BONNE-MARIE.

A Tale of Normandy and Paris.

BY HENRY GRÉVILLE.

AUTHOR OF "SAVÉLI'S EXPIATION," "PHILOMÈNE'S MARRIAGES," "MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER," "GABRIELLE," "A FRIEND," "DOSIA," "PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA," "SONIA."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY MARY NEAL SHERWOOD.

"Bonne-Marie," Henry Gréville's last work, will no doubt create a sensation, such is its freshness, beauty, and delicacy. It is the story of a young girl, the daughter of a smuggler in Normandy, on the coast of France. Having been educated in a Convent, at Cherbourg, she returns from school where her father had placed her, and struggles in spite of her discontent to do her duty in her humble home. She turns a deaf ear to a lover's pleading, and when her father is killed in a fray with the Coast-Guard, she leaves her home and goes to Paris to seek her fortune. The tale of her struggles with poverty, of her debut as a singer in one of the celebrated Cafés—where, after a great success, she loses her heart to an artist, is simply, powerfully and most pathetically told. What happens after we must leave the readers of this charming volume to discover for themselves, all of which is beautifully sketched, and the story from beginning to end is pure, fresh and breezy. Mrs. Sherwood's English in this translation is beyond all praise—it flows freely on from beginning to end.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

HENRY GRÉVILLE'S CELEBRATED NOVELS.

Bonne-Marie. A Tale of Normandy and Paris. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "Sonia," etc. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

"BONNE-MARIE" is a charming story, the scenes of which are laid in Normandy and Paris. It will no doubt create a sensation, such is its freshness, beauty, and delicacy.

Philomène's Marriages. From the French of "*Les Mariages de Philomène.*" *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "Gabrielle," etc.

The American edition of "PHILOMÈNE'S MARRIAGES," contains a Preface written by Henry Gréville, addressed to her American Readers, which is not in the French edition. *Translated in Paris, from Henry Gréville's manuscript, by Miss Helen Stanley.*

Pretty Little Countess Zina. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "A Friend," etc. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

Zina, the Countess, bears a certain resemblance to Dosia—that bewitching creature—in her dainty wilfulness, while the ward and cousin, Vassalissa, is an entire new creation.

Dosia. A Russian Story. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Bonne-Marie," "Savéli's Expiation," "Philomène's Marriages," "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Sonia," etc.

"DOSIA" has been crowned by the French Academy as the Prize Novel of the year. It is a charming story of Russian society, and is crisp, fresh and pure; while its fascination is powerful and legitimate. It is written with a rare grace of style, is brilliant, pleasing and attractive. "DOSIA" is an exquisite creation, and is pure and fresh as a rose.

Marrying Off a Daughter. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "Gabrielle," "A Friend," etc. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

"MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER" is gay, sparkling, and pervaded by a delicious tone of quiet humor, while the individuality of the characters is very marked. Suffice it to say, that "Marrying Off a Daughter" will be read and enjoyed by thousands.

A Friend; or, L'Ami. A Story of Every-Day Life. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Sonia," and "Savéli's Expiation." *Translated in Paris by Miss Helen Stanley.*

The story of "A FRIEND" is one of every-day life in Paris at the present day, and shows Henry Gréville's great talent and peculiar skill in the analysis of character. This tender and touching picture of French home-life will touch many hearts, as it shows how the love of a true and good woman will meet with its reward and triumph at last.

Sonia. A Russian Story. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation," "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Gabrielle," etc. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

"SONIA" is charming and refined, and is a powerful, graceful, domestic story, displaying the author's imaginative style and play of fancy, and is charmingly and most beautifully told—giving one a very distinct idea of every-day home life in Russia.

Savéli's Expiation. *By Henry Gréville.* A dramatic and powerful novel, and a pure love story. *Translated from the French, by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

"SAVÉLI'S EXPIATION" is one of the most dramatic and most powerful novels ever published, and although the character on which the plot rests is strongly drawn, it is not overdrawn, but is true to the times and situation. Powerful as it is, it is free from exaggeration, while a pathetic love story is presented for relief.

Gabrielle; or, The House of Maurèze. *Translated from the French of Henry Gréville*, who is the most popular writer in Europe at the present time.

"GABRIELLE; OR, THE HOUSE OF MAURÈZE," is a very thrilling and touching story, most skilfully told, and follows the life of the girl whose title it bears.

CONTENTS.

BONNE-MARIE.

BY HENRY GRÉVILLE.

AUTHOR OF

"PHILOMENE'S MARRIAGES," "PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA,"
"DOURNOF," "DOSIA," "MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER,"
"SAVÉLI'S EXPIATION," "A FRIEND," "SONIA,"
"GABRIELLE; OR, THE HOUSE OF MAUREZE."

CHAPTER I.

A FISH SUPPER.

"THOSE were happy days!" sighed the old smuggler as he swallowed his cider and set his glass noisily down upon the table, "and we had many a narrow escape!"

"One would suppose you were sorry they were over!" said the Coast-Guard, with a laugh.

He knew very well if Beslin were once started on the narration of his former exploits, that he would not quickly stop, and that he himself might hope for an invitation to supper, in order to hear the conclusion of the tale. But to tell the truth it was not so much the supper which the Coast-Guard found so tempting, as the hope of catching a glimpse of that rare apparition,

Mademoiselle Bonne-Marie, who made her appearance at meals.

"Of course I am sorry!" said the hardened sinner, with an angry thump on the table. "That was living! Everything was crowded into those days! The dangers of the sea — the danger of fire-arms always ready to send a ball through us — the danger of breaking one's neck among the rocks with fifty kilograms of smuggled tobacco on one's back. There was some excitement in such things. And, now here I am stranded like an old boat, unfit for service, and spending my time looking out of the window to see what sort of weather it is."

"Do you know what you ought to do, Father Beslin?" insinuated the Coast-Guard, retreating a little from his dangerous proximity to the old man as he spoke: "You ought to enter our service, and you would be the most useful man among us ——"

"What the devil do you mean!" exclaimed the old smuggler, brandishing his fist under the nose of his companion, who hastily drew back still further. "If you were not the good fellow I know you to be, you should pay dearly for this very poor joke! Do you think I would assist you in catching the fellows who are new to the business in which for forty years I was the cleverest of all my companions! Do you think I would do such a thing? No, you don't. But I will tell a few things you don't know, clever as you think yourself. I could tell you of places where, this very day, tons of tobacco are hidden. You pass by it, but your nostrils

are not keen enough to track it. Here, this is smuggled tobacco, (and Beslin pushed an earthen jarfull toward him) I never smoke any other, as you know very well, and yet you have the audacity to ask me to betray the good fellows who bring it to me!"

The Coast-Guard drew his pipe from his pocket and began to fill it, without seeming to care in the least that the tobacco he was using had defrauded the revenue.

"I was only jesting, Father Beslin," he said. "And you know where stores are hidden, do you? Tell me a little about it, — that you can do and not harm any one, you know."

"Tell you? no, not much!" said the old Normand with a sagacious air, "but I will tell you a story instead," he continued, with a knowing wink: "One day we had landed at the Nez-de-Jobourg a full load of laces, and English tobacco like that you are smoking, only better. As the night had been stormy, you Coast-Guards as you call yourselves — but spies as we call you — had allowed us to run in our cargo without interference, and the tobacco lay high and dry among the rocks, sheltered from wind and wave. But in the morning the weather was glorious, and all the people poured out of their houses, just as the slugs come out when it rains, only it is just the contrary, you understand!

"The next day was Sunday, and I went down with a cart to the shore, but it was necessary to pass a revenue station, which no longer exists."

Then the old smuggler stopped, and laughed heartily.

"What amuses you?" asked his companion, who wished to avail himself of all the information possessed by the old man.

"I laugh when I think that one of your captains persuaded the government that this station was unnecessary, and had better be removed inland. And why? —"Because he had a house at Herqueville, which belonged to his wife, and he wanted to let it as lodgings for his men, and now the fellows walk comfortably about all day long, with their hands in their pockets, and nothing to do! Oh! your captain was a clever fellow. We have drank many a bottle to his good health, on the day when he had his house-warming at the new station!"

The Coast-Guard bit his lips, while Beslin roared with laughter.

"Well, to go back to my story," continued the smuggler when he had laughed enough, "I hid my cart among the rocks, and then I went on a little to see what was going on.

"I found they had put a bench in front of the station, and all the men were warming themselves in the sun like so many lizards. I was rather puzzled as to what I should do next, when I saw a woman coming down the road, with a rosary in her hand. I went to meet the woman. It was just at that time quite the fashion to go on a pilgrimage to the *Bienheureux Thomas*, at Biville, a spring which cures all sorts of diseases — it

may not now, but it did at that time — and it seems to me I have heard that the devotees have fallen off, considerably, lately.

"At that time, too, girls went there in search of husbands. They did not say so, but all the same that was why they performed the pilgrimage, and went off to *Bienheureux Thomas*, fasting. I saw at once that this good woman was on her way to Biville, for she was newly dressed, and as I told you, held a rosary in her hands. But I did not think she was after a husband, for she was nearly sixty years old.

"'You are performing a pilgrimage, Madame?' I said to her as I got near her.

"'Yes, sir,' she answered, politely.

"'Is it far to Biville?'

"'Indeed it is,' said the good woman, with a sigh, as she looked down at her shoes already white with dust.

"'If you choose,' I said, 'I can give you a lift, for I have a stout cart over there. There are some fagots in it to be sure, but they can be arranged so that they won't trouble you, I think. I am going to La Grande Vallée, behind Vauville.'

"'Ah!' said my new friend, 'it was certainly *Bienheureux Thomas* who sent you my way; I will say a prayer or two for you!'

"'Very well!' I said, 'come along with me and get into my cart.'

"In five minutes more we were seated side by side,

the woman telling her beads and I driving my little mare. Up to this time the men at the station had not caught a glimpse of us; but I was sure the very moment they recognized me, they would search the cart, and then all would be lost of course. As we came to the turn of the road I said to my companion:

"'I see my brother in the meadow, up there, and I want to tell him not to wait dinner for me. But you can drive on, and I will overtake you by making a short cut, which will bring me out further down the road. Keep straight on and don't be afraid, the mare is as mild as a sucking dove.'

"So then I jumped out, and the woman drove the mare quietly alone. When the Coast-Guard saw this venerable looking female — with her rosary on her arm —pass them without showing the smallest haste or anxiety, they, of course, did not trouble themselves about her. She went on until she got to Vauville, where I joined her, and jumping into the cart I whipped up my beast and we flew like the wind.

"'My dear good man!' she cried, 'please don't drive so fast, your fagots are killing me.'

"But there was no use in her complaining; I did not draw in my mare nor did I even answer her. When we reached the brook in La Grande Vallée, I drew up hastily, and helped her out politely.

"'I am very much obliged to you,' she said, 'although your fagots were pretty sharp.'

"'The fagots were not the only things in the wagon that are sharp,' I answered.

"And I spoke the truth, for I had been sharp enough to make by that trip about five hundred francs."

"That was a very bright idea, Father Beslin," replied the Coast-Guard, after a brief period devoted to a determination that he himself would never allow a cart loaded with brush-wood to pass him unsearched; "and what did you do with all that money?"

"Ask Bonne-Marie! Her education has cost me the very eyes out of my head; but now she is a real young lady. She has been educated in the very best school, at Cherbourg, and she has her diploma! Yes, Mademoiselle Beslin is a lady, I am happy to say."

And the old smuggler rubbed his hands with an air of intense satisfaction.

"The fact is, Father Beslin," said the Coast-Guard, as he twisted his moustache, "the fact is, Mademoiselle Bonne-Marie is a young person who is endowed with every possible perfection — she will be the ornament of her sex, and more especially of her husband. If she should be inclined to marry a Coast-Guard officer, I think I may say that I am sure of my promotion, and ——"

"It is not to me that you must say these things," interrupted Beslin, with a cunning air; "I am not a young lady, you know, Monsieur Chamulot."

"Do you mean then," cried Chamulot, joyously,

that you will make no objection and give your consent?"

"I give no consent whatever, sir; it is for my daughter to decide. She is quite capable of managing all her affairs, and I have sworn that I would not interfere with, — cross, — or even advise her. Go to the young lady herself!"

Chamulot was not encouraged enough to be enthusiastic, and he took refuge in his pipe and his smuggled tobacco.

The two men sat for some time in silence, smoking in front of each other. The room was large but low, and lighted by one window, as is usual in the houses of the peasantry in the Hague; the thick walls were of white plaster, and held innumerable cupboards with oak doors. The deep window had a low bench which continued around the room, and a heavy table nearly filled the remaining space.

It was on this bench that the Coast-Guard sat, while Father Beslin occupied a very old arm-chair, whose straw bottom was replaced by a board and a feather pillow, very much flattened by long usage.

The window looked out upon the sea, and on the little harbor of Omonville; the sun was sinking behind the hills, the tops of which still glowed with its rays. The small fort stood out against the blue sky, not far away, and in the distance, across the deep blue sea the sharply indented coast was seen — the coast that is so picturesque all the way to Cherbourg.

"You are very comfortable here," said Chamulot, looking out of the closed window.

"Yes, we are comfortable," answered his host, "but we have no luxuries about us. This bench and this table, with that bed in the alcove with its red calico curtains, are about all we have."

Beslin was not far wrong. A low chair in a sheltered corner by the fire was Bonne-Marie's usual seat when she was preparing the meals. A few cooking utensils hanging on nails by the side of the chimney, attracted the eye by their cleanly glitter. The soup was simmering, suspended from a crane over the wood fire. All was simple, but as the Coast-Guard had said, all was comfortable in this peasant home.

"Luxuries do not make happiness," replied Chamulot, philosophically.

"That is quite true, and you ought to know, for you are not rich either!" answered the Smuggler, with quiet malice.

"Who told you so?" Chamulot answered with some irritation.

"Who told me so? Why, no one, of course. It does not need any one to tell me that you would spend your life at the Coast-Guard stations if you could help it."

"It is a very respectable service, nevertheless," replied Chamulot.

"I dare say, and so is a fire company," murmured Beslin, without taking his pipe from his mouth.

Chamulot was trying to find some withering reply to

this remark, when the door opened; a ray of the level sunlight poured in, and with it came a visitor.

This was a man of about thirty, dressed in a cloth jacket and full breeches. He pulled off his felt hat and then put it on again; he did not enter the room, but stood on the threshhold with a basket in his hand and a heavy net on his shoulder, and apparently waited for an invitation.

"Ah! is that you, Belavoine?" said the old man, shading his eyes with his hand from the sunshine.

"Yes, it is I. I came to see if you would kindly accept a few fish."

"Ask Bonne-Marie, my boy, I have no doubt she will, and give you a hearty 'thank you,' besides—Hallo! Bonne-Marie, come here!"

At this shout, a clear, sweet voice from above answered "yes, in one moment!"

And steps on the wooden stairs presently, announced the approach of the young girl.

"Come in!" said Beslin to the new comer.

"I will wait a moment if you please," was the reply.

Bonne-Marie now appeared.

She was a blonde with the softest blue eyes imaginable, but just at this moment they were bright with mischief. A mass of fair hair was confined by a white cap, and delicately penciled brows and long sweeping lashes added to the perfection of her charming face. Had she been ugly, the sweetness of her expression would have made you forget the fact—but she was

very pretty and the young people of Omonville knew this very well.

"Here is Belavoine, who has brought you some fish," said Father Beslin to his daughter, while she was addressing his guests.

"Will you accept them, Mademoiselle Bonne-Marie?" said the fisherman with some little hesitation, "I picked out a few fine fish with the hope ——"

He pulled away the seaweed which covered his basket and the sun fell full on a dozen magnificent fish with white pearly bellies and glittering, prismatic backs.

"You are crazy, Jean Baptiste," said Bonne-Marie in her musical voice, without one vestige of the nasal twang common to that part of the country. "What on earth can we do with all those?"

"Eat them I trust, Mademoiselle — for if you will not have them, I shall toss them back to the sea. In fact, I said just those very words to myself when I caught them."

"Very well then, Jean Baptiste, do not throw them back into the sea, but stay here and help us eat them. Here is a friend from the Coast-Guard station who will do the same," said the smuggler with a laugh.

Belavoine darted at Chamulot a glance which was by no means very amiable, but Bonne-Marie had hold of the basket and was drawing it toward her, and him with it. He yielded to the movement and the door closed behind her. He was in the room at last. He threw down his net in the corner and said in a low voice to his host:

"Thank you for that good turn, Father Beslin."

The fire soon flamed high in the chimney. The soup was strained and covered, and set among the ashes to keep hot; the classic tripod replaced it, and the supper was well started.

While Bonne-Marie went and came, moving rapidly but noiselessly, and laying the table, Jean Baptiste prepared the fish in the wavering fire light. The girl turned hastily and stood on tiptoe to reach some utensil that hung high up; at that moment he snatched the corner of her apron and kissed it. The supplicating eyes he fixed upon her were more eloquent than words. No one noticed these two, or could hear either of them speak, for the old smuggler was still teasing the Coast-Guard, and going off at intervals into explosions of laughter — the girl drew away her apron and said firmly but by no means angrily:

"No, Jean Baptiste — no — I have only the same answer to make to-day that I have made before."

"And why not?" murmured the fisherman, trying to soften the girl's obdurate heart with a loving, submissive smile.

"Because I do not love you enough to be your wife."

"What can I do to make you love me?" asked Jean Baptiste, trembling all over with eagerness. "How can a man make you love him?"

"I could love no man who was not my superior!" answered Bonne-Marie with unconscious cruelty.

"It is true," murmured the poor fellow bitterly,

"I am only a poor fisherman and you are a young lady."

"Oh! it is not that," replied Bonne-Marie eagerly; "you have misunderstood me."

"And why is it then?"

"I will tell you another time — I like you too much to expose you to ridicule," she added gayly — "and they are looking at us."

She flew to the other end of the room and Jean Baptiste returned sadly to his fish.

"Her superior!" he said to himself. "Her superior! And yet how happy any one would be in loving her as she desires.—Perhaps she will find this superior in this Coast-Guard, while I — "

He cast a furious look at the man of whom he was so frightfully jealous. — But this jealousy was by no means the work of the young girl who had done all in her power to discourage Chamulot, who however, was so strongly intrenched in his armor of self-conceit that he was not easily turned aside from his object — absolute and intolerable rudeness can alone open the eyes of such people.

The party was soon gathered around the supper-table, and thanks to Father Beslin's caustic wit, of which Chamulot was the victim, the merriment was incessant. Chamulot was by no means dull or foolish, and his repartees were often as amusing as Beslin's attacks.

The old man was not restrained, however, by any fear

of wounding the pride or the feelings of his guests, and his remarks were excessively rude sometimes.

Belavoine was sincerely delighted at each and every attack upon his rival — besides, he himself was in luck that night, and carried off the honors of war, as the supper was of his providing and Bonne-Marie sat close at his side — so close that her dress and even her arm touched him from time to time. The pleasure of seeing her so pretty and so fresh, soothed for the moment the pain caused by her rejection.

After supper there was coffee, and this coffee was good and strong, and had a dash of liquor in it.

After placing a bottle of brandy on the table, Bonne-Marie retired softly, without saying good-night to any one, and the two men proceeded to indulge in strong libations. Chamulot was the first to feel his legs unmanageable.

Belavoine had drank less; not that he was more sober as a general rule than the men about him — in a country where a man is more praised than blamed for drinking deeply — but his eyes were on his rival, and he hoped to catch him committing some egregious folly, at which he could have a chance to laugh.

Chamulot after a while began to talk loud and fast, and Beslin was not behindhand — but after a long chapter of reminiscences they both grew weary and the company separated.

As he accompanied his guests to the door, Beslin,

whose head was steady in spite of some intemperances of his tongue, put a hand on the shoulders of each.

"All this is very well, my boys," he said, "but I tell you honestly if once I see my way clear to do a little business in smuggling, I shall try it again! I shall try it again!"

"And I will help you, Beslin — I give you my word on that score now," answered Belavoine, with a glance of defiance at the Coast-Guard.

"You will help me! all right, and why shouldn't you? your father did many a time!"

"And I — I should be very sorry, of course," said Chamulot, with a profound bow, — if I were obliged to shoot you down with my gun — but the Law before all else you know."

"To be sure! the Law before all! That is it, my boy. And now to bed with you both — for I think each of you sees double."

CHAPTER II.

THE SMUGGLER.

THE Coast-Guard departed with a most uncertain step and caught at several posts as he went down the road, while Jean Baptiste marched steadily along toward his distant dwelling. Before going in he looked at his boat, safely drawn up on the shore, spread his net out on the rocks to dry, and then shutting the door behind him, went to bed without a light.

"Yes, my boys," muttered old Beslin, "yes, you may hang around here as much as you please, but neither of you will have my daughter — Mademoiselle Beslin is a proud little piece; she has been well brought up, and neither of you are worthy of a girl of her beauty and education.

"She never said so, to be sure — for she is no chatterbox, but I know it all the same — but she is proud, whew! proud isn't the word — she gets that from me. Her mother was above me in station, but she married me, nevertheless — and not for my money but for my good looks. — Why won't somebody marry Bonne-Marie for her good looks? — her eyes are handsomer than mine ever were!"

Beslin went into the house, rubbing his hands cheerfully, and was soon sound asleep in the great bed, shut in by the red calico curtains.

Beslin was in the habit of disappearing every afternoon at a certain time, and during the eighteen months since his daughter's return she had learned to respect the mystery of his movements and never asked a question. In general, in places like La Hague, where old customs are still preserved, children continue to be respectful to their parents. The scenes of abandonment and brutality which are so often caused by a division of a small property or by the anticipation of it, are absolutely without example in the simple country, where the children are deferential to the wishes, and obedient to the commands of their parents. Bonne-Marie, although raised by education far above the intellectual and moral level of old Beslin, was nevertheless a devoted and submissive daughter. Her hands, which had become white and delicate in her ten years of boarding-school life, did not now shrink from any domestic task; the smuggler's home, so dreary and neglected during the absence of the daughter who had left immediately after her mother's death, had regained the neat look which had once characterised it; white curtains hung over the only two windows of the house —soap, sand and soda, had eradicated every spot, and the furniture shone like looking glasses.

"It was not for such work as this that I sent you to boarding-school," grumbled Beslin sometimes, when coming in unexpectedly he would find his daughter busy with these things.

"I beg your pardon, my dear father," answered

Bonne-Marie gayly, "cleanliness and housekeeping were the first lessons taught me."

To this Beslin had no reply to make, but contented himself with admiring his daughter.

"I have done," he said the day that Bonne-Marie came back from school under the care of the good woman of the neighborhood who had been sent to Cherbourg for her, "I have done — I shall do no more smuggling!"

"And how then will you live?" asked some of his associates.

"I have something put away," he answered with a wink—"and then too, a pretty girl like mine won't be long in marrying, and my son-in-law can feed me."

This jest was the only reply that any one could extort from him, and yet Beslin, born a smuggler, as it were — for his father had been one before him — now appeared to have given up the illicit traffic. His imprudence was so great in regard to it, that one day when an employé of the Government asked him his profession before giving him a certain license for which he had applied, Beslin quietly answered with a wink:

"Smuggler, sir, smuggler!"

This jest proved a harmless one, as the employé who knew him well smiled and did not set down the illegal appellation, but substituted another. But people in Omonville and its vicinity asked each other seriously how on earth Beslin would live if he gave up smuggling — and the word live was used in its broadest

sense, for his restless spirit demanded excitement and adventure as much as his body did his daily food.

The house in which he lived was the sole property of which he was known to be possessed, and this house brought him in no income.

Beslin, however, disappeared every day as we have said. "I am going to walk!" he would regularly call out to his daughter, and soon his robust form would be seen on the shore, then he disappeared from view and no one took the trouble to see where he went.

CHAPTER III.

DREAMS.

THE day after the fish supper, the old man departed as usual. Bonne-Marie having put into the daintiest order the little room she occupied on the upper floor of the house — and watered the two geraniums which stood on the window sill — cast a look at herself in the mirror which imparted to her pretty face a greenish tinge that was far from desirable, and then with her work-basket in her hand, went down into the garden, behind the house.

Bonne-Marie's work was a piece of tapestry of the most glowing colors. What did she intend to do with this tapestry, which was so little in accordance with the home in which she lived, and with her daily life?

"I shall use it when I am married," she would say to the girls of her own age, who questioned her.

The occasional hours which Bonne-Marie found it possible to snatch from the all-engrossing cares of the house were spent — thanks to this piece of canvas — in an enchanted dream.

These brilliant wools brought back to her all that she had learned from the discreet romances she had read in her school, in regard to the life of the world and

society. Carriages like those she had seen driving rapidly through Cherbourg on the days of the races, appeared once more before her eyes. Again she saw the lovely toilettes worn by the fair Parisians at the Casino or the watering places, and the handsome men who came down in the trains of Saturday and Monday. Behind this dazzling phantasmagoria was hidden Paris — Paris, that city of the blest — and it was in Paris that Bonne-Marie longed to live.

In Paris, she would live in a pretty little house like those of which there are many around Cherbourg — the homes of people in easy circumstances. She would have a carriage and horses, a hot-house and a garden — here Bonne-Marie cast a contemptuous glance at the poor little garden, planted with a few rustic flowers and many useful cabbages — she would have a wide avenue and a smooth gravel walk, shaded by magnificent trees, that would always be fresh and green, and ornamented by bronze statues, like a certain garden she had seen through the bars of a gate.

Her husband would give her all these things, and many others besides. But where was this husband coming from? He certainly would not be found in Omonville — there was no question about this.

Bonne-Marie did not say this to herself however, and her reflections were a little vague on this especial point. Some fine day the husband would of course appear; it was in the nature of things; they would meet, possibly, on the shore, and he would admire her

at once. He would be struck with her distinguished beauty, and remain rooted to the ground; she — much agitated — would slowly pursue her way, and then suddenly turn round for one more look, and this look would decide the destiny of both!

This future husband might be a painter with his palette and brushes; he would pass their house just about sunset some night, and he would see her seated just as she was now, through the carefully trimmed hawthorn hedge, and would stop to look at her; she would raise her eyes, and this illustrious being — this pride and hope of France — would feel that his happiness was there in that modest garden, between a hundred-leaved rose and a lavender bush —

"Bonne-Marie!" said a voice behind the hedge. She started violently. Had her dream come to pass, at last? She raised her eyes and saw —— the well known face of Jean Baptiste!

"What do you want?" she asked with a burning blush — a blush of shame, at the remembrance of the fancies in the enjoyment of which she had been interrupted! It seemed to her that the fisherman must be able to read them.

"Bonne-Marie, tell me, why you will not love me?"

Jean Baptiste was leaning with both elbows on the hawthorn hedge, which was so strong and firm that it hardly bent under his weight. He was looking at Mademoiselle Beslin with those plaintive, submissive eyes, so like those of a faithful dog.

"Poor Jean!" she murmured softly — not yet quite awake to the real world about her — "I can not! but it is not my fault, nor is it yours."

"But what would you have? I am an honest fellow, I never did any harm to any one; I am a fisherman, because I must be something, but if you prefer, I would go to town and go into trade. I could become a grocer, you know."

"No, no, not that!" answered Bonne-Marie quickly, "not that!"

"Not a grocer? Well, just as you please. If you say so, I am ready to sell all I own here and go to Paris. That is what you want, Mademoiselle Beslin, I have found that out — you would like to live in Paris — and I should like it too, I think."

"What would you do in Paris, my poor dear Jean Baptiste," said Bonne-Marie, as she folded her work slowly.

"And you, what would you do there?" answered the fisherman.

A faint smile flickered over the girl's face. Little did it matter to her what she would do there. She would be rich and respected — was not that enough?

"No, Jean," she said, gently, "neither at Paris or elsewhere, could I love you. Have I not said that I must look up to my husband — that he must be my master."

"And that is easily done, I should say!" replied Jean Baptiste, angrily. "Your master, do you say? Perhaps you would like to be beaten!"

Bonne-Marie's gentle eyes flashed fire.

"No! no!" she said, "no man will ever beat me. But we understand each other so little, my poor Jean, that it is no use for us to talk, and this is precisely why I cannot love you."

Unconsciously, she had fallen into the familiar thou, which in their class indicated not so much tenderness and affection, as the fact that they had grown up together. This familiarity delighted the young man, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure as he answered:

"Books, Bonne-Marie, have turned your head, and the day will come, when you will realize the worth of some things you now despise. People who are born in the country and have lived here, do not bear transplanting. It is this earth which nourishes us, and we must not be ungrateful. You are not made for Paris, you are in no way fitted for it. This is the place for you, and where you ought to remain. You will see this for yourself, some day."

"We shall see!" repeated Bonne-Marie, lifting her head, haughtily.

"It is that fool of a Coast-Guard that has put these ideas into your head! He is a fool and a traitor beside! You prefer him, do you? He told you he could have a good place — be promoted — and take you away with him! He wishes to go to-morrow with you to Beaumont ——"

"Who says so?" asked Bonne-Marie, angrily.

"He says so, himself."

"Does he indeed? Well! I presume he can hardly go without my permission ——"

"And you will not allow him, then, to go with you?" asked Jean Baptiste.

She was silent for a moment, and then, in a tone of intense annoyance, she said:

"I do not love you, Jean Baptiste, at least not with the love for which you ask; but I do not wish to hurt your feelings or offend you in any way. No, not for all the Coast-Guards in the world, but when I say no, it is no. You can come if you choose."

"With you?"

"No, not with me. I shall go alone, because I do not intend to be your wife; but you can come after me and see for yourself how much love I have for this beautiful Coast-Guard in his green uniform!"

Bonne-Marie rose, and turned toward the house.

"Are you going away?" said the fisherman, sadly.

"It is time to prepare supper. Good-night," answered Bonne-Marie.

She took several steps, and then stopped.

"It is very unfortunate, dear Jean," she said, "that you should have taken such foolish ideas into your head; and if at any time any one should tell you that I allow myself to be courted by one of these men, you may just tell him, to his face, that it is false."

She entered the house, leaving Jean Baptiste both sad and happy—as a dog is sad and happy when his food is brought to him, but he is not unchained.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING TO MARKET.

THE sun was just coming up above the high hills which environed the pretty valley of Omonville — the pastures where the tall, crisp grass was green and fresh from early spring until late autumn were lined with the shadows of the tall trees on the summit of the hill — huge rocks of a soft gray, with patches of emerald-green moss, and yellow and brown lichens sparkled with the dew that lay fresh upon them — masses of heather, at this season of a sombre green, and in autumn of a rich glowing purple, lay dark among the furze, which in that blessed country clothes as with a mantle of gold the most arid tracts of land.

A light, yellow mist shrouded the poplars, whose leaves were just bursting forth, while the willows had been in greater haste, and were already clothed in their light green foliage. The hawthorn hedges were a mass of white blossoms — like a bridal bouquet — and wound along the highroad and up the hillside in every direction, they being the boundary lines of the fields and meadows.

At the end of the valley rose an old mill, built of gray stone, which seemed to block up the road entirely, and to shut out this charming fertile valley — scooped

out, as it were, between two hills — from any intercourse with the outer world.

It was midway in this valley that we again catch a glimpse of Bonne-Marie — in a short petticoat, made of a striped woolen stuff woven in the village, and wearing one of those little fluted caps which are so becoming to the girls of this part of the country.

Bonne-Marie seemed to have forgotten her worldly aspirations, and was a mere peasant going to the market at Beaumont, to buy her provisions for the week.

On the other side of the valley Jean Baptiste was quietly loitering along, sheltered by the hedge. In the intense quiet of the country, at the especial hour of which we write, the slightest noise is heard at a great distance; a branch cracking attracted Marie's attention. She looked around and saw Jean Baptiste watching her, through a gap in the hedge.

She waved her hand, and smiled with a glance of girlish mockery, and the young fisherman withdrew, hastily.

At that moment a voice rang through the valley:

"Mademoiselle — ah! Mademoiselle!"

Bonne-Marie turned a little — a very little, and beheld the Coast-Guard striding through the tall grass of the meadow, near the mill.

In order to avoid the inquisitive eyes and the long tongues of the villagers, Chamulot had taken the shortest, or rather the most direct line. But the specious

aphorism which pronounces the most direct line to be also the shortest, had brought the Coast-Guard to considerable grief already.

Whoever has attempted to walk through a meadow — near a mill — can form any idea of what his troubles had been!

The lovely green grass pleases the eye; one starts to cross it and presently he finds that the green and velvety surface conceals at least a foot of water.

"Mademoiselle — Ah! Mademoiselle!"

Bonne-Marie walked a trifle more slowly, but she did not turn around. She swung her empty basket lightly by her side, and enjoyed the peaceful scene about her. Chamulot fancied this conduct was the result of her girlish modesty and careful training. He struggled on to join her but the water was growing deeper and deeper. He took the most enormous strides, and all at once there was a heavy thud.

Mademoiselle Beslin knew instantly what had happened. Out of the corners of her eyes she saw her admirer struggling to his feet again; but she knew that his troubles were not over, as each step would bring him nearer and nearer the brook, which was completely hidden by overhanging grass and mint.

Bonne-Marie slackened her pace. The Coast-Guard made a superhuman effort, but his feet slipped from under him, and he fell on all fours into the perfidious brook, accompanied by a sound of splashing water, which was very delicious, and quite in harmony with the cool freshness of the scene.

"Mademoiselle!—Ah! Mademoiselle, wait for me!"

This plaintive entreaty at last touched the young girl's hard heart. She turned and looked at the pitiable figure before her with a calm, inquiring expression.

He, with undaunted courage, had risen from his ignominious position, and leaping the brook, at last reached her side. Bonne-Marie was sorely tempted to advise Chamulot to shake himself like a dog.

"Can this be you, Monsieur Chamulot?" said the girl in a voice of light disdain. "Where on earth have you been?"

Jean Baptiste, as Bonne-Marie well knew, was at this very moment enjoying the scene.

"I came to find you — I thought you would ——"

Here the Coast-Guard, exhausted by his struggles, now stopped to breathe, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"You wished to go with me to Beaumont, perhaps," answered the coquette pitilessly, "but it is not possible. Your dress, Monsieur Chamulot — your dress! Why on earth did you undertake to go through the meadows instead of going by the road like a Christian — How funny you look!"

She could no longer restrain herself, but burst into rippling laughter, every sound of which gladdened the heart of Jean Baptiste, who in his turn shouted until the whole valley rang.

Caught between these two fires the Coast-Guard turned first to one side and then to the other.

He was covered from head to foot with water and earth, and the two young people started off again in another paroxysm of mad hilarity.

"Good, very good!" muttered Chamulot, pale with rage — "you shall pay me for this!"

He turned away and took the same meadow path by which he had come, caring very little now, of course, whether he went knee deep into water, or not. After looking after him for a minute, Bonne-Marie shook her head, laughed a little more, and with a friendly nod to Jean Baptiste, started off at a rapid pace towards Beaumont, and soon disappeared around the hill.

CHAPTER V.

THE NIGHT AFTER.

THE evening of the same day Bonne-Marie came home from her long excursion fatigued and taciturn. Her morning gayety had all passed away, and as often happens with young girls after having laughed until the tears came — the tears now came without laughing.

It was indeed hard for a spirit as ambitious as her own, to conquer her pride and go to market like any simple peasant lass; after her recent dreams of luxury and wealth it seemed to her especially painful to return to her home on foot — bowed under the burden of a basket filled with provisions — accompanied by a group of the young girls of Omonville who were totally uneducated — almost uncivilized — in whose conversation she could feel no interest, and by whom it was perfectly easy for her to see she was neither loved nor liked.

It was then with a very full heart that Bonne-Marie ascended to her chamber after having said good night to her father, who kissed her with more than his wonted tenderness. The old smuggler had done his best to make his child happy, and if he had not succeeded what was there left for him to do?

"Dear little girl," said the old man to himself as he listened to his child's footsteps on the uncarpeted stairs, "you shall be happy in this world if I can manage it!"

He waited another hour, and listened to satisfy himself fully that his daughter was asleep, then he took from a corner a stout oaken staff, without which he never went from the house, then going to his wardrobe he took out something that he hid in his pocket, extinguished his lamp and went out softly.

"Now," he said with his customary knowing laugh, "everybody is asleep and the moon alone—"

He interrupted himself, for all the world was not asleep; lights glittered here and there in the windows of some of the houses, and a little further on was the Coast-Guard station, through the shutters of which came a ray from a shaded lamp.

Beslin bowed mockingly towards this lamp.

"Perhaps you will find out some fine day, my boys," he said aloud, "that Father Beslin is not so old but that he can do some mischief yet!"

He went to the left and along the shore, sheltered by the low stone walls which protected the low lying meadows from the encroaching tide—walls which, however, were by no means high enough to prevent these same meadows from being flooded when the sea ran very high under a stiff northerly breeze. His step resounded for a moment on the flat stones on which he trod, and then he stood still and listened.

The regular ripple of the incoming tide, the dash of the waves against the rocks which were covered and left bare twice each day by the water, that was all he heard; no other sound save this monotonous beat of the pulse of the great ocean, and the charge of the indefatigable waters against the rocks which stood firm against their assaults.

Beslin walked on, but the noise of his boots on the shingle was so loud that he went down to the sand and entered the water ankle deep, following the shore through the white foam. The night was very dark; a soft north-easterly breeze — so light on land that it scarcely lifted the leaves of the trees — drove the sea against the belt of reefs which protected La Hague better than the cannons of any forts could have done. Again and again did Beslin stop and listen, still no sound but the ripple and the dash. The old smuggler resumed his nocturnal walk.

He reached a slight eminence, — an island almost — connected with the land by a narrow tongue of earth, nearly eaten away by the water, and often entirely submerged. On this spot were the ruins of an old Coast-Guard station — long since abandoned — the gulls and cormorants were now its only visitors, and these birds took refuge there on many a stormy night when the waves washed over the rocks which were their habitual homes.

"It was not a bad idea," muttered the hardy adventurer, "to hide our goods in the very spot that

belonged to the government. They never would get the idea through their stupid brains!"

He shrugged his shoulders as he thought of Chamulot. He then went around the abandoned station and knocked several sharp blows in quick succession on the stones.

A head peered cautiously out, and then another.

"It is I!" he said, quite aloud, without the precaution of lowering his voice—"come on my boys. The night is very dark, and you can keep close to the rocks, walking through the water. Remember what the sailors say, that salt water never wets any one!"

Setting the example himself, he lifted a bundle on his shoulders, and entered the water until it came as high as his waist, and then stole along behind the rocks with the greatest caution. Two men, more heavily burdened than he, followed him, closely, It was necessary to make a circuit of at least a half league, all the time beaten against by the rising tide. Every few minutes a hole presented itself which it was necessary to step over. Old Beslin had gone over this route over and over again; and without the smallest fear of being heard—as he trusted to his voice being covered by the roar of the sea—he gave his companions directions so precise, that they were really astonished.

"Have you eyes in your ankles then, Father Beslin?" asked one of his companions—a new comer in that district.

They were resting, at the moment, behind a large rock, which prevented them from seeing the shore.

"Yes, my boy," answered the old smuggler, as he eased the burden on his shoulders, and started again:

"I have eyes in my ankles and at the ends of my fingers also! You see a man must know pretty well what he is about, before he undertakes to lead others."

They had now reached a spot where the high rocks ended, and low ones, covered with wet seaweed, took their place. They would now be obliged to cross the beach on their hands and knees, keeping as flat to the ground as possible, and try and reach the fields beyond.

"Now look out!" said Beslin, in a low voice, "this is the most dangerous place we have."

Just as he spoke and was about to leave the protecting shadow of the last high rock, an odd metallic sound was heard on the beach.

"The Coast-Guard," said Beslin, between his teeth. "I felt sure that beast of a Chamulot had followed me!"

"Who goes there!" cried a voice not ten steps off.

The three smugglers stood huddled together. The tide was still coming in, and the foam touched their lips.

"Who goes there!" repeated the Coast-Guard.

"Father Beslin," breathed, rather than whispered, one of the men, "I am losing my foothold — the tide is too strong for me!"

The guards were talking together, and they moved a few steps away.

"Are they going?" said one of the smugglers.

"No," answered Beslin, "they are not going; they intend to climb over that rock. You go back, and I will keep them here. After you have gone thirty or forty yards, cross the beach boldly, and strike into the fields. They will never think of looking for you there."

"But you, Father Beslin?" asked the others, with some anxiety.

"I! Why I shall say that I am taking a walk for my health. They may believe me, or they may not, that is their own affair! Go on, my children, and take care and keep the goods dry."

As the tide was still coming in there was not much time for hesitation. The two men reluctantly beat a retreat; keeping behind the rocks, and obeying the directions given them by their guide.

The Coast-Guard were at a loss what to do. They had returned to the beach, and the quick, sharp sound of their guns rang against the pebbles.

Beslin held his breath and his ground. Unfortunately, a wave rising a little higher than the others, swept off his hat, which stood out clearly on the white foam that broke on the beach.

"There is certainly some one there," muttered one of the guard.

"No," answered Chamulot, "I do not think so, but we can easily ascertain."

Another foaming wave struck against the rock behind Beslin, and threw his figure out in strong relief against its whiteness.

"If there is no one," replied the man, "then it is a sea bird, for something moved. Look there!"

Beslin drew back a little.

"Fire!" cried Chamulot, not however without some repugnance.

A flash of light, a quick report——

Beslin was thrown, by the next wave, almost at the feet of the man who had often sat at his table.

The Coast-Guards turned their dark lanterns upon the body and recognized Beslin. A ball had gone through his forehead — a sigh and a shiver, and all was over.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE DAWN.

THE clock struck one just as the dreary procession reached Beslin's door. The shot had aroused all the village.

The fishermen had hurried down to the shore, and some among them had gone on to Beslin's home to awaken Bonne-Marie; but when they reached the door the heart of the boldest failed him.

"I will call her, myself," said Jean Baptiste, trembling with grief and suspense. "In the hour of trouble one turns to old friends!"

He ran up the stairs and tapped at the young girl's door — but the lover was lost in the tenderest pity — he felt all the compassion of a brother for a heart-broken sister.

"Your father has had an accident," he said, as she opened her door, all in white. "Come down, quickly."

She hurried on a skirt, and caught a shawl, without speaking one word.

Jean Baptiste led her to the side of her father, where he lay with a sheet thrown over his face. Every head was uncovered, and the only light came from the lanterns.

"Is he dead?" she gasped.

No one answered.

She knelt at the side of the body; but her light form swayed like a reed in the wind, and she fell back into the arms of Jean Baptiste, who laid her on her father's bed.

The good women of the neighborhood gathered around her, and she was soon restored to consciousness.

"Who killed him?" she asked, some hours later, when the gray light of dawn paled the candles burning at the head of the bier.

"It was Chamulot," said one of the women; "your father was smuggling."

"Yes," said Bonne-Marie faintly, closing her eyes as she spoke, "he said he would be avenged!"

Meanwhile, Chamulot was by no means as guilty as Bonne-Marie supposed. He had watched Beslin, and followed him with the hope and the expectation of taking him in the very act; but he had not dreamed that a murder could take place.

Unfortunately, however, he was pushed to extremity by the imperious law of his position, and had obeyed it not without the greatest reluctance and horror.

The villagers and all the peasantry avoided him after this event, and would go out of their way to avoid him when they met him by chance.

Chamulot found this so very disagreeable, that he asked and obtained a change; and this he did with so

little delay, that when Bonne-Marie — according to the severe provincial etiquette in regard to mourning — went to church for the first time, a fortnight after her father's death, it was with the comforting assurance that she ran no risk of meeting the man whose very name turned her sick and faint.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE.

SIX weeks had elapsed since Beslin's death. Spring was changing into Summer, and soon the fires of Saint Jean would be lighted in all the villages, under the wreaths of flowers suspended across the streets.

Bonne-Marie had silently set her house in order for a long absence, and one day Omonville was surprised to learn that Mademoiselle Beslin was about to depart.

"Where is she going?" the gossips said, one to another.

This question was not an easy one to answer, for since the great misfortune which had crushed her to the earth, Bonne-Marie had not exchanged ten words with a living soul except the Curé, who had visited her several times.

Jean Baptiste walked to and fro past this house, looking at the windows over which hung those impenetrable white curtains. Never once had he ventured to knock at the door, so intense was the respect he felt for the orphan's sorrow, and perhaps, also for the solitude of this defenceless and solitary young creature.

One Wednesday evening, however, the door was opened to let in the light of the setting sun, and the young fisherman ventured to approach it. Bonne-Marie was unquestionably expecting him, for she

showed no surprise when she saw him. She was standing in the centre of the lower room, packing a small trunk that stood on the oak table.

"Good evening, Bonne-Marie," said Jean Baptiste, not crossing the threshold, but standing just outside the door. "Is it true that you are going away?"

"Good evening," answered the girl in her sweet musical voice.

Then after a moment's silence, she said slowly:

"Yes — I am — going away."

"And where? if I may ask."

She hesitated ——

"To Cherbourg," she answered, turning her face away; but a rosy flush that spread over her cheek and throat told that it was not easy for her to tell a falsehood. The young man entered the house and stood on the other side of the table, looking at her.

"You are not going to Cherbourg," he said sadly, "or, at all events, you are not going there only: you intend to go to Paris."

Bonne-Marie assented with a silent nod, and went on folding her linen and stuffing it into the trunk.

"Why are you going to Paris?" continued the fisherman in a gentle voice; "you might be very happy here. I would work for you, and you would be a little queen. You need not trouble yourself about anything but your embroidery and your flowers ——"

"I can not stay here," interrupted the young girl; "you know I do not like the country; and now, after this last horror, it is simply killing me! Each of those

rocks — the roar of that sea — tells me the frightful tale over and over again, and I really cannot bear it!"

She was silent, and her fluttering hands were still for a moment, while two large tears splashed upon the black shawl she was folding.

"So be it," sighed Jean Baptiste. "But — you will come back?"

Bonne-Marie looked vaguely out through the open door, through which came the gay sunshine.

Thousands of luminous particles floated in the air and were swallowed up in the heavy folds of her black dress. The sun told a tale of hope and of life, and a sigh swelled her youthful and ambitious breast.

"Perhaps!" she answered slowly and with a faint smile upon her parted lips.

Jean Baptiste stood for a few moments in bitter silence. He was angry and he was wounded. He knew that he had no real right to be either. He hesitated and then going nearer to the girl, he looked her full in the face.

"Listen! —" he said, "you will come back —: not in a carriage, proud and happy, and with the gorgeous raiment of which you dream — no — you will return poor, sad, worn and weary, and possibly ill besides. You will find me here, waiting and watching for you, Bonne-Marie; you will perhaps be less proud and less confident than you are to-day, and I, Bonne-Marie, will be then just what I am now!"

She looked at him with an air of defiance. His words had wounded her keenly. He saw this.

"Yes," he resumed, in the same cold tone, but with a gentle expression in his face, "you are vexed with me, and yet, I have said only what I believe. You will return here because you will not know where else to go, when Paris becomes to you as irksome as Omonville is to-day, because ——"

He stopped, bit his lips, and determined to say no more. But in a moment he spoke again, with that resigned sweetness which lay at the foundation of his character.

"I know not what other changes there may be, Bonne-Marie — but I — I shall never change!"

Intense silence reigned in that low room, while the two stood apparently expecting some mute sign from the finger of Destiny.

"When are you going?" the young man asked at last.

"To-morrow morning," replied Bonne-Marie, shutting the lid of her trunk. All her firmness returned to her with this simple act, the prelude of her new life, and she turned toward Jean Baptiste.

"Be happy!" she said to him. "Farewell!"

"Farewell!" he repeated. "Will you allow me to kiss you?"

They were alone, and yet Jean Baptiste was so serious and his face was so sad, that the girl never dreamed of refusing.

Their cheeks touched three times — according to the custom of the Province, where, correctly speaking, they do not kiss — and the young man went out without once looking behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

THE next day, the sun had been up about an hour. The resplendent sky was flecked here and there by a fleecy cloud, when the heavy Omonville stage, drawn by two sleepy horses, began the rough ascent of the road to Cherbourg.

According to the old established usage, all the passengers walked up this hill. Bonne-Marie alone sat still by the side of the conductor — a surly old animal.

As they drove past the spot where she had last spoken to Chamulot, the girl could not repress a shiver of horror. Involuntarily her eyes glanced over at the hedge, through which, on the same day, she had caught a glimpse of Jean Baptiste's laughing face. He was there! but pale and so changed by grief that he looked as if he had risen from a bed of illness. She waved her hand to him, and absolutely without her own volition — her last glance was one of tenderness and pity.

The conductor touched his horses at this moment, and the stage moved rapidly on with a great rattling of wheels, and Jean Baptiste, after watching it disappear at the turning of the road, went sadly back to his home. He wandered restlessly about his house without

being able to find any spot that pleased him, and at last, went to his fishing-boat and untied it from the stake to which it was moored.

"Why, it is low tide!" cried a crowd of mischievous, inquisitive urchins. "Are you going crabbing in your boat?"

Without paying any attention to this childish impertinence, Jean Baptiste rowed rapidly toward the open sea and then put up his sail. Thanks to the wind which was favorable, he had gone far enough to the east at the end of an hour to catch a glimpse of the cumbrous yellow vehicle, creeping like a tortoise toward Landemer. But this consolation was his last. The stage disappeared among the trees, and the fisherman had nothing left to do but to amuse himself by casting his nets until the wind and the tide favored his return to Omonville.

The Curé had given Bonne-Marie several letters of recommendation addressed to ladies in Cherbourg, and the young girl herself meant to apply to her old teachers at the boarding-school where she had been educated. With all this influence exerted in her behalf, she thought there would be no difficulty in procuring some situation in Paris.

As a servant? By no means! but as an under teacher, somewhere—a governess in a family, perhaps—and after that? Well—the Future was in the hands of her Heavenly Father.

After two days passed in going from house to house,

receiving excellent but generally most unpracticable advice, Bonne-Marie went to the railway station, and with all the hesitation and timidity of an inexperienced traveller, purchased her ticket, and the next morning, after a sleepless night, arrived in Paris.

After the bewilderment of the first hour—after the hasty breakfast swallowed in a *crémerie*,—the usual resort of coachmen and draymen—where her beauty won for her several compliments, which seemed to Bonne-Marie like so many stings of a lash across her face—the young girl found herself in La Rue de Havre, where the morning sun gilded the fronts of the high stone houses and shone on the balconies filled with flowers and vines.

The rumble of wheels had in some degree died away, now that the hour was past for the arrival of the trains from the country—a gentle animation had succeeded to the crowd and bustle of the earlier morning. Bonne-Marie asked her way and went toward the *Madeleine*, timid and fearful, and yet with a hopeful heart.

CHAPTER IX.

MADEMOISELLE BESLIN.

THE school with the address of which Mademoiselle Beslin had been furnished, was near the Champs Elysées; and assisted by several persons who answered her inquiries with courtesy, the young stranger found herself at last before a dark green door, on which was inscribed in large letters,

INSTITUTION BOCARD.

The bell which Bonne-Marie had lightly touched, rang through the house; a dog barked outrageously, and just as the young girl, after waiting long and anxiously, had decided that she would rather go away than again awaken all this clamor by another appeal to the innocent looking knob that seemed to be the offending cause, the door opened and the pointed nose of a precise and neatly-dressed concierge nearly hit Bonne-Marie in the eyes.

"What do you want?" asked the woman, as she examined from head to foot, the country girl whose simple dress and provincial mourning indicated no great amount of the goods of this world.

"I would like to speak to Mademoiselle Bocard."

"Mademoiselle cannot be seen at this hour, she is

taking her chocolate," said Pointed Nose in a tone that was the reverse of polite.

"I have a letter," replied Bonne-Marie so haughtily that the concierge repented of her rudeness.

"Mademoiselle will receive you at twelve," she answered more civilly.

"If you choose to give me your letter I will ——"

"No, thanks," answered the girl, remembering that she had been especially advised to see the persons to whom her letters were addressed.

This prudence raised her to an enormous height in the estimation of the concierge and induced her to say:

"If you will come back at eleven, I will tell Mademoiselle."

"Thank you," said Bonne-Marie with a gracious bow and turned away, leaving on the mind of the astonished concierge the impression that she was a foreigner and a countess who wished to penetrate the interior of the school in disguise, for some reasons of her own.

Three hours is a long space of time to get rid of, when one has nothing to do, and feels utterly alone and dreary.

Tired from her sleepless night, fevered by her journey and her anxiety, Bonne-Marie went toward a green mass of waving boughs and leaves that she saw at the end of a street, and soon found herself on the Champs-Elyseés. She seated herself on a bench in the shade of friendly trees, and looked with all her eyes.

Yes, this was the scene and the life of which she had dreamed! It was amid these fragrant flowers and these sparkling waters — for the hydrants were running freely — washing the dust from the turf and shrubs. It was surrounded by these fantastic cafés and restaurants that the girl felt that her real life would now begin.

She should soon see the carriages and foaming horses, with difficulty reined in by liveried coachmen, whose existence had hitherto been only in her imagination. Bonne-Marie's heart swelled with joy and pride; she was in Paris at last!

Several old beaux passed her on horseback, but they took no notice of the pretty creature half hidden among the azaleas.

An occasional young man irreproachably dressed, with that indescribable air of good society, would also appear in the distance. Bonne-Marie watched them all with intense interest and curiosity.

"Those are the people," she said to herself, "with whom I ought to live."

But the girl felt no impatience. She was so near the realization of her dreams now, that she could afford to wait. She held her chimera by the wings and she could feel it flutter under her fingers.

A clock struck eleven. Whence came the sound she knew not, but it rang out clearly, detaching its strokes, as it were, from the confused sounds and distant roar of carriages. Bonne-Marie started, but it was with

considerable difficulty that she rose — for all her limbs were stiff with fatigue — and returned to the Pension.

She was received this time by Mademoiselle Bocard, who was as smiling and urbane as her concierge had been the contrary. She was as round as Pointed Nose had been sharp — figure and face, movements and smiles, were all as soft and luxurious as an Eastern rug.

Bonne-Marie was dazzled by this amiability, and thought herself on the threshold of Paradise.

"You desire to find a situation, do you, my child?" said the lady kindly.

"It was Monsieur Martin who sent you to me, that most estimable of curés."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, it was Monsieur Martin, my curé, who has known me from childhood," answered the young girl, lifting her eyes to those of the lady.

"Ah! I have heard of you before. If I am not mistaken you have recently lost your father?"

Bonne-Marie colored and assented silently. It cost her a heavy pang to feel this recent wound touched by this strange hand.

"By an accident I believe?"

The caressing eyes of Mademoiselle Bocard met the troubled ones of Bonne-Marie, and would unquestionably have succeeded in extorting from the girl the secrets of her innermost heart, if that heart had happened to contain any.

Tears prevented Mademoiselle Beslin from replying.

The lady looked at her more sweetly than before.

"You have your Diploma, I presume? Ah! yes, to be sure. You wish to be an under-teacher, but do you know anything of the duties of this position?"

"I think and hope I do," answered the girl, "for I was eight years at boarding-school."

"What a frightful Cherbourg accent!" thought Mademoiselle Bocard; "Nothing can be done with her!"

Yet she continued to smile on the stranger, thinking that if she would consent to come without any salary, that she could dismiss the young girl just engaged to take care of the smaller pupils, and who was without a fault, except that of costing twenty-five francs per month.

"You have some means, I presume?" insinuated Mademoiselle Bocard, "and it is for the sake of a home and to perfect yourself in your studies that you desire a situation?"

Bonne-Marie understood the drift of this question instantly. Her clear Norman sense stood her in good stead in this emergency. She answered, therefore, while she mechanically put her hand to her breast to satisfy herself that the little pocket-book containing the two notes of a thousand francs each, which were found sewed up in her father's mattrass, was safe:

"I desire to perfect myself, Mademoiselle, in all things, but I have no fortune, and I must rely on the work of my brains or my hands, for the means of support."

My readers have many of them seen the toy door close on the cuckoo who comes out to say the hour, in those little clocks manufactured in the Black Forest. Accustomed as they may be at the sudden and invariable disappearance of the bird, they are none the less astonished each time it takes place — just in the same way did Mademoiselle Bocard smile and depart, leaving no trace behind her.

"Unfortunately," she said, "our number of teachers is complete."

If Bonne-Marie had clasped her hands in supplication, and raised her lovely eyes swimming in tears; if she had implored her to save her from poverty, it is possible that the directress would have taken her out of pure compassion, in the place of the other who cost twenty-five francs — on the condition be it understood that the new comer received no salary. But nothing of this kind occurred. Mademoiselle Beslin, with a salutation so dignified and graceful, that it impressed the teacher, rose, and turned towards the door.

"How well she carries herself!" thought Mademoiselle Bocard, "but her accent is positively deplorable!"

"Call again," she said aloud, "about the time of the vacation, and it is quite probable that there will be some changes in our staff at that time."

"Many thanks, Mademoiselle," Bonne-Marie answered, with that haughty grace which had been bestowed upon her from some fairy godmother in her cradle, and she went away.

Mechanically, she turned her steps towards the Champs-Elysées again. The entire air and look of the place had undergone a marked change. There were no more carriages to be seen—the equestrians had disappeared—the few equipages had no coats of arms on their panels—they were from the livery stable, and contained people from the country, or strangers who were wandering about from morning until dawn, ever admiring the beauties of the capital.

All at once Bonne-Marie realized that her appearance was the same as that of these country people.

It was the sight of a woman in deep mourning that had done this work of enlightenment, and opened her eyes to this uncomfortable fact.

This woman was walking very fast, but with a smooth, gliding step. Her dress was rigidly plain; and her black cashmere shawl was precisely like that worn by Bonne-Marie. Her small hat of black crape, with its long vail, had cost no more than the beribboned one, worn by the young girl; and yet what a world of difference in the hanging of those skirts, in the folds of that shawl, and in the way in which the hat was worn.

"I am absurd," said Bonne-Marie to herself, "but it will not last long!"

At Cherbourg she had obtained the address of a small hotel, kept by honest people. She now went there, for, however indomitable her spirits might be, her bodily strength was leaving her. Her quiet manner secured her instant admission, and the mistress of

the house at once took greatly into favor this young girl, who set herself at work so courageously to win her bread.

Bonne-Marie was therefore happy in the thought that she had a shelter, and was safe from the many perils which assail women on the slippery pavements of Paris.

That same day, towards evening, the girl started out once more, and went to various other persons to whom she had letters. Everywhere she was received in the same way and with the same result.

At one place, however, she was offered a class of twenty pupils, at twenty francs per month! Breakfast would be given her in addition, but her dinner and her lodging she must provide for herself.

She went out with a dull rage in her heart at such rapacity, and asked herself how women could live who accepted such conditions.

CHAPTER X.

CLOTILDE.

TWO weeks had elapsed. Bonne-Marie had no more letters to deliver. She had been everywhere, and furthermore, had answered a number of advertisements for governesses and the like, but all without avail. She had begun to think, seriously, of going into service, when the idea struck her that she could use her talents for embroidery.

It was then that the girl realized, for the first time, the small value set on such labor. She was offered twenty francs for embroidery that would have been worth five hundred, and was required to leave as a deposit the worth of the materials. After the fourth attempt in this direction, Bonne-Marie saw she could never hope to earn her bread thus, and admitted with death in her soul, that Paris was no place for her.

"What shall I do now?" she asked herself, as she wandered sadly along one of the bridges. "Where am I to find an asylum and a crust!"

Each day she went to Champs-Elysées, and there her strength returned to her as did that of Anteus in touching the earth; the mere sight of this mirage was to her a glimpse of the promised land. Her mourning and her quiet reserve spared her many of the disagreeable

occurrences, which, had her air been different, would most assuredly have beset her at this period of her life.

She took her seat therefore daily, between the hours of three and five, on a bench near some one of those gorgeous nurses and those dimpled babies with their sweeping skirts, and she watched the incessant flow of equipages and foot passengers who, at this hour, take their way to the Bois.

One day, finding that the bench she usually occupied was filled with country people, she wandered on a little further, and found herself opposite one of those Concert Cafés, which attract, night after night, that very large class of people who do not enjoy the solitude of their own apartments.

This class is far more numerous than is usually supposed, for among the people who tread the Parisian pavements, from five o'clock to midnight, there are fully half who do this to avoid the solitude of a home where nothing pleases them.

Bonne-Marie passed on a little farther and seated herself on a bench by the side of a path that led from the avenue to a *Café Chantant*, which, although newly opened, was already very fashionable.

With her hands loosely clasped on her knees, she sank into a sad reverie. Her small treasure had been seriously encroached upon already; autumn would soon be there, and then what would she do in those dark, dreary days. Must she make up her mind to return to Omonville, and bear the ridicule which she

knew would be her portion? The young girl's pride was as deeply wounded at this thought as if a stranger had insulted her.

"Never!" she said to herself, "never!"

There was a rehearsal going on at the *Café Chantant* apparently, for several women had passed Mademoiselle Beslin with rolls of music in their hands. Their *toilette* was in no degree remarkable, their air was that of the ordinary Parisian who is always carefully dressed.

Bonne-Marie was far from suspecting that these women, so like all others in her eyes, would appear that evening to more than one provincial, as beings from a different sphere.

Two or three young men who seemed to be waiting for some one, were lounging about also, each with his roll of music under his arm.

"La Diva! Here comes La Diva," said one of them, indicating by a look a *coupé* which was drawing up at the side of the pavement.

The young men hastened towards it with an air of laughing, and possibly exaggerated respect — bowed to the lady who emerged from the carriage, which drove away hastily, and the Diva, bowing to all her friends with one comprehensive greeting, slightly raised her long skirts of silk and lace with one hand, and moved toward the *café*.

Bonne-Marie contemplated this scene in a listless sort of way; she was heartsick as well as physically

weary. She thought these men very silly, and the woman extremely insolent.

"What a pretty blonde!" said one of the young men in a low voice, attracting the attention of the Diva to Mademoiselle Beslin.

The lady turned her superb black eyes on Bonne-Marie and stood still in utter amazement. Bonne-Marie turned a haughty, supercilious face upon her.

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle," said the singer with some hesitation, "but you are so astonishingly like one of my old school friends ——"

She turned away, but Bonne-Marie started up.

"Clotilde!" she exclaimed, "Clotilde! Have you made your fortune?"

This artless question brought a smile to the lips of more than one hearer, but Clotilde did not care; she laughed heartily.

"Not exactly," she answered gayly,—"but where on earth do you come from, Bonne-Marie? Why are you here?"

"Not because I have made my fortune — of that I am quite sure!" answered Mademoiselle, with a forced smile.

"And you would repair this negligence of fate, I fancy," interrupted her old friend. "I should not think it so difficult a matter, for you are wonderfully pretty, but you are in black?"

"Mademoiselle Clotilde, they are waiting for you to begin the rehearsal," a well-shaven individual now

came to say. That he belonged to the concert troupe and not to the *café* was easy to see, when his emaciated figure was contrasted with those of the well fed waiters.

Mademoiselle Clotilde shrugged her shoulders.

"That is always the way," she murmured. "Where are you living, Bonne-Marie?"

The girl told her.

"Heavens and Earth! why are you in such a place?" said the singer with uplifted brows. "I cannot go into such a part of the town; come and see me."

"When?" asked Bonne-Marie with quickly beating heart.

"To-morrow morning at eleven!" and La Diva handed a card to her friend and disappeared behind the vine-wreathed door.

When she was alone, Bonne-Marie looked at the card on which these words were inscribed,

MADEMOISELLE CLOTILDE.

DRAMATIC ARTIST.

"Dramatic artist?" repeated the young girl. Then it is on the stage that fortunes are made, and why not?"

She returned to her small lodgings, and all about her seemed changed. The old mahogany wardrobe, the large-figured curtains, the coarse cotton sheets which were especially horrible to her who had always been accustomed to the lavender-scented linen which alone

is used in the provinces, now filled her with disgust. The dinner she could not eat. The smell of cooking made her head ache, and the noise from the restaurant was insufferable, for it penetrated even to the remote room she occupied.

All these poor details now seemed absolutely squalid in her eyes. How different it all was from the silk dress of Clotilde and the perfume which exhaled from her laces and ribbons.

Bonne-Marie passed a wretched night, was up and dressed at daybreak, and busy in giving to her simple black dress as good an appearance as possible. Long before the hour appointed, she was on her way to the quarter inhabited by her brilliant friend; and had ample leisure to admire many a sumptuous dwelling.

The windows shrouded in lace; the furniture seen dimly through these curtains; the mirrors, which gleamed from under those Italian awnings — extended to shut out the August sun — all attracted her, and strengthened her, and revived her ambitious dreams.

At last the clock struck eleven, and she pulled the bell of a door painted light gray. The house was coquettish and dainty. A woman servant appeared, and Bonne-Marie was shown into a salon that realized all her dreams.

It was only Crétonne, but it was all so fresh and pretty. The woodwork was painted in light gray, with slender lines of gold, and the portieres and curtains were a rich red. Boule furniture harmonized with the

subdued tones of the coverings. Flowers and masses of green were seen everywhere that a vase or a flower-pot could be placed, while two mirrors — one opposite the other — reflected the crystal chandelier.

Bonne-Marie had never seen such splendor, and stood transfixed.

"It is pretty, isn't it?" said Clotilde, behind her.

The young provincial turned round quickly.

"It is superb!" she said. "But it must have been frightfully expensive."

Clotilde smiled, shrugged her shoulders and drew her friend toward a low sofa.

"Tell me your whole story, dear," she said, "for you must have had at least one romance in your life. Every one has as much as that, and besides, but for something of the kind you would not be here."

"I have no romance whatever!" sighed Bonne-Marie.

She related to Clotilde all the disastrous events which had made her sole mistress of her fortunes. She unvailed to her friend's eyes all the mysteries of her ambitious young heart. She was not ashamed in Clotilde's presence, for had not her friend reached the end at which she herself now aimed, and therefore was it not clear that Clotilde must know something of the same suspense and aspirations that were now eating her own heart away.

"No romance! Not the smallest one in the world?" insisted the singer.

Bonne-Marie shook her head, but at the same time

blushed as she thought of Jean Baptiste, for her conscience reproached her, and yet she did not care to give up the fisherman's name as a subject for jesting to her brilliant friend.

"Well! well!" cried Clotilde, gayly, "you are certainly a most extraordinary young woman. The idea of your coming to Paris to make your fortune, and to hope to do it by honest labor with your two hands!"

"But you?" asked Bonne-Marie; "was it not your talent which gave you all these pretty things?"

Clotilde smiled, but did not reply immediately.

"You must make a great deal of money," said the girl.

"Of course I do!" answered Clotilde, jumping up; "now come to breakfast!"

The dining-room indicated the same comfort — elegant without pretension, which is the true luxury of those persons who do not care to throw handfuls of money out of the window. Nothing was less like a feudal château than this pretty box, but all that modern taste had introduced was found within reach.

The two pretty women seated themselves opposite each other, and chatted gayly while they tasted the dainties which had hitherto been a sealed book to Bonne-Marie, and now made her open her eyes in wonder. The window looked out on the leafy garden of a great hotel. The sun, softened by the green blinds, flashed an occasional golden ray on the crystal *carafes* and on the well-kept silver.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW IDEA.

IT is needless to say that Mademoiselle Beslin intensely enjoyed this glimpse of a luxurious, indolent life, so entirely unlike her own.

Clotilde told her own story — in very general terms, let us here state — and her school friend listened in breathless amazement. The début of the Diva, her first triumph — all that heady wine of celebrity intoxicated her.

"But," said Bonne-Marie, after a time, "what was it that put it into your head to go on the stage?"

Clotilde smiled, and played with the fruit on her plate.

"I was urged to do it," she said at last, with a little movement of the pretty shoulders to which was due a great part of her success.

"Who urged you?" continued her curious friend.

"A man of wit and celebrity."

"Where did you make his acquaintance?"

"At church."

"At church!" repeated Bonne-Marie. "Why, it is a real romance!"

"No indeed, no romance whatever," replied Clotilde, carelessly; "you know I came to Paris to give lessons in singing and on the piano, at a boarding-school."

"And then ——"

"Well, I had a good voice — and have it still. I was wretchedly paid for the lessons I gave eight hours in the day."

"How much were you paid?" asked Bonne-Marie, always eager for information.

"Forty francs per month. I was compelled to sleep in the dormitory with the younger children, and to take care of them at night. I was fed and my washing was done — and what food and what washing! and those children — shall I ever forget them!"

Clotilde sank back in her chair and laughed. Bonne-Marie laughed too, but the under-current of anxiety at her heart, caused her to return to her practical questions.

"Well! then you gave lessons!"

"Yes, and they made me sing in the parish church during the month of May. Ah! my dear, I made a perfect revolution there. Never had the good women who went there in the evening heard anything like it. They brought their husbands, and finally it came to pass that a newspaper man came in. He wrote an article; and one fine evening the church was so full of amateurs that it was no longer a church — it was a concert."

"And your boarding-school mistress?"

"She said it was a disgrace — that was one of her favorite phrases — and announced to me that I was no longer to attend the services in honor of the Holy Virgin."

"And why, pray?"

"Why? Well, it would be really difficult to say — she had three reasons. The first being that she feared lest I should discover that forty francs per month and a bed in the dormitory with the children, was hardly payment for the services I rendered her. The second was that she was jealous of me."

"Jealous! and of what?"

"Of everything," answered Clotilde, throwing her head back haughtily; "of my beauty, my intelligence and my success. The third reason, ah! the third!" and Diva hummed the air sung by Paris, in *La Belle Héléne*. "A third there was, I am certain, but I never found out what it was, I believe. At all events I, just as usual, came down stairs with my hat on, the next night at a quarter to eight, to go with my class to church. As soon as she saw me she forbade my going."

"And what did you do?"

"I bowed politely, and went out in front of her and directly to the church, and took the place where I was in the habit of sitting.

"She had not dreamed of my doing this, and when she entered the chapel, I was singing the *Ave, maris stella.*

"Ah! my dear," sighed Clotilde, "I don't think I ever sang so well before or since!"

"I can understand that," cried Bonne-Marie eagerly; "and then what happened?"

"The journalist of whom I spoke, was there, and when

I went out he was waiting for me on the steps, and he made me such compliments as were quite enough to turn a girl's head.

"He handed me his card and told me to appeal to him whenever I needed his services. I thanked him of course, and took the card.

"When I rang at the door of the Pension, for I was of course a good deal after hours, the servant opened the door and handed me my clothes done up in a bundle, and my last wages wrapped in a paper. I was dismissed, or rather not to put too fine a point upon it, I was kicked out of doors. And, please to remember, without any certificate!"

Bonne-Marie, in utter consternation, looked at her friend, who laughed in great glee.

"Yes—I laugh now, but I did not laugh then, I assure you! I slept that night in a garret inhabited by fleas; and the next morning I called on the Journalist—a most charming man."

"Old?"

"Young, my dear—young and handsome, and kind. He at once did his best to find a position for me. This did not seem to be a very easy matter; but in the meantime I sang in several churches—thanks to his recommendations;—and then one morning I was breakfasting with him—and I met——"

"What! You breakfasted with him?"

"Oh! sometimes I did. Well then, this day as I was telling you, I met the manager of a concert troupe

—a café concert troupe, you understand. They asked me to sing, I did so, and the manager was delighted; and finally, to cut a long story short, he engaged me—and I sing every night."

"You will take me to hear you, will you not?" cried Bonne-Marie, eagerly.

"You can hear me now if you choose!" answered the Diva, running to her piano in the next room, where, after a little prelude, she sang an aria from an operetta then much in vogue, with so much expression in her rich voice, that Bonne-Marie was thrilled from head to foot.

But the strange words, the mocking intonation which made the success of the part, bewildered our little country girl.

"Do you mean that you sing such songs as those before people?" she asked in horror, as La Diva twirled round suddenly on the piano stool, and clapped her hands with an air of irresistible fun and mischief.

"They like it," said Clotilde, with an audacious wink. "Now come and see all my pomades and paints, and my brushes with which I ornament my face. It is ridiculous to be sure, for I am far prettier, in my opinion, when I let myself alone, and appear just as the good Lord made me!"

Bonne-Marie, with a certain vague repugnance followed her friend into the dressing-room, and contemplated the various articles whose use and meaning were carefully explained by her friend.

The Diva, now a thorough Parisian, took the greatest possible delight in watching the impression she made on her friend. It seemed to revive in herself something of the innocence and ignorance that had been hers, before she was launched into the corruption of her present life.

After a long talk, wherein Clotilde had always answered and Bonne-Marie always questioned, a silence followed, and the two friends, each curled in her own corner of the couch, looked at each other with frank curiosity and interest.

"And you, what do you mean to do?" said Clotilde, finally, when she had terminated her mental inventory of the attractions of her companion.

"I do not know," answered Bonne-Marie, with a gesture of profound discouragement.

"Can you sing? You sang once."

"Yes, I know I did, but I rarely do now."

"Sing something this moment!" and Clotilde ran back to the piano.

"But I do not know anything—nothing but our old sentimental ballads and romances which we used to sing at boarding school."

"Sing one of those—it would be very droll!"

Bonne-Marie began one of those preposterous melodies which belonged to the times of our grandmothers, and which are still found in the répertoire of some of the establishments for the education of young ladies.

By degrees her voice grew firm, and she succeeded

in imparting to the insipid words an extraordinary amount of expression, and galvanized them as it were into life.

"You have sung that infinitely better than I could have done!" cried Clotilde.

"Why do you laugh at me?" said Bonne-Marie, reproachfully.

"Why do I laugh at you, goose!" replied her friend. "I am not laughing. What I say is true. You have a way of pronouncing the words 'Heaven, birds, and flowers' that I could never achieve were I to practice it a hundred years. You must have felt all this. You have done your share of dreaming, I fancy!"

The country girl colored.

"And yet you say—you love no one."

"No one, but you."

Clotilde smiled, and rolled one of her glossy curls over her finger, and then as she tossed it lightly back over her shoulder, she said:

"I am unlike you, then, for I do love some one."

"Who is he?"

"He is rich, and a business man."

"Young?"

"Of course—I detest old men; and then too, one can be young but once."

Bonne-Marie looked at her friend, questioningly. It was clear that her mind was not quite at ease.

"You see him then, daily, do you?"

"Of course I do;—he dines here to-day."

"And—you will marry him?"

Clotilde gave a strange, forced laugh.

"No," she said, "I think not. But that does not prevent me from loving him. Quite the contrary, I think!"

She pronounced this aphorism with such superb aplomb, that Bonne-Marie was entirely out of countenance, and did not know what to say.

"You are too innocent, by far!" resumed Clotilde, "but it will not last. I have no concern on that score. But in the meantime try to find out the things you want to know without asking so many questions. I think you will find that method more satisfactory. And now, tell me, do you wish to sing in public, as I do?"

Bonne-Marie clasped her hands in an ecstacy of delight, but did not speak.

"With your Madonna-like face," continued Clotilde, "you would make a signal failure if you should attempt my style; but sentiment is your forte. Some people like that sort of thing. Shall I present you to my Manager. He never refuses me anything!"

Bonne-Marie nearly smothered her friend with kisses.

"Now then, be off with you!" exclaimed Clotilde, laughing.

"This is the hour that Joseph is due ——"

"Joseph? Who is Joseph? Your servant?"

"No, indeed. Men in society affect that style of name, now-a-days—and servants are all Arthurs and Raouls. Joseph is—well, he is my best friend. I wish you to make his acquaintance, but not to-day. Come to me again to-morrow at the same hour."

CHAPTER XII.

SIGNING THE CONTRACT.

BONNE-MARIE found herself in the street again, just as the heat of the day had began to decrease. The shadows of the trees lengthened on the Champs-Elysées — the spray of the fountains mingled with the dust of the macadamised pavements, and made a sort of mist around the large chestnut trees. The carriages had begun their evening activity, and all was bright and gay.

Bonne-Marie thought she would go and look at the outside of the *Café Chantant.*

"Yes," she said to herself, "I will sing there if I can."

She went home, past the flower market of the Madeleine, where even the flowers have an air of effrontery. The Parma violets were out of season, and were pale and listless, and as to the white roses it was easy to see that they would fade that night in the *loge* of some actress.

But Bonne-Marie had no such intuitions as these. She bought a bouquet for four sous, and took it to her wretched little room, where she dreamed until morning of applause, of flaring gas, and of bouquets surrounded by lace paper.

"Yes, *ma belle*, it is all settled," said Clotilde to her

friend, the next day, toward the end of breakfast. "Maurésset will give you a hearing next week."

"Maurésset?" asked Bonne-Marie, quickly.

"Yes, the old wretch, my Manager!"

The country girl asked herself, with a shiver, how any one could venture to speak of such an autocrat with so little ceremony. A Manager of course was to be respected, not only for his age, but for his position. Clotilde was not sufficiently parliamentary in her language.

"I have a word of warning to whisper in your ear, my dear," said Clotilde. "Look out for the manager."

"Look out for him? And why?"

"You must find that out for yourself, only remember my words, for they are words of wisdom. Shall we say Monday? Will you be ready?"

"Any time you please, Clotilde; this very moment, if you say so."

"Bless your dear little heart!" cried the Diva, "if you were to go to see Maurésset in that little black woolen gown, and sing that romance for him, he would insist on you paying him five hundred francs for permission to make your *début* under his auspices. Your eyes might be like stars and as large as moons, it would make no difference ——"

"But how then shall I go to him?"

"In the most distingué toilette possible. Black faille, linen collar, not a scrap of lace, but ample drapery, and more ample aplomb ——"

"But that would cost much money, and ——"

"Simpleton! you need not pay now. I will take you to my dressmaker. All you need trouble yourself about is a dozen pair of gloves. Are your hands presentable?"

Bonne-Marie held them out to Clotilde with a shamefaced air.

"Red, very red! But the skin is fine, and they are very well shaped. Wear gloves with sixteen buttons for your *début*, and don't let human eye rest on your hands until they are white."

"And how long will that be?" asked the girl, with timid anxiety.

Clotilde went off in a fit of laughter.

"She is delicious! on my word she is truly delicious! But don't you see, *ma belle*, that if your hands have nothing to do but grow white, that it cannot take very long. You must select two or three romances more appropriate than the one you sang yesterday."

"We will try over a half dozen, and you will have two of them before Monday."

With such able instructions on all points, Bonne-Marie found the day of her interview with the Manager close at hand; and on the fateful Monday morning, with her hair dressed by a coiffeur, and wearing the lightest possible gloves, and embarrassed by the numerous flounces of her silk robe, the girl entered the presence of the redoubtable Maurésset, encouraged by her brilliant friend.

"Here she is! Monsieur Maurésset, here she is! this deep sea pearl — this pearl of price! She has as much talent as she has beauty, I do assure you!"

"That is precisely what we wish to discover!" grumbled the potentate, hardly looking at Bonne-Marie, such was his eagerness to press a kiss upon the hand of La Diva, who gave him in return a friendly little slap on his cheek.

"Sing us something!" he said imperiously, to the trembling girl.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

"Anything you choose, it is of very little consequence what — go on."

These words were not especially encouraging. He seated himself comfortably in an arm-chair in front of the piano. Clotilde, drawing off her gloves, placed herself at the instrument; and Bonne-Marie, suddenly warming up, sang one of those sentimental ballads which please fifty out of every hundred persons who hear it, far more than any higher order of music could have done.

"Not so bad!" said Maurésset, coldly. "And this is all you can do?"

"We warble, Monsieur Maurésset, said Clotilde, gravely. "We do nothing but that, but we do that well!"

"Ah! to be sure, I see. You adopt the simple style?"

Bonne-Marie could find nothing to say in reply.

"Some people like that sort of a thing!" continued the Manager. "Now, try again?"

The young girl, encouraged by a malicious glance from Clotilde, sang another ballad, which, since then, has made the tour of the world. At the time, however, that Bonne-Marie sang it, it was fresh and new.

"That might do," said the manager.

"Yes, indeed, particularly now that Amy Soleil has gone, and you have no one to replace her as yet," added Clotilde, with the most innocent air in the world.

Maurésset looked at her angrily.

"How much will you give me," he said, turning to Bonne-Marie, "if I should engage you?"

"Nonsense!" interposed Clotilde, drawing up her beautiful figure to its full height. "Go, my dear, into the other room and wait for me. I do not need you now, this is my part of the business."

Bonne-Marie left the salon with tears in her eyes.

"Upon my word, Clotilde," said Maurésset, sulkily, "I think you might treat me with a little more respect in the presence of my people!"

"Old wretch!" replied the unabashed Diva, with a shrug of those shoulders—famed throughout Paris. "She will never be one of your people unless you are more amiable than you are to-day. What do you intend to give her?"

"To give her? Why, you don't expect me to pay her, do you? No indeed! I don't care for her in that way."

"Very well, then. Not one note will I sing to-night!"

And Clotilde walked toward the door.

Maurésset looked at her.

"You will not sing!" he exclaimed in utter amazement. "We will see whether you do or not."

"See as much as you please. I am ill!"

"I will send my physician to examine you."

"Don't trouble yourself. He will find me in bed with leeches on. I have a fever."

"You will sing, fever or no fever."

"I will put a mustard plaster on the end of my nose, and I will have it spread round the theatre that you struck me!"

"No one will believe it."

"Indeed, you are mistaken. Everybody will believe any hateful thing I choose to say of you."

The Diva gathered up her skirts.

"Good-morning, Monsieur Maurésset," she said with a serene smile. "I will call to-morrow at the same hour, to ascertain if you have changed your mind."

"Clotilde!"

"What is it?"

"It is simply ridiculous to expect me to engage this girl."

"Ridiculous! It is you who are ridiculous!" cried the haughty Clotilde, dropping her silk with a noise that sounded like the unreefing of sails. "Look at it yourself. You are lucky enough to have me bring to

you a beautiful girl, well educated and well bred, with a delicate voice — an accent ——

"That of Cherbourg — Cherbourg," interrupted Maurésset.

"In eight days, there will not be a trace of it left," continued Clotilde, quite undisturbed. "Her voice is the most touching and sympathetic I ever heard in my life — enough to bring tears into the eyes of all the crocodiles in Paris. She is a girl who is made for love, and yet she is pure and good."

"Pure and good," repeated Maurésset, with a skeptical air.

"Pure and good, you wretch! so good that she asked me if I did not receive an enormous salary to enable me to furnish my house so well."

"And what did you say?"

"None of your business!"

"You must have given her a very erroneous idea of your engagement with me, Clotilde. This, permit me to say, was a very great mistake."

"Do you dare to say that you do not give me twenty-five thousand francs for singing six months?"

"But that is to you, Clotilde! Do you suppose I could do the same for any one else?"

"Yes, in one moment, if you found any one who sang better than I," replied the Diva, haughtily. "But you have not yet discovered one."

"I have not discovered one," answered the manager, "simply because I do not look for one."

"You have looked — and you did not succeed. You offered Plenotte thirty thousand francs. You made your offer in black and white, and she refused it. She has not the half of a voice, while I — I have a voice and a half! You are perfectly ungrateful!"

"Clotilde — I swear to you ——"

"I have read your letter!"

And as Clotilde uttered these crushing words she crossed her arms and looked the manager straight in the eyes. She found him so droll in his demoralized condition, that she laughed aloud.

"Who in thunder showed you that letter?"

"A little bird," answered Clotilde.

The Manager bowed his abashed head.

"Don't let us quarrel," he said with a paternal air. "Do you insist on my engaging your friend?"

"Absolutely, or I will not sing another note for you. I feel that my voice is leaving me entirely. In another twenty-five hours I shall not be able to raise a note," said the actress, in a hoarse whisper.

"Well then I will give her three hundred francs per month! That is liberal, I am sure."

"And dress her," said Clotilde, slyly.

"Ah! No indeed! by no means."

"Then double your price and we will think about it."

"Do you mean that six hundred francs would not be enough?"

"Now, how bright you are! Who would have supposed that you could have thought I meant that?" And Clotilde laughed.

"How much do you want for her?" asked the manager, impatiently.

"Eight thousand francs for the first year, twelve for for the next, and after then to agree on new terms."

"Clotilde, you are mad!" cried Maurésset.

The actress raised her eyebrows in gentle wonder.

"Let me tell you," she said, "that my friend is a very quiet little person. She means to marry a rich man."

"Ah!" answered Maurésset, thoughtfully; "that changes the question entirely. If she has decided to marry, it will not be at once I presume."

"Not until she had brought a quantity of fish to your net, at all events," cried Clotilde.

"I will give her ten thousand francs on condition that she will not marry until after the expiration of the first year."

"Trafficker in human flesh!" groaned Clotilde; "and yet people pretend that the buying and selling of slaves is abolished! Then if she engages at ten thousand, you will give her cash down, two thousand."

"One thousand the day of her first appearance!"

"How do you wish her to appear—in a flannel skirt and a nightcap?"

"Upon my word, that would not be a bad idea," said Maurésset, caressing his moustache. "But I will give half now, and the other half in six months."

"No, two thousand this very moment, or I will take her off, and you will never see either of us again."

Maurésset reluctantly opened his iron safe and took

out two bills for one thousand francs each, and handed them to Clotilde.

"How many sighs and groans and maledictions against the Manager these represent!" said the actress, as she took them. "You cannot boast of being very liberal at all events."

"I am quite as liberal as others," said Maurésset, as he prepared a receipt and contract.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Clotilde.

"Let me see the conditions with which you propose to burthen that poor innocent. Give me that pen."

Clotilde took her seat at the Manager's desk and pugnaciously attacked every clause which she considered onerous for her *protégée*. When all was triumphantly concluded — after a long and weary battle — she rose and told her companion to read, ponder and inwardly reflect.

"You may boast of taking the most abominable advantage of your position," he sighed, as he laid the paper down. "Ah, if I could only replace you!"

"But that is precisely what you cannot do, therefore, it is you who take advantage of your position," she answered with a laugh.

Bonne-Marie was now summoned. The period of her waiting had been so long, that she had lost all hope, and supposed herself to have been condemned and rejected. Her surprise, therefore, was all the greater, on seeing the contract and the receipt ready for her signature, and she took the pen handed her by Clotilde almost without knowing what she was doing.

"Put your name there, simpleton!" said her friend, showing her the exact spot to affix her signature, "and here, put these in your pocket."

She slipped into the hand of Bonne-Marie the two thousand franc notes, at which the girl stared with affrighted eyes.

"She is pretty, very pretty!" said Maurésset, examining her through his eye glass.

"What shall we call her?"

"The Rose of Salency," said Clotilde with a laugh.

"We shall have to think about it," he answered meditatively, and while Bonne-Marie put her precious money carefully into her porte-monnaie, he approached the Diva and whispered in her ear:

"Why the deuce do you have anything to do with this girl — she is as pretty as a pink. Why are you not jealous of her?"

"We do not pursue the same game!" said Clotilde, quietly, "she is after a husband, and I — well, you know I think a husband ——"

"I know you are too independent, Mademoiselle," interrupted Maurésset, — "and now ladies, good-by, until the evening."

Clotilde bore her friend away in triumph. Bonne-Marie moved as if she were half asleep and wondered if it were not all a dream.

CHAPTER XIII.

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

WHEN it was known that Maurésset had engaged a new attraction, the artists attached to his troupe became very curious, the men — contrary to the received idea — more curious than the women. But for Clotilde who never left her, Bonne-Marie would unquestionably have suffered much annoyance. At the first glance the ladies called her "an affected thing," and the men "a beauty." Such contradictory opinions as these, naturally led to many collisions. But the whole troupe stood in wholesome fear of Clotilde, whose exceptional position and unrestrained tongue, were for Bonne-Marie the best possible shield and buckler.

Several rehearsals were ordered, that the new star might become accustomed to the orchestra and the glare of the gas.

The important day at last arrived. Hand bills were freely circulated. The milky globes surrounding the enclosure, were more clear than usual, and there was a more liberal allowance of gas lighting up the dusky acacias. The floating dust of the summer evening was transformed to luminous vapor, and against this background the heavy masses of foliage on the tall trees stood out distinctly.

Here and there, branches caught the light from some candelabra and displayed their delicate tracery even to their palest green leaves, as they waved in the air, which was not so much the wind of Heaven, as the heated air from the gas burners.

The enclosure was surrounded by evergreens, which were intended to protect the little theatre from profane eyes; that this intention was not successful, was shown by the quadruple row of heads beyond it.

There assembled regularly every night, those persons whose purses were empty, and who obtained during the day, only the smell of the meals at the restaurants, and by night, only the echoes from the theatre; those who do not love work enough to even struggle on with it, that they may thereby win the means of enjoying a few hours of indolence; those, who like neither the solitary fireside of the bachelor, nor the crowded home of the married man; those who say every morning "Moseau was not in voice yesterday," or, "Julia's ballad was hissed," thus giving themselves the air of men of elegant leisure.

All the endless varieties of the same family were to be found in this spot, attracted by the hand-bills and the placards, but too poor to pay the entrance fee. There were also artists there, who came to catch certain effects of light, for these places are not without their poetic side, as Alfred de Musset has proved to us.

Beyond these heads, beyond the evergreens and the line of lights, people passing by, caught a glimpse of a

brilliant gulf, with beds of flowers each side — flowers which quickly withered in this unhealthy light and atmosphere. Beyond this was the stage, protected by its triple row of gas burners, and there on this stage set with scenery of trees and meadows, stood Marie in white silk — her dress cut square and low over the bust. She was singing in pathetic tones, in which real emotion was so interwoven with the false and the assumed, that she herself did not know where the one began or the other ended.

"J'ai quitteé ma sœur au berceau
Pour venir dans la grande ville."

And there was a tear in her voice as she went on to describe the grief of the orphan as she met the cold looks of the hard world. She elicited enthusiastic applause from her audience, by the gesture and voice in which she — although dying of hunger — repulsed the gold — "the price of shame."

And these people — skeptics and cynics — applauded her with energy. Bonne-Marie, without suspecting it, had infused a new element into the *olla podrida* of Parisian life. She had sung a moral ballad at a *Café Chantant* with success!

It was an absolute ovation. Vainly did her companions shrug their shoulders and turn their backs on the girl who had dropped, as it were, from the skies, among them. All true musicians recognized the peculiar quality of her fresh, clear voice, and all realized that

there was something extraordinary about her — a dignity and a charm which prevented her being approached other than with the most entire respect.

The amateurs and habitués of the place came, of course, to see "this rising star," or, "this budding star," as a youth with a vast display of shirt bosom and hair carefully parted in the middle, solemnly remarked to her.

"Bonne-Marie smiled, and even exchanged a few courteous words with one and all, but no one ventured on any impertinent familiarity.

"How the deuce does she do it? Why is she so different from all the others?" said some to Maurésset.

"Hush!" said the astute Manager, placing his finger on his lips, "she is a young lady of the best possible family. Hush!"

"Who makes her appearance here out of love of you?"

"Hush! Heart of ice — has never loved! — Will not listen to one such word. Hush!"

"Come now, Maurésset, let us be serious."

"I am serious, entirely so. Try yourselves, gentleman, burn your own wings in the flame if you choose."

And Maurésset laughed softly and went off on the tips of his toes as if in a sick room.

"The rascal! he is quite capable of having put that clause into her engagement!" exclaimed some one who builded better than he knew.

That evening Bonne-Marie returned to her pretty

room on the fourth floor of a good house in a good situation. It was a room for birds of passage, which the coquetry and doubtful taste of third-class actresses — on the topmost wave of success for a brief period — had adorned and arrayed, but it seemed to the young girl the very acme of elegance. A carriage full of bouquets had been brought in, and as she read the cards attached to them, and breathed their perfume, Bonne-Marie's heart beat with a more exalted triumph than this apartment had ever before witnessed.

"I am earning my bread honorably," she said to herself.

A strong wind from the southeast blew against her imperfectly closed window; the curtains swelled out like a sail. She opened it, leaned out and looked up at the sky, over which black clouds were stormily drifting.

"How high the sea must be to-night at Omonville," thought Bonne-Marie.

She closed the windows, and was soon sound asleep after her day of fatigue and excitement.

That very night Jean Baptiste, who had grown indifferent and careless, was nearly lost — he and his boat together — on the Cogue, the most dangerous of all the huge rocks on this perilous shore — and if he saved himself, it was simply that his instinct of self-preservation was stronger than his love of life.

CHAPTER XIV.

"LUCIANE."

IN another week Bonne-Marie had totally conquered her Normand accent. Bonne-Marie could use a fan and answered to her new name Luciane, a name chosen by Clotilde. Bonne-Marie was no longer embarrassed by her trailing flounces. In a word, the young country girl was transformed into a Parisian.

Where had she learned to receive all this homage in so calm and dignified a manner? How did she know what replies to make to these commonplace sentimentalities. She unfolded her music and looked over it at the public while the prelude was played, with as much composure as if she had done it for years.

She must have been born for this rôle, for she assumed it with such ease, that even Clotilde was astonished and had some difficulty in believing that their meeting on the Champs-Elysées was but little more than a month previous.

Bonne-Marie had learned many things, without knowing how, like water filtering through a porous stone. She had acquired a knowledge of the immorality of the world in which she lived. She understood the puerile hatreds, the ferocious jealousy—the venality of all and everything—the absolute selfishness and

vanity of those about her, and she no longer cared to know Clotilde's friends.

She even suspected that Clotilde herself had not escaped the odious leprosy, and that poor and honest friends would stand small chance of being admitted to her august presence, but she loved Clotilde and she wished to continue to love her. She was grateful for the battle Clotilde had fought in her behalf, and brought to a successful termination — a battle in which she, standing alone, would have been hopelessly defeated and put to flight. It was to Clotilde that she owed the applause that nightly deafened her — the very carpet in her bed-room was due to her friend's generosity — as well as the bouquets and compliments. So many favors demanded a vast amount of gratitude in return, and so Bonne-Marie deliberately closed her eyes and covered them with her hands.

Did she think of the past? Yes, often. When in the evening she was dressing for a concert — as she caught the gleam of the light on her pearly skin, as she loosened the mass of her pale-brown hair and put it up in a fashion that displayed her pure brow and delicate ears, she remembered the small linen caps which in former days covered these shining braids; she recalled her woolen bodice, the chemise of unbleached linen she then wore, and smiled at her image in the glass with a proud and happy smile. That which raised Bonne-Marie higher than all in her own estimation, was the feeling that it was impossible for her to wander from

the straight and narrow path she had marked out for herself.

"I will owe my fortune to myself — to my own merits," she said, haughtily.

Conscious of her own innocence and purity, the girl therefore carried her head high, and never dreamed that she could be suspected. Why should she be? Her life was as transparent as a crystal carafe. Study and rehearsals absorbed her days, and if by chance a leisure hour came, she spent it at Clotilde's, or in driving with her in the Bois.

The young girl's life was therefore a peaceful one, troubled only by a regret for her dead father, or a pang when she thought of the living Jean Baptiste who loved her so much, and who was alone and sad, so many miles away.

Another month had elapsed. Mademoiselle Bonne-Marie, or Luciane, as she was called, had renewed and enlarged her répertoire. Under the advice of her friend, she appeared always in white — always with jasmine or anemones in her hair, or some small pure flowers which suggested orange blossoms — and this virginal apparition was hailed each night with long and repeated bravas. In the intervals between her ballads, Mademoiselle Luciane received the homage of the men around her, and if a brief melancholy weighed down her spirits, it was at the sight of these among whom, she said to herself, was not one single man whom she could love.

"Not one whom I would marry!" she added.

She contemplated these admirers in succession; those who were at her own feet and those who were at the feet of all the other women. Their whiskers curled on hot irons, their moustaches waxed to a fine point, their huge collars and cut-open vests, their hair parted in the middle, all struck her as simply ridiculous, and their manners as repulsive.

And was this the world of which she had dreamed? Not so! The traveller whom she was to have met on the sea beach at sunset, had little in common with this vulgar herd.

Were there no men in Paris, simpler, more natural, and truer than these? She remembered that on her first arrival in Paris she had often met men with handsome, grave faces, stately in form and walk — men whose eyes expressed an admiration which was too respectful to bring a blush to her cheek — but none such did she see at the Café-Concert.

It began to dawn upon her, therefore, that it was not enough to be beautiful, amiable and clever, and to earn ones' bread honestly and industriously. Something else was evidently needed. What, then, was that something?

Bonne-Marie said to herself, sagaciously, that the women who were near her were not such as men would select for wives; but she was not of them, though with them, and the men knew this quite as well as she did herself — and if these men knew it, why should not

others as well, and among them the mysterious *he* whom she was to marry?

She was sometimes a little discouraged, but as at twenty, it is more natural to hope than to fear, this discouragement quickly passed away, and she continued to look forward to the Future with a vague feeling of expectation.

CHAPTER XV.

HE COMES!

ONE night, while the orchestra was playing the prelude to her first ballad, she ran over the audience with indolent eyes, for she had become accustomed to the fiery barrier of the foot-lights. She was never timid, but sure of herself, liked to examine her public and possibly select some especial persons to whom to sing.

Her heart gave a wild tumultuous leap, as she caught sight of a young man who was watching her with fixed attention. He sat leaning back in his chair against a mass of dark green foliage. His large dark eyes were full of fire, and totally different from those of the men whom she was in the habit of seeing. They were neither weary and faded from sleeplessness, nor reddened by dissipation.

The girl's lips paled as she met these eyes, but it was time for her to sing. She finished the first verse, and as she turned the page again, Bonne-Marie glanced once more at the stranger. He had listened attentively—indeed, he leaned forward and fixed his eyes on her.

"He has come!" said Bonne-Marie. "The man I am to love has come!"

With what intensity of feeling she sang the words of the next couplet and in them addressed the stranger,

who had entered thus suddenly into her life, only those who know something of the enthusiasm of a pure, romantic young girl, can imagine.

The unknown was carefully dressed and singularly handsome; of course therefore, he must be endowed with every virtue and every merit. His admiration of Bonne-Marie was very evident and unmistakable, and yet she fancied she read in his face something more than admiration, curiosity and astonishment.

"It is astonishing!" it seemed to say. "She is pretty, very pretty. She sings here, and yet she has not the face or the air for a casino."

The unknown called a waiter, gave him a card and slipped something into his hand as the young girl sang her third and last verse. When she ended she bowed and courtsied gravely to the enthusiastic audience: the man she had been looking at, rose to his feet and applauded her with his gloved hands.

With difficulty she guarded herself against thanking him with a look, being warned by a secret instinct. When she returned to her dressing room she received a bouquet of white blossoms, and with it a card. This card, which she looked at with some hesitation, was inscribed with the name,

LOUIS MORIN.

He was not noble, as they say in the country. The stranger was a mere plebeian, but what did that matter if he had true nobility of soul, and good manners?

These were Bonne-Marie's reflections, and she was

quite ready to forgive any thing in the man to whom she had never yet once spoken.

The next night Louis Morin was in the same place, and when Mademoiselle Luciane curtsied low in reply to the applause, he bowed to her. His bow was both familiar and respectful, and Mademoiselle Luciane colored and sang with a less assured voice than usual. Later in the evening, a white bouquet precisely like the one of the evening before, was handed to her.

She had received many bouquets, all had pleased her, but none had agitated her. This one brought back all her past, all her dreams of love and of fame. It was precisely thus she had pictured to herself the coming of her lover. He would see her some night and he would dare to speak to her. Finally, his lips would be unsealed and a Heaven on earth would unroll before them, through a marriage where love would be Eternal. If Louis Morin had known all that was in Bonne-Marie's heart, at that moment, he would probably have postponed the presentation that he had eagerly asked.

But he believed her to be very different from what she really was.

He thought her a mere concert singer like many another, having possibly a little more education, but who had little reputation or virtue to lose. In his eyes Bonne-Marie was a pretty person — extremely charming, and with a natural air of distinction, but who was quite as capable of devouring a man's fortune as any one of her associates.

While Bonne-Marie, therefore, was dreaming of a

fortune that could not be far distant, Louis Morin made more prosaic reflections, of which the result was, that on the fourth day, not having received even a glance of encouragement, and yet with an intuitive certainty of having been remarked, the young man waited outside the enclosure until the noisy artists had all departed.

Ten minutes later, the young girl in black, and with close round hat, came out. At first he hardly recognized her in this costume, but a second look reassured him, and he bowed profoundly.

At the moment when he was about to utter words which he could never repair, he saw Bonne-Marie return his salutation with timidity and haste. She dropped her vail over her face, all glowing with blushes, and passed on quickly. He stood in mute surprise, forgetting to put on his hat, and when he came to his senses the girl was far away. He turned, and followed her, but he was too late. She was out of sight.

The next day he was near the entrance long before it was time for the concert to open. He sat on the same bench where Bonne-Marie had sat on that day when she saw Clotilde, and waited with his white bouquet in his hand. He did not care, in the least, for the fact that his bouquet and himself were attracting considerable attention and ridicule; he determined to see again, and nearer too, that pretty timid face.

"She does not look in the least as if she belonged to this profession," he said to himself, "and I believe there is some romance in connection with her! I intend to find it out."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PAINTER.

LOUIS MORIN was what the world calls a charming fellow. He was amiable, obliging, and yet by no means without a goodly share of masculine selfishness. He was generally gay, but sometimes morose and suspicious; but these last qualities were suspected only by the few persons who knew him intimately.

Perhaps, friendly reader, you may have known some of these charming fellows who are at the beck and bidding of their lady friends, always willing to execute a commission — obliging to a degree, with a purse whose strings slide easily — who always have a word of consolation and encouragement for the downcast — who, in short, are always thoughtful and agreeable in society. But in their homes they are changed beings. No one must ask them for the smallest assistance — everything annoys and fatigues them — they have no money — the chimney smokes — they growl at their wives, and snap at the servants. You need not call them hypocrites, for they are nothing of the kind. They simply have a fixed idea that it is the height of folly to take any trouble for one's family, and prefer to reserve all their amiability for the families of other men. Ask of kind Heaven, therefore, that these amiable youths may never come to regard you as one of themselves.

Louis Morin was a painter. After struggling for four or five years, and exhibiting at each Salon extremely clever pictures, conscientiously painted, but whose subjects were rather serious, and productive of little attention and no money, he at last struck out on a new path, and painted extremely ugly groups of men drinking and carousing. These were full of faults, but they caught the eye. He did not send these to the Salon, for they would have been rejected with holy horror and just indignation, but he put them into the hands of picture dealers, and found they were quickly bought by amateurs, possibly from the same mysterious reason which makes people think those frightful bull-dog pictures beautiful.

Each canvas brought him fifty francs, and as he painted six monthly, the amount they brought in per annum was not to be despised.

One day, however, it came to pass, that as he was looking at his last work, displayed in the window of a picture-dealer, he saw a gentleman enter the shop and ask to see it. He examined it and finally purchased it, and apparently fearing that he should lose the precious object, he walked out of the shop with it under his arm.

Morin, outside in the street, had witnessed the whole scene, and stopped the amateur as soon as he reached the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but will you tell me how much you have just paid for that picture."

The man stared, but answered, slowly:

"Five hundred francs."

"With the frame?"

The amateur was more amazed than before, but he answered, meekly:

"Yes, with the frame."

"And it was not dear!" replied Morin, enthusiastically. "And now, sir, let me tell you that it is I who paint these pictures, and if you want any more I will paint them for you at four hundred francs with the frame, and you to choose the subject;" and bowing, politely, to the amateur, Morin handed him his card, and disappeared.

"Louis Morin," read the man. "Yes, that is the signature — and this is his address. I do not understand. It is some joke I suppose; but still I think I will call there to-morrow."

And thus it was that Louis Morin began to make his fortune at last, as well as reputation.

From time to time he said to himself:

"I should like to do some work worthy of the Salon;" but life is very delightful in Paris when one has almost as much money as one wants; and to accomplish anything of value would have taken six months, while in those same six months Morin painted ten little horrors, which each brought him in eight hundred francs.

It is easy, therefore, to see why he sent nothing more to the Salon.

The price of the bouquets of white lilacs was therefore not as appalling to him as to many another; and, besides, he had discovered a florist who sold them at a

comparatively low price, thanks to the politeness and the gayety of the young artist, who one day drew the woman's portrait with ten strokes of his pencil.

"Perhaps after all that is the thing I can do best," said Morin, sadly, as he contemplated the full red face of this fifty-year old woman, who had no longer the smallest pretensions to good looks. "I see I was born to paint portraits."

The day he sat waiting for Bonne-Marie, armed with his white lilacs, he suddenly had an original idea:

"I will ask to paint her portrait!" he said to himself. "She can not refuse that, and I will send it to the Salon."

This new notion delighted the young artist, for in every way it could not fail to be profitable to him. He did not care to throw away his time, be it understood, by my readers.

About eight o'clock Morin saw Bonne-Marie approaching in the misty September twilight. She was dressed with the same simplicity as on the previous evening, and wore in her breast a spray of white lilac.

As she saw the young artist she started back.

"Mademoiselle," he said as he presented his bouquet, "will you not condescend to accept from my own hands the flowers which hitherto you have not refused?" And his eyes rested on the spray that trembled on the girl's corsage.

She silently took the bouquet.

"Thanks," she said in a low voice, as she moved on.

He stopped her.

"Mademoiselle Luciane, your beauty is as wonderful as your talent, and ——"

Bonne-Marie, blushing like a rose, turned her face away with a smile. To any other person this phrase would probably have seemed the merest commonplace, but to her, it was the most welcome and sincerest praise.

"And, therefore," continued the young artist, there should be a portrait painted of you, which, when you are no longer young, you will like to look at, and of which you may be proud all your life long."

Bonne-Marie turned her lovely eyes on Morin; their blue depths were far less serene than usual.

"My portrait?" she said. "But who will paint it?"

"I, Mademoiselle, if you will permit me!"

He was standing, with uncovered head, addressing her as if she were his sovereign. The ambitious young girl remembered that she had seen pictures of handsome youths who thus accosted great ladies, and her pride was greatly flattered.

"I do not know, sir," she replied.

"You would not refuse me, Mademoiselle!" he cried. "This portrait may be the glory of my career, and I count upon it to convince the frequenters of the next Salon that I am one of the first painters of the epoch."

Louis Morin was not modest, most assuredly, but then he made no pretensions to being so, and this fact should induce any one to pardon this egotistical outburst.

Bonne-Marie did not understand, and she repeated, vaguely:

"The Salon! What Salon?"

"The Exhibition of Pictures!" answered Morin, somewhat surprised at the ignorance of the charming singer.

"And when will this Exhibition take place?" continued Bonne-Marie, timidly.

"In the Spring," answered Morin, more and more astonished.

The girl hesitated.

"Your proposition is most flattering," she said, at last, "but I cannot yet say whether I can accept it——"

"You would not be hard-hearted enough to refuse, I am sure," exclaimed the Painter.

The discordant sounds of the orchestra tuning their instruments recalled Bonne-Marie to a recollection of the duties of the present hour.

"I neither refuse nor accept now," she said, hastily. "I must think about it — but, sir — I cannot pay for this portrait" ——

"Pay for the portrait," interrupted the young man, the more eagerly that he had not foreseen this resistance. "Did I not say that I relied on this work to give me name and fame? It is I who will be forever indebted to you ——"

"We will see," said Bonne-Marie; and saluting him with a gracious bow she glided past him, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PORTRAIT.

WHEN Bonne-Marie appeared on the stage a half hour later, the Painter was in the place where she had already learned to look for him. She avoided meeting his eyes, but she wore in her hair, or her breast, and carried in her hand the white lilacs he had given her.

"My portrait," murmured Bonne-Marie, when she was alone in her own room after midnight.

"My portrait at the Exhibition. He counts on that to create a reputation for himself. From his air and manner one would suppose his reputation already made. He has the air of a celebrity. What must I say? Shall it be yes — Ah! to have him paint my portrait would be bliss indeed!"

These thoughts kept her awake until three o'clock, and finally Bonne-Marie fell asleep, deciding to go the next day and consult Clotilde.

Just at ten o'clock she rang at her friend's door, and was received by Clotilde in her dressing-gown. The relations between them were as friendly as heretofore, if not quite as familiar. Clotilde was born to protect the weak, and as Bonne-Marie could now take care of herself and her wings had grown strong, Clotilde had

lost some portion of the interest she had formerly taken in her.

Just at this time too Clotilde was occupied in pushing a young seamstress in whom she had discovered positive genius — "She shall be the fashion!" she said to herself, and Clotilde generally carried her point.

"Tell me," said Bonne-Marie, — "Tell me what the Salon is — I am so ignorant that I commit a dozen blunders every day."

"The Salon? Oh! you mean the Exhibition."

"Yes, I presume so — but the Exhibition of what?"

"Of Painting and Sculpture. Did you not know that?"

"No, not that, nor many another thing beside. Tell me more about this Exhibition."

Clotilde — not without a good-natured laugh at the ignorance of her friend — explained all the mysteries of the Salon, and, naturally as she knew many of the youthful artists, she jeered at the committee.

"But why on earth are you so deeply interested in the Salon all at once?"

"It is because some one," answered Bonne-Marie with considerable hesitation, "has proposed to paint my portrait."

"For the Salon? How splendid!" cried Clotilde. "Your portrait at the Exposition! Why, my dear, it would make you known throughout Paris in forty-eight hours."

"No one ever made such a proposal to me, and yet I

flatter myself I am no uglier than you! If I am not guilty of an indiscretion, may I ask who it is who wishes to paint your portrait?"

Bonne-Marie intensely annoyed at the smile on Clotilde's lips answered coldly: "There is no indiscretion in your question — it is Monsieur Louis Morin."

"Louis Morin? — Don't know him," replied Clotilde, with an air of supreme indifference. She did not speak the truth, however — but what could you expect? No artist had asked to paint her portrait for the Salon ——

Bonne-Marie did not speak for a moment.

"Shall I accept?" she said at last in a voice she endeavored to render steady.

Clotilde was quite ashamed of herself by this time. Her kindness of heart prompted her to encourage her timid friend — besides, should she advise Bonne-Marie to refuse, there would be plenty of malicious tongues ready to say she did so from envy.

"Accept, my child! of course you must — it is a splendid thing as I told you before. But tell me," added the Diva mischievously, "is this Louis Morin,— the young Prince for whom you have been waiting?"

Bonne-Marie turned away half angrily, and Clotilde was more delighted than before.

"Never mind!" she cried, "if he be Prince by birth, or Prince of artists. The essential is that you love him. When will you invite me to the wedding?"

Seeing that she had seriously annoyed her friend, Clotilde took her by the arm and drew her towards her.

"Is it so serious as this?" she asked gently.

"I know nothing about it," answered Bonne-Marie, — carried away by that need to open her heart which is one of the most charming qualities and also one of the greatest follies of youth — "I only know that he asked if he might paint my portrait."

"But why did you not say yes, at once?" asked Clotilde with a smile.

"You would have accepted then?"

"With joy and gratitude, my child! I would in fact, have kissed him on both cheeks, and bade him fix the hour for the first sitting."

"But where would he paint this portrait?" asked Bonne-Marie.

"Good Heavens, child! where on earth would he paint it, if not in his studio! Would you have him do it in a cellar?"

"In his own rooms, do you mean?"

"A studio does not necessarily mean where your artist lives; it is generally a neutral territory where all the world assembles. But bless my heart, where did you get all these prudish notions?"

"Are they prudish notions?" asked the girl much troubled.

"Of course they are — what on earth does it matter, if you love him?"

Bonne-Marie plucked up her courage, spurred by the dread of betraying her secret.

"But I do not love him," she said firmly.

"Well then, you will. It amounts to the same

thing, you will marry him, and I shall dance at your wedding!"

"Why can't you be serious?" said the girl as she rose to depart.

"Simply, my dear, because I am not cut out of that sort of stuff — we are entirely different — I try occasionally, but it is really no use."

"J'ai quitté ma sœur au berceau,"

she began, singing Luciane's ballad with a nasal whine.

Her friend smiled, she could not help it, and the two laughed heartily together. Just as they were separating Clotilde exclaimed:

"Ah! I forgot, do you want a dress-maker?"

"No — why?"

"But who makes your dresses?" persisted the Diva as she held the door half open.

"The woman you sent to me."

"Her taste is wretched — try little Airsene, she is a genius, as you will soon discover if you employ her."

"But," said Bonne-Marie, "I can't afford to have many dresses — my salary is only six thousand francs per annum!"

The door that Clotilde held, clapped to with a bang.

"I have vexed her," said Bonne-Marie to herself — and yet I had no intention of doing so — I wonder if a day could by any chance elapse, without my being guilty of some gross piece of stupidity?"

As she entered the house where she resided, the old

Concierge followed her up the stairs. This worthy woman professed the greatest respect for the young singer.

"She never receives a single visit," she said, "and she always comes straight home from the concert."

The emphasis laid upon this fact led the hearer to infer that all the lodgers did not pique themselves on similar regularity — but this concerns neither my readers nor myself.

"Mademoiselle!" said the Cerberus in petticoats, "some one has been here for you."

"For me?" answered Bonne-Marie, in surprise; "you must be mistaken!"

"Not I! It was a very good looking young man, and he left his card beside."

The young girl took the card, which it is unnecessary to state bore the name of Louis Morin.

"I am very much obliged to you, Madame," she said in considerable confusion.

"What shall I say to him when he comes again?" asked the woman, with a knowing air.

"Nothing at all," answered Bonne-Marie, as she ran lightly up the stairs.

The Concierge looked after her, and then with a significant shrug of her shoulders, she returned to her room.

"Where had Morin obtained her address?" This was the question that now troubled our artless little girl. It never occurred to her that nothing was easier

than to obtain it at the theatre. Bonne-Marie had learned many things, but she did not yet know that an address can be purchased. She fancied that he had taken the less commonplace method, and had followed her home, and her heart beat high with joy and gratified vanity. He loved her then already, and would he not love her more when he knew her real value?

The girl fully realized that the people by whom she was surrounded were not models of virtue, but she never supposed that a single human being could doubt her honor.

Piety and Virtue were so entirely the rules that governed her life, that she had no idea that any one could misjudge her. If Morin loved her it must be that he wished to make her his wife, and if he loved her merely because he had seen and heard her, what would be the surprise of the young painter when he discovered that she possessed those domestic virtues whose worth she estimated at their full value.

She fancied herself in his *atélier*. An atélier, what was that? Sometimes in her walks, she had looked up to those high windows far above all the other houses, and had asked herself what was done in those cages, half darkened by heavy curtains of green serge. The words—studio, atélier and painter—told her little more than she knew before.

Was she about to enter one of these mysterious retreats! She saw her own image smiling down at her from the wall resplendent with youth and beauty; she

saw the crowd pressing toward it and she heard her name repeated in a hundred different tones of admiration.

"It is too much!" cried Bonne-Marie, intoxicated with joy; "it seems impossible!"

Her door-bell rang gently and recalled her to real life. She opened the door. Louis Morin stood before her.

"Forgive my importunity, Mademoiselle," said the young man; "I ventured to come back because I was told that you were always alone."

There was something in this phrase which jarred on Bonne Marie. It might have been that it fell coldly on the chorus of happy voices to which she had been listening, like a false note.

On seeing the light frown that contracted her delicate eyebrows, Morin felt he had made a blunder. He spoke again therefore with greater caution.

"The artist, Mademoiselle, comes to ask his model, to fix an hour for the first sitting. Had you friends with you, I should have deferred my request, particularly as you have not given me your promise."

"Come in sir," said Bonne-Marie, and she preceded her guest to her small, faded salon.

"Will you say Monday?" asked Morin, in a pleading voice.

The girl still hesitated. The painter asking himself what argument he could use, had a happy inspiration.

"I shall receive you without any ceremony, and one or two friends will be with me."

As soon as she found that Morin would not be alone in his studio, Bonne-Marie made no further objection.

"Very well," she said, "I agree to Monday. The idea of the portrait makes me possibly a little indiscreet, but——"

"Indiscreet!" interrupted Morin. "How can it be indiscreet, when your beauty and your talent are already recognized by the public. But now that we are good friends, tell me under what happy sky you were born, and where is the casket that has hitherto concealed this pearl?"

Bonne-Marie had no reason for concealment or disguise; and yet, as she was about to tell this stranger where she was born, she had a vague feeling of terror and reluctance. She could not lie, however. Her natural shrewdness, born of the common sense of Normandy, suggested a way out of this difficulty.

"I was born in Normandy," she said, "on the seashore, but you would not be interested in the details."

"Ah!" thought Morin, "you do not wish me to know whence you come. Just as you please. Have you ever sat to any one?" he asked aloud.

"Never."

"We will try and prevent you from finding it too wearisome, for it certainly is a very stupid thing to do!"

Bonne-Marie's eyes said very clearly that she should not find it wearisome. But the painter could not discover anything especially flattering to himself in this

declaration. The girl rose, and Morin saw himself obliged to cut his visit short.

"On Monday, then," he said, "and shall it be at one o'clock!"

"Just as you please, sir," she answered.

"You have my address, and we live very near each other," said Louis Morin, and as he reached the door he extended his hand to the young girl, who frankly placed hers within it. He had intended to raise it to his lips, but the cool little hand met his with such utter indifference that he was not tempted to commit any such folly. He therefore shook it as he would have done that of some masculine friend, and departed.

As he went down the stairs, he said to himself: "That is an odd sort of girl! One can't precisely say that she is acting a part, and yet—upon my word, I don't understand her."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STUDIO.

MONDAY came. Bonne-Marie took her place on the elevated platform, in the soft, subdued light of the atélier. With a sheet of music in her hand, she stood erect, her black dress — for she still wore mourning for her father — fell in soft folds around her graceful figure.

Happy and yet anxious she followed each movement of the artist with intense curiosity. He stood before her and made strange lines on his canvas.

Contrary to his words to Bonne-Marie they were alone in his studio, for he preferred to make the preliminary sketch and fix on the pose without the advice of friends — advice which generally leaves one out of temper and bewildered.

He spoke to her occasionally as he worked, to prevent her from feeling weary.

Bonne-Marie rarely opened her lips, except to answer a direct question, and her replies revealed such an extraordinary ignorance of the world, that more than once the artist dropped his crayon, and looked earnestly at his model.

"She must be laughing at me!" he thought.

But the pure, serene face of Bonne-Marie excluded this idea. No one plays a joke with such a calm angelic

look. More puzzled than ever, the young man resumed his sketch with renewed energy.

"At last!" he exclaimed, turning his easel toward her.

She stepped from the platform, and ran to look.

Was that her portrait! Did those black lines on that gray ground represent her image?

She stood silent and disappointed.

Morin laughed.

"You can see nothing!" he said, good-naturedly. "Well, never mind, it will come! Now, will you dine with me?"

Bonne-Marie shook her head.

"Just as you please; I make it a rule never to contradict any one. To-morrow then, at the same hour."

"Will you be at the concert to-night?" asked the girl, with some hesitation.

"Most assuredly," answered Morin, eagerly.

"Farewell, then, for the present," said Bonne-Marie, as she put on her hat.

"You are not going away so soon? Can we not talk a little?"

"No, not to-day. When we know each other better."

"But I know you now very well!" cried Morin, snatching her hand, and leading her to the easel again. "Shall I tell you your history?"

She looked at him with widely-opened eyes of surprise.

"You were brought up in the country," began the

artist, "you have had a good education — too good for the life you were to lead — you were ennuyée where you were, and finally you came to Paris to see if you could not make more of your life here than in your country. Is not that so?"

"Yes, it is all true," murmured the girl, overwhelmed at this wonderful clear-sightedness.

To her the young man's words had far other meaning than they seemed to have; and to him they were different still. How were they ever to understand each other when the same word bore to each a different meaning and value.

"You see I know you, thoroughly!" continued Morin, "and you will quickly learn to know me too. I am an honest fellow — I like all that tends to make life agreeable — I am an honorable man, and —— I love you, Mademoiselle Luciane ——"

"No," answered Bonne-Marie, growing very pale, "do not tell me so — I entreat of you ——"

"But I must tell you because I wish you to understand me ——"

"Say no more," replied the young girl. "You are painting my portrait now."

"Must I wait until the portrait is finished? I shall have to work at full gallop then!"

"Do not hurry," answered Bonne-Marie, smiling. "There is ample time."

She left the room, trembling from head to foot, happy in being loved, but troubled that the young man should have spoken thus lightly.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW PICTURES ARE MADE.

THE next morning, some little time before the hour fixed for the sitting, Morin was trying to dismiss the friends in his studio.

"Look here, boys," he said, "Luciane is a very well bred person; you and your smoking caps will frighten her out of her wits! Go away!"

The two youths to whom he addressed these conciliatory words were two brother artists, whose studios were on the same floor with his own. They talked rather than toiled, and spent most of their time lounging in Morin's quarters.

There they complained of the blundering idiots who did not understand them, of the poor light in their studios, of the Jews of dealers who bought their pictures for nothing, and sent them to America where they sold for preposterous prices. These complaints disposed of, they discussed the secrets of their art.

One of them called himself "realist," and the other "colorist." No one could understand why, as there was no obvious difference. They imitated each other without intending to do so, and their canvas differed only in the signatures.

One day the colorist said to his comrade:

"You remember your sketch, *Le Moulin de la Galette.* It is very good, do you know?"

"Good! It is a masterpiece."

"Listen. A wealthy merchant ordered a landscape of me to be delivered to-night. Lend me your Moulin; I will sign it, and my patron will give me a hundred francs, — a hundred francs, you understand; — and to-morrow I will paint you a view from Montmartre. Do this and we will have a good supper to-night."

The colorist consented; and a few days later he signed the Montmartre picture, and sold it for a hundred and fifty francs.

"Go away my good friends, I beg of you," repeated Morin, in a dismal tone.

"But we wish to see your Luciane. You sent us off yesterday, and you can't play the same game two days in succession. No, we won't go until we have seen her!"

"Then go and make yourselves respectable."

"Respectable! Oh, you mean in our dress? Is she a princess?"

"Do it for me, boys. How can you make such asses of yourselves?"

"We obey! But swear you will let us in again?"

"I swear! Only on condition, however, that you will conduct yourselves with propriety while she is here."

"Never fear, we will be as solemn as members of the Institute."

Bonne-Marie came in a few minutes, and found

Morin under arms, his brush in his hand. Upon his clear and shining palette, white and ultramarine, Naples yellow, ochre, and bitumen were arranged in regular drops, in a half-circle. The young girl looked curiously at these patches, out of which the delicacy of her pearly skin, the brilliancy of her dewy eyes, and the sweet freshness of her lovely mouth were to be reproduced.

How was this marvellous work to be accomplished? What mysterious power would indicate to the artist what atoms of color he should take on the point of his pencil, to depict on that dull canvas, a living image of the face at which she had so often gazed in her gold-framed mirror.

Morin, dressed in black velvet, wearing a cap of the same, looked like one of the painters of the Renaissance, and affected the girl — as to be sure he always did — as a being of a superior sphere. She felt ignorant, childish and weak in his presence, and was afraid to meet his eyes.

"Are you alone?" she said, after greeting him hastily.

Morin divined her meaning.

"Yes, alone!" he said gayly, with that air of good nature which was one of his distinguishing characteristics. "But I fear I shall not long enjoy the pleasure of a tête-à-tête with you. My studio is rarely empty. Had you come five minutes earlier you would have found it crowded, and I wager my life that in less than five minutes some one will come and disturb us."

A bright smile flitted over Bonne-Marie's face.

"Who is likely to come?" she asked.

"Any one and every one—amateurs, picture dealers, and friends. My doors are always open ever since a very poor jest of one of my comrades ruined my bell."

"A poor jest?" repeated the girl.

She had rashly supposed this vast room, which affected her like a church, was no place for jests. Upon these high walls were fastened fragments of classic friezes, a plaster statue of the Venus of Milo—sketches and landscapes—several heads, copies from some of the earlier painters—for example, the wonderful *Madonna of Botticelli du Louvre.* All these souvenirs of a far away Past, all these treasures of art, which people vaguely admire without in the least comprehending, filled Bonne-Marie with respectful admiration, while at the same time they impressed more fully on her mind that the Master of this mysterious spot lived in ideal regions, far away from dull humanity.

"Look!" said Morin, pointing with his brush to the wall, above the door.

Bonne-Marie looked and beheld a small doll whose limbs, covered with pink kid, dangled helplessly from the bell, wherein its head and shoulders had been mercilessly thrust.

"I needed a ladder to take it out," said Morin with a lazy smile, "and I had none, consequently my atélier is as public as any open square in the city; but if it disturbs you——"

"Not in the least," said Bonne-Marie, eagerly.

The sitting began, and at the end of fifteen minutes, the two curious neighbors made the prophesied eruption into the studio.

"We beg ten thousand pardons! Do not let us disturb you," they said with a most serious air.

"Not at all, come in! Mademoiselle Luciane will permit me to receive you. What have you there?" continued Morin, addressing "the colorist."

"My last panel — an order, my dear fellow. I am not displeased with it on the whole, either!"

"The colorist" exhibited a piece of white board about as large as his two hands, on which was represented in their full size, a jar of blue faience on a yellow plate, across which was a silver spoon.

"This is the application of my general principle of æsthetics."

"Pray explain," said Bonne-Marie with some curiosity, forgetting her pose and turning her head to look at this *chef-d'œuvre*.

"I am only too happy, Mademoiselle, too happy. My principle then, although somewhat short, comprises the whole of art:

"All in all — and all everywhere!"

"I have heard that before, I think," interrupted Morin, with that everlasting smile of his, which verged sometimes on the contemptuous.

"Probably, but Mademoiselle has not been equally fortunate, I imagine. This principle which Eugene

Delacroix stated, has become my maxim. Without it, there can be no true art, for painting is color, and color is harmony. Now all pictures that are harmonious, are *chef-d'œuvres* — do you see? In Nature, all tints are mingled harmoniously. That is why Delacroix put blue in his flesh tints, and flesh tints in his skies. And you will admit that he was a most wonderful colorist."

"But why have you put that blue spot in the bowl of your spoon?" asked Morin.

"It is a reflection of the sweetmeat jar."

"But your spoon is not at the right angle to catch this reflection."

"Ah! yes, true. Then it is the reflection from the sky."

"But where do you get it?"

"Through my window, of course!"

"Indeed! in autumn? It strikes me that such a sky would be singularly blue for the season of the year. No, Nature never does any thing of that kind!"

"Then Nature makes a very great mistake, that is all I have to say," answered "the colorist," with considerable temper.

"My dear friend," interposed the realist, "wait a moment. Where should we be if we accused Nature of being in the wrong. Nature is never mistaken, be sure of that."

"But Delacroix?"

"Delacroix was an idiot. You know what my opinion has always been in regard to him — pardon this

expression, Mademoiselle — I merely intend to say that Delacroix has had a very bad effect on his contemporaries. Talk to me of Velasquez and I will listen to you."

"Velasquez did very well, and had he known my principle of art, he would have been the first of painters. Now with Rembrandt, it was different. He had a dim suspicion of what I mean."

"Rembrandt? He could paint with nothing but bitumen."

"Precisely, he put it on everything and in everything, and that is where he showed his genius."

"His genius, indeed! He was a mere realist."

They continued to dispute, showering epithets of fool and idiot on all those artists who did not happen to please them, and finally one of the young men in the heat of discussion turned to Bonne-Marie as arbitress.

"I am very ignorant," she answered with a deep blush, "and I really understand very little of the things you say, but it seems to me that the painters of whom you speak — Velasquez, Rubens, Titian and Rembrandt cannot be without worth, since their works are in all museums, and people talk of them to-day, and yet they died so long ago."

"Gentlemen, lower your flags — you are conquered!" exclaimed Morin in high delight. "Words of wisdom have dropped from Mademoiselle Luciane's lips."

Bonne-Marie colored again, but this time with pleasure, and turning away she stepped upon the platform and resumed her pose.

"Look," said the colorist raising his head, "your doll is kicking — some one must be pulling the bell. Come in! he shouted with the voice of a stentor utterly regardless of the furious look which Morin launched at him.

"How delightful this atélier is!" exclaimed the new comer as he pushed the door open.

"No one can say you keep your guests waiting, my boy. And how is your precious health?"

Morin, extremely surprised at this familiar greeting from a man he did not know, bowed with cold politeness.

The unknown glanced stealthily at Bonne-Marie, who recognized him as a person whom she had noticed lately as a regular habitué of the concert room where she sang.

She had seen him sit the whole evening with the knob of his walking stick between his teeth and a glass stuck in one eye. It was the same man, she was sure, only his hair at night was reddish, while by day-light it took a yellower tint. As to his eyes they were unchanged — shining and pale blue — and set very much on the outside of his head. Unchanged too was his inquiring smile, which displayed large and prominent teeth, and seemed to ask at every stupid jest uttered by himself, or any one else, "Well! what do you think of that?"

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW ASPIRANT.

THE attractive person who entered the *atélier* of our friend Morin with such scanty ceremony, was not abashed by the cool reception vouchsafed to him, but gayly continued:

"Hope I don't disturb you, I am sure! Go on just as if I were not here. Is it possible! Can it be Mademoiselle Luciane whom I see before me? What a happy chance it was which brought me this morning into the presence of the star of the Champs-Elysées! I beg ten thousand pardons for not recognizing you at once, but not expecting to see you, I really —— Then too," the stranger added, "your black dress misled me — it is amazingly becoming, however; should you wear it to-night on the stage, you would have a stupendous success."

"I am in mourning, sir," answered Bonne-Marie gently.

"Ah! a thousand pardons, mademoiselle, excuse me, I beg of you, I am a great simpleton!"

"He need not have told us that," muttered the realist in the ear of his comrade.

"I am a positive simpleton! I ought to have seen at once, Mademoiselle, that you were in mourning ——"

"Will you excuse me, sir," interrupted Morin coldly, "we are at present much occupied. If you would kindly return in an hour's time, you would find me at leisure to attend to you, and to learn from you the motive which induced you ——"

"The motive!" interrupted the unknown, "the motive which brought me here is no secret — It was my sincere admiration for your superb talent," and the crocodile cast an insinuating glance at Bonne-Marie, that was intended to show her, and her alone, that he was not speaking the truth. "You remember me, I trust, my dear sir, and remember the day that Maurésset presented us to each other?"

Morin bowed indifferently.

"He said to me to-day, 'Look here, Mellunard, you have a father who is a millionaire,' — here Mellunard glanced again at the girl to see the effect he produced — 'shall I tell you how to get rid of a small portion of his money? Buy one of Morin's pictures.' — Maurésset's advice, my dear fellow, is not always as good as this; — consequently I am here."

"Monsieur Maurésset is most kind to remember me," answered the artist.

"Oh! he knows your talent better than you do yourself. I say that, because your modesty prevents you from appreciating your talents as you should do. True talent is the last to recognize itself!"

Morin, whose best friends never compared him to the violet, and who in no way merited this eulogy, asked

himself if Mellunard was not laughing at him. But he soon satisfied himself that he was not. Mellunard was simply repeating a phrase he had heard somewhere recently.

"You are very flattering," said the artist, merely because he felt he must say something.

"Not at all! not at all! But I have come to purchase a canvas that bears the imprint of your name and talent."

Morin's two friends who had listened attentively to this conversation now rose and noiselessly withdrew.

"At this precise time I have no pictures on hand," he answered so coldly, that Bonne-Marie looked up in surprise.

"Then you can paint me one — one with trees and things you know, like what's-his-name's — The man I mean who paints mountebanks."

"I never paint mountebanks," Morin answered as he touched his palette with the point of his brush.

This movement drew Mellunard's attention. He put his glass to his eye.

"Oh! perfect — delicious!" he said, showing all his teeth. "The living breathing image of Mademoiselle Luciane. It looks as if she were about to speak — no — to sing rather!" and he laughed at his own wit as he twisted the silk cord that held his glass.

Morin by this time utterly out of temper, tried color after color without finding one to suit him. He did not dare look at Luciane, lest he should discover that

the intruder was welcome to her. Was it not possible that she had told him to meet her here.

At this thought he angrily brandished his brush in the air, and then, as quick as thought, painted into the portrait of Bonne-Marie — which as yet was little more than a sketch — the heavy moustache of an Hungarian officer.

"I like the portrait this way, what do you say?" asked the painter, turning towards his visitor.

The young girl, annoyed and disturbed, had relapsed into profound silence, and was examining with her eyes the more distant objects in the room. As she was at some little distance she had not seen what Morin had done, nor could she understand the meaning of his question. The only thing she really grasped was the amazement of the simpleton before her.

He, not knowing what to make of this bizarre act of the young artist, stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes fixed. His small head and slender neck were protruded from his low-cut collar, which seemed to retreat like the waves when the tide is going out — while his glass dangled at the end of his stiff and immovable forefinger.

Bonne-Marie, already nervous and unstrung, was seized with a wild impulse to laugh. She sank into an arm-chair, threw her head back and the *atélier* rang with her clear rippling laughter, which in the end so charmed the artist and even Mellunard — its object — that they both joined in it.

"Delicious!" said Mellunard after a few moments, "delicious — but really ——"

"You see, my dear sir," began Morin, reassured by Bonne-Marie's laughter, "I am nervous, as I am apt to be, when I am disturbed at my work."

"I beg ten thousand pardons! I am really mortified — but you will paint my picture, will you not? And you will allow me to come occasionally and see how it is getting on? — I trust I may sometimes have the very great pleasure of meeting Mademoiselle here and ——"

"And we shall have charming little family parties in that way," muttered Morin, — "suppose we ask the concierge to come too, with her mending, and bring her cat, and then we might cook a few chestnuts at the stove. No, my good sir, I do not work like that. I do not paint by the hour!"

Mellunard in utter silence received this avalanche of words, much as trees bear the blows of the poles that knock down their nuts. He merely gathered that Morin did not choose to let him see Luciane in his studio, and he therefore determined to see her elsewhere.

"I regret, my dear sir," he exclaimed, trying to effect what is known as a good retreat, "that you had no picture for sale: I would have given a good price — say fifteen hundred francs for a landscape."

"With mountebanks?" interrupted Morin.

"I do not insist on the mountebanks, however!"

"Nor I either," said the artist as he gave a finishing touch to the moustache on the portrait.

"Well then, why ——"

"Simply," said the artist, hastily, "because I do not paint pictures to order. Call at the *atélier* on my left, or the other on my right, they will do anything you wish — I can only regret that I have allowed you to waste your time."

"Oh! not at all," answered Mellunard, naïvely, "I had nothing else to do."

Bonne-Marie had the greatest difficulty in restraining another fit of nervous laughter as she met Morin's eyes. This most inopportune guest at last made up his mind to depart, and as he went out said with a most irresistible smile and bow addressed to Luciane.

"I will come in again on some other occasion, as you seem ——"

"Oh! it is not at all worth while," answered Morin with the most exquisite politeness, "it is always the same way with me."

And closing his door on this patron of the fine arts, the young painter pushed the bolt and went back to his model.

Bonne-Marie now laughed heartily and without restraint. She laughed until the tears stood in her eyes, and Morin was singularly moved by this gayety — which was that of a pure and innocent child.

"It is good to see you laugh," he said as he took his seat on the edge of the platform. "You are like a happy child who goes to Guignol for the first time!"

Guignol appeared to the young girl so happy a comparison in connection with the man who had just gone out that she laughed again. Finally she succeeded in checking herself, somewhat ashamed of such inconsiderate mirth in the presence of a stranger, an artist and a man of celebrity.

"But what did you do to my portrait to astonish that gentleman to such a degree?" she asked.

"I will show you," he answered with a smile.

She started forward, but he detained her.

"There is plenty of time!" he said, "sit still a few moments. It is so delicious to have gotten rid of that vapid fool — our laugh together has made us old friends!"

"But you have not laughed, or so little that it amounts to nothing."

"My mirth has been more silent than yours, possibly, but it was none the less sincere for all that. But tell me, are we not friends?"

"I don't know," answered the young girl with some hesitation.

It was growing late and the *atélier* was invaded by that peculiar gray light which comes earlier in the day to studios than to other rooms, because of their north light. In this twilight the room looked larger and the corners were vague and afar off. The girl shivered and rose hastily.

"But it is pleasant here," said Morin, again detaining her.

"Yes, it is pleasant, but I must go, it is growing late."

"Luciane," said the young man, taking her hand, "stay, for I love you!"

Bonne-Marie's heart beat wildly under the folds of her black dress — she waited, willing to hear more.

"I love you," repeated Morin, "will you not love me a little in return?"

"I do not know," she replied, guarded by the double prudence of a woman and a native of Normandy.

"Will you try?" asked the young man, possessing himself of her other hand.

"When we know each other better," answered the girl, disengaging herself, and in the twinkling of an eye putting on her wrap and hat.

"*Au revoir!*" she said to Morin, extending her hand as she stood on the threshold.

"Will you stay a while to-morrow?" he answered, awakening from his dream.

"No," she said, shaking her head, smilingly.

She said no, but Morin thought she meant yes. Why was she so different from all the other women of her class whom he had known, none of whom would have refused to linger for another hour in the soft obscurity of this dusky studio. One and all would have begun by refusing, and then they would have remained.

The next day it rained — the sad cold light streamed in at the high window of the studio, bringing with it a

sensation of cold. Morin's two neighbors were as usual launched on an interminable discussion.

The artist thought of going to call on the young girl, but a certain feeling restrained him. He was unwilling to allow her to suppose that he felt the necessity of seeing her every day. As the rain continued for nearly a week, the sittings seemed to have come to an untimely end. The painter therefore made up his mind one evening to go to the concert-room of the Café.

CHAPTER XXI.

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

ALREADY the dead leaves lay in heaps under the Box and Privet hedges, where they had been whirled by the Autumnal gusts, and every morning a squad of men with brooms had the greatest difficulty in clearing the Champs-Elysées. Winter was near at hand, and the gay room in the open air — so cool and fresh with the milky globes which seemed to surround it like the setting of a jewel — must be abandoned. Some hall must be discovered in the centre of Paris, where the fumes of tobacco deadened the air already exhausted by the innumerable gas-burners. This had been under due discussion during the day, and Bonne-Marie had felt her heart fail her at the prospect.

To her, after the free out-of-door life to which she had been accustomed, the close atmosphere of the stifling rooms was a veritable penance. Once, when she had with difficulty obtained an hour of freedom, she had gone with Clotilde to the theatre, and was more bewildered and uncomfortable than pleased, which charmed her friend, who called her from that time "the pretty savage."

The evening that Morin decided to go to the Café, the concert troupe was in a great state of excitement.

They had just been informed that the Manager had taken one of the finest halls in Paris, and looked forward to a splendid season. At the end of September, that is, almost at once — they would emigrate, and a new *répertoire* would enchant their old public, while the old one would charm the ears of an audience who would not fail to fill the room, night after night.

A very important position was given to Mademoiselle Luciane, in the new arrangement, Maurésset having wisely said to himself:

"I pay her an enormous salary, and must get my money back, at least!"

This was not altogether agreeable to other members of the troupe, and while Bonne-Marie naturally accepted with joy every opportunity of appearing on the stage and being welcomed with applause, the other singers, seeing themselves cast into the shade, amused themselves in grumbling at the Manager, and in saying very hateful things of this comparatively new member of their troupe.

Clotilde, who at first had defended her, ended by going over to the camp of the enemy, for that morning Maurésset, without notifying her or any one else, had placed Luciane's name in large letters at the top of the placard.

There was a grand revolution; the Manager bore the first assault with unflinching courage; he was accustomed to such scenes, for he had seen plenty of them in his troubled career.

Evening came; Bonne-Marie, perfectly unsuspicious and not having seen the placard, found herself greeted by a storm of epigrams, some as coarse as they were cutting. Her new-born Parisian acuteness was not as yet sufficiently developed to enable her to grasp the full meaning of all she heard. She understood half, however, and guessed the rest.

Calm and dignified, pale with indignation and burning contempt, she submitted quietly to all this sarcasm, and feigned not to understand it. Her coldness and self-possession piqued her companions, and the women sought to engage their adorers in the contest; but the men were too wise to commit themselves, for Luciane was very pretty, and it was not worth while to quarrel with her, for who could say what might happen!

In the midst of all this, Mellunard came in; if he had been desirous of knowing Bonne-Marie, it was because Clotilde herself had inspired him with the desire. Clotilde was one of those women, of which there are many, who never can keep anything to themselves. Mellunard, who had recently become her best and most intimate friend, had heard her utter the most extravagant eulogiums on Mademoiselle Luciane; the result of which was, that Luciane, whom he hardly knew by sight, seemed to him more attractive than Clotilde herself; and then there was still another reason for this sudden change — Clotilde was horribly extravagant, while Luciane seemed very quiet and inclined to be economical. Now Mellunard, although

rich, was a young man who kept a very sharp lookout for his own interests.

When Morin entered the concert-hall, Clotilde was singing; Mellunard, leaning on a rickety console-table, was pouring gallant speeches into Bonne-Marie's ears, who hardly heard them. Some subtile association had carried her back to Omonville, and she was thinking of her long solitary walks on the sea-shore — of all her ambitious dreams and hopes, and of him who had suddenly appeared on her horizon, and who opened the pathway to her of Fortune and Happiness.

Her dream was not yet realized. Morin loved her, but did he love her enough to make her forget all the bitternesses of life.

Tired of the monotonous flow of Mellunard's words, she turned toward him to answer with some jesting remark that would show him that this was the case, when as she lifted her eyes, she saw Morin on the threshold. The young girl's heart beat more quickly with an emotion that almost overpowered her with the superstition natural to those in love, and also to many who are not, she regarded this sudden apparition of this young man a direct reply of Providence to the questions that she had just been asking herself. "Yes, she would be happy yet!"

The expression of joy on that fair face ought to have softened a very stern judge, but Clotilde, who at that moment appeared by the other door, was no judge whatever. Seeing that Mellunard was leaning over her friend in an attitude of adoration, and catching a

glimpse of the look of joy in the girl's eyes, she believed herself betrayed.

Folding her beautiful arms over her goddess-like bust, she exclaimed:

"Upon my word, this is delightful! It is not enough it seems, to take my place on the placard, but you must also take my friends!"

The other persons who were present, turned around, delighted to see a nice little quarrel well started between the two rival stars. They had been in a perpetual state of wonder that they had so long lived in harmony.

"Your friends?" replied Bonne-Marie, vexed at hearing herself addressed with such scanty ceremony in the presence of Morin. "Your friends? I was not aware that you knew this gentleman."

"You are too virtuous, perhaps, to know such things," answered Clotilde, "but all your pretence of excessive virtue deceives no one — no one at all, do you understand?"

"When we begin to talk of virtue," answered Bonne-Marie coldly, "I have nothing more to say. Yours brings you in an income, while mine places me in debt, and there is little family likeness in such virtues!"

A shout of laughter was heard on all sides.

"Luciane!" cried the call-boy, "Luciane, you are wanted!"

Bonne-Marie rose hastily, but she had the whole length of the *foyer* to pass, and she could not avoid hearing her ex-friend's last insult.

"When a woman is virtuous, she prefers to remain in the country than to make her appearance as a singer in a casino — that is my opinion, and I say only what every one else thinks."

Thereupon Clotilde made a scene with Mellunard, who with a hang-dog expression and dangling eye-glass, wished himself any where but where he was.

Morin heard all this in silence. Clotilde's friendship was not a brevet of virtue for Bonne-Marie, but her hatred was even less so. Besides, she insinuated that she had known for a long time much that she did not choose to say.

These ambiguous words, however, did not pain the young man.

He had never regarded Luciane as a vestal; although she seemed to him better educated, more intelligent and infinitely more original than any of the other women of her class. What did it matter to him whether she had had, or had not had any adventures? He was not in search of a wife! After this apostrophe of Clotilde's he went out calmly and posted himself at the door.

Bonne-Marie, after singing, disappeared among the crowd of visitors in the *foyer* and hurried away to change her dress. She dreaded to meet Morin while she was smarting under the words she had heard. "Would he believe them?" she asked herself. How could she exculpate herself? Anxious, unhappy, cut to the heart, sick to death of all this petty jealousy and discord, she asked for but one thing — solitude — where she might hope to recover her lost serenity.

CHAPTER XXII.

QUARRELS AND INSULTS.

WHEN she was again dressed in her simple black walking costume she threw a vail over her hat, and passed through the door devoted to the use of the concert troupe. As she, with lowered head, caring only to avoid every eye, passed hurriedly along, she felt her hand seized and drawn through an arm, and turning hastily to see who dared treat her with so little ceremony, she saw Morin. She made no objection, but let him do as he would.

They walked on for some minutes in profound silence. Morin held Bonne-Marie's arm pressed against his heart, and she felt herself almost borne along by his masterful strength. Her heart was very full — it was so delicious to have a master, and to feel that she was no longer alone in the world — a world so full of disappointments, jealousies and angry suspicions.

"What was Mellunard saying to you?" suddenly asked the young painter.

In the last half hour his love for Bonne-Marie had taken a strong start. Before, it had been a momentary caprice; but since he had heard her insulted, it had developed into a passion, and he had become suddenly jealous — not of a Past, in which he counted for

nothing, but of a Present where he wished to reign and conquer.

"I do not know what he said — some foolish thing or another," answered Bonne-Marie, "But Clotilde! Did you hear Clotilde? I thought she loved me!" and Bonne-Marie's heart swelled to bursting while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Do women ever love each other?" asked Morin philosophically, —"that idea is a delusion and a snare."

"But I love her very dearly," said Bonne-Marie. with a sob.

"You do a very unwise thing, then."

"But she has been very kind to me."

"Not for your own sake entirely, you may wager your life. When she has done you a kindness, it was for the purpose of doing harm to some one else."

"Do you really think so?" asked Bonne-Marie, aghast.

"I know it! She was afraid an old rival of hers would be engaged by Maurésset, and managed matters in such a way that you took the place which would otherwise have been hers."

"How can you possibly know this?" asked the young girl.

Morin had the best reasons in the world for not answering this question, as he wished to stand high in Bonne-Marie's good graces. He could not lie altogether either, therefore he answered:

"One of her most intimate friends told me so. I am

as certain of it as if it were myself whom Clotilde had told."

Bonne-Marie walked along with her eyes riveted on the pavement. It was raining a little — a very little — one of those gentle autumnal showers which are as brief and soft as those of the spring, and do not demand an umbrella. The atmosphere was exquisitely fresh.

"And this is friendship!" thought the girl, half audibly.

"No," answered Morin, "this is not friendship; it is only its lying semblance!"

Bonne-Marie involuntarily thought of Jean Baptiste, who had for her a vastly different friendship from that of Clotilde; but his friendship, again, was something more; — it was love. Morin, too, seemed to love her, and his love was sweet and consoling. She did not speak.

"This Mellunard is an absolute idiot," said Morin, who wished to bring affairs to a crisis.

"Yes, and how foolish he looked when he saw Clotilde come in. I recognize in him only one good quality."

"Mellunard! a good quality? Pray tell me what it is, for I confess I have yet failed to discover that he has one."

"That of having had sense enough to wish to buy one of your pictures!"

Morin laughed heartily.

"But it was not for that he came, you know very well. It was on your account!"

Bonne-Marie lifted her surprised and innocent eyes to his.

"He is the most tiresome person in the world," she said, with a sigh. "But tell me, are you so rich that you could refuse to sell him a picture?"

"I am not at all rich — I manage to live from day to day, that is all! But when I have finished your portrait, it will be quite another thing."

"Then do you mean that I can be of use to you?"

Morin smiled and pressed his companion's arm more closely to his heart.

"I count on you to make my fortune," he answered. "We will go down to posterity together."

"He is not rich," thought Bonne-Marie, "and yet he refused fifteen hundred francs because I was there. How disinterested!"

"Tell me," urged Morin, "shall we go down to posterity together?"

"If you desire it!" answered the girl softly, in great agitation, troubled by the sense she gave to these words.

They walked slowly on for another square.

"I love you, Luciane," resumed the painter suddenly. "I love you to such a degree that I am ready to commit any absurdity for your sake. When that idiot was leaning over you and whispering in your ear, I was inclined to knock him down. You do not love Mellunard then?"

"Love him? What folly!"

"The other day, when he came to my studio in such an odd way, I thought you allowed it — or even desired it."

Bonne-Marie opened her lips hastily.

"It is jealousy, I know," he continued; "there is nothing, too, more utterly foolish than jealousy, and when I am under the influence of that passion, I can be weaker and more idiotic than Mellunard!"

The girl smiled faintly. Their eyes met. They walked more slowly through the deserted streets he had especially selected. The rain was falling faster, and the badly lighted streets were nearly deserted, and the hour too was growing late. Morin determined to avail himself of this opportunity.

"You know," he said, "how pleasant it is in my studio; but you cannot know how sweet it is for me to hear the rustle of a woman's dress, to feel her arms on the back of my chair, and know she is looking at my work with me. Imagine the joy of having my pretty model before my eyes at all hours, times, and seasons — to paint when I was in the humor — when I felt the inspiration — and not when the hands of the clock point to two o'clock, or only from two to four. Think what it would be, Luciane, to hear you sing for me alone ——"

"My name is not Luciane," said the young girl suddenly; "I am called Bonne-Marie."

"Bonne-Marie! That is infinitely prettier," cried Morin; "it is poetical and fantastic. Whence comes this charming name?"

"It is a name common at La Hague."

Morin did not even know where La Hague was, and she explained it to him. Almost unconscious that she was doing so, the young singer described her wild, strange country, and then went on to speak of herself, of her childhood, and of all her youthful dreams. A strange longing to tell him all about herself, carried her away. It seemed as if she had determined before Morin uttered the irrevocable words, that he should know all that was in her power to tell him in regard to herself. But he had no corresponding desire. He loved her in the Present only, and cared little for anything else. But he listened nevertheless in delighted surprise at so much poetry in this café-singer, and also by the elevated sentiments she expressed.

"What a charming companion I should have, and what a delicious winter we might pass!"

By this time, they had reached Bonne-Marie's door. She stood still, and waited for words that came not. He moved forward to go in with her.

"No, no," she said.

"You are right," mused Morin; "it is never wise to incur the risk of being uselessly compromised. To-morrow then, I shall expect you at the studio."

"To-morrow—yes, to-morrow," said Bonne-Marie, gently.

He extended his hand; she laid her own slender fingers lightly within it, and he held them silently and closely.

Bonne-Marie was also silent. The girl was intensely happy. The happiness so long dreamed of was now close at hand. The happiness of being beloved by a man of whom she could be proud; whose manners and words were elegant and refined; whose mind was cultivated, and whose name was destined to be famous.

She dreamed of a charming home, surrounded by flowers and sculptures; velvety carpets and ample curtains. Morin had drawn her toward him. The street was empty, and the rain was falling quietly and persistently. He leaned toward her and pressed a kiss on her hair, all shining with tiny drops of rain.

She submitted, for this fleeting caress was very dear and precious, but she summoned all her strength.

"To-morrow!" she repeated.

She pushed open the door, which was never bolted until eleven, and flew up to her room on the fourth floor. As soon as she went in she opened the window and looked out. The shadow of Louis Morin was clearly defined on the shining pavement. Indifferent to the weather, he walked off with a light step, as if he was the happiest of men, without a care in the world.

"He loves me! he loves me! and," added Bonne-Marie, "I love him with my whole heart." And the girl was half frightened as she realized how this love was gaining possession of her whole nature.

She closed her window and lighted her candle, and seated in a low chair she meditated long and earnestly.

The cracking of the glass at the base of the burned

out candle aroused her, hours later, for time had seemed very short to her in the wakening dreams in which she had been absorbed.

"No," she murmured as she rose with a shiver from her chair, "it is not remorse for a woman to love as I love him — not at least if it be her husband whom she adores."

She was soon asleep — a light sleep — during which her soul seemed to preserve a consciousness of her profound happiness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOPES.

THE next day was as balmy as if it were April. Over the sky — of the clearest possible blue — drifted white and fleecy clouds. Occasionally came a dark gray mass. The clouds moved hurriedly along, driven towards the northeast by the clear fresh wind. Not so quickly, however, as to spare the Parisians more than one brief shower, speedily followed, however, by radiant sunshine.

Bonne-Marie rose early, and having arranged all about her with that care and order which were a part of her character, occupied herself with her toilette. Her simple black dress did not admit of any very great variety of combinations, but the plain linen collar, the knots of black ribbon at throat and wrist, the black velvet which held the braids of her magnificent hair, one and all received the most careful attention. At last, dressed and ready long before the appointed hour, she thought of her breakfast. A bit of bread, and a glass of milk were all she could swallow, and this was a concession to established customs rather than because she wanted anything. A little later than the time agreed upon — for in her dread lest she should arrive too soon, she went to the other extreme and was late —

Bonne-Marie entered the *atélier*. Morin was also dressed with care and attention. His most becoming cravat was negligently knotted, and gorgeous bouquets of superb autumnal flowers blazed in his studio.

He was much less talkative than usual; it is true the love he felt for the fair singer was very different from that which she felt for him, nevertheless, the young man was more interested than he had been for years. The simple confidences made by Bonne-Marie the evening before, had shown him a nature far above the common-place; he saw now that this girl was unlike any other woman he had ever known — but this conviction did not give him any idea of what she really was — an honest creature led away by ambition, and placed in an unhealthy atmosphere whose baseness she in no degree suspected.

When she entered the room, Bonne-Marie laid aside her hat, and at once ascended the platform and took her seat.

Morin made no objection, a little time was necessary to both that they might control their emotions somewhat. For fifteen minutes the young man painted assiduously and Bonne-Marie bore his eyes — which went from her face to the canvas and from the canvas back to her face — in the most unflinching manner and unbroken silence.

"And your friends?" she asked at last, feeling that the painter's attention was gradually fixing itself on her rather than on the picture he was painting.

"They are not coming to-day! Are we not happy here alone?"

Silence again fell on the *atélier*. After a little while Morin made a sign to Bonne-Marie.

"Come and look," he said.

The young girl obeyed and went to the easel. Yes, Morin had spoken well, when he said that this portrait would be his *chef-d'œuvre*. Agitation and excitement had imparted to the portrait that dash of ideality which up to that time it had lacked.

Luciane — for it was not Bonne-Marie alone, it was the singer transfigured by the joy of success — Luciane lived on this canvas; her deep blue eyes seemed to be looking into space from which she drew the inspiration with which she sang; her fair skin with its pearly lights, her masses of blonde hair and magnificent arms were all there. It was Bonne-Marie certainly, but it was Bonne-Marie as she would be in a few years if she lost nothing of her purity, and if, instead of returning to her village home, she continued to elevate herself toward the ideal of art.

"It is beautiful!" said the young girl softly, breathless before this image of herself which she hardly dared call by her own name.

"You are satisfied with it?" asked the painter approaching her very closely.

She looked at him with her whole soul in her eyes.

"I will do better than that," resumed Morin, "I will paint another portrait of you," he added as he led Bonne-Marie towards the small sofa.

She seated herself and he held her hand. After a few moments, while the young girl heard her heart beat so tumultuously that it seemed to her that Morin must hear it also, she without lifting her eyes, said to him:

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes," answered Morin, briefly. One of his first rules in life was, never to speak of his family to his studio acquaintances — either men or women. The selfish fellow had a certain affection for his old home and fireside, although he never went near it. But the small provincial town where his mother and sisters vegetated was at such a distance from this all-absorbing Paris — each year he talked of going to them in the heat of summer.

"I am motherless," said Bonne-Marie softly.

"You are beautiful!" answered Morin hardly hearing what she said; "you love me, and I am certain that we shall be the happiest people in the world."

Love and happiness were the words she constantly heard, but why did he say nothing of marriage? The girl felt sick at heart. It seemed to her she was choking; she turned her plaintive eyes toward the artist; he misunderstood their expression.

"You have suffered, my poor child!" he said as he slipped his arm around her waist.

Bonne-Marie made no resistance — indeed so entirely was she absorbed in listening for the words she longed to hear, that she hardly knew it.

"Men are selfish and men are wicked," continued

the young artist, "but my love has neither of these qualities; mine will never wound you, and there is nothing of the tyrant in my nature, as you will soon see!"

Bonne-Marie did not speak. One by one all the fair hopes that had grown and blossomed in the last few weeks, fell like the dead leaves which the autumnal wind blew against the window from the garden — the garden so fresh and gay, so short a time before — and now so cold and mournful, under the shadow of gray clouds which had obscured the sun.

Morin became, all at once, very anxious. Before possessing himself further of the girl's affections he determined to ascertain all the particulars of her fall; — the fall from virtue which of course must have been the reason of her coming to Paris. Was it some vulgar rustic who had betrayed her, or some man like himself who had met her on the Normandy sands?

"He deserted you, then?" he asked the girl, in a soothing, tender voice.

"Who," she asked, with a start of pain and surprise, for she felt a vague presentiment of evil.

"He whom you loved — before you came here I mean."

"I never loved any one," she answered, rising hastily from her seat — "no one — ah! no one!" she repeated, with a look of anguish directed toward the sky, where the swift clouds, banking up, reminded her of the sudden tempests of her own land.

"So much the better, then!" resumed Morin, as he took her hand to draw her back to her seat at his side.

He thought she merely meant to say that she had learned when it was too late that she had never really loved the man for whose sake she had left her village.

"You will love all the better now, my dearest, for you do love me, do you not?"

"Yes, I love you," she answered, her tender eyes full of pained surprise, as she looked at him; "I love you far more than I wish I did!"

"Why this sadness, Luciane? Is not life full of pleasant things? Let us not look back on a Past that is sad, but think only of the Future that opens rosy before us."

"The Future!" repeated Bonne-Marie; but the Future is so uncertain — people die — and are married ——"

She stopped short, with half-parted lips, waiting, apparently, for a reply.

"Oh!" replied Morin, lightly, "when I marry, if I ever marry at all, it will be so many years from now, that it is not worth while speaking of it."

A faint sigh was heard through the absolute silence of the studio. Bonne-Marie had foreseen this cruel reply, and had armed herself to support it with courage.

She succeeded. Her dream was shattered, and the ruins seemed about to swallow her up; but her indomitable pride gave her strength.

"You love me?" she said, her sweet voice trembling

slightly, for this hour was one of the most cruel of a life that had known much sorrow.

"I adore you, Luciane — or Bonne-Marie rather!" answered the painter, enthusiastically.

"Have you ever loved any one but me?" the girl asked, with sad sweetness.

"Jealous already? and of the Past too!" Morin answered, with a smile.

"Answer me," the girl repeated.

"Come now, Luciane, let us be serious. Do you suppose a man reaches my age without having left a little of his fleece on the briars?"

"But," she said, slowly, "it is not quite fair, for I have never loved any one but yourself."

Morin thought this scene was becoming somewhat monotonous, but stifling his growing ennui, he tried to take Bonne-Marie in his arms. She drew back, more in sorrow than in anger.

"I am a poor girl," she said, slowly, "without friends and without fortune; I was led here by ambition; I wished to marry above my sphere, and to be rich; I see now that I have made a terrible mistake. But I do not intend to be guilty of more than this. No man has ever touched my lips, and ——"

Here, Morin, vexed by the tone which this interview — begun so well — now assumed, made a little gesture which the girl understood only too well.

"You do not believe me, I see," she said, sadly, "and yet I do not know what I have done to deserve your bad opinion."

"But, my child, urged Morin, trying to soothe her, "I have not a bad opinion of you — on the contrary ——"

"But you believe I have had a lover!" cried the girl, in passionate indignation.

"Confound it all," muttered Morin.

"And you wish to take his place?"

"Listen to me, Mademoiselle," said the young man, considerably out of patience, rising in his turn and taking a few rapid strides up and down the studio.

"We have nothing to do with all this," he continued. "I met you in a place where certainly morality is not too rigid, if you will allow me to say so. I have spoken to you as men speak to women in such places — with more respect, I admit, than is altogether the rule. You inspired me with sentiments which I believe to be lasting, and know to be sincere. Now, what on earth does it matter what I think and believe of your Past, when I tell you, in all frankness, that I adore you, and wish to make you love me?"

"You are right, Sir," said Bonne-Marie, with lowered head. "It was I who was in the wrong to take the stage of a *café-concert* for a pedestal."

She took up her hat, which she had tossed on a chair, and put it on, hastily.

"Luciane!" exclaimed Morin, "I beg of you to lay aside this childishness! I adore you! I cannot live without you ——"

"I love you," answered Bonne-Marie, in a choked

voice, and with tears in her eyes; "I love you with all my heart and with all my strength; but I shall never give myself to any man but my husband. Farewell. You will never know how I have loved you."

She opened the door.

"Her husband!" thought the young man. "She must be mad!"

"Luciane!" he exclaimed, rushing toward her.

She waived him back, with such dignity, that he stood as if petrified.

"Respect her whom you do not wish to marry," she said, coldly. "Think of me, sometimes. I have had some happy hours here!"

Her voice broke, and Bonne-Marie looked around the studio, so carefully arranged for her visit. She saw the easel from which her picture smiled, all those objects now so familiar, and with which she had associated many a dream of happiness; — then she turned again toward Morin, who stood gnawing his moustache, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, I have loved you," she repeated, with the desperate frankness of one who is dying and who cares for nothing more in this world. "No one will ever love you as much again. I have loved you as a woman loves the man to whom she is ready to consecrate her life. Not thus have you loved me ——"

"Luciane!" cried Morin, rushing toward her.

"Adieu!" she repeated, and the door closed upon her.

To rush down the stairs after her, to overtake her in the court-yard before the eyes of all the neighbors and the concierge, was to expose her and himself to infinite ridicule, and Morin was especially sensitive to ridicule —in fact, he feared nothing in the world half so much. He did not cross his threshold, nor make any attempt to follow her, therefore — the more too, that a tremendous shower at that moment dashed against his window.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SURPRISE.

LOUIS MORIN'S feelings while he roamed restlessly up and down his studio, and the rain thundered on his roof and poured down the gutters past his window, were not especially agreeable or comforting.

He was by no means proud of his conduct toward Luciane — but then her pretensions were so utterly absurd!

"Marry her!" said the young man, kicking over a chair, and then a footstool, which were in his path. "I hardly know her — that is to say, I know nothing about her, whence she came, nor even how she came! It is possible she tells the truth, and that she has never loved any one; and yet — Clotilde told me only the other day that she had a story. No! no! she is a mere adventuress, and hopes to make me marry her yet."

If Louis Morin had thought for a moment, he could have seen that were Luciane an adventuress, her aims were not very high in choosing him for a victim, inasmuch as he was neither Prince nor Millionaire — and for a beautiful creature like that, who, if she were what he supposed, must estimate her beauty at its full value — to throw herself at the head of a painter

without any especial reputation or fortune, and who was in all probability exiled forever from the Academy —it must be that some little love and disinterestedness were involved.

Finally, some dim idea of this truth penetrated his selfish heart and brain, for he said aloud at last, as if in conclusion of all his meditations:

"It can't be helped. She may be right, but all the same, men don't take their wives from the boards of a *café-concert!*"

Having settled the difference between himself and his conscience by this decision, he went toward Bonne-Marie's portrait, which he stood and examined in spite of the waning light. Unconsciously influenced by the idea he had just announced, his imagination converted the dreamy, poetical face of this portrait into another — bolder and sensual. The lovely eyes were enlarged by a little India ink, and grew cold and hard. The lips were painted. Luciane was no longer the Bonne-Marie whom he had depicted — she was a beautiful woman, audacious and piquante.

"No, no! men do not take their wives from the boards of a *café-concert!*" he repeated, as he dressed for dinner.

As the evening wore on, Morin was seized with a strong desire to go and hear Luciane sing. He said to himself that it was hard for the poor girl after a day like this, to be compelled to appear that evening; for, although he thought her extremely bold and presuming

in attacking his dearly loved bachelor liberty, he was yet quite conscious of her many great merits, and he realized her entire sincerity.

She had said farewell in a tone which he had never heard before from human lips — a tone of almost despair — and suddenly he recalled the lines of one of the ballads he had heard her sing so often, the one in which she had in fact achieved her first success.

"J' ai quitté ma sœur au berceau
Pour venir dans la grande ville."

And the rich velvety tones of her touching voice stirred the innermost depths of his heart, and reproached him for his selfishness and hardness — for all the faults which belonged to him as a man of the world.

He was unwilling to yield to this desire however, for to return to the Casino was to prove to Luciane that he had not the strength to stay away, and that he feared to lose her.

Now, has it not been asserted that he who stands firm the longest — and yields last — is the stronger of the two. In marriage it may be different; but Morin had nothing to do with marriage.

Therefóre he stood firm until half-past ten, and then, as by the merest accident, be it understood, he found himself on the Champs-Elysées, he made the judicious reflection that nothing was easier than for him to see Luciane and she not to see him, as he need not take a seat, but could keep in the centre of the crowd.

The rain had ceased to fall — the wind had gone down, but it was cold, — very cold — and Morin shivered at the thought that Luciane was at that moment probably exposed to this keen air, as she sang with uncovered shoulders.

With an anxiety therefore that surprised himself he entered the enclosure, which he found almost empty — the concert had closed almost an hour earlier than usual.

"Why was that?" he asked of an acquaintance, whom he met.

"Because Luciane did not appear, to sing to-night. Her absence was unexpected, and they had no one to supply the deficiency."

"Luciane did not sing?" repeated Morin anxiously, "and why?"

"No one knows, and there seems, in fact, to be a world of excitement about it. The Manager has lost his head apparently, for they did not even make the usual announcement — 'in consequence of indisposition,' etc. The audience were displeased, and they hissed and shouted ——"

"You too?"

"Oh! yes, I did my part. I am an old philosopher, but a little excitement stirs the blood, and refreshes one sometimes!"

Morin heard no more — he crossed the Champs Elysées, and went directly to Luciane's house, so disturbed that he did not even think to take a carriage.

He reached the door, but just as he was about to ring, he crossed the street and looked up at the windows. Luciane's were all black; one of them was open and part of the white curtain was waving in the wind.

This muslin troubled Morin; it seemed to him a sinister augury, and looked like feminine drapery suspended over some black abyss.

He returned to the door and rang violently.

"Mademoiselle Luciane?" he said to the concierge.

"She is gone," the woman answered sulkily. Where was the use of speaking politely to Luciane's visitors now?

"Gone!"

This was at least better than if the word "dead" had greeted Morin's ears, and so great had been his fears that this was an absolute relief. He choked a little, and then said in an indistinct voice:

"Where has she gone?"

"She did not tell me, sir. Would you kindly close that door as you go out, for a frightful draught blows through."

Instead of departing in obedience to this polite dismissal, Morin went into the room and laid a five-franc piece on the table before the concierge, saying as he did so:

"You do not know where she has gone because she did not say, but you can at least tell me whether she went on foot or not?"

The sight of this shining silver piece annihilated

apparently the frightful draught, for the old woman made no further allusion to it.

"She went away in a carriage, sir," she replied in honeyed accents;" had I known you would have cared to know, I could have easily heard the address she gave the coachman. The coachman took down her trunk, she paid all she owed, and went off as quietly as possible."

"With her trunk!" repeated Morin, — "and at what hour was that?"

"Half-past seven, or it might have been a quarter of eight."

Morin reflected for a moment. She had gone, and it was to fly from him of course, but, equally of course, it was a mere caprice. She would never leave her brilliant position and her enthusiastic public in this way, merely to annoy a lover who had displeased her.

"Did she leave no letters?"

Ah! this the concierge did not know, but in the hope of another five-franc piece, she proposed to go and see if Mademoiselle had left nothing in her "apartment."

Morin accepted this offer eagerly, and as she went up the staircase, he followed without any objection from her.

The door of "the apartment" was swinging in the air from one open window, while the others rattled dismally. The old woman closed the door, "on account of the draught," and drawing a match from her pocket she rubbed it on the delicately tinted paper of

the salon, and by this insufficient light looked for a candle. The candle was there, and faintly lighted the faded carpet and ordinary furniture, Bonne-Marie had thought so pretty, when full of childish joy she first took possession of the place.

Alas! it was clear that she was gone, and gone with no intention of return. The chest of drawers were empty and open. Bits of ribbon and an old glove or two, with some torn paper were all that was left.

There was no letter. They looked everywhere, even on the bed so carefully made. She evidently did not intend to be traced and followed.

"It is very odd," muttered the concierge, "very odd indeed, for before Mademoiselle Luciane came nere, there was a pretty little lady with eyelashes a yard long, and she did not go away without taking care to leave her address for more gentlemen than one."

The coarse laugh of the concierge — the thought that the lady with eyelashes a yard long, had once inhabited this room, which was to him like a chamber of death, cut to Morin's heart. He handed the woman another silver piece, and went down the stairs with the greatest possible haste. He crossed the street again and looked up; the window was closed by the care of the concierge, and the curtain no longer flapped in the wind. It seemed to Morin that Bonne-Marie had gone entirely out of his life, which would henceforth be as monotonous and commonplace as it had been before he knew her. The young painter went slowly back to his room.

CHAPTER XXV.

LUCIANE'S LETTER.

THE studio was very dark — a gas burner turned down very low, lighted it but dimly. Here and there, in the shadow was a white outline, but Morin knew his way and he threaded the wilderness of chairs and tables, and reached his own especial divan; and as he dropped upon it, he remembered with a pang that she had sat there at his side that very morning.

It was there she stood as she uttered that touching farewell — and he at the time had wilfully closed his eyes and ears to the truth that she loved him truly — so truly, that she would not lose his respect — too truly to be only a passing intruder in the young man's life, and she was gone!

"But I will find her again!" murmured Morin, who never allowed a gloomy thought to remain in his mind long. "To-morrow I cannot fail to find some trace of her."

He turned to light the studio lamp that he might examine her portrait, but a strange reluctance withheld his hand. He was afraid of himself.

"To-morrow, by day-light!" he said aloud, "one is braver when the sun shines."

The next day he entered his *atélier* just as a letter was handed him.

This letter came from Luciane. He knew it as soon as he saw it. The writing was very careful, like those of persons who write but rarely, and regard it as an act of the greatest importance.

He opened it, read it, and sat motionless, as if struck by some fatal blow.

"You do not love me enough," said the young girl, "and I love you so much that I should end by despising myself.

"I am worthy of being the wife of an honest man, and have never done anything to forfeit that right. I told you this, but you did not believe me. I was ambitious and wished to marry into a class far above that in which I was born, and where I should have been content.

"The means I took were unwise. I understand that now, since they cost me your esteem; but I did not know when I appeared on the stage of the concert-room, at the café, that I should pass for just that which I am not.

"Had you loved me enough I should have made you a faithful and devoted wife. This, however, not being God's will, I return to my native village, which I shall never leave again.

"Do not try to find me; for even if you were to succeed, it would not be Luciane but Bonne-Marie you would meet, and it was not she, it was Luciane whom you loved.

"Luciane is dead, and will never sing again."

The light rustle of a dry and withered leaf falling from a tree aroused the young painter; he went to the easel, lifted the green serge that covered the portrait, and looked at it with involuntary respect.

Yes, Luciane was dead, and this portrait was all that remained of her.

It was she, smiling, sweet and pale; her lips lightly parted with that wonderful expression which made her so marvellously beautiful as she sang. The semi-education of Bonne-Marie rendered her especially susceptible to the influence of these ballads. Their sentimental platitudes were not such to her, for she had not been accustomed, like most Parisians, to turn everything into a jest. She sang those simple verses with her whole heart and soul. She wept with those deceived and disappointed maidens, with anxious mothers, and with the betrothed of sailors and soldiers.

All these sentiments, which are absurdly expressed in so many ballads of the day, assumed, when uttered by her lips, an expression of sincerity and reality that was very touching.

Morin looked at this picture long and intently. He had painted her with life-like reality, even to the hands, which were a little large and slightly red, and which he had not permitted her to glove, pretending, not without reason, that hands have a physiognomy as well as faces.

The face, whose under-current of melancholy he had caught, seemed to him to have a resigned expression,

which was new to him. No, he had not painted the triumphant singer as he had intended, but had depicted Bonne-Marie, — Bonne-Marie, who had dreaded to lose his love and respect, and who had exiled herself on the day she knew the sad truth.

His heart was full of bitter regret and self reproach; he realized his brutality of the previous day; he knew he had wounded the pride, the self-respect, and the heart of this young girl — but that he could ever know the depth of these wounds was quite impossible, — for men constituted like himself, are incapable of divining such mysteries. They only understand the wounds of the epidermis. But Morin understood that he had hurt her — that she pardoned him, and that he should see her no more.

"It is my *chef-d'œuvre!*" he murmured, as he regarded his work with artistic eyes, and took up his palette to finish this head which was to give him a name.

Poor Bonne-Marie! At this very moment she was weeping bitterly in a church at Cherbourg, which she had entered to shield herself from impertinent curiosity, while waiting for the hour to take the stage.

She wept for the love she had lavished on Morin, love that had been so totally misunderstood and unappreciated. But she felt no anger and no desire for revenge. She was utterly crushed, but resigned.

"It was my own work," she said; "the result of my own obstinacy, and I am rightly punished!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RETURN.

IT was quite late and very dark when the yellow stage halted at Omonville. One by one the passengers had been dropped along the road. No curious eyes had sought to penetrate the thick crape vail that covered Bonne-Marie's hat and face. Either voice or accent was so changed that the driver had not recognized her. She asked him to take care of her trunk until the next day. He consented, supposing her to be a city lady on a visit to some country friend, and Bonne-Marie found herself alone in the path that led to her father's little cottage.

She opened the door with a trembling hand. A thousand recollections brought the tears to her eyes and a choking sensation to her throat, when the familiar air of the dwelling met her as she entered.

Mechanically she found in the darkness the things she needed, but the wick of the antique lamp was dry, and there was no oil in the dusty can. She found a candle in her travelling-bag and lighted it.

"Ah!" she exclaimed aloud, as a great weight seemed to be lifted from her heart — "Ah, why did I leave my dear home? Why did I dream of any other destiny. I am alone in the world! — Tears

streamed from her eyes—alone! without lover, friends, or family!

She threw her traveling cloak on the bed and yielding to the despair that overwhelmed her, she sank on the hearthstone, laid her head on her father's arm-chair, and wept as if her very heart would break.

Every evening before he went to his bed, when he was on shore, Jean Baptiste passed Bonne-Marie's house more than once. He would examine each window sadly, and then turn his face towards his own solitary dwelling, less sad at heart, for it was something to have seen the house.

On the night of Bonne-Marie's arrival, he did as usual, and thought himself dreaming when he saw the light in the lower room. He went closer and rubbed his eyes.

Yes, the window was lighted, and but for the peculiar situation of the house whose front faced the water, while Omonville lay in the rear, the whole village would have been aware of this startling event.

Jean Baptiste had not much faith in ghosts, and yet it was with a certain superstitious terror that he lifted the latch.

The door opened and he saw the young girl kneeling in front of her father's chair. The nervous strength of the evening before, which had given her the courage to depart, had now deserted her — she was weeping, helplessly feeling herself a rudderless ship, driven on the shore in a tempest.

She did not hear the latch, and Jean Baptiste closed the door and stood silently looking at her. His face blazed with a savage joy.

"I knew it!" he thought with an emotion that was almost vindictive, "I knew she would return with that haughty head bowed. We were not good enough for her — she wanted city people, and I fancy she does not like them as much as she did."

Bonne-Marie wept on; sobs shook her slender frame. She had ceased to struggle, and only wished that when her tears were exhausted she could fall on the hearth-stone and sleep, or die!

To the first fierce joy of seeing her vanquished, succeeded in Jean Baptiste's heart an intense pity for the poor girl. He said to himself that she would never take the trouble to rise from that spot, and he started forward to assist her.

Bonne-Marie heard his footfall, and, much startled, lifted her head and recognized in that hale and hearty fisherman, the friend of her childhood, he who had watched over her, with her father, from her earliest childhood. The joy of being no longer alone— of seeing that there was yet one friend left to her, gave her new life. She rushed toward him with half-extended arms and fell on the sailor's breast like a bird who comes back to its nest.

"You are here then," said the young man gravely, "you are here. Did they do you any harm?"

"Jean Baptiste," the girl murmured through her tears, "I have no one but you."

"You have no one but me — but can I look on you as I did when you went away? If your father were living now, would you dare to look him in the eyes?"

This was the second time in two days that this insulting doubt had been thrown in her face.

Unconsciously to himself Jean Baptiste sat in judgment upon her. He had been sure that she would return eventually, but he had not expected her so soon, and his jealousy took precedence for the moment of his tenderness.

But Bonne-Marie, not loving Jean Baptiste, could defend herself.

"If I had anything to blush for," she said, her tears suddenly ceasing to flow, "do you think I would have run to meet you? You are the last man I would have been willing to see."

He folded his arms around her with an air of proprietorship.

"I believe you," he said, simply, "for you never lied to me!"

She disengaged herself from his embrace and seated herself in the great arm-chair, while he stood before her. How changed she was, and yet the change was indefinable. But the girl's air and manner seemed to create new barriers between them.

Silence reigned in the dingy room, a silence first broken by Jean Baptiste.

"You are hungry and cold," he said, "and I am going to make you comfortable."

He disappeared, and presently returned bringing wood and his own supper. The fire soon blazed and crackled, warming the chilled walls and giving a more cheerful aspect to this sad dwelling. Bonne-Marie tried to eat something, but she could not.

"You need sleep," he said, "I am going to make a fire for you above."

He ran up the narrow staircase, and she heard him a moment later making a fire and arranging the furniture. She saw him go out several times and return, but her thorough exhaustion prevented her from troubling herself in regard to what he was doing.

She felt she had drifted into port, and had found a friend, and this for the moment was quite enough — she did not need to look further.

Finally Jean Baptiste came to her, and lifted her as if she had been a child, and bore her to the room above where he placed her in a chair.

This cleanly room told of the young girl whose home it had long been, it told of a life of self-denial and poverty, and was in strong contrast to that which Bonne-Marie had just left; and yet how the sight of every familiar object went home to her heart.

She thanked Jean Baptiste softly — he said good-night and withdrew.

The fire burned with a joyous crackling sound; the window curtains had been hastily shaken clear of the dust that had accumulated; the pitcher was filled with fresh water and the floor was swept. In a corner stood the trunk which he had gone to find.

How good was the heart of this man whom she had repulsed and despised, and who had, notwithstanding, taken all that maternal care for her comfort. She was almost tempted to call him back and thank him, but she thought him far away, for she could not hear a sound.

She opened her trunk, took out some few things she needed, and was soon lying on her couch, weary and heart sore, and yet with a strange feeling of rest and security in her heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AGAIN.

THE sun had been up some time, when Bonne-Marie awoke the next morning; and this first awakening was very sweet. Her provincial nature,—her instincts of a well-to-do peasant, had revolted against much of the shabbiness of her Parisian life. She hated cotton sheets, the thin, poor mattrass, and the smell of dust in the furnished apartments. She now enjoyed the touch of the fresh linen sheets, the simple neatness of her room, and the delicious air that came in at the open window. There, she was at home—and almost every one can understand the bliss of feeling one's self proprietor of the floor one treads upon.

She went down stairs; the fire was laid ready to light; a jug of fresh milk, a loaf of bread, and a plate of butter, stood on the table. Jean Baptiste had evidently desired to spare her the annoyance of going out and answering the thousand questions which would be addressed her by curious neighbors. She looked around the room and was convinced that her friend had spent a portion, at least, of the night on the bed of the old smuggler; probably to be within the sound of her voice, should Bonne-Marie need anything.

So much goodness, joined to so much delicacy,

touched the girl's heart. Ah! why had it not been Jean Morin, whom she had loved? Why was it that this humble peasant had this large, kindly heart, and the elegant artist was without one?

She had occasion to ask herself this question many times during the next few days. When forced to leave the shelter of her room, and obliged to face her little world, she heard curious questions.

"And you are back again!" said one. "The air of Paris does not agree with you it seems, for you have lost your good looks — all your color and your flesh. You have spent all your substance, I fancy."

"No," answered the girl, "I have made a little money on the contrary — but I was home-sick."

She was only half believed, but as she was quiet and amiable, although a little haughty, as the people about her said, she was let alone and allowed to live in peace.

The most insulting surmises came to an end, when they saw the determination with which Bonne-Marie applied herself to finding work to do.

"When your father was alive," they said to her, with that rough pity, met with only in the country, "you had no need to work. But that was money, perhaps, that was none too honestly earned, while now-a-days, all you make with your ten fingers, need never bring a blush to your cheek."

Bonne-Marie accepted all this in silence — all these coarse allusions, and the coarse work and insufficient wages. But this did not last long, for she soon began

to make lingerie — caps and fichus for the ladies of the place; her always clean fingers having acquired new skill during her residence in Paris.

She soon had more than she could accomplish, when it was discovered that her work was as good as that done at Cherbourg, where some of the most exquisite things of that kind are done.

Of course every one was curious to learn some details in regard to her life, during the four months she had been away, but how were they to discover them? How could they shape their questions? They tried every means, intimations, hints, etc., but all in vain. To all their questions came Bonne-Marie's invariable reply.

"What could I do but sew, as I do here?" and this was all the satisfaction any one could obtain.

There was not a human being who had not tried this without success, with the exception of Jean Baptiste. One evening, he came as usual, to ask Bonne-Marie if she needed anything. She asked him to come in and sit down, and this was the first time he had done so since her return, for she had seemed so restless and uneasy in his presence, that he did not care to linger.

"You have never asked me," she said, suddenly, "what I did while in Paris?"

Jean Baptiste shook his head.

"What do I care?" he asked.

"Nevertheless, you must know," continued the

young girl, "and I wish you to know also, why I came back."

He did not speak. He had never asked Bonne-Marie a question, and yet he never entered her presence that one did not burn on his lips. In a very few words, the girl made him understand what a *Café-concert* was, and the part she had taken. Jean Baptiste had heard much of the theatre, and he readily grasped the meaning of what she said, but he remained silent.

She then went on to tell him how she had made the acquaintance of the artist, and under what circumstances he had painted her portrait.

"And this portrait — where is it?" asked the young fisherman.

"He has it. It is full length — a white dress ——"

At the recollection of this portrait, the sole vestige of her transitory glory, a bright color flushed Bonne-Marie's pale cheek. She went on courageously, but it was with intense pain that she said in a low voice:

"He told me that he loved me. That was all very well."

"And you," asked Jean Baptiste, suddenly; "did you love him?"

The young girl hesitated a moment.

"I loved him," she answered slowly.

The young man's lips turned pale.

"Go on," he said, in a strange voice.

"He loved me, but that was all; and you who know

me, know very well that I can only love my husband. He said not one word of marriage, and yet he was attentive to me for a long time. It was I, who spoke of marriage, to him."

The young man's eyes quivered, but he did not remove them from those of Bonne-Marie.

"He did not wish to marry me," she continued, with trembling lips; "he wished me to be his mistress, but not his wife."

"And then?"

"Then I came away, and here I am," she answered, simply.

"You love him still?" asked Jean Baptiste, without looking at her.

"No, but I weep for him still."

"You love him no longer then, are you sure?"

"I am sure. I could not love a man who did not respect me. You know, Jean Baptiste, that I am not made of stuff like that."

Bonne-Marie's wounded pride had killed her love, but the wound still bled. She had loved Morin from pride, she had fled from him through pride, and it was pride that enabled her to drive him from her heart, but it would be long ere she recovered all her former sweet serenity.

"I know you are a true, good woman," answered the young man. "You see now, how much these fine town gentlemen are worth. You have seen that their dainty words are not worth so much as our blunt peasant

phrases. I told you, Bonne-Marie, that you would come back here sick in body and soul. But your fate is far better than I feared, since you dare look the world in the face!"

A long silence ensued, and then the young man asked with some hesitation:

"Why have you told me this?"

"Because you are my only friend, and I felt that you had a right to know."

"He has your portrait, you say?"

"Yes."

"And it looks like you?"

"Not as you see me. My hair was dressed differently. Here I wear my linen caps, and there only my hair. No, it does not look like Bonne-Marie — it is like Luciane. That was my name then."

Jean Baptiste was silent and thoughtful. Suddenly he looked up ——

"Well," he said, "Luciane is not Bonne-Marie. Paris is not Omonville — and it is a good distance away. Do they know there that you came from here?"

"No, nobody has my address."

"Do they think you have gone to your home?"

"I do not know what they think."

"Very well," said the young man, "try and forget all this, and I will do the same."

And he rose and departed without another word.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT LAST.

WHEN Bonne-Marie was alone she sat with her head leaning on her hand in a state of profound depression.

Her brief recital had cost her many a pang, she had been impelled to undertake it, solely by the desire to raise herself in Jean Baptiste's opinion. She longed for his esteem. The good opinions of others was a necessity of her very existence, and it was to free herself from unmerited blame, that she had made this full confession, and it seemed to have been useless, for the young man did not appear to be in any degree influenced by it. She expected more warmth, more cordiality of manner at once. She forgot that Jean Baptiste had much to think of — that a rival had suddenly appeared before him — and that he felt himself to be rejected and left out in the cold, and that the artist had been preferred.

She was very sad for some weeks, and then this sadness deepened into melancholy. She would occasionally glance around her humble dwelling, and poor and plain as it was, she liked it better than the one in which she resided in the days of her fleeting opulence.

The roar of the sea was pleasanter to her ears than

the roar of carriages. Her present position, accepted with resignation at first as a well-merited chastisement, had now become very sweet to her, and she had learned to look back on her life in Paris as slavery itself.

One evening late, the tide was coming in and breaking on the beach and against the high rocks with a deafening noise, Jean Baptiste was at sea and she felt very anxious. He came home every night and found neither fire nor supper; his life was spent in solitude, either in his boat, or in his home. She suddenly felt a great pity for him, and she ran to his dwelling, lighted his fire, and put his soup to heat, and then returned with a lighter heart to her own solitary cottage. An hour later she heard steps, but she had gone up to her room, and there being no light below, the steps gradually died away. Then she felt alone and forsaken all at once, and life seemed hard to bear.

Suddenly she went to her trunk, opened it and took out the white silk robe Luciane had worn when she sang, and applied herself to the self-appointed task of ripping it entirely apart. The laces and ribbons she had worn, were laid with the pieces of the silk and the whole finally rolled up in one close bundle.

Then nothing was left of that which had embellished Luciane. The girl went to sleep with lashes wet with tears, and with the feeling of a duty accomplished.

The next morning, at daybreak, when she went down stairs, she found Jean Baptiste in the lower room. All the houses in that village were, so to speak, always on

the latch; bolts and bars were unknown; crime was almost unknown there, and people went and came as they pleased among their neighbors.

Bonne-Marie's heart beat quicker as she saw the young man. She recognized a new expression on his handsome manly face.

"Bonne-Marie," he said, "it is all nonsense for us each to live alone. Paris is a good distance off — you have forgotten, so have I — when shall we be married?"

The girl was very pale — she liked him, yes she even loved him, and wished to minister to his comfort and happiness — but to become his wife, was a vastly different matter.

"If you do not consent, Bonne-Marie," he said hastily, "I shall know what to think. You have not told me the truth, that is all I have to say."

To be again misunderstood, and to be once more despised seemed more than she could well bear — she looked him full in the face.

"Let my year of mourning expire first," she said quietly, "that is all I ask."

"That is good!" her friend replied, "now," he added, "may I breakfast with you?"

He opened the door, and dragged in a large basket containing the choicest fish he had caught the night before.

"Look," he said, "take what you want — in future you are to have the best of everything."

She leaned over the basket to avoid his eyes, and all

at once she remembered the day when her father and the Coast-Guard were telling stories by the window, while Jean Baptiste at the other side of the room implored her to look kindly upon him. She lifted her eyes to his and saw that he remembered it also.

"That time is past and gone, Bonne-Marie," he said, "past and gone with much that is good and much that is bad; and I can truly say, that I for one, do not wish to see it back!"

He took in his rough hand the girl's slender fingers, and drawing her to him kissed her on both cheeks, not with the air of a timid lover, but as husband and master.

The winter passed away more quickly than they dreamed it could, and was not as prodigal of storms as usual, therefore Bonne-Marie did not learn, until later, the sorrows and anxiety that fall to the share of any woman whose lover or whose husband is a sailor.

One evening, when the valley was green and fresh again, the village gossips learned that this marriage would take place the next day.

The whole village was interested, for Jean Baptiste had invited them one and all.

"My marriage is nothing to be ashamed of," he said, "and my bride and I wish to be friends with all the world — come one, come all, then, I say."

That evening Jean Baptiste was out fishing, for he had set his heart on having on his table the finest dish of fish that had ever been seen. Bonne-Marie

therefore was alone. She wrapped herself in her cloak and went down to the beach, where she had in other days dreamed so many fair dreams. She felt the need of solitude, for her house had been full all day of neighbors, and reminded her of a hive of bees.

When the sea lay before her and a huge rock at her right concealed the path that led to the village, she sat down. Had all her ambitious dreams ended here in this humble fishing port? They had vanished—and vanished too, was all romance out of her life—to be devoted, in the future, to the austere calm of the conjugal fireside. What a contrast would this summer be to the last. In spite of herself, Bonne-Marie remembered the frantic applause, the madrigals, and bouquets. Had she really heard them, or were they dreams like the rest.

The ballad she had sung at her dêbut came back to her. She had forgotten it for she had never sung it since her return. Impelled by an irresistible desire to try her voice, and ascertain if its power were diminished, she sang—

"J'ai quitté ma sœur au berceau."

The clear, sweet voice rang over the sands, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun. A light mist, through which the rays came, was like a halo. Suddenly her voice failed her, she burst into tears, and hid her face in the cool, fresh grass.

"I have suffered," she sobbed, "suffered so much, and I do so wish to be happy, good, and quiet."

She wiped away her tears and calmed the wild pulsations of her heart, and contemplated her future life. Jean's she should certainly be — and happy. Why not? — with duty and mutual confidence as guides. At this moment, at the turn of the rock, not on the beach whence in her dreams, came the unknown — but on the blue transparent sea — appeared Jean Baptiste's sail. It was her husband who was coming — and all dreams must vanish at his approach. Bonne-Marie drove them away now for the last time. They never came again, or, if they did, she knew how to close the door in their faces.

At the Salon of this year, just at the time in fact, that this marriage took place at Omonville, a wonderful portrait of a woman appeared, with the name Luciane. This portrait created an extraordinary excitement. The critics quarreled over it, all the artists discussed it, crowds gathered before it, and of the three hundred thousand visitors, who were at the Exposition, there were not ten, in all probability, who had not seen and admired it.

The name of Morin was buzzed about as well as that of his model. Luciane's mysterious disappearance, long since forgotten, was now revived, and became the groundwork of a thousand romances, each and all far from the truth. The result of all this was, for Morin, a celebrity as rapid as it was dangerous. He was punished through his success and through his egotism, for never again, in his life, did he do anything to be compared to this famous portrait.

It is said, and with reason, that certain writers have never done but the one good novel, and that was the story of their own existence. After this they could not give themselves up to fiction.

Luciane, when she tore herself from him, had left in his side the triple arrow of wounded self-esteem, unsatisfied ambition, and some little sincere regret, out of which he wove for his friends a tale of an unforgotten sorrow. These new sensations had imparted to his pencil a depth of sentiment and power of execution he could never find again.

Morin remained therefore, an artist of second-rate reputation; but he became rich, for Luciane's portrait induced a wealthy heiress to order her own from him, and this order ended in matrimony.

Ten years from this time Bonne-Marie was the mother of three fisher lads, handsome as pictures. The eldest went out with his father in his boat constantly, and the other two rolled in the warm sand on the sea-shore, and paddled in the water to their hearts' content.

About this time, it so happened, that there was a grand fête in preparation, at Cherbourg, in honor of the launching of a frigate, built for the navy.

The Minister would be there, and the journals gave the names of the men of distinction who would accompany him. Among these Bonne-Marie read that of Louis Morin, who came to sketch the scene for a great Paris paper.

She was alone as she read this announcement, and all

at once she felt that she must see the man again who had played so important a part in her life; not that she preserved the smallest vestige of tenderness for him, but she fancied that should she see him, she would love her husband more fondly than ever.

Choosing an auspicious moment she spoke to Jean Baptiste of this new fancy of hers, and as she rarely asked for any indulgence, he was only too glad to give his permission for her to go to Cherbourg for the fêtes. The children would remain at home with their father.

Among a crowd of unknown faces, she was not long in discovering that of Morin, but so changed, that she looked at him at first with considerable doubt.

He had grown stout and gray. His eyes were surrounded with wrinkles, and he looked much older than he really was, for notwithstanding his financial success, the consciousness that other artists thought very little of his works, had never ceased to weigh upon him. He was rich, but sad, being embittered by the consciousness of his utter lack of genius.

"And that is the man I loved," said Bonne-Marie to herself. "I was utterly mad!" The look that she riveted upon the artist affected him magnetically, and he looked up.

Morin's involuntary start, proved to Bonne-Marie that he had not forgotten his former model. Her features were as clearly cut as ever, and her eyes had lost none of their velvety brilliancy; but he attributed this resemblance to accident — to the type of the

country, possibly. Bonne-Marie offered so calm and unmoved a countenance to his inquiring eyes, that he passed on without an idea of the truth.

She looked after him; his slightly rounded shoulders, a certain sulky air about the whole form and face of this discontented artist, excited her pity.

"Is it possible," she said, as she turned homeward, without waiting for the fêtes; is it possible that I ever loved this man?"

Her husband was much surprised at her speedy return, without waiting for the launch or the fire-works.

"I found it wearisome," she answered quietly. "I was not amused without you."

That evening, when the children were asleep and Jean Baptiste sat smoking his pipe, his wife said to him:

"My dear, I have seen Louis Morin."

Jean Baptiste started, and looked at his wife, who smiled tenderly in return.

"Indeed!" he said, with a jealous intonation in his voice.

"Well, my man," she answered, employing the phraseology of the district, "I love you! and that is all that is to be said."

Jean Baptiste took in his, the hand that rested on his shoulder, and went on smoking his pipe.

They are perfectly happy.

THE END.

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS.

Booksellers, News Agents, and all others in want of good and fast-selling books will please send in their orders at once.

HENRY GREVILLE'S GREAT NOVELS.

Philomène's Marriages. With Author's Preface. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Dosia," and "Marrying Off a Daughter."

Pretty Little Countess Zina. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "Sonia," and "A Friend."

Dosia. *A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville,* author of "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Savéli's Expiation," and "Gabrielle."

Marrying Off a Daughter. *A Love Story. By Henry Gréville,* author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," and "Sonia."

Above are in paper cover, price 75 cents each, or in cloth, at $1.25 each.

Savéli's Expiation. A Powerful Novel. By Henry Gréville.

A Friend; or, "L'Ami." By Henry Gréville, author of "Dosia."

Sonia. A Love Story. By Henry Gréville, author of "Dosia."

Gabrielle; or, The House of Maurèze. By Henry Gréville.

Above are in paper cover, price 50 cents each, or in cloth, at $1.00 each.

MRS. BURNETT'S LOVE STORIES.

Kathleen. A Love Story. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Theo," and "Pretty Polly Pemberton."

A Quiet Life. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Theo."

Miss Crespigny. A Charming Love Story. By author of "Kathleen."

Theo. A Love Story. By author of "Kathleen," "Miss Crespigny," etc.

Pretty Polly Pemberton. By author of "Kathleen," "Theo," etc.

Above are in paper cover, price 50 cents each, or in cloth, at $1.00 each.

Jarl's Daughter and Other Tales. By Mrs. Burnett. Price 25 cents.

Lindsay's Luck. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Price 25 cents.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S LOVE STORIES.

Sybil Brotherton. A Novel. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.

The Red Hill Tragedy. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.

Above are in paper cover, price 50 cents each, or in cloth, at $1.00 each.

OCTAVE FEUILLET'S GREATEST WORKS.

The Count de Camors. *The Man of the Second Empire. By Octave Feuillet,* author of "The Amours of Phillippe." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in morocco cloth, black and gold.

The Amours of Phillippe; or, Phillippe's Love Affairs. By Octave Feuillet. Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth, black and gold.

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.** (A)

T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.

☞ Orders solicited from Booksellers, Librarians, News Agents, and all others in want of good and fast-selling books. ☜

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS.

Complete in forty-three large duodecimo volumes, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price $1.75 each; or $75.25 a set, each set is put up in a neat box.

The Phantom Wedding; or, The Fall of the House of Flint,.....$1 75

Self-Raised; From the Depths..	$1 75	The Fatal Marriage,.....	1 75
Ishmael; or, In the Depths,....	1 75	The Deserted Wife,.....	1 75
The Mother-in-Law,.....	1 75	The Fortune Seeker,.....	1 75
The Fatal Secret,.....	1 75	The Bridal Eve,.....	1 75
How He Won Her,.....	1 75	The Lost Heiress,.....	1 75
Fair Play,.....	1 75	The Two Sisters,.....	1 75
The Spectre Lover,.....	1 75	Lady of the Isle,.....	1 75
Victor's Triumph,.....	1 75	Prince of Darkness,.....	1 75
A Beautiful Fiend,.....	1 75	The Three Beauties,.....	1 75
The Artist's Love,.....	1 75	Vivia; or the Secret of Power,	1 75
A Noble Lord,.....	1 75	Love's Labor Won,.....	1 75
Lost Heir of Linlithgow,.....	1 75	The Gipsy's Prophecy,.....	1 75
Tried for her Life,.....	1 75	Retribution,.....	1 75
Cruel as the Grave,.....	1 75	The Christmas Guest,.....	1 75
The Maiden Widow,.....	1 75	Haunted Homestead,.....	1 75
The Family Doom,.....	1 75	Wife's Victory,.....	1 75
The Bride's Fate,.....	1 75	Allworth Abbey, ...	1 75
The Changed Brides,.....	1 75	India; Pearl of Pearl River,..	1 75
Fallen Pride, ...	1 75	Curse of Clifton,.....	1 75
The Widow's Son,.....	1 75	Discarded Daughter,.....	1 75
The Bride of Llewellyn,.....	1 75	The Mystery of Dark Hollow,..	1 75

The Missing Bride; or, Miriam, the Avenger,..... 1 75

Above are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ'S WORKS.

Green and Gold Edition. Complete in twelve volumes, in green morocco cloth, price $1.75 each; or $21.00 a set, each set is put up in a neat box.

Ernest Linwood,.....	$1 75	Love after Marriage,.....	$1 75
The Planter's Northern Bride,..	1 75	Eoline; or Magnolia Vale,.....	1 75
Courtship and Marriage,.....	1 75	The Lost Daughter,.....	1 75
Rena; or, the Snow Bird,.....	1 75	The Banished Son,.....	1 75
Marcus Warland,.....	1 75	Helen and Arthur,.....	1 75

Linda; or, the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole,..... 1 75

Robert Graham; the Sequel to "Linda; or Pilot of Belle Creole,"... 1 75

Above are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

☞ Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. (1)

WILKIE COLLINS' BEST WORKS.

Basil; or, The Crossed Path..$1 50 | The Dead Secret. 12mo.....$1 50

Above are each in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth.

The Dead Secret, 8vo.....	75	The Queen's Revenge,.....	75
Basil; or, the Crossed Path,.....	75	Miss or Mrs?.....	50
Hide and Seek,.....	75	Mad Monkton,.....	50
After Dark,.....	75	Sights a-Foot,.....	50

The Stolen Mask,..... 25 | The Yellow Mask,... 25 | Sister Rose,... 25

The above books are each issued in paper cover, in octavo form.

FRANK FORRESTER'S SPORTING BOOK.

Frank Forrester's Sporting Scenes and Characters. By Henry William Herbert. With Illustrations by Darley. Two vols., cloth,...$4 00

EMERSON BENNETT'S WORKS.

Complete in seven large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price $1.75 *each; or* $12.25 *a set, each set is put up in a neat box.*

The Border Rover,.....	$1 75	Bride of the Wilderness,.....	$1 75
Clara Moreland,.....	1 75	Ellen Norbury,.....	1 75
The Orphan's Trials,.....	1 75	Kate Clarendon,.....	1 75

Viola; or Adventures in the Far South-West,..... 1 75

Above are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

The Heiress of Bellefonte,..... 75 | The Pioneer's Daughter,..... 75

GREEN'S WORKS ON GAMBLING.

Complete in four large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price $1.75 *each; or* $7.00 *a set, each set is put up in a neat box.*

Gambling Exposed,.....	$1 75	Reformed Gambler,.....	$1 75
The Gambler's Life,.....	1 75	Secret Band of Brothers,.....	1 75

Above are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

DOW'S PATENT SERMONS.

Complete in four large duodecimo volumes, bound in cloth, gilt back, price $1.50 *each; or* $6.00 *a set, each set is put up in a neat box.*

Dow's Patent Sermons, 1st Series, cloth,.....	$1 50	Dow's Patent Sermons, 3d Series, cloth, ...	$1 50
Dow's Patent Sermons, 2d Series, cloth,.....	1 50	Dow's Patent Sermons, 4th Series, cloth,.....	1 50

Above are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.00 each.

MISS BRADDON'S WORKS.

Aurora Floyd,.....	75	The Lawyer's Secret,.....	25
Aurora Floyd, cloth.....	1 00	For Better, For Worse,.....	75

☞ **Above books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

ALEXANDER DUMAS' WORKS.

Count of Monte-Cristo,	$1 50	Memoirs of a Physician,	$1 00
Edmond Dantes,	75	Queen's Necklace,	1 00
The Three Guardsmen,	75	Six Years Later,	1 00
Twenty Years After,	75	Countess of Charny,	1 00
Bragelonne,	75	Andree de Taverney,	1 00
The Iron Mask,	1 00	The Chevalier,	1 00
Louise La Valliere,	1 00	Forty-five Guardsmen,	1 00
Diana of Meridor,	1 00	The Iron Hand,	1 00
Adventures of a Marquis,	1 00	The Conscript,	1 50
Love and Liberty, (1792–'93)	1 50	Countess of Monte-Cristo,	1 00

Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette, (La Dame Aux Camelias,) 1 50

The above are each in paper cover, or in cloth, price $1.75 each.

The Mohicans of Paris,	75	Annette; or, Lady of Pearls,	75
The Horrors of Paris,	75	George; or, Isle of France,	50
The Fallen Angel,	75	Madame De Chamblay	50
Felina de Chambure,	75	The Black Tulip,	50
Sketches in France,	75	The Corsican Brothers,	50
Isabel of Bavaria,	75	The Count of Moret,	50
Twin Lieutenants,	75	The Marriage Verdict,	50
Man with Five Wives,	75	Buried Alive,	25

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS' WORKS.

Mysteries Court of London,	$1 00	Mary Price,	$1 00
Rose Foster,	1 50	Eustace Quentin,	1 00
Caroline of Brunswick,	1 00	Joseph Wilmot,	1 00
Venetia Trelawney,	1 00	Banker's Daughter,	1 00
Lord Saxondale,	1 00	Kenneth,	1 00
Count Christoval,	1 00	The Rye-House Plot,	1 00
Rosa Lambert,	1 00	The Necromancer,	1 00
Wallace, the Hero of Scotland,	1 00	The Gipsy Chief,	1 00

The Mysteries of the Court of Naples, full of Illustrations 1 00

Robert Bruce, the Hero-King of Scotland, full of Illustrations, ... 1 00

The above are each in paper cover, or in cloth, price $1.75 each.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots,	75	Ellen Percy,	75
The Opera Dancer,	75	Agnes Evelyn,	75
Child of Waterloo,	75	Pickwick Abroad,	75
Isabella Vincent,	75	Parricide,	75
Vivian Bertram,	75	Discarded Queen,	75
Countess of Lascelles,	75	Life in Paris,	50
Duke of Marchmont,	75	The Countess and the Page,	75
Massacre of Glencoe,	75	Edgar Montrose,	50
Loves of the Harem,	75	The Ruined Gamester,	50
The Soldier's Wife,	75	Clifford and the Actress,	50
May Middleton,	75	Ciprina; or, the Secrets,	50

☞ Above books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

WORKS BY THE VERY BEST AUTHORS.

The following books are each issued in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, at $1.75 each, or each one is in paper cover at $1.50 each.

The Count of Monte-Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. Illustrated,...$1 75
The Countess of Monte-Cristo. Paper cover, price $1.00; or cloth,.. 1 75
Camille; or, the Fate of a Coquette. By Alexander Dumas,..... 1 75
Love and Money. By J. B. Jones, author of the "Rival Belles,"... 1 75
The Brother's Secret; or, the Count De Mara. By William Godwin, 1 75
The Lost Love. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Margaret Maitland," 1 75
The Roman Traitor. By Henry William Herbert. A Roman Story, 1 75
The Bohemians of London. By Edward M. Whitty,..... 1 75
Wild Sports and Adventures in Africa. By Major W. C. Harris, 1 75
Courtship and Matrimony. By Robert Morris. With a Portrait,... 1 75
The Jealous Husband. By Annette Marie Maillard,..... 1 75
The Life, Writings, and Lectures of the late "Fanny Fern,"..... 1 75
The Life and Lectures of Lola Montez, with her portrait,..... 1 75
Wild Southern Scenes. By author of "Wild Western Scenes,"..... 1 75
Currer Lyle; or, the Autobiography of an Actress. By Louise Reeder. 1 75
The Cabin and Parlor. By J. Thornton Randolph. Illustrated,..... 1 75
The Little Beauty. A Love Story. By Mrs. Grey,..... 1 75
Lizzie Glenn; or, the Trials of a Seamstress. By T. S. Arthur,..... 1 75
Lady Maud; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase. By Pierce Egan, 1 75
Wilfred Montressor; or, High Life in New York. Illustrated,..... 1 75
The Old Stone Mansion. By C. J. Peterson, author "Kate Aylesford," 1 75
Kate Aylesford. By Chas. J. Peterson, author "Old Stone Mansion,". 1 75
Lorrimer Littlegood, by author "Harry Coverdale's Courtship,"..... 1 75
The Earl's Secret. A Love Story. By Miss Pardoe,..... 1 75
The Adopted Heir. By Miss Pardoe, author of "The Earl's Secret," 1 75
Coal, Coal Oil, and all other Minerals in the Earth. By Eli Bowen, 1 75
Secession, Coercion, and Civil War. By J. B. Jones,..... 1 75

Above books are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Crossed Path," 1 50
The Crossed Path; or Basil. By Wilkie Collins,..... 1 50
Indiana. A Love Story. By George Sand, author of "Consuelo," 1 50
Jealousy; or, Teverino. By George Sand, author of "Consuelo," etc. 1 50
Six Nights with the Washingtonians, Illustrated. By T. S. Arthur, 3 50
Comstock's Elocution and Model Speaker. Intended for the use of Schools, Colleges, and for private Study, for the Promotion of Health, Cure of Stammering, and Defective Articulation. By Andrew Comstock and Philip Lawrence. With 236 Illustrations.. 2 00
The Lawrence Speaker. A Selection of Literary Gems in Poetry and Prose, designed for the use of Colleges, Schools, Seminaries, Literary Societies. By Philip Lawrence, Professor of Elocution. 600 pages.. 2 00

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

ALEXANDER DUMAS' WORKS, BOUND IN CLOTH.

The following are cloth editions of Dumas' and Reynolds' works, and they are each issued in large octavo volumes, bound in cloth, price $1.75 *each.*

The Three Guardsmen; or, The Three Mousquetaires. By A. Dumas, $1 75
Twenty Years After; or the "*Second Series of Three Guardsmen,*"... 1 75
Bragelonne; Son of Athos; or "*Third Series of Three Guardsmen,*" 1 75
The Iron Mask; or the "*Fourth Series of The Three Guardsmen,*".... 1 75
Louise La Valliere; or the "*Fifth Series and End of the Three Guardsmen Series,*" 1 75
The Memoirs of a Physician. By Alexander Dumas. Illustrated,... 1 75
Queen's Necklace; or "*Second Series of Memoirs of a Physician,*" 1 75
Six Years Later; or the "*Third Series of Memoirs of a Physician,*" 1 75
Countess of Charny; or "*Fourth Series of Memoirs of a Physician,*" 1 75
Andree De Taverney; or "*Fifth Series of Memoirs of a Physician,*" 1 75
The Chevalier; or the "*Sixth Series and End of the Memoirs of a Physician Series,*"..... 1 75
The Adventures of a Marquis. By Alexander Dumas,..... 1 75
The Count of Monte-Cristo. By Alexander Dumas,..... 1 75
Edmond Dantes. A Sequel to the "Count of Monte-Cristo,"..... 1 75
The Forty-Five Guardsmen. By Alexander Dumas. Illustrated,... 1 75
Diana of Meridor, or Lady of Monsoreau. By Alexander Dumas,... 1 75
The Iron Hand. By Alex. Dumas, author "Count of Monte-Cristo," 1 75
Camille; or the Fate of a Coquette. (La Dame aux Camelias,)..... 1 75
The Conscript. A novel of the Days of Napoleon the First,..... 1 75
Love and Liberty. A novel of the French Revolution of 1792-1793, 1 75

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS' WORKS, IN CLOTH.

The Mysteries of the Court of London. By George W. M. Reynolds, 1 75
Rose Foster; or the "*Second Series of Mysteries of Court of London,*" 1 75
Caroline of Brunswick; or the "*Third Series of the Court of London,*" 1 75
Venetia Trelawney; or "*End of the Mysteries of the Court of London,*" 1 75
Lord Saxondale; or the Court of Queen Victoria. By Reynolds,..... 1 75
Count Christoval. Sequel to "Lord Saxondale." By Reynolds,..... 1 75
Rosa Lambert; or Memoirs of an Unfortunate Woman. By Reynolds, 1 75
Mary Price; or the Adventures of a Servant Maid. By Reynolds,... 1 75
Eustace Quentin. Sequel to "Mary Price." By G. W. M. Reynolds, 1 75
Joseph Wilmot; or the Memoirs of a Man Servant. By Reynolds,... 1 75
The Banker's Daughter. Sequel to "Joseph Wilmot." By Reynolds, 1 75
Kenneth. A Romance of the Highlands. By G. W. M. Reynolds, 1 75
Rye-House Plot; or the Conspirator's Daughter. By Reynolds,..... 1 75
Necromancer; or the Times of Henry the Eighth. By Reynolds,..... 1 75
The Mysteries of the Court of the Stuarts. By G. W. M. Reynolds, 1 75
Wallace; the Hero of Scotland. By G. W. M. Reynolds,..... 1 75
The Gipsy Chief. By George W. M. Reynolds,..... 1 75
Robert Bruce; the Hero King of Scotland. By G. W. M. Reynolds, 1 75

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

WORKS BY THE VERY BEST AUTHORS.

The following books are each issued in one large octavo volume, bound in cloth, at $2.00 each, or each one is done up in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

The Wandering Jew. By Eugene Sue. Full of Illustrations,.....$2 00
Mysteries of Paris; and its Sequel, Gerolstein. By Eugene Sue,.... 2 00
Martin, the Foundling. By Eugene Sue. Full of Illustrations,..... 2 00
Ten Thousand a Year. By Samuel Warren. With Illustrations,.... 2 00
Washington and His Generals. By George Lippard,..... 2 00
The Quaker City; or, the Monks of Monk Hall. By George Lippard, 2 00
Blanche of Brandywine. By George Lippard,..... 2 00
Paul Ardenheim; the Monk of Wissahickon. By George Lippard,. 2 00
The Mysteries of Florence. By Geo. Lippard, author "Quaker City," 2 00
The Pictorial Tower of London. By W. Harrison Ainsworth,..... 2 50

Above books are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

The following are each issued in one large octavo volume, bound in cloth, price $2.00 each, or a cheap edition is issued in paper cover, at 75 cents each.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, $2 00
Harry Lorrequer. With his Confessions. By Charles Lever,...Cloth, 2 00
Jack Hinton, the Guardsman. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, 2 00
Davenport Dunn. A Man of Our Day. By Charles Lever,...Cloth, 2 00
Tom Burke of Ours. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, 2 00
The Knight of Gwynne. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, 2 00
Arthur O'Leary. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, 2 00
Con Cregan. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, 2 00
Horace Templeton. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, 2 00
Kate O'Donoghue. By Charles Lever,.....Cloth, 2 00
Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist. By Harry Cockton,.....Cloth, 2 00

Above are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at 75 cents each.

HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Each one is full of Illustrations, by Felix O. C. Darley, and bound in Cloth.

Major Jones' Courtship and Travels. With 21 Illustrations,.....$1 75
Major Jones' Scenes in Georgia. With 16 Illustrations,..... 1 75
Simon Suggs' Adventures and Travels. With 17 Illustrations,..... 1 75
Swamp Doctor's Adventures in the South-West. 14 Illustrations,... 1 50
Col. Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansaw. With 16 Illustrations,..... 1 50
The Big Bear's Adventures and Travels. With 18 Illustrations,..... 1 75
High Life in New York, by Jonathan Slick. With Illustrations,.... 1 75
Judge Haliburton's Yankee Stories. Illustrated,..... 1 75
Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage. Illustrated,..... 1 75
Piney Wood's Tavern; or, Sam Slick in Texas. Illustrated,..... 1 75
Sam Slick, the Clockmaker. By Judge Haliburton. Illustrated,... 1 75
Humors of Falconbridge. By J. F. Kelley. With Illustrations,... 1 75
Modern Chivalry. By Judge Breckenridge. Two vols., each..... 1 75
Neal's Charcoal Sketches. By Joseph C. Neal. 21 Illustrations,... 2 50

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

NEW AND GOOD BOOKS BY BEST AUTHORS.

Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems. *New Illustrated Edition.* By J. W. Watson. With Illustrations by E. L. Henry. One volume, morocco cloth, black and gold, gilt top, side, and back, price $2.00; or in maroon morocco cloth, full gilt edges, full gilt back, full gilt sides, $3 00

The Outcast, and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson. One volume, green morocco cloth, gilt top, side and back, price $2.00; or in maroon morocco cloth, full gilt edges, full gilt back, full gilt sides, ... 3 00

The Young Magdalen; and Other Poems. By Francis S. Smith, editor of "The New York Weekly." With a portrait of the author. Complete in one large volume of 300 pages, bound in green morocco cloth, gilt top, side, and back, price $3.00; or in full gilt,.... 4 00

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. *Volume One.* Containing *the "First," "Second," and "Third Series" of the "Breitmann Ballads,"* bound in morocco cloth, gilt, beveled boards,..... 3 00

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. *Volume Two.* Containing *the "Fourth" and "Fifth Series" of the "Breitmann Ballads,"* bound in morocco cloth, gilt, beveled boards,..... 2 00

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Being the above two volumes complete in one. In one large volume, bound in morocco cloth, gilt side, gilt top, and full gilt back, with beveled boards. With a full and complete Glossary to the whole work,..... 4 00

Meister Karl's Sketch Book. By Charles G. Leland, (Hans Breitmann.) Complete in one volume, green morocco cloth, gilt side, gilt top, gilt back, with beveled boards, price $2.50, or in maroon morocco cloth, full gilt edges, full gilt back, full gilt sides, etc.,..... 3 50

The Ladies' Guide to True Politeness and Perfect Manners. By Miss Leslie. Every lady should have it. Cloth, full gilt back,... 1 75

The Ladies' Complete Guide to Needlework and Embroidery. With 113 illustrations. By Miss Lambert. Cloth, full gilt back,..... 1 75

The Ladies' Work Table Book. With 27 illustrations. Cloth, gilt,. 1 50

Cyrilla; or the Mysterious Engagement. By author of "Initials," 1 00

The Miser's Daughter. By William Harrison Ainsworth, cloth,..... 1 75

John Jasper's Secret. A Sequel to Charles Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood." With 18 Illustrations. Bound in cloth,..... 2 00

The Last Athenian. From the Swedish of Victor Rydberg. Highly recommended by Fredrika Bremer. Paper $1.50, or in cloth,..... 2 00

Across the Atlantic. Letters from France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and England. By C. H. Haeseler, M.D. Bound in cloth,.... 2 00

The Story of Elizabeth. By Miss Thackeray, paper, 50 cents, or cloth, 1 00

Dow's Short Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. In 4 vols., cloth, each.... 1 50

Wild Oats Sown Abroad. A Spicy Book. By T. B. Witmer, cloth,... 1 50

Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Illustrated, 1 50

Historical Sketches of Plymouth, Luzerne Co., Penna. By Hendrick B. Wright, of Wilkesbarre. With Twenty-five Photographs,..... 4 00

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

WORKS BY THE VERY BEST AUTHORS.

The Conscript; or, the Days of Napoleon 1st. By Alex. Dumas,....$1 75
Cousin Harry. By Mrs. Grey, author of "The Gambler's Wife," etc. 1 75
Married at Last. A Love Story. By Annie Thomas,..... 1 75
Shoulder Straps. By Henry Morford, author of "Days of Shoddy," 1 75
Days of Shoddy. By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps," 1 75
The Coward. By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps,"..... 1 75

Above books are each in cloth, or each one is in paper cover, at $1.50 each.

Harry Lorrequer. *With His Confessions.* By Charles Lever. *Four different editions:* one at 75 cents in paper cover, and three bound in cloth, viz.: Sterling Series, at $1.00, Peoples' Edition, at $1.50, and Library Edition, at $2.00.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. *Four different editions:* one at 75 cents in paper cover, and three bound in cloth, viz.: Sterling Series, at $1.00, Peoples' Edition, at $1.50, and Library Edition, at $2.00.

WORKS IN SETS BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's Popular Novels. 43 vols. in all, 75 25
Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' Celebrated Novels. 23 volumes in all,..... 40 25
Miss Eliza A. Dupuy's Works. Fourteen volumes in all,..... 24 50
Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's Novels. Twelve volumes in all,..... 21 00
Mrs. C. A. Warfield's Novels. Nine volumes in all,..... 15 75
Frederika Bremer's Novels. Six volumes in all,..... 10 50
T. Adolphus Trollope's Works. Seven volumes in all,..... 12 25
James A. Maitland's Novels. Seven volumes in all,..... 12 25
Charles Lever's Works. Ten volumes in all,..... 20 00
Alexander Dumas' Works. Twenty-one volumes in all,..... 36 75
George W. M. Reynolds' Works. Eighteen volumes in all,..... 31 50
Frank Fairlegh's Works. Six volumes in all,..... 10 50
Q. K. Philander Doestick's Novels. Four volumes in all,..... 7 00
Cook Books. The best in the world. Eleven volumes in all,..... 19 25
Henry Morford's Novels. Three volumes in all,..... 5 25
Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. Seventeen volumes in all,..... 29 75
Emerson Bennett's Novels. Seven volumes in all,..... 12 25
Green's Works on Gambling. Four volumes in all,..... 7 00
American Humorous Works. Illustrated. Twelve volumes in all, 21 00
Eugene Sue's Best Works. Three volumes in all,..... 6 00
George Sand's Works. Consuelo, etc. Five volumes in all,..... 7 50
George Lippard's Works. Five volumes in all,..... 10 00
Dow's Short Patent Sermons. Four volumes in all,..... 6 00
The Waverley Novels. *National Edition.* Five large 8vo. vols., cloth, 15 00
Charles Dickens' Works. *People's* 12*mo. Edition.* 22 vols., cloth, 34 00
Charles Dickens' Works. *Green Cloth* 12*mo. Edition.* 22 vols., cloth, 44 00
Charles Dickens' Works. *Illustrated* 12*mo. Edition.* 36 vols., cloth, 55 00
Charles Dickens' Works. *Illustrated* 8*vo. Edition.* 18 vols., cloth, 31 50
Charles Dickens' Works. *New National Edition.* 7 volumes, cloth, 20 00

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

☞ GREAT REDUCTION IN THEIR PRICES. ☜

CHEAP PAPER COVER EDITION OF DICKENS' WORKS.

Each book being complete in one large octavo volume.

Pickwick Papers,	50	Bleak House,	50
Nicholas Nickleby,	50	Little Dorrit,	50
Dombey and Son,	50	Christmas Stories,	50
Our Mutual Friend,	50	Barnaby Rudge,	50
David Copperfield,	50	Sketches by "Boz,"	50
Martin Chuzzlewit,	50	Great Expectations,	50
Old Curiosity Shop,	50	Joseph Grimaldi,	50
Oliver Twist,	50	The Pic-Nic Papers,	50
American Notes,	25	The Haunted House,	25
Hard Times,	25	Uncommercial Traveller,	25
A Tale of Two Cities,	25	A House to Let,	25
Somebody's Luggage,	25	Perils of English Prisoners,	25
Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings,	25	Wreck of the Golden Mary,	25
Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy,	25	Tom Tiddler's Ground,	25
Mugby Junction,	25	Dickens' New Stories,	25
Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions,	25	Lazy Tour of Idle Apprentices,	25
Mystery of Edwin Drood,	25	The Holly-Tree Inn,	25
Message from the Sea,	25	No Thoroughfare,	25
Hunted Down; and Other Reprinted Pieces,			50

PEOPLE'S DUODECIMO EDITION. ILLUSTRATED.

Reduced in price from $2.50 to $1.50 a volume.

This edition is printed on fine paper, from large, clear type, leaded, that all can read, containing Two Hundred Illustrations on tinted paper.

Our Mutual Friend,	Cloth, $1.50	Little Dorrit,	Cloth, $1.50
Pickwick Papers,	Cloth, 1.50	Dombey and Son,	Cloth, 1.50
Nicholas Nickleby,	Cloth, 1.50	Christmas Stories,	Cloth, 1.50
Great Expectations,	Cloth, 1.50	Sketches by "Boz,"	Cloth, 1.50
David Copperfield,	Cloth, 1.50	Barnaby Rudge,	Cloth, 1.50
Oliver Twist,	Cloth, 1.50	Martin Chuzzlewit,	Cloth, 1.50
Bleak House,	Cloth, 1.50	Old Curiosity Shop,	Cloth, 1.50
A Tale of Two Cities,	Cloth, 1.50	Dickens' New Stories,	Cloth, 1.50
Mystery of Edwin Drood; and Master Humphrey's Clock,			Cloth, 1.50
American Notes; and the Uncommercial Traveller,			Cloth, 1.50
Hunted Down; and other Reprinted Pieces,			Cloth, 1.50
The Holly-Tree Inn; and other Stories,			Cloth, 1.50
The Life and Writings of Charles Dickens,			Cloth, 2.00
John Jasper's Secret. Sequel to Mystery of Edwin Drood,			Cloth, 2.00
Price of a set, in Black cloth, in twenty-two volumes,			$34.00
" " Full sheep, Library style,			45.00
" " Half calf, sprinkled edges,			56.00
" " Half calf, marbled edges,			61.00
" " Half calf, antique, or half calf, full gilt backs, etc.			66.00

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.** (15)

HUMOROUS AMERICAN WORKS.

With Illuminated Covers, and beautifully Illustrated by Felix O. C. Darley.

Major Jones's Courtship. With Illustrations by Darley,..... 75
Major Jones's Sketches of Travels. Full of Illustrations..... 75
The Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs. Illustrated,..... 75
Major Jones's Chronicles of Pineville. Illustrated,..... 75
Polly Peablossom's Wedding. With Illustrations,..... 75
Widow Rugby's Husband. Full of Illustrations,..... 75
The Big Bear of Arkansas. Illustrated by Darley,..... 75
Western Scenes; or, Life on the Prairie. Illustrated,..... 75
Streaks of Squatter Life and Far West Scenes. Illustrated,..... 75
Pickings from the New Orleans Picayune. Illustrated,..... 75
Stray Subjects Arrested and Bound Over. Illustrated,..... 75
The Louisiana Swamp Doctor. Full of Illustrations,..... 75
Charcoal Sketches. By Joseph C. Neal. Illustrated,..... 75
Peter Faber's Misfortunes. By Joseph C. Neal. Illustrated,..... 75
Peter Ploddy and other Oddities. By Joseph C. Neal,..... 75
Yankee Among the Mermaids. By William E. Burton..... 75
The Drama in Pokerville. By J. M. Field. Illustrated,..... 75
New Orleans Sketch Book. With Illustrations by Darley,..... 75
The Deer Stalkers. By Frank Forrester. Illustrated,..... 75
The Quorndon Hounds. By Frank Forrester. Illustrated,..... 75
My Shooting Box. By Frank Forrester. Illustrated,..... 75
The Warwick Woodlands. By Frank Forrester. Illustrated,..... 75
Adventures of Captain Farrago. By H. H. Brackenridge,..... 75
Adventures of Major O'Regan. By H. H. Brackenridge, ... 75
Sol Smith's Theatrical Apprenticeship. Illustrated,..... 75
Sol Smith's Theatrical Journey-Work. Illustrated,..... 75
Quarter Race in Kentucky. With Illustrations by Darley,..... 75
The Mysteries of the Backwoods. By T. B. Thorpe,..... 75
Percival Mayberry's Adventures. By J. H. Ingraham,..... 75
Sam Slick's Yankee Yarns and Yankee Letters,..... 75
Adventures of Fudge Fumble; or, Love Scrapes of his Life,..... 75
Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz,..... 75
Following the Drum. By Mrs. Gen. Viele,..... 50
The American Joe Miller. With 100 Engravings,..... 50

SAMUEL WARREN'S BEST BOOKS.

Ten Thousand a Year, paper,$1 50
Ten Thousand a Year, cloth,.. 2 00
The Diary of a Medical Student,..... 75

WILLIAM H. MAXWELL'S WORKS.

Wild Sports of the West,..... 75
Stories of Waterloo,.. 75
Brian O'Lynn,..... 75
Life of Grace O'Malley,..... 50

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

MISS PARDOE'S POPULAR WORKS.

Confessions of a Pretty Woman, 75
The Wife's Trials,..... 75
The Jealous Wife,..... 75
The Rival Beauties,..... 75
Romance of the Harem,..... 75

Each of the above five books are also bound in cloth, at $1.00 each.

The Adopted Heir. One volume, paper, $1.50; or in cloth,.....$1 75
The Earl's Secret. One volume, paper, $1.50; or in cloth, ... 1 75

T. S. ARTHUR'S HOUSEHOLD NOVELS.

The Lost Bride,..... 50
The Two Brides,..... 50
Love in a Cottage,..... 50
Love in High Life,..... 50
Year after Marriage,..... 50
The Lady at Home,..... 50
Cecelia Howard,..... 50
Orphan Children,..... 50
Debtor's Daughter,..... 50
The Divorced Wife,..... 50
Mary Moreton,..... 50
Pride and Prudence,..... 50
Agnes; or, the Possessed,..... 50
Lucy Sandford,..... 50
The Banker's Wife,..... 50
The Two Merchants,..... 50
Trial and Triumph,..... 50
The Iron Rule,..... 50

Insubordination; or, the Shoemaker's Daughters,..... 50
The Latimer Family; or, The Bottle and the Pledge. Illustrated,.... 50
Six Nights with the Washingtonians; and other Temperance Tales. By T. S. Arthur. With original Illustrations, by George Cruikshank. One large octavo volume, bound in beveled boards, $3.50; red roan, full gilt back, $4.50; or full Turkey morocco, full gilt,... 6 00
Lizzy Glenn; or, the Trials of a Seamstress. Cloth $1.75; or paper, 1 50

MRS. GREY'S CELEBRATED NOVELS.

Cousin Harry,.....$1 50
The Little Beauty,..... $1 50

The above are each in paper cover, or in cloth, price $1.75 each.

A Marriage in High Life,..... 50
Gipsy's Daughter,..... 50
Old Dower House,..... 50
Belle of the Family,..... 50
Duke and Cousin,..... 50
The Little Wife,..... 50
Lena Cameron,..... 50
Sybil Lennard..... 50
Manœuvring Mother 50
The Baronet's Daughters,..... 50
Young Prima Donna,..... 50
Hyacinthe,..... 25
Alice Seymour,..... 25
Mary Seaham,..... 75
Passion and Principle,..... 75
The Flirt,..... 75
Good Society,..... 75
Lion-Hearted,..... 75

G. P. R. JAMES'S BEST BOOKS.

Lord Montague's Page. Paper cover, $1.50, or in cloth,.....$1 75
The Cavalier. By the author of "Lord Montague's Page," cloth,.... 1 00
The Man in Black,..... 75
Mary of Burgundy,..... 75
Arrah Neil,..... 75
Eva St. Clair,..... 50

☞ **Above Books will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of Retail Price, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Henry Gréville's Greatest Novel.

PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY HENRY GRÉVILLE.

AUTHOR OF "DOSIA," "MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER," "SAVÉLI'S EXPIATION," "SONIA," "A FRIEND," AND "GABRIELLE."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MARY NEAL SHERWOOD.

Paper Cover, 75 Cents. Morocco Cloth, Gilt and Black, $1.25.

"PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA" is a careful study of the Countess Koumiassine, who, in the most unconscious manner, continues to make all about her very wretched by her arbitrary rule and love of power. Zina, the daughter, and youthful Countess, bears a certain resemblance to Dosia—that bewitching creature—in her dainty wilfulness, while the ward and cousin, Vassalissa, is a new creation. Mrs. Sherwood has the talent, most rare in a translator, of placing herself fully *en rapport* with the authors with whom she deals. It is therefore unnecessary to say that her part of this most charming tale is thoroughly well done, while the publishers deserve immense credit for their exertions in making the American public familiar with the best French literature, and we wish them all possible success in their enterprise.—*Critic*

HENRY GREVILLE'S GREAT WORKS.

PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," and "Gabrielle." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

DOSIA. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Savéli's Expiation," "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Sonia," and "Gabrielle." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "Sonia," and "Gabrielle." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

SAVELI'S EXPIATION. *By Henry Gréville.* A dramatic and powerful novel of Russian life, and a pure, pathetic love story. Price 50 cts. in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

SONIA. A Russian Story. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Savéli's Expiation," "Dosia," and "Marrying Off a Daughter." Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

A FRIEND; or, L'AMIE. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Savéli's Expiation," "Dosia," and "Marrying Off a Daughter." Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

GABRIELLE; or, THE HOUSE OF MAUREZE. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Dosia," "A Friend," "Savéli's Expiation." Price 50 cts. in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

☞ *The above Books are printed on tinted paper, and are issued in uniform style with "Theo," "Kathleen," "Miss Crespigny," "A Quiet Life," "Lindsay's Luck," and "Pretty Polly Pemberton," by Mrs. Burnett, and are for sale by all Booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one, at once, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers,*

PETERSONS' 'STERLING SERIES'

OF NEW AND GOOD BOOKS.

Are the Cheapest Novels in the World.

Price 75 Cents Each in Paper, or $1.00 Each in Cloth.

"PETERSONS' STERLING SERIES OF NEW AND GOOD BOOKS" are all issued unabridged and entire, in uniform style, and are printed from large type, in octavo form, price Seventy-five cents each in paper cover, with the edges cut open all around; or One Dollar each, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold, and is the most popular series of Books ever printed. The following works have already been issued in this series, and a new one will follow every two weeks in the same style, same size, and at the same low price

SALATHIEL; THE WANDERING JEW. By Rev. George Croly.
AURORA FLOYD. A Love Story. By Miss Braddon.
MARRYING FOR MONEY. A Love Story in Real Life.
THACKERAY'S IRISH SKETCH BOOK. With 38 Illustrations.
EDINA. A Love Story. By Mrs. Henry Wood.
CORINNE; OR, ITALY. By Madame De Stael.
CYRILLA. A Love Story. By author of "The Initials."
FLIRTATIONS IN AMERICA; or, HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.
THE COQUETTE. A Tale of Love and Pride.
CHARLES O'MALLEY, The Irish Dragoon. By Charles Lever.
THE FLIRT. By author of "The Gambler's Wife."
THE DEAD SECRET. By Wilkie Collins.
THE WIFE'S TRIALS. By Miss Pardoe.
THE MAN WITH FIVE WIVES. By Alexander Dumas.
HARRY LORREQUER. By Charles Lever.
PICKWICK ABROAD. Illustrated. By G. W. M. Reynolds.
FIRST AND TRUE LOVE. By George Sand.
THE MYSTERY. A Love Story. By Mrs. Henry Wood.
THE STEWARD. By author of "Valentine Vox."
BASIL; or, THE CROSSED PATH. By Wilkie Collins.
POPPING THE QUESTION. By author of "The Jilt."
THE JEALOUS WIFE. By Miss Julia Pardoe.
SYLVESTER SOUND. By author of "Valentine Vox."
THE CONFESSIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN.
THE RIVAL BEAUTIES. By Miss Pardoe.
WHITEFRIARS; Or, The Days of Charles the Second.
WEBSTER AND HAYNE'S SPEECHES. Unabridged.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers.*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE

OR,

A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN.

With Illustrative Engravings of the scenes that took place there, between the Pope and the Priest, Father Tom.

Read what S. J. Prime, Esq., the Editor of the New York Christian Observer, says of "Father Tom and the Pope," in that paper, editorially.

"FATHER TOM AND THE POPE.—There is a time to laugh. And we had it when we read this book, with the taking title of 'Father Tom and the Pope.' It is a broad satire on the faith and practice of Mother Rome: too broad perhaps for this country, where the Irish brogue, Irish humor, and Irish technical terms are not as readily caught as they are in the green isle for which the book was written.

"Father Tom goes to Rome; he is a Romish Priest from Ireland, and in Rome, his Holiness invites the celebrated champion of the Church to take 'pot look wid him.' At the table the Pope offers him various kinds of wine, but Father Tom, more accustomed to something stronger and warmer, complains of the drink, and greatly to the disgust of the Pope produces a bottle of the 'rale stuff" from his coat pocket. His Holiness rebukes him for bringing his own liquor when coming to dine with the prince of princes, but catching a whiff of the whiskey across the table, asks for the bottle, brings it to his blessed nose, and exclaims, 'Holy Virgin! but it has the divine smell!'

"After this the Pope and Father Tom have a good time generally; the Priest produces another bottle from another pocket; calls for the housekeeper to bring the 'matarials' to brew a punch; she comes; a comely damsel; and then occurs a scene that introduces as keen a satire on one of the dogmas of Rome as was ever made, for the particulars of which we advise all persons to buy and read the book."

Price 50 Cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in Morocco cloth, black and gold.

☞ *"Father Tom and the Pope," will be found for sale by all Booksellers, and on all Rail-Road Trains, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting the price of the edition wished, in a letter, to the publishers,*

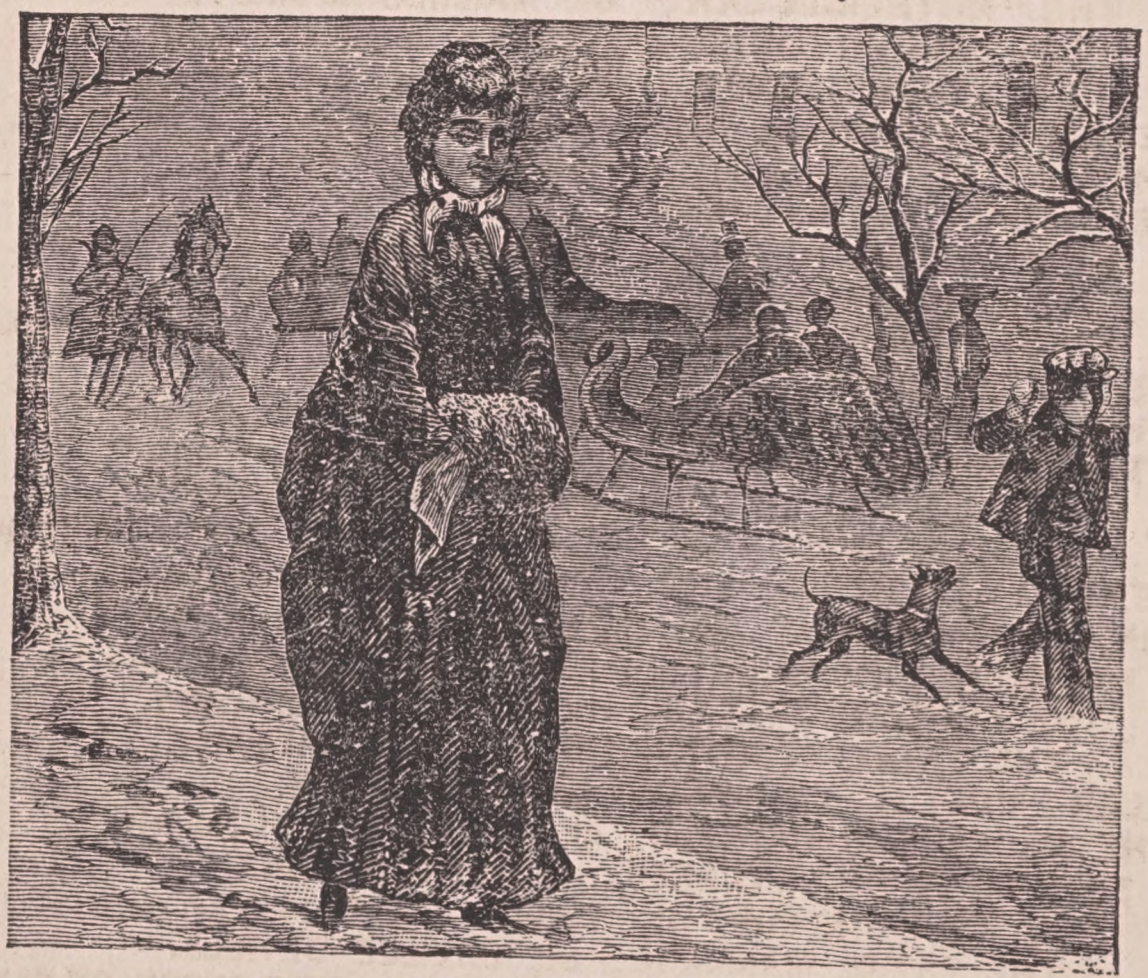
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,

No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

AN ENTIRE NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

Describing the Life of Woman in Five Pictures, from Original Drawings, by Edward L. Henry.



BEAUTIFUL SNOW, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. W. Watson, author of "The Outcast." *An Entire New Illustrated Edition, describing the life of Woman in Five Pictures, from original designs drawn by Edward L. Henry.* One volume, octavo, printed on tinted plate paper, and bound in green morocco cloth, with gilt top, gilt sides, and beveled boards, price Two Dollars; or bound in maroon morocco cloth, with full gilt sides, full gilt edges, full gilt back, and beveled boards, price Three Dollars.

☞ *Above Book is for sale by all Booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting price to the publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,

306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS.

EACH IS IN ONE LARGE DUODECIMO VOLUME, MOROCCO CLOTH, GILT BACK, PRICE $1.75 EACH.

All or any will be sent free of postage, everywhere, to all, on receipt of remittances.

ISHMAEL; or, IN THE DEPTHS. (Being "Self-Made; or, Out of Depths.")
SELF-RAISED; or, From the Depths. The Sequel to "Ishmael."
THE PHANTOM WEDDING; or, the Fall of the House of Flint.
THE "MOTHER-IN-LAW;" or, MARRIED IN HASTE.
THE MISSING BRIDE; or, MIRIAM, THE AVENGER.
VICTOR'S TRIUMPH. The Sequel to "A Beautiful Fiend."
A BEAUTIFUL FIEND; or, THROUGH THE FIRE.
THE LADY OF THE ISLE; or, THE ISLAND PRINCESS.
FAIR PLAY; or, BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.
HOW HE WON HER. The Sequel to "Fair Play."
THE CHANGED BRIDES; or, Winning Her Way.
THE BRIDE'S FATE. The Sequel to "The Changed Brides."
CRUEL AS THE GRAVE; or, Hallow Eve Mystery.
TRIED FOR HER LIFE. The Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave."
THE CHRISTMAS GUEST; or, The Crime and the Curse.
THE LOST HEIR OF LINLITHGOW; or, The Brothers.
A NOBLE LORD. The Sequel to "The Lost Heir of Linlithgow."
THE FAMILY DOOM; or, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS.
THE MAIDEN WIDOW. The Sequel to "The Family Doom."
THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY; or, The Bride of an Evening.
THE FORTUNE SEEKER; or, Astrea, The Bridal Day.
THE THREE BEAUTIES; or, SHANNONDALE.
FALLEN PRIDE; or, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL'S LOVE.
THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; or, The Children of the Isle.
THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS; or, HICKORY HALL.
THE TWO SISTERS; or, Virginia and Magdalene.
THE FATAL MARRIAGE; or, ORVILLE DEVILLE.

INDIA; or, THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER.
THE WIDOW'S SON; or, LEFT ALONE.
THE MYSTERY OF DARK HOLLOW.
ALLWORTH ABBEY; or, EUDORA.
THE BRIDAL EVE; or, ROSE ELMER.
VIVIA; or, THE SECRET OF POWER.
THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD.
THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.
THE WIFE'S VICTORY.
THE SPECTRE LOVER.
THE ARTIST'S LOVE.
THE FATAL SECRET.
LOVE'S LABOR WON.
THE LOST HEIRESS.

BRIDE OF LLEWELLYN. THE DESERTED WIFE. RETRIBUTION

☞ *Mrs. Southworth's works will be found for sale by all Booksellers.*

☞ *Copies of any one, or more of Mrs. Southworth's works, will be sent to any place, at once, per mail, post-paid, on remitting price of ones wanted to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. BURNETT'S CHARMING STORIES.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND PUBLISHED BY

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

BEING REPRINTED FROM "PETERSON'S MAGAZINE," FOR WHICH THEY WERE ALL ORIGINALLY WRITTEN.

☞ *The following Charming Stories were all written by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and each one is printed on tinted paper, the whole being issued in uniform shape and style, in square* 12mo. *form, being seven of the best, most interesting, and choicest love stories ever written.*

"THEO." A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Kathleen," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Miss Crespigny," "A Quiet Life," and "Lindsay's Luck."

KATHLEEN. A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Theo," "Miss Crespigny," "Jarl's Daughter," "A Quiet Life," and "Pretty Polly Pemberton."

A QUIET LIFE; and THE TIDE ON THE MOANING BAR. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Theo."

MISS CRESPIGNY. A Powerful Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Theo," "Kathleen," etc.

PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON. A Charming Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Kathleen."

Above are 50 Cents each in paper cover, or $1.00 each in cloth, black and gold.

JARL'S DAUGHTER; and OTHER STORIES. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Theo," "Kathleen," etc.

LINDSAY'S LUCK. A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Theo," "Kathleen," "A Quiet Life," etc.

Above are each in one volume, paper cover, price 25 Cents each.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any place, at once, per mail, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALEXANDER DUMAS' GREAT WORKS.

All or any will be sent free of postage, everywhere, to all, on receipt of remittances.

The Count of Monte-Cristo. With elegant illustrations, and portraits of Edmond Dantes, Mercedes, and Fernand. Price $1.50 in paper cover; or $1.75 in cloth.

Edmond Dantes. A Sequel to the "Count of Monte-Cristo." In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition, bound in cloth, for $1.75.

The Countess of Monte-Cristo. With a portrait of the "Countess of Monte-Cristo" on the cover. One large octavo volume, paper cover, price $1.00; or bound in cloth, for $1.75.

The Three Guardsmen; or, The Three Mousquetaires. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition in cloth, for $1.75.

Twenty Years After. A Sequel to the "Three Guardsmen." In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition, in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Bragelonne; the Son of Athos. Being the continuation of "Twenty Years After." In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition in cloth, for $1.75.

The Iron Mask. Being the continuation of the "Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," and "Bragelonne." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Louise La Valliere; or, the Second Series of the "Iron Mask," and end of "The Three Guardsmen" series. In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

The Memoirs of a Physician; or, The Secret History of the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. Beautifully Illustrated. In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

The Queen's Necklace; or, The "Second Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, price $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Six Years Later; or, Taking of the Bastile. Being the "Third Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Countess of Charny; or, The Fall of the French Monarchy. Being the "Fourth Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Andree de Taverney. Being the "Fifth Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, price $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

The Chevalier; or, the "Sixth Series and final conclusion of the Memoirs of a Physician Series." In one large octavo volume. Price $1.00 in paper cover; or $1.75 in cloth.

Joseph Balsamo. Dumas' greatest work, from which the play of "Joseph Balsamo" was dramatized, by his son, Alexander Dumas, Jr. Price $1.00 in paper cover, or $1.50 in cloth.

The Conscript; or, The Days of the First Napoleon. An Historical Novel. In one large duodecimo volume. Price $1.50 in paper cover; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette. ("La Dame aux Camelias.") This is the only true and complete translation of "Camille," and it is from this translation that the Play of "Camille," and the Opera of "La Traviata" was adapted to the Stage. Paper cover, price $1.50; or in cloth, $1.75.

Love and Liberty; or, A Man of the People. (Rene Besson.) A Thrilling Story of the French Revolution of 1792-93. In one large duodecimo volume, paper cover, $1.50; cloth, $1.75.

The Adventures of a Marquis. Paper cover, $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

The Forty-Five Guardsmen. Paper cover, $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Diana of Meridor. Paper cover, $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

The Iron Hand. Price $1.00 in paper cover, or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of France. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Annette; or, The Lady of the Pearls. A Companion to "Camille." Price 75 cents.

The Fallen Angel. A Story of Love and Life in Paris. One large volume. Price 75 cents.

The Mohicans of Paris. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Horrors of Paris. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Man with Five Wives. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Sketches in France. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Felina de Chambure; or, The Female Fiend. Price 75 cents.

The Twin Lieutenants; or, The Soldier's Bride. Price 75 cents.

Madame de Chamblay. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

The Black Tulip. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

The Corsican Brothers. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

George; or, The Planter of the Isle of France. Price 50 cents.

The Count of Moret. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

The Marriage Verdict. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Buried Alive. In one large octavo volume. Price 25 cents.

☞ *Above books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or more, will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS' WORKS.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EDITIONS, JUST READY.

Each Work is complete and unabridged, in one large volume.

All or any will be sent free of postage, everywhere, to all, on receipt of remittances.

Mysteries of the Court of London; *being* THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF GEORGE THE THIRD, *with the Life and Times of the* PRINCE OF WALES, *afterward* GEORGE THE FOURTH. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Rose Foster; or, the "Second Series of the Mysteries of the Court of London." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.50.

Caroline of Brunswick; or, the "Third Series of the Mysteries of the Court of London." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Venetia Trelawney; being the "Fourth Series or final conclusion of the Mysteries of the Court of London." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Lord Saxondale; or, The Court of Queen Victoria. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Count Christoval. The "Sequel to Lord Saxondale." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Rosa Lambert; or, The Memoirs of an Unfortunate Woman. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Joseph Wilmot; or, The Memoirs of a Man Servant. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

The Banker's Daughter. A Sequel to "Joseph Wilmot." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

The Rye-House Plot; or, Ruth, the Conspirator's Daughter. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

The Necromancer. Being the Mysteries of the Court of Henry the Eighth. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Mary Price; or, The Adventures of a Servant Maid. One vol., cloth, price $1.75; or in paper, $1.00.

Eustace Quentin. A "Sequel to Mary Price." One vol., cloth, price $1.75; or in paper, $1.00.

The Mysteries of the Court of Naples. Price $1.00 in paper cover; or $1.75 in cloth.

Kenneth. A Romance of the Highlands. One vol., cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, $1.00.

Wallace: the Hero of Scotland. Illustrated with 38 plates. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.75.

The Gipsy Chief. Beautifully Illustrated. Price $1.00 in paper cover, or $1.75 in cloth.

Robert Bruce; the Hero King of Scotland. Illustrated. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.75.

The Opera Dancer; or, The Mysteries of London Life. Price 75 cents.

Isabella Vincent; or, The Two Orphans. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Vivian Bertram; or, A Wife's Honor. A Sequel to "Isabella Vincent." Price 75 cents.

The Countess of Lascelles. The Continuation to "Vivian Bertram." Price 75 cents.

Duke of Marchmont. Being the Conclusion of "The Countess of Lascelles." Price 75 cents.

The Child of Waterloo; or, The Horrors of the Battle Field. Price 75 cents.

Pickwick Abroad. A Companion to the "Pickwick Papers," by "Boz." Price 75 cents.

The Countess and the Page. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Complete in one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Soldier's Wife. Illustrated. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

May Middleton; or, The History of a Fortune. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Loves of the Harem. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Ellen Percy; or, The Memoirs of an Actress. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Discarded Queen. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Agnes Evelyn; or, Beauty and Pleasure. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Massacre of Glencoe. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Parricide; or, Youth's Career in Crime. Beautifully Illustrated. Price 75 cents.

Ciprina; or, The Secrets of a Picture Gallery. One volume. Price 50 cents.

The Ruined Gamester. With Illustrations. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Life in Paris. Handsomely illustrated. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Clifford and the Actress. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Edgar Montrose. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

☞ *The above works will be found for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents.*

☞ *Copies of any one, or more, or all of Reynolds' works, will be sent to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting price of ones wanted to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS

☞ *The following New Books are printed on tinted paper, and are issued in uniform style, in square 12mo. form. Price Fifty Cents each in Paper Cover, or One Dollar each in Morocco Cloth, Black and Gold. They are the most charming Novels ever printed.*

KATHLEEN. A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett,* author of "Theo," "Miss Crespigny," and "Pretty Polly Pemberton," etc.

"THEO." A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett,* author of "Kathleen," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Miss Crespigny," "A Quiet Life," etc.

PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON. A Powerful Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett,* author of "Theo," "Kathleen," and "Miss Crespigny."

MISS CRESPIGNY. A Charming Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett,* author of "Theo," "Kathleen," "Jarl's Daughter," and "A Quiet Life."

A QUIET LIFE. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett,* author of "Theo," "Kathleen," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Miss Crespigny," "Jarl's Daughter," etc.

A FRIEND; or, L'AMI. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Sonia," "Savéli's Expiation," and "Marrying Off a Daughter." *Translated by Miss Helen Stanley.*

SONIA. A Russian Story. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Savéli's Expiation," "Gabrielle." *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

SAVELI'S EXPIATION. *By Henry Gréville.* A dramatic and powerful novel of Russian life, and a pure, pathetic love story. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

GABRIELLE; or, THE HOUSE OF MAUREZE. *By Henry Gréville,* author of "Savéli's Expiation," "Dosia," "Marrying Off a Daughter," etc.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE; or, JACQUES DE TREVANNES. A Charming Love Story. *From the French of Madame Angèle Dussaud, by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

MADAME POMPADOUR'S GARTER; or, THE DAYS OF MADAME POMPADOUR. A Romance of the Reign of Louis XV. *By Gabrielle De St. Andre.*

THE MATCHMAKER. A Charming Novel. *By Beatrice Reynolds.* All the characters and scenes in it have all the freshness of life, and all the vitality of truth.

TWO WAYS TO MATRIMONY; or, IS IT LOVE? or, FALSE PRIDE. A book for Ladies and Gentlemen; for Parents, and for all those contemplating Matrimony.

THAT GIRL OF MINE. A Love Story. By the author of *"That Lover of Mine."* It is one of the most brilliant novels of Washington City society ever issued.

THE RED HILL TRAGEDY. A Novel. *By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth,* author of "Ishmael," "Self-Raised," "The Mother-in-Law," etc.

THE AMOURS OF PHILLIPPE. A History of "PHILLIPPE'S LOVE AFFAIRS." *By Octave Feuillet,* author of "The Count de Camors, the Man of the Second Empire."

BESSIE'S SIX LOVERS. A Charming Love Story, of the purest and best kind.

THAT LOVER OF MINE. A Love Story. By author of *"That Girl of Mine."*

STORY OF "ELIZABETH." By Miss Thackeray, daughter of W. M. Thackeray.

Above Books are 50 Cents each in Paper Cover, or $1.00 each in Cloth.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or more, will be sent to any place, post-paid, on remitting price to the publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

"It is worth double its price."—*Ottawa, (Canada), Advertiser.*

☞ CHEAPEST AND BEST! ☜

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

☞ FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERNS! ☜

☞ A SUPPLEMENT *will be given in every number for* 1879, *containing a full-size pattern sheet for a lady's, or child's dress. Every subscriber will receive, during the year, twelve of these patterns, so that these alone will be worth more than the subscription price. Great improvements will also be made in other respects.* ☜

"PETERSON'S MAGAZINE" contains, every year, 1000 pages, 14 steel plates, 12 colored Berlin patterns, 12 mammoth colored fashion plates, 24 pages of music, and about 900 wood cuts. Its principal embellishments are

SUPERB STEEL ENGRAVINGS!

Its immense circulation enables its proprietor to spend more on embellishments, stories, &c. than any other. *It gives more for the money, and combines more merits, than any in the world. Its*

THRILLING TALES AND NOVELETTES

Are the best published anywhere. *All the most popular writers are employed to write originally for "Peterson."* In 1879, in addition to the usual quantity of short stories, FIVE ORIGINAL COPYRIGHT NOVELETTES will be given, by Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Jane G. Austin, and that unrivalled humorist, the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife."

MAMMOTH COLORED FASHION PLATES

Ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, twice the usual size, and are unequalled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, Household and other receipts; articles on "Wax-Work Flowers," "Management of Infants;" in short everything interesting to ladies.

N. B.—As the publishers now prepay the postage to all mail subscribers, "*Peterson*" *is* CHEAPER THAN EVER; *in fact is* THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD

TERMS (Always in Advance) $2.00 A YEAR.

☞ REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS ☜

2 Copies for	$3.50	With a copy of the premium picture (24 x 20) "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN," *a five dollar engraving*, to the person getting up the Club.
3 " "	4.50	
4 Copies for	$6.50	With an extra copy of the Magazine for 1879, as a premium, to the person getting up the Club.
6 " "	9.00	
5 Copies for	$8.00	With both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1879, and the premium picture, *a five dollar engraving*, to the person getting up the Club.
7 " "	10.50	

Address, post-paid,

CHARLES J. PETERSON,

306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

☞ Specimens sent gratis if written for.

Henry Gréville's New Works.

Philomene's Marriages. From the French of "*Les Mariages de Philomène.*" *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," etc.

The American edition of "PHILOMÈNE'S MARRIAGES," contains a Preface written by Henry Gréville, addressed to her American Readers, which is not in the French edition. *Translated in Paris, from Henry Gréville's manuscript, by Miss Helen Stanley.*

Pretty Little Countess Zina. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "A Friend," etc. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

"PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA" is a careful study. Zina, the youthful Countess, bears a certain resemblance to Dosia—that bewitching creature—in her dainty wilfulness, while the ward and cousin, Vassalissa, is an entire new creation.

Dosia. A Russian Story. *Complete and Unabridged. By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation," "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Sonia," etc.

"DOSIA" has been crowned by the French Academy as the Prize Novel of the year. It is a charming story of Russian society, and is crisp, fresh and pure; while its fascination is powerful and legitimate. It is written with a rare grace of style, is brilliant, pleasing and attractive. "DOSIA" is an exquisite creation, and is pure and fresh as a rose.

Marrying Off a Daughter. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "Gabrielle," "A Friend," etc. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

"MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER" is gay, sparkling, and pervaded by a delicious tone of quiet humor, while the individuality of the characters is very marked. The mother travels all over Europe to find a desirable *parti* for her pretty daughter, who has a tolerable dowry, but alas! husband after husband slips through the meshes of the net woven by the mother. Suffice it to say, that the book will be read and enjoyed by thousands.

Above books are 75 Cents each in paper cover, or $1.25 in cloth, black and gold.

A Friend; or, L'Ami. A Story of Every-Day Life. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Sonia," and "Savéli's Expiation." *Translated in Paris by Miss Helen Stanley.*

The story of "A FRIEND," is one of every-day life in Paris at the present day, and shows Henry Gréville's great talent and peculiar skill in the analysis of character. She draws her characters remarkably well, and this tender and touching picture of French home-life will touch many hearts, as it shows how the love of a true and good woman will meet with its reward and triumph at the last, in the value of true, enduring love.

Sonia. A Russian Story. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation," "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Gabrielle," etc. *Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

"SONIA," is charming and refined, and is a powerful, graceful, domestic story, displaying the author's imaginative style and play of fancy, and is charmingly and most beautifully told—giving one a very distinct idea of every-day home life in Russia.

Savéli's Expiation. *By Henry Gréville.* A dramatic and powerful novel, and a pure love story. *Translated from the French, by Mary Neal Sherwood.*

One of the most dramatic and most powerful novels ever published is "SAVÉLI'S EXPIATION," and although the character on which the plot rests is strongly drawn, it is not overdrawn, but is true to the times and situation. Powerful as it is, it is free from exaggeration, while a pathetic love story is presented for relief.

Gabrielle; or, The House of Maurèze. *Translated from the French of Henry Gréville*, the most popular writer in Europe at the present time.

"GABRIELLE; OR, THE HOUSE OF MAURÈZE," is a very touching story, most skilfully told, and follows the life of a girl whose title it bears; but if we were to tell any more of the plot it would be to tell the story, so we advise all persons to get the book, and read it.

Four last are 50 Cents each in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth, black and gold.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers, or copies will be sent to any place, at once, per mail, post-paid, on remitting price to the publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,

306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BONNE-MARIE

BONNE-MARIE

BY HENRY GRÉVILLE