

hospital wards, they were very dirty and untidy, and smelt horribly. I am just longing to tuck up my petticoats and help to clean them out."

"It is all very difficult," said the doctor in a helpless sort of way. "Cleaning—er—domestic work—er—that sort of thing—it is not in the medical sphere of influence. The faculty is engaged in acquiring the secrets of science, and—er—prescribing scientific treatment for the sick—there is no time to wrestle with domestic details, it would be waste of energy."

"Yet, how about disorder and dirt, just common, disgusting dirt?" Andrea questioned. "The medical faculty is out to heal sick bodies—if not to prevent disease, and to do this dirt in all its variety has got to be swept away. My plan is to begin as a nurse at the very beginning, and tackle dirt—scrub—polish—disinfect, and when the patient is nice and sweet, clean and comfortable—then will be the time to study him through the microscope. After years and years, you will be calling me into consultation, doctor."

"Never," burst forth the outraged man, rising hastily from his chair, and in his anger rapping out his prejudiced opinion. "Ladies in hospital wards are a terrible nuisance, and medical women almost indecent," and picking up his hat he took a hurried departure.

"The pelting by prejudice is worse than rotten eggs," whispered Andrea, as he closed the door.

* * * * *

The Duchess of Beauvais was strolling in her garden—young and fair as fair could be.

"Rosabelle," her husband called from the terrace near by, "come and look at the view."

It was a gorgeous summer's day, the atmosphere clear as crystal. Leaning side by side over the marble parapet, they looked over the six descending terraces bright as emerald, from which coign of vantage they could see into three counties.

The Duke handed her a telescope.

"See how the sun blazes on the casements at Carillon," he said; "it might be on fire."

For a long minute the Duchess gazed silently over the Vale, then she said softly,

"On a hill to the right I see a mill in full sail—is that where the cowslips grew?"

For a space there was silence between them; then she rubbed her cheek against his coat sleeve, and waited.

"Dearest," he answered sadly, "there are things I can never explain. There was a time after the shock of my dear brother's death when I was a changed man. For three years I wandered over the face of the earth, consumed by grief, it seemed impossible to go on living without him. Then—but why refer to that year of madness—it passed as in a dream. You know all there is to know—have we not found our happiness?" he questioned wistfully.

"Sweetest happiness," she answered, turning her love-lit face upon him.

She had no qualms of conscience. She had written her little note from an agonized

heart, "Call back the soul of your lover," yet with a very firm hand. She had appealed for sacrifice to one stronger and more noble than herself, this she realised, but justice was on her side. She had only claimed restitution.

Never would she make confession to her husband of the words she had written. She was primitive woman. This was her man. He had become possessed. The devil must be cast out. It had been done.

* * * * *

After her mysterious illness Andrea had refused to see Lord Rivière. She had called back the soul of her lover—of what avail was the flesh?

That soul had passed into the Light.

After eons of time she too might know Ecstasy.

* * * * *

All she had set out to do she had done, but never in all the thirty years during which she had valiantly played her part in the great sex revolution, which liberated the souls of women—often with heartbreak, if not with tears—had she come again to the smiling Vale of Beauvais.

Then one spring day she stepped out of a train, and took her way across the hill to Carillon.

How her heart leapt!

How fleet she was of foot!

When she came to the mill field the cowslips were in bloom, she knelt down and buried her face in them and thus kneeling "listened to the still."

Thirty years!

Long, long she gazed to the east—where in the sunlight—embowered in trees—she looked on Heart's patch—just as she had left it.

To the west, crowning its lordly terraces, the flag flying, towered Beauvais. The wind wandering whither it listed, was intoxicated with the scent of flowers. As of yore, there was singing of birds—and the laughing of waters.

Thirty years!

Oh, why was her heart so young? Why not? All nature was abloom.

* * * * *

Later she came to Beauvais, and in company with a little crowd of sightseers passed through its magnificent halls.

One sombre little room, lined with books, was distinguished by the portrait of a beautiful woman, hung over the mantel—just a lovely face full of light—a face like a star.

"The Seventh Marchioness of Rivière," announced the cicerone—"painted by the Seventh Marquess."

The trippers ceased their little jokes—they scented romance—and they loved it.

Then said Andrea:

"There never was a Seventh Marchioness of Rivière—never in this world."

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

THE END.

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[previous page](#)

[next page](#)