

besides, in your case, Mees, it was not to be expected——”

“Why not? I am her friend.” Ursula spoke indignantly, “You don’t know anything that goes on in class, Angélique.”

Angélique grinned, and showed her white strong teeth almost from ear to ear. Then she winked slyly.

“Ah ça, Mees, there are things we know from their outside. I do not chew a lemon ;

I know it will set my teeth on edge ; so I know of how much worth is the love of Mamzelle Léonie.”

She paused, and looked at Ursula. The girl had turned away her face. Her heart was so full, she felt choked.

Angélique had quickly seen how matters stood between her charge and Sophie, and Ursula seemed to her cold and ungrateful. She knew nothing of the girl’s great love



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for Léonie, and she thought it would do her good to tell her the truth. She went on speaking,—

“Madame has told the young ladies that you were ill, and that no one must visit you till she gave permission. But the same evening Mamzelle Sophie watches and waits for me in the passage leading to the kitchen, and ask me how you were, and send you her love. Dame ! I could not give it you then. You were talking of two women, and you

say they come to your bed and make grimaces at you. Hein, Mees Ursule ; but I had to hold you in bed. Well, every day she wait always for me, and one day when you are worst, she give me——” Here Angélique began to fumble first in one pocket, then in another, and finally she pulled up her brown stuff skirt, and dived into a blue and white-striped petticoat beneath. “Voilà, Mees ; it is a little rumbled.”

She placed a small, pink, three-cornered