tell you plainly you he inheritance. The

my brother," cried

ied the young man.
everything, even to
with twelve thousand
father, pay my debt.
I want your word
in that safe. Give

hant struggling to er's grief made upon

1 Xavier, wildly, and desk.

said M. Pomereul

hus face to face, the indignant, the study bine, with a cry of er pushed her away, her arms around her ged himself, saying, beg of you; my disful, it is true, but it

to her brother, "do lay of my betrothal. be wrong. He is "It is my turn to command, Sabine," said the father gravely, "go to rest and come to me early. I want to speak to you."

Sabine addressed a last entreaty to her brother, who looked at her with a sullen and lowering eye, then embracing her father she went away.

"You refuse me," said Xavier, "you finally refuse me?"

"I do," said his father.

"Then," cried the young man in a despairing tone, "it is your doing if misfortune comes upon this house."

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