

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-and-water?"

"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 francs 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!" said Xavier, wildly, and as he spoke approaching his father's desk.

"Wretch, do you threaten me?" said M. Pomereul rising.

Just as the father and son stood thus face to face, the one livid with rage, the other justly indignant, the study door was suddenly opened and Sabine, with a cry of horror, rushed between them. Xavier pushed her away, and the young girl weeping threw her arms around her father's neck. He gently 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 sadden by a violent scene this day of my betrothal. Beg father's pardon, for you must be wrong. He is goodness itself."

Xavier remained silent and morose.