

everything, furniture, horses, carriages, jewelry, I still had thirty thousand francs."

"But your father left a great deal of money."

"I include my share of what he left," said Xavier. "I can tell you, money goes quick in that little flower-strewn path called Parisian life. We buy at exorbitant prices, we throw money about like princes, we go into all kinds of costly eccentricities, and then some morning comes the crash, and the end of it is we ruin ourselves or our tradespeople. I rather preferred ruining myself."

"But what did you do with the thirty thousand francs?" said one.

"What would you have done with it?" asked Xavier of the author.

"I should have taken the train to Monaco, and spent it there in trying to make more."

"And you?" to the crayon artist.

"I should have gone back for six months to the old life."

"But after that?"

"After that I would have become a Chasseur d'Afrique."

"Well, I am not of the same mind as either of you," said Xavier. "I made up my mind to live on my income."

"Fifteen hundred francs a year? Why, never!"

"But I could earn something besides."

"How? You can do nothing, Xavier."

"I could do nothing; I learned."

"What?"

"Book-keeping, and became cashier of our factory."

"That's a good joke," cried a chorus of voices.

"Do you think I am joking?" said Xavier to Benedict.

"No," said Benedict, in a voice of deep emotion.