

At the conclusion of this outburst Victorine's cheeks were flaming red.

'What are you saying, father?' she cried. 'The new station master marry Julie Bernier? Eugene marry her! Never!'

The intensity of her voice caused him to look up suddenly, and the telltale flush on her cheek was revealed to him. Victorine had betrayed her secret—that secret which she had so jealously guarded for a whole month.

Antoine Verdeau sank back in his chair like one smitten with the palsy. 'Victorine!' he said, in a hoarse whisper, 'you yourself love this man—this Prussian?'

She threw herself at his feet. 'Not Prussian,' she protested vehemently, 'but Bavarian. He is different from all other Germans, for he hates the Prussians and admires France and her brave people.'

Apparently he did not hear this passionate protest, or even notice the distress which the sudden disclosure of her love had caused her. He simply looked down upon her sadly, reproachfully, as at some weak and unworthy object—such a look in his eyes as a schoolmaster might give a child who was unable to grasp a theme to him so simple. Then he left her to her tears, and slowly ascended the creaking staircase. When he reached his bedroom at the back of the cottage he threw open the window and looked out.

The white radiance of the moon rendered all the more prominent objects of the landscape plainly visible. He could see the clearing in the forest which ran up to the borders of Angeldorf, and near by glistened one of the white stones marking the frontier line. Suddenly, as if by magic, his illusion fell away from him, and the bubble of his dream was burst. He realised for the first time since the war the mad futility of it all. The landmarks yonder set by the Germans—the forest clearing, the white stones—were fixed and immovable. La Revanche would never come. He had been a fool for cherishing his hopes so long. France cared nothing for her lost provinces. Her glory had departed; she was supine and asleep. The occasional frontier troubles, the restiveness of a few Alsations under the conqueror's iron decrees, Boulanger the charlatan, that overpraised alliance with Russia, the verses of Paul Deroudeau, the stazy heroics of a few hot-headed Parisians—where did all these things lead? Nowhere. The ideal was burned out, and these were the miserable flickerings from its smouldering embers.

He heard Victorine sobbing in the next room, and a great pity surged at his heart. He had never tried to understand the girl. Leaving her to her own devices, he had lived with La Revanche, and cared for no one else. Small wonder, then, that to escape his dreary society Victorine had thrown herself into the arms of the foe.

Before he fell asleep he had again become the Antoine Verdeau of the days before the war, the practical tradesman, intent upon affairs, eager to save and acquire, to benefit his family. What had worked the miracle? It may have been his daughter's grief or the strange, immutable look of the frontier stones in the cold moonlight. He could not tell.

When he awoke he felt numbed and listless. The dream which had fed his vitality had departed. There was a marked change in the girl as well. Her vivacity was gone. She no longer gathered gossip as the bees gather honey; no longer lavishly retailed it. Subdued and careworn, she went about her duties mechanically, and when her father would have spoken with her the mute appeal for silence in her eyes restrained him.

For a whole week she remained indoors, and then one balmy summer evening she went out of the cottage, leaving the old man still at his work. She returned late, her eyes bearing traces of recent tears. Then it was that Verdeau found it within him to break the silence.

'You have been to the Beniers', Victorine?' he said.

'Yes.'

He hesitated a moment, and then inquired, 'You have seen him again—the station master?'

'Yes,' she replied, in a level voice. 'He asked me to be his wife.'

Her father showed no surprise.

'You consented?'

She caught her breath. 'No, I refused.'

'Ah!' he breathed heavily. 'But why?'

'I gave no reason,' she replied, in the same monotone. 'But—her voice now faltered—'I think he guessed. He says—he is coming to see you to-morrow.'

'He shall have his answer,' said Verdeau quietly. 'You love him, Victorine?'

The unwonted tenderness in his voice caused her to look up suddenly. There was a new light in her father's eyes, which showed him to be no longer the patriot busy with his dreams, no longer the recluse hugging his burden of bitter memories, but the man and the father eager to perceive and sympathise with the desires and weaknesses of a woman's heart.

She threw herself at his feet and kissed his hands with passionate energy. 'Father!' was all she could say through her tears.

When Eugene Bauer entered the cottage the next day he found Antoine Verdeau very different indeed from the descriptions given of him by the Angeldorf town-folk. He was courteously received, and encouraged to talk on matters dear to his heart: the hills of his native country, the glories of Munich, its art, its music, even its beer. He spoke with the fire and animation of the South German, and revealed no trace of Prussian stolidity. But when these impersonal matters were left

behind, and the main business of his mission called for attention, his fluency forsook him, and it was only when Victorine entered the room that he summoned up courage to speak.

'But it was not to talk about Bavaria I came here to-day,' he said, hesitatingly, 'for their is another matter which affects me much more deeply. The fact is, Monsieur Verdeau, Victorine and I are in love with each other, and—and—'

'And so would marry?' said the old man. 'Ah, monsieur, when there are two willing parties to a contract, what right has a third to stand in the way?'

Victorine uttered a glad cry as her lover replied in a burst of fervor, 'You make me the happiest man in the world, Monsieur Verdeau. But I am not wholly selfish in my joy. I know what Victorine is to you and I shall not take her far away. Why,' he cried, reassuringly, 'from here to the cottage at the station 'tis little more than a stone throw.'

'She need not live so far away as that,' said the old man, quietly. 'There is the house yonder. You see, monsieur, Victorine does not go to her husband quite dowerless.'

Victorine stared at the old man in amazement. 'But' father, that house was never to be repaired until La Revanche had come!'

Antoine Verdeau shook his head. 'La Revanche is dead, child. She will never come now. You see, monsieur—he turned to the station master—it was my dream once.'

He smiled sadly, but there were tears in his eyes. The younger man bowed his head in respectful silence. He was a soldier and patriot, too, and so understood.

And thus it was that Angeldorf lost that insistent reminder of its shame, and once more the havoc wrought through the hatred of the nations was repaired by the love of a man for a maid—'Chambers' Journal.'

The Catholic World

ENGLAND.—Catholics at Cambridge

There are 40 Catholic undergraduates at Cambridge this term, the spiritual director of the hostels being Father Barnes, who is a convert from Anglicanism.

A Club for Catholic Boys

Lord Ripon and Count Torre Diaz, president and treasurer of the St. Vincent de Paul Society respectively, have acquired the old Catholic church of St. Mary's, London, for the purpose of having it converted into an institute or club for Catholic boys under the auspices of the Society. The institute will be known as the Blount Memorial, in memory of the late Mr. George Blount, a former president and benefactor of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Nuns from Martinique

With the permission of Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, two French nuns from Martinique, West Indies, are appealing in the churches of that diocese for funds wherewith to rebuild their convent, church, schools, and charitable institutions, wholly destroyed in the volcanic disaster of last year. Twelve of the Sisters were killed, two died of shock, and the remainder are homeless and penniless.

The Late Bishop of Salford

Monsignor Gadd, the Vicar-Capitular of Salford, has recorded in a letter he has addressed to the clergy of that diocese the tribute paid by the Jews to Dr. Bilsborrow, the late Bishop of Salford. It deserves (says the 'Catholic Times') to be printed in letters of gold inasmuch as it not only honors the dead and the living but is an example of genuine charity not too frequent in this world of strife. The following is the resolution which was passed by the synagogues of Manchester: 'The Manchester Shechita Board, consisting of representatives of twelve synagogues of this city, offers its sympathy and condolence to the Catholic community of Manchester on the severe loss it has sustained by the demise of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Salford, who for a period of eleven years so ably fulfilled the duties of his high office. The Manchester Jewish community feels that the death of so eminent a prelate is a loss to the city generally; and it hopes that the Common Father of all will grant consolation to their Catholic fellow-citizens in their sorrow.'

The Diocese of Salford

In a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Salford Monsignor Gadd makes reference to the work of the late Bishop, and says: 'He has passed to his reward after a long life of missionary labor, and after an episcopate of more than ten years—years full of indefatigable efforts for the glory of God and the spiritual needs of clergy and laity. We all mourn his loss. It is a great loss. Its reality and significance will come home to us as we rapidly review his life and works during the years of his episcopate. Ten years ago our Catholic population numbered 208,000; it is now 283,000. Hence we find that missions, schools, and churches have been multiplied, and the number of clergy increased to meet the ever-growing wants of the diocese. Twelve new missions have been established; 30 new schools and 47 churches and chapels have been erected; and the number of clergy, secular and regular, is to-day about 300.'