

TOUT SORTS DE CHOSSES.

Mahop Pinsonneault is seriously ill. Christine Nilsson changed hotels at Omaha because the landlord refused to furnish her with a lunch-bed.

Thomas Myers, Braebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

Mrs. Malaprop says she knows who the Alpine glacier is. He is a foreigner who carries a glass of putty in his hand and a pane of glass under his arm.

There ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose.

Dealing money to complete a spree already began, a watchmaker in Springfield, Mass., pawned all the watches he had in hand to repair.

The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Hair Regor is due to its healthy action on the hair and scalp, through which it restores gray hair to its original color and imparts a gloss and freshness which makes it so much desired by all classes and conditions of people.

The wealthiest London-Americans are believed to be Mr. Winaus, Sir Curtis Lampton, Junius Morgan, and Mr. Russell Sturgis, who has just retired from Barings.

M. McAee, Wyebridge, writes: "I have used large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, cough, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

Wongus, plenty but going fast; brains scarce and wanted; cheap, full supply; plunk market bare; hearts, unsteady, price fluctuating, mostly sold for cash on delivery.

"Great haste is not always good speed." You must not dilly-dally in caring for your health. Liver, kidneys and bowels must be kept healthy by the use of that prince of medicines, Kidney-Wort, which comes in liquid form or dry—both thoroughly efficacious. Have it always ready.

A porcelain maker of Kyoto, in Japan, who studied photography in Paris, has succeeded in making photographs in colors on porcelain, with a perfect perspective.

Mr. H. F. MacCarthy, Chemist, Ottawa, writes: "I have been dispensing and jobbing Westport & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for the past two years, and consider that there is no better preparation of the same kind in the market. It is very palatable, and for chronic coughs it has no equal."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a top whose boots were more polished than his dress. "Why," said the bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boots."

A despatch from Brussels to the London Times says a State prosecution has been commenced against the Bishop of Tournay on account of his opposition to the surrender of the money which Canon Bernard deposited in America and Canada.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, and all diseases arising from youthful indiscretions are speedily and radically removed by that wonderful remedy known as Mack's Magnific Medicine, an advertisement of which appears in another column. Sold in Montreal by B. St. McGale.

It struck a Colorado Springs correspondent of the Springfield Republican as a little singular that the man who described the place as a paradise for invalids was making a living by burying the invalids who died there.

One peculiar characteristic of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is its power of decomposing the food in the stomach, rendering digestion and assimilation more perfect. This partly accounts for the rapidity with which patients take on flesh while using the article.

Mr. Mayer has laid before the French Academy of Sciences a new mode of burial, viz., glass coffins the air pumped out, and filled with antiseptic gas. Thus, he claims, the body could be indefinitely kept uncorrupted.

INDISPENSABLE.—There are some simple remedies indispensable in every family. Among these, the experience of years assures us, should be recorded Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER. For both internal and external application we have found it of great value; especially can we recommend it for colds, rheumatism, or fresh wounds and bruises.—Christian Era.

A submarine telegraph wire is being laid between Paris and Marseilles. Nearly 300 workmen are employed on the undertaking, which will cost \$8,000,000. The wire is to be connected with the Atlantic and Mediterranean cables.

The most reliable preparation yet introduced to the public, for the immediate relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Crup, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, is SPRUINE. In obstinate Coughs, Pulmonary Consumption, &c., where Cod Liver Oil is recommended, a dose of SPRUINE taken with a dose of the former will make an agreeable and convenient vehicle for the administration of the Oil, and largely promote its efficiency. SPRUINE is put up in bottles at 25 and 50 cents each.

The other evening in the Reichsball Theatre, in Berlin, a sort of music hall, the eldest of three young French acrobats, named Forbee, suddenly expired on the stage, having exerted himself too violently during his gymnastic performance.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate As a Nerve Food. Dr. J. W. Smith, Wellington, O., says: "I have used it advantageously in impaired nervous supply."

The Academy of Sciences decides that raw meat is easier of digestion than that which is cooked. In prescribing it preference should be given to flesh that has been frozen, as very low temperatures destroy the eggs of the many parasites which often infest meats of all kinds.

"BUOHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Drug Store.

THE PRINCE-IMPERIAL STATUE.

London, Jan. 18.—The Prince of Wales, in his remarks at the unveiling of the statue of the late Prince Imperial at Woolwich, said: "It is obvious that this short ceremony is not a political one in any sense of the word. We are inaugurating a monument to the memory of a young and gallant prince who fell fighting for the Queen of England."

After enrolling the career of the Prince Imperial to the time of his death, the Prince of Wales concluded: "His virtues, his blameless life, his courage, his obedience to orders, will always prove a bright example to the cadets educated at Woolwich, who, when they gaze on the statue inaugurated to-day, will see the features of the young and brave Prince who died with his face to the foe."

THE AGE OF MIRACLES.

Is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

ANOTHER HOTEL FIRE.

Nearby, Wis., Jan. 15.—The city was thrown into a state of excitement yesterday morning by a fire, which destroyed the Russell House and several other large buildings. The fire broke out at a few minutes before four o'clock in the rear of Gaffney's clothing house and spread with terrible rapidity. The Russell House was soon in flames and a scene of the utmost terror and excitement ensued. Efforts were made to rescue the guests and employees of the house at once. Many of the inmates seemed dazed or crazed with terror and rushed in all directions except that which led to safety.

A PERFUMED TOOTH WASH.

Mix a teaspoonful of MURRAY & LAMMAN'S FLORIDA WATER in a tumbler of pure, soft water, and you have a tooth wash far superior to all the lotions and dentifrices ever offered for sale. It will not injure the enamel; will heal all tenderness or soreness of the gums or mouth, and will impart a most delightful fragrance to the breath.

SERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

CHICAGO, Jan. 18.—Through the carelessness of the engineer on a Lake Shore passenger train at Englewood this morning the train ran into a switch engine on the Rock Island road. Frank Jones, conductor of the passenger train, was severely injured; Foster, engineer of the passenger train, and Burke, cut off. Late, a colored man, had his leg cut off; Culver, switchman, had his feet terribly mangled. An iron bolt piercer-brookman, Kettering, tearing it to pieces, and a fireman, had his ankle crushed to jelly; Barry, a brakeman, was injured internally. The passengers were uninjured.

THE SELF-ACCUSED PHOENIX PARK MURDERER.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., Jan. 15.—It is believed at Albion that nothing will be done with Hugh O'Donnell. His confession is regarded as the result of a whiskey craze.

CANADIAN BANK STATEMENT.

From the figures for the past and previous months the circulation for the month shows the falling off of \$678,705, as follows:—Circulation for November, \$37,180,399; circulation for December, \$38,501,694. The bank circulation of \$38,501,694, with the circulation of Dominion notes, \$10,463,842, brings the whole circulation up to \$48,965,536, showing a falling off of over a million dollars from the statement to November 31st, which showed the total circulation to be \$48,205,635. The current discounts show a falling off of \$1,282,863, as follows: discounts for November, \$148,698,770; discounts for December, \$147,414,108. The decrease in discounts on November 31st from the statement of the previous month was \$68,258. The deposits for the month ending November 30th showed an increase of \$429,104 over the preceding month, while the statement for December, as compared with the previous month, gives a different state of affairs, as follows:—Deposits for November, \$97,052,159; deposits for December, \$96,879,544; decrease, \$172,615. The specie reserve also shows a decrease.

"PUBRING."

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12.—David McWilliams, a coal miner of Plymouth, Pa., and Robert Tavish, a saloon keeper of Mansfield, met each other some time ago to "pubring" for \$350 a side. Pubring is known as scientific skin-kicking. The battle was fought last night at Camden, and won by McWilliams in the 23rd round. The men were barelegged from the knees to the ankles, and wore breeches. Both were very much exhausted after an hour's kicking. Tavish wanted to quit, but his friends wished that he should go on. McWilliams' stuns were badly cut and bruised, but Tavish's were much worse. In the next four rounds McWilliams inflicted nearly cuts and bruises on Tavish. In the 22nd round Tavish's seconds were unable to stop the flow of blood. They wanted to apply bandages, but the referee would not allow it. Tavish kicked Tavish five times in the 23rd round, when the latter dropped like a log. His legs from the knees to the ankles were covered with cuts and as raw as beefsteak. Tavish's legs were washed with apple-jack, and he was driven to the ferry. Before the "pubring" reached Philadelphia his legs were swollen out of all proportions. Tavish is in bed.

Holloway's Pills.—Indigestion and Liver Complaints.—The digestion cannot be long or seriously disordered without the derangement being perceptible to the countenance. These Pills prevent both unpleasant consequences; they improve the appetite, and with the increase of desire for food, they augment the powers of digestion and assimilation in the stomach. Holloway's Pills deal most satisfactorily with deranged or diseased conditions of the many organs engaged in extracting nourishment for our bodies from our various diets—as the liver, stomach, and bowels, over all of which they exercise the most salutary control. By restoring an early stage of this malady to their purifying and laxative Pills, the dyspeptic is speedily restored to health and strength, and his salowness gradually vanishes.

THE DWARF'S SECRET.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

THE TRIAL.

It seemed to the audience as if a portion of the darkness were already being dispelled. The lawyer's very tones were so convincing, his gestures so full of authority, his face bearing a look of such sincere conviction, that many of those present forgot how, a moment before, their opinion of Xavier had seemed irrevocable.

"This whole case, gentlemen," he continued, "is enshrouded in mystery. You see but one criminal, I see two. You repeat that the deposition of the Abbe Sulpice should suffice, and I cry out that it does not satisfy me. You show me in this witness a priest, and I demand a man who holds the key to this terrible drama. A saint who is unquestionably bound to silence by the obligations of his sacred ministry, and a senseless being who in the order of creation is mute; an angel and a beast; the one bound by his oath to a silence like that of the grave, the other a poor brute, condemned to everlasting silence. Yet Lipp-Lapp who was severely wounded by the murderer; Lipp-Lapp who defended himself, and in whose clenched fist was found a handful of the murderer's hair; Lipp-Lapp saw it all. You point to the accused and you say, 'He opened his father's safe, therefore he must have killed him.' And I say that he did not even rob him. Since when has temptation become an actual crime? He tells you that, when in the very act of committing a crime, he raised his eyes to the portrait of his dead mother, and drew back in shame and horror, flying from the room. No, this prodigal did not kill his father; during that night of murder and of mourning, he was shedding tears of bitter repentance, and at the very turning point of his career, at his very entrance upon a new way, you cast him into a felon's cell and call him—parollee. Ah, gentlemen, take care; it is not the first time I have had the honor of addressing you; it is not the first struggle I have made for the innocent, against the law, whose mission it is to protect outraged society, but which, with its ever diverging from its end, sometimes goes astray in the means, never, never, did the cause of a prisoner seem more just to me than this one; never have I so much desired to convince you that my client is not a murderer, but a deeply wronged and suffering man. My God, my God! do you not longer work miracles, or will you not send thither, armed with full power to reveal the truth, the man who alone can do so? From your sufficing, aberration of mind, from the very jaws of death itself, it would seem to me that the Abbe Sulpice must appear before us."

"I am here," said a feeble voice beside him. To the amazement of every one the Abbe Sulpice indeed appeared suddenly in the doorway leading to the witness-stand. A murmur of compassion was heard in the court.

The Abbe Sulpice, feeble and tottering, wearing his loose black cassock unconfined by any belt, his face as pale as a corpse, seemed like one summoned from the grave. A red mark divided his white forehead in two and this scar, still fresh and bleeding, gave him a strange resemblance to one of the early martyrs. Sabine arose and made a step towards him. But his eyes were fixed upon Xavier.

Being his brother thus coming, as it were, from the verge of the grave to defend him, a sudden ray of hope entered the prisoner's heart. His eyes, dilated, feverish, red and burning, were fixed upon Sulpice in ardent supplication, seeming to ask of him at once his honor, his life, here and in eternity. This dramatic entrance concluded Leon Benaut's appeal. The greatest emotion was displayed by the jury, and the reporters wrote some rapid lines descriptive of the effect produced by this incident. The presiding judge declared that by a exercise of his discretionary power, he would hear the Abbe Sulpice's testimony. The hapless prisoner, clutching at the bar, grew paler and paler, seeming to fairly totter.

And how all this had come about was as follows: For more than a month the young priest had been a prey to acute physical suffering. His mind had wandered in delirium, and lost sight of reality. On the very evening previous to the trial, the doctor had declared his almost certain conviction that he would never recover his reason. But that morning Sulpice had felt the darkness which enshrouded his mind gradually being dispelled, he strove to remember all that had happened. Sitting up, and pressing his hands to his forehead, he tried to collect his thoughts. An incident occurred to assist him. Lipp-Lapp, who, since the illness of his young master, had never left the room; poor Lipp-Lapp, who still dragged himself about, not having yet recovered his strength, had found upon the chimney-piece an old man going over the figures with his long hairy fingers, and as if deploring that his account did not like others, comprehend the sense of them. Wearied with his efforts, he arose, and noiselessly approached the bed, just when Sulpice, sitting up, was trying to recollect events and to recall the past. Lipp-Lapp, holding out the almanac to him, attracted his attention. He seized the card covered with dates, and his eye fell upon one to which the animal was accidentally pointing. Providence, how wonderful are Thy ways! That date brought back the abbe's wandering thoughts.

"The eighteenth of August," said he; "the eighteenth of August." He looked round in a sort of vague, helpless way, then suddenly light broke in upon him. "Xavier!" exclaimed he; "Xavier!" He rang the bell, and Baptiste immediately appeared. "Baptiste," said he, "where is Sabine?" The old man bowed his head, but made no reply. "She's gone there?" said Sulpice. Baptiste made a gesture of assent. "Listen," said Sulpice in a feeble voice, "I am going there too. Do not say no, for I will go even if it is my death."

"Go, then, dear young master," said the servant, bursting into tears, "and bring us back M. Xavier."

Sulpice took a few drops of cordial, and feeling stronger, sent for a carriage. Baptiste and he got in and were driven to the court-house. The young priest proceeded at once to the witness box and appeared as we have seen.

The deepest emotion was visible on every face. The plot seemed thickening. Xavier was for the moment forgotten. All eyes were turned upon that frail face with his bloody aureole. Profound silence reigned throughout the court. Every one felt that Xavier's life hung upon his brother's words.

"You being a near relative of the accused," said the judge, "I will not oblige you to take oath, being convinced that you will not speak one word contrary to the truth."

"I will speak the truth," said Sulpice, "I will speak the truth."

"What have you to say to the court?" asked the judge. "My brother is innocent," said the young priest, raising his hands to an image of the Crucified which was directly in front of him.

"Can you prove it?" asked the judge. "On the night of the crime two men came to our house and asked to see me. They did not come up to my room, nor had they any need of me. It did not take them long to accomplish their purpose; the money stolen, the victim stricken they were stealing out. The door of my father's room had just closed after them when I came in from a long drive. I suspected something at first. But it was necessary for them to secure my silence. It was easy to deceive me; as they knew my mission was entirely among the poor and suffering. One of them told me that my ministry was required for a man whose soul was at stake, and I went with them."

"Could you tell us where you were brought?" asked the judge. "I could not," said the priest, "and even if I did remember I would have no right to make it known. When we arrived at a wretched house we went in, and immediately one of these villains knelt down and under the seal of confession told me of the crime he had committed."

"Did you see that man's face?" "I did."

"Would you know him again?" "I know him before."

"Under what circumstances did you know him?" "I once saved his life," replied the priest quietly.

"His name?" asked the judge, "or do you know it?" "I know it."

"In that case one word will be sufficient to save your brother." Sulpice clutched at the railing. "That name cannot reveal to the court. He, whose image you have placed upon your wall, forbids me. You must believe me upon the honor of a priest and the word of a Christian, but you must not ask for proof; I cannot furnish that which I have seen."

Judge and jury alike looked at him. Xavier who, in the agitation of new hope, had been torn by his seat, fell backwards over-whelmed. Sabine sobbed aloud. "My sympathy had reached a climax. Some admired the Abbe Sulpice, others were smacked at his silence, not comprehending the inviolable secret which bound him."

To Sulpice the judge said gravely, "The gentlemen of the jury will no doubt take what you have said into account. It does not come within our province to urge you to betray alike your conscience and your God. Your duty is rigorous, but ours remain inexorable."

The attorney-general, fully understanding that the appearance of Sulpice, and the simple words by him spoken, had done more for the defence than the eloquence of Leon Benaut, and unwilling that he should lose at any cost the cruel victory he had been on the point of gaining, arose to reply to the young lawyer, annihilating his fervent defence and endeavoring to efface the impression produced by the priest's testimony. He no longer cared to display his talents and fine language, but his cutting voice, his brief, incisive words, his unanswerable arguments, followed each other in quick succession like poisoned darts. He spoke of the Abbe Sulpice in terms of the highest praise, but briefly touched upon the illness from which he was scarce recovering. He declared that the confession of two mysterious men in an unknown house was undoubtedly one of the fewest visions of his delirium, and concluded by a scathing condemnation of the parollee. Sulpice was near Sabine, but unlike her, he heard upon his knees, the terrible words of the attorney-general, realizing that he was henceforth powerless to save his brother. Leon Benaut, again rose, but every one felt that his confidence in himself was weakened. He knew, in fact, that if Sulpice's deposition did not save Xavier it would injure him, seeming like the stratagem of a brother to deceive the jury and gain the sympathy of the house, by a plan preconceived, perhaps, with the lawyer himself.

The jury retired, and Xavier was removed by the gendarmes. Meanwhile the spectators were divided into two parties: the one believed what the Abbe Pomeret had said and demanded Xavier's acquittal; the other shook their heads saying, "You see it is merely a lawyer's strategy. Would confession be of any importance in such a case? Of course he would save his brother and let religion go."

Every one was busy discussing the attorney-general's speech and the eloquence of the young lawyer. Friends sought to catch each other, for most they were not some way pass the time while the jury was deliberating? It seemed to them well for the accused that they were so undecided. After an absence of an hour and a half they returned. Then in a tremulous voice, amid a death-like silence, the foreman read the decision of his colleagues: "Xavier Pomeret was guilty, but beyond all doubt the priest's testimony must be taken into account, and a plea for extenuating circumstances be admitted."

It was the only means of saving Xavier from the penalty of death, the only means of giving Providence time to work out its end. A murmur of astonishment greeted the foreman's fatal decision, and when Xavier was brought in to be might have guessed his fate at once from the appearance of every one. But he saw nothing, his eyes were fixed upon the judges while he awaited the reading of his sentence. When he heard the words, "has been found guilty," he burst into tears, and when sentence was pronounced, "hard labor for life," he murmured, "For better death."

"No, Xavier, no, my brother," cried Sulpice, trying to take his brother's hand, "for God will permit light to come upon the darkness, and you will yet be free."

But with a gesture of abhorrence Xavier threw him off, crying, "You, who might have saved me and would not, I disown you."

The judge then asked, "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?" Xavier answered, "I am innocent! I am innocent!" Sabine fell into Sulpice's arms, as Xavier was being led away.

"Ah, poor martyr!" she said, "who will console you in such an ordeal?" Sulpice pointed to the picture of the crucified God.

"He will," said he. And, assisted by Leon Benaut, he returned home with his sister in the carriage which had brought him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEBARKING.

The studio occupied by Benedict Pongerais was on the ground floor of the house, No. 11 Boulevard de Orléans, which had been honored by numbering among its tenants at one time Jacques, the painter of fishes, and Diaz, the brilliant colorist. His studio was spacious, and furnished in severely classical style, to harmonize with the character of him who passed his life there. The draperies were dark red, showing to the best advantage, the whiteness of the marble, the sombre tint of the bronzes, and the softened lustre of the burnished silver.

On a carved oaken buffet stood vases in bold relief, a lava-pique, painted by Joseph Delvair, in imitation of one of those marvels of Luca della Robbia, whose traditions it faithfully followed. Two highly colored pictures, the tints of which were mellowed by time, hung upon the panels on either side. On pedestals covered with velvet draperies, were the works of the artist, well placed, each in its peculiar light, and displayed to the utmost advantage. Vainly did one seek in this sanctuary of art the much-lauded conceptions of Pradier, Oldon's nymphs, or any of the works of that school, which, for want of an ideal, becomes realistic, and the decay of which is disguised by a word unknown to the ancients.

To be realistic is to make no use of what we find in the works of God, and which His Providence has given us, that we may add thereto the inspiration of genius; it is to choose the low in preference to the beautiful—to give interpretation to what is base and expression to what is vile; for this is the only word to express such degeneracy.

To belong to the realistic school means to produce no more such faces and figures as were sculptured by Michael Angelo upon marble, or admitted by the Pope into the great Basilica, St. Peter's. The "Night and Day" of that master would not represent, according to the idea of the realists, the human form in its whole strength, draped merely in its own chastity. The artists of our day have brought into art a certain profanity of conception—the licentiousness of the times. They work no longer for temples, but for drawing-rooms. Their work is trivial, commonplace, and unwholesome. But such art pays. It gives the artist at once money and a certain reddy fame. None of these groups, heads, or baso-reliefs will live; but the artist of to-day does not look beyond the present. He is indifferent to immortality, as he is skeptical of a future life. His faith in art is as dead as his religious belief. For him there is no God in heaven, and on his path of life no sublime poetry. There are some noble exceptions among the modern artists, who stand out from the groups of realists, either through pure love of the antique, or through a higher and loftier motive.

When Benedict Pongerais left off making designs for clocks and ornaments for M. Pomeret, he entered the studio of a member of the Institute, whose reputation, was perhaps not yet equal to his solid merit. Jules Auran was a master at once kind and severe, and it was thanks to him that Benedict succeeded in finishing his artistic education.

He studied history, of which so many artists remain in ignorance; he devoted himself to archaeology and numismatics, and all the branches of sculpture and architecture as practiced by the ancients, whose works inspire in us at once admiration for their genius and a feeling of our own impotence. He studied the lives of those great artists of the middle ages and the period of the Renaissance, and drew thence this conclusion, that before becoming artists whose fame was to astonish the world, they had been men.

Without aspiring to equal such a master as Leonardo da Vinci, who reached a high degree of excellence in various arts, and could tortify a city with the same skill with which he produced a picture like the Holy Family of Francis I; without ever hoping to attain such an eminence as the sculptor, Benvenuto Cellini, who carved a gem with the same hand that painted the Perseus, Benedict labored to acquire various kinds of knowledge, convinced that all arts and sciences tend to complete each other.

He never frittered away his time in idleness, as do so many artists, under pretence of seeking an inspiration, while they enervate themselves by the use of tobacco in every shape and form. He did not think it necessary to form exaggerated theories of art, and become, in consequence, the lion of a circle of petty admirers. He remained in his studio, and when he felt that his hand was not faithfully interpreting his thought, he did not try to force it, but turned to some useful and yet relaxing study. His friends were all of the best type. He did not care for conversation of such a kind as to disturb the harmony existing between his conceptions and his execution.

For, if gayer life is a relaxation to the mind, licentiousness only troubles and disturbs it. So Benedict's friends belonged to the unappreciated class of literary men—journalists and artists—who revolutely set themselves against the too general immortality of the day. Closely united, they formed a brave little band, who depended upon each other for support and protection.

Why does this sort of good-fellowship so seldom exist, except among those who are rather the brigands, the bravi, of art than its spies? The followers of that camp opposed to such as Benedict are, in their individuality, protected, upheld, and sustained in a manner quite different from their adversaries.

The painter, poet, sculptor, or author, who is earnest, moral, and Christian, finds himself alone and isolated. Far from seeking each other out, assisting each other, and fraternizing, such men seem to lack either that fraternal feeling or the necessary attraction. They do not seem to realize that, if they wished, they could form themselves into a united column as well as their antagonists.

Two powerful incentives kept Benedict firm in the way he had chosen: one was his faith, upon which the cold wind of doubt had never blown; the other was his attachment to Sabine. His gratitude to her father was somewhat mingled and, as it were, diffused in the deep, pure affection with which he regarded Sabine. He entertained for her much the same species of respect and admiration which Dante felt for Beatrice, and Petrarch for Laura, and which gave to poetry "La Divina Commedia" and the "Canzonas." Without directly confessing that she was the end and aim of his efforts, the young sculptor had never dreamed of offering the fame or fortune he might achieve to any other than the merchant's daughter.

He told himself repeatedly that the rich heiress would no doubt despise the poor youth who owed his but livelihood to the charity of her father; but he consoled himself by the thought that M. Pomeret had himself known poverty, struggled with privation, and considered in his honor duty to protect those who fought the battle of life bravely, without weakness or prostration.

On the day when he brought the statuette of Steinbach's Sabine to his master's house, Benedict felt that his fate was to be then and there decided. It was the young girl, with her father's consent, accepted this long-cherished work of his, she would likewise consent to become his wife. Ah! how he had trembled for the result, and how great had been his joy

when M. Pomeret held out a hand of welcome to him, and called him son. Therefore he had believed his fate certain—his happiness secured. With Sabine for his wife he could never go astray, he could never fail. The thought of her had sustained him during the five laborious years of his early youth, and strengthened him in his manhood's ripeness. She had been his hope and his confidence, and she was to be his model and his aim in life. "If ever a man was happy it was Benedict on the night of his betrothal. His happiness was so pure, so complete, so certain! Only a few days must elapse till the girl, who raised her eyes so frankly to his face, would be his wife. He saw her in anticipation, in the studio on the Boulevard de Orléans seated beside him while he worked, praising once and again by turns. He imagined them at evening forming part of one of the family circle, where Sabine's gentle austerity never interfered with the general gaiety.

What courage and what strength the title of husband would give Benedict! He would no longer have to think and act for himself alone. He would be responsible for the happiness of that dear one whose destiny M. Pomeret had confided to him with so noble a confidence; accepting industry and affection from him as his only wealth.

Yes, Benedict was happy that night. And when he slept his dreams brought before him again loved faces, and the echo of their glad-some words.

A thunderbolt fell upon his hopes and his happiness. M. Pomeret's murder, in itself, was to him a source of the deepest grief. He had never known his own father, and his filial affection had centred upon this man who had been his benefactor. Hastening to the house of mourning, he had been given, the farther intelligence which made his sorrow two-fold. Not only had the honored head of the family fallen by the hand of an assassin, but an accusation was made against the brother of the woman who was so soon to be his wife.

Benedict was well aware of Xavier's follies but he never; he believed the accusation even for an instant. He trusted the wretched boy blindly, overwhelmed as he was by circumstances, and caught in the meshes of a net from which naught, as it seemed, could deliver him. He not only interested in his behalf his best friend, Leon Benaut, but he showed the prisoner a thousand little kindnesses and marks of affection which only the wretched can fully appreciate. He was very little in sympathy with the worthless life Xavier had been leading, and even felt a sort of dislike towards the frequenter of low theatres and other fashionable haunts of vice, and would never have dreamed of making him a companion. But since the blow had fallen, and poor Xavier was branded as a parollee, he felt only the deepest sorrow for him, beholding in him the hapless victim of circumstances, and a deeply afflicted son.

This was a greater test of his affection than ten years of ordinary devotion. Benedict felt that he owed Sabine this proof of his love for her, and that by devoting himself to Xavier's cause, he would show in a way more convincing than words the depth and sincerity of his attachment. Imagine, therefore, his grief and disappointment when Sabine refused to see him during the whole time of Xavier's trial. Of course, her mourning and her intense anxiety were sufficient reasons for her seclusion, and yet Benedict had won from Sabine herself, from M. Pomeret, and now from Sulpice, a sacred title, which should, he thought, have procured him access to her.

Was it just that he should be treated as a stranger in that house which was now in great part hers? He accused her in his heart of coldness and indifference. He persuaded himself that she could not have the same deep love for him he had for her; not discouraged, however, he determined to triumph over her indifference by increased devotion.

So, unable to see Sabine, he devoted himself entirely to Xavier. He saw him every day, bringing new courage to a rejected soul, and if he did not succeed in softening Xavier's hard, rebellious nature, he at least kept alive his faith in friendship. The sculptor's visits, and those of Benaut and Sabine, were the prisoner's only consolation. He rarely spoke of Sulpice, and when he did so it was almost with hatred.

Incapable of understanding his brother, he accused him of cruelty. During the terrible scene at the court, the sculptor had not dared to approach Sabine, who sat as near as possible to Xavier, but when Xavier, having heard his sentence, gave that one last despairing cry, "I am innocent!" it was Benedict who held him in his arms and supported him, for the gendarmes, touched by the scene, allowed Xavier that moment's consolation.

Next evening Benedict went to see Leon Benaut. "Do you think Xavier will appeal to another court?" he asked. "No," said the lawyer, "he has positively refused."

"And yet another court might—" began Benedict. "There is no use in hoping against hope, my friend," said the lawyer; "Xavier would have no chance before any jury."

"So the unhappy boy must go to the convict-prison till he is transported?" "He is in such a state of health," replied Benaut, "that it will be possible, I think, to have him kept where he is at present. We will meanwhile try to obtain some further concession. Public opinion is divided in his regard, some believing him to be the victim of a judicial error. He has been sentenced, it is true, but the sentence may not be enforced."

"In the meantime, Leon," said Benedict, "I shall try to see Mlle. Sabine." "Courage," said Leon gently and half sadly. "Why, do you fear that she will refuse?" cried Benedict. "She is an angel," said the lawyer, "and will, I fear, refuse to join your life to hers, or make you share her burden of sorrow."

"Ah!" said Benedict, "could she be so cruel?" "But she will suffer as much as you in that case," said Leon. "Your anxiety agrees too well with my own misgivings," said Benedict; "but I must learn my fate at once. Good-by, Leon; I will be here to-night, if the blow which has stricken Xavier has not also killed my hope."

The sculptor went out and proceeded to the Pomeret household. It was about eight o'clock in the evening. The passers-by on the Chaussees d'Antin saw no lights in any