





# POOR DOCUMENT

## FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every day except on Sundays, and mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Advertisements such as Wanted, Lost, Found, Houses to Rent, Etc., one dollar first insertion, five cents each subsequent insertion. Local Notices ten cents per line first insertion, five cents each subsequent insertion. Births and Marriages fifty cents each insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application. All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to FREDERICTON GLOBE.

## Fredericton Globe

A. J. MACHEUN, Publisher and Proprietor.  
FREDERICTON, N. B., AUG 18, 1892.

## THE ST. JOHN FERRY.

Of course anything contained in the Coast will not go a great distance among the people for whom we write this article specially, but one would suppose that our namesake in St. John and its contemporaries would be more alive than they appear, to a subject which is of far more importance to their readers than this overrating expenditure of ink upon what improvements, grain elevators, harbour commissions and such like painful and impalpable topics, viz: a bridge from one shore to the other at or near Navy Island. The cost of running the ferry, according to the papers is \$25,000 a year, out of which deduct the amount of toll collected, about one half—so that the city is running into debt about \$12,000 every year. The fare for crossing is one cent to a single passenger, and yet the West side people are not satisfied—nothing but a free passage is their demand, according as they set up as part of the conditions for making certain concessions on the close amalgamation of the three towns. Now the question is can a bridge be built at the mouth of the river without interfering with navigation? Why not? If the upper end of the great city of New York can be crossed at a dozen places on the harbor side, by the use of draws which are constantly opening and closing on account of the great number of vessels passing through, surely a draw can be made at Navy Island to admit the few wheelboats and other craft passing up and down in a day? Now can an iron bridge be constructed there? Why not? To a layman the topographical features of the country in the vicinity on both sides of the water do not appear impracticable! Then, the cost. If we remember correctly the cost was set down by engineers at a quarter of a million—a large amount no doubt for a small city already largely involved in undertakings just assumed in the wharf building. But the question if in the last of the city is \$12,000 a year for running the ferry, would not this amount provide interest enough at 4 per cent to warrant the building of a bridge to cost a quarter of a million upon which a railway would be placed for the running of which a large amount would be charged to the company; rent which would yield handsome, as it would have a monopoly of conveying a large population daily from either side. Of course the bridge would be free to foot passengers and for freight. Then the ferry boats could be leased at a nominal sum to any one of a speculative nature and for the benefit of those who may still wish to cross in the old fashioned way. How is it that the press of St. John don't devote its energies in this direction? Nobody talks bridge and perhaps being one of the poor people know about the necessity more than we do. But to us the whole thing is as plain as that two and two make four.

## PROHIBITION.

During the past week the commission appointed by the Dominion Government to inquire into the opinion of the country on the question of prohibition, have been holding sittings in the city of St. John, and to-day begin their work here. What great benefit the country is to derive from this inquiry is not at all plain; indeed it seems to be more evident every day that the whole thing is a ridiculous expense placed upon the taxpayers of the country, at a time when the country is anything but in a position to pay for nonsense. To one who has read the evidence so far taken, needs no further information in order to see what a farce the whole business is. At each inquiry both the temperance and anti-temperance call witnesses who testify for the most part on matters of opinion and imagination, and when the examination is concluded the commissions have before them a conglomeration of evidence which the most patient man in the country wouldn't bother about reading. When the commission shall have finished their duties the government will have placed before them, what ought to be termed carloads upon carloads of a mixture of stuff from which no opinion whatever can be ascertained, and the country in a better position as regards the opening of prohibition than it has ever been. However, if the commission is a burden upon the taxpayers, there are some who will derive great benefits from it. In the

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

### Running Comments on Passing Events.

### Sundry Ebulitions in Prose and Verse.

### How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Working.

He had travelled through Sahara, braved the dangers of the Nile; Defeated enraged Mussulmans and died on a cross; knew everything of politics, religion and the law; Could box and fence and scull a race, and please his mother-in-law. In short, had all accomplishments of men both great and wise, But he couldn't run a business, for he won't advertise.

## A DISCOVERY.

We read in an American paper that a young French chemist and electrician, is credited with a discovery for which, the electrical world has been looking for some time to Edison. Some being transmitting by telephone, he argued by strict analogy that light might be transmitted also. As a telephone consists of a transmitter, wire and receiver, there was reason to believe that these organs might be used for transmitting light vibrations as well as those of sound. For this purpose it would be necessary to prepare the transmitter and receiver chemically for receiving and giving out light instead of sound. This was accomplished by substituting photographic plates for the ordinary telephone plates. One of the plates was placed in front of the transmitter through which the image was cast, this image forwarded by wire and received on a plate at the other end. The first apparatus was very imperfect, but the principle, the chemist says has been established and the result is only a matter of patient and careful experiment. The old joke of photographing by telegraph bids fair to develop into a reality, and one of the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. We can reproduce instantaneously and at an indefinite distance the accurate likeness of any object, what a field it opens to science and art, as well as the maintenance of the law and justice. An object of great value to science, for example is discovered, and it is desirable that the discovery be made known to the world as soon as possible. All that need be done is to accompany the description which is telegraphed the word over with a photograph transmitted in the same way or by telephoto, and the world shares at once the knowledge of the discovery. We suppose that a desperate criminal makes his escape, as happened in Montreal recently, within a few hours at most his telephoto photograph would have been in the possession of the authorities of every city or county within a radius of a hundred miles and his escape here rendered practically impossible. One cannot comprehend the uses to which telephotography may be put after it has attained perfection. We always find at a genuine discovery develops needs and wants, and that uses for it make their appearance of which we could not have dreamed. It is this chemist can work out his discovery and get it into perfect running order, or if Edison can take up his idea and develops, the world will find so many uses for it that it will come to be deemed an indispensable as the telephone or the telegraph.

## GLADSTONE'S GOVERNMENT.

Intimations are thrown out that the Irish party in the House of Commons will endeavor to force Gladstone to take home rule and make it the issue at once. It is not at all unreasonable to suppose that this may be Gladstone's programme, but should he do so, it may be taken for granted he will have his cloth out to suit the garment and that he will make himself perfectly safe by such a step. The Conservatives look for an early dissolution of parliament, owing, as they say, to the conflicting interests of the majority which lacks the cohesive force necessary when the margin of votes is a narrow one, but it is safe to predict that the new government will last fully as long as the one about to go out of existence. Said a poet to an unfortunate speaker: 'Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, "Break, break, break," are plaintive and sad?' 'Yes,' was his melancholy reply. 'But I think that broke, broke, broke, is a good deal sadder.' 'Father,' said a lady to her indolent spouse as he resumed his pipe a few seconds after he had been asked to give up smoking. 'You must buy me dear George's English grammar and spelling book. She has gone through her Latin, French, singing, music drawing and dancing and now she commences her English studies.'

## JOB PRINTING

Neatly and Promptly done at the GLOBE office.

## THOUSANDS-IN REWARDS

### The Great Weekly Competition of the Ladies' Home Magazine.

Which word in this advertisement spells the same Backwards as Forward? This is a rare opportunity for every Madam and Miss, every Father and Son, to secure a splendid Prize.

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, and each week during 1892 will get \$200; the second correct answer \$100; third \$50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five silver silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from \$25 down to \$2. Every correct answer, irrespective of whether it is a man or woman, will get a special prize, competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be their authority in every case.

NOTE.—We want half a million subscribers and to secure them we propose to give away rewards one half our income. Therefore, in one half the total receipts during any week exceed the cash value of the prizes, such excess will be added pro rata to the prizes. If the reverse, a pro rata discount will be made.

REFERENCES.—THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE is published by the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE CO., Peterborough, Canada. Terms: "A splendid paper, and unusually strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Toronto (Canada) Register. Address all letters to THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada.

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## ICE CREAM

AND  
ICE  
CREAM  
SODA

## G. F. WILKES'

Our line of Confectionery comprises: Choice Mixtures, Chocolates, Creams.

Fruit! Fruit!! Fruit!!!  
A complete assortment of Cigars in stock.

## 6TH HALF-YEARLY COMPETITION.

The Most Interesting Contest Ever Offered by the Canadian Agriculturalist.

One Thousand Dollars in Cash, a pair of handsome Sutherland Point, Carriage and Harness, and over two thousand other valuable prizes for the Agriculturalist's brightest readers! Who will have them? Arriving in the usual course for some years past the publishers of THE AGRICULTURIST now offer their Sixth Half-Yearly Literary Competition. This great competition will, no doubt, be the most successful yet. Prizes will be given to the people of the United States and Canada.

One Thousand Dollars in cash will be paid to the person sending in the largest list of English words constructed from letters in the words "The Canadian Agriculturalist."

Prizes of \$1000 in cash will be given to the second largest list.

A handsome pair of Sutherland Point, Carriage and Harness, will be given for the third largest list.

As there are more than 1,000 prizes, any one who takes the trouble to prepare an original list will not fail to receive a valuable prize. This is the biggest thing in the competition line that we have ever placed before the public, and all who do not take part will miss an opportunity of a life time.

Rules.—1. Entries cannot be used after that it appears in the words "The Canadian Agriculturalist." 2. Words having more than one meaning will not be counted. 3. Names of places and persons cannot be used. 4. Errors will not invalidate a list—the wrong words will simply not be counted.

Each list must contain one dollar to pay for six months' subscription to "The Agriculturalist." If two or more lists, the larger list which bears the earliest postmark will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes in order of merit. United States money and stamps taken at par.

The object in offering these magnificent prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new houses, in every part of the American continent.

Every competitor enclosing 50 cents in Lamps extra, will receive free, by mail, postpaid, one to "The Canadian Agriculturalist" Elegant Souvenir Spoons of Canada.

Prizes awarded to persons residing in the United States will be shipped from our New York office free of duty. All money letters should be registered.

Our Former Competition.—We have given away \$25,000 in prizes during the last two years, and have thousands of letters from prize-winners in every state in the union and every part of Canada and Newfoundland.

Lord Kilgourie A. D. C., to the Governor General of Canada, writes: "I shall recommend my friends to enter your competitions." M. M. Brandon, Vancouver, B. C., received \$1,000 in gold! and he holds his receipt for same. A few of the prize winners: Miss J. Robinson, Toronto, \$1,500; J. Brandon, Glenora, Ont., \$1,200; David Harrison, Green, N. Y., \$500; H. Davis, St. Louis, Mo., \$300; Jas. Baptist, West Duluth, Minn., \$500; Miss Georgia Robinson, Oak St., Brooklyn, \$1,000; Fred H. Hills, 359 State St., Bridgeport, Conn., and thousands of others.

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## JOHN H. FLEMING.

LIVERY

152 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

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## Grand Promenade

AND

## Remnant Sale!

AT

## EDGECOMBE'S.

"Everybody Invited,  
Nobody Slighted."

On the morning of Wednesday, August 10th at 10 o'clock

a Banquet of Good Things will be laid on the Counters.

Remnants from All Departments accumulating since Our Sale in January.

On the following Saturday in the Gents' department we will sell Underwear, Shirts, Scarfs, Braces, etc.

WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.

Fred. B. Edgecombe.

June 16—92—1y.

## HATS & CAPS

A COMPLETE LINE AT

## J. H. FLEMING'S,

222 Queen Street.

## NEW GOODS

ARRIVING DAILY AT

## Dever Bros.

NEW DRESS GOODS

Cheviots, Beaufort Cordes, Henriettas, Cashmeres, Serges, Homespun and Wool Fabrics in the Latest Colorings.

AT

## DEVER BROS.

## SAVE Your Dollars

We are selling Boots and Shoes cheaper than ever before offered in this city. You can judge for yourself by seeing our stock and prices.

Our expenses are small and we sell for Small Profits.

TERMS CASH.

Men's Long Boots Wholesale and Retail at

## N. HARRIS'S

Cor. York & King Sts.

Repairing Promptly Done.

## SEEDS!

THE LARGEST STOCK AND BEST VARIETY IN THE CITY IS AT THE

## Drug Store

OF

## DAVIS, STAPLES & CO.

## "IMPERIAL HALL."

JUST RECEIVED!

A Fine Line of English, Scotch, Irish and German Suitings, which will be made up at the lowest prices.

THOMAS STANGER,

280 QUEEN STREET.

## MISS WILLIAMS, Milliner.

Feathers, Flowers, Laces Trimmings, etc.

All the Latest Spring BONNETS MADE TO ORDER

228 QU-EN STREET,

## Molasses, Codfish, Soda, Pork,

FOR SALE LOW.

## A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

228 QU-EN STREET,







# POOR DOCUMENT

## THE FLOWER GIRLS —OF— Marseilles!

(Continued.)

Philippe felt himself lost, and his irritated pride restored his courage. If he had been armed, he would have defended himself. Then he said to himself that he was not an abductor, that Blanche had chosen to follow and marry him, and that, after all, the shame in the matter was not for him. At this he angrily pushed open the shutter, demanding what was wanted.

"Open the door for us," commanded the commissaire. "We will tell you afterwards what we want."

Philippe came down the wooden ladder and opened the door.

"Are you the Sieur Philippe Cayrol?" asked the commissaire.

"Yes," answered the young man firmly. "I am the Sieur Philippe Cayrol."

"You have carried off a young girl under sixteen years of age, who should be hidden with you."

Philippe smiled disdainfully.

"The former Mademoiselle Blanche de Cazalis, who is now my wife, is up stairs, said he. 'She can declare if there has been violence on my part. I know not what you mean in talking of abduction. I shall, this very day, throw myself at the feet of M. de Cazalis and ask his sanction of his niece's marriage with me.' Blanche, pale and trembling, descended the ladder. She had hastily dressed herself.

"Mademoiselle," said the commissaire to her, "I have orders to take you to your uncle, who is waiting for you at Aix. He is in tears."

"I am very sorry that I displeased my uncle," replied Blanche, with a certain firmness, "but no one must accuse M. Cayrol whom I followed and married of my own free will."

"And, turning towards the young man, moved, ready to sob, he said:

"Hope Philippe," continued she; "I love you and will supplicate my uncle to be good to us. Our separation will last only a few days."

Philippe looked at her with a sorrowful air, shaking his head.

"You are a timid and weak child," said he, slowly.

Then he added in a harsh tone:

"Remember only that you are my wife, that you belong to me through the flesh and through the heart. If you desert me every hour of your life the remembrance of me will torment you; you will always feel on your lips the fiery stamp of my kisses, and that shall be your punishment."

Blanche wept.

"Love me as I love you," resumed the young man in a milder voice.

The commissaire put Blanche into a carriage, which he had sent for, and conducted her to Aix, while the two gendarmes took Philippe and led him to the prison of that town.

CHAPTER VII.

BLANCHE TURNS AGAINST PHILIPPE.

The news of the arrest did not reach Marseilles until the following day. It caused a tremendous sensation. In the afternoon M. de Cazalis was seen to pass with his niece over the Canneliers. Gossip ran wild; everybody talked of the deputy's triumphant attitude, of Blanche's embarrassment and blushes. M. de Cazalis was the man to exhibit the young girl throughout all Marseilles, in order to let the people know that she was again under his control.

Marius, notified in the morning by Fine, had hurried about the city for hours. The public voice confirmed the news; he was able to seize on the wing all the details of the arrest. The fact, in a brief space, had become legendary, and the shop-keepers and corner idlers related it as if it had been a marvellous story of a century before. The young man, weary of hearing these idle tales, went to his office, his head aching, not knowing upon what to decide.

Unfortunately, M. Marville was absent and would not return until the following evening. Marius felt the necessity of acting sooner; he wished at once to take some steps which would reassure him in regard to his brother's fate. His fears consequent upon the reception of the news had, however, somewhat subsided; he had reflected that, after all, his brother could not be accused of abduction, and that Blanche would be on hand to defend him at any moment. He innocently arrived at the belief that he ought to visit M. de Cazalis to demand of him, in his brother's name, his sanction to Philippe's marriage with his niece.

The next morning, he dressed himself in a complete suit of black and was descending the stairs, when Fine presented herself according to her custom. The poor girl grew deadly pale when Marius informed her of the object of his errand.

"Will you let me accompany you?" asked she, in a supplicating tone. "I will await in the street the answer of the young lady's uncle."

She followed Marius. On reaching the Cours Bonaparte, the young man entered the deputy's house with a firm step and caused himself to be announced.

M. de Cazalis' blind rage had abated. He held his vengeance. He was about to demonstrate the greatness of his power by crushing one of those liberals whom he detested. He now desired only to taste the cruel joy of playing with his prey. He ordered M. Carus Cayrol to be admitted. He expected tears and ardent supplications.

The young man found him in the centre of a large salon, standing with a haughty and implacable air. He advanced towards him, and, without giving him time to speak, said, in a calm and polite tone:

"Monsieur, I have the honor to ask you in the name of my brother, M. Philippe Cayrol, for your sanction to the marriage between him and Mademoiselle Blanche de Cazalis your niece."

The deputy was literally thunderstruck.

He could not get angry, so grotesquely extravagant did Marius' demand seem to him. Dressing back, staring the young man in the face and laughing disdainfully he answered:

"You are mad, Monsieur. I am aware that you are a hard-working and honest fellow, and that is the reason I do not order my servants to put you out of the house. Your brother is a scoundrel, a knave who will be punished according to his deserts. What do you want of me?"

Marius, on hearing his brother-in-law's feline, precise desire to fall like a clown upon the noble personage and beat him with his fists. He restrained himself and continued, in a voice which began to tremble with emotion:

"I have told you what I want, Monsieur. I came here to ask Mademoiselle de Cazalis the only reparations possible—a legal marriage sanctioned by you. Thus the wrong that has been done her will be obliterated."

"We are above wrong!" cried the deputy, contemptuously. "There is no shame for Blanche de Cazalis in having been seduced by a fellow like Philippe Cayrol, but there would be shame for her in allying herself with such people as you. I will never consent that marriage, which, without my sanction is null and void."

"Such people as we are have other ideas in regard to honor. But I do not insist, duty alone dictates to me the offer of reparations which you refuse. Permit me only to add that your niece is not, without doing me wrong upon a different course, if I had the honor of addressing myself to her."

"Do you think so?" said M. de Cazalis, in a strong tone.

He rang and ordered his niece to be brought thither immediately. Blanche entered, pale, her eyes red. She looked as if riven by too severe agonies. On perceiving Marius, she trembled.

"Mademoiselle," said her uncle coldly, "is a gentleman who formally asks for your hand in the name of the infamous wretch whom I forbear to mention elsewhere in your presence. Tell the scoundrel what you told me yesterday."

Blanche wavered. She dared not look at Marius. With eyes fixed upon her uncle, all in a tremble, she murmured, in a sitting and feeble voice:

"I did not know I was seduced by violence, and forced into a marriage, and that I would use every effort to obtain punishment for the odious wrong of which I was the victim."

"If you were seduced like a honest girl, following the example of St. Peter, Blanche denied her Lord."

M. de Cazalis had not lost his time. He meant his niece was in his power; he ought to bear upon her all his prejudice and all his pride. He realized that she alone could make him win the game that was before him. He struck the girl's hand, that she should stifle the news and the cries of her heart, that she should be a yielding and passive instrument in his hands.

For four hours he poured cold and sharp words into her ears. He did not commit the imprudence of showing anger. He spoke with crushing haughtiness, reminding her of the antiquity of her race, talking of his power and his fortune. He displayed exquisite cunning, stretching on one side the picture of a rich and great marriage. He attacked the young girl through her coquetry, her vanity, her appetite for luxury and her love of life; he fatigued her, broke her spirit, and rendered her what he wished her to be—supple and inert.

After this long interview, this long war of wits, Blanche was completely prostrated, under her uncle's overwhelming words, her patrician blood as last repressed at the remembrance of Philippe's brutal caresses, perhaps, her childish vanity was aroused at the mention of luxurious toiles, honors of all kinds and worldly delights. Besides, her husband was weak, her heart too cowardly, to resist the deputy's terrible will. Each phrase uttered by M. de Cazalis had struck her, crushed her, filled her with dolorous anxiety. She had loved, followed and married Philippe through weakness; now she had turned against him also through weakness; she was still the same timid and inexperienced one. She had accepted everything. She had signed everything. She had been eager to escape from the suffocating weight which her uncle's discourse had heaped upon her.

When Marius heard her make her strange declaration, he stood stupefied, filled with horror. He recalled the young girl's attitude at the house of the gardener Arasse, he saw her hanging about Philippe's neck, faint, trusting, and loving.

"All Mademoiselle," cried he, bitterly, "the odious wrong of which you were the victim appeared to exasperate you less the day you begged me with clasped hands to implore your uncle's pardon and consent. Have you reflected that your falsehood will cause the ruin of the man whom, perhaps, you still love and who is your husband in the sight of God?" Blanche, rigid, her lips pressed together, stared vaguely before her.

"I know not what you mean," answered she, hesitatingly. "I have told no falsehood. I yielded to force. That man deceived and wronged me, and my uncle will avenge the honor of our family."

"Do you wish me to accompany you to his home?" asked he, suddenly.

Marius, who had noticed his brother's hesitation, strove to refuse; but the old man was resolved; he no longer heeded his personal peace; he wished to content his duty.

"Come," resumed he. "The Abbe Donald has lives but a short distance from here—on the Boulevard de la Cordiere."

After a few minutes' walk, the Abbe Donald stopped in front of a small two-story house, one of those close and discreet houses which have a vague air of mystery.

"This is the place," said he to Marius. "An aged serving woman answered their summons and introduced them into a little study with bookshelves, which resembled an austere library."

The Abbe Donald received them with surprise. His pale face, full of cunning and indicative of trickery, did not

betray the least astonishment. He offered chairs with a cooling gesture, half bent, half smiling, doing the honors of his study as a woman would do the honors of her toilet chamber.

He wore a long black robe, loose at the waist. He had a coquettish look in that plain costume; his white and delicate hands emerged as small as a woman's from broad sleeves, and his shaven viage maintained a tender freshness amid the cleanest curls of his hair. He appeared to be about thirty.

He seated himself in an arm-chair and listened, with smiling gravity, to what Marius had to say. He made him repeat the details of the flight of Philippe and Blanche; the narrative seemed to interest him infinitely.

The Abbe Donald was born at Rome. He had an uncle a cardinal. One fine day, that uncle sent him hurriedly to France, without people ever discovering exactly why. On his arrival, the handsome abbe was compelled to enter the little seminary of Aix as professor of lowing languages. A situation so low down in the hierarchy imposed upon him such a point that he fell ill.

The cardinal was moved and recommended his nephew to the Bishop of Marseilles. He was named M. de Cazalis. He entered Saint Victor, and, as the Abbe Chastanier innocently remarked, had won everybody's love in a few months. His quick wit, his nature and his mild, rosy face made him the delight of the demure lady "votes of the parish." He triumphed particularly when in the pulpit; his slight accent gave a strange charm to his sermons, and when he opened his arms, he imparted to his listeners a certain glow which melted the congregation to tears.

Like almost all Italians, he was born for intrigue. He used and abused his uncle's recommendation to the Bishop of Marseilles. Soon he was a power, a hidden power which tells beneath the surface and opens pits for the steps of those who wish to rid itself of it. He became a member of a religious society; all-powerful in Marseilles, and, by his suppleness in smiling and bowing, imposed upon his colleagues and made himself the head of a party. Then, he mixed himself up with every event, glided into all affairs, and he who had named M. de Cazalis to be named deputy, and he was awaiting a suitable opportunity to remain of his payment for his services. His plan was to work for the success of the rich; later, when he had merited their gratitude, he contented upon the kindness of their turn to advance his own fortune.

He questioned Marius with complacency; he seemed from his attention, from the kindness of his reception, to be altogether disposed to aid him in his work of deliverance. The young man allowed himself to be trapped by the amiable mildness of his manner; he opened his heart to him, told him his projects and admitted that the clergy alone could save his niece. Fine's plan was to open the eyes of the influence with Marseilles. Then the Abbe Donald arose and, in a tone of austere pleasantry, said:

To be continued.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLOWERS GIRLS.

When, in the evening, Marius related to M. de Cazalis the interview he had had with M. de Cazalis, the shipowner said to him, shaking his head:

"I know what you mean; to give you my friend, I do not wish to fill you with despair, but rest assured that you will be vanquished. It is your duty to engage in the struggle, and I will second you as best I may. Let us admit, however, between ourselves, that we are weak and disarmed in face of an adversary who has on his side the clergy and the nobility. Marseilles and Aix, and these two cities are entirely devoted to a deputy of the opposition who make terrible war on M. Thiers. They will aid M. de Cazalis in his vengeance; I speak of the leaders, the people will help us if they can help any one. Our best plan would be to win to our cause an influential member of the clergy. Do you not know some priest in the neighborhood?"

Marius answered that he knew the Abbe Chastanier, a poor old fellow who was completely powerless.

"No matter, see him," said the shipowner. "The citizen cannot help us; the nobility would thrust us ignominiously into the street; if we asked favors of them, the church remains. It is there we must knock. Take the matter in hand; I will see you on my side."

Marius, the next day, went to Saint Victor. The Abbe Chastanier received him with a sort of terrified embarrassment.

"Do not ask anything of me?" cried he, at the young man's first words. "It is known that I have already meddled with this affair, and I have received grave reproaches. As I have told you, I am only a poor man; I can do nothing but pray God."

The humble attitude of the old priest touched Marius. He was about to depart when the abbe retained him and said, in a low tone:

"Listen: there is a man here, the Abbe Donald, who could be useful to you. It is said that he stands on the best footing with Marseilles. He is a foreign priest, an Italian, I believe, who, in a few months, has won everybody's love."

The Abbe Chastanier passed, hesitating, seeming to interrogate himself. The worthy man thought that he was about to compromise himself terribly, but could not resist the sweet joy of rendering a service.

"Do you wish me to accompany you to his home?" asked he, suddenly.

Marius, who had noticed his brother's hesitation, strove to refuse; but the old man was resolved; he no longer heeded his personal peace; he wished to content his duty.

"Come," resumed he. "The Abbe Donald lives but a short distance from here—on the Boulevard de la Cordiere."

After a few minutes' walk, the Abbe Donald stopped in front of a small two-story house, one of those close and discreet houses which have a vague air of mystery.

"This is the place," said he to Marius. "An aged serving woman answered their summons and introduced them into a little study with bookshelves, which resembled an austere library."

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