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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

"He is drowned I I know he is drowned !" she criet al nd. "Taere has been a wreek, and he is d owoed, and I shall never see

him any more." Mains a vision was doubtless mere illusion her slarm may have been the offspring merely of an over-wrought and anxious mind; a sudden terror between dream and. merning was only too truly fulfilled-sha never saw her husband more. She had had her highest wish in life realized, and it proved to be only emptiness and shadow; she had lived and loved, and had her love made happy for a brief moment, and then all was at an end.

Had Montana merely fallen overboard in the night and so perished? Had, he de-hberately put an end to his career? That no one ever can know. Taking all things into. consideration, it became the settled convic-tion of Clement Hope that Montans had drowned himself. All that had passed on the night before his disappearance seemed now to point to such a purpose. The more Clement thought over it the more he became convinced that Montana's conversation with him on that night was intended to lead Clement into the belief that Montana felt sure and disappeared like a comet, no one knew of a long and active career, and thus to throw a mystery over his disappearance. When he came to speak of it to Gersidine afterward this was her conviotion also. It seemed in keeping with all that each of them had known and balieved about Montana that he should bring his career to a close in some manner which would glorify it with all the dignity of mystery. Long atter, too, Geraldine told Clement what she believed about Montana and his father. Bhe told him of the strange scene she had witnessed in old Mr. Varlowe's dying room, and the word she had heard Montara speak, and the answer that Mr Varlowe had given. They two were inclined on the whole, to form a lanient judgment of Mortans, his self-delusions, his impostures, his theatric life, his belief in his vague and shadowy mission. They did not condemn him wholly. One part genius, one part imposture, one part made up of a self-delusion amounting almost to insanity-such was, in the mind of Olement and of Geraldine, the I encouraged her to save a few dollars to composition of Montana's character. When | dark day. About the beginning of Nove: Mr. Aquitaine came to examine the papers left by Montana in the charge of his bankers, he found a recently-made will, which gave the whole of Montana's own properly to Melissa. The property was large, and came to her at a time when it could be of no manner of use to ber. Aquitaine for long after did not even tell ber of the will. In an iron safe belonging to Montana, Aquitaine found hesped up all the watches, bracelets, rings, chains, brooches, and money which had been bestowed in answer to Montana's appeal on the ('st night when he address-ed a London audience. Some of the watches had stopped apparently at the very moment when they were allowed to fall into the pictureeque urn provided for the contributions of the generous, and had not been wound up ever since. Montana had taken no heed of them; he had allowed all the precious trinkets to remain untouched from that hour. Aquitaine, going over shem with a sort of melancholy curiosity, and wondering whether it would be posable to restore any of them to their former owners, came on a bracelet which he well knew. It was one of a pair that he had given to Meliesa on her birthday. It had been made after a fashion of his own, and it bore how nome and his, and her mother's curiously

. It was one of the offerings al made to her new idol that night. Aquitsine took the bracebept it. "I will give it back to her "he said to himself ;" but not now

Montana's own special admirers and followers there were many who refused to sosept any story which started on the assumption that Montana, we gone forever. Hund-reds and thousands of men and women in America and the Bugland stills believe that Montana will return ; that whether the ocean did close over him or not, their leader and prophet will come back all the same, and be with them once again to redeem them from their hard lot, and bring thom into a new, bright life of health, and happiness and freearoun. But the omen, of her disturbed dom. Little organizations, and suchetles, and branches are still formed now and then in back settlements of London, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, and New York, and Cincionati, which bear the name of Montana; and many a theory and doctrine is preached in Montana's name which probably never entered into his mind, or could be reconciled with any of his avowed principles. Here, and, there, then, among little knots of devoted tollowers, he will be remembered; and, indeed, as time goes on will be transformed in their memory from what he really was to something altogether different, each eldolon differing from each-a new Montana having come up from beneath the ocean in a different form for each different: group of devolece. But the world in general will soon forget him. He had his ambition. however. He was the "Comet of a Season,"

THE BND.

whither.

JOBIE'S THANKEGIVING.

There was a very happy Thansgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Miller. of No. 319 East Fifty-second street, New York, and as the hitherto moderately furnished spart-ments were freshly burnished up with the addition of two cosy arm chairs, a reporter inquired of Mrs. Miller how she had been able to make so many comfortable changes, to which she replied : " It is all due to our dear little daughter, Josie ; she is a great per and solace to me and her father, and --though only 15 years of age, has worked way hard as a seamstress, carning but a motion pittance to help us pay the rent."

"I was afraid," interrupted Mr. Miller, a the tears came to his eyes as he spoke, "T the little darling would overwork heres: . ber I was surprised when she told us that she had sent a dollar by mail to M. A Dauphin, New Orleans, La., with the expectation of making a large fortune. I did not approve of it at first, when she said she had done the same thing before, and had implicit faith in the Louisiana State Lottery Company. Imagine what an agreeable disappointment we received on the 14th November last, when we were notified that ticket numbered 52,116, which she held, was entitled to one-flith of the capital donation of \$75,000."

"Did Miss Josephine collect her share promptly ?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, yes indeed; Mr. Dauphin paid over to the express company \$15,000 to the order, of Miss Josephine Miller, and she got the money last week:"

" Was she elated with her success ?" suggested the reporter.

"The little darling was so crazy with joy that I asked her to take a little vacation, and the old gentleman smiled, as he thanked the reporter for congratulating him upon his daughter's good fortune."-Philadelphia Record, December 6.

A beverage that is said to have taken the place of absinthe to a considerable extent in France has been introduced in New Orleans. It is called amsi-picon, and is believed to assist digestion, to be an operient and febrifuge, to stimulate agreeably, and to kill with certainty if afforded a full opportunity.

" BUOHUPAIBA."

THE DWARP'S SECRET.

CHAPTER II. CONTINUED.

"I hope you are not going to work late," she sold. "Only to write a letter, dear child," he an-

awared. "I understand," said Sulpice, " you are going to wait for Xsvier."

"Yes, he must hear my decision to night." "Bemember your promise."

"Have no fear, Sulpice. Best in peace my good son !" The young priest went up to the top floor,

where his room was situated. Sabine went to her little apartment, just

between her father's and Xavier's. The young girl, who had begged her father

to retire early, seated herself at a table, and began to write with the rapidity of inspiration and of joy.

Meanwhile M. Pomercul rang for Baptiste. "Let me know when M. X syler comes in," besaid briefly.

"M. Xavier has been in more than an hour," said the man.

"Then ask him to come to my study.' A moment more, and Xavier was face to

face with his father. His con tenance bore traces of late hours and of premature excess; his eyes were dim, his lips colorless, his usually careful dress was disordered, his hands trembling with

nervous excitement. "Why did you not appear at dinner ?" said his father.

The young man hung his head, but said

nothing. "Where were you ?"

" At the club."

"So you preferred the society of your friends to ours?"

"I have not dined," said Xavier, in a low voice.

"What were you doing then ?"

" I was playing." "You were playing, and you lost, I sup-D088 ?"

"I lost."

"A large sum ?"

" Yes, father." "How much ?"

"Forty thousand francs." "Your gaming purse is large then ?"

"No. I played on my word."

"Indeed. So there are people willing to risk forty thousand francs on your word. That shows considerable confidence in yours honor."

" And my honesty."

"How is that?"

"It proves that if I make debts I pay them ; if I contract a loan I make it good." "With what?" said M. Pomereul.

"With-well with the money you are good

enough to give me." " Our interview is going to be longer then than I expected," said the father. "I intended to let you stand like a criminal before his judge, but I pity your evider ' prostration, so take a seat and listen to me."

It was the first time Xavier and ever heard his father speak to him with such loy coldnose. He lost the little assurance he had on entering, and almost fell into an arm-chair. "When I married your mother," began M. Pomercul, "she was poor; I was earning my living by my trade, and in those evil days we learned to know and appreciate each other. When fortune came, it found us prepared to encounter her perils. Your mother remained what she had ever been-a model of a woman and a wife. It she possessed jewels it was simply because it pleased me to bestow them. She never asked for them, and was never vain of them. She brought you children up witaout over ceasing to bean accomplished woman, a charming and lovable companion to me. She watched over you as long as God spared Quick, complete oure, all annoying Kidney, her, and one day she left me alone. Y 92. alone; for though she left me you three, and you fill a great part of my heart, there is still a large portion which must remain forever widowed. I was true to that dear memory. I devoted myself to your education and that of Sulpice. You both received the same lessons, and from the same professors. Sulpice, it is true, had been longer under your mother's care, and perhaps inherited more of her angelic character. Scarcely was he of an age to think when he became serious ; scarcely was it time for him to choose a profession when he chose the perpetual sacrifice of self, the abuegation of his whole life. He became a priest, and is already an apostle. The seminary took him from me, you alone remained. You alone were to live the life of the world, and sustain the family name among respectable people. If that does not excuse my weakness, it at least explains it. For awhile I thought your folly was but the fleeting effervescence of youth; I did not put you under the yoke of labor soon enough, and every day I have felt that you are going farther and farther away from me."

other to the street. It is a more serious matter than to disappoint some bot headed boy, who stakes / at the card-table s portion of his inheritance. Honor Why honor is to fulfil the duties im posed upon us by society and by our conscience. For the soldier, it consists in d. fending his fisg at the cost of his life," for the megistrate, in unswerving integrity; for the artist or man of letters, in employing his talents to the best advantage; for the merchant, in preserving his credit ; for the son in showing his gratitude to his parenti. Honor! I can speak of it, sir, for I have kept my own. But I forbid you to mention the word in connection with a gambling debt. And as for the law, it considers them so sacred that it takes no cognisance of them." "Father, would you advise me to-"

"I advise nothing. I simply say that I will not pay this debt."

"Then, what am I to do ?" "Make an arrangement with this creditor as you have made with many others. You must ask for an extension of time, which will doubtiess be granted you. You do not know, for you take no interest in family affairs, that Sabine was betrothed to day to Benedict Fougerais. I do not think it right to sacrifice her shive and that of Sulpice to your extravagance. I will not throw their fortune into the pit you dig for it. To-morrow you will take control of the factory, and will receive a salary of twelve thousand france | rings, such as might have belonged to some a year. By means of that sum you will pay-

this gaming debt." "Father," said Xavier, rising, his face livid, his limbs failing under him. "you will not compel me to do this, to admit my poverty, to ask for a delay! Give me this forty thousand francs, and after that.refuse what you will. Do not not reduce me to shame and despair. What are forty thousand francs to you?"

"Such a sum represents the careful savings of several families," said the father. " Forty thousand fraves! How many small tradesmen would it save from ruin, how many people from despair. I tell you plainly you have spent more than your share of the inheritance. The rest belongs to Sabine and Sulpice." "What use is such a fortune to my brother." cried Xavier, "who lives in a garret, goes

barefoot from choice and feeds on bread-andwater ?"

"You forget the poor, sir." "Oh, it is horrible, atrocious!" cried the

young man. "I am willing to amend, to give up everything, even to go into the factory, and be content with twelve thousand france a year. But pay my debt, father, pay my debt. It must be paid, it must, do you see. I want your word for it. your promise. There is gold in that safe. Give me some of

it till I pay, till I pay." "I have said no," said the merchant struggling to overcome the impression which Xavier's grief made upon him. "Take care, father, take care i" said Xavier,

father's desk. "Wretch, do you threaten me?" said M.

to face, the one livid with rage, the other rant. justly indignant, the study door was sudden. ly opened and Sabine, with a cry of horror,

disengaged himself, saying, " Leave us, dear child, leave us, I beg of you: my disagreement with your brother is painful, it is true, but it need not alarm you."

"O Xavier!" cried Sabine, turning to her brother, "do not sedden by a violent scene this day of my betrothal. Beg father's pardon, for you must be wrong. He is goodness itself "

X-yler remained silent and morose. " It is my turn to command, Sabine," said

or furnace, in stew-pans as large as boilers, or inflace, in stew pairs as large mixture, the lf I had wished, I could have been the wife over a bot fire boiled a strange mixture, the lf I had wished, I could have been the wife olla podrida daily served up to the boarders; of a man who could raise four weights of it was in fact the invariable dish. In the three pounds each, with his arms extended steaming mess were rabbits, bones of mutton, and who could have knocked you all down chunks of beef, the tails of red herrings, sheeps' tails. remnants of calves' neads, beets, sheeps' tails, remaants of calves' nears, costs, A great lump of langhed out ight. A great lump of langhed out ight. A great lump of langhed out ight. A great loves of garlic gave all "Andyou refused a husband of that sort" these components a certain similarity of said point of the former of Apr. Brany mith, you're taste. Some fige chlokens, ready for broiling, hard to please, are your waiting for the King veal outlets and beefsteaks laid out upon the of Blam or must your heart be touched like table proved that this establishment was capable of riving to the level of circumstances. Beside the heavy, sodden looking potato-salad was delicate lettuce or fresh red " "Then why do you confide in us ?" said the cabbage ; close to the livid cheese, the odor | boy ; "and if it comes to that, I know all were equal to the expense of a dainty meal.

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an extraordinary figure who seemed in perfect accordance with her sinister surroundings. It was a woman scarcely three feet high and spparently some fifty odd years of age. Her head was disproportionately large, her face sullen and dark in expression, enlivened ever and anon by a gleam of cold malice. Norman peasant and so long that they touched her shoulders. The upper portion of this

singular creature was of the usual proportions of a woman, but her lower limbs were untreally small. She' had the appearance of a human trunk Brandenburg or hussar jacket, a faded blue skirt and shoes made from a pair of boots

whence the uppers had been cut off. How Methusalem and'this dwarfish creature had become acquainted, and why this singular pair, similar in vice, continued to remain together no one could tell. If Methusalem were the head of the house. La Naine ' was undoubtedly its right arm, and her infla-ence upon the dealer in questionable commodifies was very great.

The Naine was Methusalem's fictotum. She went to market every day made all necessary purchases; and and also to the lowest restaurants buying up at nominal prices the helf spolled remnants. A tin box received fish, meat and vegetables all in one, an earthenware jar, the coffee grains, tea leaves, and crusts of bread, which were used for various culinary purposes.

Meanwhile Methusalem was taken up with commercial affairs; he kept the shop, and waited upon customers. He had customers ot two sorts, those who needed tools, who wanted to hire a complete disguise for a day or a week, and those who wished to engage a room or take some meals at wildly, and as he spoke approaching his the Pension Bourgeoise. The ordinary meal cost ten sons. It comprised the daily, bread at discretion, a small bottle of wine and a Pomereu: rising. Just as the father and son stood thus face might be provided at a second class restaucup of coffee. Dinners a la carte were such as

A worn-out clock, of which the cuckoo disdained to appear, struck out six. The Naine rushed between them. Xavier pushed her immediately selzed a spoon of unusual dimen-away, and the young girl weeping threw her sions, and pluoging it into the pot dipped up arms around her father's neck. He gently the soup. After which, taking the earthen-disengaged himself, saying, "Leave us, dear ware turgen by both handles, she mounted the stairs with an sgillty surprising in a being so deformed. Just as she reached the diningroom the door leading from the courtyard opened, and a dozen or so of men, with Methu- door. He quickly removed his hat, put it salem at their head entered. Each one took under his left arm with a graceful gesture, his own place, which was indicated by a and drawing from his pocket a soft cap of square of copper, marked with a figure, and Methusalem began to serve.

"Well, well, boys," he said with a sort of smokers. grim jollity, "bow goes business? Have you anything to sell or to exchange? Who wants any rabbit skins, lasty iron, or broken glass ??

of his company, nor the likes of him either with one blow of his fist."

At this outbreak, Methusalem's guests all

the strings of a guitar ?"

able pigmy," cried the Nsine.

"Stop," cried the Naine, "stop."

"lf you get angry, I'll tell his name," said Among the tables, pots and kettles moved Pomme d'Apl. "I know more than you think Among the tables, pots and kettles moved Pomme d'Apl. "I know more than you think a seemed in perfect about the romance of your life, and it was queer enough how I got to hear it. It was one night at a gingerbread fair. The Mountebank saw his clown come in dead drunk, to the despair of the manager. I saw there were some pence to be carned, and I offered to take his place. The man thought me rather am. Her grey hair, too abundant to be beld in check by the red plaid handker-chief which covered it, hung loose upon ber shoulders; in her great ears, which stood far out from her head, she wore a pair of earand the receipts, they invited me to supper, I sco-pted, and at dessert Signor Guigolfo asked me to enter his troupe. I declined the honor, informing Guigolfo that I exercised the lucrative trade of opener of carriages, and dealer in theatre checks.

" I spoke of Father Methusalem's boarding. attached to a pair of broad flat feet. This house, and of you, Naine, and Guigolio ex-horribly deformed being was dressed in a claimed, By your description, I am sure I knew her once."

" Bah,' cried I, incredulously.

" It is so." " How and where ?' I asked.

"It is a long time, now, since such a woman became a member of our company. She brought with her a child some three years of age, pale and delicate, with eyes of clear amber, and dress that bespoke wealth. We could easily train the child, and as for the woman, she had only to show herself to make an audience laugh. I engaged her. During her engagement we went through Spain, Italy, and France; when I offered to renew our agreement, she said that she want. ed to put the child under a regular course of study. Study indeed, a fine loke ! I had taught her enough to gain a living in any city of Europe. But remonstrance was useless, she took the child, and I never saw her since. If she is in want, give me her address. There is always place for her in the company. I promised Guigolfo to bring you to him, but always forgot. Perhaps I should never have remembered this episode, if you had not spoken of your journeys, and the athlete who

asked you in marriage." An expression of pain and rage crossed the woman's face, and she would have thrown the bottle she held in her hand at the boy's head, had not Methusalem, seeing the danger, interposed, reminding Naine of her duties, and calling Pomme d'Api to order.

Supper went off gayly. After it was over, the Naine lit a petroleum lamp, which gave out a horrid odor, and each one of the guests lighting his pipe or his cigar, soon filled the room with a dense cloud of smoke.

Conversation had ceased, the Naine was about to bury herself in the black depths of the kitchen, when a young man of some twenty years of age opened the dining-room black silk, placed it jauntily upon the side of his head, and advanced into the circle of

"Hurrah for the Knights of the Black

Dec, 20, 1882.

in England nor in America could or Aquitaine find evidence to show stan, had made any preparations

wantever for his colonizing enterprise. Clement carefully and quietly made search in America, and Aquitaine in England. It became plain to both of them that during all his stay in London Montana had not taken any step whatever toward the realization of the object which professed to be that of his life. He had written to no one, directed no one, taken counsel with no one. Evidently the entire scheme was but a cloud, an illusion, something which Montana vaguely meant to attempt, if ever a convenient time should come. Doubtless this had weighed upon Montana's mind of late, and helped to decide him in the course he took. A few days more and discovery and exposure would have been certain. Once he touched the shores of America it would have been impossible any longer to keep up the delusion. Montana had in his characteristic fashion allowed the days and weeks and months to go by in London, always saying to himself that he would do something to morrow, or the day siter, and doing nothing. As we have (paration of the kind. said before—and the point is necessary to any understanding of Montana's character, or even any reasonable conjecture that way. Montana was not a man of imagination, but only a dreamer. When action was forced apon him he could rite and act as a man can do who is startled out of a dream, but then his action was only like that of an awakened dreamer, sudden, swiit, decided by chance, or impulse, or accident. From his point of view, if he were not to risk a mere ignoble exposure, there was really nothing left for him but some sudden and striking close of his whole career. The curtain had to fall comehow, and it was characteristic of Montana that he should have preferred to bring it down in a way which would leave the close

of the drama a mystery. Mellssa bore the news when it was made known to her with much greater composure than might have been expected. She persisted in saying that she knew it would be so, that from the morning when she looked out in the dawn she knew that Montana was gone from her forever. "It could not end happily," she said ; " there could be no happiness come out of it for him or for me, and it is better for me as it is. Now I shall have him always with me. Nothing can change him or take him away from me any more."

Mere despair had with her taken, the place of fortitude or of Christian rasignation. She rejused to listen to any words of consolation, and cared nothing for sympathy. "I have to live;" she said, "and I must

only put up with it." To her father she ence said, with a wan,

wild smile, "Don't be afraid that I shall do anything to myself. I had rather live, dear, ever so much. I might find out if I died, in the other world you know, that he did not care about me any more; 'so I'd rather live and keep him always with me here."

And so Montana disappeared. Nothing was even heard of him again. The common accepted bellef, which no one who had resson to think otherwise ever cared to discredit, was that he had merely slipped "over the side of the steamer somehow, and been drowned. To none except to Olement and Geraldine To none except to Olement and Geraldine and Aquitaine did it occur to think that the tsot had been the deliberate and dramatic that a material solution is in stated, was the largest close of a mysterious career. But among purchaser,

Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists

Since Wolsey, 1533, the following British and Irish Cardinals have been created : Fisher, 1535; Beaton, 1546; Pole, 1558; Allan, 1594; Howard, 1694; Norris, 1704; York 1807; Erskine, 1811; Weld, 1837; Acton, 1847; Wiseman, 1865; Oullen, 1878; Manning, Howard, Newman, Maccabe.

Smart Weed and Belladonna combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters make Oarter's S. W. & B. Backache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

FOR 30 YEARS

The dark-eved and lovely daughters of Spanish America have used MUBBAY & LANMAN'S FLOBIDA WATEB as their only cosmetic and tollet perfome. It is the most fragrant, as well as the most lasting of all Floral Waters, and possesses retreshing and invigorating properties not contained in any other pre-

Dr. Hawkins, ex-Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, who died lately, aged 95, had the distinction of being in his day the best hated head of a house in that university, more especially in his own college.

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS,"

Dr. R. V. PIEBOB, Buffalo, N.Y. :- Dean Sir-I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from fomale complaints, especially "dragging down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the Favorite Prescription," and 1 never had anything do me so much good in my li'e. I advise every sick lady to take it.

	-	MES EMILY RHOADS,
140	ť	MoBrides, Mich.

In a running race in New York last evenlog, Thomas Delaney, of the Grammercy Athletic Olub, beat George, the English champion, by 58 seconds, and also the best amateur record.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills .- In all outward complaints a desperate effort should be made to at once remove these annoving infirmities, and of establishing a cure. The remarkable remedies discovered by Professor Holloway will Patisfactorily accomplish this desirable result, without any of those dangers or drawbacks which attend the old method of treating ulcerative inflammations, scrotulous affections, and scorbutic annovances. The most timid invalids may use both the Ointment and Pills with the utmost safety with certain success, provided a moderate attention be bestowed on their accompanying "Directions." Both the preparations southe, heal, and pully. The one assists the other most materially in effecting cures and renewing strength by helping exhausted nature just when she need such succor.

"Father-"

"Do not interrupt me, you will answer ster. Your superfluous wants grow in proportion as they were satisfied. You took me upon the weak side of affection and paternal vanity, and since then I have been nothing more to you than the purveyor of your wants, aye, the accomplice of your faults. But one can stop anywhere, even on the decline of a hill. I see the abyss, I would escape it, and I feel you are rushing into it. I have purchased your borses, paid your debts, and it is enough. The banker is no more. The father can be found at your plea-sure; all that is necessary is a change of life: But I will not be content with promisser. I want facts."

"Commande me, father," said Xavier, de-

jectedly. "You have incurred other debts?"

"Their total amount is-"

" About twenty thousand francs."

" Let us add five for the about," said Pome real, marking the figures on a sheet of paper.

"I gave orders to an upholsterer to have my apartments refitted and my furniture renewed."

"Furniture only five years in use? Well can constermand the order, and if need be indemnify the upholsterer. As for the thirty thousand france due to other creditore, the sale of your stable will suffice for that.' "What sell my horses ?" orled Xavier.

" Yes, at the Tattersall next week."

" But they will say I am ruined."

"I prefer that to being ruined myselt."

"And to-day's debt?" orled Xavier anxiously.

"You must make some arrangement about H."

" Make arrangements for a gambling debt, father? Oan you dream of such a thing? Why, it is sacred. My honor is at stake."

"Sacred debt, honor !" oried M. Pomer ul : "truly you have a singular way of altering the meaning of words." Why, I ask you, is a gambling debt more snowd than any other? Is it because gambling is in itself a vice? For my part, sir, 'I hold that debt truly second which I incur towards a tradesman struggling for his livelihood, or a workman

the father gravely, "go to rest and me early. I want to speak to you" "go to rest and come 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 misjortune comes upon this house."

CHAPTEE III.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE BLACK CAP.

In the very heart of Paris, near the quays and bordering upon the river, in the broad light of day and in a 'pleasant neighborhood is a street or rather a narrow lane, through the centre of which runs a muddy stream and where high dark walls shut out the rays of the sun. The Rue Git-le-Cour, one of the oldest streets in that ancient Paris which has disappeared under the progress of modern | for silver." improvements, remained what it was in the the watch might enable honest citizens of Paris to sleep in peace.

About half way down this street, some four years before this story opens, stood a squalid got it." shop, full of rubbish, rusty iron, broken or "How mended china, old clothes, curtains roady to Methusalem ?" asked Est-de-Cave. fill into dust, copper vessels covered with verdigris, instruments of all trades which men may lawfully and openly pursue.

We say lawfully and openly, for in dark corners of the room were-huge bunches of keys of every conceivable form, finely pointor articles which were seldom called for in night, or pick up any cigar ends?" any other language than that of slang:

Father Methassiem, who owed his furname to his indefinite age, was, within the memory bolts had ceased to work, the ancient stove smoked, and yet there spreared in white letters on a black board, placed just above the entrance door, the sign, "Pension Bourgeoise." These words set us thinking. What sort of kitchen could there be in the underground depths of this extraordinary structure? Who

could be the customers of such a table a hote? In the middle of a large room stood a deal

table, stained with wine and gravy, cut and hacked by the knives of the boarders and set at the time when ,we entered with chipped plates, woodsn spoons and iron torks. There were no knives, as the guests usually brought their own. ' Pewter mugs stood before each plate. Benchos served for seats. There was but one chair in the room ; it marked the place reserved for Father Methusalem.

A dark, winding staircase with rickety steps a debt you drive the one to insolvency, the formed into a kitchen. Upon a long range

was known as Rat-de Cave. "I have six silver forks and spoons which Providence has | tive. thrown in my way; they are first class and should sell for twenty-three centimes the gram, but they might get one into trouble. People who forget these things on their dirtheaps, dare to claim them before the magistrates, sometimes, but I'll not give them the chance. Once melted up, silver never reappears except in the pocket. Will you oblige me by making these into ingote, Father Methusalem ?"

With pleasure, comrade, with pleasure," said the old man, "but we must be quick about melting it, and you about selling it. Several silver mines have been discovered near Valparalso, a pick is put into the earth, and presto, the metal gleams. So sliver is going down in the Parisian market."

"Bab," said Bat-de Cave, "there is a tariff

"There is a tariff, true ; but just take your middle ages. But little more and it would ingots to the mint, my lad, and see what require to have an iron chain stretched at price they will offer you. It is a fine estabeither extremity of it, which together with lishment, we must not speak ill of our neighbors; but suspicious, inquisitive, meddling; one cannot go there with an ounce of gold but they must know precisely where he

> "How much will you pay for ellver, then, "Sixty five centimes the gram," said Methu-

saleni, "and I lose on it, it is merely to oblige a customer."

Bat-de-Cave shook his head, incredulously. "And you, Pomme d'Api," seked Methu-salem addressing a boy about fourteen ed chisels, files of exquisite perfection, pin-cers that were masterpleces in their kind, in betrayed an early acquaintance with fine, a whole collection of disavowed articles | vice, " did you open meny carriage doors last

"I should think so," said the boy, proudry, " there was a beautiful actress; a piece, the Drame de la Missre,' the play began at three of a whole generation of men, siready old o'clock; there was a crush and a crowd, no when he became proprietor of this shop and one looked out for his pocket. But the all its belongings. These belongings, be coming out was beat of all, the street was ginning by a court dark as Erebus, gloomy packed, every one wanted carriages at the as a prison gate, ended in a building for the same time. I had ten of my men ready to construction of which Father Methusalem my orders. When one of them told me the bad made use of the most heterogeneous eles | carriage was ready, I ran to open the door. ments." Wood and mortar had the principal | I helped my lady in, I assisted a stort gentle. share in it. The doors and windows had man, and nearly every time, a fan, a lace neither torm, proportion, nor equilibrium. handkerchief, or a place of jewelry remained Beveral panes in the window were supplied in my hands. Mere Fanficne got the best of by greasy paper; hipges creaked, window me, but it's all one, I don't complain. I love pretty notresses, as much at least as the great people do." "So Mother Fanfiche had all the profits

of the sale?"

"I kept whatever I could for you."

"And what do you want now ?" "A complete costume of velvet, with shoes

and hat to match."

"You have some plan in your head ?" said Methusalem.

"I am going to the ball at Vauxball," said Pomme d'Api, "and I must be smart ; there is no smuggling in in white blouses there ; it is near the Custom House."

"I say, Pomme 'd'Api," said Bat-de-Cave, "be gallant, and take the Naine there, so that you will have a dancer ready to hand." The Naine's eyes flashed, and she replied,

"I'd have you to know that I want none

Cap!" said he in a sonorous voice. This was the signal; every one of the

guests immediately put on a similar head "I do," said a man of ferocious aspect, who | gear, and once bearing this passport, became mutually confidential and communica-

"Have you dined, Fleur d'Echafaud ?" asked the Naine of the new-comer.

" No, bring me whatever you like, only see that it is good, and in a private room. Batde-Cave will keep me company."

"Willingly," anewered Bat-de-Oave.

"What," cried Methusalem, "concealment from the Father of the Knights of the Black Cap !"

"You will know all in a day or two, old man," said the new comer.

"Agreed, I permit the consultation."

The Naine soon appeared, with a beefsteak delicionsly cooked, saind and a bottle of wine. She laid the table in a neighboring room, and Bat-do-Cave was soon closeted there with his hopeful assuciate.

The latter, whom they called by the name of Fleur d'Echafaud (Gallows-Flowor), was a good-looking, well-made youth, carefully dressed and intelligent. His face was a perfect oval, his eyes were blue, and not as yet dimmed by late hours, his brows finely pencilled and delicately arched. If his lips were somewhat too thin, they had a trick of smiling pleasantly. His hands were white, his feet small. His heir, reddish in color, showed to advantage the delicacy of his complexion. Everything about him indicated a man who had led an easy life, and whose habits would seem to have led him far from the moticy assemblage by which he had been so rapturously roceived.

"Well, young un," said the old thiel, " I smell a rat."

"You are pot mistaken, devil's limb," said the other.

" What's the game ?"

"A hundred thousand france to divide."

"And the danger?"

" The danger is little."

"All right then, youngster, the game's worth the risk."

Meanwhile the Naine from a convenient corner listened quite as attentively as did Rat-de-Oave, while his associate continued as follows :

" Here it is, then," said Fleur d'Echafaud : "my master, Antoine Pomereul, had a visitt the other day from his great friend, Nicols, the banker. I met him by chance in the hall, and struck by the expression of his face, concluded that there was a secret on foot. So as soon he had been ushered in, I listened to every word of his interview with my master. We can so easily make other people's affairs our own. I learned, then, to my great surprise that the banker Nicols, having been im prudent at the Bourse, ran the risk of being found out, and came to borrow a hundred thousand france from the millionaire. To do M. Pomereul justice, he is goodness and honesty itself; be treats me, bis secretary, as kindly as he does his son, M. Xavier. I was not therefore surprised to hear him promise the money to his friend, and I determined to profit by this circumstance. I have been three years in his bouse, and have had time to take the form of every key, and to have the most important ones duplicated. M. Pomercul got the money at two o'clock today. To-night it will rest quietly in his safe, and we must take it from there."

(Continued on Third Page.)