the spring of pure water, if I must bend beneath the burden of a sorrow misunder

GHAPIRE YIL-CONTINUED. Each among them wanted to go to Chans see d'Antin to pray beside the mortal semains of the victim; it was at last decided memains of the victim; it was at last decoded that only the heads of each department should go in the name of their comrades. In about two hours afterwards to y trached the flores of the homestead Sulples, informed of their artival, himself threw open the doors of the room, transformed into a chopelegardent, and when he saw them kneeling, praying, stiffing back their tears, the representing dew as heavenly consolation fell upon his heart.

# O God most good i" he said sloud,"God mercy and of clemency, receive into thy mnal peace him whom thou hast so suddialy withdrawn from life. Shall not the memory of his many virtues, of his benevo-lence suffice for Thy justice? We venture to hepe so, Lord ! but if aught remains, against man who lived to do good, if the alms so layishly given were not offered fully and enthrely to Thee, if he forgot to send upwards to Thy throne the feeling which prompted him to relieve the poor and to seeler his bretoren, then, O my God! hear the voice of those who weep, accept our prayers and tears in suffrage feet the imperfections of his life, and let the pain and horror of his last hour obtain for

All hearts were wrung, all eyes were atreaming with tears, and all hands were outstretched towards the corpse as if for a parting benediction. Sulpice vainly tried to persends these worthy men to retire; they insisted upon remaining to watch beside their master and benefactor, to share the vigils of the family. Both Sulpice and his sister consented, too much touched by this mark of grief and respect to insist further.

The night passed solemnly in the chamber of death, .. Sulpice prayed sloud by turns, and the others answered. Notwithstanding her weakress, Sablue had insisted on remaining bestde her father. Kneeling by the bed, her hands resting upon the coverlet, she seemed utterly unconscious. Orders had been given that the funeral should take place very early hour, a gense crowd had assembled in the Place de la Trinite. According to promise, the workmen of the factory at Charenton had come thither with their wives and shildren. An effort was made to spare Majpioe the pain of saying the Mass and giving the final absolution. But, heroic to the last, the young priest would not permit any one else to pronounce, in the name of the Church, the last farewell to the beloved dead. As soon as the coffin had been placed in the hearse, the children of the employees advanced, each one laying a wreath upon it. The procession passed on to Pere la Chalse, where the Pomereuls had a vault. No panegyric was pronounced over the remains: not because the merchants, and the Municipal Council of which M. Pomereul had been a member had excused themselves from accompanying the funeral, but because of the charge against Xavier. To speak of the death would have been the same as mentioning the name of him whom some already called the murderer, and meald thus have inflicted another pang upon Spipice. Every one present came forward to shake hands with him ; he kissed the younger of the children, and took his place with Benedict in M. Nicois' carriage. The banker was

"Ah!" said he, in a tone of deep grief, "it seems as if I were, indeed, the cause of my poor friend's death. For had I not asked for have thought of robbing him."

"You had every right to apply to a friend for the loan you required, M. Nicols," said ers, and I warrant you he will find them out through this terrible ordeal. The jailer was me from my cath. I will not be like Cain-Sulpice, "and I shall consider it my duty | quicker than a whole squad of police." to render you the service my father had promised. The sum which you require shall be placed to your credit at the bank, and you can use it at your discretion; accept it from me, as you would have done from Antoine Pomereul."

" But under such circumstances-"

"Our afflictions will not lessen your anxlety, sir; my father's friendship for you must survive bim, for we are being to it. If ever you find yourself in trouble, believe me always ready to sympathize with you." M. Nicols did not ask to see Sabine, but

Benedict returned home with Sulpice. "Do you think your unfortunate brother

has chosen a lawyer?" asked he. "He will not hear of it, my dear Benedict,"

said Sulpice, "he disdains it." "Let me go and see M. Renaut for you;" said Benedict; "he is a young man of great

talent in whom I have every confidence." "Do as you like, my brother," said Sulpice, extending his hand, which the other warml "Will you not give me yours also?" asked:

he, addressing Sabine. The young girl hesitated; but seeing the leek of pain and reproach upon the artist's face, she could net refuse.

"A brother may indeed take his sister's hand," she said gravely.

Benedict started, and looked at her with sad surprise; but Sulpice whispered, " She has suffered so much that you must pardon her dejection." Benedict soon went away, and Sabine

threw herself into her brother's arme, with an outburst of grief. "I can bear no more! she cried. "My

Ged! it is too much for a feeble creature. You are a saint, Sulpice, but I am but a weman, and my strength has given way."

## OHAPTER VIII

THE INVIOLABLE SZOBET. However exhausted in mind and body, the Abba Pomereul was none the less re-

solved to settle everything which his father's sudden death had left unsettled. His reveal the secret of our father's death, and tell first important step was to proceed to Charenton, to secure the interests of the laboring population there, and also those of Xavier and Sabine. He sent for the foreman of the foundry, the heads of each department of carvers, mounters, or other workmen, and said to them frankly and kindly: " My triends, your prosperity as well as ours

rests with yourselves. I can guide you in the right way, teach your children the lessons of the gospel, and to love the things of God; but I am powerless to direct you in the affairs of the foundry, or bear so heavy a burden. If we give up-do not look well to the control of affairs at present—it is more than probable that more disastrous times, will follow. There are rumors of war on all sides; hostilities with Prussia may begin any day; trade will inevitably suffer. The wisest course is therefore, to continue what my good father so well commenced, thanks to your honesty and well commenced, thanks to your honesty and devotion. Henceforth you will no longer be to soften the bitterness of that poor heart. ed; and, however great the effort, I must be the confessions, received by you in the workmen or employees of the house of Alas! If your sorrow for Xavier's situation be brave. There are misfortunes which cannot the tribunal of penance, of course you could Pomereul, but its proprietors. Our commer- not greater than mine, at least you have a be foreseen, and under which we fall and are not foresee being placed between your own class prosperity will be yours. You will have better right to console him." iull charge of the laborers under your orders.

If their conduct has been bitherto good, help me to make it still better. I will now have answered the priest.

"But promise Tie that you will let me go The magistrate turned to the faller." M.

Pomereul is remanded, he was answered the priest.

"As a said." Then to Kavier."

many cares; therefore I beg of you to supply what I cannot do; give me this consolution in my heavy sorrow: say to me. The men, their wives and oblidren, still continue in the way of virtue, from which nothing will turn them aside."

the future of our families. God grant that

officiate in our chapel, sir?" asked one of the men.

"Lwill devote Sunday to you, as would, my friends," said Sulpice. "My greatest conso-lation hereafter will be to live among you." Farewell, or rather an report. My mind is now at peace."

Touching was this scene between the Abbe Pomereul and the workmen of the factory. All of them had tears in their eyes, and Sulpice could scarce restrain his own emotion. However, he felt better after leaving Char-

enton. The interests of his brother and sister would be protected, and these good people, whom he considered as a part of the family, would not suffer. When he got home, he went to Xavier's rooms. He found them in the greatest disorder. The servants, with a sort of superstitious feeling, had not ventured to go in since the legal formalities had been gone through with there. Sulpice opened the secretary. He examined all the papers. They were principally bills. He classified them by dates, catalogued them, and added the total. It was, indeed, a large sum, but Sulpice sent word to the creditors that he would meet their demands on Monday. He sent to the Count de Monjoux the forty thousand francs which his brother had lost, praying him to excuse the slight delay in the payment of the debt That done, Salpice breathed more freely. At first he thought of selling Xavier's horses and carriages.

"But, no," he said; "that would seem like casting a reflection upon him, and might add the coarse food set before him; he threw to the gravity of his situation."

He had just finished making up the accounts, and concluded his arrangements, fallible means, some indisputable proof by when, coming out of Xavier's apartments, he met the doctor.

"You have come to ask for Sabine M. Moryan?" said he. "I thank you for your find no means by which to escape from the kindness. The poor thing is very weak and burden of this fearful accusation. Not one broken down."

doctor. "She is a heroic child, and, being a fitable youth. His time had been always true Ohristian, seeks strength from on high! spent in pursults which were useless if not I am less uneasy about her than about her dangerous. He could number many companunfortunate brother. M.Xavier has lost that lone of the gaming table, of his suppers wonderful vitality, which is one of the privi- and his reveiry, leges of youth. He is in such a state of de-1 count upon one friend. Benedict Fougerais spair that I fear his mind."

pice.

" It is a terrible truth, sir," said the doctor. Late hours and dissipation have told upon | Sulpice! With what anguish, he asked himhis constitution. Another shock would finish him. Happily, however, there is only an as sufficient reason to accuse him of such a accusation as yet. He may be speedily re- crime! What mattered the opinion of the leased. Of course, I am perfectly convinced, multitude if Sabine and Sulpice believed of his innocence; but will he be able to prove him innocent? The director of the prison

"Ah! you believe in him; you—think him innocent."

"Why, I am certain of it;" said the doctor: "and M. Obry is of the same opinion. Unfortunately, M. Gaubert has accumulated evidence, and the sole witness of the murder is a creature who, though gifted with the greatest sagacity or intelligence, is unfortunately deprived of speech. "Lipp-Lapp ?" asked the priest.

"Yes; the poor creature seems to know that he is needed. Sometimes his eyes question us, and his lips, too, tremble. He the hundred thousand francs, no one could gives a cry, and great tears roll down his cheeks. Have no fear; I will cure Lipp-Lapp, and set him on the trail of the murder-

> "You are right" said Suipice, after a moment's silence. "That poor creature may be followed him in silence. When he found the means which God will employ to make himself in presence of the magistrate X svier known the truth—the truth which has escaped | did not even hear the words addressed to him, the magistrates, and which it is not in my power to make known."

Just then a mournful sound was heard in the adjoining room, and the doctor said : " He has recognized your voice, and is call-

They went in. As soon as he saw his young master, the chimpanzee rose and held out one arm towards him. His eyes, dimmed by suffering, sparkled with joy, but overcome by weakness, he sank back exhausted.

"You see," said the doctor, "your young master loves you; he has not forgotten you. Lipp-Lapp moved upon the pillow, and with an effort put his hand to his head, making a movement as if pulling out hair, and then to his breast.

"See," said the doctor, "Lipp-Lapp is telling you how it was he plucked the hair from the murderer's head. The murderer wounded the poor chimpanzee, and it is for us to find the wretch."

"Yes," thought Sulpice; "for this is not Jean Machu, but the accomplice, to whom 1 have promised nothing, nothing !"

When Lipp-Lapp saw that his master was going away, he held out his long hairy hand, which Sulpice pressed, remembering that it had defended his father.

· Sulpice had not seen his sister since the evening before; he found her in her little room, gazing, through her tears, at a photograph which Benedict Fougerals took care to have taken some hours after M. Pomereul's crime, threw himself upon M. Pomereul. A death. This representation of vicient death terrible atruggle took place, in which, was frightful, and yet the young girl could I admit, you may not have taken part. was frightful, and yet the young girl could

not take her eyes from it. agony. Remember him only as he was when

last we embraced him." "I remember him so, Sulpice," she answered, "and yet my syes seem to fix themselves upon this photograph, as if it would us the murderer's name."

"God will make it known, if He so wills, Sabine," said her brother; but, meanwhile; for us courage, for Xavier, resignation."

"And can he be resigned?" said Sabine; "must be not hate both the law and society at large? Who knows but that he curses me, for did not my replies to the megistrate help to draw on him their odious suspicions?" "We must submit to whatever the will of God permits," said Sulpice; "Sabine, my sister, do not reproach jourself; you have

done your duty?" "When can you see Xavier?" asked she.

"The day after to-morrow, I hope," replied Sulpice. "Ma, I go with you, Sulpice?"

"I do not feel strong enough to have you with me during that first interview, Sabine," said he; "let me go alone and receive the skill and experience were coupled with won-first outburst of his grief and despair. You derful perception. Therefore, if you accuse will come afterwards like a consoling angel, me, they will acouse me. I must be resign-to soften the bitterness of that poor heart. ed; and, however great the effort, I must be

responsible to the property of the second of the second of the second of the second through the first of the second of the secon

"Then," said she, "I must dry my tears;
if X-year, were to see us so overcome, he would believe his case hopeless. I will take your advice and put away this picture which renews my grief."

name of my companion," shewerd Blanc-Cadet. "As for our interest in the profits, we will accept it willingly as non-44-2000. Balpice left his sister to go to M. Bensuts the prison, X evier, as was usual in excepthe loss of your poor father may be the last of tional cares, was received by the director of the jall...) He was unbered into a room, of the jall...) He was unbered into a room, of which the architecture resembled a chapel; and the first legal formalities were attended with so much courtesy and kindness, that Xavier warmly thanked the director. The latter upon a word from M. Obry, had promised to pay every attention to Xavier, and to spare him as much as possible the horrors of prison life. A welllighted cell, with newly whitewashed walls. The unfortunate prisoner passed a sleep-Sulpice. When it was finished he re-read it, and remained absorbed in thought, bis elbows his hands. A jailer coming into the cell aroused him from his meditations.

"What do you want?" asked Xavier. "I

did not call." "People never call here," replied the jailer I brought your supper."

"I am not hungry," said X evier.
"As you please, sir," said the jaller; but M. Gaubert has ordered a new examination, and it is better in such cases to keep up one's etrength."

"What ! is he going to question me sgain'?" said Xavier " Moet likely," answered the jaller.

"How many times does he mean to put me to the torture?" said Xavier. "Until his opinion changes, or his con-

science is satisfied." The keeper went out. Xavier did not touch kimself on the bed, though he could not eleep, his wearied brain seeking for some in which to convince the judge of his innocence But he could not find any. His past career condemned him in anticipation. He could act of virtue or ot self-sacrifice arose to plead "She is in no danger, however," said the for him from cut the long years of his unprobut he could alone had stood by him, and that not so "Doctor! what are you saying?" oried Sul- | much through liking or esteem for Xavier, as for Sabine's cake.

Sabine! What did she think of him? And self, would they too consider his past offences came to see him. Xavier begged him to forward the letter which he had just written to his brother.

"You are still under secrecy," said the director, "but I shall send it as soon as possible."

The doctor also came to see him. He advised him to eat and keep up his strength; the director sent him in some lighter food, and Xavier managed to est a little. During the evening he was summoned into the presence of M. Gaubert to undergo a second examination. When the summons came the prisoner trembled in every limb; since the evening previous he had been frequently s-ized with such nervous attacks, and they left him too weak and helpless to pass obliged to repeat the magistrate's orders then Xavier rose with some difficulty, and but said in a broken voice:

"Sir, I am innocent; of course you do not in which you place the proof of my guilt. I repeat to you, as I shall repeat at the bar of justice, and as I shall proclaim to the world, that I did not murder my fathdr. Your questions are horrible tortures to me; 1 am free to remain silent, and I declare that whatsoever you may ask me, I shall refuse to

" Take care," said the magistrate, severely. "What more have I to fear," said Xavier. "I spoke to you at first with perfect frankness. I confessed my folly and my debts; my criminal attempt to rob my father of the sum he had refused me. I concealed nothing; I did not dissimulate. You had my effects searched. Did you find the money which you accuse me of having taken?" "Your accomplice of course has the

money," said the magistrate, sententiously.

"But I have no accomplice, nor am I a oriminal myself," said Xavier.

"Let us look at things in their true light," said the magistrate. "You took the keys and opened the safe. While you were busy abstracting the money, your father, awakened by the noise, appeared. You, the son, were bewildered, stupefied, overpowered, by fear and remorse. Your accomplice, on the contrary, hoping to escape punishment by a new

A third actor appeared upon the scene; "Sabine, I implore you," cried Sulpice, it was Lipp-Lapp, who attempted to de-give me that horrible picture. Forget that fend his master, and fell wounded in his turn. you saw your father after his terrible death Your accomplice fied and you crept terrified to your room. I admit that you may have been merely the passive spectator of a murder. But a murder was committed. If you did not strike the blow, who did? Name the murderer if you do not wish the consequences

to fall upon your own head." "Sir," said Kavier, "my mind seems to wander and grow hazy. I scarcely know myself when I hear you picturing, with such terrible distinctness, events which you seem to see, to render visible, tangible, and which weigh upon me and oppress me like some horrible nightmare. I will not answer you farther, because I scarcely understand. I cannot answer farther, for I am becoming

crazed." "Of course I cannot force you to do so, said the magistrate, "but for your own sake I not couceal from you that your refusal to answer will have an unfavorable effect upon the minds of your judges."

skill and experience were coupled with won-

"From this time forth you are no longer under secrecy."

/ " I shall then be allowed to communicate with my family?" said Xavier.

magistrate. Zal have written a letter. Can it be sent?" asked Xevier.

After the director has examined it," re-

plied the magistrate.

You tell me that I am no longer under secreoy, said Xavier; but what is more sacred than a letter wherein I show to my dearest irlends, without any shame or disguise. a heart crushed as mine is ?"

"It is the rule," said the magistrate. Xavier followed the jailer. When he reached his cell he tore up the long letter which he had written to Sulpice, and contented himself with writing simply "Come ! I'am waiting for you

was given him; a narrow bed, a table and al less night. He counted the time told by the chair constituted its furniture. At his request great clock, which he could hear striking the the martyrs. To urge them to spostacy, a they brought him writing materials. As soon hour. The night seemed interminable to mother, sister or friend was sent into the cell, as he was left alone he began a long letter to him. He paced his narrow cell, listened to They cast themselves before the new-made the step of the faller in the corridor without, Christian, begging him to burn incense before half hoping, with a sort of vague hope, that | the idois, and renounce the Crucified. They resting on the table and his head buried to it might be Sulpice coming to visit him. At last a jailer appeared.

"You are wanted in the parlor," said he. Xavier barely suppressed a cry of joy, passed through various halls till he found himself in a large room. He looked for Sul-pice, but saw no one. At last the jailer pointed to where his brother stood motionless at a little iron grating, separated by a strip of wall from a similar one. Xavier could not throw himself into his brother's to death. He is a cruel master who strikes arms, nor even press bis hand. Bitter was the disappointment, but he approached the grating and said, in a tremulous voice: "Sulpice, my dear Sulpice, it is really you.

heart you believe me innocent. And does Sabine know that I am not guilty?" "We both pity you, and in your trial hold you far dearer than ever before. You were lips." toolish, extravagant, but, oh! you were not

wicked." "You do me so much good, Sulpice," said Xavier; "but, oh! if others could hear you." "God will make known the truth," said

Salpice. "Weak and foolish as I have been, Sulpice," said Xavier, "I did not deserve that Heaven should send so terrible a punishment for my sins. I am innocent, but how convince the world of it-how prove it to the priest. judge, who questioned me again yesterday evening and found so many strong arguments against me? Everything worked with such infernal smoothness, and there is so fatal an array of circumstances that. were I a judge and did such a one as seemed the very image of despair. His myself appear before me, I believe that I would condemn him, as M. Gaubert has accused and condemned me."

"Ab, misguided man!" said Sulpice. "He is right, as a man and a judge," said

Xavier. "The crime was committed and I was sione—sione. He told me I must find the other."

"The other, yes, the other" repeated the

Abbe Suipice, turning pale. "The wretch whom he calls my accomplice," cried Xavier, excitedly, "I call the true, sole, and only murderer. But I am in prison; I cannot go in search of him nor assist justice. It seems to me sued by the horrible cry, that, were I tree, I should know him without ever having seen him, such horror and remoree must his crime have left upon his face. Ab, that accured wretch; who will bring him before the judge and the tribunal of justice to confess his crime and restore me my honor?"

"I will find him in this Paris, large as it ie," oried Sulpice, half frenzid. "I will recognize the house. I will throw myssli at that man's feet. I will say to him, Release the murderer of my brother."

Anvier gave a cry "You know him," he cried; "you know

him!" But the Abbe Sulpice had already recovered from the brief hallucination during which he had disclosed the fact that he possessed the believe it; you accumulate, to my ruin, a clue to the terrible drama that had convulsed monstrous collection of facts and suppositions, the Pomereul household. Pale and tottering, he clung with both hands to the grating which separated him from his unhappy

brother. "So then I am saved," cried Xavier. "You will go at once to M. Ganbert and give up the murderer, and I will be cleared from the horrible stain which rests upon me, and the wretch will undergo the full penalty of his

" I cannot do it," murn.ured Sulpice.

"Well," said the prisoner, "of course, that is right; you are a priest, and must pardon even the murderer of the best of fathers; you would pardon your own murderer. You will, of course, do what your conscience dictates, and grant to the wretch that mercy which he did not show his victim."

"I cannot even do that, brother," said Sulpice. "I cannot go to the magistrate and say; 'I know the man, and will tell you his

name.' "Do you forget that the honor of our name

is at stake?" said Xavier.
"I do not forget," replied Sulpice.

"And that my li e is in danger?"
"I know it" "Yet you hesitate between your brother

and this wretch!" "It breaks my heart to see my brother here, but I do not hesitate." ." I do not understand-I am going mad!"

cried Xavier. "You have discovered the murderer, and will not denounce him." "I did not discover him," said Sulpice; he confessed it all to me."

"And what matters your oath of silence. if you did give such an oath to a murderer. when it will lead to my destruction? Who can release you from it? The archbishop? the Holy Father himself? Why, he would tell you to speak."

"But," said Sulplee, "it is not merely promise made to the criminal himself, Xavier; it is an oath made to God—a solemn oath from which no one can release me, not even the Pope. Yes, I know the name of him who murdered our father, and I cannot speak it. One word from my lips would set you free, and I must still be silent. I beg your mercy and for-giveness, brother; for, even were you to die, dare not disclose the name nor unveil the face of our father's murderer. Know that regret the attitude you have taken, and I will that which binds, and at the same time is it is not so, Sulpice. All my compassion re-

"M. Gaubert," said Xavier, "I have al- you to let me die. I respect that secret; it him." ways heard you spoken of as an honest, in- guarantees the inviolability of a penitent's Sul corruptible judge, and a man whose great avowal; but when my head is concerned, it Lord Toward or of butter was struct love may

"Ah," said the priest, "what you ask is the desert with no angel hand to point out impossible." You will let me be tried and As far as, the rules will permit," said the

demned?"

"Yes."

"You will see me brought before the Court; yourself to him." Bring resignation into his of Assises, sooner than reveal the truth?"

"I would give my life to save you. Xavier, been gallty of many faults teach him to acsaid Sulpice, "but I cannot be false to my of the Lord may not walk that the hard duy." duty." "But your daty will make you a fratrioide,"

brother's resolution, continued : duty. I respect no other man or priest as I do you sulpice; yet if you parsist in this reul, were I abandoned to myself, I know oruel allence. I shall so longer regard you too well-how far my weakness might lead

with veneration, but with horror."
"Xavier," said the prices, in a broken voice, "you remember when we were all children, we read books which described the agony of said to him what you now say to me, 'Sell your soul for love of us !"

"Yes," oried Xavier, frantically; "sell your soul, renounce your God, be false to your priestly vow, risk eternal damnation it it is necessary, but, oh, save ma!" "" Wretched boy !" cried Sulpice, "you have

lost your faith." < I would trample the image of your God under my feet, if He obliged you to doom me me through your unrelenting honor as a priest. If you persist, Sulpice, I will appeal to the court, to the jury, to the whole world: He knows the guilty one, and will not reveal You do not accuse me of this orime. In your his name. And the law will oblige you to

> 'You mistake, Xavier," said Sulpice; "it respects the rigorous law which seals my

"And I who do not respect it." cried Xavier, "will curse you when the evidence accumulates against me. I will curse you when I hear my sentence from the judge and when the foreman of the jury gives the verdict of his colleagues. I will ourse you when the presiding judge reads the death penalty, and my last words upon the souffold will be to curse you."

" Miserere mei, Deus," murmured the

His face was deathly pale; a mist gathered before his eyes; his brother's words reemed to pierce his very soul. Meanwhile, Xavier clutched at the iron bars, his features were distorted, his lips covered with foam, he brother's heroic virtue roused him to fary. to conceive the martyrdom Unable which the hapless priest was undergoing, he overwhelmed him with cutting reproaches and bitter taunts. At last, maddened at sight of him, who was even then oftering his life in exchange for his brother's, Xavier cried, shaking the iron bars

in his fory,

"Go, I say, gol" "May I come again?" asked Sulpice.
"No," cried Xavier; "the very sight of you fills me with horror. May you be acoursed'i Cain'i Cain!" The priest crept away from the bars, pur-

Cain'i Cain l CHAPTER IX.

A NEW MISPORTUNE. The Arbe Sulpice was in his father's study, looking over some papers, when Sabine entered. The young girl dressed in black bore even more in her heart than in her costume the deepest mourning for her father and her own happiness; she paused a moment mute and motionless before her brother. She regarded him with compassion Professor yet it seemed that the deep, tender affection she had once felt for him was lessened somehow in her heart; he was henceforth too great, too far above her. Something of that fear was upon her which kept from their side the wives, daughters or sisters of the prophets, of those whom the Lord seemed to draw near to his own glory, and cover at all times with

His shadow. Sabine had just come from the prison. She had gone thither attended by Baptiste. who waited without in the antercom, and had learned from Xavier's lips the scene which had taken place between the brothers on the previous evening. Her flist feeling was one of profound astonishment: her second, a species of awe inspired by Sulpice's exalted virtue, which seemed to human eyes so near cruelty. From that moment her whole heart went out towards Xavier. He alone seemed suffering; she pitled only him. Xavier's affliction was so entire, so horrible, that she forgot the agony which Sulpice was enduring. She did not renounce him, but her heart no longer

Alas! in those bours of terrible suffering, during that ordeal, to which few men were ever subjected. Sulpice had even more need of a friendly and consoling voice. Never had Sabine's affection and tenderness seemed more desirable than in this hour when both failed him. Yet he did not reproach her even in thought. Could be expect from this child the superhuman strength which he owed to his priestly character? Had he a right to raise Sabine to the same height as himself?

He knew that he would be censured by men, cursed by Xavier, that his brethren in the ministry would alone approve of the course he had taken, and that God only could console him. These thoughts flashed across his mind, whilst Sabine, in perfect silence, stood regarding him with painful inteniness.

"You saw him?" asked Sulpice. "I saw him. He was expecting M. Renaut."

"Did he speak of me?" Sabine healtated.

"Oh. do no fear to tell me all," said the. young priest; "one pang more or less mat-

"I do not understand," said Sabine, shak-

ing her head. And she added in a low voice, as if half ashamed of her own words, "I do not understand myself. I thought I had been early formed by you in the school of sacrifice, and it once seemed to me that however hard a duty might be it would find me ready. But it is not so. No,

of the Lord may not weigh heaver upo him. We may not see much of each other "My God, my God!" said Sulpice, falling during the next few days; the work of justice on his knees, "the trial is too great."

Xayler, thinking, that he had shaken his against it." is do e in the shadow and I must struggle against it."

"Forgiverme that I cannot rise to your height," said Sabine.
"Alas! my sister," said the Abbe Pome-·me-They held each others hands for some moments, their lips trembled, their eyes filled

with tears; at last they bade each other a reluctant good-by, and Sabine went to her room. Whilet the priest continued his task, and Sabine wrote in her diary the painful impressions of the day, Leon Renaut proceeded to the prison for a first interview with Xavier. The roung lawyer was only twenty-eight years of age. A native of the South, he had

brought from that land, where a burning sun looked down upon the sea, his tasts for all that was great, his youthful ambition, his poetry and his elequence. His examinations at the law school had been perfect triumphs,

and his debut had astonished even the veterans

of the profession... (To be continued.)

THE BEASON WHY .- Mr. Fellows, in his "Medical Monthly," gives reason for the peculiar action of his Hypophosphites in the cure of diseases, which seem to be borne out by facts: . From tonic action of the Sympathetic Nerves all the Organic Muscles are strengthened and the patient overcomes his malady simply, pleasantly and rapidly.

THE BEV. DB. McGLYNN ON " CORNERS." In giving his testimony before the Senate Committee appointed to investigate " Corners" and "Futures," the Rev. Dr. McGiynn, pastor of St. Stephens Catholic Church, New York, said :- "I believe dealings in futures simply betting transactions, and a corner is simply making a monopoly to enhance the price of certain commodities. Gambling is not necessarily an immoral act, however. I am anxious to say that if gambling be not immoral, it is unprofitable and peruicious, and it is well for the State to protect the people from it. Dealing in futures and making corners are synonymous with gambling and monepoly, and should be narrowed down, if not entirely done away with. It is the duty of the State to protect country cousins' from the shrewdness, adroitness and, I might say, rascality and ohicanery of those individuals who induce them to speculate in futures. I understand a corner to be a monopoly, and all monopolier, although not essentially immoral, should be restrained. An unjust price is a price higher than fair and market values. The law of nature should be supple. mented by civil law. The prices of food products, rent and the necessaries of life are higher now than ever before. Anything that inflates prices of bread, shelter, clothing and fuel adds to the burdens of the poor people and only raises their condition a degree or so above beggary. The greatest monopoly extant is the monopoly of land." doctor advocated its nationalization, and said that if all land owners were compelled to pay to the State the assessed rental value of the property, the result would be most beneficial

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLORIDA WATER.

to the community. The ground rental, he

added, is more than sufficient to defray all the

expenses of the State, and if need be, I would

abolish custom houses. I would have free

trade, but I would insist on these taxes of as-

sessed rental values.

The true Florida Water always comes with a little pamphiet wrapped around each bottle, and in the paper of this pamphlet are the words, "Lanman & Kemp, New York," water marked, or stamped in pale transparent letters. Hold a less up to the light, and if genuine, you will see the above words. Do not buy if the words are not there, because it is not the real article. The watermark letters may be very pale, but by looking closely against the light, you cannot fail to see them.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

[From the St. Johnsbury Caledonian] An interesting fact is brought to light by the presentation of the war drama recently produced by the G. A. R. Post. The State colors borne in the play accompanied the national colors in the battle of Winchester. The tenth regiment was charging on the enemy, and in front of our boys was a high rail ience. There was an opening in the fence through which the color guards passed. The buillets were whistling about the heads of the boys as they reached the fence, and they hesitated a moment in the midst of the leaden shower. Sergeant "Bilty" Mahoney of Bennington bore the national colors, and as he passed through the open space, he turned, and, observing the hesitation, he exclamed: "Arrah, and will yez let a full blooded Irishman save yer country? Stand by yer fag!" The boys scaled the fence at this patriotic appeal and passed on. The brave color sergeant had not gone a rod before he was shot dead. Merritt Parker, of Kirby, corporal of the guard, handed the state colors he was carrying to one of his companions and picked up the national colors. The shot had torne the fiag from the staff until it hung only at the top. Stooping he pulled a string from his shoe and tied the fiag at the bot tom to the staff and joined the charging host. The flag went through the war in this condition, and the shoe string is now on the flag at the State capital."

Ten years ago, when the soldiers' monument was dedicated, Mr. Parker was present at the An interesting fact is brought to light by the

State capital.

Ten years ago, when the soldiers monument was dedicated, Mr. Parker was present at the dedication, and his joy and enthusiasm at seeing the old fag still tied to the staff by his show string is said to have been indescriable.

THE GERMAN OROWN PRINCE AS A

TEACHER. From the London Telegraph.

From the London Telegraph.

Berlin, Nov. 27.—A charming trait is related of the German Crown Prince. He and the Crown Princes often visits the village schools of Bornstedt and Eiche, near Potsdam. On Wednesday last he unexpectedly made his appearance at the Bornstedt school, and entered the room occupied by the third class, for the purpose of seeing a newly appointed master, of whose method of teaching his Imperial Highness wished to judge in person. He then proceeded into the next room for the purpose of inspecting the first class, and had hardly entered it when a messenger arrived with a telegram summoning the master (Mr. Mathias) to come to his mother, then dying in a village near spandau.

The Crown Prince insisted that the master

face of our father's murderer. Know that that which binds, and at the same time is killing me, is the sublime and terrible thing which they call the secret of confession."

"Ah!" orded Xavier, "but it does not oblige which they call the secret of confession."

"Ah!" orded Xavier, "but it does not oblige you to let me die. I respect that secret; it avount to let me die. I respect that secret; it avount to let me die. I respect that secret; it is different. You will not lot me die, that a yount you may remain faithful to your vow. When you swore inviolable secreous to to him. Console him, for consolation springs in mother, then dying in a village near the two can I leave the confidence to the manual properties. The Orown Prince insistsed that the master should instantly depart, in obedience to the horror, that I have foreasken you and preferred him."

Sulpice took his sister's hand.

"Do not reproach yourself," said he; "go to him. Console him, for consolation springs in a village near the original to the request of him manual preferred him."

Sulpice took his sister's hand.

"Do not reproach yourself," said he; "go to him. Console him, for consolation springs in a village near the original to the prince. "But how can I leave the children ?" objected the master horror, that in avoiorsaken you and preferred him."

Sulpice took his sister's hand.

"Do not reproach yourself," said he; "go to him." Console him, for consolation springs in mother, then dying in a village near the original transmitted the prince. "But how can I leave the children ?" objected the master. I leave the children ?" objected the master. I would into not be preferred him."

Sulpice took his sister's hand.

"Do not reproach yourself," said he; "go to him." Console him, for consolation springs in a village near the original transmitted the prince. "Never mind," answered the Prince, "We're mind." answered the Prince, "Never mind." answered the Prince, "Never mind." answered the prince of horror, that he preferred him."

Sulpice to the formation o

moment spates in secretary of hear and is not in all states in the state of