The Grey Review.

Vol. XVI. No. 32. DURHAM, Co. Grey, Thursday, August 9th, 1894. Whole No. 831.

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GENERAL AGENT—Fire Insurance, Life Assurance, Accident Insurance. Money loaned at lowest rates. None but good sound, reliable Companies represented.
Good Farms for sale at great bargains.
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LAND and LOAN AGENCY, LAND VALUATORS, CONVEYANCERS.
AGENTS for the leading reliable stock and mutual Insurance Companies.
—Fire and Life—
Money to lend at lowest rates. Mortgages purchased. Money invested for parties. Farms sold on commission, no sale, no charge.
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A general financial business transacted.
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There's Big Money!
— IN THE —
Following Properties at Prices Asked:

Lots 241, 242, 243, con. 3, S.W.T. and S. Road, Township Melancthon—174 acres timbered.
Lots 241 242, con. 4, S.W.T. and S. Road, Melancthon—100 acres a bush lot.
Lot 248, con. 4, S.W.T. and S. Road, Melancthon—50 acres good bush.
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Lot 16, con. 3, Bentinck, 100 acres known as the Jas. Bamford farm—well improved close to Lumlash.
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With other splendid Farms in Ontario and the North-West, Toronto and Hanover properties for sale or exchange.

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at very lowest rates on good land security.
FIRE, Life and Accident Insurance.
Claims of all kinds collected—Old notes bought.
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FOR SALE
The EDGE PROPERTY.
In the Town of Durham, County of Grey, including Valuable MILL SITE and Eligible Building Lots.
Will be sold in one or more Lots part of the purchase money would be left on Mortage, or suitable City Property taken in exchange.
Apply to JAMES EDGE, Esq., Edge Hill, Durham

Farm for Sale.
LOT 5, con. 1, W G R, Bentinck, 100 acres, more or less, good land, well watered, good dwelling house and stable on premises. Terms very reasonable. Apply to ALLAN McFARLANE, Executor, Durham

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AGENTS in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba United States and England.

DURHAM AGENCY.
A general Banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

SAVINGS BANK.
Interest allowed on savings bank deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.
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I Will Pay YOU
—TO ATTEND—
NORTHERN Business College
OWEN SOUND, ONT.,
IF YOU DESIRE TO GET A GOOD BUSINESS EDUCATION.
Hundreds of young men and women have taken a business course during the past ten years who are now successful in business or filling lucrative positions. The business course of study is by far the most through and complete in Canada. Then is as much in the junior department as in the entire course of many of the so-called business colleges. The short hand course is thorough and complete. Send for a copy of the Annual Announcement containing full particulars. It is sent free to any address
C. A. FLEMING, Principal

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Has opened out a first-class
Horse Shoeing Shop,
In the old stand. All hand-made shoes. Also
WOODWORK
in connection.
A first-class lot of
Hand-made Waggons
for sale cheap.
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.
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LOT FOR SALE
For sale on easy terms West half of lot 21 on 6th con., Glenelg. For particulars apply to J. H. HUNTER, Estate.

Grand Trunk Railway.
TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		
Durham	7.15 a. m.	6.40 p. m
Holstein,	7.40 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest,	7.55	7.35 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph,	10.23 "	"
Toronto.	12.20	"
London	11.15 a. m.	
GOING NORTH		
Durham	3.45 p. m.	10.00 p. m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.31 "
Mt. Forest,	2.55 "	9.20 "
Palmerston,	2.15 "	8.55 "
Guelph,	10.31 "	8.34
Toronto	8.20 a. m.	4.27 "
London,	7.25 "	5.55 "

Connections with morning and evening trains from Durham are made at Palmerston for Wiarton, Southampton, Kincardine and Stratford

Canadian Pacific Railway
TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.			
Owen Sound	leave	5:50 m	2:00 p. m
Chatsworth,	"	6:20	3:27 "
Flesherton,	"	7:13	4:19
Orangeville	"	8:50	5:55
Toronto,	arrive	10.55	8:1
GOING NORTH			
Toronto,	leave	4:10 p m	7:05 a m
Orangeville,	"	7:25	10:15
Flesherton,	"	8:5	11:39
Chatsworth,	"	9	2:33
Owen Sound,	arrive		"
	SOUTH		NORTH

McLEOD'S
System Renovator!
— AND OTHER —
TESTED REMEDIES
SPECIFIC and ANTIDOTE
For Impure, Weak and Impoverished Blood, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Liver Complaint, Neuralgia, Loss of Memory, Bronchitis, Consumption, Gall Stones, Jaundice, Kidney and Urinary Diseases, St. Vitus' Dance, Female Irregularities and General Debility.
Laboratory - Goderich, Ont.
J. M. McLEOD,
Prop. and Manufacturer.
Sold by H. PARKER, Druggist, Durham. y

Mrs. J. H. HOBENSPUR, 108 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal., writes:
"When a girl at school, in Bellaire, Ohio, I had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself perfectly bald, and, for a long time, I feared I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair
Began to Grow,
and I now have as fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown."
"After a fit of sickness, my hair came out in combfulls. I used two bottles of
Ayer's Hair Vigor
and now my hair is over a yard long and very full and heavy. I have recommended this preparation to others with like good effect."—Mrs. Sidney Carr, 1469 Regina st., Harrisburg, Pa.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years and always obtained satisfactory results. I know it is the best preparation for the hair that is made."—C. T. Arnett, Mammoth Spring, Ark.
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Fancy Goods,
TOYS and Stationary,
WOOLS,
EMBROIDERIES
and SILKS,
in all COLORS
and
Wall Papers
at greatly reduced rates
—AT—
MISS GUN'S.
NEXT Door TO PARKER'S.

BIG 4
Upper Town Durham.
Don't Forget
To call at the Big 4 when in town for the very best value for your money.
Boots & Shoes.
Ladies Kid Button Boots $1.25.
Ladies Tan Oxfords toe caps $1.00.
Ladies Glove grain S.S. Bals. $1.15.
Ladies oil pebble leather S. S. Bals. $1.15.
Ladies Prunella Gaiters 70 cents.
Mens Hand turn Kangaroo Oxfords $2.25.
Mens Shoes of all kinds from 90c up.
See Our Prints.
We have not room to give prices. Come and see for yourself.
Lace curtains 2½ yds. long 45c.
Lace curtains 3 yds. long 65c.
Lace curtains 3½ yds. longs 43 in. Wide $1.00. All curtains are taped.
Art Muslin 36 in. wide 10 cents.
Art muslin 38 in. wide 14 cents.
Ladies plain all wool cashmere hose 25c a pair.
Ladies black cotton hose 10c a pair 3 pair for 25c.
Mens black cashmere half hose 25c a pair.
Mens cotton half hose 10c a pair 3 pair for 25c.
Ladies all wool cashmere gloves 25c.
Ladies vests 10c 3 for 25 cents.
Light summer corsets 27c a pair.
Best table oil cloth 25c a yard.
Come and see what a lot of TINWARE we give for $1.00.
We also have a full line of toilet and laundary soaps. See our white castile and oatmeal soaps 7c a bar 4 bars for 25c.
Try our 20c and 25c TEAS they cannot be beat.
We also have a full line of flanneletts, shirts, shirtings, mens drawers and undershirts, brushes of all kinds, combs, photo albums.
Come & give us a call.
BEAN & Co.

PRIME HARNESS OIL.
—AT—
BOULDIN & CO'S
HARNESS MAKERS.
SEE OUR HARNESS.
UPPER TOWN.

SALESMEN WANTED.
GOOD OPENING and permanent situation to the right party: salary or commission. Previous experience not necessary Outfit free.
We are the only Firm furnishing
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS CANADIAN GROWN STOCK,
Nurseries of 700 acres at Fonthill, Ont.
Write for particulars at once.
STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont
712

FILE NO. 113

—BY—

Emile Gaboriau.

"You must obey this man," she quietly said.

"I despise M. de Clameran, and shall always regard him as the basest of men; nevertheless, I will marry him. I will not suffer dishonor to fall upon this house, which is my home, while I have power to prevent it. Am I not indebted to you for more than life? Was you would I now be had you not taken pity on me? A factory girl in my native village. You warmly welcomed the poor orphan, and became a mother to me. Is it not to your husband that I owe fortune which exists the capality of this wicked Clameran? Are not Abel and Lucien brothers to me? And now when the happiness of all who have been loving and generous to me is at stake do you suppose I would hesitate? No. I will become the wife of Clameran."

Then began a struggle of self-sacrifice between Mme. Fauvel and her niece as to which should be the victim, only the more violent because each offered her life to the other, not from any sudden impulse, but deliberately and willingly.

But Madeleine carried the day, fired at one was by that holy enthusiasm of sacrifice which is the sustaining element of martyrs.

"Have courage; we two can fight the world and silence our enemies. You shall be saved, aunt; on y trust in me."

The Marquis of Clameran was vigorously urged that evening by receiving a letter from Mme. Fauvel, saying that she consented to marry him, but must have a little time to carry out the plan.

A line from Madeleine, at the bottom of the letter, assured him that she fully concurred with her aunt.

Poor girl, she did not spare herself. The next day she took Prosper aside, and forced from him the fatal promise to shun her in the future, and to take upon himself the responsibility of breaking their engagement.

The Marquis prudently absented himself, awaiting the propitious moment.

At the end of three weeks he met the banker at a friend's, and was invited to dinner the next day.

Twenty people were seated at the table, and as the dessert was being served the banker suddenly turned to Clameran, and said:

"I have a piece of news for you, monsieur. Have you any relatives of your name?"

"None that I know of, monsieur."

"I am surprised. About a week ago I became acquainted with another Marquis of Clameran."

Although so hardened by crime, impudent enough to deny anything, Clameran was so taken aback that he sat with pale face and a blank look, silently staring at M. Fauvel.

But he soon recovered enough self-control to say hurriedly:

"Oh, indeed! That is strange. A Clameran may exist, but I can not understand the title of marquis."

M. Fauvel was not sorry to have the opportunity of annoying a guest whose aristocratic pretensions had often piqued him.

"Marquis or not," he replied, "the Clameran in question seems to be able to do honor to the title."

"Is he rich?"

"I have reason to suppose that he is very wealthy. I have been notified to collect for this M. Gaston four hundred thousand francs."

But this time Louis betrayed no emotion or alarm; he had had sufficient time to recover his self possession, and nothing could now throw him off his guard.

"Gaston?" he queried, carelessly. "I know who he is now. He must be the son of my father's sister, whose husband lived at Havana. I suppose, upon his return to France, he must have taken his mother's name, which is more sonorous than his father's, that being, if I recollect aright, Moirot or Boirot."

The banker laid down his memorandum-book, and, resuming his seat, went on:

"Boirot or Clameran," said he, "I hope to have the pleasure of inviting you to dine with him before long. Of the four hundred thousand francs which I was ordered to collect for him he only wishes to draw one hundred, and tells me to keep the rest on running account. I judge from this that he intends coming to Paris."

"I shall be delighted to make his acquaintance."

Clameran broached another topic, and seemed to have entirely forgotten the news told him by the banker.

At last the dinner ended, and as the guests passed into the drawing room Clameran and Raoul managed to remain last in the dining-room.

When they were alone they no longer attempted to conceal their anxiety.

"It is he!" said Raoul.

"I have no doubt of it."

"Then all is lost; we had better make our escape."

But a bold adventurer like Clameran had no idea of giving up the ship till forced to do so.

"Who knows what may happen?" he asked thoughtfully. "There is hope yet. Why did not that muddle-headed banker tell us where this Clameran is to be found?"

Here he uttered a joyful exclamation. He saw M. Fauvel's memorandum-book lying on the table.

"Watch!" he said to Raoul.

Seizing the note-book, he hurriedly turned over the leaves, and, in an undertone, read:

"Gaston, Marquis of Clameran, Oloron, Lower Pyrenees."

Two hours later Clameran was on the road to Vesinet with Raoul, explaining to him his plans.

"It is my precious brother, and no mistake," he said. "But that need not alarm you so easily, my lovely nephew."

"Merciful powers! Don't the banker expect to see him any day? Is he not liable to pounce down on me to-morrow?"

"Don't be an idiot!" interrupted Clameran. "Does he know that Fauvel is Valentine's husband? That is what we must find out. If he knows that little fact we must take to our heels; if he is ignorant of it our case is not desperate."

"How will you find out?"

"By simply asking him."

Raoul exclaimed at his ally's cunning:

"That is a dangerous thing to do," he said.

"'Tis not as dangerous as sitting down with our hands folded. And, as to running away at the first suspicion of alarm it would be imbecility."

"Who is going to look for him?"

"I am."

"Oh," exclaimed Raoul. Clameran's audacity confounded him.

"But what am I going to do?" he inquired, after a moment's silence.

"You will oblige me by remaining here and keeping quiet. I will send you a despatch if there is danger, and then you can decamp."

As they parted at Raoul's door Clameran said:

"Now remember. Stay here, and during my absence be very intimate at your devoted mother's. Be the most dutiful of sons. Abuse me as much as you please to her, and, above all, don't indulge in any folly; make no demands for money; keep your eyes open. Good-by. To-morrow evening I will be at Oloron talking with this new Clameran.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BROTHERS.

After leaving Valentine de la Verberie Gaston underwent great peril and difficulty in effecting his escape.

But for the experienced and faithful Menoul he never would have succeeded in embarking.

Having left his mother's jewels with Valentine his sole fortune consisted of not quite a thousand francs, and with this paltry sum in his pocket the murderer of two men, a fugitive from justice, and with no prospect of earning a livelihood, he took passage for Valparaiso.

Before Gaston had been on board the Tom Jones forty-eight hours he saw that chance had cast him among a collection of the most depraved bandits and cut-throats.

The vessel, which seemed to have recruited at all points of the compass, possessed a crew composed of every variety of thievish knaves; each country had contributed a specimen.

But Gaston's mind was undisturbed as to the character of the people with whom his lot was cast for several months.

The Tom Jones set sail for Valparaiso, but certainly went in a roundabout way to reach her destination.

The real fact was that Captain Warth proposed visiting the Gulf of Guinea.

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walked up and down the room as if to shake off a feeling of sadness, then he said, cheerfully:

"Well, it is of no use to mourn over the past. All the memories of the world, good or bad, are not worth one slender hope for the future; and thank God, we have a bright future before us. Let us bury the past, and enjoy life together."

Louis was silent.

Gaston kept up an uninterrupted stream of questions. He wished to know all that had happened during his absence.

"What about Clameran?" he abruptly asked.

Louis hesitated a moment. Should he tell the truth, or not?

"I have sold Clameran," he finally said.

"The chateau, too?"

"Yes."

"You acted as you thought best," said Gaston, sadly, but it seems to me that if I had been in your place I should have kept the old homestead. Our ancestors lived there for many generations, and our father lies buried there."

Seeing that Louis' face remained clouded he went on:

"Ah, I see what annoys you, my dear Louis; you are rich, and think that I am poor, and too proud to accept anything from you. Is it not so?"

Louis started at this question. How could he reply so as not to commit himself

"I am not rich," he finally said. "The salary of an office which I hold in Paris is all that I have to support me."

"Yet you wanted to pay me back half of the family inheritance! Louis, that is unkind; you are not acting as a brother should."

Louis hung his head. Gaston was unconsciously telling the truth.

"I should be a burden to you, Gaston."

"A burden! Why, Louis, you must be mad! Did I not tell you I am very rich? Do you suppose that you have seen all I possess? This house and the iron works do not constitute a fourth of my fortune. Do you think that I would have risked my twenty years' savings in an experiment of this sort? The forge may be a failure, and then what would become of me if I had nothing else?

"I have invested money which yields me an income of eighty thousand francs. Besides, my grants in Brazil have been sold, and my agent has already deposited four hundred thousand francs to my credit as part payment."

Louis trembled with pleasure. He was, at last, to know the extent of the danger hanging over him. Gaston had finally broached the subject which had caused him so much anxiety, and he determined that it should now be explained before their conversation ended.

"Who is your agent?" he asked, with assumed indifference.

"My old partner at Rio. He deposited the money at my Paris banker's."

"Is this banker a friend of yours?"

"No; I never heard of him until my banker at Pau recommended him to me as an honest, reliable man; he is immensely wealthy, and stands at the head of the financiers in Paris. His name is Fauvel, and he lives on the Rue de Provence."

Although prepared for hearing almost anything, and determined to betray no agitation, Louis turned deadly pale.

"Do you know this banker?" asked Gaston.

"Only by reputation."

"Then we can make his acquaintance together; for I intend accompanying you to Paris, when you return there to settle up your affairs before establishing yourself here to superintend the forge."

At this unexpected announcement of a step which would prove his utter ruin, Louis was stupefied. In answer to his brother's questioning look he gasped out:

"You are going to Paris?"

"Certainly I am. Why should I not go?"

"There is no reason why."

"I hate Paris, although I have never been there. But I am called there by interest, by sacred duties," he hesitatingly said, "The truth is, I understand that Mlle de la Verberie lives in Paris, and I wish to see her."

"Ah!"

Gaston was silent and thoughtful for some moments, and then said, nervously:

"I will tell you, Louis, why I wish to see her. I left our family jewels in her charge, and I wish to recover them."

"Do you intend, after a lapse of twenty-three years, to claim these jewels?"

"Yes—or rather no. I only make the jewels an excuse for seeing her. I must see her because—because—she is the only woman I ever really loved!"

"But how will you find her?"

"Oh! that is easy enough. Any one can tell me the name of her husband, then I will go to see her. Perhaps the shortest way to find out would be to write to Beaucaire. I will do so to-morrow."

Louis trembled like a man who had just made a narrow escape from death. He well knew that he would have to fly the country if Gaston learned the truth. It was necessary to prevent it ever reaching him this side of the grave.

A few days after Gaston was suddenly taken ill.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAIN AND ABEL.

He had a sort of vertigo, and was so dizzy that he was forced to lie down.

"I know what is the matter," he said. "I have often been ill this way at Rio. A couple of hours' sleep will cure me. I will go to bed, and you can send some one to awaken me when dinner is ready, Louis; I shall be all right by that time."

At the same time he ordered Manuel, his old Spanish servant, who had lived with him for ten years, to prepare him some lemonade.

The next day Gaston appeared to be much better. He ate his breakfast, and was about to take a walk when the pains of the previous day suddenly returned, in a more violent form.

Without consulting his brother Louis sent to Oloron for Dr. C——, whose wonderful cures at Eaux Bonnes had won him a wide reputation.

The doctor declared that there was no danger, and merely prescribed a dose of valerian, and a blister with some grains of morphine sprinkled on it.

But in the middle of the night all the symptoms suddenly changed for the worse. The pain in the head was succeeded by a fearful oppression, and the sick man thus suffered torture in trying to get his breath; daybreak found him still tossing restlessly from pillow to pillow.

When Dr. C—— came early in the morning he appeared very much surprised at this change for the worse. He inquired if they had not administered an overdose of morphine. Manuel said that he had put the blister on his master, and the doctor's directions had been accurately followed.

The doctor after having examined Gaston, and found his breathing heavy and irregular, prescribed a heavy dose of sulphate of quinine; he then retired, saying he would return the next day.

As soon as the doctor had gone Gaston sent for a friend of his, a lawyer, to come to him as soon as possible.

"For Heaven's sake, what do you want with a lawyer?" inquired Louis.

"I want his advice, brother. It is useless to try and deceive ourselves; I know I am extremely ill. Only timid fools are superstitious about making their wills; if I defer it any longer I may be suddenly taken without having arranged my affairs. I would rather have the lawyer at once, and then my mind would be at rest."

Gaston did not think he was about to die, but knowing the uncertainty of life determined to be prepared for the worst; he had too often imperiled his life and been face to face with death to feel any fear now.

He had made his will while ill at Bordeaux, but now that he had found Louis he wished to make him his partner and possessor of half his fortune should he survive.

The strangest sensations now filled Louis' breast.

He was in a state of delirious excitement often felt by persons suddenly raised from poverty to affluence.

Whether Gaston lived or died Louis was the lawful possessor of an income of twenty-five thousand francs without counting the eventual profits of the iron works.

At no time in his life had he hoped for or dreamed of such wealth. His wildest wishes were surpassed. What more could he want?

Alas! he wanted the power of enjoying these riches; they had come too late.

This fortune, fallen from the skies, should have filled his heart with joy; whereas it only made him melancholy and angry.

This unlooked-for happiness seemed to have been sent by cruel fate as a punishment for his past sins. What could be more terrible than seeing this heaven of rest open to him, and to be prevented from enjoying it because of his own vile plottings?

Although his conscience told him that he deserved this misery he blamed Gaston entirely for his present torture. Yes, he held Gaston responsible for the horrible situation in which he found himself.

His letters to Raoul for several days expressed all the fluctuations of his mind, and revealed glimpses of coming evil.

Gaston would never be turned from his search for his first love, as he proved by calling for her in the most beseeching tones when he was suffering the worst paroxysms of pain

He grew no better. In spite of the most careful nursing his symptoms changed, but showed no improvement.

Each attack was more violent than the preceeding.

At midnight Gaston's sufferings returned with renewed violence, and a fatal termination seemed inevitable. Gaston's pain left him in a measure, but he was growing weaker every moment. His mind wandered, and his feet were as cold as ice. On the fourteenth day of his illness, after lying in a stupor for several hours, he revived sufficiently to make Louis promise to carry on the iron-works, embraced him for the last time and sunk back on his pillow in a dying state.

As the bell tolled for noon he quietly breathed his last, murmuring softly,

"In three years, Valentine; wait for me."

Now Louis was in reality Marquis of Clameran and besides was a millionaire.

Two weeks later, having made arrangements with the engineer in charge of the iron-works to attend to everything during his absence, he took his seat in the train for Paris.

He had sent the following telegram to Raoul the night previous:

"I will see you to morrow."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCHEME.

During the month of Louis' absence Mme. Fauvel was in a state of comparative happiness.

Never had this mother and wife—this pure, innocent woman, in spite of her first and only fault—enjoyed such tranquility. She felt as one under the influence of enchantment, while reveling in the sunshine of filial love, which almost bore the character of a lover's passion, for Raoul's devotion was ardent and constant, his manner so tender and winning that anyone would have taken him for Mme. Fauvel's suitor.

As she was still at her country-seat, and M. Fauvel went to business every morning at nine o'clock, and did not return till six, she had the whole of her time to devote to Raoul. When she had spent the morning with him at his house in Vesinet she would often bring him home to dine and pass the evening with her.

All his past faults were forgiven, or rather the whole blame of them was laid upon Clameran, for, now that he was absent, had not Raoul once more become her noble, generous, affectionate son, the pride and consolation of her life?

Raoul enjoyed the life he was leading, and took such an interest in the part that he was playing, that his acting was perfect. He possessed the faculty which makes cheats successful—faith in his own impostures. Sometimes he would stop to think whether he was telling the truth, or acting a shameful comedy.

His success was wonderful. Even Madeleine, the prudent, distrustful Madeleine, without being able to shake off her prejudice against the young adventurer, confessed that perhaps she had been influenced by appearances, and had judged unjustly.

Raoul not only never asked for money, but even refused it when offered, saying that, now that his uncle was away, his expenses were but trifling.

Affairs were in this happy state when Louis arrived from Oloron.

Although now immensely rich, he resolved to make no change in his style of living, but returned to his apartments at the Hotel du Louvre.

His only outlay was the purchase of a handsome carriage, and this was driven by Manuel, who consented to enter his service, although Gaston had left him a handsome little sum, more than sufficient to support him comfortably.

Louis' dream, the height of his ambition, was to be ranked among the great manufacturers of France.

He was prouder of being called "iron-founder" than of his marquisate.

Louis now thirsted for the homage of the world. All the badly digested humiliations of the past weighed upon him.

He had suffered so much contempt and scorn from his fellow-men that he burned to avenge himself. After a disgraceful youth he longed to live a respected and honored old age.

The first interview between the accomplices took place at the Hotel du Louvre.

Raoul, having a practical turn of mind, said he thought that they both ought to be contented with the result already obtained, and that it would be folly to try and grasp anything more.

"What more do we want?" he asked his uncle. "We now possess over a million; let us divide it, and keep quiet. We had better be satisfied with our good luck, and not tempt Providence."

But this moderation did not suit Louis.

"I am rich," he replied, "but I desire more than wealth. I am determined to marry Madeleine; I swear she shall be my wife! In the first place, I madly love her; and then, as the nephew of the most eminent banker in Paris, I at once gain high position and public consideration."

"I tell you, uncle, your courtship will involve you in great risks."

"I don't care if it does. I choose to run them. My intention is to share my fortune with you; but I will not do so till the day after my wedding. Madeleine's fortune will then be yours."

Raoul was silent. Clameran bore the purse, and was therefore master of the situation.

"You don't seem to anticipate any difficulty in carrying out your wishes," he said, discontentedly; "how are you to account for your suddenly acquired fortune?"

"The banker, his wife, and Madeleine must be informed that the Clameran of Oloron was a natural son of my father, consequently, my brother, born at Hamburg, and recognised during the emigration. Of course, he wishes to leave his fortune to his own family. This is the story which you must tell Mme. Fauvel to-morrow. She will not believe you, but that makes no difference. The important thing is for you to appear convinced of the truth of what you tell her."

"Consider me convinced."

"Five days hence I will call on M. Fauvel, and confirm the notification sent him by my notary at Oloron, that the money deposited in the bank now belongs to me. I will repeat, for his benefit, the story of natural brother, and ask him to keep the money until I call for it, as I have no occasion for it at present. You, who are so distressful, my good nephew, may regard this deposit as a guarantee of my sincerity."

"We will talk of that another time. Go on."

"Then I will go to Mme. Fauvel, and say, 'Being very poor, my dear madam, necessity compelled me to claim your assistance in the supposition of my brother's wealth. What is mine is also yours. The youth is worthless and extravagant.'"

"Thanks, my good uncle."

"He has poisoned your life when he should have added to your happiness. He is a constant anxiety and sorrow to your maternal heart. I have come to offer my regrets for your past trouble, and to assure you that you will have no annoyance in the future. I am now rich and henceforth I take the whole responsibility of Raoul upon myself. I will provide handsomely for him."

"Is that what you call a scheme?"

"You will see whether it is or not. After listening to this speech, Madame Fauvel will feel inclined to throw herself in my arms by way of expressing her gratitude and joy. She will refrain, however, on account of her niece. She will ask me to relinquish my claim on Madeleine's hand, now that I am rich. I will roundly rebuke her, No. She has been promised to me, and I must insist upon this one article of our agreement. This must be the price of my silence. And, to prove that I am not influenced by fortune, I give you my sacred promise that, the day after the wedding I will settle on Raoul twenty-five thousand per annum."

Louis expressed himself with such convincing candor that Raoul, an artist in knavery, was charmed and astonished.

"Beautifully done," he cried, clapping his hands with glee. "That last sentence will create a charm between Madame Fauvel and her niece. The promise of a fortune for me will certainly bring my mother over to our side."

"I hope so," said Louis, with pretended modesty. "But remember, you must scorn to receive any assistance from me. You must swear that you will brave all privations, want, famine even, rather than accept a sou from a base man whom you hate and despise; a man who—— But you know exactly what you are to say. I can rely upon you for good acting."

"No one can surpass me when I am interested in my part. In pathetic roles I am always a success, when I have had time to prepare myself."

"I know you are. But this disinterestedness need not prevent you from resuming your dissipations. You must gamble, bet, and lose more money than you ever did before. You must increase your demands, and say that you must have money at all cost. You need not account to me for any money you can extort from her. All you get is your own to spend as you please."

"You don't say so! If you mean that——"

"You will hurry up matters, I'll be bound."

"I can promise you, no time shall be wasted."

"Now listen to what you are to do, Raoul. Before the end of three months you must have exhausted the resources of these two women. You must force from them every franc they can raise, so that they will be wholly unable to procure money to supply your increasing demands. In three months I must find them penniless, absolutely ruined, without even a jewel left."

Raoul was startled at the passionate vindictive tone of Louis' voice, as he uttered these last words.

"The day on which you led Mme. Fauvel and her niece to the extreme of the precipice, pointed out its dark depths, and convinced them that they are irretrievably lost, I shall appear, and rescue them. Why, it will be the crowning scene of our drama. I will play my part with such grandeur, such lofty magnanimity, that Madeleine will be touched, will forget her past enmity, and regard me with favorable eyes. When she finds that it is her sweet self, and not her money, that I want, she will soften and yield to my entreaties. No true woman can be indifferent to a grand passion. I don't pretend to say that she will love me at first; but she will only consent to be mine, I ask for nothing more; time will do much, even for a poor devil like myself."

Raoul was shocked at this cold-blooded perversity of his uncle, but Clameran showed his immense superiority in wickedness, and the apprentice admired the master.

"You would certainly succeed, uncle," he said, "were it not for the cashier. Between you and Madeleine, Prosper will always stand; if not in person, certainly in memory."

Louis smiled scornfully, and throwing away his cigar, which had died out, said:

"I don't mind Prosper, or attach any more importance to him than to that cigar."

"But she loves him."

"So much the worse for him. Six months hence she will desp