

cilia, and rushed out of the house. He jumped into a cab, gave an address, and said to the driver,

"Take me there as quick as you can. I will pay you well."

The carriage fairly flew. Xavier rushed up to his sister's room, threw a Spanish lace veil over her head, and, taking her arm in his, said, "Come."

"Where are you taking me?" said she.

"Come," he said in a voice at once tender and imperious.

Sabine obeyed mechanically.

When the coach stopped at the Boulevard de Clichy, and Sabine, entering the court, saw from the appearance of the house that it was specially used by artists, she was disturbed. She timidly pressed Xavier's hand.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

He did not answer, but drew her more quickly along.

The door of the studio was ajar. Xavier opened it gently, and Sabine saw at once that it was Benedict's. She would have run away, but Xavier said,

"Stay; if you go now it will not be pride, but treason; no longer virtue, but inconstancy."

Picking up a fragment of the fountain, a charming head of a child, modelled with exquisite art, and which alone would have added to Fougerais' fame, he said,

"This was part of the great work which was not fit for your eyes."

"Oh," said Sabine, her face brightening.

"Now," said the young man, opening the organ in the studio, "sit down and sing."

"I sing?" she said.

"Yes, the *O Jesu* of Haydn."

"Brother," she said, throwing her arms around his neck, "I understand."

She took her place upon the stool, and, in a voice to