to Miss P——'s Governess' Home, where she would probably get all the information desired. A few minutes' walk brought them to the house, a large six-story corner building of gray stone, similar in

architecture to the houses in the neighborhood, only a little shabbier in appearance. Dorothy was amazed to see the vestibule frescoed with colored texts of Scripture.

"What are these for?" she asked.

"Oh, the foundress is a very religious woman, and wishes everyone to know the house was given her in answer to prayer; you see over the door are the words, 'Asked of God in 18—,' and beneath, 'Given in 18—'."

"Yes, but why proclaim it thus? I thought every good gift came from the Lord," Dorothy questioned.

"True, but these poor French people don't know that. They never read the Bible; their priests would excommunicate them if they did. They will see and read these texts, and perhaps the Word may sink into their hearts, grow, and bear fruit."

"But the texts are English; the poor French cannot read them."

This was a poser for Miss Jackson, but she rose to the occasion. After considering a moment she said: "Many cultivated, educated French people come here in search of governesses—they can read them."

"Rather a case of casting pearls before swine," Dorothy suggested.

"At all events the young Englishwomen who come here, and for whom the house was given,

can read them and find comfort, and I assure you many are in need of that."

"I shall not argue the point, Miss Jackson; if it is a consolation for you or them to stand praying or reading at the corners of the streets, to be seen of men—tastes differ. I did not leave my Bible at home when I came to France, so shall seek the solitude of my own closet when I need consolation."

Perhaps this was hardly the kind of thanks Miss Jackson expected from Dorothy, or she found her far too strong-minded—a young woman to convert to her way of thinking. Whatever it was, she bade her a hasty good-day, telling her she would have no trouble in finding her way home if she always kept the Arc de Triomphe in view.

After this rubbing the wrong way, so to speak, everything was not *couleur de rose* to Dorothy that morning, and consequently when the door was opened the entry appeared very dark, and she thought the stairs, scrubbed English fashion, not polished in the French, which the concierge directed her to take to the office on the third floor, very uninviting. The little waiting-room into which she was shown was desolation itself: three cane chairs, a wardrobe, a couch covered with an ugly woollen, stuff; on the wall a large, round clock that did not go, and some illuminated

texts; a small marble mantel had also texts and a lot of odds and ends upon it; on a centre-table were old semi-religious magazines and tracts, a great bundle of which were also piled up in one of the corners, evidently awaiting a donation in the shape of a bookcase.

Dorothy had abundant opportunity to take this all in, as she had a long time to wait before she was summoned to the office, a comparatively pretty room with Turkey rug on the floor, comfortable chairs, bookshelves, an office desk, etc. A lady sitting behind the desk looked at her inquiringly as she entered, but said nothing.

"Miss P——, I suppose?" Dorothy inquired.

"No, Miss P—— is not here."

"When may I see her?"

"She is in England just now, soliciting subscriptions for her Home. I'm Miss Starr, in charge here; can I do anything for you?"

"Thanks. I called for some addresses of good, inexpensive pensions. I have also been told people apply here for English governesses. I should very much like a position. Have you one that I could fill?"

As she said this, Dorothy saw distinctly a difference in the manner of the lady superintendent; it had been inquisitively cold before, now it became freezingly businesslike.

"What do you teach?"

"English."

"Nothing else?" her rising inflection showing surprise.

"Nothing."

"I am afraid you will have difficulty in getting placed. A governess is expected nowadays to be able to teach music, piano, and violin, if not singing, Latin, German, French, drawing—in fact, everything a young lady should know."

"Then I shall be nowhere," Dorothy sighed.

"You can put your name on our books if you wish; we may hear of a summer engagement as companion that you could fill, for you are very ladylike in appearance."

Had Dorothy been a man she would have answered: "Damn your impudence!" As she was a woman she contented herself by looking her surprise and saying:

"Thanks; ladies seem rare here, so perhaps I shall not be a drug in the market. And now will you kindly give me a list of pensions where I can board and get my French up while awaiting an engagement?"

"We might take you in here."

"Thanks; but I should prefer going to a ladies' boarding-house."

The superintendent looked at her inquiringly, as if to ask if she had any covert meaning in that remark; but Dorothy's face was thoroughly non-

committal, and Miss Starr, thinking it better not to notice the snub, answered that though they did take in servants looking for places, they had governesses as well.

This was even worse than Dorothy had imagined, so she hastily bade good-morning, after leaving her present address and a few cents for postal-cards, in case anyone should happen to want "a young person without accomplishments, but who looked ladylike." As she descended the stairs she made up her mind that it would be only a *dernier ressort* that would force her to seek an asylum in that house.

Once again in the street she consulted her note-book, taking the addresses as they came. It was weary work; had she known the town better she could have done it in half the time. She was continually doubling upon her steps, often, after an hour's search in one direction, finding that the next address was just where she had started from. Then, too, most of the *petites pensions* are *au cinquième* or *au sixième étage*, and nothing is more fatiguing to strangers than this everlasting climbing heavenward. The only lifts in Paris are in the new buildings, where the English or Americans live. Finally, as she was toiling up to a sixth floor, stopping to take breath on a landing, her eye was attracted by a visiting card, tacked at the four corners, as is the custom with dressmakers

and others of the working class in Paris. This card bore the inscription :

MADAME RÖHR.  
PENSION DE FAMILLE.

As this was only *au quatrieme*, she rang, thinking she would at least see what Madame Röhr was like ; and when a pretty little woman presented herself, who told her that her husband was employed at the Louvre, she immediately decided to look no further. In fact, she had become so suspicious of all French ménages, from what she had heard of them at Miss Grocer's, that it seemed to augur wonderful things for this pension that there was a master living, and the landlady not a widow, as two-thirds of the others had called themselves. Then the little woman chattered like a magpie, from which Dorothy argued she should learn French very quickly. Madame Röhr said she had been in England, and knew just how English people lived and what they wanted. Dorothy remarked that Röhr was a German name.

"Yes," she rejoined, "but that is nothing ;

my husband was from Lorraine; many proper names there and in Alsace are German."

Finally board and a pretty little room were secured by paying a week in advance as *denier à Dieu*.

It was with a rather faint heart, I must confess, that Dorothy descended to the *rez de chaussée*. Now that all was settled she knew how sorry she was to quit the luxurious quarters in which she was then installed for a little French pension. Why was she not rich? She felt so lonely at the thought that her eyes filled with tears, but she bravely winked them back, and held a mental dialogue with herself, as people who are much alone are in the habit of doing. Why should she be low-spirited? Was she not in Paris, the paradise of Americans? Whatever happened, it was all in the way of adventure, and she would have no end of things to tell when she returned.

As she was then crossing Parc Monceau, and comparatively alone, she began to whistle softly to keep up her courage, "My Wife's Dead and I'll Get Another One." What was her horror to hear, as it were, an echo behind her! But this time it was a false alarm; it was only the pretty boy whom they had dubbed Anglomaniac on ship-board that had caught her whistling.

"Oh, Mr. Brown!" she exclaimed, "I am awfully glad to see you."

"Well, now, this is a bit of luck, Miss Pembroke. But who would have imagined you going about Europe Blondel-like, singing and whistling? But come, tell us now, who's your *Cœur de Lion*? Oh, that's a secret! What will you bet I don't find out some day? But weren't you real mean, though, to give me the slip when I was looking after the baggage at Liverpool? I was downright mad with you. I told my sisters this very day that I'd find you if you were in Paris, and here you are right off."

"And what did your sisters say to that?"

"Oh, that's a secret, which I shall keep till you tell me where you are living."

"Agreed; you tell me what they said, and I'll give you my address; is that a bargain?"

"Yes; it wasn't complimentary, though."

"No matter; what was it?"

"Well, here goes; they said they guessed you were putting up at some cheap boarding-house in some part of the city you were ashamed of, or you would not have been so close about it."

"Your sisters have more discernment than I gave them credit for. And did you agree with them?"

"I didn't agree or disagree. I told them that it didn't matter where you went; if it were good enough for you, it was good enough for me."

"Brave boy! I am going to put your courage to

the test. It is almost dinner time; will you forego the delicacies awaiting you at your hotel, and take a crust with me in my humble pension?"

"Lead the way, Beatrice, and I will follow, even if it be to the nether circle."

A walk of some ten minutes brought them to the beautiful house, Avenue Trocadero, that Dorothy was temporarily occupying.

"Here we are," she said, turning into the courtyard. "I hope this may not prove to you the gates of Inferno."

"Oh, I say, this ain't your boarding-house? It's a powerful sight prettier than where we are."

"Truly? then you are not ashamed to be seen coming in here?"

"Great Scott! Miss Pembroke, why do you take a fellow down so? You know I'd rather be with you in a hovel than"—

The rest of the sentence was interrupted by Dorothy throwing open the door of the little reception-room, and asking him to wait there a few moments, while she took off her hat and informed the landlady that she had brought a friend in to dinner.

If Le Baron was impressed by the size and character of the house at which Dorothy was stopping, the quiet elegance of the dinner capped the climax. He unreservedly expressed his admiration, like the genuine boy he was, quite forgetting that he

was posing for a *nil-admirari* Englishman abroad. This little burst of enthusiasm on his part was very refreshing after the cold reception Dorothy had experienced that morning. It went straight to her heart, and she allowed him to call her "Miss Dorothy" unrebuked, and was even induced to promise she would go with him and his sisters to Versailles on the morrow, if he would dispense with the courier, and let her act as guide. Accordingly it was arranged that they should go by rail from the *gare* Mont Parnasse.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“He'll win you with a laughing lure,  
Deep in your heart he'll make his home ;  
All other loves you'll then abjure.  
He'll haunt your house from base to dome  
And sap your soul, this gay flâneur ;  
Make life a jest as light as foam.”—*L'esprit Moqueur.*

EARLY the next morning the Misses Le Baron-Brown and their brother called for Dorothy in a cab. A ten minutes' drive brought them to the station in ample time to secure four places in the imperial of a second-class carriage, where, the seats being arranged on the American plan, it is often difficult to find accommodation for a party all together. In the excitement of getting off, Dorothy paid little attention to the other occupants, taking it for granted that they were strangers. The day was perfect, and the glimpses caught of the country through which they were rushing most tantalizingly lovely. They were all in high spirits, “bound to have a good time,” as Sally expressed it. Though Dorothy had studied her Baedeker religiously the evening before, she was not at all certain how many stations

they ought to pass before coming to Versailles. Upon telling her companions in English that she would ask the guide the next time they stopped, she was not a little surprised when a gentleman behind her said:

*"Ne vous dérangez pas, mademoiselle. I am going to Versailles, and will tell you when we get there."*

Upon turning to express her thanks, she found herself confronted by the handsome, laughing face of the elder of the two men who had spoken to her the other morning, the one she designated to herself as "*le gai moqueur.*" Though a good deal confused at the unexpected encounter, Dorothy preserved enough self-control to thank him and explain to her companions that she was embarrassed at being addressed by a stranger, and in a strange language, at the same time telling them what he said.

Arriving at Versailles the *gai moqueur* was as good as his word, in fact a good bit gooder, for he not only told them they were at their destination, but handed the ladies down, then coolly walked along by their side, quite taking them under his protection, much to the "Misses Le Baron-Brown's" delight and to their brother's disgust. As he spoke in French they did not understand a word he said: neither did they see that his conversation was all directed to Dorothy, for the latter kept close beside them, and showed not the slight-

est sign of taking their escort's remarks to herself; in fact she was too occupied with plans to extricate them all from the situation to think of suitable French in which to reply to him. All at once her eye lit upon a fiacre passing at a foot-pace, and she nodded. Cabby, on the lookout for passengers, drew up with a "*Vlà, madame,*" and in less time than it takes to tell, they were all in the cab, minus Monsieur le Français, who, not at all disconcerted, said "*Au revoir,*" with a significant glance at Dorothy, raised his hat with exaggerated politeness, held it in his hand as they drove away, then strolled off in an opposite direction, humming the refrain of "*Le Fiacre,*" Yvette Guilbert's song that all Paris was singing then:

"Un fiacre allait trotinant,  
Cahin, caha!  
Hu dia! Hop la!  
Un fiacre allait trotinant,  
Jaune avec un cocher blanc."

"Well, I never! You're just too mean to live to pack us into this hack like a bundle of dry-goods, while that elegant Frenchman was in the midst of talking," said Miss Brown. "Law! he's a downright masher."

"Anyhow, you might have given us time to have thanked him for his kindness, even if you wouldn't introduce us," Sally chimed in with.

"How could I introduce you when I didn't know him myself?" laughed Dorothy.

"Well, I'm sure he would have introduced himself if you'd have given him a chance; he was awfully smitten with us, I know by the way he looked."

"My dear Miss Brown, I did what I thought best. It is not customary in England and France, whatever it may be in America, for ladies to accept the escort of men who have not been properly introduced."

"Well, I must say you are mighty particular about us, though I declare you weren't so squeamish yourself when you took up with Le Baron; was she, Sally?"

Le Baron, who was on the box with the driver, turned at the sound of his name, and divining from the high tones of his sisters' voices that something was wrong, called out: "What's the row? Who's taking my name in vain? As for that Frenchman, hang him! I would very soon have sent him about his business if Miss Pembroke had not."

This effectually silenced the insurgents, who were not long in regaining their habitual good humor. The rest of the day passed happily without incident, and had it not been for fear of her *bête noir* unexpectedly turning up, Dorothy would have enjoyed it immensely. As they

strolled from room to room of that vast palace, it was impossible to give more than a passing glance at most of the sculptures and pictures in the ten-mile walk; but from time to time they paused to examine one of Winterhalter's portraits or David's and Horace Vernet's famous historical scenes. In memory of Marie Antoinette, they beheaded themselves upon entering her apartments: then, more fortunate than she, resumed their heads again, and went on their way unchallenged. At the Restaurant de la Chasse they had a jolly little lunch; after which they drove through the park to the Trianons, Swiss Village, and Theatre where Marie Antoinette had played three days previous to being led back to Paris by the mob.

Dorothy bade the Browns good-bye at the Paris station, and upon Le Baron saying that he would call the next day, she maliciously answered:

"No, I cannot permit it; our acquaintance, though pleasant, is only a travelling one; as your sisters informed me to-day, we have never been properly introduced."

With this parting shot she jumped into a passing tram and vanished.

Young Brown's first thought was to jump in after her; then he remembered that his sisters were quite helpless, not understanding French; so he made the best of the situation, and consoled him-

self with the thought that he had her address now, and would call next day, *volens volens*, and lay his heart and money at her feet, which last bait he was mortally sure would be irresistible. His sisters, however, did not get off scot-free; he gave them a good talking to about interfering in his affairs, and wound up by telling them he was boss, and that if they were going to fly off the handle and kick up a row every time he flirted with a pretty girl, he'd pack them right off home.

Alas! man proposes, etc. When next he called at Avenue Trocadero the bird had flown—where no one knew.

When Dorothy found herself *chez* Madame Röhr, rue Poisson, she had a hearty laugh over her little ruse at young Brown's expense; then set herself to master the French tongue.

For a week or two she was very happy; the strangeness of her surroundings was delightful; she realized for the first time that she was in a foreign country. Seldom going out—wishing to avoid the Browns and the "*gai moqueur*"—her health and spirits suffered. She also found that speaking French was not the easy thing she fancied it would be, even though she was in a French house, from the fact that all the family wished to improve the opportunity of her being there to learn English. Mistress and maid were continually inquiring, "How you call that in Eng-

lish?" and were not in the least abashed at her telling them she was there to study French and not to teach English. They had always some compliment ready, such as, "*Oui, oui, mademoiselle, vous parlez Français très bien.* How say you *très bien* in English?"

This got to be rather wearisome at last. *Le Dimanche du Grand Prix* was over; society had fled; the streets were deserted; and as the summer advanced her little apartment became so hot and stuffy that Dorothy was glad to accept an *au pair* that came in her way. It was a school at St. Germain, where an English teacher was required for some pupils who did not go home for the holidays.

## CHAPTER IX.

"He looked at her as a lover can ;  
She looked at him as one who awakes.  
The past was a sleep, and her life began."

—Robert Browning.

WITH October the tide turned. Once more the world of fashion rolled Paris-ward, carrying Dorothy with it. Again she found herself stranded in the little apartment, rue Poisson, where she would be obliged to remain until she could find something to do. It was weary work going the rounds of the agencies day after day. Dorothy had to summon up all the courage and determination she possessed to stoop to it. She compromised matters, however, by giving herself an outing every alternate day. She had yet to visit what the French call "*Les monuments de Paris.*" She had leisure now; why not take advantage of it? Her four months' residence in France had given her confidence. No fear of meeting either the Browns or the "*gai moqueur*"—her "*revenant,*" as she mentally called him for want of a better name—should keep her

prisoner. If the latter presented himself again, she would face him and fight it out.

Dorothy had not long to wait; an encounter was nearer than she anticipated. It was a glorious autumn morning; she had left home earlier than usual, in high spirits, for a second itinerary in the Quartier Latin, loitering *en route* among the tempting old books displayed on the parapets of the river, as was her habit when passing along the *quais*. Suddenly something made her turn her head. There, directly behind her, stood the Frenchman just as she had seen him last at Versailles, hat in hand, his curly chestnut hair blown by the wind, and his black eyes dancing with merriment. He bowed with the air of an eighteenth-century beau, hand on heart, as he wished her good morning; then, without waiting for an answer, added, with all the nonchalance of an old friend:

"I've been expecting you, mademoiselle; you need not look about for a way of escape. I shall not let you go this time; you must pay for the shabby trick you played me at Versailles. I suppose you think you checkmated me, *ma chère*? Not a bit of it. I was about to bid you *au revoir* when you all tumbled into that cab in such a hurry. *Mon Dieu!* I had no chance at all; that young dude stuck like a burr to you, *et puis*, those Yankee girls meant to make a dead set at me. There were too many chaperons by three; a flirta-

tion with a French schoolgirl would have been easier than with you under such circumstances. *En passant*, perhaps you would like to get into a fiacre now; if so I will call one with pleasure. It is just the day for a drive in the Bois; I shall enjoy it immensely with you, *ma belle*. What a pity you have not on that stunning toilette that I first introduced myself to! You were a perfect picture that day, mademoiselle; come now, confess you have never worn it since, because Paul Caro and I spoke to you. If you'll wear it again, I'll take precious good care, I promise you, that no other fellow follows our example. You know you belong to me by right of discovery, Psyche."

During this tirade Dorothy's feelings can be better imagined than described; they were of a most conflicting character; she seemed to herself to be walking in a dream. How could she get rid of this man, who seemed to have constituted himself her protector, *volens volens*? She must be firm; it would not do to mince matters; so looking him full in the face she said haughtily:

"I do not know, monsieur, by what right you intrude upon me in this way; it is most unwarrantable; I am neither '*votre belle*' nor '*votre chère*;' how dare you follow and address—"

All at once she became confused; her heart jumped to her mouth and choked her. She

realized that she was looking at him, and yet could not turn away; his black eyes fixed on hers magnetized her; she saw before her, *d'un coup d'œil*, a pure oval face, short curly locks, Grecian brow, nose, chin; the long moustache, turning upward—what the French call "*en croc*"—served to heighten his insouciant smile. It was a charming *tout ensemble*; how could she snub him? She felt a sudden revulsion of feeling rising that made her thoroughly ashamed of her gibing; and though she knew that his look was more intimate and inquisitive than he had yet dared, she had no strength nor wish to resist it. There was a pause—one could have heard their hearts beat—which the *gai moqueur* broke:

"I was sure I should meet you on the borders of the Seine, Psyche."

Her manner was totally changed, though still on the defensive, as she replied:

"Indeed! But tell me, monsieur, do you haunt the Seine? Have you been condemned to wander a hundred years on its banks, like the disembodied souls by the waters of Avernus?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, I have been condemned to wander ghost-like here, but only until I can induce some lovely spirit-maid, also wandering on its banks, to leave it with me. Will you come, mademoiselle, and set me free? Mine has been a melancholy fate; have compassion upon me."

Dorothy glanced up at the roguish face as it bent down to hers, then burst into a gale of laughter, in which he joined. "I am bound for the Pantheon and Luxembourg. I suppose if I told you, monsieur, that I preferred to go alone, it would make no difference; you'd please yourself."

"Yes, I think I should; you don't know me yet, mademoiselle. Just give me a chance to show you what a capital cicerone I can be; I am certain you will miss me afterwards if you ever have to go alone."

There was a moment's silence, during which Dorothy thought, "*Coûte que coûte*, I'll enjoy myself to-day; there's no harm in it. Life is not all work; why may I not gather the few flowers that grow in my path? When I try to put him down, I'm heartily ashamed of my rudeness, his reply is always so brilliant and disarming."

Off they started in search of the beautiful, with all the abandon of children let loose from school. After doing the Pantheon and St. Etienne her companion proposed their taking *déjeuner* together at a famous restaurant Boulevard St. Michel. Dorothy hesitated; should she draw the line here? "No, why should I? the question is, what is right? not what will Mrs. Grundy say? I shall go the whole figure to-day." After a *recherche* lunch—salad mayonnaise and champagne of the best—they wended their way to the Luxembourg.

Her companion proved an excellent guide, better even than his word. He vitalized everything. There was not a picture in the galleries, a room in the palace, nor a nook in the gardens of which he had not an anecdote to tell. It was ecstasy to listen to him; even his audacity and wilfulness were fascinating. Dorothy was completely captivated by the devotion of her mysterious companion, concerning whose identity she had not the faintest notion—who he was, whether prince or beggar. He told her nothing about himself. They lived in the present or in the far past, which he re-created and peopled for her in his original manner.

As he called her Psyche, she retorted by dubbing him Mercure; the name suited him so well, she thought; if the cestus of Venus is still in existence he surely must have it; his beauty, grace and eloquence are irresistible.

The latter part of the afternoon, as they were retracing their steps towards the river, Dorothy said, "Many thanks, monsieur, for a charming day. I almost think I prefer this side of the Seine to the one I live on."

"Yes, you have *le Paris chic sur la rive droit, mais la rive gauche est du côté du cœur*," he replied.

"And now, monsieur, will you do me the favor to say good-bye when I take the boat at the bridge?"

"With pleasure, mademoiselle, if you will grant me another rendezvous."

"Pardon, monsieur, I have not yet given you one; it was quite an accident, our meeting. I do not fancy it will happen again, as I am seeking an engagement as governess, and if unsuccessful, I shall return to England."

"Don't think me impertinent, mademoiselle, if I ask why you came to France?"

"I do not know. I came abroad to see the world, and drifted here, I suppose; it was chance——"

"Are you sure, mademoiselle, it was not Fate?"

"Are they not the same?"

"By no means; they are very different. I do not think you will leave Paris, Psyche; Fate holds you fast in her meshes."

"If such is the case, I fear it will be useless to struggle against it. All the same I shall be careful not to put inclinations in the place of Fate," Dorothy replied; then added, "I shall not soon forget to-day's escapade; fancy our having spent it together—two strangers, not even knowing each other's names!"

"Pardon! I know yours, Miss Pembroke."

"Why, how did you learn it, and I not yours? Surely I did not tell you?"

Without replying, her companion said, drawing from his case a card which he handed to her:

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am only a poor devil of an artist who will be charmed at receiving a visit from Miss Pembroke and her friends at his atelier any day she may name."

Dorothy took the card and read:

*Comte Gaston de Gallerand.*

L'IMPASSE HELENE.

then handed it back without comment.

"Now that you know who I am you will give me a rendezvous, Psyche?" he urged.

"No, monsieur; your telling me your name does not alter the case; how do I know that you are not a gambler, an adventurer, maybe a second Pranzini?"

The last words had their effect; raising his hat he abruptly left her—then, as if thinking better of it, stood a moment twirling his moustache, finally turned, came close up to her, saying in his softest tones:

"I forgive you, mademoiselle; I brought that insult upon myself; my only excuse is that all is fair in love and war. That proverb, you know, holds good in England as well as in France; in

fact all the world over. But," drawing himself up proudly, "I am neither a gambler nor an adventurer. Mademoiselle, do I look like one?"

She glanced up—their eyes met, his full of bravado, hers full of trouble. Throwing back her beautiful head she answered defiantly:

"How can I tell? I do not know what adventurers look like; the papers say Pranzini was very handsome; at all events he was always hanging about the stations and hotels in search of rich Americans. I felt so sorry for the poor silly girl he finally entrapped. You French ridiculed her letters. I thought them most pathetic, especially the one in which she said she hoped he would soon come to America, as she hated to have him exposed to the temptations of wicked Paris. She was a little fool, but she believed in him. What a narrow escape she had! Had he once got to America they would have been married immediately. I shudder to think of the awakening."

"Do I understand that mademoiselle is paying me the compliment of supposing I may be another such monster?"

"Hardly, monsieur. I mentioned Pranzini only to show the risks English and American girls run in Paris, and how careful they should be. No French mother would allow her daughter to pick up an acquaintance on the street as I have met you, would she? Answer me truly, monsieur,"

she pleaded, looking him full in the face with her honest eyes.

"No, mademoiselle, she would not; but American and English girls are so differently brought up, the same rules do not apply to them. A French girl is a baby until she marries. Such a thing as one in your station of life travelling alone would be unprecedented, her supporting herself in a foreign land unheard of; her parents would never agree to it, no matter how much she wished it."

"Yes, I know it, and I can readily believe we must strike the foreigners as being very odd, going our independent gait. However, it is quite the correct thing in England. Woman's rights, coeducation, and equal opportunities with men are what we are striving for. The modern English girl wishes to make her way in the world on the same lines that her brother does; she thinks a workless life a worthless life."

"Ah, mademoiselle, you English and American women are very clever, *mâle*, what you call 'strong-minded'; not unlike the *précieuses* of Molière's time, but not lovable. I admire beautiful Anglo-Saxon blondes, but at a distance; they are like the beer of their country, made expressly for the phlegmatic Teuton; it suits him so well he will forsake all else and drink only of it. *Au contraire*, in *la belle* France men sip and coquet

with women as with wine; some are like the *vin ordinaire*, a necessity; some like Burgundy, a delight; some like champagne, intoxicating; some, *hélas!* like *eau de vie*, maddening; it is *l'esprit Français* that works the mischief."

"Your diagnosis, to say the least, is original, monsieur; how have you classified me?"

"You, mademoiselle, are English, *mais pas prononcée*; you are Celtic, not Saxon; clever, but not *mûle*; you have *plus d'esprit* than your compatriots."

"Thanks, monsieur, for your complimentary opinion. It was Rousseau, I think, who said, '*L'esprit est la manie des Français.*'"

"*Peut-être*; I never heard it before, *mais vraiment, c'est un mot juste*. But, mademoiselle, you'll give me a rendezvous. *Ayez pitié de moi*, a poor artist who never did anything yet worth exposing. Now that I have seen you my head is filled with visions of what may be, if you will only give me a sitting. My atelier is *l'Impasse Hélène*. I know your friend, Mademoiselle Sally Brown; she will escort you."

"How kind! so you have picked up an acquaintance with her also?—only I beg of you do not call her my friend."

"Is she not? she claims you as one of hers. We have met several times; she is studying with *Courtois*, you know."

"No, I did not know it; but here is my boat. Good-bye, Count de Gallerand," she said, hastily shaking hands.

"*Au revoir*, mademoiselle," he cried, as the boat left the pier.

## CHAPTER X.

"Our national mind and purpose are to be amused and to keep the mob quietly at work while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity of this amusement is fastening upon us as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes—senseless, dissolute, merciless."—*Ruskin.*

A DAY or two after her outing with Count de Gallerand, who should Dorothy meet in the Faubourg St. Honoré but Sally Brown. She did not recognize her at first, she was so changed; gowned in the most ultra-English æsthetic fashion, all "greenery-yallery;" her pretty red hair frizzed and standing out like a nimbus around her head. "It may be artistic, but it is not becoming," Dorothy thought.

Miss Brown's quarters being close by, she insisted upon dragging Dorothy in to look at them.

"We are a nice crowd, just to my liking. I'm on my own hook, you know; we have a superdangulous old time of it, I can tell you. There are six in the house, four girls and two men, all artists—but here's my atelier."

Since so many drawing-rooms are modelled after

the ideal studio nowadays—in fact, turned into old-curiosity shops, for the display of cracked china, worm-eaten tapestries, Japanese hangings, eight-day clocks, cathedral chairs, and spinning-wheels, tricked out like prize oxen at Easter, with flowers and ribbons in every conceivable shade—Dorothy was not much impressed by the litter of choice nothings—art muslins, artificial plants, painted sabots and plaques, with pencil drawings and charcoal sketches pinned against the wall or scattered on the tables—that filled Sally's studio. In one corner was a gorgeously attired figure to which Dorothy bowed, much to Sally's delight, when the latter introduced her mannikin as "Miss Peggy Wood." Taking it all in all it was strange that anyone calling herself an artist could display so little of the artistic in the arrangement of her person and room. A nearer inspection, however, showed many little peculiarities of adornment that had not yet found their way into London orthodox drawing-rooms; for instance, the black and white sketches of the human form divine in every conceivable and to her inconceivable attitude.

"What have you these horrid monstrosities hung on your walls for, Miss Brown?"

"Oh, these are my studies from life."

"You do not mean that undraped humanity sits for you to draw?"

"Why not? it is all in the way of business."

"I must say it is simply disgusting; how could you get courage to look at the creatures, much less draw them?—not even a girdle about their loins! And then fancy having the masters—Courtois or G r me, for instance—criticizing your work!

"Oh, it is nothing when once you are used to it; besides, the model does sport a girdle about his loins; only most of the girls, I among the number, prefer the fig-leaf."

"I would advise you to take pattern of Mother Eve, and sew several together," suggested Dorothy.

"I declare, *ma ch re*, you are as bad as *mar*; she actually objected to *la belle Jardin re* because the child was naked. And let me tell you what she said of the Venus de Milo, it was so original—that she would have liked it better if some of the red velvet that was hanging upon the walls had been made into a gown and hung upon her shoulders."

Dorothy laughed; that was a little too prudish even for her. Dorothy's appreciation of the joke so delighted Sally that she condescendingly said:

"Oh, you'll come round all right in time, my dear. And now, since you have got over your cantankerousness, I'll show you my picture gallery;" saying which she opened a large portfolio, and

displayed a number of sketches—counterparts, it seemed to Dorothy, of those on the wall.

“How do these differ from those I have seen? and why are they derogated to the seclusion of a portfolio?”

“Oh, these are family portraits, don't you know, *ma chère*, ‘*Les vaillants de la grande armée de l'art!*’ I've not many; in fact, only begun my collection. Look here; this is my *chef d'œuvre*; 'tis Bonnat's ‘Job.’ Don't you think Hector Hanoteau would be charmed to see his head on anything so classical? *Voilà mes trois mousquetaires!* Tony Fleury, Van Beers, and a dare-devil friend of theirs and mine. Don't Munkácsy make a sweet Mephistopheles? But look here;” and she held before Dorothy's astonished gaze a portrait of Count de Gallerand in the character of Faust.

“How did you get that? He surely never sat to you?” Dorothy cried.

“He's a regular masher, isn't he?—‘a royal *gommeux*,’ as they say at the atelier. All the girls are quite gone over him, and whenever he puts in an appearance, my! don't we let everything else go bang, and sketch him! I walk behind the band—do you catch on? They say my picture is the best; I suppose because I see more of him than the others,” Sally simpered; she did not add that it was always to inquire about Miss Pembroke that he stopped to talk to her; and

Dorothy thought, "Good heavens! what can he see to admire in Miss Brown? I thought him fastidious, but it seems he will flirt with anyone in petticoats." It also flashed upon her that Sally had insisted upon this visit for the sole purpose of finding out about Count de Gallerand; so she made up her mind not to mention him, and changed the subject by asking after her sister and brother.

"Why did Miss Brown leave you?" she inquired.

"For the best of reasons; I was only too glad to get rid of her; she was a perfect marplot. Mar wanted her to stay with me when she knew I was set upon remaining here, but I wouldn't have her. She was always preaching etiquette; thought it bad form to ride on the top of street cars; was always talking pedigrees; had that book of the Browns that she showed you always to the fore; and as for Burke's 'Peerage,' she read it far more religiously than she read her Bible. No matter how nice English people might be, she refused to know them if their names were not in the 'Peerage.' You see, she'd come abroad for the express purpose of catching a lord. Her head has been quite turned, unfortunately, since the English nobility are running after our girls for their money; and I bet you there are not many have more tin than we have. Would you believe it, I

actually overheard par tell a man he'd give anyone who'd marry one of his daughters five million dollars on the-wedding day."

"And what did the man say to that?" Dorothy laughingly inquired.

"Why, he jumped at it, and said he'd take us both. But it takes two to make a bargain, I guess. We'd something to say to that. Well, as I was remarking, I shipped Hannah Jane off. She's now in England having a perfectly elegant time. You see, she saw in the *Queen* that a lady of the real aristocracy, Baroness Hamilton, would be glad to chaperon in society and introduce at court any pretty young American lady with money; it was a chance, and Hannah Jane snapped at it. Mar writes she hopes she'll catch a lord soon, for she's spending a heap. I guess our money must be running the establishment; if so, the baroness will take good care not to kill the hen that lays the golden eggs. Goodness! but ain't it slow work fishing for lords! And, my! wasn't Hannah Jane mad because you and Le Baron were spoons! I always stood up for you, but she said she would never consent to her brother marrying beneath him. Le Baron was cut up mighty bad when you gave him the slip. Wherever did you hide? Between ourselves, my dear, I think that was half the reason he went home. You needn't mind Hannah; if she does

marry a lord, she'll take precious good care to keep out of our way ; and par and mar won't object worth a cent ; they say they want their children to please themselves, as they did. But, say, won't you write to Le Baron and fix it up with him ?”

“ I could not think of it, Miss Brown. I may call you Sally, may I not ? ”

“ Of course you may ; I presume we are enough acquainted for that. But, say, why won't you write him ? ”

“ For many reasons,” Dorothy replied. “ First, I am not in love with your brother, and, secondly, I have no wish to change my lot. I am as much in love with my profession as you are with yours.”

“ Why, I want to know ! can one be in love with teaching as with art ? I never thought of that before.”

“ Certainly ; I am quite as much in love with the intellectual part of my work as you, I fancy, are with yours, or rather, *les maîtres* are with theirs.”

“ How strange it never struck me that way before ! One hears so often of musicians, sculptors, painters making a mistress of their art, but never a teacher.”

“ True, I acknowledge it is the fashion to talk in that way, I suppose because the professions you name are the *beaux arts*. But teaching is equally worthy of consideration, for it is one of

the *arts libéraux*, where intelligence occupies the highest plane."

"Indeed! but I am no hand at argufying; you are much too brainy for me; I only wish Le Baron were here, he's real clever and a crack discusser."

"But you are not alone here, Sally, are you?" Dorothy asked.

"No, thank goodness! not now; I've an old chum with me. When Le Baron and Hannah Jane left me, a year ago, I wrote mar to send over Gertie Smith. Her par's not rich like ours, and she has to do something for herself, and she has a perfect talent for painting; and I thought if mar would pay her passage, she'd come; but when mar told her I was drawing from the nude and she would have to, too, if she studied in Paris, my jiminy! didn't she flatly refuse to come?—said she'd give up art sooner. Well, you bet I know a thing or two; so I wrote mar to say nothing, but jest get her that place in a hospital she was crazy after. You see, she thought she had a vocation that way. Well, mar did jest as I said, and it worked like a charm, so when we made the same offer this year Gertie jumped at it. She doesn't mind the models now one bit more than I. I tell you there is nothing like getting used to seeing people without clothes, my dear. Every nude woman is a Venus."

"Perhaps you will be setting the fashion of

going disrobed yourself some day," Dorothy sarcastically said; but the sarcasm was lost upon Sally, who simply replied:

"Oh, dear, no; I draw the line there. I love fancy dry-goods and stylish gowns like this one too well ever to give them up. Gertie goes in strong for dress reform—divided skirts and all those highfalutin notions, I can tell you. Then, too, we girls often sit for each other. But what are you standing for, dear? I'm just going to ring for a pitcher of hot water to make some tea with; you'll not be so mean as to go before it's made; I have it every afternoon *à l'Anglaise*."

Dorothy accepted a cup, and shortly after took her leave, when a bevy of frowsy heads and lanky robes burst in upon her hostess.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Nature's rule is not the righteous, but the strong shall inherit the land; find something weaker and kill it and take possession of its little vineyard, and no Naboth's curse shall follow you, but you shall thrive."—C. Kingsley.

DOROTHY was beginning to think it was useless for her to try to get anything through the agents, she and they were so antagonistic. There are two kinds of agencies in Paris: those kept by men and those kept by women. The latter are preferable; the former, although more businesslike, are more brutal; as an example of the latter class let us take one on rue Miromesnil. *Au deuxième* is a door with a little brass knob in the centre, above which are the words "*Entrez sans sonner,*" which having done, you find yourself in a small square ante-room, so filled with women that you are obliged to stand several minutes before securing a seat.

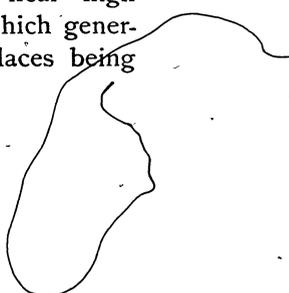
While waiting your turn you have ample time to take an inventory of the room, which is very well furnished, and is ornamented with placques and pictures not too bad in their way. The occupants, like yourself, are looking for work. One can often judge by their toilettes what their social position is,

and what they are willing to take. Here is the tall, well-dressed girl furnished with an Oxford or Cambridge diploma; she scorns everything but a well-paid governess's place. Next her is a lady-like woman on the shady side of thirty, who, finding that a knowledge of conversational French is a necessity if she would keep her situation in England, asks only a place "*au pair*" in some good family. It is not until her savings are almost gone that she realizes that no private family in France wants a governess on mutual terms as in England. Apartments of the "*petits ménages*" are too small to give up a room to the governess; they prefer one to come by the hour. *Le grand monde* in large apartments would rather pay their teachers. Near the door is seated a poor girl whom Dorothy has met in all the bureaux. She has been in Paris for years, knows all the routine, has once or twice fallen upon her feet, but not for long; each autumn sees her back again, besieging the agencies, poorer and more dilapidated than the season before. Now she is willing to do anything, even to take a nursery-maid's place, provided you call it *gouvernante* or nursery governess. By the way, you can do anything but go into a shop; once do that you can never, if it is known, teach or governess again.

But all the applicants are not as pitiable as these last. Those showy, overdressed girls with

golden hair can hardly want teachers' situations; perhaps they have come to engage some one to give them lessons. Oh, no, they would not be in this room if that were the case; those seeking teachers are shown into the salon, luxurious in mirrors and rugs. Neither do they take their turn with the applicants that are admitted directly into the inner sanctum. These girls are on the lookout for something easy, as companions to orphans or housekeepers to widowers; they must live, and money they must have, but they do not like hard work. They are the kind that end by going into shops, oftenest the perfumery or flower shops, if they do nothing worse.

But Dorothy's turn has come. Madame does not keep her clients long; good-day and good-bye are almost in the same breath. "Anything for me?" is the usual salutation after the first visit, when the name and address and the franc for paper and stamps are taken in case of writing. The government forbids a fee being charged before a situation is secured, but there are many ways of getting over this; for instance, by asking you to subscribe ten or twenty francs for an educational journal where you can advertise gratis. "No, nothing to-day," is the invariable response to the ninety-and-nine. Occasionally you hear high words, threats of telling the police, which generally end in a list of two or three places being



given. This quells the storm for a time, but the insurgent is really not much better off than before, the same list having been given out more than once that day from every agency in Paris.

The proprietor of the bureau, Madame Carotte, an old woman of seventy or over, dressed like a young girl, her head crowned with a light wig, looked up as Dorothy was admitted, and said, "I did not expect to see you here again."

"Indeed! pray why not?"

"I thought you'd be quite too high and mighty to take anything I had to offer, after refusing to go *chez* Madame Richard, an old St. Germain family."

"I did not refuse to go, I only told Madame Richard when she asked for my testimonials, that I would exchange references with her. How could I know that she was of an old St. Germain family? She certainly does not live in that quarter, and there was nothing to indicate it in her apartment. You never mentioned it, but it is of no consequence; had you done so, I should have asked her all the same for references, for I shall never enter any family as governess that I know nothing about."

"*Eh bien!* mademoiselle, I have nothing that will suit you. *Bon jour.*"

"If Madame Richard is a sample of your patrons, you certainly have not; good-morning."

With high head and flushed face Dorothy calmly and proudly passed through the crowded ante-room. As she closed the door it was with a sense of relief for herself, vowing she would never set foot there again, and a feeling akin to pity for the poor, spiritless creatures she had left behind, taking their insults like dumb, driven cattle, many without the courage of a worm that turns when it is trampled on. So intense were her feelings that, half way down the stairs, she stopped, clenched her hands, turned, went back a few steps, then—burst into excited laughter. “What was I going to do?” she asked with horror, as the laugh gave place to tears. For the space of three or four minutes she had been quite beside herself, crazy, mad, call it what you will. In that brief interval she had planned all the details of an insurrection. She would put herself at the head of the little band of women in the anteroom, seize and throttle the old woman who represented mis-used power, and force her to give them work.

In those few minutes she comprehended perfectly the height and depth of the French Revolution. She, a daughter of the most conservative of conservatives, was for the space of three or four minutes an anarchist. Then came the revulsion that only strong natures can feel; tears came to her eyes, her heart beating and throbbing as if it would burst as she leaned for support against the

wall. But the door above opens, and steps are heard descending. Gulping down her sobs she hurries on and is soon mingling with the crowd, rushing along as if possessed, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. The pent-up feelings of years had burst their barriers and threatened to engulf her soul. Her equilibrium, however, was partially restored by the fresh autumn air, and when she got to Parc Monceau she threw herself on one of the benches with a sigh of relief. She was alone at last, and at liberty to think. But her trials were by no means over; she had another battle to wage. Comte de Gallerand was close behind her; hardly was she seated ere she heard his merry voice, so little in harmony with her present feelings, calling, "Whither so fast, *ma belle Anglaise*?"

Without turning, without replying, she jumped up and hastened on. He was at her side in an instant. "*Mon Dieu!* Psyche, what is it? has anything happened? Why so sad? You're as pale as a sheet; are you ill?"

"No, I am perfectly well; I only wish you would not pounce upon me in this way; you startled me, and I detest being startled when I have a headache and am nervous," she petulantly exclaimed.

Comte de Gallerand took her onslaught with an amused smile; he was contemplating a coup and would not be put off.

"I don't wonder you have a headache; it is those abominable agents; they'll kill you before they are done with you. I saw you coming out of that old woman's. Give up this idea of teaching, send the whole business to the devil, and put yourself under my protection, mademoiselle."

"And what would you do for me, monsieur?" she asked, too naïve to understand him.

"Oh, I'll see that you enjoy yourself; my one object in joining you to-day was to persuade you to cast your lot in with mine. Let me provide for you. We were made for one another, Psyche. The first time I saw you my heart went out to meet yours. Did you not feel the same for me, *ma mie*? I was a mere butterfly till you came; I lived for the present moment only; now I have an object in life, something to work for; ah! *mon âme*! my Psyche! do not send me away," he pleaded.

"I do not understand you, sir," said Dorothy frigidly.

"Well, to be more explicit, I have not yet made my mark in the world. With you as an inspiration I am sure to do it. I'll paint you in every conceivable character; I long to begin. Which shall it be first? Jeanne d'Arc hearing voices and seeing visions, or an Assumption? Do you know you are the living, breathing image of Murillo's at the Louvre? *Et puis*, you might take lessons

in painting of me. I am sure you will succeed, with your artistic taste, *mon amie*. *Allons!* we will visit the galleries by day and the theatres by night"—

"Not another word; leave me, sir," cried Dorothy, coloring with indignation as the meaning of her companion's words flashed upon her. "I'm a fool to have given you the opportunity to insult me; once and for all, Comte de Gallerand, I despise you. And, by the way, let me mention that, although alone in Paris, I am not without friends should I choose to write or telegraph. I have a tried, faithful one who would leave everything at a moment's notice to hasten to my assistance. Neither am I without money; I have only to call at Baring Brothers to draw what I wish. It is a whim, a fad, English peculiarity, whatever you choose to call it, that I am now in Paris supporting myself. But here is my pension; I shall bid you good-day—not *au revoir*, but farewell. And please remember, Comte de Gallerand, I shall not permit this intimacy to go any farther. If you persist in it I shall apply to the British consul for protection."

"*Mon Dieu!* mademoiselle, you are cold; you are always on the defensive; you think me insincere, unscrupulous; you have no right to do so, I never gave you any cause. There is no one in the world I would sooner please than you, Psyche.

*Mais!* it shall be *adieu* this time; if you insist I'll not obtrude my society upon you any longer. I'm not a *blagueur*, neither do I try to appear good à l'*Anglaise*; we call a spade a spade in France. You have sent me off; I shall not break my heart, I'll wait. You'll ask me yet to come back."

"It will be a long day ere I do that, monsieur," she haughtily replied.

"*Peut-être*, but come it will—nay, mark my words, the time will come when you will sue for my protection with more persistence than I have to-day sued for a kind word and look from you."

"God forbid such a calamity; but should it happen, say, what would you do—remind me of this and be revenged?"

"Mademoiselle, what would not love do for its beloved?" he replied, stooping so low over her that she felt as if clasped in his arms, though he did not even touch her; then standing erect he bowed, in his gay chevalier manner, smiled his beautiful, polished smile, wished her *adieu*, and was gone.

## CHAPTER XII.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."—*Bailey.*

DOROTHY was not many minutes in mounting the stairs to the little apartment *au quatrième*. Telling the maid who opened the door that she had a headache, and did not wish to be disturbed until the next morning, she hurried to her room, turned the key, threw herself upon the bed, and had a good cry. At last with a long-drawn sigh she set to work to calmly review the events of the day. How could she solve her difficulties? How could she extricate herself from the toils she felt were closing around her? She was without money, and must get work. There was not a person in that great city to whom she could go. Oh, if the rich only knew how much she needed work, would they not give it to her? But they did not, and they would not know. She might call at their homes, and if the servant admitted her, and she told them how much she wanted it, they would not believe her; they could not realize it any more than the queen who, when

told that the people were starving for bread, exclaimed, "Why, then, do they not eat cake?" She, Dorothy, would be told that she did not look like an object of charity; that there were societies for helping the poor, bureaux where work was given out, to which they subscribed annually. Then they would wonder what had brought her to this pass. Some would even insult her by offering her a shilling, telling her if the worst came to the worst to apply to the Church, or the British Embassy, to be sent home. Little did they know of the many daily applying, of the many daily turned away; neither would they consider as to whether she would be better off in England; they only knew she would be out of sight, where it would be somebody else's duty to look after her.

Dorothy knew it would be useless to apply to her own people in America, so she never gave them a thought. Her one care was to keep from thinking of them, to try to forget their existence, as they to all appearance had hers. However, she found upon comparing her lot with that of many girls around her that she was better off than they, for she had one true friend, and they were quite alone. Had the time come for her to write or cable to Harry Alexander, as she had promised him to do when in difficulty? No, no; not yet; that would be acknowledging herself beaten. She

would be bound to marry him if she did. She must struggle on a little longer; the tide would be sure to turn, it always does; it must be at its lowest now. "Nothing shall induce me to sell myself either to him or to Comte de Gallerand." At the thought a vision of the latter, with his flashing eyes, chestnut hair, beard *à la* Prince of Wales, moustache long and curling upward, came with all its effrontery and audacity between her and Harry's aristocratic face.

"Oh, he is so handsome! if I could only trust him I could love him dearly. Why can't I? Is it intuition that tells me I must not, or is it national prejudice, as he says? No matter which, I am glad I am rid of him. I will live without either of them. Men have been the plague of my life always. Why will they never take us seriously? Why cannot a woman go to a man, as one man goes to another, and say, 'I have a little scheme on foot, will you lend me so much to venture with? I have no securities, I am only beginning, but you may insure my life in your favor.' What would the answer be? Most likely from the professional man or the respectable *paterfamilias* a tirade against woman engaging in business, with trite advice about home being woman's sphere, ending with some platitudes as to not liking to take such security from women. If the man is a rake, he will more than likely insult you with an

offer of his love. Should you show a little spirit, and indignantly refuse it, not a penny will you get; accept him as a lover and he will shower untold wealth and favor upon you—as long as you please him. We all know the kind of woman that makes her way, with solitary exceptions, upon the stage. It is the manager's favorite that gets the plums. Upon my word, I do not wonder that so many girls go under when men offer them every inducement to do so, and put so many obstacles in the way to prevent their getting on independently of them. One has but to be poor to see behind the masks that most men wear in this world; why, even their own wives would hardly know many of them if they suddenly came upon them talking to a shop-girl or a young person not in society. And these same poor women are *bête* enough to be flattered, hoodwinked, beguiled, and cajoled into giving up the best of their lives to pleasing the animal in such men. Then, when they are old and ugly, he sends them to the devil! Bah! I am heartily sick and tired of it all," sighed Dorothy. "If I were rich I'd enter a convent and devote my life to doing good; it would not be the same going in empty-handed; that would be too much like seeking a refuge. I wonder if it is as St. Augustine says: 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.' Has God denied

me earthly love so that I may be free to give all to Him? If it be so, 'show me the way—guide me—teach me—O Lord.'"

Sliding from the bed she knelt on the floor, her head buried in her hands, and prayed with childlike trust that He who clothes the lilies of the field and cares for the sparrows of the air would watch over her—that she might have no thought nor fear for the morrow. "Thy will, not mine, O Lord," she sobbed. As she prayed a wonderful peace and calm seemed to descend upon her, and when she rose from her knees it was with a feeling of certainty that He who dwelleth in heaven had heard her from His dwelling-place.

Undressing she went to bed, and slept the quiet, dreamless sleep of a tired child.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"I am always content with that which happens, for I think what God chooses is better than what I choose."—*Epictetus*.

THE next morning, when the maid brought her coffee, a little perfumed note in a rose-tinted envelope, with a crest on the left-hand corner, lay upon the tray. Dorothy saw it with apprehension, fearing lest it should be from Comte de Gallerand; but a nearer inspection showed her that the address was in a lady's hand. Could it be an answer to her prayer? she queried. The only way to find out was to open it; so cutting the envelope, womanlike, with a hairpin, she drew out and read the following:

"MADEMOISELLE:

"I desire an English *institutrice* for my son. I see you yesterday as I stop my carriage in face of the house of Madame Carotte. I found you charming, your visage *spirituel* and *aimable*. I tell Madame I will have no other young lady but you; and I make her give me your address. Now I will be very please to see you at my *hôtel* to-day after *déjeuner*, and we will have a little talk

together. If it is impossible to you to come to my home, you will write to me, and I will come home to you.

"I hope, mademoiselle, you will understand this, but I fear you will have very much to do, as I make haste for to write.

"In waiting for you after lunch ;

"Think me,

"Yours sincerely,

"SUZANNE NESVITSKY."

Enclosed was a card.

*Princesse Ivan Nesvitsky.*

*Hôtel Nesvitsky, Parc Monceau.*

How happy and light-hearted Dorothy was all in a moment!—something, she thought, as Christian must have felt when the burden rolled from his shoulders at the foot of the cross. She had heard people say that answers to prayer, like miracles, have had their day. Let them scoff, she would never doubt that a fervent, earnest prayer, with faith, would be answered. God had heard her and sent her help.

That morning, as the clock was striking one, Dorothy rang the bell at a small but beautiful house overlooking Parc Monceau. The *grande porte cochère* noiselessly turned on its hinges, opened by an unseen hand, and admitted her to a courtyard laid out as a garden *à l'Anglaise*, in the centre of which was a fountain. Every here and there along the walks were tropical shrubs, and orange trees in great green wooden tubs; plants were also on the steps leading to the front door. Here an obsequious valet met her, and showed her into a small reception-room on the left of the door.

In a few moments the princess entered, reminding Dorothy of the Italian whom Goldoni praised so highly in the last century, "*bianca, biondina, e grassotta*"; in other words, a showy woman, fair, fat, blonde, and of any age. She once might have been beautiful, but she was now too golden-haired to be natural, too powdered to be kissable, and too fat to be healthy; perhaps her gown, a loose *robe de chambre*, had the effect of making her seem larger than she really was. "Her fingers are loaded with rings, and she wears diamond earrings in the morning," mentally commented Dorothy. Her manner, a trifle loud perhaps, was yet so cordial and motherly that Dorothy felt instantly drawn to her.

During the interview, the princess repeated and

enlarged upon what she had written : how that she was just going to call upon Madame Carotte to ask her to recommend a *professeur d'Anglais* for her son, *mais* she saw "mademoiselle coming out, so sad, *si triste, si jolie*," that she determined to have her and no other.

"Madame Carotte said you were *trop fière*, and would never suit me, and urged me to take some other young girl, but I said, 'No, only mademoiselle for me;' and you will come, you will teach your own language but one little half-hour a day, and you will see that my son prepare well his lessons for his *cours*. He attends the Lycée Jansen, and must leave the house every morning at nine. Daniel, my *maître d'hôtel*, will go with him, but you and I will go to fetch him in the afternoon in the carriage, when we will drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and we will talk English, for I love English. I have passed many happy years in Angleterre. *Êtes-vous contente, mademoiselle ?* As for *les honoraires*, I will pay you what you will. You will have your own apartments, mademoiselle, next those of my son, and you will take your meals there with him, because I dine out very often; but when I have distinguished guests you will dine with us, if you please. I shall take you from time to time to the theatre, and you will go when you will please with Alexis to visit the Musée and the monuments;

and you will have all the other time to promenade yourself and to make a little work. *Eh bien*, are you content, mademoiselle?"

Upon Dorothy assuring her that she was perfectly content, the princess added: "There is only one little favor I will ask of you: I am *en deuil*, you may have observed; I have made a vow to carry the *deuil* until my son is twenty-one years. Now, mademoiselle, you are very *aimable*; will you carry the *deuil* also? and I will charge myself with your toilette if you will do me this one little favor."

Upon Dorothy consenting it was arranged that she should enter upon her duties the following Monday, and as the carriage was at the door, the princess asked if she could accompany her then *chez* Félix and Madame Pelletier-Vida, to have her measure taken so that the costumes might be ready when she arrived.

Dorothy agreed to everything. "I have put my hand to the plough, and will not turn back unless it is a matter of conscience; time enough to take a stand then," she mused. "The princess is Russian, rich, and eccentric—what they call nowadays a paranoiac. A fad is meat and drink to her; that is why she wants me to dress in half-mourning. Undoubtedly I shall have to make up my mind for the unexpected here."

The next few days passed quickly, and on the

following Monday Dorothy took up her abode in the Princess Nesvitsky's luxurious *hôtel*. Her own apartments were in the left wing, some distance from the princess's, but adjoining those of her pupil, Prince Alexis Nesvitsky. They comprised a large, well-furnished room, used jointly by herself and Alexis as a study, and salon. Next was a pretty little dining-room, out of which opened her own particular boudoir, octagonal in shape, with two large windows overlooking the park. A private staircase led to her bed and dressing-rooms, which were above the two rooms last mentioned. All were handsomely furnished in the French fashion—polished floors, rugs, innumerable mirrors, plants and flowers everywhere, the furniture of each room blending in color with the hangings on the wall, and the boudoir being a mass of shrimp silk, the bedroom white cretonne with pink rosebuds. Everything was fresh and gay, what the French call *riant*, though somewhat too loud and garish to suit Dorothy's quiet taste. One side of the dining-room was filled with books, which she promised herself the pleasure of dipping into on the first opportunity.

The princess had come to the door to welcome her, and was even kinder, more motherly and gushing than at their first interview; her delight seemed genuine at the pleasure she was sure Dorothy would take at the new toilets she had

prepared for her. Had the latter not been pleased she would have been careful not to show indifference, and put a damper upon the princess's enthusiasm. As it was, she tried on, one after another, the various hats and frocks, like the most obedient French daughter, making believe to herself she was only sixteen, not twenty-eight. The princess's *femme de chambre*, Marie, who helped her off and on with the garments, was Russian, and as she spoke French badly, her mistress conversed with her in her native tongue. Naturally, Dorothy did not understand a word of what they said, but there was no mistaking their expression of admiration; it was almost ludicrous, as they clasped their hands in ecstasy over each successive costume. When she was arrayed in a white-silk dinner dress the princess cried, "*Vous êtes ravissante, superbe,*" etc., and Marie smoothed, patted, and pawed her over as if she were a little kitten. On the whole, Dorothy was quite content with herself, as she surveyed her graceful figure in the long triple mirror. "Fine dresses make fine birds," she confessed.

Having understood that she was to wear black, she was not a little relieved and delighted to find that out of the half-dozen toiletés the princess had ordered, only two were of that sombre hue, one a delicate lace, the other a rich black velvet walking dress, trimmed with fur. They all fitted,

like a glove, and Dorothy, who had seldom worn white before, on account of its costliness, was very much surprised to see how becoming it was to her. As she stood there the thought came, "If Harry saw me now, would he love me as I want to be loved—passionately?"

Setting aside the black velvet costume, a large white hat, white fur boa and muff, the princess asked her if she would wear them that afternoon when they drove in the Bois—which she did, feeling somewhat though, when dressed, as if, in taking the princess's livery, she had lost her own individuality; that she, Dorothy Pembroke, who had made such a point of having her liberty, was vanquished, annihilated. "I wonder what Harry Alexander would say to all this?" the thought kept continually repeating itself; which set her conjecturing. Was this only a fad of the princess's, this wanting her to dress in black and white? or was she making a tool of her for some reason? Then she recalled the black horses and carriage, the sable livery of coachman and groom, the mourning habiliments of the princess and son. No, it could not be that. Perhaps gay colors would be out of place here, and the æsthetic taste or fine sense of propriety of the princess shocked; at all events, it was an innocent whim, and why should she not fall in with it?

Weeks passed quickly and pleasantly; it was a

lazy, luxurious life she was leading, but it suited Dorothy. She needed a breathing-space. Thus far she had lived at high pressure, and it is just as well now and then to let off a little steam, pause, and think in the race of life.

The princess continued to be the same good-natured enthusiast she had shown herself at first. Dorothy seldom saw her except at their daily drive; then she talked a good deal, and on several occasions gave Dorothy glimpses of her past life. She was French, of humble origin, Prince Nesvitsky having fallen in love with her when she was singing in opera at St. Petersburg. His family had never acknowledged her, and she had no living relations of her own; which facts accounted for much that had perplexed Dorothy, notably that she had so few women, and such troops of men, friends. She kept her promise of asking Dorothy to dinner when she had distinguished guests. The company often included men well known in the world, such as General Boulanger—but, though the opportunity is tempting to introduce each one in turn, I must remember that the repast was *sub rosa*, and refrain. The only things that Dorothy remarked as differing from the usual English society party, were that coffee was served in the dining-room rather than in the drawing-room, that the men smoked all over the house, and that the princess always had her cigarette too. Dinner over,

the latter, accompanied by one or two of the men, went to the theatre or some other place of amusement, and Dorothy sought the privacy of her own apartment.

At a second party, some ten days after her arrival, whom should Dorothy see on entering the salon but the ubiquitous Comte de Gallerand chatting with the princess, and looking handsomer than ever in his evening dress. When he caught sight of her he rose, rushed forward, exclaiming, as he seized her hand :

“ You here, of all places, mademoiselle ! ” then turning to his hostess, demanded in his impetuous way, “ *Mon Dieu!* how did you ever know Miss Pembroke? Why didn't you tell me she was staying with you? How long has she been here? ” etc., etc.

Without waiting for an answer, he was explaining that he and Miss Pembroke were old friends, when the door was thrown open and Daniel announced, “ *Madame la Princesse est servi.* ”

Then all filed out to the dining-room, Dorothy falling to the lot of an old hidalgo, with an endless string of names and titles in the grandiloquent Spanish style, though familiarly called Don Estoracho by the princess and “ *bon ami* ” by Alexis. She had been introduced to him on the very first day of her arrival at Hôtel Nesvitsky,

and was then not a little annoyed by the way in which he came close up to her, raised his eye-glass, and deliberately scrutinized her from head to foot in a most supercilious manner. She partially forgave him, however, when the princess told her that Don Estoracho, who was attached to Queen Isabella's household, found her "*très bien élevée,*" which Dorothy thought fortunate, for being a constant habitué of the house, it might have been awkward for her, to say the least, had he not found her *comme il faut*.

The dinner passed without incident. Comte de Gallerand found an opportunity, however, while the princess was putting on her opera-cloak, to whisper to Dorothy that he had been almost beside himself since their last interview; that he had spent hours every day walking up and down in front of her pension; that several times he had caught a glimpse of her in the distance, but would not intrude after what had passed between them; that he was delighted to have met her here; now everything would be on a different footing; would she absolve him from his promise, and let him prove to her what a good friend he could be?

Dorothy laughingly consented to give him another trial; then, as the princess reappeared, she slipped off to her own quarters for a quiet evening with her pupil.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"And what must I perform in recompense?"

*Mephistopheles*—"For that you have a long, long respite."

"Nay, nay,—answer me. The devil is an egotist, and ne'er does good to others for the love of God."—*Goethe*.

"For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,  
Past things and thoughts and buried lives come back.

—*Edwin Arnold*.

DOROTHY had been several times to the Comédie Française, where the Coquelins were playing; more than once to the Porte St. Martin, where the divine Sara was drawing crowds nightly; also to the Variétés; even to the Châtelet, where "*Le Chat du Diable*" ("Whittington and His Cat") was the attraction; but not yet to the Grand Opera. However, one evening, as she and Alexis were lingering over their dessert, the princess burst in upon them with, "*Vite, vite, mademoiselle; you will like to come with me this evening to the opera, will you not?*"

Upon Dorothy joyfully accepting, she cried, "*Dépêchons nous; I will go fetch ma femme de chambre to assist you with your toilette; a surprise I have made for you, mon amie.*"

Dorothy was no time in getting into the ex-

quisite silk-and-lace frock the princess had ordered for the occasion. The latter, after critically surveying her, exclaimed, "You are cold *comme la glace, ma belle*; you will need a dash of color," then rushed impetuously off to fetch her jewel-case, from which she drew a magnificent topaz necklace, exclaiming, as she held it up, "*Pour vous, mademoiselle*. It is the finishing touch your toilette needs; they will go well with your bouquet of yellow roses, *ma chère*." Dorothy refused to accept anything so costly, but at last consented to wear them this once to please the princess, who, having wound them like a dog-collar round her neck, would not hear of her taking them off.

The opera that night was Gounod's "Faust," and the prima-donna an American. They arrived early, in time to get seated before the overture began. It was the first time Dorothy had been in the beautiful building, and all was so new and strange that she did not notice she was placed in the front of the box, while the princess and Don Estoracho sat a little back; she only knew it was a good position to see and hear from, never dreaming that any one might find her more attractive than the stage. She thought the house magnificent, even the curtain beautiful; but when it rose, from that moment to the end of the first act she saw nothing but the scene before her, and lived only in the characters there portrayed. In

the third act Faust took her heart by storm as he sang those exquisite love strains to Marguerite, looking an ideal lover in his velvet mantle and cap.

During the *entr'actes* she drew back into the corner of the box, closed her eyes, and went over it all again. "Faust" appealed to her at that time as no other opera could have done. It was realistic to a degree. In the long scene of the third act it was not the fortunes of Marguerite she followed with bated breath, but those of Dorothy Pembroke. Faust sold himself to Mephistopheles; Marguerite sold herself to Faust—for what? For the fascinations of love. Then came the startling thought, was she doing the same? Was she bargaining with the devil? Had she not refused a true, loyal friendship and a sphere of usefulness for this same chimera—love? Had she already sold herself? No, no! the love for which she longed and sought was heaven-born, not of the earth, earthy, like poor Marguerite's.

When the curtain fell for the third time her thoughts were soaring far away from the scene before her. People entered the loge, paid their respects to the princess, and left without Dorothy observing them, so absorbed was she. At last she became aware of someone speaking to her, calling her out of dreamland almost against her

will. Opening her eyes she saw, without the least surprise, Count de Gallerand by her side.

"At last her Majesty has condescended to come down from the clouds and glance at the dog at her feet."

"Oh! Count de Gallerand, is it you? Why did you call me back? It was so beautiful. Was not Marguerite heavenly?"

"*Ma foi!* a very substantial angel; perhaps a Turk's ideal. *Mon ange* is something more ethereal. Do you know, mademoiselle, a lot of men have found you very heavenly to-night, and have come to the box to be presented, but the princess would not disturb you for any one of them? She is a veritable dragon where you are concerned. She permitted me, however, as I am an old acquaintance, to guard you while she took a little respite."

"Oh! where is the princess now?" said Dorothy quickly, afraid of—she scarce knew what.

"*N'ayez pas peur, mademoiselle;* she's in the foyer; we'll promenade there next *entr'acte*; it is too late this time."

"Thanks, monsieur, but I prefer remaining here and going over the libretto by myself; don't you think it is well put on to-night?"

"*Assez bien,* all but the second act; *il a traîné un peu; ça se tasse.*"

"And doesn't Marguerite sing divinely?" said Dorothy.

"Yes, she has a beautiful voice. *En passant*, did you ever hear the Princess Nesvitsky sing?"

"No, never, though she has promised to sing for me some day."

"We will get her to give us a musicale; she knows all the great singers. It is a chance, mademoiselle, my seeing you alone to-night, that I am going to improve, and urge you to give me a sitting for my picture for the next salon."

"That I shall never do, Count de Gallerand."

"Will you not? well it does not so much matter, for, fortunately, I have now a pretty good sketch."

"A picture? a likeness of me?" Dorothy exclaimed, opening her eyes to their full extent in growing anger.

"*Mais si*, of you, *ma fière Anglaise*," laughed the count, as he twirled his long moustache. "Would you like to see it? Any criticism you may have to offer will be gratefully received."

With that he brought from the back of the loge a portfolio, and triumphantly drew out a paper upon which Dorothy saw an idealized charcoal sketch of herself.

"How dare you do that, Count de Gallerand?" she freezingly said, as he exultingly displayed it.

"You know my motto, 'All is fair in love,' *ma belle Anglaise*."

"There is no love in the matter, I would have

you know, Count de Gallerand," Dorothy said with fire in her eyes. "I despise you."

"*Merci*, mademoiselle; I was afraid you were going to say you were indifferent to me," the count rejoined with mocking audacity. "It's another affair now. War has been declared—war to the knife, in which all is equally fair as in love. *Eh bien!* mademoiselle, had you been *aimable*, and prettily asked me for the picture instead of getting into a *rage*, I might have been soft enough to have given it to you. Now I shall keep it, and send it to the salon as Psyche. *A propos* of that, mademoiselle, do you know you are and always will be Psyche to me? It is singular with what different eyes we artists look at things from other people. Every woman who makes a permanent impression upon an artist is ever afterwards recalled to his mind's eye as she appeared in that particular scene. Your image was indelibly stamped upon my memory, brain, heart, or what you will, at our first *rencontre*, when, drawing back so proudly, you haughtily uttered those magic words, '*Je suis Anglaise.*' *Sapristi!* You English seem to think because you are English you have a right to walk over the rest of us peoples, crushing us like the car of Juggernaut. For the life of me I can't tell what it was that made me turn and flee that day; perhaps because you looked at me in that innocent way you have. *En passant*, why did you not

look at the other fellow? Paul got off without a scratch. You awakened me then to life or death, and no words of yours now can undo the deed. I am going to call you Psyche whether you like it or not. Psyche you are to me, mademoiselle, and I'll awaken your soul if you have one," he savagely, almost brutally, exclaimed.

As Dorothy listened there came over her for the first time in her life a fear, a fatalistic feeling, that, struggle as she would, it would be of no use; opposition would only make it worse; better for her to seem to yield. So, looking up as indifferently as she could, she said:

"Well, there's no great harm done. You've got the better of me, Count de Gallerand. I would prefer not having my picture in the salon; but we won't quarrel; I understand that such a thing as friendship between an unmarried man and woman is unheard of in France, or I should ask you, Count de Gallerand, to be my friend in the English sense of the word."

"I would be something more than a friend, Psyche," he whispered, drawing his chair close to hers, and looking at her with that intense gaze she had several times before encountered and always dreaded.

Dorothy was cornered; there was no way of escape, so she replied, rather cruelly perhaps:

"I was a fool to talk of friendship to you, Count

de Gallerand. It is a sentiment far above you ; in fact, beyond the comprehension of any Frenchman. You don't know the a b c of its language. You materialize everything ; hatred, anger, love, jealousy, friendship—all are with you, not passions of the soul, but passions of the body."

"Pârdon, mademoiselle, but do you think you have seen enough of French character to judge us in this sweeping way? I grant we are very different from your compatriots. We are more *spirituels*, have more sentiment ; it would be impossible for us to form a phlegmatic friendship such as you mention as common among matter-of-fact Englishmen. We are extremists. We either love or hate. There is no medium in our intimacies. Yours very often begin or end with a flirtation. Both parties amuse themselves, play at love and with love, but neither is wounded. We have ingrafted the word *firter* into our language, but we do not know how to flirt. We are too *vifs*. Even when in earnest, you Anglo-Saxons prefer to flirt, and play with your victim like the cat with the bird before killing it."

As he spoke the princess returned, and the curtain rose on the fourth act. At first Dorothy thought Count de Gallerand had spoilt the evening for her, and that she would not again lose herself in the play, but she was mistaken. The scene represented the interior of an old cathedral,

all in a blaze of light ; candles burning upon the altar ; priests and acolytes in gorgeous robes standing before it ; kneeling peasants filled the nave ; then, as the organ strikes up a fugue, poor Marguerite steals in, and kneels to pray, but a voice is heard telling her there is no refuge on earth, or in heaven, for such as she ; as the voice speaks she gives a shriek, and falls senseless upon the floor. The organ takes up the fugue again, and the curtain drops. The contrast between this and the other acts is very effective ; the first were all worldly love, passion, and gayety ; this was contrition, remorse, and religious pomp, and exaltation.

In the last act Marguerite, in prison, is having her punishment in this world—reaping her wild oats. But all is not yet over ; another temptation is still in store for her, another battle yet to be fought. Faust and Mephistopheles come to tempt her. She hardly knows what to do. She has almost decided to go with them, when she sees her innocent youth in a vision. They keep urging her, and even try to drag her along with them, but she breaks from them, and crying, "To Thee, O God, belongs my soul," falls down dead upon her pallet.

The mental excitement Dorothy felt at this sad scene almost overcame her ; tears filled her eyes, and she could hardly keep from sobbing ; it was so real to her that the strain upon her emotions

was terrible. Finally, when Marguerite was caught up and borne to heaven by the four beautiful angels clad in diaphanous sunset clouds, the relief was immense.

As they were standing in the vestibule, at the foot of the white marble staircase, waiting for their carriage, Count de Gallerand, turning to the princess, said: "Madame, Miss Pembroke tells me she has never heard you sing; will you not give us a musicale next Sunday?"

"With pleasure, monsieur; but mademoiselle will not assist, she is much too pious."

"Why, mademoiselle, you do not object to music on Sunday? *Le bon Dieu* will surely permit you that little *divertissement*."

"I do not object to sacred music on that day, monsieur, but I do object to Sunday parties of all kinds; in a word, my Church forbids it."

"Then why did you not leave your Church at home, mademoiselle, as the rest of your nation do when they come abroad? Do you know, you are a most difficult person to entertain?"

"Yes, I am well aware of it," she laughingly assented.

"*Mais, tout de même, je vous trouve ravissante dans votre robe de dentelles blanches anciennes,*" he whispered, as he helped her into the carriage

## CHAPTER XV.

O, la belle statue ! Oh, le beau pedestal !  
Les vertus sont à pied, le vice est à cheval ! ”

WHEN Dorothy found that Count de Gallerand, who was a constant visitor at the house, was always included among the dinner-guests, she invariably invented an excuse for not joining them ; but he, as usual, was irrepressible. One evening, when she had pleaded a severe headache, he pressed the princess into his service, and with his habitual audacity besieged her in her own fortress. After that, if she did not put in an appearance, he knew where to find her. As he was amusing and original, Dorothy liked him in spite of herself, and would have missed him sadly had he not come ; in fact, she was continually in fear that he would throw her over for a later fancy.

The talked-of concert, though often deferred, at last came off. It happened when Von Bülow was in Paris. He and the princess were old friends. Dorothy had never before heard a great virtuoso off the stage, and for the first time in her life was near enough to watch the expression of the performer's emotions. Von Bülow's face

was a study. He gazed about him while he was playing with a proud, supercilious bearing, as much as to say, "Did you ever hear Beethoven played like this before?" Of course Dorothy never had, and was thrilled through and through in ecstasy. She also noticed that the others—even the musicians—present seemed no less impressed, either by it or his magnetic power. The princess sang beautifully. Her voice, a contralto, was not remarkable; one hears such voices often; but it was well trained, and she managed it perfectly. She sang French vaudeville songs as only a Frenchwoman can sing them; every word has a meaning, and one must know the finesse of the language to understand them.

Towards the end of the evening, when Von Bülow and several other musicians had taken their leave, Count de Gallerand sat down to the piano, and to Dorothy's amazement rattled off piece after piece with all the abandon of a musical genius, reminding her of Gottschalk when he played that weird composition, "The Banjo;" and all the while tossing his curly head, laughing and talking, and everybody else talking and laughing with him.

"*Ah ciel! il racle avec entrain!*" exclaimed Don Estoracho.

"Truly, he's an *enfant gâté*," Dorothy thought, "and I shall end by spoiling him just as the

others do. All the shortcomings of audacity and genius are overlooked here: everyone seems to be in love with these great artists—except their wives. Fancy Von Bülow's leaving him for Wagner! Singing and crying, love and hate, are very nearly related in the world of Bohême, I find."

So completely was Dorothy won over by Count de Gallerand's playing, that when he left the piano and threw himself in a careless attitude in a chair at her side, had he asked a favor of her then, "even to the half of her kingdom," she would have granted it. But he took no advantage of his victory, and the moment passed. When next they met Dorothy was her well-balanced self.

That same week, as they were taking their afternoon drive, the princess remarked: "*À propos de rien*; Count de Gallerand has engaged me, mademoiselle, to persuade you to visit him at his atelier; will you go there to-morrow with me?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot; I have already refused several urgent invitations from the count, so pray do not insist upon it, dear madame."

"Why not, mademoiselle? it is quite the correct thing; many ladies of the *grand monde* think it a privilege to visit the studios and get a glimpse of the pictures before they are exposed at the salons."

"Yes, I know, but I had rather not go to Count de Gallerand's."

"You are prejudiced against the count, *mon amie*; why, I know not, for he is *un brave garçon*, and is *très épris de vous*."

"I am afraid, madame, you are in league with Count de Gallerand. Have you known him long?"

"Yes, for years; he interests me much; another young man in his position would *gaspiller* his time in the *mêlée Parisienne* between the dinners of high life, and the balls and suppers of the two faubourgs. Don't you find him very handsome? One can easily imagine him a *mousquetaire* in a plumed hat, his hand on the hilt of his sword, crying, '*Par là, palsambleu! messieurs*, make way for me!' But Gaston de Gallerand aims at something more than that. He wants celebrity—to place his name among the great painters."

"What is his style?"

"For some time past he has affected the nude."

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Dorothy.

"*Mais*, it was by chance, not choice; I will tell you what *tout* Paris knows. He made his debut as a painter *de la vie élégante*. His first *envoi* to the *salon* was '*Les Dames qui passent*,' a study, three women, *exquises de grâce*, walking in the Champs Élysées; they were lifelike, dressed as Worth dresses his world, *minutieuse* in every detail. It caused some talk, and many conjectures as to whom the ladies were: Then the

envious mocked that a man of the world, such as Count de Gallerand was known to be, 'painted the last mode,' and questioned if it were Worth or Félix who had dressed his models. Was it modesty, in a charmer who has such success near the *beau sexe*, who, when not, before his easel, is sure to be in the world '*où l'on ne s'ennuie pas*,' that he painted thus? It could not be because he did not know the human form divine that he clothed it, but because he could not paint it; or had he, *à la* Millais, found that advertisements paid well, and that the metal that Danaë loved was not to be despised. This last taunt stung Count de Gallerand, for no one despises money more than he."

"It strikes me," Dorothy observed, "that he enjoys immensely the things that money buys."

"Yes, like the rest of us; not more, not less; *par exemple*, he is a most dutiful and affectionate son. You must know that when his father died a few years ago he resigned his share of the estate in favor of his mother, and has since, with the exception of a small income from a property *en Bretagne*, supported himself by his brush. He is not as frivolous as he seems; he will go far yet."

"How did he happen to be an artist?"

"The de Gallerands, although an old family, were not well off; it was necessary to choose a profession; his father wished him to enter St.

Cyr, but he found he had no head for the  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's of algebraic problems, so ran away, came to Paris, and entered the atelier of G r me. But to go back to his first picture, he sent it again the next year, only '*Les Dames qui passent*' were *nues*, without even an umbrella to protect them from the sun and the gaze of the curious. '*Voil , mes amis!* see if I don't know how to paint the human form divine,' he cried. *Mais,*" the princess continued, "it seems to me this picture was an error; it excited the animosity of the *tartufisme* artistic, and naturally was refused at the salon."

"How, then, did the people know about it? Where did they see the picture?" Dorothy inquired.

"Oh, it was exposed at Bague's, rue Chauss e D'Antin. *Puis*, his next picture was very original—I suppose you would think very shocking; *en un mot*, the purists and *d vots*, even in naughty Paris, raised their hands to heaven in holy horror, crying, 'It is indecent, it is odious, it is profane!' But pardon, mademoiselle, perhaps you would rather not hear about it."

"Oh! go on; if people could look at and rave over it, I think I can stand hearing of it. Was it worse than '*Les Dames qui passent*'?"

"Not really, but it ridiculed a sacred subject. He called it '*La Tentation de St. Dunstan.*' It represented the old monk, tempted by the World,

the Flesh, and the Devil, in the guise of three beautiful young girls, perfectly nude. One held his beads, another had got his bell and book, while the third was dragging him off by his beard. *C'est choquant, n'est ce pas? Mon Dieu!* you are actually blushing, mademoiselle."

"Am I? Well, it is what I feel. The idea is disgusting—a bold travesty on everything we hold sacred in religion and morals."

"It is certainly boldly realistic. *Mais* that is the fashion all over the world."

"Yes," assented Dorothy, "the dominant idea to-day seems to be neither to realize the ideal nor to idealize the real, but to materialize everything. Of course the picture was refused?"

"Yes, but it was a nine days' talk, and gave him notoriety, *mais pas une medaille. Heureusement*, this freak of originality is finished. He tells me that, since he has seen you, mademoiselle, he dreams of other things, the romantic and the mythological—that you are his 'inspiration,' his 'soul.' It is a charming conception he is now painting. You will visit his atelier with me to-morrow, and give him a sitting to encourage him in his good resolutions, will you not? His future is in your hands, *mon amie*; it would be cruel to refuse; only one little visit, I pray you."

Dorothy gave the desired promise, and the conversation took another turn.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“L'amour la prit si fort au cœur,  
Que pour un sourire moqueur  
Il lui vint un mal de langueur.”—*L'Archet, C. Cros.*

THE next day Dorothy called with the princess at l'Impasse Hélène. She approached the studio with the undefined fear experienced by some in visiting a surgeon's office. Remembering certain pictures she had seen, of models hiding behind screens as visitors entered unannounced, she was careful as she mounted the staircase to stamp and talk louder than usual, and even went so far as to keep the princess from knocking for a few minutes by pretending to have caught her dress, thus giving ample time to the occupants to dispose of themselves before they entered. Count de Gallerand, clad in a picturesque Breton costume, was seated at his easel busily painting. He had received no intimation of their intended visit, and was surprised and delighted to see them, doing the honors of the place with exquisite grace and hospitality. The apartment was divided into

atelier and bedroom by two large closets, in which were stowed away old furniture, easels, canvas, manikins, in a word, all the rubbish accessory to a studio. It was quite by chance that Dorothy got a peep at these closets as she passed from the atelier to the bedroom, for they were concealed by tapestries; but the thought struck her, what a good place that would be for a model to hide in! The room, an ideal studio, such as is seldom realized in this world, but is found oftener in the storyteller's imagination, was most luxuriously furnished with Persian carpets, eastern stuffs, and old tapestries; musical instruments and ancient arms adorned the walls; here was a guitar crossed by a musket, opposite a violoncello and a panoply of ancient armor; pictures, mostly copies from the old masters, were in profusion; several unframed canvases turned their faces to the wall; the windows, heavily curtained, and shaded below, admitted only a partial light from above, save one, which, being open, Dorothy looked out of and shuddered to find that it overlooked the cemetery of Montmartre. Truly in the midst of life we are in death. Here indoors all is jollity, movement, youth, and beauty, a fitting frame for an artist living in this world and for this world. Outside, death, with its rows upon rows of sad tombs marked with their white crosses.

"Can you see Madame Récamier's tomb from

here, Count de Gallerand?" Dorothy inquired with a sigh.

"Come away from that window, mademoiselle! I never noticed it was open," Count de Gallerand exclaimed, as he shut it. "Your first visit to my studio must be all sunshine; no sad thoughts to-day. I have a picture to show you that no one else has seen. I want your criticism upon it," saying which he drew aside a curtain that had concealed a canvas, and revealed the portrait of a young girl in a quaint old-fashioned bonnet tied under the chin, and from which her abundant black hair strayed in curls over a white-lace Marie-Antoinette fichu.

It was a beautiful face, with alabaster complexion, just tinged with color, the mouth laughing, the eyes large, sad, and lustrous—the kind that when once seen, seem to haunt you forever. To judge from the portrait the artist must have been peculiarly susceptible to their influence, for the eyes in the picture seemed to be seeking yours; no matter where you stood they followed you; you had a feeling that they were always fastened upon you; and if you returned the gaze, you were conscious of a depth in them you had not at first remarked.

The princess, as usual, was most enthusiastic and lavish in her praise. Dorothy said nothing, but as Count de Gallerand watched her rapt con-

temptation settle finally into one of delighted content, he felt himself well repaid.

At last she exclaimed, "Oh, monsieur, it is far too beautiful to be a likeness of me! you must not call it my portrait."

"Pardon, mademoiselle, it does not do you justice. I am not content with it; the expression is not your happiest, it is too serious—the one you have when you are scolding me. Perhaps you do not know that expression, mademoiselle?" he laughingly said, "but it is very awful, I can assure you; I feel as if I were very bad, *un mauvais sujet*; and these eyes on the canvas look at me always in reproof as if I had committed some great sin, or as if some evil had befallen you, and I the cause."

"Why don't you put them out and put in others?" Dorothy roguishly inquired.

"*Mon Dieu!* I should never dare to; they are too living; it would be like taking human life; they would haunt me forever after, to my life's end. I shall keep this to look at when I am naughty; you know it is the sketch I took at the opera. I shall never steal again; it is a continual reproof. But I must have a merry, gay Psyche too, one for every day, to encourage me and keep me up to the mark. *Ah ciel!* how those eyes follow a fellow!"

"Cover it up, then, and stand it in the corner

with its face to the wall ; it ought to be punished for scolding. That used to be considered a capital crime in wives, you know ; I am sure it is quite as bad in a spinster," said Dorothy gaily. "Yes, thanks, I'll take a cup of tea with pleasure, and when I have finished it, I'll sit for you ; then you will have two pictures of me, which you can mark 'Dorothy before—and after taking,' as they do in the quack-medicine advertisements and hair-dyes."

An hour later, as the princess was beginning to show a little impatience, the count released Dorothy, after extorting a promise of another sitting in a fortnight's time.

"I hope the eyes in to-day's picture will neither haunt nor follow you, monsieur ; I kept them religiously fastened upon the ceiling, as my friends say I do when seeking inspiration. I would have raised them to heaven, but heaven is hard to find in your studio, Count de Gallerand, you know."

As Dorothy gave this little playful thrust, she looked up exultingly, as much as to say, "You're left now, my boy !" but in that glance she caught the count's eyes fixed upon her with a look of love she had never seen there before. It was a revelation, and all the power of heaven and earth could not obliterate it.

The conversation during the visit had been car-

ried on in a mood that imaginative people often indulge in, and that Dorothy especially delighted in, but now, as it was becoming serious, she hastened her departure, wishing the Count all possible luck with his sketch.

As Dorothy never did things by halves she became intensely interested in the fate of Count de Gallerand's picture, and looked forward impatiently to seeing it hung in the Palais de l'Industrie. And not only in the picture was Dorothy becoming interested, but in the artist also. His light, mocking laugh she no longer found satanic; his don't-care and abandon manner she thought put on to hide deep feeling. "I'll sound the depths some day," she mentally resolved. "Yes, here's a man who can love if he will, and one I could love dearly if I dared; so different from Harry! *He* has no depths to explore, no secrets with which to pique your curiosity, not even a little corner for romance and love; a dear, good fellow, too good by half for me; but frightfully matter-of-fact. Fancy, after listening to one of his famous expositions on love and reason, my telling him that I had reasoned it out like a problem in Euclid, and, love being the result, would marry him! If ever there was a philanthropist, Harry Alexander is the ideal."

## CHAPTER XVII.

"He who to paint the forms of love acquires the art,  
Gains thus the surest entrance to the human heart."

IN due time "*le jour du vernissage*" arrived, and Dorothy, faithful to her promise, accompanied the princess and Alexis to the salon of the *Champs Élysées*. *Tout Paris artistique* and *tout Paris mondain* were there; and she enjoyed immensely not only the pictures, but watching the *grand monde* tricked out in all the bravery it is customary to display upon that occasion. The well-groomed club men, with *boutonnieres* and light kid gloves, amused her not a little as they ogled the pictures and pretty women with their one glass *à l'Anglaise*. Taking it all in all, no two women there attracted more attention than she and the princess. The latter (the sort of woman whom the modern French novel delights in describing, a type seen only in Europe), majestically trailing her sable garments of the night, led the way, accompanied by her son. Dorothy, beautifully dressed in white, with Gainsborough hat, and a large, loose bunch of Jacqueminot roses in her belt, followed, with

Count de Gallerand, who wondered, as he joined the party at the door, if it were possible for anyone to be more lovely than she that day; then smiled as he remembered he thought the same thing almost every time he saw her—the haughty carriage of the head, in strong contrast with her transparent complexion, flushed with excitement, giving the impression of frigid cold and tropical heat. She certainly was lovely, as many who met them thought, for after passing they turned to look and look again.

Dorothy was utterly unconscious of the effect she created or the attention paid her. Not so Count de Gallerand; he noted it all, and was immensely pleased at it; and almost as proud as if she belonged to him.

How her heart beat with conflicting emotions when at last she stood before the canvas in which she was most interested! The hasty sketch made in her two visits to the studio had been elaborated and finished, and, as Psyche, awarded a first medal. "It is I, my very self, though idealized by a great artist," she thought, as she examined it critically. "Yes, idealized and flattered. That charming girl just budding into womanhood is much younger and more beautiful than I. How naturally her white gown, blown by the wind, clings to her, taking the contour of her limbs! Æolus has been making

sad havoc also with her hair. I wonder if my refractory locks escaping from their Grecian knot would be as becoming. I'll not venture, though, to try the effect in public. Psyche has evidently been romping with those two little children clinging to her, one on either side, suggesting Raphael's cherubs, as they look up in that arch way, hidden all but their faces by her blown skirts; evidently they have stopped in their race to watch that superb butterfly just escaped from the chrysalis, and hovering now upon the apple-tree bough preparatory to taking flight. Psyche, afraid the children may startle it, is holding them back, a hand on each as, with bended body and head stretched forward, she watches with bated breath what is going to happen. How true the picture in every detail is to nature! I feel as if the butterfly might stretch its wings and take flight, now, while we are standing gazing at it. I wish it would; what a sensation it would cause! The look of awe on the cherubs' faces is exactly the look that little children have when in the presence of death; and on Psyche's mobile countenance are the hush and wonderment that a mystery always produces in a susceptible nature. Yes, it is the resurrection of the soul from death to life. 'Except ye die ye have no life in you.'

As Dorothy stood there, rapt in contemplation, she was quite oblivious of time and place,

thankful only to have been the incentive, the inspiration, of such a beautiful conception. "Oh! if I am indeed the soul, the 'Psyche', of the artist, as he says I am, have I not found my life-work? need I seek further? have I any right to sever the connection? I wish I knew what was right. Oh that something would happen to decide for me!"

But the salon on *le jour du vernissage* was no place for daydreams, and Dorothy was soon recalled from her momentary forgetfulness by Count de Gallerand exclaiming, "*Voilà les flamboyantes! il faut que je me sauve.*"

"Why run away? and who are *les flamboyantes*?" Dorothy asked in surprise.

"Your friend Miss Sally Brown and her clique."

"But why do you call them by that name, monsieur?"

"I believe it was given to her first at the atelier in honor of her brilliant locks; it clung to her, or she affected it and finally passed it on to her followers. But here she is; *à bientôt.*"

Dorothy's whispered "Pray don't go" was unheeded, and a few seconds later Sally, very startlingly begowned in daring æsthetic fashion, rushed up, kissed her on both cheeks, exclaiming, "I knew I'd see you at this function, *ma chère* ; I guessed the picture would draw. It's *très-chic*, and the perfect image of you, my dear. Why,

Count de Gallerand could make his fortune any day by painting portraits; at least, he could if he went to America."

"I'll tell him what you say," Dorothy smilingly said.

"Do. If he went to Chicago I know par and mar would have their pictures painted right away, if I wrote who he was. But, dear me, you were in luck to have yours accepted; it all goes by favor, you know; now I sat for three, and not one of them is here! Though I say it who hadn't ought to, the tableau in which I was Salome and danced before Herod was perfectly splendid. *Quelle chose caché*. The painter said it was rejected either because the judges were envious of him, or because I was too English-looking to please them. Now, you are dark, like the French."

"Alas! I am, Miss Flamboyante," Dorothy demurely said.

"Oh! you've heard my nickname; ain't it a jolly one? *En passant*, do you know what they call you?"

"No; I had no idea that such an insignificant person as I am was honored with a sobriquet," she answered, not a little annoyed.

"*Mon Dieu!* you're not insignificant! They call you 'a study in black and white'— But my friends are making signs to me to hurry up; I must go."

"Oh, don't go before Count de Gallerand returns."

"Where is he? Why did he go off just as I came up?"

"He wanted to speak to some one, I believe; but he is with the princess now; I'll send Alexis for him."

In a few minutes Alexis returned with the count, who was all smiles and excuses for not having recognized Miss Brown. "The truth is, mademoiselle, I fully expected to see you in a *chapeau garni de coqueluche*, as I heard you were going to make your *début* at the salon in one."

"Oh, Count de Gallerand, who told you that?" said Sally, actually blushing.

"Did you not know it was in the papers, mademoiselle?"

"No, sir, I did not; you can't come that little game over me."

"Pardon, mademoiselle, I only repeat what I was told."

"Well, I guess I'll have to forgive you this time, only promise not to chaff me again about it," Miss Sally rejoined, with an arch smile. "And now, Count de Gallerand, do you know your Psyche is just too lovely for anything? I'm quite gone over her."

"So am I, awfully gone," said Count de Gallerand, with a gushy glance in Dorothy's direction.

The latter abruptly turned away to hide her confusion, but this little aside was quite lost upon Sally, who continued, "I wish you'd paint me next, Count de Gallerand."

"With all my heart, mademoiselle, but how would you find time to give me a sitting with all your art studies and numerous engagements with your '*armoires*'?"—Sally's French for lovers.

"Now, that's what I call real mean of you, Count de Gallerand. Before I came abroad I always heard tell that the French people were very polite, and never laughed at the mistakes foreigners made; but I must say that's not been my experience. La sakes! if I were to notice all the mistakes you French make when you speak English, my hands would be full. I did think of getting a note-book and writing them down, but found it would take too much of my time."

"I should certainly advise you to persevere with it, mademoiselle, then have it published when you return to America; it would be sure to take. But seriously, mademoiselle, *vous parlez Français parfaitement*; much better than I speak English."

"Really? *Venez chez moi, et je vous donnerai des leçons dans les Anglais*," she said in her best French.

"*Donnez-moi ma première leçon tout de suite*," he answered.

"Here, *ici!* at the salon!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"*Pourquoi pas? Est-ce-que nous trouverons une heure plus convenable? Je vous en prie laissez-moi m'asseoir près de vous, et je vous écouterai de tout mon cœur.*"

"Oh! no, *pas ici, mais* to-morrow, *dans mon salon*, if you like," she hesitatingly said; then, fearing to annoy him by her refusal, added, "I really must tear myself away; the girls are getting impatient. *Au revoir*, Count de Gallerand; ta-ta, Miss Pembroke."

"I thought you admired Miss Brown?" said Dorothy interrogatively, giving her companion a mischievous glance, as Sally joined her friends.

"So I do, immensely; only she is *trop prononcée*, what you call gushing."

"Does she really speak French well?"

"No; all wrong; but she is not the least embarrassed at her jargon of atelier argot and English slang."

"Why did you deceive her, monsieur, by telling her she did?" asked Dorothy, looking him full in the face with her great serious eyes.

"Oh! *cela ne fait rien*; La Flamboyante was not deceived; I owed her a compliment after taking her down as I did," he retorted, with boyish glee.

"But why need you take her down? Has Miss Sally been snubbing you?"

"No, mademoiselle, the only person that ever snubbed me was Miss Pembroke."

"How cruel and heartless of Miss Pembroke! But tell me, do you admire the æsthetic toilets she affects?"

"*Pas du tout; elles sont atroces; your simple black and white is coquetry itself beside it.*"

"Thanks for the compliment. . . . There's the princess calling to me. Oh! everybody is leaving."

"We were discussing Miss Brown," the count explained, as they joined the princess, "and I have kept the last *bon mot* for your ear, *chère madame*; it happened the other day in the atelier. Courtois, in passing her easel, accidentally upset it; naturally he was profuse in his excuses, to which Mademoiselle La Flamboyante replied with perfect *sang-froid*, 'Oh, *jamaïs esprit*,' which he concluded was her French for 'never mind.'"

"Oh! hardly, monsieur; you made that up yourself."

"Upon my honor it is true. *En passant*, did Miss Brown give you an invitation to assist at an exhibition of living pictures to be held in one of their studios next Sunday evening?"

"No, she did not, I'm happy to say. I do not accept Sunday invitations, and as for the living pictures, I do not even know what they are."

"It is a case of bringing your *bête noire*, the

model, to the fore, and keeping the picture in the background; they are all the rage among the American and English art students just now."

"Oh, mademoiselle, you will not let monsieur le comte engage you to go; they are very '*shocking*, as you English say."

"I would not be seen there for worlds, dear madame; nothing could tempt me."

"*Eh bien!* mark my words, it will not be many years before you will be having public exhibitions of living pictures in London," said the count.

"*Jamais, jamais!* never, never!" cried the princess and Dorothy in chorus. "Of course you will go, monsieur?" added Dorothy.

"Not unless you go, mademoiselle."

"Really! But here is the carriage."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Next there drew gallantly nigh a brave tempter, he,  
Kama, the king of passions, who hath sway  
Over the gods themselves, lord of all loves,  
Ruler of pleasure's realm. Laughing he came."

—Edwin Arnold.

THAT same evening, after Dorothy's return from the salon, Daniel handed her a bundle of papers and a note. She opened the latter, and read:

"*Ma chère Psyche* :

"Thinking you equally interested with me in the reception of our *envoi*, I am sending you all the papers that have noticed it. *Heureusement* the most part are favorable. I am sure you will agree with me that the critique and illustration in the *Figaro Illustré* are charming. It echoes your sentiments, *n'est-ce pas?* when it says, '*Il laisse dans l'œil une caresse, dans l'esprit une idée harmonieuse.*' And now comes the best of all, thanks to you, *ma mie*. Not only have we *une médaille*, *mais aussi la croix de la Légion d'Honneur*; *êtes-vous contente*, Psyche? Hoping to see you tomorrow when I call at Hôtel Nesvitsky, believe me, *ma chère mademoiselle, tout à vous*,

"GASTON DE GALLERAND."

This little note made Dorothy very happy ; she felt that she had been instrumental in helping the artist to attain a lofty ideal. She went to bed that night with a lighter heart than she had yet felt since coming to Paris.

Early next morning, without even waiting for her *petit déjeuner*, Dorothy slipped out of the house for a stroll in the neighboring park, as she had been in the habit of doing every fine day since the spring had come. Parc Monceau was so fresh and lovely in its tender green at that early hour—but I shall not describe it, for nowadays everyone has been in Paris, and knows it ; in fact, the barbarians from other lands have taken possession of it, and converted it into a playground for their children and a meeting-place for nurserymaids during the greater part of the day. Fortunately the vulgar crowd have not yet desecrated the early morn nor dewy eve ; at either hour it is delicious. Dorothy often congratulated herself upon the Hôtel Nesvitsky being so near. In imagination she would fancy it a royal domain once more, the scene of fêtes, revels, and duels, as in the days of Philippe Égalité. Sometimes, if Alexis were with her, she would talk to him and give him lessons in botany in imitation of Madame de Genlis and her pupil, the little Dauphin. Sometimes, if she were feeling lonely or sentimentally inclined, she would visit the little moss-grown

monument in memory of the poor young stranger, who, after being beaten to death, was buried there. This morning, however, Dorothy was not in one of her sentimental, dreamy moods, but on the contrary very wide awake, quite ready for a race with Henri Quatre and his fat minister should they appear and challenge her. As neither did, she was having a brisk walk all by herself. Glancing by chance down the street as she passed the southern entrance, whom should she see but Count de Gallerand coming towards her on horseback. "He does not ride like an Englishman, not like Harry," she thought, with British prejudice, as she returned his bow; "nevertheless he's awfully handsome," she admitted, as he dismounted, passed his arm through his bridle, and walked at her side.

"*Bon jour, mademoiselle; comme vous êtes matinale.*"

"The tip of the mornin' to yourself, monsieur," she gayly answered. "Let me congratulate you upon your new decoration. You'll be no end swell now."

"*Merci, mademoiselle; I owe it all to you, Psyche,*" he said, with one of his soft glances. "And how did you find the salon?"

"Oh, I enjoyed it immensely."

"And our French school of painting, what do you think of that, mademoiselle?"

"That it is undeniably the first in the world;

the technique is admirable; you are certainly masters of the art; but at the same time there were comparatively few of the pictures I cared for; they were too realistic. I am not only ashamed but weary of this display of indecorous nudity; I would apply to them Ingres' advice to his pupils when passing before Rubens' pictures at the Louvre: '*Saluez, messieurs, mais ne regardez pas.*'"

"You are very severe upon our modern school. I had no idea you were such a purist in art; why, even in England your greatest artists, Watts, for instance, paint the nude."

"Yes, unhappily, in imitation of your school; but Watts is not by a long way a Sir Frederick Leighton or a Burne Jones. Happily this realism in art is a comparatively new thing with us, for it is a upas-like exotic, an outcome of an effete civilization. History repeats itself; licentiousness, voluptuousness, and shamelessness have always been the outward signs of moral and spiritual decay in man and nations. Still, it is sad to see a young republic with all the vices of a worn-out people. When I think of Canova's '*Venus Victrix*,' for which Pauline Bonaparte sat, Napoleon's fall is easily accounted for. The empire was built on a rotten foundation."

"*Eh bien!* mademoiselle, if we are more realistic in art, you bear off the palm in literature."

"I cannot agree with you there, monsieur; we have no realistic writers like Zola; our literature is far purer than yours. That which is called emancipated, and to which you refer, I fancy, comes under quite another head; it is written with a purpose and an object; that purpose is to counteract this very depravity of the age that we are now discussing. This cry of our women for emancipation, for equality of opportunity, is ridiculed in the press by men who would like to laugh it down; but the reform is sadly needed, and will come sooner or later. Woman suffrage and labor problems are the only questions which can rouse enthusiasm in the masses."

"*Heureusement* our women have not caught the *maladie*."

"French women do not feel the need yet. Your married women have always had more liberty, intellectually and politically than ours; for years their salons have been a power in France."

"*Malheureusement vous avez raison, mademoiselle*; fortunately the republic has shown its wisdom by not encouraging these political salons. There is always intrigue when woman is consulted. She showed her hand in the Wilson scandal; who but a woman would have thought of that traffic in decorations?"

"Why, monsieur, you amaze me; I thought

you the most gallant of men—devoted to us heart and hand.”

“I adore women, mademoiselle, with the exception of the Louise Michel type. Heaven defend me from political and strong-minded women! *La politique sans les femmes.*”

“You say that because you know nothing about us. Neither you nor any other foreigner, monsieur, can understand the position of woman in England and America to-day; she has been kept so long in the background, hedged in by rules and conventionalities, that when once a break is made, she rushes in pell-mell, carrying all, both good and bad, before her, like a mighty river overflowing its banks. Modern thought is revolutionizing church and state in England. Why should woman be exempt from the spirit of the age? She can only be kept from the trend by living in another age; or,” she added, mischievously, “man might try what he can do by shutting her up in a harem. But here we are at the *hôtel*, and as I have letters to write I shall be compelled to end my dissertation and bid you good-morning. You did not know before that I was such an advocate for woman’s rights, eh, monsieur?” she archly said, as she ran laughing into the courtyard; but the *grande porte* closed of its own accord ere Count de Gallerand’s reply could reach her.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Earth is an island posted round with fears;  
My way to heaven is through the sea of tears;  
It is a stormy passage, where is found  
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drown'd."

—*Quarles.*

ONE lovely evening after a cosy dinner with her pupil, for the first time that year without artificial light, Dorothy drew an easy-chair up to the window overlooking the park. As the twilight deepened she threw aside her book with that indescribable feeling that those in perfect health have in common with budding nature; a feeling of regeneration, when to live is happiness enough. It was one of those warm spring nights when beautiful Paris is enchanting; everybody out of doors, the boulevards and the Champs Elysées a blaze of light, the *cafés chantants* and the pavements in front of restaurants and *brasseries* thronged with the gay world; even the poor, the lame, and the halt, who, like the dormouse and the bear, have been hibernating during the cold, creep from their holes and crannies into the air and light once more.

As Dorothy watched the *petit monde* strolling hither and thither, she wondered if they were really any happier than when Parc Monceau was a princely demesne. Musing thus she recalled a little anecdote the princess had related that afternoon, apropos of the beautiful horse-chestnuts lining the streets, just then in bloom. It seems that when there were kings in France, year after year one large horse-chestnut in the Tuileries Gardens flowered long before the other trees in Paris; so well known was this that people watched and marked it as one of the sure indications of spring. They said, "The *châtaignier* in the Tuileries is in flower," just as they said, "The swallows have returned." Since France has become a republic, and the imperial family have been exiled, all is changed; the trees too would not have one more distinguished than the rest to rule over them; all must be on the same level; and though the horse-chestnut is still standing in the Tuileries Gardens, it never "pushes," as the French say, before the others. Nature verily seems to adapt itself to man, the master mind. Dorothy was interrupted in her reverie by hearing her own name uttered by some one in a neighboring balcony; she instantly recognized the voice as Don Estoracho's.

"And do you mean to tell me on your honor, monsieur, that you and Miss Pembroke are nothing more to each other than strangers?"

"Nothing more, upon my honor—in the way you mean," answered Count de Gallerand.

"*Ali cicl!* I always thought her under your protection, or at least that you had a claim upon her, so refrained from trespassing upon your preserves. Devilish fine woman too!"

"Pardon, monsieur, Miss Pembroke knows very well how to take care of herself, and needs neither you nor me for a protector."

"Why is she in this house, then?"

"A mere accident, nothing more, I assure you, monsieur. *La diva* wanted an English *institutrice* for her son; mademoiselle applied for the position, and was accepted."

"And do you mean to tell me, *mon ami*, she knows nothing of what goes on here?" asked Don Estoracho.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing; she is as unsuspecting as a baby. But hark! the princess is calling you, monsieur; I'll finish my cigar before joining you."

For a moment Dorothy was dumfounded by what she had heard. What did it all mean? was she dreaming? was she under the influence of a terrible nightmare? No, she was only too wide awake. Then, cool and self-possessed (perhaps from inability to grasp the situation), she rang the bell and requested Daniel to ask Monsieur le Count de Gallerand to have the goodness to give

her a few minutes' interview before he left. Hardly had the man departed ere Count de Galierand presented himself.

"Good-evening, monsieur; can you spare me ten minutes of your valuable time? I want to ask you something."

"Nothing, mademoiselle, would give me greater happiness than to put all my time in this world and the next at your disposal," he replied, with his hand on his heart.

"Thanks, I want but a very small portion of it. I will detain you only long enough to find out where I am—in whose house."

"*Mon Dieu!* why, in the Princess Nesvit-sky's."

"Yes, I know," she cried, impatiently stamping her foot. "Perhaps I ought to tell you first that I accidentally overheard your conversation a few minutes ago with Don Estoracho, and know there is some mystery about which I am kept in the dark. Why I have been kept in ignorance heaven only knows; I want the truth and no subterfuges; all must be explained immediately. Will you for once in your life condescend to answer me without equivocation? If you will not, Count de Gallerand, I shall call Daniel, and if he is under the ban of secrecy, I shall seek the princess and have an explanation."

"*Ma fière demoiselle*, you are *superbe*; you

have mistaken your profession. You should have gone on to the stage; tragedy is unquestionably your forte. Who could have imagined such fire? A veritable volcano beneath that cold exterior! You are no longer Jeanne d'Arc seeing visions and dreaming dreams, but la Pucelle at the head of the army. Ah, Psyche, I cannot live without you. You are my inspiration, the soul that I was born without and have been groping for all my life. I recognized you as my *alter ego* the first time I saw you. Did not virtue go out of you then?" he asked, stretching out his arms as if to draw her to him.

"No, monsieur," she haughtily replied. "But, as usual, you are evading my question; you have a knack of avoiding things which you think unpleasant, Count de Gallerand, that is very ingenious, but you cannot put me off this time. Will you tell me what I want to know, or shall I go elsewhere for information? For one brief moment I was fool enough to believe your protestations, to fancy you cared enough for me to consider my reputation; I put you to the test. Oh, how are the mighty fallen! That mask of friendship, was it worn only to deceive me? Are you in collusion, Count de Gallerand, with the princess to betray me?"

"*Mon Dieu!* mademoiselle, I love you to distraction."

"Then prove it. For the third and last time I ask, monsieur, who is this princess?"

"An adventuress."

"Then she is not really a princess?"

"*Dame!* I suppose not."

"And there was no Prince Nesvitsky?"

"*Mais si,* mademoiselle."

"And she is not a widow?"

"*Ah ceil!* many times."

"Who is the father of her son?"

"Heaven only knows; he may have a dozen for all I know."

"And where does her money come from?"

"She has a gambling-house."

"And I suppose you, Count de Gallerand, hold the bank; you seem to be prime favorite here."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; that office is monopolized by Don Estoracho. I do not gamble."

"Naturally you do not gamble, monsieur; being behind the scenes you know only too well that it is always the bank that wins in the long run," she scornfully replied.

"You are very hard, mademoiselle. Have you no such word as charity in English? I make no protestations, I do not pretend to be pious, but gambling is not one of my vices; I have no taste for it; *c'est tout*. My father knew the princess years ago, when she sang in the Opéra Comique; it was for Napoleon III. they say she left the stage;

after Sedan she disappeared ; then one day came back a widow, calling herself ' Princess Nesvitsky,' took this *hôtel*—and you know the rest, mademoiselle. *Mais, comprenez-vous*, she is not all bad. I know many a poor wretch who would have gone to the dogs had she not helped him. She almost flings her money away, so generous is she. I came here solely on your account, Psyche, in hopes of seeing you. The princess has not been my abettor at your expense. Let us be just for once, *mon amie*. She has been your guardian angel ; there is nothing she would not do for you. She worships you, almost, as if you were a superior being. Over and over again have the men about town asked to be introduced to you, but she invariably puts them off. *Vraiment*, mademoiselle, you have never met a person here that you could not acknowledge in the best society. I suppose, with your quixotic ideas, you will not remain now that you know what the house is ; but do nothing hastily to wound the princess' feelings, I implore of you. Remember, mademoiselle, she has been very good to you, and done all out of a good heart because she saw you '*si triste*,' with tears in your beautiful eyes, the day you came out Madame Carotte's."

" Thanks, Count de Gallerand, a thousand thanks for your advice ; I will follow it. I am heartily ashamed of my first feelings. In my blind pride

and rage I had determined to go to-morrow morning without a word. You have shown me that a day more or less is of little consequence. I will see the princess to-morrow and calmly take my leave."

"I know words would be thrown away in urging you to remain, Psyche, but do not 'pull up stakes' until you have secured a good pension elsewhere, which I fear you will have some difficulty in doing after leaving here. The princess is well known in Paris, *et—tant pis pour vous*—you have been seen everywhere with her."

"Unfortunately, I have, but I have quite made up my mind what to do. I shall go first to an 'English Home,' tell them all the circumstances of my being here, then wait for future developments. I may return home. But do not let me detain you longer. Again thanking you, I will say good-bye, for I have much to do to-night."

"Why, good-bye, Psyche? I shall pay my respects directly you are in your new quarters."

"No, Count de Gallerand, you must not; do not call, I beg of you; you will not be admitted; no followers allowed there. All my past life in Paris ends to-night; if we meet again it must be as strangers."

"Strangers! *jamais*, Psyche, my soul, my inspiration, my other half. Would you have me deny myself? I have lived only since I met you!"

Seizing her hand he carried it to his lips, in the graceful, courtly way he knew so well how to do; then, looking in her face with a soft, languishing glance, he whispered in her ear a torrent of delicious compliments. Laughing at her blushes and her expostulations, he began humming one of Yvette Guilbert's popular songs, waltzed two or three times around the room, and finally snapping his fingers like castanets above his head, danced himself out of the door, throwing kisses from his finger-tips as he made his exit. It was thus he got rid of anything serious.

Dorothy felt almost happy again, his mercurial lightheartedness was so contagious. Yes, he certainly had a wonderful effect upon her. "What an enigma he is!" mused Dorothy. "One moment a gay, romping, spoilt child, provocative of laughter; the next a good, dutiful, loving son; and now he has exhibited another side of his character. Who would have expected from him such sound common sense, such a just conception of things, as he has shown this evening? Though audacious and frivolous in some moods, he thinketh no evil, and is certainly very lovely in others. It is the unexpected that always happens. I seem to have lived an eternity in the last hour. How angry I was at first, with what I then thought righteous anger! and now I feel as lamblike as possible, and all on account of a few words com-

ing from such an unexpected quarter. I believe he could do anything he liked with me if he kept that mood up long enough."

While musing thus Dorothy was oppressed, in spite of herself, by a foreboding of impending calamity. "My last night here! Is there no rest for me in this world? Am I like the Wandering Jew, and poor Joe, to be forever moving on? Why have I such an intense appreciation of the beautiful, such a passionate longing for pleasure and love, if they are always to remain unsatisfied? I suppose it's my cross, which I shall have to bear till I pass through the waters of Lethe and lay it down in the land where the weary are at rest."

Tired, both mentally and bodily, she sought her bed, but could not sleep; her brain was far too excited for that, so she lay wide awake revolving plans for the future, and suffering a hundred deaths in imagination. "Is it well to be so acutely susceptible to imaginary pain, I wonder? Are not those poor wretches happier than I, who are not blessed with an imagination, who cannot realize they are to die, even when the axe is gleaming above their heads? How clearly is this apathy illustrated in the case of that poor man who in the early morning, after a rainy night, being led across the prison yard to the scaffold, turned out of his pathway for a puddle. He always caught cold, he said, if he wet his feet." After a time her

thoughts went back to Canada, and to Harry Alexander, with his calm, noble face, without a spark of passion, but, oh! so tender, so loving, so faithful. "Dear, good fellow!" she thought, "I'll write and tell him all."

This calmed her, and she dropped off to sleep as the dawn crept in at the window.

## CHAPTER XX.

"Culture, which, smooth, the whole world licks, also unto the Devil sticks. The days of that old Northern phantom now are over. Where canst thou horns and tail and claws discover? And as regards the foot, which I can't spare in truth, 't would only make the people shun me. Therefore I've worn, like many a spindly youth, false calves these many years upon me."—*Goethe*.

DOROTHY rose at her customary hour the next morning, and tried to occupy herself as usual with books and work until the princess should be visible, but very unsuccessful were all her efforts; she was nervous, and though quite determined as to the finale, she was coward enough to wish to postpone the coming interview. Her common sense, however, told her nothing was to be gained by that, and a few minutes before twelve she tapped, with beating heart, at the door of the princess's boudoir. Upon the occupant calling "*Entrez*," she opened the door so hesitatingly and appeared so embarrassed that the princess immediately saw something was wrong.

"What is it, *mon petit chat*?" she sympathizingly asked, in her motherly way; which so thoroughly upset Dorothy that she burst into tears,

and some minutes elapsed before she could command her voice sufficiently to say:

"I must leave you, madame."

Had Dorothy's face not been hidden in her hands, she would have seen the flush of anger and pain that crimsoned the brow, neck, and hands even, of the princess. There was a hush of a few seconds; then she asked, in a voice that tried to be calm:

"*Pourquoi, ma chérie?* are you not content? What has happened? Is Alexis naughty, or Daniel impertinent?"

"No, dear madame, Daniel is most attentive, and Alexis is one of the best lads that ever lived; but—oh! madame, how can I explain it? I'm afraid you will not understand me, but I know now why—why all these men come to your house, and I cannot stay in it. I should never have come, or I should have made inquiries before coming. Don't think I am blaming you, dear madame; I know it is all my own fault; but you looked so kind and motherly, and I was so inexperienced in such things, I had not the faintest idea that there were houses like yours in fashionable neighborhoods. I must go; please don't ask me to stay, and don't think me ungrateful. I love you dearly, madame, and will remember you in my prayers to the end of my life."

"If you feel, mademoiselle, that you cannot be

happy with me, I shall not urge you to remain. I only wish you to do what you think best for yourself. I love you more than I have ever loved any other woman, and it would give me a great deal of pleasure if you would stay here with me and my son. I felt drawn to you that day when I saw you in rue Miromesnil; your face was so sad it touched even my hard heart. If I could tell you all"——

"Oh, pray do not," Dorothy hastily exclaimed, thinking she was going to tell her something of her past life, and fearing she might be touched by it and overpersuaded to remain.

"No, mademoiselle, not to-day; you may want to hear it another time. And now may I ask you who has enlightened you as to your surroundings?"

"I accidentally overheard last evening some words between Don Estoracho and Count de Galerland, whereupon I sent for the latter and demanded the truth."

"*Dame!* you are not going away with the count, mademoiselle?" the princess quickly exclaimed.

"Oh dear, no; what made you fancy that?"

"*Parce que* I know how much he admires you; in fact, he is quite *fol de vous*; but never, *mon enfant*, go with him anywhere except as his *wife*; promise me that."

"I have no intention of going anywhere with

him, wife or otherwise; he may be silly over me, but I am not so about him."

"*Eh bien!* he is a charming boy; I had quite set my heart upon your marrying yourself to him. He can't marry himself to a portionless woman, you know, and I was just arranging to give you a *dot*. You will stay with me, *ma chère*, and let me carry out my little plan, will you not?"

"Thanks, madame, but your plan is altogether too French to chime in with my English notions of happiness. I shall bid farewell to Count de Gallerand at the same time with yourself. I am going to-day to a governess's home, where I shall be safe from the gay world."

"*Ah ciel!* You go to that terrible place, mademoiselle. They say to me it is worse than a convent. You are too young and beautiful to shut yourself out of the world."

"My chief reason for going, madame, is that it costs little to live there."

"But, *mon amie*, you will not be very poor: you have been with me nearly a year and have not touched a sou of your salary. I shall pay you this, and you will also allow me to continue the same until you find a congenial occupation."

"You are most kind, dear madame, but I must leave here poor as I came; I cannot accept even the beautiful dresses and presents you have heaped upon me."

"*Ma foi!* I do not understand you, mademoiselle; you are much more difficult than the church, for it takes what I give it without a grimace."

"Perhaps the Roman Church does; I know their motto is 'The end justifies the means.'"

"*Mais si,* not only the Catholic Church, but the Protestant Church is just as glad to take all I give it, and ask no questions. When that little Anglican church was building on Avenue de l'Alma I sent them a liberal contribution. I am no bigot, and give, when I have it, to both Jew and Gentile—no matter who, provided it does good."

"No one knows better than I, madame, how generous and kind you are to all, especially the poor and suffering; and though I cannot accept your money, I shall take with pleasure all the love you can spare me. Indeed, you have been very good to me; believe me, I shall never forget it."

After a few more words Dorothy went to her room to prepare for her departure. The latter part of the afternoon she rang for Daniel to help cord her boxes. He seemed astonished at the request and asked if mademoiselle were going away. Upon being answered in the affirmative, his countenance assumed that expression the French call *fin*, as he remarked, "Perhaps mademoiselle has heard something?"

When the cab was at the door and Dorothy ready to go, the princess came to bid her a last farewell. Her face was flushed and swollen, her eyes were red from weeping. This so touched Dorothy that, instead of extending her hand for her to shake, she threw herself weeping into her arms. The princess clasped her tightly, kissed her on both cheeks, *à la Française*, then drawing from her finger a magnificent ring, said :

“Mademoiselle, you will not refuse this; it is worthy of you. It was given me by a good man, in memory of his son that I saved from ruin at Monte Carlo. Will you wear it always as a souvenir of a friend who will watch over you as long as she is in this world? Alas! *mon pauvre enfant* will sorrow for you, mademoiselle, when he returns from school this afternoon and hears that you are gone. Had you stayed, who knows what you might have done for Alexis and me? But I suppose it was too much to expect of you to occupy yourself with us. We are not worth sacrificing name and position for,” she added, in a broken voice.

Ere Dorothy found words to reply, she was gone.

## CHAPTER XXI.

\* \* \* \* \* "who  
Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to."—*Hudibras*.

A FEW minutes' drive brought her to the "Home." What's in a name? Oh! with what a desolate, woe-begone feeling Dorothy entered the much-betexted vestibule, and mounted the much-worn and scrubbed staircase to the office in the second story! Miss Starr was there behind the desk, looking exactly as she did the year before.

Dorothy told her story in a few words, and asked protection until she found something to do. Miss Starr gazed at her with the same cold, far-away, unsympathetic look that she had gazed at her the first time. In fact, she betrayed so little consciousness of her presence and understanding of her request, that Dorothy had a feeling that perhaps she had not heard her; so, when Miss Starr assented, she said, to make sure the latter fully comprehended her, "You understand, Miss Starr, what kind of a house I came from?"

"Yes, I knew you were living there, and have

been expecting you would call upon us to get you out of it."

"I only wish *I* had known what the house was before going there," Dorothy rejoined; then she descended to the conciergerie to direct that her boxes be taken to the room assigned to her in the fifth story.

Poor girl! she was not even to have the luxury of a room to herself, there being only some half-dozen single ones in the mansard, and these being eagerly seized upon by the permanent boarders. The one Dorothy was to occupy was long and narrow; French windows opposite the door; two little corner washstands on either side of the window; three corner shelves above each; two iron bedsteads with white counterpanes; a strip of carpet in front of each; two curtain wardrobes, one on either side of the door; a small mantel with a glass above it; texts and rules hung here and there upon the walls—and you have an inventory of the chamber for which Dorothy had voluntarily exchanged her last beautiful apartments. Everything was scrupulously clean, and Dorothy thought herself content, buoyed up by that complacency or self-satisfaction one experiences when making a martyr of one's self.

Suddenly there burst into the room without the least ceremony a short, stout, flaxen-haired girl, of about twenty or thereabouts, neither pretty

nor ugly, chiefly noticeable for her pink-and-white complexion, large mouth, and protruding teeth. The latter feature is thought by foreigners to be characteristic of Englishwomen. The intruder introduced herself in the following free-and-easy fashion :

“ Oh ! pardon ; I did not know anybody was here. When did you come ? I see by your boxes you are Miss Pembroke. I am Alice Jeffreys, as you will see by mine, if you will take the trouble to lift that drapery and inspect them. I'm your room-mate, and it gives me no end of pleasure to welcome a fellow-sufferer to my den and extend the hospitality of the house to a country-woman. I suppose you came here as a *dernier ressort* ; they all do. It ought to be called a refuge, not a home. I am governessing, though I do not disdain turning my hand to whatever turns up. What's your specialty ? ”

“ Nothing,” Dorothy replied.

“ Well, what are you looking for ? ”

“ Lessons, if I can find them.”

“ Then you are governessing too ! You'll find no end of companionship in that line. I'll introduce you to the nice ones ; the others will introduce themselves fast enough. By the way, wouldn't you like a dish of tea ? It's only a little after five, and it won't be too bad yet. It always stands till six under the cosy.”

“ Yes, I should like a cup above all things ; it’s an’ age since I have tasted such tea as we have at home.”

“ Well, you’ll not find better tea in Paris than we have here. They get it over from England in chests. Come along ; no need to dress or put on frills ; you look awfully sweet—far too nice for the place. Most of the girls pack up their good clothes while they are here, and wear old duds. One moment, though, before we go down ; here’s a piece of advice from an old stager ; I’ll give it gratis, and you can take it for what it is worth. Don’t you tell all you know. They’ll ply you with questions, pump you dry, if you will let them, and twist the answers to suit themselves, so that they’ll know more of your business than you do yourself before the evening is over.”

“ Who will ? Who are ‘ they ’ ? ”

“ Why, the old cats and dogs. But hush—sh—sh—here we are ; ” and pushing open a door Miss Jeffreys introduced her companion into a room on the first floor, exactly corresponding in length, height, breadth, mantel, window, and door, to their bedroom on the fifth.

On the floor was a square of green carpet, upon which stood a long table covered with a red cloth. At the end of the table was a tray holding the tea-service ; one of the boarders, an old-fashioned gentlewoman with gray curls and cap, officiated.

Here were gathered as many women, of all sizes and ages, as the room could hold, an overplus having taken refuge in a small adjoining room, which Dorothy afterwards found was commonly used for studying or writing in, the babel in the larger room making it quite impossible to even read there. A steamer-chair took the place of sofa, and on it a young woman lay stretched at full length.

The tea was delicious, quite up to Miss Jeffreys' encomium; but for the bread, which was in great slices in a willow basket, there was no butter. One of the girls present had a small bit wrapped in white paper, evidently just bought, which she shared with her particular chums.

Dorothy drank her tea standing, then beat a hasty retreat before the catechists had well mustered their forces. There had been a slight skirmish, however, such as, "Did you come from England last night?" "How long have you been in France?" "Do you intend remaining here?" "Are you studying or teaching?" etc., etc.—all of which questions Dorothy, being on her guard, skilfully parried. Miss Jeffreys soon followed her upstairs, and helped her stow away her boxes and arrange pictures and ornaments on the walls and mantelpiece.

Dorothy Pembroke was one of those women who immediately stamp their surroundings with

their own personality. Her intimate friends frequently made such remarks as "Dorothy's been here; just look at that sofa; no one else piles the cushions up in that way;" or "That's Dorothy's hat; anybody else would look like a guy in it; it's just Dorothy all over." It was not the trifles she scattered about the room that gave the home-like appearance, but the arrangement, the knowing where to place them to the best advantage.

"Oh, don't for the life of you move that text!" cried her companion; "it is a capital crime here to commute the sentence passed upon those unfortunate sinners; the higher powers have decided that hang they must until not a vestige is left. Should any one take them down she certainly would be hanged in their place. The law of the house is, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' I would have you know."

Dorothy laughingly yielded, but adroitly evaded the letter of the law by hanging her pictures over some and draping others.

At seven the dinner-gong sounded. The dining-room, a large apartment divided by curtains into two parts, was in the basement. While the governesses and students were having their dinner in one compartment, the servants, who are also admitted to the house while out of situations, were having tea in the other. There was little furniture in either, except tables, chairs, and the

ubiquitous texts. The dinner was what one might expect from the small sum asked for board; it was the usual English lower middle-class one: soup, a roast—the joints being cut on the table, not quite enough of them—potatoes, and cabbage; the third course a hot substantial pudding. The service was fairly good, and all beautifully clean. Those only had napkins who provided them.

It was all very strange to Dorothy, and she felt more alone than she had ever done in her life before, sitting at that long table, surrounded by some forty strangers, all women, and all intent, like herself, upon one object—to get a living, or at least make both ends meet. As she looked at them, Dorothy thought she could detect, as a ruling passion, the love of money, the haste to be rich, in many of their faces; and she wondered how soon her countenance would show it, and if she would ever so far forget herself in her eagerness, hurry, and greed as they did;—this last trait was very observable in several. The meat was carved at the ends of the table by the housekeeper and one of the ladies in charge; when a sufficient quantity was on a plate it was sent, presumably, to the person farthest from the carver, but as the plate was passed from one to the other, it was carefully scrutinized, and if thought to be a particularly nice cut was detained by the one who fancied it.

Dinner over, all who could, crowded into the little sitting-room to gossip until prayers at nine; the others went directly to their rooms, Dorothy among the latter, and as she was tired she turned into bed, but was far too excited to sleep. When Miss Jeffreys crept softly in about half-past nine, Dorothy called out, "Pray light your candles; I'm awake."

"I'm no end glad you are, for I want to talk. But my! ain't you a brave one? Fancy going to bed before prayers, and the first night too!"

"Why not, if I am tired?" Dorothy questioned.

"Oh, being tired is no excuse at all; prayers should refresh you if you are in a state of grace, my dear."

"Well, I'm afraid I am far from being in such a state. But tell me, does everybody go to prayers, sick or well? Are none exempt?"

"Oh, there are some naughty, bad girls like your humble servant who don't go oftener than they can help; but they are in disgrace. Just let me give you a word in season; you'll never be a favorite with the powers that be if you don't religiously attend prayers."

"Oh, if that's all the penalty, I shall only go when I feel in the praying mood."

"*Tant pis pour vous!* But, I say, if you could

only have heard the cats and dogs discuss you to-night! it was as good as a play. Do you care to hear what they said?"

"No, it can't be of any consequence; not one of them knows me."

"That's just what I told Julia Mitchell, but there are a lot of them who think they know you, the old cats!"

"Why do you call them cats?"

"Because they are. We are a menagerie, a collection of animals who have sought refuge in an ark; but the cats, dogs, and pigs predominate. Mark my words, and when you know us, see if I have not analyzed them scientifically. The cats are those who live here always—have the single rooms in the garret. They don't care a fig for anybody; it's the place that attracts them. You should hear them purr just like cats around the housekeeper and superintendent for the tidbits; it's all cupboard love, and I can see through it. The dogs are more numerous; I belong to that order: they come and go, and are always barking, growling, and snarling; they growl when they leave, and growl when they come back; the most of them are curs; it is seldom that a thoroughbred finds his way here, and when he does he doesn't stay long; he is not used to being chained. The pigs I will leave you to find out for yourself; they are a distinct species.

Don't confound them with the foxes or geese, of which we have a plentiful"——

"A truce, a truce, Miss Jeffreys; you have given me quite enough for one dose. Who would imagine, to look at you, that such a fresh, blooming exterior"——

"It's the life, and the struggle to live; it's an eye-opener, I can tell you. But here goes the light; we have to be economical of candles; this is mine, you can buy the next one. The inmates, you know, provide their own lights. Good-night. Be sure you're up in time for prayers to-morrow morning, if you want to get on here."

## CHAPTER XXII.

“Alone!—that worn-out word,  
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;  
Yet all that poets sing and grief hath known  
Of hopes laid waste, *knells* in that word—Alone!”

—B. Lytton.

AFTER an early breakfast next morning, Dorothy set out to visit the educational bureaus again, with the exception of Madame Carotte's, which she gave a wide berth. She returned to the “Home” late in the afternoon, utterly worn out and disheartened, sick with fatigue and faint with hunger, for she had taken no lunch. She found they knew at almost every agency that she had been living for the past year with the Princess Nesvitsky; she found, too, that they thought none the less of her for it, most treating her with more civility than upon her previous visits, as if they thought her of some consequence now. Others asked her openly why she left the princess, and thought her a fool for her scruples, assuring her she would never find anything better to do now that she had once lived in such a house. Several advised her to try for a soubrette's place on the

stage, but not one little word of encouragement to do right did any of them give her. There were but two courses open to her, either to marry Count de Gallerand, or to go back to America and Harry Alexander. Her heart dictated the first, her reason the second. For some time past her mental state had been one of defiance at Count de Gallerand's attitude towards her; her very susceptibility to his influence she used as an argument against him; called it personal magnetism that fascinated her with him, as the little bird is fascinated by the cat. Once out of reach of his eye, and her reason asserted itself again. She was forever debating with herself against herself. Sometimes a fierce battle raged within her, which, when terminated, left her exhausted but unconquered. She acknowledged to herself that he was the most bewitching of Mercurys, eloquence included, qualities adorable in a lover; but she had her doubts if they were the most desirable in a husband. In their last interview, however, she had seen another side of his character; he had shown her he had a heart. She no longer feared his playing with her affections, but thought she would be perfectly happy if he loved her as she did him. She was continually contrasting him with Harry Alexander. "How different the two men are!" she would muse. "Some one has said that delicacy

in man is the instrument which most effectively gains a woman's heart; that is not my idea. Harry has it in a high degree, but it does not draw me in the way audacity and force do; the latter, however misdirected, has a great charm for me. What a model husband Harry would make if one could only give up all romance and settle down to be a Joan to his Darby!"

The upshot of all this was that she wrote that night the following letter to Harry Alexander:

"ENGLISH HOME, PARIS.

"MY DEAR, DEAR OLD BOY:

"I must say that you have kept with exemplary exactitude the promise I extorted from you of not writing to me until I first wrote you; I don't fancy you find it so difficult, after all. *En passant*, perhaps you would like to know that I am alive. But, joking apart, Harry, I am only half alive; I am homesick and heartsick; I have made a terrible fiasco of everything over here. Don't you want me back again? I'll take a small house and teach Hilda, just as I did in the old happy days before love came in to disturb the harmony. You know, Harry, you are the very best, in fact, the only friend I have in the world. I used to tell you everything, dear father confessor; I am going to confess now. Fate has thrown in my way a man who admires me, I know; he has not yet asked me to marry him, but I am certain he is only waiting for a chance, and I want you to take me away before he gets it. I am very brave when I am out of his sight, but I am

just like putty when I am with him; and now, Harry, though I love this man well enough to die for him, I do not trust him well enough to marry him. Why is it that I trust you so implicitly as the soul of honor, but do not love you, while him I love, but do not trust? Is it because he has not the faintest notions of religion—is a free-thinker, like the majority of men in Europe? Of course, he is too gentlemanly to scoff, and too lazy to argue; but he is innocent of all belief or theories; his motto seems to be, 'Let us live and eat, for to-morrow we die.' By the way, my opinion of human nature has not risen since coming abroad. Do you remember how you used to chaff me about being a sceptic? I am quite cured now of any tendency that way. I see only too clearly what individuals and nations would become without Christianity; nothing else can take its place; there is no other adequate motive to check the impulses of unbridled passions. It is a trite saying, often repeated, that the Catholic Church has had its day; whether that be so or not, it has done a noble work in the past in checking man's criminal nature and curbing his passions. What the philosopher's world without God would be I often wonder. I know you will write me, Hal, as soon as you read this. I shall count the days impatiently until I get your answer. I sorely need some friendly aid to keep my good resolutions. Please give my love and the enclosed note to Hilda. Good-bye. With a heart full of love for yourself, my dear Harry,

"Believe me now, as of old,

"Your sincere and *not ungrateful* friend,

"DOROTHY PEMBROKE."

Her letter written, she gave it to Miss Jeffreys, who offered to post it, with a letter of her own, at the tobacconist's around the corner, and then, as it would be a month at least before she could get an answer, Dorothy decided to think no more about it.

Day succeeded day with unvarying monotony at the "Home," where the power of making one feel physically and mentally wretched was unsurpassed. Dorothy had all her life until now lived very much upon flattery; she had always been attended by some satellite willing to do her least behest. This had got to be second nature, the atmosphere in which she moved and breathed; she expected it, was wretched without it.

In the "Home" she had no friends among the boarders except her room-mate and the gentle lady who had poured out tea on the day of her arrival. Alice Jeffreys called the latter an old tabby, the mother of all the other cats, but Dorothy didn't agree with her. Mrs. Henry was of a good English county family; her father, a colonel in the artillery. She had seen a great deal of the world, and moved in the best society when young; had been presented at court, both at St. James and the Tuileries. Now a widow, poor, and long past sixty, she was earning her daily bread as a music-teacher; and with it all was the grand lady, graceful and charming. Dorothy

pitied her from the bottom of her heart, and loved her from the very first moment she saw her. The liking was mutual; Mrs. Henry made much of her, and mothered her in her sweet way. Dorothy's one enjoyment at the "Home" was to sit an hour or two with her and hear her talk of bygone days.

A little incident happened about this time that gave her a secret pleasure, at the same time that it annoyed her. An iron balcony extended around the fifth story of the home, as was also the case with all the houses in the neighborhood. Dorothy's window opened out upon the balcony, and one morning, as she was standing idly there, she was startled by a bright light passing over her; she fancied it came from a mirror some one in the street was carrying, but as it remained stationary she was not long in tracing the light to the opposite house. Looking up, she encountered Count de Gallerand's roguish face, as he stood on a balcony, turning a glass to attract her attention. He joined her that day when she went out, and told her he had taken rooms across the street for the sole purpose of seeing her. The meshes of Fate were drawing closer and closer, and Dorothy prayed all the harder for strength to hold out until she got an answer to her letter; but, alas! this mental anxiety proved too much for her, and a few days after she was too ill to rise. The doctor

called in prescribed quiet and rest; so she was moved into the sanitarium, a comfortable room next her own, where she could be by herself, and waited upon by a nurse attached to the "Home":

It was slow work, and quite a month before Dorothy felt anything like her old energy return. But she did not regret her illness; there were many things revealed to her then little dreamed of before. One was the kindness underlying the most repellent exteriors. Count de Gallerand had evidently heard of her illness, for not a day passed without flowers and fruit being left at the conciergerie for her. Seven weeks, and not a word had she heard from Harry. Could it be possible that he was going to give her up—leave her to her fate and Count de Gallerand? It looked very like it. "If he forsakes me, I have not a friend in the world," she sorrowfully thought. "I wonder if God is teaching me to leave it all; with childlike trustfulness, to Him? I have made myself ill by worrying; I shall try hereafter to be perfectly passive, and to feel that whatever happens is best. My life need not be null and void just because things have not turned out as I hoped, and my life all I planned."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions."—*Shakespeare.*

"Cet animal est très méchant ;  
Quand on l'attaque, il se defend."

"I HOPE you are glad to see me, for I am going to sit with you until dinner-time," exclaimed Alice Jeffreys, as she entered Dorothy's room with a five o'clock cup of tea and a large slice of bread in her hand.

"Dear Miss Jeffreys, you know you are always welcome," Dorothy answered ; "and to assure you of my sincerity, here is some jam, which will make your bread more palatable."

"Thanks. I suppose I should not have this tea here ; you know we are not allowed to bring it upstairs, but I thought I'd run the risk for once. I'm savage to-day, and if I don't talk it off with you, I shall have to quarrel with some one and let off steam in that way. I'm what the Irish call 'blue-mouldering for want of a bating.'"

Dorothy soon found from her caustic remarks about the Ark and the Animals that Alice was

indeed in a truculent mood, and at length, feeling that her "*talk*" had gone quite far enough, and that her own silence might be taken for consent, expostulated :

" Why, Miss Jeffreys, are you so down upon the others in the house? They have been no end kind to me since I've been laid up."

" Have they? Well, I'm glad of it. I'm horrid, I know, and unreasonable. I hate myself, so why shouldn't they hate me? The fact is, we are all jealous of each other; that is why every one's hand is against every other one's; it's the house and the life that make us so; worry and work, work and worry, week in, week out, and never a bit of pleasure. Oh, Miss Pembroke, you can't think how I long for a change!" she cried, as she flung herself on her knees, burying her head in the cushions of Dorothy's couch, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

" What is it, dear? Tell me all about it," the latter soothingly asked, as she softly stroked her pretty hair.

After a little Alice became sufficiently calm to reply between her sobs: " Oh! there's nothing to tell—it will be all the same a hundred years hence. I'm a fool, I know; but to-day's my birthday. It seems such a farce. Why was I born? No one wanted me then, no one wants me now. Most girls on their birthday have a party and presents;

no one ever gives me anything. I never went to a party in my life, never had a game of tennis, nor skated, nor rowed, nor did anything that other girls of my age do. Oh! I long so for a little fun and pleasure; I'm only twenty-three to-day, and I feel like sixty. I've taught ever since I was sixteen, and never once had a holiday. I've been no end of times without work, but the anxiety is so terrible then, one can't amuse oneself with a light heart; one is too poor to do it innocently."

"Poor child, I am so sorry for you!" whispered Dorothy. "Are you an orphan?"

"No; I might just as well be, though. My father was a captain in the army. I can just remember him; he was awfully handsome. I have a photograph I'll show you, taken in his court-dress the day he was presented. They say when he was young he was wild; at any rate he ran off with mamma, who was a dancer and all the rage at the time. He sold out soon after, and when I was about seven they went to the Cape, leaving me at school. I never saw him again; he died some six years after. Poor daddy! had he lived I should have gone to the Cape too. His letters were so sweet and full of love; he was always writing that he longed to see his 'wee Alice,' and was going to send for his 'little girlie' to come out; but he never did. I was awfully cut up when he died; there was nothing left me then to

look forward to, I was so tired of the school and they of me. Then mamma came home with my brothers, but she was wretchedly poor and could not take me out of school. She met by chance one of her old admirers, a manager of a travelling company, and married again, and, as I had no dramatic talent, of course he did not want to be bothered with me, so I was packed off to a school in Germany as pupil-teacher, giving English in exchange for music. There I remained until I was nineteen; since then I have been governessing pretty nearly all over the world, and, oh! I'm so heartily sick of it," she cried, with a fresh burst of tears. "It is so little I want, I think God might give it to me. I don't wish to be rich, for I am afraid I might become mean and proud and selfish like the rest, but just for a few pounds to spend in lawful pleasure. I've planned out over and over again what I would do with it."

"Well, what would you do first if you had it now?" Dorothy inquired.

"Buy enough butter to go round for a week," Alice answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Oh, Miss Pembroke, you have no idea how I loathe this place; it takes all the spirit out of me. I detest the charities of the rich; money is the standard by which you are measured; if you are poor, they think you have no fine feelings, are not sensitive, so patronize you, intrude upon your

privacy, give you gratuitous advice upon things you know much more about than they."

"We need not mind that, Alice dear, for we are in good company; artists, musicians, and writers all have to put up with this ignorant criticism from tyros in their art."

"Well, I do mind their insolence; fancy our not having a key to our bedroom doors here, but always at the mercy of any inquisitive visitor who may like to see how 'the inmates live'; it is insupportable. I do not consider this boasted charity a charity at all. We pay enough for all we get. It reminds me of a story I heard told of a man who lived not far from where I was at school. It seems that vessels were frequently wrecked on the coast near by, and when the poor, half-famished mariners came to his house he invariably gave them a meal of hot boiled potatoes, urging them to eat; then, when they were full to repletion, he insisted upon their eating up all the skins they had left, so that nothing should be wasted. 'You have eaten to please yourselves, now you must eat to please me,' he would declare. Was it not brutal? and is it not a good example of much of the refinement in what is called charity?"

"But tell me, don't you sometimes have parties here?" inquired Dorothy. "I know they have at the Girls' Friendly Lodges."

“Parties! they are as much like parties as this is like a home. We are asked to put on our best toggery and sit round a room like children, to be entertained by some swells who have “kindly volunteered their services.” Grim amusement it is, and the only fun I find in it is when the entertainers get taken down a peg, which is not an unusual occurrence, I am happy to say. Such people mostly make fools of themselves when they play at being benevolent. The poor all see through it, and know it is only to amuse themselves they do it. Sometimes they want to see life, so visit the prisons, and homes, and other institutions; sometimes they go in for sisterhoods, or even do what they call ‘slumming it;’ but it is always in the way of amusement to kill time. But I can stand their freaks much better than the rot of the so-called religious people, who insult us because we are poor by insisting we must be bad, and preaching to us on every occasion, both in and out of season. They forget it was the poor who received Our Lord when He was upon earth, and would do the same to-day if the rich did not make it almost impossible for them. Unfortunately there are the same Pharisees and hypocrites now as then, laying upon us burdens heavy to be borne, which they themselves will not move with one of their fingers. You can’t imagine how often I have wanted a shilling and could not

borrow it ; not one of those who are so free with their advice would lend me a penny should I ask it. The '*mont-de-pitié*' is the best friend I have in the world; and at times I've been so low that I had nothing left to take there ; all the books and clothes I had, except those on my back, were in pawn. Now I must tell you what upset me to-day. Some one at the house told me that English residents here often applied to Mrs. Mothersell, the rector's wife, so I thought I'd call on her and try my luck. 'Good gracious ! didn't she put me through my p's and q's ! A Cambridge exam. is nothing to it, for she catechised me as to my belief into the bargain. The first part I passed creditably, but the last was a fearful set-down when I told her I did not attend any church regularly. The upshot of it all was that, as I had no fixed religious belief, she did not consider me a proper person to have the charge of children, and could not conscientiously recommend me.'

"And what did you say to that ?" Dorothy inquired.

"Oh, I told her that if I did not get something to do I should starve ; upon which she said, 'You must go home.' 'But,' I objected, 'I have no home.' 'I understood you to say you have a mother living ; she should provide for you,' Mrs. Mothersell said. 'Perhaps she should, but unfortunately she does not ; she has married again, and

has nothing of her own,' I replied. 'At all events, you cannot stay here; Paris is no place for you. I see that the gayety and attractions have taken a strong hold upon you. Mr. Mothersell has access to funds provided by charitable Englishmen in Paris to send British subjects, out of work, back to England; I will give you a third-class ticket.' 'But what shall I do when I get back to England? Every door is barred against the poor and friendless. If I were going to a situation it would be another thing,' I boldly objected. 'Oh, I daresay you will get on well enough after you get there,' she answered, then added: 'You know the ropes far better than I do. There are many charitable ladies in London who would interest themselves in your case if you made it known, I have not a doubt. By the way, there is a great demand at present for servants; why not take a housemaid's place?' 'I would rather throw myself into the Seine first,' I hastily exclaimed. 'Well, then, throw yourself into the Seine if you feel that you are in a fit state to die,' she coolly rejoined, then pulled the bell-rope, saying, as she looked at her watch, 'I must beg you to excuse me, Miss Jeffreys; I have an appointment at a missionary meeting this morning.' 'Certainly! I am only sorry I have taken any of your valuable time, Mrs. Mothersell.' 'Not at all; my time is at the disposal of suffering

humanity. Are you quite determined to remain in Paris?' 'Quite,' I said, as I bade her good-day. Now do you wonder, Miss Pembroke, that I am sick and disgusted with life on this, my twenty-third birthday?"

"No, dear Alice," Dorothy replied, in a choked voice, as she wiped the tears from her eyes. "And did Mrs. Mothersell really tell you to throw yourself into the river if you felt yourself in a fit state to die? It is too heartless to be credible; you must have misunderstood her."

"I wish to heaven I had; I only remember it too well; every word was burnt as if with a hot iron into my brain and heart. Queen-Mary-like, it will be found there upon my death. It has wholly crushed and killed any germ of faith I may have had in me. I have tried to do right and live a pure, moral life thus far; why I have I don't know; certainly not because honesty is enjoined upon us as the best policy by religious people, nor from any dread of hell-fire with which the clergy threaten the ignorant, but because I had rather do right. But I'll throw up the sponge now; it's no use trying. Some Christians believe that there are people born into this world damned; I'm afraid I'm one."

"Oh! don't say that, dear; it is too horrible to utter. I am so sorry for you; but struggle on a little longer; something is sure to turn up for the

better; the darkest cloud, you know, has a silver lining."

"Bah! that's all gammon; nothing good will ever come to me," Alice fiercely exclaimed. "There have been no end of women in this house who buoyed themselves up with that delusion when they were young; but it never came; luck never changed for them. Now that they are old and gray-headed they float themselves with the hope of a better time in the next world, when they, Lazarus-like, will have the good things, and the Dives will be taking their turn at the evil, and seeing how they like it."

"And don't you believe that, Alice?—not exactly as you have put it, but that if we do well, and suffer in this world for the love of Christ, we shall have our reward hereafter?"

"No; not I; I have not a particle of superstition in my composition, I'm happy to say. Daddy didn't believe in it either; and as for mamma, one would hardly accuse her of being religious. One thing, though, I must say; they were not hypocrites; they neither played with religion nor used it as a cloak to cover wickedness with. Papa stipulated when he left me at school that I should not be taken to church except when I liked. Don't think daddy was not good, though. I have a letter from him written just a month before his death, which is full of good advice, and

which has kept me no end of times from wrong. I wish I were sweet and amiable; I know I have a horrid temper and growl at everything; I'm just like those men who, when things go wrong with them, if their wives won't stand a beating, kick their dogs in spite, and vent their ill-humor upon poor dumb creatures, who turn and lick the hands of those who gave the blow. I detest such a nature, but, alas! it is mine, and that is why I am always saying such hateful things of others. I'm a brute that nobody loves"——

"No, you are nothing of the sort; you are a dear, good girl, and I love you, and it is only a habit you have got into of saying sarcastic things. I can easily see how it grew upon you; at first they were harmless, and you were flattered when people laughed at your smart and clever sayings; by and by they became bitter and had a sting in them, and you made enemies. Was it not so?"

"No, it is because I am what I am; I've dissected myself bit by bit. I believe in heredity, don't you? I've my father's love of sports, and his artistic and fastidious tastes for pictures, music, and nice people, combined with my mother's independence, communism, and hate of aristocracy, increased, I fancy, from my father's people never having acknowledged her. It's curious, though, how this anarchism crops out in me. For days at a time I am lawless and utterly reckless of con-

sequences, dreaming and longing to make myself the heroine of some political adventure. For instance, this last week I have not dared to pass that broker's on Faubourg St. Honoré where the notes and gold are heaped up in the window, the temptation to break the glass and scatter them among the poor has been so great. I know it is not reasonable, and that if it were done the poor would be no better off; yet it haunts me and I am constantly dwelling upon it and planning how I can accomplish it without detection. But you will be horrified, Miss Pembroke, if I lay my soul bare in this way."

"No, indeed, I shall not; I'm not a swell, but a struggling fellow-creature like yourself who can feel for all suffering humanity. If it is a comfort to you to unburden yourself to me, pray do; our troubles often are mere ghosts that vanish when confronted by the light of day. Have you any other grievances?"

"Oh! heaps; it would take a month, a year, to air them all. I'm just going to inflict one more on you, and then I must skedaddle. To go back to Mrs. Mothersell; don't you think it impertinent of these would-be charitable people to propose to us lady teachers, who are highly educated and often of better families than they, that we should give up our profession, at which we have studied and labored for years, to make ourselves

proficient as, and become servants, household drudges? Now, in some houses it often happens that, if we are pretty and attractive, nothing but our position being above the domestics keeps us from insult from the master and his men friends. What would become of us were we servants, heaven only knows. "The truth is that such people want to get brain work with their manual, and to pay only for the latter. I know lots of people who get their nursery maids to teach their children, and who boast of the pittance they pay for so much work."

"Yes, it's a crying shame," said Dorothy excitedly; "it should be stopped—the frightful pressure that is brought to bear upon so many governesses to make them Jacks-of-all-trades and maids-of-all-work."

"Then fancy," continued Alice, "ladies having to eat and associate with the vulgar, uneducated men-servants, and having to sleep in the garret, as all the domestics in Paris do; it is revolting. Those people cannot realize what they are proposing to us; it is only their own comfort and ease they are consulting, not ours; they are shrewd enough to know they will be better served by educated, reasoning gentlewomen than by the ignorant peasant class now employed. It should be universally acknowledged and accepted that every professional woman-teacher is a lady,

just as it is taken for granted that every officer in the army and navy is a gentleman; if that were the case we should be better paid, and there would not be half the suffering there now is. Reforms are needed badly enough, but not the kind the idle class or churches preach; they are on the wrong tack cheapening us: We who are struggling against the tide know of what little use to us the modern Christian is; we ask for bread, and they give us a stone; they damn with faint praise every effort we make for the bettering of the race. Who but they have kept the gin-palaces in full blast with their talk of 'a little wine for the stomach's sake.' What rot it is to preach conversion and soul-saving to poor starving wretches who would do anything for food or drink! It's the old story, 'Recant,' 'Abjure your idols,' then we'll see what we will do for you. The poor devil recants—and dies all the same. If you don't drown, we shall have to burn you for a witch."

"Dear Alice, I don't like to hear you talk in that bitter, uncompromising way. I know it is very hard to be generous and trusting when one is suffering from what we imagine is the fault of others, but we are too apt to be on the alert to discover wrong. I admit with sorrow that reforms are needed in all classes of society."

"Yes," Alice eagerly assented, "the reform that I want must come from the people. Wouldn't

I like to be the apostle of that doctrine, to disseminate. If I had enough money, I'd start tomorrow on a crusade to working-women; nothing can be done without organization. If we could only hang together we could carry the world. It's this distrust of each other that does the mischief. How can we expect the men to fight for us? But of all the crazy things I've yet heard of women doing, the craziest is what that Yankee girl is about, coming to London selling flowers, sweeping crossings, and going out to service. I know nothing about the first two, but if she doesn't know more of them than she does about housemaids, she had better shut up, at least not write to the papers. Of course she found it delightful, as she did not have to do it; besides, it was not the drudgery to her it would be to us. Americans do not mind doing housework; the greater part keep but one servant—'help' she is called in New England—and in consequence have to do a lot themselves. I've seen ladies over there doing their own washing, ironing and cooking, and thinking it no hardship either! It's all in the way one is brought up; those who are not intellectual naturally prefer manual to brain work. Then this American girl is not dependent upon what she earns (that's the rub with us), but can leave a situation whenever she likes; in fact, she knows just as much of what the real hardships of a servant's

life for a sensitive, refined woman would be as the society swells who dress up in fancy costumes, and have a stall at a bazaar, know of the hardships of a shop-girl's existence. As you say, the rich are always theorizing, telling us to do this and not to do that, with as much sense as the critics who tell the artists how to paint or the sculptors how to model, the musicians how to play and the authors how to write, the actors how to act and young housekeepers how to keep house on £100 a year, or go around the world on £50. But good gracious! there's the dressing-bell! I hope I've not tired you to death; it is awfully good of you to listen to me! I feel ever so much better for letting off steam; it has been kept pent up so long I thought I should burst."

"Growl to me as often as you like; I too feel better for being taken out of myself. It does not do to brood alone over one's trials. And now, Alice dear—I am not going to preach—may I tell you my experience? It is that though trouble and tribulation were, I thought, almost unbearable at the time, I have been glad of them afterwards, when, with the help of God, I have been victorious. It is a truism that our Heavenly Father never seems so near us as when sorrow touches us."

"That may be your experience; you come of a religious stock: mine is quite different. When I'm in sorrow it's the devil that puts in an appear-

ance. Don't shake your head; it's so. As I said before, it's all in the blood; we are not responsible for the idiosyncrasies of our parents. You believe all; I believe nothing; keep your illusions if you can. If I ever had any, they have flown ages ago. There is but one ruling motive in this world, and that is Personal Interest; it is like a game at football; woe to the one upon whom the others fall. Oh, dear! I wish I were married and out of this nunnery. If I only had a husband and little children, and some place of my own that was a real 'home,' I'd not mind how poor I was. I'd work like a galley-slave to keep the pot boiling. Say, do you think I'll ever be married?—is there a chance for me in this world? I'd marry any one who asked me—I was going to say a darkey, but I wouldn't; I'll draw the line there; but I'd marry a Turk or a Moor—or how would it do to advertise? There! you are shocked; I knew you would be."

"No, I am not shocked," Dorothy replied, with a tender smile. "I understand you too well to take you seriously; your tongue is a very unruly member; if you do not put a bridle on it I am afraid it will run away with you some day. As for advertising for a husband, or answering any of those matrimonial advertisements, do not think of it for one moment. In this last decade of the nineteenth century, marriage is not the

aim and object of a woman's life, I am happy to say. Are you aware that it is quite the fashion for two or three society girls who have money, to club together and set up a bachelor establishment like the men?"

"Yes, I know all that, and it is one of the most detestable fashions of our time! These girls, born without natural affections, happening to have lots of pelf, can with impunity keep bachelor's hall—do just as they like. They flirt and play at love, but are never caught—not they; they are far too selfish to love anything,—man, woman or child; their hearts are as dry as summer dust. Egoists of the first water, what right have they to probe the feelings of poor girls?—girls so hungry and thirsty for love that they give themselves body and soul for a kiss. What right have they to go, with their dry eyes, into the rescue Homes and preach to women there, when they have not a conception of the temptation brought to bear upon these poor creatures? No, let them go to the fast society men and try their powers of persuasion on them, and stop this fearful traffic in white slaves. Which of the two, Miss Pembroke, do you think the best woman, she who marries for position and a home, who never felt a spark of love and never wished for a little child of her own, and who, when it comes, does not welcome it, but is sorry to have the



trouble of looking after it, so gives it out to nurse, then leaves it with servants until it is old enough to put at boarding-school—anything to get rid of the responsibility of motherhood; or she who hungers and thirsts after love to such a degree that she yields to the first villain who tempts her, and when her baby comes, rejoices because a child is born into the world, and that she is a mother—no matter how? My instincts tell me that, if anything in the world is divine, it is motherhood. You, with your orthodox bringing-up, believe in the commonly received idea of the immortality of the soul, I suppose?"

"Most emphatically, yes! You evidently do not, from your inquiry."

"No, not in the immortality of the individual soul. I hold with those who believe our life is continued in the life of our children, just as the grain of wheat is carried on in the plant of the following year."

"That is rather hard upon those who do not marry or have no children," Dorothy objected.

"Well, everybody would marry and have children if they felt as I do; but is not that the obvious deduction from St. Paul's simile?"

"It is quite a novel one, I think."

"Well, to go back, you have never visited a Refuge, I suppose? The love that some of those poor girls show for their children is most touch-

ing ; often it is strong enough to make them love the miserable, cowardly father, who forsook them in their time of need. I often go in to see them, and the *crèches* too. I love children dearly ; such pets as some of them are ! I never pass a baby, no matter how dirty it is, without wishing it were mine, to wash and dress and hug and kiss. I'd welcome a baker's dozen. Lawless love rather than loveless marriage is my motto."

"No, don't say that, Alice ; it is too"—

"Oh, I'll take the scolding another time, dear Miss Pembroke ; I forgot all about dinner, and here is your tray, with all the delicacies of the season on it, I hope. *Bonne appétit.*"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"But hark you, Kate : Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
Will this content you, Kate ?

———"It must of force."—*Shakespeare.*

IT was the 14th of July, the Republican fête, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. How much that word recalls ! It had been a very hot day, and was now a very hot evening. Everyone in the house, not excepting nurse, had gone out to see Paris illuminated, special permission having been granted those who wished to stay out until eleven. Dorothy alone remained within doors. Although pronounced quite well again by her physician, and resuming once more her usual occupations, she did not feel quite up to this unusual exertion ; so, after changing her dinner dress for a loose white wrapper, she drew the sofa up to the open French window and settled herself comfortably among the pillows in such a way that she could see the rockets, Roman candles, and flashes of electric light thrown from the tower Eiffel, to the best advantage. How long she lay there she never knew. She remem-

bered hearing the clock on the neighboring Greek church strike nine, then must have fallen asleep—when suddenly she became conscious that she was cold, and trembling like a leaf. With a supreme effort she sat up and looked around her. The room was in shadow; could it be only a nightmare, a dream? But no, it was too real. She had an indefinable feeling of fear; something had touched her; someone was in her room. Too frightened to call, she held her breath and tried to overcome her nervous tremor by reasoning, but with little success. At last she summoned up courage enough to make a spring for the door. Before she reached it she was caught, and she fell, almost fainting, into the arms of Count de Gallerand. Though too dark to see his face, she knew in an instant it was he.

“*Enfin te voilà, ma bien-aimée,*” he whispered, as he drew her close to him.

For a few moments Dorothy lay, panting and exhausted from excitement, in his arms; then, struggling to free herself, she gasped, “Oh! Count de Gallerand, where did you come from? and how in the world did you get here?”

“By the balcony, *ma mie*; nothing simpler. I came to-night, Psyche, on purpose to tell you it’s no use trying; I have not touched a brush since you were taken ill; I can do nothing if you are not near to inspire and encourage me.”

"I fancied you were out of town, monsieur."

"So I have been, off and on; *ma mère* insists upon my passing the greater part of the summer with her at the château, but this year I can't put through more than a day or two at a time without running up to Paris to see how you are doing. Wasn't I in luck when I found rooms vacant in the house next to this on the same floor with my darling? *Et puis*, any time I can step from one balcony to the other, every evening if you like, Psyche."

"No, no! monsieur; I beg of you not to do it again. Besides, you must not stop a moment longer now; some one will be sure to see us."

"No, they won't; we are quite safe; I planned this little surprise weeks ago when I was across the street, and I'm not going to be frightened out of it by any imaginary dangers. To-night I watched *la grande porte* open and shut, and saw every living creature leave the house, even the old dragon who guards you, *ma chère*, and I intend remaining until they return."

"Oh! Count de Gallerand, you really must not. *Mon cher ami*, if you love me as you say you do, you'll not get me into trouble with the people here. Please—please go! do you not see I am much too frightened to enjoy your visit?" Dorothy pleaded.

"*N'ayez pas peur, ma petite, ma mie,*" he whis-

pered, as he once more put his arms around her and drew her to his side. "I've made a friend of the concierge, and he has promised to whistle when the others return or there is danger ahead, so let us be happy while we may and enjoy the present. It is too lovely a night to remain indoors; come out on the balcony and rehearse that famous scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' You can't object to that; it is English, you know," he said, with the characteristic mocking laugh that Dorothy knew so well, and was powerless to resist. "There now, this is happiness—heavenly, *n'est-ce pas?*" he exclaimed, as he bent his head and kissed her. "Don't you love me, Psyche; won't you live with me and let me be your protector and take care of you, rather than lead this wretched, lonely life you are now doing?"

There was a moment of silence, then Dorothy spoke: "I am not sure I understand you, monsieur. Do you mean to ask me if I will marry you?"

"Unfortunately that is just what I cannot do. Hang it! a fellow cannot be married in France without the consent of his parents. Now, *la comtesse mère* won't give her consent. I've been urging her for the last three months, *mais elle ne veut rien entendre, maman*; she declares she would rather see me dead in my coffin."

"In that case I can be nothing more to you, Count de Galleran, than I now am," Dorothy coldly said, at the same time freeing herself from his embrace, and turning as if to leave him.

"*Mon Dieu!* don't go, Psyche, till I finish; I want to explain," he cried, snatching one of her hands to detain her. "Just listen a moment! You English have no idea how we are brought up to respect our parents' wishes in regard to marriage. With you, if two young people love each other, that is sufficient for them to get married and make a home for themselves when and where they like; they are ever after independent of their parents. With us in France it is quite different; we live in a patriarchal way, usually three generations in one establishment, as the greater part of the young couples live with their parents, either on one side or the other. *Eh bien!* *maman* has set her heart upon my building up the fortunes of our family by *un mariage d'argent*. *C'est l'idée fixe de ma mère* for me to marry a rich *partie*; *tu comprends?* It is the only one she will welcome at the château."

"I understand all perfectly, *monsieur*; it is quite right and very laudable that you should obey your mother."

"Oh! hang it all! you don't mean that; I'm not obeying my mother because it is right, only I detest having a row. If you love me, couldn't

you be happy with me without dragging me to church or before the civil authorities, Psyche? I myself am *libre penseur*, and no number of nuptial benedictions or amount of ceremony would make the union more sacred or binding for me. I will swear to you, Psyche, the day you give yourself to me, to love you, and *you only*, to my life's end. Won't you trust to my word and my honor? I hate rules and that sort of thing. Bind me down before a priest or a justice of the peace, and six to one before a month's over I'll be trying to undo the knot. *Et puis*, as a Protestant, you do not regard marriage as a sacrament; what difference in the world does it make to you if a minister or a magistrate mumble a few words over us? You can read all the good advice in the prayer-book, and I'll worship you with my body and endow you with all my worldly goods without extorting any promise of obedience from you in return, *ma chère*. Come, let us swear to be true to one another. You'll not be the first Englishwoman who has done it; *par example*, George Eliot set aside all ceremonies, and made a true love match, and she was acknowledged by all the world. Can't you trust me, dearest? Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you only too well for my own peace of mind; you have my heart in spite of myself; but I cannot trust alone either to my love or

yours. I can consent to live with you, monsieur, only as your legal wife."

"*Mon Dieu!* I do not believe you know what love is, you are so cold and calculating. *Je suis bête sot* to love you so passionately; you are like the rest of your compatriots—marriage before all, and in spite of all. It always spoilt 'Romeo and Juliet' for me—took all the romance out of it—when they ran off to Friar Laurence and got married; they were so selfish. Now, French lovers, carried away by their feelings, might be indiscreet and bring trouble on themselves, end probably by dying in each other's arms, but they would respect the wishes of their parents and not get married."

"I see only too clearly, monsieur, that our ideas on this subject are widely different; fortunately I have been brought up to consider that marriage, if not a sacrament, is essential, not only to individual happiness, but to that of society at large. By the way, your allusion to George Eliot just now, *mon ami*, was rather unfortunate. Far from being acknowledged by all the world, she was tabooed by 'respectable society,' and felt the slight keenly all through her after life. Yes, as you say, 'marriage before all'; and do you know, I can hardly imagine an Englishman talking to me as you are now doing, Count de Gallerand."

"*Vraiment? hélas!* It is all a matter of education that makes things right or wrong to most of

us. What is vice in Europe is virtue in Asia, and *vice versa*; what the Roman Church forbids is often permitted in the Protestant, and made compulsory in the Greek; what is allowed in Scotland is often criminal in England. Morality changes with the country and climate; your compatriots, for the most part, are different beings at home from what they are in Paris. I have any number of Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes among my acquaintances, both men and women. Nothing is fixed in morals; there is a lot of cant, which one is supposed to believe; but who lives up to it?"

"Not many, I am afraid," Dorothy sighed.

At the beginning of the discussion she had withdrawn her hand from the count's and stood erect and still, with folded arms, her back against the window-frame, as if by her attitude to give force to her words; meanwhile her companion paced up and down the balcony in intense excitement. Suddenly he stopped, horrified at the sad, pale face that confronted him, which a flash of electric light made almost ghastly. Coming up to her in his impetuous way,

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, as he once more drew her to him, "don't look like that, Psyche! It is just that expression I caught and fixed in your portrait. I can't stand it. Do smile and laugh. I'll do anything you want, only don't fix me with those great eyes. *Je t'adore; il n'y a plus*

*pour moi d'autre femme. You love me, n'est-ce pas? Tu as vu comme je suis fidèle."*

"For how long, pray?" Nothing to boast of—a week, a month perhaps."

"Forever and forever. Do try me, Psyche; I swear I'll be faithful and true to you all my life long!" he pleaded.

"It's a mystery to me why you should care for me at all, monsieur; I must be very different from your ideal wife. What was there about me that first attracted you? Why do you love me?"

"*Je ne sais pas, moi.* I love you because I can't help myself. Love reasons without reason, you know. *Mais—voyons!*" He mused, looking at her critically. "What first attracted me were *vos beaux yeux—et puis*, your pretty little English accent when you said, '*Je suis Anglaise;*' *et que de chic, que de chic, dans la simplicité de vos costumes.* The first day I saw you I said, '*Voilà une qui sait s'habiller.*' *Mais, mon amie,* what made you think you were not my ideal? You are precisely my ideal; *oui, exactement mon type. Il me faut une petite femme originale, gaie, jolie, très-jolie, qu'on regarde dans la rue, et qu'on lorgne au spectacle,*" he explained, lapsing into French, as was his wont when excited. "*Et puis,* with such a wife one can amuse one's self; *surtout* I want to continue as long as possible *ma vie de garçon.* There now, I think I deserve a reward for that long dissertation

upon my feelings ; it is not often I analyze them. I did it to please you, Psyche ; won't you in return do something for me ? ”

“ If I can ; well, what is it ? ”

“ Only to swear to love me and no one else, as long as you live. ”

“ I will willingly do that, for, as I told you before, I love no one else in the world as I love you, Count de Gallerand. ”

“ *Ah ciel !* don't call me Count de Gallerand. ”

“ Well, what would you like me to call you ? ”

“ Why, Gaston, of course ; that's my name. ”

“ But you do not call me Dorothy. ”

“ No, for the simple reason that I cannot pronounce it ; that *th* is *très difficile*—too much for me, ” he laughingly admitted. “ Then Psyche suits you so well ; you remember, I told you that you were always Psyche for me. Call me Mercure, as you sometimes do, or any other name you like, only not Count de Gallerand, I beg of you ; it is too formal for *ma petite fiancée* to use. Now, for the oath you have promised to give me, put your hands in mine thus and say, ‘ I will love you, and you only, as long as I live. ’ ”

Dorothy gave the desired promise, and sealed it with a kiss, then added :

“ You must know once and for all, Gaston, that though I love you dearly—well enough to suffer and die for you—I cannot live with you except as

your legal wife, and that our acquaintance must end here. Let me vanish quietly; let me go, my friend!"

"*Jamais! jamais!* If that is your final decision I must lay siege to *la contesse mère* again; if she only saw you I am sure she would consent, *tu es si belle. Voilà mon programme!* To-day is Tuesday; if I take the early train to-morrow I can be back in Paris by Friday night. *Mais*, if *maman* will not consent, what do you say to our being married in England, Psyche? I could go over ostensibly to visit an old friend, an artist living in St. John's Wood, and you could join me there. I suppose marriage before a Justice of the Peace would satisfy all your scruples, *mon amie?*"

"I suppose it will have to do, if you object to a wedding in church."

"*Tiens!* You see how it is; I detest ceremony of all kind; the only ritual that could appeal to me is the Roman Catholic; I have been taught to look upon the office in your Protestant churches as a mere farce—the letter without the spirit."

"Well, I'll think of it, Gaston, while you are at the château. And now that I have given that promise, you won't mind going."

"Indeed I will mind going very much; I've not said half I meant to."

"But, you really must not, dear; I know you love me too well to get me into trouble with the people here."

"*N'ayez pas peur, ma mie*; I'll not run any risks where you are concerned. The concière has not whistled yet, and he has promised to warn me."

"Oh! he may have forgotten to do so; do go now; I am sure I heard steps and voices in the hall, and—there's the whistle!" she cried, springing up and pushing him from her.

Again Count de Gallerand clasped her in his arms and passionately kissed her forehead, eyes, and mouth, as he whispered, "*Enfin te voilà à moi, ma bien-aimée.*"

"For heaven's sake, leave me!" Dorothy pleaded, as she struggled to free herself.

"*Oui, tout de suite, tout de suite. Attendez un moment*; I shall be on this balcony Friday evening as the clock is striking eleven, and will tell you what luck I have with *maman*; *comprenez-vous?*"

"No, no, not here; you must not come again; do go now, please;" then, losing all self-control, she pushed him from her with both hands so violently that she tottered and almost lost her balance.

A moment later Count de Gallerand was singing with his usual airy lightness on the neighbor-

ing balcony, and Dorothy was standing trembling with emotion in her own room, his words, "*Je t'aime, je t'aime, je t'adore,*" ringing in her ears, and causing her heart to beat and her cheeks to flush. "Oh! I can love—but can I trust?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

"And there are hungry hearts that break,  
Of mothers sick in sweater's den,  
And maidens fair, but sometimes weak,  
And serpents watching; Soul, what then?"

"Well, let them perish; it is Fate;  
For each the future has in store  
His destiny of love or hate,  
Of shame, his portion, and no more."—*D. McCaig.*

As might be expected, Dorothy passed a white night. Fearing that her erratic and audacious neighbor-lover might take it into his head to pay her another visit, she carefully closed and fastened her windows; but, in spite of all precautions, she was constantly, through the night, starting up in fear and trembling that some one was in her room. Fortunately the nights are short in summer, and she had not many hours to wait ere the sun peeped in at her window; then she arose and dressed, with joy in her heart, and the feeling of love and charity for all the world that a contented and happy mind often gives the possessor. She had not arrived at any decision during the night as to what answer she would give Count de

Gallerand; that troubled her but little; it was enough to love and be loved as she had so longed to be. She would leave the decision with a higher power. Coming up from breakfast, a housemaid met her on the stairs with a request from Miss Starr, begging her to step into the office for a few moments, which she immediately complied with.

The directress, seated in her usual place behind the desk, frigidly returned Dorothy's salutation, and said:

"I sent for you, Miss Pembroke, to tell you that you cannot remain in the Home after to-day."

"Not remain here? I do not understand, Miss Starr. What do you mean?" Dorothy stammered.

"Exactly what I said; I can hardly make my words plainer. It is my painful duty to inform you that we cannot keep you here any longer."

"Why not, may I inquire?"

"It is hardly worth while to enter into particulars. You know better than I do how persistently ever since coming here you have set at defiance all our rules. Your shameless flirtation with the artist over the way has been observed and noted. Not wishing to do anything in haste, we deferred speaking to you about it in hopes that your illness might lead you to see the evil of your way; but alas! I fear you are an old and hardened offender.

Your assignation on the balcony last night has capped the climax: it was very cleverly planned, but you were seen and watched."

"Pardon, Miss Starr, but indeed it was not planned at all; I am awfully sorry it happened. Count de Gallerand quite took me by surprise. I thought him out of town, miles away, and had not the faintest idea he was next door."

"Your excuses are excellent, but I have heard similar ones before. I am not disappointed in you; I expected just such a finale, knowing you had been living with that notorious *cocotte*, Princess Nesvitsky. Some of the inmates have complained of your being in the Home, but I explained to them that I had taken you in only on trial, as you told me you wanted to lead a new life; but I fear you have been in bad company too long."

"Excuse me, but the princess is not a bad woman, and I did not come here to lead a new life, but in hopes of finding protection and encouragement to lead the life I have been brought up in. I was very happy at Hôtel Nesvitsky, only, when I found out what was going on there, I could not remain."

"Oh! I understand perfectly; spare me a repetition."

"Since coming here, God knows I have done nothing I need be ashamed of."

"Take care, Miss Pembroke; do not call upon

God as a witness ; remember the fate of Ananias and Sapphira. However, it is useless to continue this conversation ; decidedly, you cannot remain here after to-day."

"But where shall I go?" Dorothy asked, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh! there are plenty of places ; you have been in pensions before coming to us ; why not go back to one of them if they will take you?"

"Oh! they will take me only too gladly ; but it is incomprehensible to me how you dare turn me out into the street as you are doing. How do you know but that I may be without money enough to move and pay a week's board in advance? Anywhere else, in such a case, would be to go to the bad or to kill myself. I was under the impression that these self-styled Homes professed to 'mother' girls, and shelter them from the evil influences of great cities."

"So we do ; good girls will always find a home with us, but not such as you ; this is not a reformatory."

"I do not know what you mean, Miss Starr, when you say girls such as I, for I'm very like other girls, I fancy, neither better nor worse, but striving, with God's help, to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil ; only I am weak and sorely need temporal help just now. Will you not give it to me? I have no one I can go to!"

Dorothy entreated, with sobs, as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"This conversation, Miss Pembroke, is very painful to me; it is of no use to prolong it. I am only doing my duty; you cannot deny that you received a visit from a man in your bedroom last night; you must leave here for the sake of the others."

"If that is the case, I can only say that this house is a great fraud; why, it is only girls who are in trouble that need protection; the others can take care of themselves!" Dorothy exclaimed, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks, as she turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," Miss Starr called, as the former was opening the door; "allow me to present you with these; they may prove a word in season," handing her several tracts with a sweet, forgiving smile.

"Excuse me, Miss Starr, it is a case of throwing pearls before swine; keep them for the good girls."

Almost beside herself with indignation, Dorothy ran upstairs two steps at a time, never stopping, as her usual custom was, to take breath on the landings, but making straight for her room, where she found a childish relief in giving vent to her anger by slamming the door and making a noise generally, as she pulled her boxes about. Every

now and then she would stand and stamp her foot in impotent rage at such injustice. By and by she became absorbed in her packing; her excitement subsided, only the tears still kept welling up in her eyes and rolling down her cheeks as fast as she wiped them away.

In this subdued mood she faced her situation. Some women in like circumstances would have become bitter and cynical; not so Dorothy. In spite of all she was not really unhappy; deep down in her heart something kept whispering: "The end of all will be that I shall marry Gaston; it is my fate; why should I struggle longer? A mission is now before me; evidently God means through me to educate, to elevate, to ennoble him. If my love is selfish I can do nothing to develop this higher life, he will never be great. I must remember this and use my beauty that he raves over only as an instrument to inspire him to noble exertion. That Gaston could be a great artist if he would, is certain; he has it in him; it only needs to be drawn out. His Psyche clearly shows that, in its delicate portrait of spiritual, through material beauty. Oh! what a heavenly task it would be not only to show him higher paths in life, but walk therein beside him!"

As the clock struck twelve Dorothy and her boxes were, like poor Joe, "on the move" again.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"I yield to Thee, O God! and to Thy judgment. Thine am I, heavenly Father; save me! save me! Ye angels and ye hosts of saints, surround, protect me."—*Goethe*.

"Nothing, almost, sees miracles—but misery."—*Shakespeare*.

IT was in a little *hôtel pension*, Avenue Marceau, that Dorothy sought an asylum when turned adrift from the Home. After unpacking and tidying up her room, a certain restlessness goaded her to seek relief in the open air, where the noise and bustle of the streets diverted her. For the first time since coming abroad she was feeling homesick, and her thoughts kept constantly reverting to Harry Alexander. Why had he never answered her letter? What could his silence mean? Did he really love her selfishly, and want her for himself? and, in spite of all his protestations that he only wished her to consult her own happiness, could it be that he was jealous and annoyed that she should prefer a foreigner to him? "Oh!" she thought, "the best of men are inconsistent when a woman is in the case; they never know how to take us. Well, I gave him a chance; he has not taken it. If he had written me a good,

loving letter, no knowing what might have happened. I suppose it's all for the best ; no use crying over spilt milk."

Reason as she would she was no nearer her decision as to what answer she should give Count de Gallerand. Every morning she rose with the hope in her heart and the wish on her lips that something extraordinary would happen to decide her. The more passionately she loved him and wanted to be with him, the more religiously she deemed herself bound to avoid him until she was sure it was right. Heretofore she had visited most of the churches in Paris out of curiosity. Now, restless with trouble, she made a second pilgrimage to them, in hope of consolation. Unlike the Protestant places of worship that are closed and locked except upon stated occasions, the Catholic churches are always open, inviting the passer-by to enter.

At this time nothing harmonized so well with her mood as meditation in one of these sacred edifices. She delighted to linger in the little side chapel dedicated to the Virgin, not to pray to her—she was too deeply imbued with Protestant views to do that—but to confide in her, to open her heart to her, as she imagined she would have done to her own mother had she been alive and near her. She often thought what a comfort and joy it would be, after

pouring out her trouble and being consoled with a good motherly hug and kiss, to pray her prayer once more at her mother's knee as she had done when a little child—as that could never again be. Was not the dear Saviour's mother at her Son's right hand to sympathize with and intercede for her and all the motherless children in the world? The thought soothed and comforted her. Sometimes, when in extreme doubt or mental depression, she would throw herself in prayer at the very foot of the cross, remaining there until her Lord seemed to descend, come towards her, bend over her, and by lightening her burden, draw her away from earth nearer Him and heaven. Thus little by little she got into the habit of praying to this visible Christ. Had she been a Roman Catholic she would, in like circumstances, have gone to her confessor and confided in him.

Such was her mood when, walking along rue St. Honoré, she strolled into St. Roch, passed through the church, back of the high altar, then on and on until she came to the little chapel where the beautiful and touching Calvary is. The last time Dorothy had visited it was on Good Friday, when the rocks had blossomed like a garden with the floral gifts of the faithful. Now they were bare and chilling, yet Dorothy never felt her Lord nearer to her. She gazed long at

the sacred image, then knelt and prayed, not to the Christ before her on the cross, nor even to her Saviour in heaven, but to her Friend and Brother, He who had lived on earth and had known sorrow and suffering like herself, who, being acquainted with grief, could feel for her. Oh that He would show her some spiritual manifestation, give some sign that He heard her! she prayed. Count de Gallerand would return that night; what answer should she make? "I will not rise from my knees until some token is vouchsafed me," she resolved. Communing thus, hours passed unheeded by the suppliant, when she was startled by a voice saying to her, "*Tolle et lege.*" Who spoke? what could it mean? She glanced around; there were only three others in the little chapel with her, and neither of the three had spoken. As she pondered on the unfamiliar words she timidly raised her eyes to the Christ above her, when lo! He bent towards her a face of more than mortal tenderness, and His lips surely moved as a second time the words "*Tolle et lege*" sounded in her ears. Suddenly it flashed upon her that they were the very same as St. Augustine had heard years and years before. "Yes, I shall find my answer in the Holy Scripture, as he did."

Trembling with strange joy she rose from her knees, quickly left the church by a side door, and

directed her steps to a Bible depository not far off. *En route* she recalled the legend. "It was in the epistles of St. Paul he found his answer; I'll look for mine there also. What I want to be sure about is, if it would be right for me to marry Count de Gallerand in opposition to his mother, and if I do, will God be with us and give us His blessing. Whatever the answer may be I shall unhesitatingly abide by it. I have no patience with anyone who is always shilly-shallying, who says he will do a thing, then is scared to carry it out."

On entering the shop Dorothy asked permission to consult a passage in the New Testament. The Bible being handed to her she opened it (with a prayer on her lips for guidance), as nearly as she could judge, at St. Paul's Epistles, then, placing her hand upon the page, read where her finger pointed: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." Ephesians v. 31. Reverently closing the Sacred Book she left the shop with a feeling of awe, as if she had seen a vision. "My way is clear now; nothing could be simpler. God has heard my petition and answered it in a wonderful and miraculous manner."

On reaching home she found the expected letter from Count de Gallerand awaiting her. It

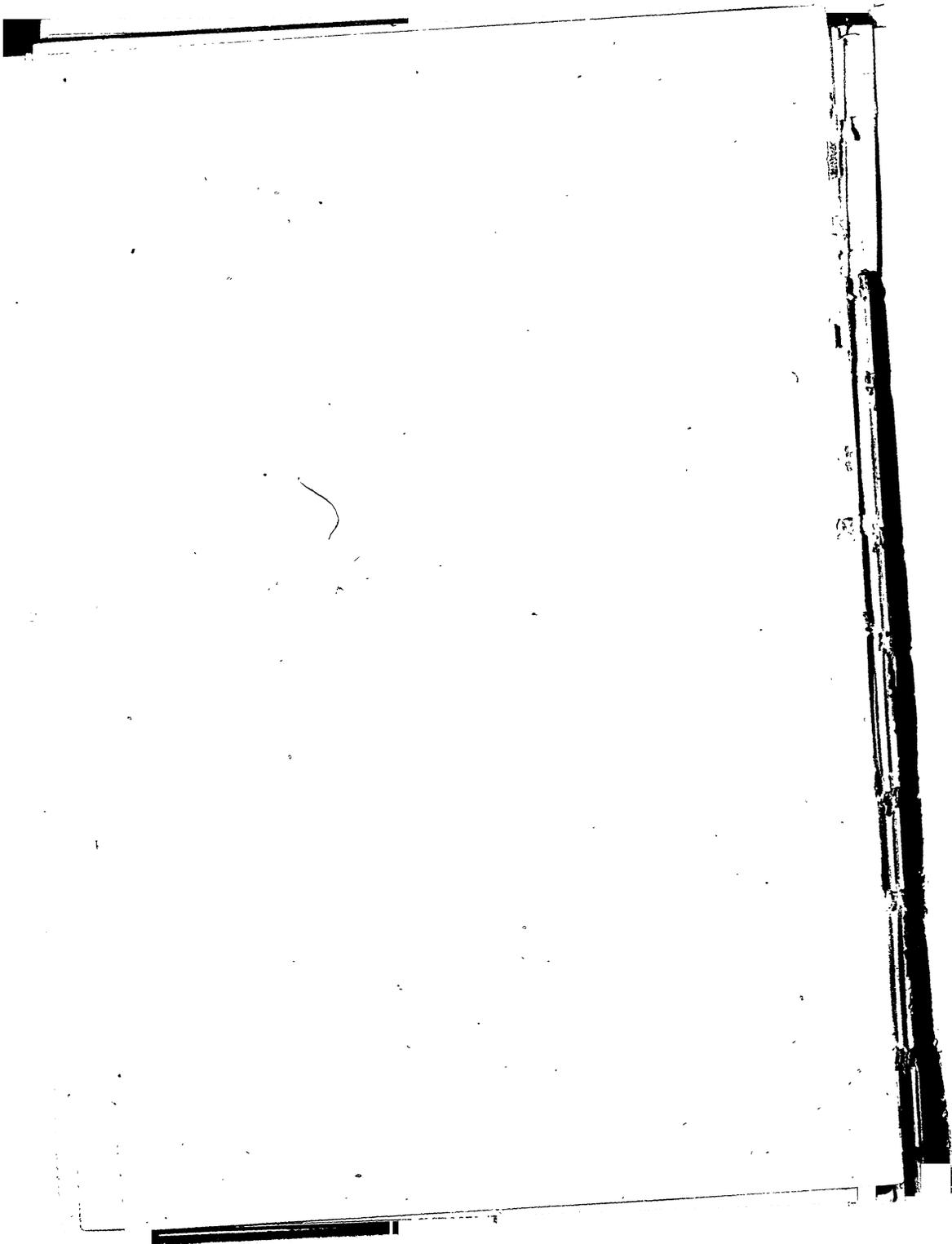
was merely a note asking for a rendezvous, having much to say that he could not write. In spite of all his persuasions, his mother was still obdurate, but he was fully determined upon taking the trip to England if Psyche would agree. This letter she immediately answered, giving her new address and permission to call upon her when he would.

That evening Count de Gallerand presented himself, and was made very happy, not only by one of the most cordial and gracious welcomes imaginable, but by Dorothy's consent to join him in London.

A fortnight from that day Dorothy Pembroke left Paris never to return.

It was the Comtesse de Gallerand who came back.

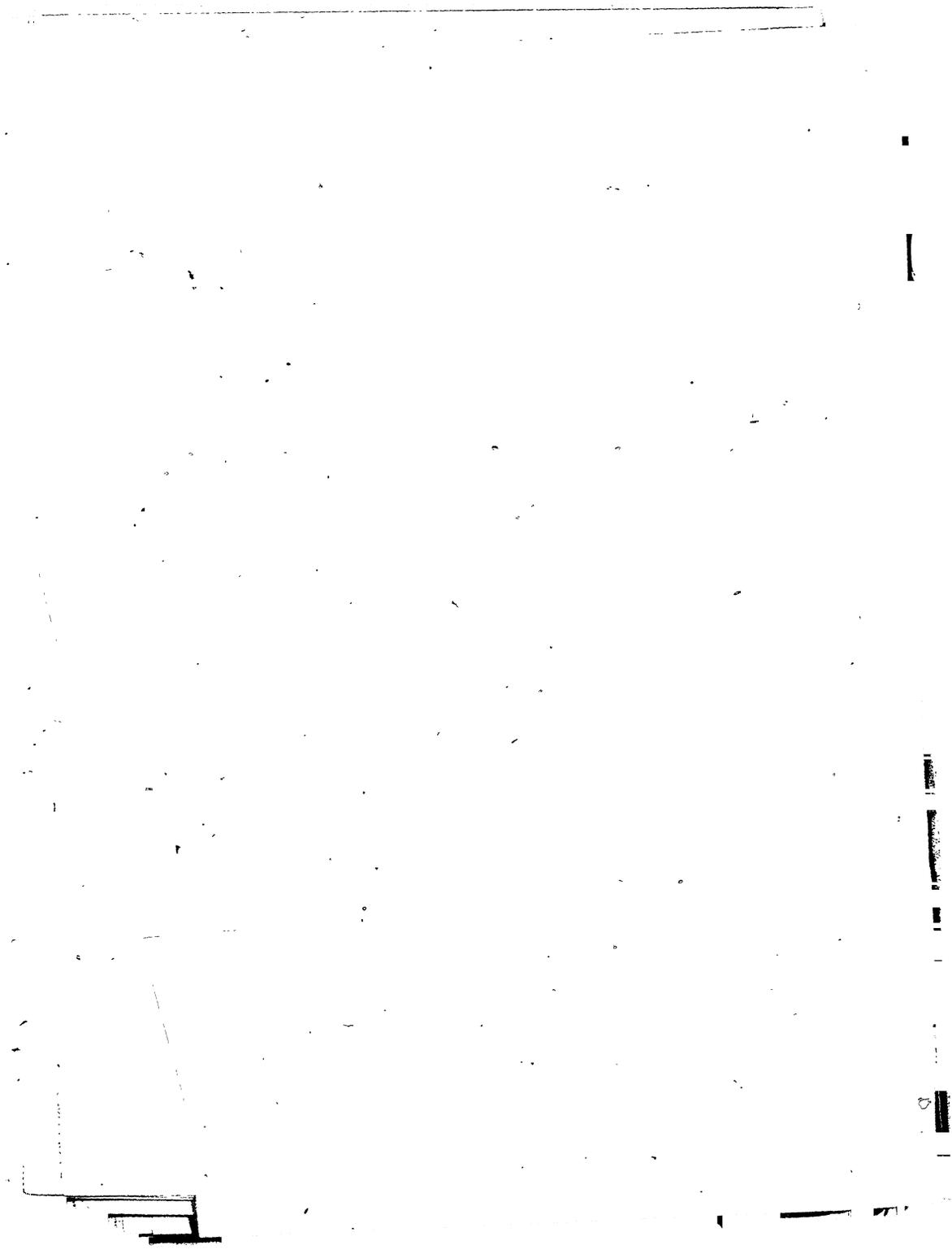
END OF BOOK I.



## BOOK II.

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"All things transitory  
But as symbols are sent;  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here grows to event;  
The Indescribable  
Here it is done;  
The *Woman-Soul* leadeth us  
Upward and on!"—*Goethe.*



## CHAPTER I.

"Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea,  
And I have seen no more of it."

"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?  
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;  
But life's way is the wind's way; all these things  
Are but brief voices, breathed on shifting strings."

—Edwin Arnold.

It is the month of June in Switzerland. Almost two years have passed since Dorothy Pembroke and Gaston de Gallerand were joined together in holy matrimony in the little parlor of a Presbyterian manse in St. John's Wood, London. Married life had not proved to be exactly what Dorothy had pictured it. Count de Gallerand was always the same *filz de Gaulois*, vain, frivolous, fickle, fascinating, *spirituel*, and what the French call "*curieux*;" and, unfortunately, Dorothy's influence over him had not been as powerful as she had hoped for.

They returned to Paris shortly after their mar-

riage, taking a cottage at Asnières, where Dorothy might have been very happy had she not felt herself in a false position, which her inexperience of the world had prevented her anticipating. Though not expecting recognition from Count de Gallerand's mother and family, she supposed her marriage would be acknowledged by the world generally, and was astonished to find, from words dropped here and there, that she was thought no better than her neighbors—women living openly with fast men, as their mistresses. When she found that Asnières was for the most part a colony of such irregular households, she determined to keep aloof from them as far as possible, and at the same time make herself indispensable to her husband. As a means to this end, she took lessons from him in painting, and soon evinced a decided talent for landscape, which, to her delight, enabled her to aid him by painting in his backgrounds, a detail that he detested. Then, becoming the most docile of models, she posed in any character he wished without a murmur, though it was something she detested. Also, remembering what Count de Gallerand had said about his ideal wife being one who knew how to dress, one that they stared at in the streets and ogled at the play—in a word, the observed of all observers—she dressed picturesquely to please him, often copying some old picture. Sometimes

it was Madame Récamier, sometimes Madame le Brun, again a Greek girl or Roman matron, or even a Japanese lady, that Count de Gallerand found awaiting him on his return from the city. One thing, however, delighted him more than all else—it was the admiration her skating attracted. The winter was an unusually cold one, and the ponds in the *Bois de Boulogne* were frozen over for several weeks. Dorothy immediately became a marked woman, distinguished among all the other foreigners for her graceful figure-skating, which she had learned when a child in Canada. But, alas! in spite of this posing, and dressing, and smoking, and skating, to please her husband, Dorothy felt that she was not quite the comrade he had expected; she was too serious.

In the spring, after the closing of the salon where Count de Gallerand had exhibited the Jeanne D'Arc he had dreamed of for so long and worked at so diligently under the influence of Psyche, they turned their backs upon Asnières for a holiday among the Alps. The six months spent there were the happiest in Dorothy's life. They were a dream of delight. Unhappily, like all dreams, there was an awakening. While in Switzerland, Dorothy adopted the costume of the Canton de Vaud, as being both convenient and becoming, with its white blouse, black bodice, bright red skirt, white apron trimmed with lace,

and black mitts to elbow, the whole crowned by a dainty straw hat with a funny little knob at the top, around which was twisted a red cord and tassel. Count de Gallerand likewise dressed *à la paysan Suisse*, and a pretty and jolly pair they were as they danced rather than walked over the mountains with knapsacks on their backs and alpenstocks in their hands. All extra luggage was sent on ahead by post.

During these happy months—too happy to last!—Gaston de Gallerand showed himself to be “the imperishable child,” with never a thought of the morrow. The influence of his animal spirits and elastic temperament was contagious. Dorothy and he ran races up and down the mountain paths, gathered huge nosegays of wild flowers only to throw away; sometimes they would decorate each other with garlands, their uncovered heads crowned with flowers, reminding one of the fauns and nymphs of other days when the world was young.

“The man who wrote ‘*Ce qu’il y a de mieux dans l’homme c’est le chien*’ must have known you, *mon ami*,” Dorothy remarked one day to her husband, as she joined him at the foot of a steep declivity, where he lay stretched on the grass awaiting her; he had been amusing himself all the afternoon by running in advance, reminding one of a dog gambolling with its mistress.

"Very likely; I often fancy I must have been a dog or a goat in the transmigration state."

"How long, think you, will this careless happiness last for us, Gaston?"

"*Toujours, toujours*; why should it not?"

"But winter comès even here, Mercure"——

"*Tiens!* Don't lecture, Psyche; that is always a chilling blast!" he cried, with a shrug.

November found them at the Glacier du Rhône; a few days later they crossed the Simplon into Italy, where they spent the winter studying art.

This life suited Dorothy perfectly, but Count de Gallerand suffered most terribly from nostalgia; like most of his compatriots, he could live nowhere for any length of time out of Paris; the boulevards, the theatres, the cafés, the clubs, were an integral part of his being.

"It's all very well to take a trip somewhere in summer," he said; "it makes you appreciate the beauties and attractions of Paris all the more when you return. But *we* are not tourists, we are exiles."

Thoroughly did he echo Madame de Staël's sentiment that she "would willingly give Mont Blanc and Lake Lemán—in a word, all the beauties of Switzerland—for the little stream of rue du Bac."

So when his picture (a group of three martyrs

in the Coliseum, conspicuously a girl with the face of his wife, that he so delighted to paint in every mood, now rapt and glorified by a beatific vision of the world to come) was finished, Dorothy insisted upon his leaving her, and going alone to Paris. She was afraid that, should she accompany him, she might have to remain in France, as their funds were very low just then; and she instinctively shrank from another experience such as she had gone through at Asnières, for a new interest in the near future, with its increase of responsibility, was hers now, and believing as she did in heredity, prenatal influences, and environment, she was determined that her child should have every advantage of that kind that she could give it.

There could be no doubt of the love she bore her husband. His highest whim was respected and obeyed as law, though he frequently laughed at and chaffed her for her old-fashioned Bible notions of woman's duty. With him there was no question of who was master; they were partners and equals, quite at liberty each to go his or her own way. Dorothy was spoiling him; she never obtruded an opinion nor showed any of that independence which had attracted him before her marriage. Once and once only she took him to task for trifling away his time—he had not touched a brush during their six months in Switzerland—but she regretted that she had done so,

when he replied with one of his gayest laughs: "Don't scold me, *mon amic*; it's no use; you have taken me as I am, and you must make the best of your bargain; you cannot make me over. Why do you want to do it? I'm always good-natured, ready to amuse everybody as well as myself; don't, I pray, make me feel that I must always be on my good behavior with you, *Psyché*."

The last of April, after seeing Dorothy installed in the suburbs of Geneva in a little villa overlooking the lake, Count de Gallerand turned his back on Switzerland. Once again in France, his old habits and friends, particularly his mother, soon regained their former hold upon him. His brief letters to his wife showed this only too clearly. Day by day Dorothy felt him slipping further and further away from her, and the countess's grasp growing stronger and stronger upon him. What should she do? Should she accept her husband's easy-going philosophy of life and conduct, and not mind what happened, only be happy, give up everything for peace? she asked herself. Money was a necessity with Gaston de Gallerand; he was generous to a fault, and could not economize if he would. He also resented economy in his wife; nothing annoyed him more than to see her badly dressed. One chief source of discomfort during their winter in Rome was

want of funds. Dorothy had been unusually successful in getting purchasers for her sketches, but her husband so disliked her selling them that she never alluded to the subject before him. However, since his departure she had negotiated with a picture-dealer in Paris, and had been ever sincé steadily adding to her little bank account at Geneva. She would say to herself with a smile, as she made a deposit, "For my baby."

Though Dorothy really loved her husband more intensely even than when she married him, she thought it wiser, taking all into consideration, to have him out of the way just at that time, for he was, or pretended to be, ridiculously jealous of the "little interloper," as he called it, and talked incessantly of Jean Jacques Rousseau having sent all his children to foundling hospitals, declaring that the state, Sparta-like, should take care of the children, and that a woman had enough to do to look after and amuse her husband. Can we wonder that Dorothy urged a change of scene, in hopes of a change of sentiment?

The latter came, but not exactly such a one as she had hoped. For some time past he had more than hinted at schemes of his mother's to marry him to the daughter of a rich merchant. Dorothy paid as little attention to this as she had to his jealousy, thinking the idea preposter-

ous, as they had been legally married in England, only regretting she could not be with him, and bitterly repenting that she had allowed him to leave her side. She would have joined him now, but he was staying with his mother at the château. She made up her mind, however, that, come what would, she would go to Paris in the autumn, as soon as the little stranger was old enough to be taken. "Daddy doesn't want you, poor little thing, but mammy will make a nice warm nest for you; and when he sees what a dear little birdie she's captured, he'll want to steal it; but she won't let little birdie go then—no, not she."

Though Count de Gallerand wrote almost every day, his letters brought nothing but anguish to Dorothy. They were all in the following strain: "You know, Psyche, you will always be my one love; *you* are all right, *you* are married after the English law. Unfortunately, that law does not hold good in France; *et puis, maman* will not admit that we are seriously married; she is constantly urging me to have '*un interieur*' (*c'est son mot*) 'of my own.' She has gone so far that she has chosen a *partie* for me. You need not be jealous, *mon amie*; Mademoiselle Jeanne Mouton (is a fright of the peg-top kind—little waist, bulging shoulders and hips. *Eh bien! ma femme adorée*, won't you consent to my going through the

ceremony? It will not make her one bit more my wife, for you are that, and a man cannot have two in this country, though, by the way, I can't see why you so object, for morganatic marriages are quite the thing in Protestant countries. I believe they were instituted by Luther and Melancthon. If there is any wrong it is I who am culpable, not you. Oh, Psyche! why is it we are poor and have to resort to such repulsive means to get money? I told madame, the mother of mademoiselle, that I could not love her daughter; she replied, *à la* Mademoiselle de Blois, that her daughter did not want me to love her, but to marry her. Won't you consent to that, Psyche? If you will not, I'll give it up; but if you really love me, I think you will not sacrifice me to an idea; I'll be just as loyal to you, my wife, after this fiasco as before; and I shall content everybody, and they will leave us in peace. Then I shall be rich, and when the scarecrow is installed in the little '*interieur*' we will have a charming little '*exterieur*', and be as happy as we were those six months in Switzerland."

Such for weeks past had been the burden of his letters, and Dorothy had wasted paper, time, words, in trying to convince him that it did not rest with her to give him his liberty. "God knows, my dear husband, I love you well enough to prefer your happiness to mine—to sacrifice

myself, but not my child; I cannot commit that crime," she wrote. Dorothy had many a struggle with herself before she could accept the existing state of affairs. Count de Gallerand's heartless project to marry again was at first inexplicable to her, but after a careful analysis of his character her wonder was that he had been faithful to her as long as he had. She loved him to distraction and could not bear to give him up; she was so proud of his personal beauty and of his talents that she hated to admit for a moment that she had no moral hold upon him, that the communion of soul she had longed for was impossible with one lacking that godlike attribute. It was with shame she acknowledged that she could only appeal to and touch him through the senses; that all his fascination and attraction was superficial; that he had no depth, no conscience, no infinite within him, no moral sense of right or wrong. Nevertheless he was courageous and daring—knew no fear; death, even, had no terror for him; he could neither grasp nor realize it. The fell destroyer pictured as a grinning skeleton dragging off some unwilling victim he would declare was only a phantom that churchmen of the Middle Ages had conjured up to frighten the silly and superstitious with *C'est fini*. It has had its day. "The Angel of Death, did we but know it, is our best friend; he ends all troubles, decides many a

dilemma. To-day it is happiness for us to live; to-morrow it may be happiness for us to die." *Enfant gâté* that he was, when he could not have what he wanted, his favorite threat was to kill himself. Strange as it may seem, Dorothy had often heard him declare this before their marriage without even a shudder, much less horror. In fact, was it not the correct thing for lovers to declare they would rather die than be separated? Was that not the sequel to all the great historic love dramas?

## CHAPTER II.

“Love was to her impassioned soul,  
Not, as with others, a mere part  
Of its existence, but the whole,  
The very life-breath of her heart.”

WHEN Dorothy was not at her easel she would sit for hours on the veranda of her cottage, watching the wondrously blue waters of Lake Leman, dotted here and there with little boats rigged with the picturesque lateen sail. But far more beautiful even than the water were the snow-capped mountains, their tops reaching unto the clouds, yea beyond the clouds to the very heaven of heavens. There she would sit and think and dream for hours, all the while sewing on some tiny frock or slip, trying to bury her present troubles in recalling the marvelous works of art she had seen in Rome, or flooding her soul with the beautiful panorama that a greater than Michael Angelo or Raphael was now unfolding before her eyes. From nature she turned to nature's God. Meditating on the great mystery of life about to be revealed to her, Dorothy forgot herself in the future of her child. Thus she strove to meet

with resignation whatever was in store for her, but when at last the blow came, it fell like a thunderbolt, almost depriving her of reason and life. Dorothy was so well-balanced, with such depths of tenderness and unselfishness, such humility and heroism, and such trust in God, that it would have been almost impossible for her to become the victim of any one passion, least of all of that sensual passion miscalled love. "Why," she would query, "this rending asunder of soul and body? My heart is large enough to take in both my husband and my child; each has its place; both are dear, and which the dearer I cannot tell. One thing I am determined upon, neither shall be sacrificed for the other."

But this waiting-time had for Dorothy, as for every other woman, days of physical and moral depression, hours of grave anxiety and dread of the unknown, when it took all the faith, hope, and love she possessed to sustain her.

In Paris when in trouble Dorothy had, as we have seen, sought God in the beautiful Catholic churches; in Switzerland she looked for Him upon the mountain-tops, pictured Him enthroned upon Mont Blanc; there she turned her eyes in prayer.

It was on a beautiful June day that the fatal blow was dealt. The blue waters of Lake Geneva sparkled and danced like countless jewels in

the morning sun; the cloud palaces and cathedrals were lovelier and more real than ever before, Dorothy thought, as she threw open the window and welcomed her mountain with the words of the Psalmist, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help, O Lord." She was still musing when she caught sight of the postman. Hastening to meet him he handed her a letter, the address of which was in her husband's characteristic scrawl. Hurriedly tearing it open she cast her eyes over the first page, quickly turned the leaf, and seeing at a glance the spirit in which the letter had been written, she crushed it in her hand as she exclaimed with an hysterical laugh: "Going to be married! It's a lie! Never—never without my consent! I'm his wife—he's mine—he does not love this woman; he is selling himself for money, but he'll have to choose between us, money or Psyche. Ha! ha! ha! which shall it be? He loves only me; that woman shall not have him; I'll go to Paris—to the church, if need be—and stop it."

This miserable, hysterical state did not last long. With a supreme effort she calmed herself, feeling instinctively that it would require a steady brain to battle for name and fame and honor. Dorothy was no weak woman to give way to crying, and sighing, and wringing of the hands at such a crisis; on the contrary, it was in

action she sought relief, so she immediately set to work packing, preparatory to taking the train that evening for Paris. Besides calling at her banker's, there was a great deal to be done. Many things which she did not need immediately had to be boxed ready for transportation when sent for.

But she was in that intense state that is above and beyond fatigued; in fact, she felt exhilaration in drawing upon and testing her bodily strength, hoping she might become so tired that she would find relief in sleep, and escape in that way from her thoughts. But, alas! she was never more awake in her life than she was that night in the train. As hour after hour dragged its weary length, she debated with herself, arraigning her past life, turn upon turn condemning, condoning, blaming, excusing. From time to time she furtively took something from her pocket, presumably her purse or ticket; but no, it was only a little dagger with a jewelled hilt that she drew from its sheath, looked at, and caressed so stealthily. It was a gift from her husband the past winter while in Rome, and she had used it constantly since as a paper cutter. In emptying the contents of her writing-table that morning she had slipped the dagger into her pocket almost unconsciously. And all night long the same refrain, "Going to be married on Thursday," kept ring-

ing in her ears. "He wanted me to pose for Charlotte Corday," she laughed scornfully.

On arriving at Paris Dorothy drove directly to her old quarters, Avenue Marceau. She moved as if in a dream; she saw nothing, heard nothing but the same old words, "Going to be married on Thursday," repeating themselves over and over again. "Yes, I'm going to Paris to be Charlotte Corday," she would laugh, as she fondled the little jewelled dirk.

After bathing and drinking a cup of strong coffee (she was much too excited to eat) she ordered a cab and drove to Madame Vidal's on rue de la Paix, as she wished to make a few additions to her toilette before calling upon Madame Mouton, as she intended doing that afternoon. After completing her purchases—a dainty *capote* and black-lace cape then in fashion—while crossing the pavement to her carriage, she paused a moment, waiting for a break in the stream of foot-passengers. Just then two shop-girls (their black dresses and uncovered heads proclaimed them such) were passing. The nearer of them looked up, and Dorothy, instantly recognizing Alice Jeffreys, instinctively laid her hand on her arm to detain her, exclaiming: "Alice, is it you? I did not expect to see you here. How does it happen you are in a shop?"

"For the same reason you're in a carriage, from

all I've heard, Miss Pembroke," she retorted, with a toss of her head.

Dorothy, deeply wounded by the coarse answer, flushed, let her hand drop, and was turning away, when she remembered sadly that Alice had cause to think lightly of her, and that the present was no time to stand upon her dignity, so she replied with an appealing glance in her lovely eyes, now filled with unshed tears:

"Come and lunch with me to-morrow; I'm at the hôtel pension, Avenue Marceau, where I boarded two years ago."

Late that same day she slowly and carefully dressed herself with all the fastidious elegance of a Parisienne, that her husband liked, but feeling all the time numb and lifeless, as if she were some one else and not herself. Again taking a cab she directed the man to drive to Madame Mouton's, rue Chaussé d'Antin. During the drive she drew out the little dagger more than once, fondled and talked to it—was it because Count de Gallerand had given it to her that she caressed it so fondly? She was not admitted at Madame Mouton's, *why* may be easily imagined. Nevertheless it was a cruel disappointment to Dorothy, who had built so much upon seeing Madame Mouton, and convincing her of the legality of her marriage when she showed the marriage certificate. The only thing

left for her to do now was to write, and this she did immediately upon her return to the pension, sending her letter, with a copy of the certificate enclosed, by a private messenger, with instructions to wait for an answer. In the course of an hour the letter sent was returned unopened.

What should she do now? Everything was thwarting her. She felt like a caged lion beating itself against the bars. Should she go to her husband and beg him not to leave her? No, never! She was almost beside herself with a sense of his injustice, at what he was making her suffer; if she coaxed him back, for how long would it be—a year; a week, a day? She dared not think, she would go mad if she did; she must stifle thought again in action. Hastily throwing on her travelling cloak she sought the open air. She never knew what direction she took, nor was she conscious of any definite purpose, but she walked mechanically on, on, until at length it dawned upon her that she was in l'Impasse Hélène, in front of Count de Gallerand's studio. Though late, the *grande porte-cochère* was still open. In that Bohemian quarter, artists are not particular about such trifles, nor concierges suspicious, for people in the guise of models go in and out at all hours, day and night.

Dorothy mechanically turned into the courtyard, then stealthily mounted the stairs, listened

a moment in the passage, selected a key from her bunch, and noiselessly unlocked the studio door. The gas in the court sufficiently lighted the room to enable her to grope her way to the glass closets dividing the atelier from the bedroom. Into one of these she glided, crouching down and hiding like a thief or murderer, listening with bated breath—waiting—for what?—her husband's return?—what then? She never knew. From time to time the sound of footsteps on the stairs or in the passage made her almost rigid with excitement, and stopped for the moment the monotonous refrain hammering without mercy upon her brain—"Going to be married on Thursday;" then she would feel for her little dagger, unsheathe it, fondle it—but as the steps passed on, she would murmur piteously: "I'm not Charlotte Corday, *cette hysterique de la passion politique*. My God! my God! this is driving me mad."

It was long after the clock struck two when steps in the passage really stopped at the studio door, the key turned in the lock, and Count de Gallerand entered—but not alone. Some one was with him whom Dorothy recognized, as soon as the lamp was lit, to be Paul Caro. The latter was saying as the door opened:

"But where have you been all the evening, *mon ami*? I've been here at least a dozen times looking for you; the boys intended making a night of

it ; surely you've not been *chez votre fiancée* until this hour."

"Hardly ; I left Madame Mouton's directly after dinner. I've been killing time since."

"*Je comprends*—bidding a last fond adieu to the friends of your youth."

"*Pas du tout* ; I did that years ago, when I married."

"Married ! *mon Dieu !* you are not a widower, Gaston ?"

"*Non, plait à Dieu*, but I'm a married man. I thought you knew. I married Miss Pembroke in England."

"I knew you were living together, when I was ordered to Africa, but I thought it a *liaison*—nothing more serious than that."

"*Ma foi ! c'est vrai* ; we were married all right in England, but unfortunately for Psyche it does not hold good in France, and I'm going through the farce again to-morrow to please *maman*."

"I suppose she's lost her good looks, and, *par conséquence*, all hold upon you, *mon garçon*. I always thought her beauty too ideal to last after marriage."

"No, she's as beautiful as ever—*superbe*—and I am as much in love with her as ever. *Malheureusement*, one can't live on love. *C'est net*. *La comtesse mère* holds the purse-strings, and there's no chance left me but to sacrifice myself

on hymen's altar à une partie très convenable. *Tiens!* did I ever show you the first portrait I made of her? *Voici!*" saying which he took up the lamp and proceeded to the further corner of the atelier, where the picture stood on an easel.

As their backs were towards her, Dorothy did not catch what they said while looking at it. As they returned, Monsieur Caro inquired:

"How can you throw overboard anyone so lovely as that for a fright—pardon me—like Mademoiselle Mouton?"

"*Eh! mon Dieu!* I'm not throwing her over. Besides, she'll never forsake me; she loves me too well to live without me; she adores me; *en un mot*, Paul, she's too good for me; she's an angel. *C'est vrai, c'est vrai; je ne suis qu'un sot.*"

"*Prenez garde,*" said Paul, as he wrung his friend's hand in parting, "*prenez garde, mon ami,* that you do not exchange this angel for a devil."

After his friend's departure, Count de Gallerand stood for fully ten minutes in front of Dorothy's portrait—a long time for such a mercurial and emotional nature as his—then carefully re-covering the picture and turning it to the wall, he hastily prepared for bed, and in a short time Dorothy knew by his regular breathing he was fast asleep. Stealing cautiously on tiptoe from her hiding-place, she fell on her knees by the side of the bed; the little *veilleuse*, in its red glass

shade, cast a dim, soft light around. How beautiful her husband was, she thought, as he lay there with one arm under his head like a tired child exhausted with play; he seemed to her the embodiment of youth, beauty, and perfect health. Oh, how she loved him!

"I cannot, will not give him to another; I'll kill him first," she hissed between her teeth; then she drew the little dagger from her bosom, unsheathed it, looked at it, talked to it, ran her fingers along the edge, breathed on it, polished it with her cloak, then—raised it. A slight noise startled her; the dagger dropped from her hand. Hardly daring to breathe, she glanced furtively round. After a time her courage returned, she picked the dirk up and hastily thrust it back into her bosom. "I thought some one was here!" she gasped, as she sank once more on her knees by the bedside.

Some One was there; the Eye that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth was watching over her. This incident had changed the current of her thoughts—life hangs on such a chance; the spirit of Charlotte Corday, that hysterical murderess, had departed, and her own good angel was once more in the ascendant. Dorothy was in that highly emotional state that the slightest thing turns from hate to love, from laughter to tears.

Count de Gallerand petulantly flung out his

arms, smiled in his sleep, and murmured "Psyche, Psyche, *ma bien-aimée!*" These simple words touched her heart as nothing else could have done. She broke down completely, burying her head in the bedclothes in an uncontrollable fit of weeping—the first tears she had shed since getting his letter. Finally, warned by voices in the corridor and courtyard that the world was up, she stifled her sobs, dried her eyes, and cautiously rose, stopping long enough, however, in the atelier to write a few words.

"He may yet give up this mad project and come back to me when he knows of my vigil near him last night," she thought, as she placed her little note conspicuously open on the writing-desk. Then, softly opening and shutting the door, she ran quickly downstairs, through the courtyard, up l'Impasse Hélène, into Avenue de Clichy. It was quite two miles to Avenue Marceau, but she would not take a tram or cab, and rushed ahead, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, her mind in a whirl of humiliation, self-accusation, and contrition. She was calm now, but it was the calm of despair. "Thank God, I did not do it!" she cried; "one moment more and I should have been——" At length she began to be conscious of physical weariness; she had neither eaten nor slept for thirty-six hours; how interminable the blocks appeared!

She was completely exhausted when at last she reached the pension, and had just strength enough left to crawl upstairs and stagger blindly to her room, where she threw herself, without undressing, upon the bed, and immediately sank into the heavy sleep of exhaustion:

Alice Jeffreys had not seen Dorothy since the day she left the Home until they met on rue de la Paix. These two years had been anything but happy ones to the former; in them she had changed from a fresh, blooming young girl with flaxen locks, into a stout, red-faced, full-bosomed young woman, with bleached golden-red hair. She, too, had suffered terribly. Plain girls have their temptations as well as pretty ones. The generally accepted idea that ugly girls redeem their plainness by being invariably clever, intellectual, or good is fallacious. As a rule they are ambitious, and easily led astray by flattery. Jealous and envious of their more highly-favored sisters, often they feign goodness and piety, condemning balls and parties because they believe they themselves do not shine there. Ugly Magdalens are far commoner than beauties. Alice, on the contrary, instead of imposing her virtues upon others, admitted that she was bad, and, as if in revenge, railed at goodness, religion, and the powers that be; nevertheless, in her heart she was true, loyal, loving. Hardly had she answered

Dorothy the day before, ere she was sincerely ashamed of her words, and eagerly longed to-day to beg her forgiveness.

When she entered the room at noon and found la Comtesse de Gallerand lying there, tossing restlessly and muttering incoherently, she was deeply moved, having read that morning in the *Petit Journal* an account of Count de Gallerand's intended marriage with Mademoiselle Mouton at St. Philippe du Roule. She immediately took in the situation; an hotel was no place to be ill in; she would consult a physician about moving her. But before doing so she decided, with her good common-sense, that it would be better to get an idea, if possible, of the state of Dorothy's finances. Finding a bunch of keys on the dressing-table, she opened the various boxes and valises, in one of which she found la Comtesse de Gallerand's bank-book and a thousand francs in notes, which decided Alice upon removing her immediately to a little private hospital, rue des Acacias, if the doctor agreed.

## CHAPTER III.

"You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift, or confession."—*Bacon*.

THERE is no need to dwell upon Dorothy's long illness and slow recovery. Suffice it to say that for weeks her life hung suspended, as it were, between this world and the next. When the fever left, a torpor seized her body and mind, which in turn gave place, as she regained consciousness, to a confused sense of some great calamity. Her depression was terrible; even her faith in God was shaken; those about her feared for her reason. She implored the doctor to put her out of her misery—to end her life. Nothing roused her, not even her child, if she realized indeed that it was her own. She showed no interest in it; she was heartsick, with that peculiar feeling that comes to us when someone dearly loved and trusted forsakes us. Where should she turn—to whom—for help? Powerless to move, incapable of think-

ing, this had been Dorothy's state for weeks; then she took to counting the flowers on the cretonne curtains, and one day she feebly enquired "What o'clock is it?"

"*Deux heures moins le quart*, madame la comtesse," the nurse answered, glancing at the little clock on the mantel.

"Only that; *comme c'est long!*" Dorothy wearily sighed, much to the nurse's delight, who knew she must be getting better.

The next day the ticking became intolerable; she could stand it no longer, and begged to have the clock removed; then she showed some curiosity about herself, and asked Mademoiselle Grimelund, her attendant, where she was, and how she came there. When told that Miss Jeffreys had brought her, she expressed a wish to see Alice when she called again, as they said she was in the habit of doing every day.

Dorothy, who was lying on the sofa, looked up with a winning smile of welcome as Alice entered her room that evening.

"Mademoiselle Grimelund told me to come right in; I hope I'm not intruding," she said, apologetically.

"Far from it; I asked for you," Dorothy gently replied, at the same time wearily shutting her eyes as if too tired to speak.

In reality she felt an insurmountable shrinking

from her visitor. Not only the change in Alice's personal appearance shocked her, but the timbre of her voice affected her unpleasantly; it had lost all the sweet Irish warmth of tone that it formerly had, and was now, though low, harsh and bold, with a want of restraint about it that is characteristic of a certain class of women.

As Alice stood there, looking down upon the pale, deathlike face, from which all traces of passion had departed, leaving only a pathetic sadness, tears filled her eyes and choked her voice. "How heavenly she is! not a bit goody-goody, either. Truly some are refined by suffering—but not all—or is it the kind of suffering, I wonder?" Stooping, she took one of Dorothy's little thin, transparent hands in hers and covered it with burning kisses. The sight of the red, flushed face and swollen lids touched Dorothy more than she could express in words. She silently drew Alice down beside her, put her arm around her neck, and kissed her lovingly and tenderly with soft kisses, such as a mother gives to a wayward child. When Alice took her leave shortly after, it was with a firm resolve to lead henceforth another life—to live worthy of Dorothy's friendship, and to look at things from her standpoint. Dorothy, too, felt better for Alice's visit; it had taken her out of

herself, and shown her that she was not the only one in trouble in the world; the sympathy she gave reacted upon herself.

A few days after, when Alice came, Dorothy was feeling so much better that she insisted upon having a long talk.

"Yes," Alice said, in answer to one of her enquiries—"yes, I've gone to the bad; there's no use mincing matters. After you left, things got worse; there was no one I cared for at the Home, and not a living creature on the face of the earth cared what became of Alice Jeffreys. Chance threw in my way a young artist, or rather threw me in his, for he decidedly got the best of it. Well, he wanted me to sit for a picture he was painting; I was flattered, thinking it would be nice to have my portrait in the salon. *En passant*, the work was not accepted. Besides, it was an easy way to earn a few francs, better than wearing one's shoes out in walking lessons. At first I sat for the face only, then for the neck and shoulders, only décolleté ('as at a ball,' he urged); but gradually the chemise dropped lower and lower, and at last, hardly without my knowing how or when it happened, I was a model for everything. *Après cela*, it was all up with me; a kiss finished the business, and made me a slave to the meanest wretch that ever breathed the breath of life."

"Poor child! Where is he now?" Dorothy asked, with ready sympathy.

"In his own country. Coward! he was in mortal terror of me; I don't think he'll dare to show his face here again."

"And how did you get into a shop, dear?"

"Oh! I had the influenza badly, was taken to the hospital Beau-jon, and while there got friendly with a young shop-girl in the next bed to mine; when I came out she found me a place."

"And do you like it better than teaching?"

"Hardly! it was Hobson's choice; I couldn't go out governessing any longer; no one would have me."

"I am so sorry, dear; can I do anything for you?"

"No, nothing; only say you forgive me for saying such a nasty thing to you that day when you spoke to me on the rue de la Paix—and you so sweet. Ah! Madame de Gallerand, you can't imagine how bad I felt about it when I found you ill; I shall never forgive myself."

"Don't think of it again, I beg of you; that did not cause my illness. Mademoiselle Grimelund has told me how kind you have been; it was you, she says, who got me in here."

"Yes, I did what I could, but that was not much, except indirectly; I wrote a note to the Princess Nesvitsky."

"What made you think of writing to the princess? Who told you that she knew me?"

"Oh, I knew a great deal more about you, dear madame, than you imagined. You had not been at the Home a day before Count de Gallerand struck up an acquaintance with me (all on your account), but I was *bête* enough to feel flattered. Silly fool that I was, I allowed myself to become his tool; it was through me he knew where your room was, and when you were indoors and when out. Believe me, though, I never knowingly did you any harm; in fact, I loved and admired you too much for that; I really thought I was doing you a kindness in forwarding your love-affair. Do you remember the discussions we used to have about marriage, and how you used to laugh at me because I stood up for matchmakers and said I thought it would be a real charity if some good matron would only occupy herself in mating a few of us governesses?"

"Yes, I remember perfectly," sighed Dorothy; "are you of the same opinion still?"

"Indeed I am. Under the existing state of things, if, as two-thirds at least of the human race profess to think, marriage is the aim and object of life—what we were created for—why don't they give those girls who want to marry an opportunity, and not put every possible obstacle in their way? Even servants have a better chance; the house-

maid may keep company with the butler, coachman, or groom; the governess alone is a social pariah; the domestics are beneath her, the sons of the house are above her; she alone has no 'followers,' no evening out. It's downright tyranny, I declare."

"You are incorrigible, Alice."

"Yes, experience has not changed, only confirmed, my former opinion. But, to go back, I did for you, dear madame, just what I would have liked some one to do for me. Count de Gallerand was most discreet and divulged no secrets; but I was on the alert, and from words dropped by yourself and others was soon *au courant* with your life in Paris. One day, some six months after your marriage, I bought a Sunday *Soleil* to look at the advertisements. Now, what did my eye light upon, the first thing, but the Princess Nesvitsky's name in connection with a sensational account of a row at the Hôtel Parc Monceau. I got the papers daily for some time after, but little more appeared; you see, it was tacitly allowed by the authorities to drop, there being too many of the gilded society youths implicated. Hôtel Nesvitsky was, as you know, a jolly joint, and the resort of a jolly crew, where a jolly lot of louis and napoleons changed hands in a jolly short time; in a word, it was an ideal gambling palace, where names and doings were perfectly safe, and reputations

religiously guarded. On this particular night a dare-devil young lieutenant in the navy, having lost heavily, accused one of the guests—a prince, playing at the same table as himself—of cheating. Under ordinary circumstances a duel would have settled matters most amicably; unfortunately a prince cannot accept a challenge from a commoner, and the lieutenant would accept no one as substitute. Insults and blows were exchanged, glasses broken, tables and chairs overturned; then, as if to cap the climax, Don Estoracho, who had been doing his utmost to reconcile the belligerents, suddenly dropped down dead.”

“How terrible! And the poor princess, what did she do then? Did it not almost kill her?” Dorothy inquired.

“It would have killed any common woman, socially, if not bodily, but the princess is not a common woman, consequently came out of it marvellously well. It seems she had made to herself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, who testified to her many amiable qualities; there was a feeling, I am told, that she had been mastered in some underhand way by Don Estoracho, and her liberation was hailed with delight. I must say public opinion seems to me very one-sided, and society’s code of laws very extraordinary.”

“In what respect?”

“Why, gambling is hedged in with all sorts of

rules ; fair play where your pocket is the question—be honorable in money matters—honor even among thieves ; but in affairs of the heart, where only a woman is at stake, cheat and hoodwink—all is fair. Be honest, the world says, in *everything* but love. However, to all appearance, the princess was deeply touched by Don Estoracho's death and sincerely mourned him ; at all events she gave up her *hôtel* and shut herself up in a *château* somewhere in Calvados. When you see her, madame, you will notice a great change ; she, too, has suffered."

"Yes," murmured Dorothy, "few in this world are exempt from sorrow. I sometimes think it is only those who are without the higher soul who are perfectly happy, thoroughly contented with life ; they, like the brutes, have their portion in this world ; there is no future state for them, only annihilation. How easy to bear are troubles of the body in comparison with those of the soul ! It is the soul too that vivifies and glorifies the body."

"If at our birth the Giver of life breathes into each of us a soul (the breath of life), and we do not cultivate it, but refuse it, what do you think becomes of it ?" Alice asked.

"I have often wondered and pondered long upon that. It may be it is given to some other mortal ; certainly souls do leave the body

in which they were first placed—'fly' is the word used in Scripture. Whether God makes a new body for that soul, or whether some favored few are given a twofold spirit, I know not, I dare not say. All sin is hateful, but how terrible are the sins against the soul! They are the most subtle of all sins, the very ones the devil takes upon himself to propagate and protect; it was the sin of our first parents; it is the sin of which the serpent is the sign. When the devil, that old serpent, appeared to Eve, what did he say? 'Ye shall not surely die;' and what has the Lord promised these poor hunted creatures? Listen, dear, and take heart: 'I will let the souls go, even the souls that ye *hunt* to make them fly.'"

"After all, my writing to the princess was a happy thought; if she had been your mother she could not have been more devoted. She has spent hours here every day since your little baby was born; it was she who had it baptized. She said, mademoiselle was '*si devòte*,' she was sure she would wish it."

"So he has been baptized? Poor little waif! what name did they give him?" Dorothy inquired.

"Gaston Henri."

"Why did they call him Henry?"

"It was I suggested it," Alice hesitatingly admitted. Then she added, "Dear madame, I have a

confession to make; I was not going to bother you with it until you were quite well, but as we are on the subject now, here goes: Do you remember giving me a letter to post a few days after you came to the Home? Well, I never posted it; Count de Gallerand waylaid me on my way to the box and wheedled the letter from me; said he was going to the general postoffice, and would drop it in there. At first I would not give it to him; then he asked to look at the address, and would not give it back; this impressed the address upon me, and on my return I wrote it down in my note-book. I told Princess Nesvitsky, and she advised my writing Mr. Alexander and telling him the facts, which I did. You know, I suppose, he is in Paris? He came on immediately after getting my letter. He was awfully cut up about your illness."

"Was he?" Dorothy asked, in a choked voice, as her eyes filled with tears. She, who had suffered neglect so patiently and uncomplainingly, could not hear of this simple act of friendship without emotion.

"There, I've talked quite enough for one evening. I'm not a very good nurse, I fear," Alice said sadly, as she shook up and arranged the sofa pillows; "have I tired you to death?"

"On the contrary, you have cheered me up amazingly. I feel quite like another creature."

“Perhaps, then, you will let me fetch your dear little baby to say good-night before I go? Please do; he’s such a darling. We all love him dearly. Oh! what would I not give if he were mine.”

Dorothy assented, and Alice rushed off for “baby.” In a few minutes she returned with an animated bundle of lace and cambric in her arms, closely followed by a superb *nourrice*, gorgeous in apron, cape, cap, and ribbons. Dorothy could hardly believe that the beautiful little creature that Alice was hugging and kissing was her very own, but when she took it in her arms and it looked at her with its great serious eyes, all the mother instinct in her awoke, and she clasped it to her bosom in ecstasy.

From that day forward her child was seldom out of her sight.

## CHAPTER IV.

“Ainsi tous deux fuyaient les cruautés du sort,  
L'enfant dans le sommeil, et l'homme dans la mort.”

—*Musset.*

It is again September, a year to the day from that on which Dorothy first clasped her child to her heart. During this time Harry Alexander (now Sir Harry, and living in England, since his elder brother had been thrown from his horse and killed on the hunting-field) had offered every inducement he could think of to get Dorothy to leave France; but she preferred to accept temporarily the urgent invitation of the princess to make her home with her. The latter, deeply affected by Don Estoracho's sad death from apoplexy or heart-failure, had given up her hôtel in Paris, put her son at school in England, and settled down to be Lady Bountiful in a small village in Normandy. This quiet life suited Dorothy perfectly, and she might have been comparatively happy with her boy had it not been for the continual anxiety she was in, never knowing what the

man she still called husband might take it into his head to do next. He was seldom for an instant out of her thoughts, though his name never passed her lips; indeed, he was tacitly ignored by the little company of people who still befriended her.

A day came, however, when Dorothy received a letter by the post, which terribly upset her. The princess, divining easily from whom it came, ordered the mail-bag to be brought to her in future, and was careful that no more letters from the count should reach his wife, taking it upon herself to return them unopened. At last these became so frequent that she wrote to Sir Harry for advice. He immediately came over to France, hoping to persuade Dorothy to return with him to England, and there to procure a legal separation; but Dorothy gave Sir Harry to understand, in a few words, that she did not consider Count de Gallerand less her husband because he had gone through the farce of a second marriage with the woman he was now living with; and should he ask her, his own wife, to come back to him, she would do so.

Affairs were in this state when the count presented himself in person at the château. The princess had instructed her *maitre d'hôtel* (our old friend Daniel) what to do in such an emergency, and Count de Gallerand was refused admis-

sion. Upon his insisting, with his usual audacity, Harry Alexander made his appearance, and induced Count de Gallerand with more force than moral persuasion to quit the premises. The latter immediately sent Sir Harry a challenge, which he declined, at the same time threatening to give Count de Gallerand up to the civil authorities if he did not immediately leave the place; which, after a little bragging and abuse, Count de Gallerand did, as nothing was to be gained by remaining. All might have ended here, had not this little episode leaked out and finally found its way into the daily papers, as such things are apt to do. The lampoon was, as might be inferred, all in glorification of the Frenchman and down upon the Englishman who had robbed him of his ladylove; but Count de Gallerand was in that highly excited state that nothing will cool but bloodletting, so he challenged the editor, under the pretence that he was avenging an insult to Dorothy, when, in reality, it was the words of the squib, "He who loves and runs away, may live to love some other day," that stung him and hurt his vanity.

The duel took place in the early morning in the Bois de Vincennes. Neither combatant was much the worse for the encounter, except a slight wound which Count de Gallerand received in

his left arm. So slight was it that the surgeon present pronounced it a mere scratch, and the Count laughed it off in his insouciant manner, as, shaking hands with all present, he invited them to a champagne supper at his rooms after the theatre that evening. A white night, followed by severe pain and fever, obliged him to keep his bed the next day. When Harry Alexander saw his illness mentioned in the *Figaro* he thought it only right to tell Dorothy; but both he and the princess were not a little taken aback when she instantly declared that she would go to her husband. That night she was at his bedside. Though *la comtesse mère* would never have sent for Dorothy, she did not refuse her admittance, for her heart had been deeply wrung by her son's piteous cry, when delirious, for "Psyche, Psyche, *ma bien-aimée!*" Dorothy nursed him day and night, and was a hundredfold repaid for her sacrifice of pride and self when he calmly opened his eyes, shortly before his death, knew her, murmured with his beautiful smile, "*Ma femme, ma Psyche!*" turned over like a tired child, and fell asleep, never to wake again.

*La comtesse mère*, a broken-hearted, disappointed woman since the death of her son, quite won over by Dorothy's beauty, amiability, and devotion, arranged that her grandson—Dorothy's little boy—should succeed to his father's title, and

also that the estate should revert to him upon her own death.

The Countess de Gallerand did not mourn long for her husband. As time passed and little things cropped up to reveal him in his true light, she felt that, had he lived, her love might have changed into fierce hate; he was charming and *spirituel*, but entirely without conscience and utterly devoid of the higher soul, the *pneuma*. What a revelation it was to her, and how many mysteries were cleared up, when the princess told her what she had been on the point of saying when Dorothy stopped her the day she left Hôtel Nesvitsky, that it was Count de Gallerand who had come to her and begged her to write the note engaging Dorothy as governess! "He fancied you would be easily won *chez moi*; he did not know me, however."

"Yes, it is better as it is; God has settled it for me; I accept my life—but—I shall never marry again," Dorothy thought.

Though Harry Alexander had gone into politics to please his father, and was now a member for his county, he still found time every few weeks to run over to Normandy and keep Dorothy in touch with the world. One day he said:

"I wish you would consent to live in England; I have a jolly little place in the Isle of Wight, un-

occupied, that shall be yours if you will accept it."

"Thanks, Harry, but I prefer living in France. No one pays any attention to me here; if I go to England people will ask, 'Is she the Countess de Gallerand?' then all my past life will be dragged into the garish light, if not into the papers."

"That's easily obviated; change your name. I will give you mine with pleasure. I am glad that you will not have to change your title for a plain Mrs."

"Oh, Harry! do you for a moment fancy I think of such worldly considerations?" she asked, as the tears filled her eyes."

"No, dear child, I do not; pardon my silly chaff; it was ill-timed. The thought came to me while we were speaking, that it was fortunate I was a baronet, for your sake, and I gave expression to the thought. But you have not answered me yet; will you change de Gallerand's name for mine?"

"No, Harry, that would not mend matters; even though married to you, the county people would not receive me without inquiry into my past life; and if that should injure your political prospects, even you might in time come to regret having made a misalliance."

"Dora! I see you do not know me yet. I am not surprised, however; your knowledge of man

has been formed upon very poor data. Confound society ! let us cut it and be a law to ourselves ; do we not both know how rotten it is ? We'll open our hearts and homes to all the oppressed and suffering, and our lives will be so taken up seeking out the fatherless and forsaken, from our vantage-ground on the Isle, that we shall have no time to entertain the rich and prosperous."

"Your scheme is very fascinating, Harry ; it is what I have long dreamed of. If you think it really feasible, I shall join you heartily in the work and accept a cottage as a loan. I have a guest already in my mind that I should like to try the effect of love and friendship and healthy environment upon. Shall I tell you her name ?"

"I know it now. I can read your thoughts, Dora, as easily as I can my own ; her name is Alice Jeffreys."

From this the conversation drifted on to Harry's favorite hobby, "Marriages of Reason *versus* Marriages of Love."

"I wish," said he, "that I could have spared you these years of suffering, Dora, but I could not ; it was ordained that you should 'dree your ain weird.'"

"I know it, Harry ; how blind I was ! When you talked to me before I thought you cold ; I never grasped your ideas, but, oh ! I had been brought up with such old-fashioned notions. I

wonder more girls are not led astray when the whole drift of education is emotional? First, some time between fourteen and twenty, they are expected to have a change of heart, 'become converted,' as they call it, this highly sensational period of crying and sighing, moaning and weeping, lasting a longer or shorter time according to the temperament of the young people. The more emotional it is, the better pleased are the elders and the greater is the conversion supposed to be. The after-effect of all this is to leave them in a highly excited nervous state; a prey to the first temptation. This is so well known that it is a common saying that, 'After a conversion, the devil always comes to tempt,' as he did to our Saviour after His forty days' fast in the wilderness. Among certain religious sects a revival, or season of religious refreshment, is almost invariably followed by a number of betrothals among the younger converts, Satan taking his revenge in that way. I have thought so much these last few years. Nothing is left me but memory."

"Did it ever strike you, Dora, that our Saviour was the strongest argument in favor of a sensible union and against those of passionate love? We are told in the Bible that He was born after the flesh, a little child, He had all our pains and woes, was a Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief,

yet without sin. We know that He had love for His mother and His friends, varying in degree ; one love for Lazarus, another for Martha, a stronger for Mary. The love that He bestowed upon John was not given to the others, and yet never once is it hinted that He had that love that His great prototype David and King Solomon were so lavish with, the sexual love of woman, the passion we laud and magnify to such a degree that some goody people would lift up their hands in holy horror should you tell them you did not believe in it, but in marriage of mutual respect and mutual aid. Human nature is the same now that it was three thousand years ago. We still say to the prophets: 'Speak unto us smooth things'; old women still hunt souls with kerchiefs."

"Yes," Dorothy sighed, "but, unfortunately, the putting of kerchiefs on heads is not confined to old women ; most of the 'hunting' in this nineteenth century is done by men, 'to slay the souls that should not die, and to save the souls alive that should not live.' I am afraid I asked too much of life ; it was impossible to realize it. I often think of Gaston's lovely picture of 'Psyche,' or 'Life in Death.' It seems truly as if nothing but sorrow and death will open women's eyes ; we have so long been deceived, flattered, and hoodwinked that, like the slaves, we glory in our

bonds. When I think that it is eighteen hundred years and more since the temple veil was rent, and we were admitted /on a footing with man to the Holy of Holies, it is hard to realize that we have made so little progress. But a change is coming. The Lord hath spoken: 'Your kerchiefs also will I tear.'

THE END.

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