

with a veil of gray linen,
the artist. It was a plan of
ry.

of his companions, "you
vice. If it had not been
ich we converted you to
gone back to the Middle
ould have gone on dream-
of the younger sculptors
s spoiled by affectation,
In a couple of years you
chool."

at the Exposition!" said
they gave the medal to
f Orion? Why, you are

s of articles on the *Salon*
d I will boldly proclaim
work of the year. In all
is I have seen nothing to

said the poet Gildas.
ovelist.

to Hylas! to the medal!"
!" said Benedict, pleased
ve me confidence. One
eve of battle. While we
ction sustains us; when we
e what is done."

ess in ten years," cried a
h of Benedict."

l Gildas.

"cried the others, and two
ed out of the window and

brought in branches, which they deposited in the arms
of the nymphs.

A general hurrah and another bumper of champagne
saluted this offering. But whilst Benedict strove to enter
into the mood of his companions, there was a shadow on
his brow. He blushed at it; it irritated him, and he
strove to shake off by boisterous mirth this reflection of
the grief which still gnawed at his heart; but he could
not. He believed his success certain. His friends did
not flatter him in predicting it. But when he looked at
the nymphs, the smile upon their lips seemed to mock
the pain at his heart.

"Benedict," said a crayon artist, "will you come to
the prison to-morrow?"

"What for?" said he. "I have seen the cell of Marie
Antoinette and the chapel."

"Oh, it is only to see a prisoner."

"Who?"

"Why, that double-dyed villain, Marc Mauduit, the
accomplice of Jean Machû, who had the honesty to con-
fess his crime before he died."

"And to save that unfortunate Xavier Pomereul," said
another.

"An illustrated journal," said the artist, "wants the
portrait of this charming youth, who belonged to the
Black Cap gang. By my word, I hobnobbed with him
one night at the Bouffes, when I was a little excited!
But what, in heaven's name, are we coming to, if the most
sedate-looking government clerks and the most prepos-
sessing secretaries are ready to steal into our confidence
and obtain at once our handkerchief, our friendship, and
our watch? They say he has not lost a whit of his cool-
ness in prison. He is a curiosity."

"I say, Paul," said a novelist, "if Benedict doesn't