

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Molière
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka
Cotton Dostoyevsky Kipling Doyle
Baum Henry Flaubert Nietzsche Willis
Leslie Dumas Stockton Vatsyayana Crane
Burroughs Verne
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch
Homer Tolstoy Whitman Twain
Darwin Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato
Potter Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte
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Fairy Fingers A Novel

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FAIRY FINGERS.

IN PRESS:

BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME,
THE MUTE SINGER;
A Novel.

FAIRY FINGERS.

A Novel.

BY

ANNA CORA RITCHIE,

AUTHOR OF "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS," "MIM-
IC LIFE," "TWIN ROSES," "ARMAND," "FASHION," ETC.

"Labor is Worship."



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[Pg 4]

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[Pg 5]

FAIRY FINGERS.

CHAPTER I.

NOBLESSE.

They were seated in the drawing-room of an ancient château in Brittany,—the Countess Dowager de Gramont and Count Tristan, her only son,—a mansion lacking none of the ponderous quaintness that usually characterizes ancestral dwellings in that locality. The edifice could still boast of imposing grandeur, especially if classed among "fine ruins." Within and without were harmoniously dilapidated, and a large portion of the interior was uninhabitable. The limited resources of the count precluded even an apologetic semblance of repairs.

The house was surrounded by spacious parks and pleasure-grounds, in a similarly neglected condition. Their natural beauty was striking, and the rich soil yielded fruits and flowers in abundance, though its only culture was received from the hands of old Baptiste, who made his appearance as gardener in the morning, but, with a total change of costume, was metamorphosed into butler after the sun passed the meridian. In his button-hole a flower, which he could never be induced to forego, betrayed his preference for the former vocation.

The discussion between mother and son was unmistakably tempestuous. A thunder-cloud lowered on the noble lady's brow; [Pg 8] her eyes shot forth electric flashes, and her voice, usually subdued to aristocratic softness, was raised to storm-pitch.

"Count Tristan de Gramont, you have taken leave of your senses!"

A favorite declaration of persons thoroughly convinced of their own unassailable mental equilibrium, when their convictions encounter the sudden check of opposition.

As the assertion, unfortunately, is one that cannot be disproved by denial, the count sank resignedly behind the shield of silence. His mother returned to the attack.

"Do you mean me to understand that, in your right mind, you would condescend to mingle with men of business?—that you would actually degrade yourself into becoming a shareholder, or manager, or director, or whatever you please to term it, in a railway company?—*you*, Count Tristan de Gramont! The very proposal is a humiliation; to entertain it would be an absurdity—to consent, an impossibility. I repeat it, you have taken leave of your senses!"

"But, my dear mother," answered the count, with marked deference, "you are forgetting that this railway company chances to be an American association; my connection with it, or, rather, its very existence, is not likely to be known here in Brittany,—therefore, my dignity will not be compromised. The only valuable property left us is the transatlantic estate which my roving brother purchased during his wanderings in the New World, and bequeathed to my son, Maurice, for whom it is held in trust by an American gentleman. The members of the association, who desire to interest me in their speculation, assert that the proposed railroad may pass directly through this very tract of land. Should that be the case, its value will be greatly increased. At the present moment the estate yields us nothing; but the advent of this railroad must insure an immense profit. We estimate that, by judicious management, the land may be made to bring in" —

His mother interrupted him with a haughty gesture. "*Speculation!* '*yield!*' '*profit!*' '*bring in!*' What language to grow familiar to the lips of a son of mine! You talk like a tradesman already! My son, give up all idea of this plebeian enterprise!"

The count did not answer immediately. He seemed puzzled to determine what degree of confidence it was necessary to repose in his stately mother. After a brief pause, he renewed the conversation with evident embarrassment.

"It is very difficult to make a lady, especially a lady of your [Pg 9] rank, education, and mode of life, understand these matters, and the necessity" —

"It ought to be equally difficult to make the nobleman, my son, comprehend them," answered the countess, freely.

The count rejoined, as though driven to extremity, "It is the very fact of my being a nobleman, that has made these people, Americans as they are, and despisers of titles as they profess to be, seek me with eagerness. The *prestige* of my *title*, and the promise of obtaining some privileges respecting Maurice's Maryland estate, are all that I can contribute toward the success of their undertaking. It is true I am a nobleman; but even rank, my dear mother, must have the means of sustaining its existence, to say nothing of preserving its dignity. Even rank is subject to the common, vulgar need of food and raiment and shelter, not to mention the necessity of keeping horses, carriages, domestics, and securing other indispensable but money-consuming luxuries. Our narrow income is no longer sufficient to meet even our limited expenditures. The education of Maurice at the University of Paris, and your own charities, have not merely drained our purse, but involved us in debt. I hail the offer made me by this American company, because it may extricate us from some very serious difficulties. I am much mortified at your resolute disapproval of the step I contemplate."

Count Tristan de Gramont was a widower, the father of but one child. It must not be supposed that, although he seriously purposed embarking in a business enterprise, he had failed to appropriate a goodly share of that pride which had both descended by inheritance, and been liberally instilled into his mind by education. His character was strongly stamped with the Breton traits of obstinacy and perseverance, and he was gifted with an unaristocratic amount of energy. When an idea once took possession of his brain, he patiently and diligently brought the embryo thought to fruition, in spite of all disheartening obstacles. He was narrow-minded and selfish when any interests save his own and those of his mother and son were at stake. These were the only two beings whom he loved, and he only loved them because they were *his*—a portion of *himself*; and it was merely himself that he loved through them. In a certain sense, he was a devoted son. His education had rendered him punctilious, to the highest degree, in the observance of all those forms that betoken filial veneration. He always treated his august mother with the most profound reverence. He paid her the most courteous

attentions,—opened the doors when she desired to pass, placed [Pg 10] footstools for her feet, knelt promptly to pick up the handkerchief or glove she dropped, was ever ready to offer her his arm for her support, and seldom combated her opinions.

The first time he had openly ventured to oppose her views was in the conversation we have just related.

She looked so regal, as she sat before him in a richly carved antique chair, which she occupied as though it had been a throne, that, in spite of the blind obstinacy with which she refused to see her own interests and his, Count Tristan could not help regarding her with admiration.

She was still strikingly handsome, notwithstanding the sixty winters which had bleached her raven locks to the most uncompromising white. Those snowy tresses fell in soft and glossy curls about her scarcely furrowed countenance. Her forehead was somewhat low and narrow; the face, a decided oval; the nose, almost straight; the eyes almond-shaped, and of a jetty blackness, flashing out from beneath brows that were remarkable for the fine, dark line that designated their arch. The mouth was the least pleasing feature,—it was too small, and unsuggestive of varied expression; the lips not only lacked fulness, but wore a supercilious curl that had become habitual.

Her form was considerably above the medium height, and added to the sense of grandeur conveyed by her presence. Her carriage was erect to the verge of stiffness, and her step too firm to be quite soundless. Advancing years had not produced any unseemly *embonpoint*, nor had her figure fallen into the opposite extreme, and sharpened into meagre angularity; its outline retained sufficient roundness not to lose the curves or grace.

She had made no reply to her son's last remark, which forced him to begin anew. He thought it politic, however, to change the subject.

"You remember, my mother, that some seven of our friends are engaged to dine with us to-morrow. I trust you will not disapprove of my having invited two American gentlemen to join the party. After the letters of introduction they brought me, I was forced to show them some attention and"—

He paused abruptly, without venturing to add that those gentlemen were directors of the railway company of which he had before spoken.

"My son, you are aware that I never interfere with your hospitalities, but you seem to have forgotten that my Sèvres china is only a set for twelve, and I can use no other on ceremonious occasions. With Bertha and Madeleine we have one guest too many."

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"That is a matter readily arranged," replied the count. "Madeleine need not appear at table. She is always so obliging and manageable that she can easily be requested to dine in her own room. In fact, to speak frankly, I would *rather not* have her present."

"But, should she be absent, Bertha will be annoyed," rejoined Madame de Gramont.

"Bertha is a simpleton! How strange that she does not see, or suspect, that Madeleine always throws her into the background! I said a while ago, my mother, that *your charities* had helped to drain our purse, and this is one which I might cite, and the one that galls me most. Here, for three years, you have sheltered and supported this young girl, without once reflecting upon the additional expense we are incurring by your playing the benefactress thus grandly. It is very noble, very munificent on your part; still, for a number of reasons, I regret that Madeleine has become a permanent inmate of this château."

"Madeleine was an orphan," replied the countess, "the sole remaining child of the Duke de Gramont, your father's nephew. When she was left homeless and destitute, did not the *honor of the family* force me to offer her an asylum, and to treat her with the courtesy due to a relative? Have we not always found her very grateful and very agreeable?"

"I grant you—very agreeable—*too* agreeable by half," returned the count; "so agreeable that, as I said, she invariably throws your favorite Bertha into the shade. I confess that the necessity of always reserving for this young person, thrust upon us by the force of circumstances, a place at table, a seat in the carriage, room upon every party of pleasure, makes her presence an inconvenience, if not a

positive burden. And will you allow me to speak with great candor? May I venture to say that I have seen you, my dear mother, chafed by the infliction, and irritated by beholding Bertha lose through contrast with Madeleine?"

His mother replied with animation: "Bertha is my grandniece, — the granddaughter of my only sister; the ties of blood, if nothing more, would bind me more closely to her than to Madeleine. Possibly there may have been times when I have not been well pleased to see one so dear, invariably, though most inexplicably, eclipsed. Bertha may shine forth in her most resplendent jewels, — her most costly and exquisite Parisian toilet; Madeleine has only to enter, in a simple muslin dress, a flower, or a knot of ribbons in her hair, and she draws all eyes magnetically upon her."

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"That is precisely the observation I have made," answered Count Tristan; "and, my mother, have you never reflected how seriously your *protégée* may interfere with our prospects respecting Maurice?"

The countess started. "Impossible! He could not think of Madeleine when a union with Bertha would be so much more advantageous."

"Youth does not think — it chooses by the attraction it experiences towards this or that object," answered the count. "Before Maurice last returned to the university, nine months ago, his admiration for Madeleine was unmistakable. Now that he is shortly to come home, and for an indefinite period, — now that our plans must ripen, I have come to the conclusion that Madeleine must be removed, or they will never attain fruition; she must not be allowed to cast the spell of her dangerous fascination over him; something must be done, and that before Maurice returns; in a fortnight he will be here."

Before the countess could reply, a young girl bounded into the room, with a letter in one hand, and a roll of music in the other.

It would be difficult to find a more perfect type of the pure blonde than was manifested in the person of this fair young maiden. The word "dazzling" might be applied without exaggeration to the lustrous whiteness of a complexion tinged in the cheeks as though by the reflection of a sea-shell. Her full, dewy lips disclosed milky

rows of childlike teeth within. Her eyes were of the clearest azure; but, in spite of their expression of mingled tenderness and gayety, one who could pause to lay the finger upon an imperfection, would note that something was wanting to complete their beauty;—the eyebrows were too faintly traced, and the lashes too light, though long. The low brow, straight, slender nose, the soft curve of the chin, the fine oval of the face, were obviously an inheritance. At a single glance it was impossible not to be struck with the resemblance which these classic features bore to those of the countess. But the sportive dimples, pressed as though by a caressing touch, upon the cheeks and chin of the young girl, destroyed, even more than the totally opposite coloring, the likeness in the two countenances. The hair of the countess had been remarkable for its shining blackness, while the yellow acacia was not more brightly golden than the silken tresses of Bertha,—tresses that ran in ripples, and lost themselves in a sunny stream of natural curls, which seemed audaciously bent on breaking [Pg 13] their bounds, and looked as though they were always in a frolic. In vain they were smoothed back by the skilful fingers of an expert *femme de chambre*, and confined in an elaborate knot at the back of Bertha's small head; the rebellious locks *would* wave and break into fine rings upon the white brow, and lovingly steal in stray ringlets adown the alabaster throat, ignoring conventional restraint as sportively as their owner.

Bertha de Merrivale, like Madeleine, was an orphan, but, unlike Madeleine, an heiress. The Marquis de Merrivale, Bertha's uncle, was also her guardian. He allowed her every year to spend a few months with her mother's relatives, who warmly pleaded for these annual visits. Her sojourn at the château de Gramont was always a season of delight to Bertha herself, for she dearly loved her great-aunt, liked Count Tristan, enjoyed the society of Maurice, and was enthusiastically attached to Madeleine.

"A letter! a letter from Maurice!" exclaimed Bertha, dancing around her aunt as she held out the epistle.

The countess broke the seal eagerly, and after glancing over the first lines, exclaimed, "Here is news indeed! We did not expect Maurice for a fortnight; but he writes that he will be here to-morrow. How little time we shall have for preparation! And I intended to

order so many improvements made in his chamber, and to quite remodel" —

"Oh, of course, everything will have to be remodelled for the Viscount Maurice de Gramont! Nothing will be good enough for *him*! Every one will sink into insignificance at *his* coming! We, poor, forlorn damsels, will henceforth be of no account, — no one will waste a thought on *us*!" said Bertha.

"On the contrary," replied her aunt, "I never had your happiness more in my thoughts than at this moment. Be sure you wear your blue brocade to-morrow, and the blue net interwoven with pearls in your hair, and that turquoise set which Maurice always admired."

"Be sure that I play the coquette, you mean, as my dear aunt did before me," answered Bertha, merrily. "No, indeed, aunt, that may have done in *your* day, but it does not suit *ours*. We, of the present time, do not wear nets for the express purpose of ensnaring the admiration of young men; or don our most becoming dresses to lay up their hearts in their folds. I am going to seek Madeleine to tell her this news, and I have another surprise for her."

"What is it?" inquired the countess, in an altered tone.

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"This great parcel of music, which I sent to Paris to obtain expressly for her. But I have something else which she must not see to day, — this bracelet, the exact pattern of the one my uncle presented to me upon my last birthday, and Madeleine shall receive this upon her birthday; that will be *to-morrow*."

As she spoke, she clasped upon her small wrist a band of gold, fastened by a knot formed of pearls, and gayly held up her round, white arm before the eyes of the count and countess.

The latter caught her uplifted hand and said gravely, "Bertha, music and bracelets are very appropriate for *you*, but they do not suit Madeleine. Madeleine is poor, worse than poor, wholly dependent upon" —

"There you are mistaken, aunt," returned Bertha, warmly. "As *I* am rich, she is not poor; — that is, she will not always be poor, and she shall *not* be dependent upon any one — not even upon *you*. I

mean to settle upon her a marriage portion if she choose to marry, and a handsome income if she remain single."

"Very generous and *romantic* on your part," replied the countess, ironically; "but, unfortunately for her, you have no power at present over your own property; you cannot play the benefactress without the consent of your guardian, and that you will never obtain."

"But if I marry, I will have the right," answered Bertha, naïvely.

"You will have the consent of your husband to obtain, and that will be equally difficult."

"That is true, but I am not discouraged. I suppose when I am of age I shall have the power, and I need not marry before then. I am sixteen, nearly seventeen; it will not be so *very* long to wait, and I am determined to serve Madeleine."

"Many events may occur to make you change you mind before you attain your majority. Meanwhile you are fostering tastes in Madeleine which are unsuited to her condition. I know you think me very severe, but" —

"No, no, aunt, you are never severe toward me; you are only too kind, too indulgent; you spoil me with too much love and consideration; and it is because you *have* spoiled me so completely that I mean to be saucy enough to speak out just what I think."

Bertha seated herself on the footstool at her aunt's feet, took her hand caressingly, and with an earnest air prattled on.

"It is with Madeleine that you are severe, and you grow more and more severe every day. You speak to her so harshly, [Pg 15] so disdainfully at times, that I hardly recognize you. One would not imagine that she is your grandniece as much as I am, — that is, *almost* as much, for she was the grandniece of the Count de Gramont, my uncle. You find incessant fault with her, and she seems to irritate you by her very presence. Oh! I have seen it for a long time, and during this last visit I see it more than ever."

"Bertha!" commenced her aunt, in a tone which might have awed any less volatile and determined speaker.

"Do not interrupt me, aunt; I have not done yet, and I *must* speak. Why do you put on this manner towards Madeleine? You *do put it*

on,—it is not natural to you,—for you are kind to every one else. And have you not been most kind to her also? Were you not the only one of her proud relatives who held out a hand to her when she stood unsheltered and alone in the world? Have you not since then done everything for her? Done everything—but—but—but *love her?*"

"Bertha, you are the only one who would venture to"—

"I know it, aunt,—I am the only one who would venture, so grant me one moment more; I have not done yet. Madeleine cannot be an incumbrance, for who is so useful in your household as she? Who could replace her? When you are suffering, she is the tenderest of nurses. She daily relieves you of a thousand cares. When you have company, is it not Madeleine who sees that everything is in order? If you give a dinner, is it not Madeleine who not only superintends all the preparations, but invents the most beautiful decorations for the table,—and out of nothing—out of leaves and flowers so common that no one would have thought of culling them, yet so wonderfully arranged that every one exclaims at their picturesque effect? When you have dull guests,—guests that put me to sleep, or out of patience,—is it not Madeleine who amuses them? How many evenings, that would have been insufferably stupid, have flown delightfully, chased by her delicious voice!"

"You make a great virtue of what was simply an enjoyment to herself. She delights as much, or more, in singing than any one can delight in hearing her."

"That is because she delights in everything she does; she always accomplishes her work with delight. She delighted in making you that becoming cap, with its coquettishly-disposed knots of violet ribbons; she delighted in turning and freshening and remaking the silk dress you wear at this moment, which fits you to perfection, and looks quite new. She delighted in [Pg 16] embroidering my cousin Tristan that pretty velvet smoking-cap he has on his head. She delighted in making me the wreath which I wore at the Count de Caradaré's concert the other evening, and which every one complimented me upon. It was her own invention;—and did not you yourself remark that there was not a head-dress in the room half as beautiful? Everything she touches she beautifies. The commonest

objects assume a graceful form beneath her fingers. The "*fingers of a fairy*" my cousin Maurice used to call them, and, there certainly is magic in those dainty, rapidly-moving hands of hers. They have an art, a skill, a facility that partakes of the supernatural. Madeleine is a dependent upon your bounty, but her magic fingers make her a very valuable one; and, if you would not think it very impertinent, I would say that we are all *her debtors*, rather than *she ours*. There, I have done! Now, forgive me for my temerity,—confess that you have been too severe to Madeleine, and promise not to find fault with her any more."

"I will confess that she has the most charming advocate in the world," answered the countess with affection.

"Madeleine must not see this bracelet until to-morrow; so I must hasten to lock it up," resumed the young girl; "after that I will let her know that our cousin will be here to honor her birthday. How enchanted she will be! But she makes entirely too much of him,—just as you all do. The instant she hears the news, away she will fly to make preparations for his comfort. I shall only have to say, 'Maurice is coming,' and what a commotion there will be!"

Bertha tripped away, leaving the countess alone with her son.

"Is she not enchanting?" exclaimed the former, as Bertha disappeared. "Maurice will have a charming bride."

"Yes, *if* the marriage we so earnestly desire ever take place."

"If? If? I intend that it *shall* take place. It is my one dream, my dearest hope!" said the countess.

"It is mine also," replied the count; "and yet I have my doubts—my fears; in a word, I do not believe this union ever *will* take place if Madeleine remain here."

The countess drew herself up with indignant amazement. "What do you mean? Do you think Madeleine capable of"—

"I do not think Madeleine capable of anything wrong; but she has such versatility of talent, she is so fascinating, her character is so lovable, that I think those talents and attractions capable of upsetting all our plans and of making Maurice fall deeply in love with her."

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"But is not Bertha fascinating, and lovely as a painter's ideal?" asked the countess.

"Yes, but it is not such a striking, such an impressive, such a bewitching, bewildering style of beauty," replied her son. "Mark my words: I understand young men. I know what dazzles their eyes and turns their heads. If Maurice is thrown into daily communication with Bertha and Madeleine, it is Madeleine to whom he will become attached."

"It must not be!" said the countess, emphatically, and rising as she spoke. "It shall not!"

"I echo, it shall not, my mother. But we must take means of prevention. It is most unfortunate that Maurice returns a fortnight before we expected him. I had my plans laid and ready to carry into execution before he could arrive. Now we must hasten them."

"What is your scheme?" asked his mother.

"Madeleine has other relations, all richer than ourselves. I propose writing to each of them, and proposing that they shall receive her, not for three years, as we have done, but that they shall each, in turn, invite her to spend three months with them. They surely cannot refuse, and her life will be very varied and pleasant, visiting from house to house every three months, enjoying new pleasures, seeing new faces, making new friendships. And her relatives will, in reality, be our debtors, for Madeleine is the most charming of inmates. She is always so lively, and creates so much gayety around her; she has so many resources in herself, and she is so *useful*! In fact, we are bestowing a valuable gift upon these good relatives of hers, and they ought to thank us, as I have no doubt they will."

The countess approved of her son's plan to rid them of their dangerously agreeable inmate, and the count, without further delay, sat down to pen the projected epistles.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUSINS.

Bertha's prediction was verified, and the whole château was thrown into confusion by preparations for the coming of the young viscount. Old Baptiste forsook his garden-tools for the [Pg 18] whole day, to play in-door domestic. Gustave, who daily doubled his *rôle* of coachman with that of *valet*, slighted his beloved horses (horses whose mothers and grandmothers had supplied the de Gramont stables from time immemorial) to cleanse windows, brighten mirrors, and polish dingy furniture. Bettina, the antiquated *femme de chambre* of the countess, who also discharged the combined duties of housekeeper and housemaid, flew about with a bustling activity that could hardly have been expected from her years and infirmities. Elize, the cook, made far more elaborate preparations for the coming of the young viscount than she would have deemed necessary for the dinner to be given to her master's guests. This band of venerable domestics had all been servants of the family before the viscount's birth, and he was not only an idol among them, but seemed, in a manner, to appertain to them all.

The countess, alone, did not find the movement of gladness around her contagious. The coming of Maurice before the departure of Madeleine, distressed her deeply; but small troubles and great were incongruously mingled in her mind, for, while she was tormented by the frustration of her plans, she fretted almost as heartily over that set of Sèvres porcelain which, with the addition of her grandson, would not be sufficient for the expected guests, even if Madeleine dined in her own chamber. Besides, the arrival of Maurice made *that* arrangement out of the question. He would certainly oppose her banishment, just as Bertha had done; and the day, unfortunately, was Madeleine's birthday. This circumstance would give her cousins additional ground for insisting upon her presence at the festive board. The countess saw no escape from her domestic difficulties, and was thoroughly out of humor.

Before Madeleine had awoke that morning, Bertha had stolen to her bedside and clasped the bracelet upon her arm. Light as was Bertha's touch, it aroused the sleeper, and she greeted her birthday token with unfeigned gratitude and delight. But Madeleine had few moments to spend in contemplation of the precious gift. She dressed rapidly, then hastened away to make the château bright with flowers, to complete various preparations for the toilet of her

aunt, to perform numerous offices which might be termed menial; but she entered upon her work with so much zest, she executed each task with such consummate skill, she took so much interest in the employment of the moment, that no labor seemed either tedious or debasing.

Maurice de Gramont had just completed his twenty-first year [Pg 19] when he graduated with high honor at the University of France. After passing a fatiguing examination, he had gladly consented to act upon his father's suggestion, and devote a few weeks to enjoyment in the gay metropolis. The count had no clew to the cause of his sudden return to Brittany.

"Aunt, aunt! There is the carriage,—he is coming!—Baptiste, run and open the gate!" cried Bertha, whose quick eyes had caught sight of a coach which stopped at the farther end of a long avenue of noble trees, leading to the château.

Baptiste made all the speed which his aged limbs allowed; Gustave hastened to throw open the front door; Bertha was on the porch before the carriage drew up; the count and countess appeared at the entrance just as Maurice sprang down the steps of the lumbering vehicle.

His blue eyes sparkled with genuine joy, and his countenance glowed with animation, as he embraced his grandmother warmly, kissed his father, according to French custom, then turning to Bertha, clasped her extended hands and touched either cheek lightly with his lips. She received the cousinly salutation without any evidence of displeasure or any token of confusion.

As the maiden and youth stood side by side, they might easily have been mistaken for brother and sister. The same florid coloring was remarkable in the countenances of both, save that the tints were a few shades deeper on the visage of Maurice. His eyes were of a darker blue; his glossy hair was tinged with chestnut, while Bertha's shone with unmingled gold; but, like Bertha's, his recreant locks had a strong tendency to curl, and lay in rich clusters upon his brow, distressing him by a propensity which he deemed effeminate. His mouth was as ripely red as hers, but somewhat larger, firmer, and less bland in its character. His eyebrows, too, were more darkly traced, supplying a want only too obvious in her countenance. The