

THE COMET OF A SEASON!

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

Suddenly it seemed to him that he heard a light splash into the sea, as if something had

Clement was a stout swimmer. In the seaport where he was brought up, boys learned

Early in the morning of the day when Montana

Melissa might have found assurance for any uneasiness in the sight of that river and that sky.

darkness and danger; for a moment it seemed to her that a pale face rose out of the water

[The copulation of "The Comet of a Season" will appear in next week's issue.]

OUR NEW STORY!

THE DWARF'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

THE POMEREAU HOUSEHOLD.

Two men, who in age and appearance were widely different, sat conversing in a spacious study.

His companion, on the contrary, was scarcely twenty-five. His broad forehead bore the impress of genius upon it, and

"O my dear master," said Benedict, seizing the old man's hand impulsively, "if I have kept it valued, it is because I would fain see

"It concerns my whole life," cried the young man eagerly.

"You mean your future as an artist, I suppose," said Pomerou, "and as to that, my boy, many find themselves deceived who follow art.

"This figure represents—" "The daughter of Steinbach," answered Benedict, "architect of the Cathedral of Strasbourg.

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"You dear, big boy," said Pomerou, "you were afraid to finish the sentence. Yet you have lived ten years in my house.

"Your father gives you his hand," said Pomerou. Benedict grasped it, with large tears standing in his eyes, and thus the two men stood face to face for some moments.

"On you receive M. Andre Nicols, sir?" "Of course," said M. Pomerou, advancing towards the door.

"The chimpanzee showed all his teeth in a broad grin," he seized the figure in his strong and dextrous arms, and went off in the direction of Mlle. Pomerou's apartments.

"My daughter is out," said Pomerou, "on her return she will find the statue, and can thank you this evening. You must dine with us, my boy."

"What has gone wrong with you?" "Everything has gone wrong," said Nicols. "I came on purpose to tell you, and now—"

"On the contrary," said Pomerou, "the talk there yesterday was how solid you were. If you are in difficulties, no hint of it has got about.

"I have not that much in the house," said Pomerou quietly, "but I can get it for you. Come here the day after to-morrow, and it will be ready."

"You will save my life," said Nicols. "Ah, it is too much to put life in the scale with money," said Pomerou. "I simply do you a service, which in like circumstances I should ask of you.

been. So I won my employer's confidence. He made me an apprentice, I was satisfied

"Ah, yes," said Nicols, "you are a happy father."

"And of which your son Sulpio is the sportsman," said Nicols.

"Yes," replied Pomerou, in a voice of considerable emotion, "you may well say Sulpio is an apostle. What I do through philanthropy he does from pure charity.

"I am going to create something great, but I am going to make a group which will sell. First, he tries to succeed, then to succeed

"You remind me," said M. Pomerou smiling, "that Benedict and I have not yet spoken of Sabine's dowry."

"No," said M. Pomerou, "when you want a thing well done do it yourself."

"I do not mean degeneracy of hand or of intellect."

"I hope so, but who can tell? You know how fatally easy and insidious is the descent of an artist. Benedict only knows the great art, pure, religious, Christian, the art which is the so-called shade of religions feeling.

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Pomerou opened his arms to Sabine. "Dear daughter," he said, "and dear son, more content than I can express, I yield to your youthful wisdom. You are now voluntarily poor. But you will permit me once and a while to give you a little surprise."

"We will permit whatever will be a pleasure to you," said Benedict.

"He knows that he owes me respect and deference," said Pomerou, "that should suffice. Give Sabine your arm, Benedict; we must not let the dinner cool."

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