

all that were wont to attend the sick had perished in the attempt. Two physicians who had come to the rescue from Munich, had been brought back within forty-eight hours in a hearse. Mr. Marchal thought himself in possession of a certain specific against quinsy; his first attempts had been successful, but he had not had as yet an opportunity of experimenting on a large scale. He set out for Hochstein despite the remonstrances of his friends and the tears of his wife.—“If I was in the army,” said he to Clara, “you would not forbid my going to war; well my dear, the enemy is at Hochstein, and I should be there to fight him. He was six weeks absent and returned in perfect health, after having saved all that remained in the town to be saved. An act of courage performed in so simple a manner was much noised about in the world. The king of Bavaria wrote an autograph letter to Mr. *de* Marchal, conferring a title upon him and offering him a pension of six thousand francs from the state. The professor replied in respectful terms that the prefix *de* could not well be adapted to his name, and that the money would be better employed in helping the convalescents and orphans of Hochstein. About the same time the prefect of the department sent Mr. Marchal a letter of congratulation, saying that he had presented his name to the minister for the cross of the Legion of Honour. Mr. Marchal requested that the favour should be bestowed on old doctor Laugenhagen, who had, he said, an older and more national right to this honour than he.

This noble conduct obtained from the public the praise it deserved: all Strasburg felt itself honoured by the professor's conduct. One person alone protested against the general admiration. Miss Lauth could not understand how the same man could be alternately good and bad, loyal and treacherous, sublimely disinterested, and basely sordid. In one word, she could not admit that one could be guilty towards her without being so towards the whole world: woman's logic. Thus, without actually incriminating Henry's last actions, she tried to find a dark side to them, and not finding any, endeavoured to invent one out of spite. As Mr. Marchal had become something of a prophet in his country, she could no longer slander him as before without incurring the general

blame; she therefore changed tactics and began celebrating the hero of the day with ludicrous extravagance. She invented so grotesque a mode of admiration, travestied so perfidiously the praises which circulated from mouth to mouth, that little more was needed to turn the liberator of Hochstein into a ridiculous buffoon.

The Marchals escaped this danger, however, through a family misfortune which again drew upon him the general attention. Henry's eldest brother had for some time been in business difficulties. But luck had turned against him, so much so that the poor man had not even been able to attend his brother's wedding. For a long time he struggled bravely, but succumbed in the end. Henry received on the same day the intelligence of his death and the detailed account of his debts together with a list of some creditors poorer or more interesting than the rest. The doctor and his wife after five minutes' deliberation, wrote to the parties that they accepted all the liabilities of the deceased.

At those times a bankruptcy did not assume the monumental proportions we admire now-a-days; people were less enlightened and lived more plainly. Clara's dowry, and the house on the quay sufficed to cover the whole debt; it was a matter of two hundred thousand francs. Mr. Axtmann, who had not been consulted till all was over, protested vehemently at first; he declared that his daughter and grandchild were reduced to beggary and foretold all sorts of dire consequences. But when Henry gave him to understand that he owed to that unfortunate brother all that he was worth, that their domestic comfort would not suffer by it very materially, as he should always be able to provide plentifully for the little family, and that as to what regarded his son, he would much rather leave him an unspotted name than a large fortune, [¶]Father Axtmann being a worthy man finally gave in, and promised even to assist in mending matters.

When this last event became known, (and everything is known in a provincial town,) Miss Lauth began to open her eyes. She recollected from a child how the doctor had always been known for his extreme delicacy of conduct, she embraced at a glance the whole situation of things, and saw that delicacy in the light of heroism. The only unworthy action