

"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."