THE HAPPINESS OF BEING RICH. BY HENDRICK CONSCIENCE.

> CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

When the schouwveger entered the room and saw the judges of the Supreme Court there, he began to tremble so violently that the gendarme was obliged to support him to the chair which a corpse, and did not seem to hear the first questions of the judge.

They gave him a little time to recover himself, and in the meanwhile the examiners interchanged significant looks with one another, as though the mortal terror of the suspected man convinced them that they had the real criminal before them.

What most disconcerted the schouwveger was the sight of his wife, who seemed wonderfully cool, but kept her eye fixed on that of her husband with a penetrating severity of expression.

Master Smet had resolved to tell the whole truth; but now that his wife held him fascinated by the expression of her eye, his courage quite forsook him.

Now, answer me,' said the judge to him at length; where does the money come from that we find all at once in your possession?

'My wife-my wife has inherited it,' said the schouwveger, with a confused and stammering voice.

From her aunt in Holland, isn't it?

'Yes, I believe so."

Dame Smet became livid with repressed wrath; she shook with the violence of the efforts she made to restrain herself, but it was all in vain. She exclaimed, with angry impetuosity-

'Confound you! what are you prating about there? He has had a blow on the head, gentlemen; he has no more sense than a baby six weeks old. What use is it to ask questions of such a poor simpleton?

Gendarine,' said the judge, authoritatively, take the wife by the arm; at the least word or sign lead her off!

Dame Smet trembled with rage, yet she did not dare to speak again. It was probably not without design that they kept her in the room; for the examiners carefully took notice of all the changing emotions which depicted themselves on her countenance.

'You say, then," asked the judge, turning the schouwveger, 'that your wife has inherited money from her aunt in Holland?"

'Yes-no, no-from her father-rest his soul!' was the feeble and reluctant answer.

'Yes and no? Take care, my man; don't play your jokes with the law. You may have cause to rue it. Now tell me plainly and without circumiocution, where does the money come from?

Master Smet returned no answer. The examiners thought that his silence was intentional, but they were wrong. The poor man was quite paralyzed by terror; he could not speak.
'Is it always thus,' continued the judge, 'that

you have accounted to the neighbors for your sudden wealth? Have you not spoken of a sum of money which you had borrowed in advance, on the security of your expected legacy?'

'Oh, sir,' sighed Master Smet, rubbing his pale forehead, 'I don't know. Yes, I believe it was so.' A peculiar expression of contemptuous com-

passion passed over the features of the exam-'And the money you borrowed amounted to a

considerable sum? some thousand crowns?

'No, no—a few hundreds.'

'Not thousands, then ?'

'I don't know clearly.' 'Speak the truth,' exclaimed the judge, raising his voice, and using a gesture of threatening:
we know all about it. Your wife is better advised than you are. She maintains that you have borrowed several thousand crowns.'

A fresh nervous paroxysm shook the poor schouwveger.

'It is possible,' he faltered out; 'I don't know what I am saying. Yes-some thous-

The judge allowed a few moments to elapse, and then addressed him with a voice of reassur-

ing kindness:
'My man, you are not straightforward, and you are contradicting yourself at every word you say. I will tell you what you are accused with eager affection, saying, in a cheerful toneof; perhaps you may then see that you have nothing to gain by concealing the truth from us. About ten days ago, on a Friday night, a consi- all." derable quantity of gold and silver was stolen from a money-changer's. You are suspected of deliberationbeing the thief; and all the circumstances, your own words themselves, witness against you. If you don't wish to be led off to prison by the gendarmes, tell me, at once and truly, where the money came from that has been seen in your wife's possession?

The schouwveger stared at the judge, quite bewildered, and unable to utter a word.

'You admit, then,' asked the judge, 'that you are guilty, and that you have committed this

CATHOLI

crime? 'No, no,' exclaimed the terrified man : 'I have not stolen-'

'Can you explain to us why, on that very night, you roused the neighbors by your cries titudefor help? why you shouted, 'Fire, fire!' Was it not in order to make them believe that you had been placed for him. He was bloodless as had been all night in your own house, and thus to conceal your criminal visit to the moneychanger from the eyes of justice?"

'I had been dreaming,' sighed the schouwve-ger, with a scarcely audible voice; and then his head sank down on his breast as though he had been stupped by a sudden blow.

'We know enough,' said the judge, rising ;we shall obtain further evidence by searching the premises.'

He gave the signal, and Master Smet and his wife were seized by the gendarmes; and all who were present followed the judge.

The terrified husband and wife were led all over the house: everything was thrown into confusion, not the smallest corner remaining unexplored.

Dame Smet was quite unconcerned, and smiled, from time to time, at the fruitlessness of the search. She looked her husband full in the face at intervals, and seemed thus at once to encourage him to stand firm, and to threaten him if he lost his presence of mind.

In the attic several planks were taken up; for the plaster with which the rat-holes bad been stopped excited suspicion. But they found noth-

The judge asked many questions about the gold that had so mysteriously disappeared, but he could not extract from Dame Smet any sufficient explanation. The schouwveger leaned, almost insensible, against the wall, and could give no answer. He gazed at the beam like a man petrified; his treasure was there!

Amazed and vexed at his fruitless efforts to discover the stolen money, the judge abandoned the search and slowly descended the stairs.

Smet and his wife were again brought into the room, and there the gendarmes produced their ropes and handcuffs, at a sign given them by the judge. When the schouwveger saw these degrading preparations, he uttered a mournful shriek, and fell fainting on a chair.

liminaries with a smile of disdain, as though she thought them but a feint to shake their courage.

'For the last time,' said the judge, in a severe tone of voice, 'there are the cords with which your hands will be tied behind your back. You will be led as a criminal through the streets to the prison. For the last time I beg you, for your own sake, to speak the truth. Where did all your money come from?"

The schouwveger was half dead with terror and apprehension; the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead; and as though his fear had deprived him of speech, he stared uncon- book of the wife's father, telling the sums of mosciously at the floor.

come from?

A mournful scream echoed at this moment from the front room, and, before the judge could ly and rich, and as he died suddenly, he had no finish his question, a young man sprang shricking time to say where his money was hidden. Be-into the apartment. He looked round with a sides, look, the treasure contains old ducats, glance rapid as lightning; and he must have French crowns, and even Brabant shillings. It heard the question of the judge, for he fell on is not money like this that the money-changer his knees before the schouwveger, and, lifting his has been robbed of. We have nothing further hands with a gesture of earnest entreaty, he to do here.' cried—

"Oh, father, father, where did the money come from? Oh, for God's sake, speak! You steal? you a villain? Gendarmes, cords, handcuffs? No, no, it is impossible! it is a hideous deal of unnecessary trouble and vexation. The

The deadly paleness of the youth, his hair standing erect with fright, and the unutterably Smet. powerful appeal that lay in the glance of his eyes, made so deep an impression on the schouw- have nothing to do with it. Listen; the seven veger that he burst into a flood of tears, and ex- hundred and sixteenth article of the city statuteclaimed, with a tremulous voice-

'I have deserved it all! God has punished me!

'Deserved? deserved?' velled Pauw, tearing his hair in an agony.

But Master Smet drew himself up, wiped away the tears from his eyes, and raising his son from the ground, he pressed him to his heart

'No, my child, your father has done very wrong, but he is an honest man; he will explain

And turning to the judge he said, with calm

'Sir, I will show you the treasure, and you shall see how the money came into our hands.'

Dame Smet thrust her fists into his face threateningly, and roared, with her features conrulsed by passion-

'If you dare, coward!' 'Gendarme, lead the wife away,' said the

'There is no need, sir,' said the schouwreger; my resolution is taken; I will explain everything to you, as I ought to have done at first .-I have not stolen; it is a treasure I have found.'

Pauw fell on his knees in the middle of the room, and exclaimed, with tears of joy and gra-

'Oh, my God, I thank Thee, I thank Thee for Thy mercy and goodness.' 'Are you now ready to give us a full explana-

nation? asked the judge. 'Yes, yes,' replied the schouwveger; 'but, sir, I have a request to make. Will you have the goodness to grant it?

'We shall see; if it is possible.'

'You see, sir, this money has made me miserable; it is the pest of my house. Oh, have compassion on me, and take this plague away; take t all away with you.'

Dame Smet began to sob and cry aloud. 'Well, show us the treasure,' said the judge with a voice of authority.

The schouwveger led the officers of justice up to the attic, showed him that the great beam was hollow at the bottom, and said-

'The gold is in there. Ten days ago, one Friday evening, the rats were scampering about the attic and making a terrible noise; I was chasing two of them with an old sabre that is now hanging behind my bed. By chance I struck this beam, and was astonished at the hollow sound it gave; at the second blow a square plank and a bag of money fell out on my toes .--I have nothing else to say, gentlemen, except that the fear of thieves, and the fear that you would take away the money from us, have made me say and do a great many foolish and wicked This, you see, is the pure and simple

And with these words he took the plank out

of the beam, and showed the judge the cavity. brother. Listen; now we'll make haste, and The judge stooped and drew out the bag of let our children be married. money; a large number of gold and silver pieces rolled out on the floor, because the bag, rotten muttered the shoemaker. with age, had burst a second time. But at the same time there fell from the beam something else, which the schouwveger had not noticed. It was a small, well-worn pocketbook, with a parchment cover.

Conjecturing that this book might contain a whether I'm master or not.' confirmation or a refutation of the explanation | I ask nothing better than to see my child made by the schouwveger, the judge seized it happy,' answered his friend. 'Not for the mo-His wife, on the contrary, regarded these pre- eagerly, and turned it over with very remarkable attention.

Turning to the weeping Dame Smet, he ask-

'What is your father's name, my woman?'

'Vandenberg, Peter Vandenberg,' sobbed she. Without further remark the judge ripped up the bag still wider, and gathered out of it a certain number of pieces. Then he made a sign to his companions, and, drawing them aside in a corner, he said to them-

'This man speaks the truth; there are no criminals here. This little book is a memorandumney which he had deposited from time to time in 'Well, now, speak; where did the money the beam; and he has even written in it that he destined the whole of it to his daughter. We know the man had the reputation of being miser-

His hearers nodded their heads approvingly. Then going up to the schouwveger, the judge said-

'My man, you have given yourself a great money is legally yours.'

'Oh, take it away with you,' implored Master

'Simpleton,' said the judge, with smile; 'we book says: 'The right of property in a treasure belongs to him who finds it on his own premises; if he finds it on any other man's premises, then half belongs to the finder and half to him on whose premises it is found.' This house is yours ;consequently, the whole treasure belongs to you.'

'Then the plague must remain in my house,' muttered the schouwveger discontentedly. To Dame Smet, who came rushing torward

with joy and eagerness, the judge said— 'Dame, this gold is the inheritance your fa-

ther has bequeathed you; you must regard this little book as his will. Farewell, and try both of you to make a good use of your riches. While the officers of justice were leaving the

attic, the dame was gathering the money, in speechless haste, into her apron, and then she ran down stairs with it, snarling the while at her

Coward! confound you! I'll pay you out for

When she had brought all her treasure down had been said, for their countenances beamed stairs, she threw it in the chest, took out a handful of gold pieces, locked the chest, and then ran out into the street and strutted with haughty exultation through the assembled crowd, who stood gaping and staring after her until she had disappeared from the little street.

HRONICLE.

Pauw was quite wild with joy. He rushed down the stairs to go to Katie; but seeing the shoemaker and his daughter in the street, he seized a hand of each, and cried—

'Ha, come, come, Katie dear, it was all moonshine! Master Dries, come with me; father will be so happy if you come and wish him luck.'

Already the result of the search was known to the waiting crowd.

'Pauw, Pauw, good luck, Mynheer Pauw, shouted the young girls, clapping their hands with sincere and hearty congratulations.

"Oh, call me always Pauwken-Plezier,' said the young man imploringly, as he led the shoemaker and his daughter toward the door. 'Long live Pauwken! Long live Pauwken-

Plezier ? resounded through the street. The schouwveger no sooner saw his friend the shoemaker than he burst into tears, and rushed to meet him with open arms. Pressing his old

friend to his heart, he sobbed aloud-'Oh, Dries, look, this is the happiest day of my life. I totter on my legs with joy. What I have suffered from this cursed money passes all

description; no pen could write it.' 'Is everything all clear now?' asked the shoemaker.

'Yes, yes; we found the gold here in the house; it was the inheritance of my wife.'

'God be praised, Jan. I have been sitting shaking all over as if you were my own brother. Well, Dries, you are all the same as my own

But you are a rich man now? Your wife?

'What do you mean by rich?' said Master Smet, merrily. 'I am still Jan-Grap, your friend. We've sung out our song about my ladics and mamsels! Now that I don't mean to bother myself about the money, I'll soon see

ney; but they have loved one another with a virtuous love and with our approbation, many a long year. My poor Katie-I believe she would have wasted away, really, in case—

'Come, come, not a word more about such horrid things as that!' exclaimed the schouwveger. 'Let me see: drawing up the papers; the banns in the church; yes, within seven weeks we'll have the wedding feast! Ha, that shall be a feast, friend Dries! That shall be something to talk about. Money shall be of some use for once. I'll invite all the neighbors, and we'll set off in five or six coaches to Dike-Me or to Jan-Stek's. We'll take the fiddlers with us, and we'll dance and flikker, we'll sing and jump-bless me! won't we, then!

His voice failed him, and he burst suddenly into tears.

'What is the matter. Jan?' asked the astonished shoemaker.

'Nothing; 'tis nothing at all, my friend,' faltered out the schouwveger; 'only my gladness sticks in my throat. My heart is full, running over. I have gone through so much these last in solitude. tew days, that I seem now as if I had escaped out of hell.'

With increasing emotion he continued—
'That's settled, isn't it, Dries?—our children

are to be married as soon as possible, without a the earth into the pit it came from. single day's delay?'

'Tis rather soon, isn't it?'

'Good things are never too soon; this cursed money may come in the way again. But, Dries, I've one thing to ask of you. You see, your temper is rather short, and my wife's tongue is rather long; now, these two things don't get on well together. She will be sure to show her teeth when she sees you, for she fancies it is all your doing that the officers of justice paid us a visit. You're looking rather sour about it .-Now, keep your temper, man, and be reasonable, and a little accommodating, too. My wife may be uncivil to you; well, let her have her way. We have the disposal of our children, anyhow; and if we make up our minds that they shall be them.' married, who is to hinder it?' 'That is true.'

'Well, now, you won't be put out by a few

words and ugly faces, will you? 'No; I'll act as if I were blind and deaf.'

'Come, now, that's spoken like a sensible man. Give me your hand; that's settled, then.' He turned then to his son and Katie, who

were standing at the window clasping each other's hands, and had probably heard all that

· Two large taverns outside the city of Antwerp, favorite resorts of the children.

with radiant joy, though quiet tears were trickling down their cheeks.

'Come, Katie,' cried the schouwveger, 'hug me round the neck, girl; seven weeks more and I shall be your father!

The girl ran, with an exclamation of heartfelt gladness, and threw her arms round the schouwveger's neck. Pauw had rushed toward his father under the impulse of a similar emotion; and all four were wrapt in the bless of true, sincere, heartfelt affection.

'Eh! eh! what's this going on in my house?' resounded all at once through the room in a threatening tone.

As though this voice had thrilled painfully to their hearts, they released themselves from each other's arms, and looked with astonishment towards the door.

There stood Dame Smet, tossing her head in the air, and with a smile of ineffable contempt on her face.

' Well, well, these are pretty doings!' exclaimed she; 'I can't leave the house a minute but when I come back I find it full of cobblers!' The shoemaker's face became pale with rage. 'Yes, yes; be as sulky as you like,' said she,

only laugh at you for your pains. I am mistress here.' 'But, Dame Sinet-' stammered the shoe-

with an expression of scornful disdain; 'I shall

'Dame! dame! I am no dame,' snarled she; you must say my lady when you presume to

speak to me! Pauw looked steadily at his father, for he saw

that he was quivering with anger and vexation. Dame Smet pointed to the door, and said to the shormaker, in a tone of great excitement-Be off! quick! out of my house with your dainty daughter! That such mean, vulgar peo-

ple should ever cross my threshold, indeed! "l'is a good thing that we are going to live on the St. James's market, with a porte-cochere all to our-The shoemaker took his daughter's hand and

led her out into the street, muttering to himself as he went.

Then burst forth the schouwveger's wrath in an impetuous and irresistible storm. He uttered unintelligible sounds; he sprang at his wifebut Pauw had placed himself between them and kept them apart with desperate effort.

'Let me go! let me go!' yelled Master Smet. I'll twist her haughty neck for her.' Pauw prayed, and implored, and shed tears.

and made such successful resistance that his father had time to recover himself and cool down After a few more threats and execuations, the

schouwreger said, as if quite overcome-'Come, Pauw, come up stairs, or that woman will give me a fit of apoplexy.' And, according

further altercation. The whole day was spent thus in quarrelling and in sullenness. She declared she would not hear Katie's name mentioned, and noured out a flood of abuse against the poor gul and her fa-

ther.

to his won't, he ran quickly up the stairs to avoid

Now she had the notion of my lady more firmly fixed in her head than before. Leocadie, at the corner ship, had already become far too vulgar to be admitted into her family.

Pauw did nothing but weep, and retired into his room very early, to bewail his wretched fate

At length the schouwveger went slowly up stairs, muttering, in the bitterness of his soul-The plague is still in my house, I see! This cursed money. I wish it would sink down thro'

CHAPTER VIII.

Very early next morning, when the first beams of the sun were beginning to disperse the gloom of the little street, the shoemaker and his daughter were on their way to church; but they had scarcely left their door, and walked down the street, when the girl suddenly stood still, and said, pointing to the schouwveger's house:

'Father, look! Master Smet's door is wide open; the windows are all bolted still.3

Oh, dear, what can it be?' exclaimed the shoemaker. 'The lock is wrenched off the door. Depend on it, the thieves have been there to-night. Come, Katie, I will awake

And so saying, he began to kick at the door

to arouse the inmates of the house. 'Don't kick so hard, father,' said the girl, trembling with apprehension; 'you'll frighten Dame Smet. Wait a bit; give them time to get their clothes on.'

After a short pause, the shoemaker began to kick again; and when he heard, a few moments after, the sound of footstens on the stairs, he entered the house.

'Who opened the door to you?' asked Dame Smet, in a menacing tone. Didn't I tell your you were to keep away from my house?