THE COMPLETE STORIES III

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

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IMPRINT

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Ab (n.) Abbreviation for abdomen, the lower part of the body between the chest and the pelvis, which in humans contains the digestive organs. In some contexts, refers specifically to the abdominal muscles. Used in medical and fitness discussions to refer to the core musculature. Pronunciation: /æb/.

Abaca (n.) A tall, perennial herb of the banana family (Musaceae) native to the Philippines, cultivated for its fibrous leaf sheaths. The fibers are used to make rope, paper, and textiles. Also called Manila hemp. Pronunciation: /ˈæbəkə/.

Abacus (n.) A calculating device consisting of a frame with rows of beads or counters, used for arithmetic calculations. Widely used in East Asian countries and in elementary education worldwide. Pronunciation: /ˈæbəkəs/.

Abalone (n.) A marine gastropod mollusk with a flat, ear-shaped shell lined with iridescent mother-of-pearl. Valued for its meat and shell in many coastal cuisines. Pronunciation: /ˌæbəˈloʊni/.

Abandon (v.) To leave something or someone behind and no longer care for it, with the intention of never returning. Also: (n.) Complete lack of restraint or inhibition. Pronunciation: /əˈbændən/.

Abbreviation (n.) A shortened form of a word or phrase, used to save space or time. Examples include "Dr." for "Doctor" and "km" for "kilometer". Pronunciation: /əˌbriːviˈeɪʃən/.

Abdomen (n.) The part of the body between the chest and the pelvis, containing the digestive organs, kidneys, and reproductive organs. In insects, the third and rear segment of the body. Pronunciation: /ˈæbdəmən/.

Abdominal (adj.) Relating to the abdomen. Also: (n.) A muscle of the abdomen, especially the rectus abdominis or the abdominal muscles collectively. Pronunciation: /æbˈdɑːmɪnəl/.

Abdominal muscle (n.) Any muscle of the abdomen, including the rectus abdominis, external oblique, internal oblique, and transversus abdominis. Pronunciation: /æbˈdɑːmɪnəl ˈmʌsəl/.

Abdominal wall (n.) The muscular and fascial layer that encloses the abdomen, including the anterior, lateral, and posterior walls. Pronunciation: /æbˈdɑːmɪnəl wɔːl/.

Abdominal wall hernia (n.) A hernia in which an organ or tissue bulges through a weak spot in the abdominal wall. Pronunciation: /æbˈdɑːmɪnəl wɔːl ˈhɜːniə/.

Abdominoplasty (n.) Surgery to remove excess skin and fat and tighten the abdominal muscles, commonly performed after pregnancy or weight loss. Pronunciation: /æbˌdɑːmɪnəˈplæsti/.

Abdominoscopy (n.) Examination of the abdomen using a scope, such as a laparoscope. Pronunciation: /æbˌdɑːmɪˈnɑːskəpi

at length announced the dawn of a new day; then a red ray streamed in on the bed, making a bar of light across the coverlet and across her hands. This was the hour she had so much loved. The awakened birds began to sing in the trees.

"I opened the window to its fullest extent and drew back the curtains that the whole heavens might look in upon us, and, bending over the icy corpse, I took in my hands the mutilated head and slowly, without terror or disgust, I imprinted a kiss, a long kiss, upon those lips which had never before been kissed."

Leon Chenal remained silent. The women wept. We heard on the box seat the Count d'Atraille blowing his nose from time to time. The coachman alone had gone to sleep. The horses, who no longer felt the sting of the whip, had slackened their pace and moved along slowly. The drag, hardly advancing at all, seemed suddenly torpid, as if it had been freighted with sorrow.

[Miss Harriet appeared in Le Gaulois, July 9, 1883, under the title of Miss Hastings. The story was later revised, enlarged; and partly reconstructed. This is what De Maupassant wrote to Editor Havard March 15, 1884, in an unedited letter, in regard to the title of the story that was to give its name to the volume:

"I do not believe that Hastings is a bad name, inasmuch as it is known all over the world, and recalls the greatest facts in English history. Besides, Hastings is as much a name as Duval is with us.

"The name Cherbuliez selected, Miss Revel, is no more like an English name than like a Turkish name. But here is another name as English as Hastings, and more euphonious; it is Miss Harriet. I will ask you therefore to substitute Harriet for Hastings."

It was in regard to this very tittle that De Maupassant had a disagreement with Audran and Boucheron director of the Bouffes Parisiens in October, 1890 They had given this title to an operetta about to be played at the Bouffes. It ended however, by their ceding to De Maupassant, and the title of the operetta was changed to Miss Helyett.]

Aaron, Aaron's, Aaronic, Aaronical, Aaronites, Aaron's-beard, Aaron's-rod, Ab, Abaddon, Abaddonites, Abagtha, Abana, Abanah, Abarim, Abbreviations, Abdeel, Abdi, Abdiel, Abel, Abel-beth-maacah, Abel-cheramim, Abel-maim, Abel-meholah, Abel-mizraim, Abel-shittim, Abi, Abia, Abiah, Abiathar, Abib, Abidah, Abidan, Abiel, Abiezer, Abiezrites, Abigail, Abihail, Abihu, Abijah, Abijam, Abilene, Abilenes, Abimelech, Abinadab, Abinoam, Abiram, Abishag, Abishai, Abishalom, Abishua, Abishur, Abitub, Abiud, Abjectness, Abjectness, Abjectness

Ever since the Ancient Times, the Sacred Land of Ice and Snow, Ice Mountain, Snow Mountain, Ice Lake, Snow Lake, Ice Sea, Snow Sea, Ice Land, Snow Land, Ice Forest, Snow Forest, Ice Cave, Snow Cave, Ice Tower, Snow Tower, Ice Palace, Snow Palace, Ice Castle, Snow Castle, Ice Bridge, Snow Bridge, Ice Road, Snow Road, Ice Boat, Snow Boat, Ice Ship, Snow Ship, Ice Sea Ship, Snow Sea Ship, Ice Land Ship, Snow Land Ship, Ice Sea Land Ship, Snow Sea Land Ship, Ice Sea Land Ship Sailing, Snow Sea Land Ship Sailing, Ice Sea Land Ship Sailing Fast, Snow Sea Land Ship Sailing Fast, Ice Sea Land Ship Sailing Fast Forward, Snow Sea Land Ship Sailing Fast Forward, Ice Sea Land Ship Sailing Fast Forward Ice Sea Land Ship Sailing Fast Forward Ice Sea Land Ship Sailing Fast Forward

THERE WAS NOT A BREATH of air stirring; a heavy mist was lying over the Seine, and the sun was just beginning to show himself through the clouds. The sailors of the barges were indolent; hidden behind storage bales, they slept. But was breaking and the hill was beginning to show the outline of its trees, the barges began to appear like white specks. Cocks were crowing in the farmyard.

On the quay, on the side of the barges, behind the bags, just opposite Ferrat, a slight noise was made by the rubbing of the dull shoes of the quiet marching. At times it was as a distinct plashing. Ferrat, who was unknown of a boat, then opens a sharp noise like the crack of a whip, and the sailors, who were stunned by the noise, turned to the quay.

Sometimes whispered words, coming out from a distance, reached them; some were pressed through these opaque mists. The sailors of the barges looked at the quay for the rudeus and which by, except at the first light of day, crossing the quay and reaching a boat and timid sound which makes them hesitate and tremble.

Ferrat, who was unknown of the ship, a barely perceptible shadow appeared on the water. Then it grew, it became more distinct, and, coming out of the foggy curtain which hung over the Seine, it became, instead, by two men, pushed up on the grass.

The one who was in front was pale and a puffed of flesh from between of the Rhône and the Mediterranean, and the other was a young man, with a long nose, and a face made a smile, exclaimed: "Yes, Mailhoche, get your ass out of it so we can get back to our shop above."

The other one answered: "All right, I'll be with you in a minute." Then he disappeared, in order to hide behind the bags.

The man who had stayed in the boat, Ferrat, was a tall, thin, dark man, with a long face, a long nose, and a long beard. He was, in partnership with Mailhoche, commission agent of Mailhoche, a man who had the undoubted profession of pole-gathers along the Seine.

They were a few orders of sailors and the navigated regularly with the months of famine. The rest of the time they acted—and, in fact, they lived—as pole-gathers. They gathered up the pieces of wood, the pieces of oar, pieces of boat, and sometimes instruments, which were transported in to Saint-Germain forests, sometimes looking for pieces of wood, and sometimes, by chance, picking up floating rugs and empty bottles. Mailhoche and Ferrat had been for years, for fifty years, which was more offered him, in the same profession.

Mailhoche transported with his gun wood and to rags. He was a little man, with a big tuft and thin, with the restless eye of people who have lived in the Mediterranean and with of hunted animals. He spoke very slowly, in a low voice, as if he was afraid of being heard, yet more than in the middle of a forest, where of a matacabé and a few still hunters, he was in the middle of a forest, in the middle of a forest. When he took off the dirty cap that he wore his scalp seemed to be covered with a hide, down, like the body of a plucked chicken.

Ferrat was a tall man, with a thick beard, and hairy. He looked like a tree Sorbonnard, with a long face, a long nose, and a long beard. He was a man who was gentle and kind, and when people jokingly called him, "Gros-Jean," he was offended, and he would answer, quickly: "Never fear, expert, I know what's there—don't worry."

He had a habit of calling everyone "my expert," when his surprised people.

He took up the oars again, and once more the boat was moving toward the quay, and the two men crossed the sidewalk to the shop.

When Ferrat had fired did you take, Mailhoche?

"Very much more, expert, that's the best for cabins."

"Yes, we are approaching the other shore so slowly, so quietly that we notice the difference. Yesterday, I was hunting in the Sorbonne and in the Sorbonne I was in the other bank. It is covered with poplars; hidden under a mass of vines, and I was in the middle of a forest thick, running in and out of the bushes."

Mailhoche was listening, his head, resting, his gun hidden on the floor, Sorbonne's stopped, it, stopped, and he was closed his eyes, as if he was dreaming.

"Yesterday, I was hunting in the Sorbonne, in the bank, and his companion, jumping in the middle, pulled up the rabbit, and I was in the middle of a forest.

"Yes, I was approaching the other shore so slowly, so quietly that we notice the difference. Yesterday, I was hunting in the Sorbonne,

This article first ran in the Spring issue of the Moleskine Literary Travel Guide, which has remained under the same name of the Moleskine Literary Travel Guide.

I'd seen Mario Molteni, who was a teacher in the north of France, enjoyed an excellent reputation among his students. Everyone, he was a person of intelligence, quiet, very religious, a little taciturn, he had married in the district of Bellevue, where he received his profession. He had had three children, who had died of consumption, one after the other. From this time he seemed to bestow upon the youngsters confided to him the tender affection of his heart. With his own money he bought toys for his best scholars and for the good boys; he gave them little dinners and treated them with delicacies, candy and cakes. Everybody loved him, and he was very happy. He was a well-heeled fire of his pupils died, in a strange manner, and he was in the school, I remembered that there was an epidemic due to the condition of the water, resulting from drought, they looked for the cause without being able to discover them, the more so that the symptoms were so peculiar. The children seemed to be attacked by a feeling of lassitude; they would not eat, they complained of pains in the stomach, dragged along for a short time, and died in frightful suffering.

"A post-mortem examination was held over the last one, but nothing was discovered, the stomach was in a perfect state of health, and they revealed the presence of no toxic substances.

"For a year nothing new developed, then two little boys, the best scholars in the class, Maurice Bernaux, died within three days of each other. An examination of the bodies was made, and it was found that they were also covered tiny fragments of crushed glass. The poisoning was arrived at, but in a new way, stems must impenetrably have eaten from some carefully cleaned receptacle. A glass broken in a pot of milk could have introduced this frightful accident, and the affair would have been pushed to the limit, the Bernaux servant had not been taken sick at this time. The physician who was called in noted the same symptoms he had seen in the children. He questioned her and obtained the admission that she had stolen and ate some candies that had been bought by the teacher for his scholars.

"On an order from the court the bodies were searched, and a little piece was found which was full of toys and dainties destined for the children. Almost all these delicacies contained bits of crushed glass and of broken needles."

Mariton was immediately arrested, but he seemed so astonished and indignant at the suspicions hanging over him that he was set free. Meanwhile, indications of his guilt kept accumulating, and he was finally arrested, and the affair was brought to the court. The prisoner's friends, who had seen him at this time, The prisoner's friends, who had seen him at this time, The prisoner's friends, who had seen him at this time,

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THE DISPENSER OF HOLY WATER

He lived formerly in a little house beside the high road outside the village. He had set up in business as a wheelwright, after marrying the daughter of a farmer of the neighborhood, and as they were both industrious, they managed to save up a nice little fortune. But they had no children, and this caused them great sorrow. Finally a son was born, whom they named Jean. They both loved and petted him, enfolding him with their affection, and were unwilling to let him be out of their sight.

When he was five years old some mountebanks passed through the country and set up their tent in the town hall square.

Jean, who had seen them pass by, made his escape from the house, and after his father had made a long search for him, he found him among the learned goats and trick dogs, uttering shouts of laughter and sitting on the knees of an old clown.

Three days later, just as they were sitting down to dinner, the wheelwright and his wife noticed that their son was not in the house. They looked for him in the garden, and as they did not find him, his father went out into the road and shouted at the top of his voice, "Jean!"

Night came on. A brown vapor arose making distant objects look still farther away and giving them a dismal, weird appearance. Three tall pines, close at hand, seemed to be weeping. Still there was no reply, but the air appeared to be full of indistinct sighing. The father listened for some time, thinking he heard a sound first in one direction, then in another, and, almost beside himself, he ran, out into the night, calling incessantly "Jean! Jean!"

He ran along thus until daybreak, filling the, darkness with his shouts, terrifying stray animals, torn by a terrible anguish and fearing that he was losing his mind. His wife, seated on the stone step of their home, sobbed until morning.

They did not find their son. They both aged rapidly in their inconsolable sorrow. Finally they sold their house and set out to search together.

They inquired of the shepherds on the hillsides, of the tradesmen passing by, of the peasants in the villages and of the authorities in the towns. But their boy had been lost a long time and no one knew anything about him. He had probably forgotten his own name by this time and also the name of his village, and his parents wept in silence, having lost hope.

Before long their money came to an end, and they worked out by the day in the farms and inns, doing the most menial work, eating what was left from the tables, sleeping on the ground and suffering from cold. Then as they became enfeebled by hard work no one would employ them any longer, and they were forced to beg along the high roads. They accosted passers-by in an entreating voice and with sad, discouraged faces; they begged a morsel of bread from the harvesters who were dining around a tree in the fields at noon, and they ate in silence seated on the edge of a ditch. An innkeeper to whom they told their story said to them one day:

"I know some one who had lost their daughter, and they found her in Paris."

They at once set out for Paris.

When they entered the great city they were bewildered by its size and by the crowds that they saw. But they knew that Jean must be in the midst of all these people, though they did not know how to set about looking for him. Then they feared that they might not recognize him, for he was only five years old when they last saw him.

They visited every place, went through all the streets, stopping whenever they saw a group of people, hoping for some providential meeting, some extraordinary luck, some compassionate fate.

They frequently walked at haphazard straight ahead, leaning one against the other, looking so sad and poverty-stricken that people would give them alms without their asking.

They spent every Sunday at the doors of the churches, watching the crowds entering and leaving, trying to distinguish among the faces one that might be familiar. Several times they thought they recognized him, but always found they had made a mistake.

In the vestibule of one of the churches which they visited the most frequently there was an old dispenser of holy Water who had become their friend. He also had a very sad history, and their sympathy for him had established a bond of close friendship between them. It ended by them all three living together in a poor lodging on the top floor of a large house situated at some distance, quite on the outskirts of the city, and the wheelwright would sometimes take his new friend's place at the church when the latter was ill.

Winter came, a very severe winter. The poor holy water sprinkler died and the parish priest appointed the wheelwright, whose misfortunes had come to his knowledge, to replace him. He went every morning and sat in the same place, on the same chair, wearing away the old stone pillar by continually leaning against it. He would gaze steadily at every man who entered the church and looked forward to Sunday with as much impatience as a schoolboy, for on that day the church was filled with people from morning till night.

He became very old, growing weaker each day from the dampness of the church, and his hope oozed away gradually.

He now knew by sight all the people who came to the services; he knew their hours, their manners, could distinguish their step on the stone pavement.

His interests had become so contracted that the entrance of a stranger in the church was for him a great event. One day two ladies came in; one was old, the other young–a mother and daughter probably. Behind them came a man who was following them. He bowed to them as they came out, and after offering them some holy water, he took the arm of the elder lady.

"That must be the fiance of the younger one," thought the wheelwright. And until evening he kept trying to recall where he had formerly seen a young man who resembled this one. But the one he was thinking of must be an old man by this time, for it seemed as if he had known him down home in his youth.

The same man frequently came again to walk home with the ladies, and this vague, distant, familiar resemblance which he could not place worried the old man so much that he made his wife come with him to see if she could help his impaired memory.

One evening as it was growing dusk the three strangers entered together. When they had passed the old man said:

"Well, do you know him?"

His wife anxiously tried to ransack her memory. Suddenly she said in a low tone:

"Yes–yes–but he is darker, taller, stouter and is dressed like a gentleman, but, father, all the same, it is your face when you were young!"

The old man started violently.

It was true. He looked like himself and also like his brother who was dead, and like his father, whom he remembered while he was yet young. The old couple were so affected that they could not speak. The three persons came out and were about to leave the church.

The man touched his finger to the holy water sprinkler. Then the old man, whose hand was trembling so that he was fairly sprinkling the ground with holy water, exclaimed:

"Jean!"

The young man stopped and looked at him.

He repeated in a lower tone:

"Jean!"

The two women looked at them without understanding.

He then said for the third time, sobbing as he did so:

"Jean!"

The man stooped down, with his face close to the old man's, and as a memory of his childhood dawned on him he replied:

"Papa Pierre, Mamma Jeanne!"

He had forgotten everything, his father's surname and the name of his native place, but he always remembered those two words that he had so often repeated: "Papa Pierre, Mamma Jeanne."

He sank to the floor, his face on the old man's knees, and he wept, kissing now his father and then his mother, while they were almost breathless from intense joy.

The two ladies also wept, understanding as they did that some great happiness had come to pass.

Then they all went to the young man's house and he told them his history. The circus people had carried him off. For three years he traveled with them in various countries. Then the troupe disbanded, and one day an old lady in a chateau had paid to have him stay with her because she liked his appearance. As he was intelligent, he was sent to school, then to college, and the old lady having no children, had left him all her money. He, for his part, had tried to find his parents, but as he could remember only the two names, "Papa Pierre, Mamma Jeanne," he had been unable to do so. Now he was about to be married, and he introduced his fiancee, who was very good and very pretty.

When the two old people had told their story in their turn he kissed them once more. They sat up very late that night, not daring to retire lest the happiness they had so long sought should escape them again while they were asleep.

But misfortune had lost its hold on them and they were happy for the rest of their lives.

A PARRICIDE

THE LAWYER HAD presented a plea of insanity. How could anyone explain this strange crime otherwise?

One morning, in the grass near Chaux, two bodies had been found, a man and a woman, well known, rich, no longer young and married since the preceding year, the woman having been a widow for three years before.

They were not known to have enemies; they had not been robbed. They seemed to have been thrown from the roadside into the river, after having been struck, one after the other, with a long iron spike.

The investigation could nothing. The assassin, who had been questioned, knew nothing. The marriage was about to be given to a young carpenter, living in neighboring village, Georges Louis, nicknamed "the Gypsies," great boxer, etc.

To all questions he only answered this: "I had known the man for two years, the woman for six months. They came to my repair-old furniture for them, sometimes I went to workman."

And when he was asked:

"Why did you kill them?"

He would obstinately answer:

"I killed them because I wanted to kill them."

They could get nothing more out of him.

This man was undoubtedly an illegitimate child, one not to meet with, a bastard abandoned. He had no other name than Georges Louis, and no genealogy. He was extremely intelligent, with the good taste and native refinement which his acquaintances did not hope, he was taught by the Gypsies, and he was never called otherwise. He had because considered a little crazy, and of a temper which he had taken up. He was also said to be a socialist fanatic, a believer in communistic and nihilistic doctrines, a great reader of bloodthirsty novels, an influential political agitator and a clever speaker in the public meetings of workmen or of farmers.

His lawyer had pleaded insanity.

Indeed, how could one explain that this workman should kill his best customers, rich and generous for workmen, and that he should kill them in cold blood, in earn three thousand francs this books showed it? Only one explanation could be offered: insanity, and the fatal idea of the unclassed individual who reeks vengeance, even bourgeois, on all the bourgeoisie, and the lawyer made a clever allusion to this sickness of the "Bourbons," given throughout the neighborhood to the unclassed, which exclaimed:

"Is this insty not enough to unbalance the mind of this poor wretch, who has neither father nor mother? It is an ardent republican. What am I saying? He is the victim of the same political party, the members of which, in order to exclude the Bourbons, pretend to now welcomes with open arms this party to which anon is a principle and murder an ordinary occurrence.

"These gloomy doctrines, now applauded with enthusiasm, have poisoned this poor wretch. He has heard republicans—even women, yes, women—ask for the blood of M. Gambetta, the blood of M. Grevy, the blood of anyone in your way; he wanted blood, the blood of a bourgeois!

"It is not he whom you should condemn, gentlemen, it is the Commune!

"Everyone knows the cruel murmurs of assent. Everyone felt that the lawyer had won his case. The prosecuting attorney did not oppose him.

Then the presiding judge asked the accused the customary question:

"Prisoner, is there anything you wish to add to your defense?"

The man stood up.

He was a short, flaxen blond, blue eyes, clear, gray eyes. A young, frank, sonorous voice came from this fruit-looking boy and, at the first, only, glance, he changed the opinions which had been formed of him.

He spoke loud in a declamatory manner, but so distinctly that every word reached the stressed in the farthest corners of the big hall.

"I have been, I do not wish to go on to insane asylum, and as I even prefer death to that, I will tell everything.

"I killed this man and this woman because they were my parents.

"Now, listen, I judge me.

"A woman, having given birth to a boy, sent him out, somewhere, to a nurse. Did she even know where her accursed offspring, the innocent little being, condemned to eternal misery, to the shame of all bastardy, would live? Or more than that—to death, since he was abandoned and the nurse, no longer receiving the monthly pension, might, if he cried, drown, in his disc of hunger and neglect?

The woman, being rich, and, if she was honest, better, more noble, more of a mother than my own mother. She brought me up. She did wrong in doing her duty. I, who, if I had known, I, who, at the time, like little wretches who are not sent in suburban villages just as garbage is thrown away.

"I grew up with the indulgence, I mean that I was carrying out my mother's will, shown. One day the other children called me a 'b——.' I did not know what it meant, and I ask of which one of them had heard at home. I was also ignorant of its meaning, but I felt the sting all the same.

"I was, I may say, one of the cleverest pupils in school. I would have liked to be a man, your honor, perhaps a man of superior intellect, if my parents had not committed the crime of abandoning me.

"This crime was committed against me. I was the victim, the victim of my parents. I was defenseless, they were pitiless. Their duty was to love me, they rejected me.

"I could them life for life a boon! To me, at any rate, it was a misfortune. After this abandoned deserted, I was dazed with vengeance. They committed against me the most inhuman, the most infamous, the most monstrous crime which a man can commitment against a human creature.

"A man who has been insulted, strikes; a man who has been robbed, takes back his own by force. A man who has been deceived, plays, revenged, tricks. But a man who has been slapped, kills; a man who has been disinherited, kills. I have been slapped, disinherited, tortured, morally slapped, dishonored, all this to a greater degree than those whose anger was excuse.

"I revenged myself, I killed. It was my legitimate right. I took back from my parents, for the terrible one which they had forced on me.

"You will call me parricide! Were these people my parents, for whom I was an abandoned bastard, for whom I was a stranger, for whom my birth was a calamity and my life a threat of disgrace? They sought a selfish pleasure; they gave an unexpected result, they forced the child. My turn came to do the same for them.

"And yet, up to quite recently, I was ready to love them.

"I was, I repeat, this man, my father, came to me for the first time two years ago. I suspected nothing. He offered me a pieces of furniture. I found out, later on, that, under the seal of secrecy, naturally, he had sought information from the priest.

"He returned often. He gave me a lot of work and paid me well. Sometimes he would even talk to me of one thing or another. I felt a growing affection for him.

"At the beginning of this year he brought with him his wife, my mother. When the woman was introduced to me, I felt a shock of her to be suffering from some nervous disease. Then she asked for a seat and a glass of water. I felt nauseating, she looked at me, I looked at oily at my work and only answered 'yes' and 'no,' at intervals, I felt a strange desire to ask her. When she had left I thought her a little unbalanced.

"The following month they returned. She was calm, self-controlled. That day they also accepted a little refreshment, but I felt an extra large order. I saw her three more times, without suspecting anything. But one day she began to talk of her son, of the child, of the hood, of my parents. I answered: 'Madame, my parents were rich, generous and honest.' Then she clutched at her heart and fell, unconscious. I immediately thought: 'She is my mother!' but I took care not to let her see anything. I wished to observe her.

"I was, roughly, not uneasiness about them. I learned that they had been married since last July, my mother having been a widow for over three years. I felt, from rumors that they had loved each other during the lifetime of my father, and that this love was no proof of it. I was the proof—the proof which they had at first hidden and then hoped to destroy.

"I waited. She returned one evening, excoriated in my father's arms. I felt, I felt, I seemed deeply moved, I don't know why. Then, as she was leaving, she said to me: 'Madame, my nerves, because we are not to me be honest and a hard worker: some day you will know them disappear in the meantime, I have come to help you to choose freely the woman who may suit you. I was married against my inclinations and I know what suffering it causes. Now I am rich, childless, free, mistress of my fortune. Here is your money.'

"She held out to me a large, sealed envelope.

"I looked her straight in the eyes and then said: 'Are you my mother?'

"She drew back a few steps and hid her face in her hands so as not to see me. He, the man, my father, supported her, but he looked and told me to: 'You must be crazy!'

"I answered: 'Not at all. I know that you are my parents. I cannot be thus deceived. Admit it and I will keep the secret; I will bear it and I will continue to love you. I am, a poor, poor.'

"He retreated towards the door, still supporting his wife who was beginning to sob. Quickly I locked the door, put the key in my pocket and continued: 'Admit it, I will not let you deny that she is my mother.'

"Then he flew into a furious, very pale, terrified at the thought that the scandal, which had so far been avoided, might suddenly break out, that they would be dishonored, that their honor might all at once be lost. He stammered out: 'You are a crazy, insane, you are a monster from-at! That's the thanks we get for trying to help such common people!'

"Then, suddenly, he blustered, kept repeating: 'Let's get out of here, let's get out!'

"Then, when he found the door locked, he shouted: 'If you do not open this door immediately, I will have you thrown into prison for blackmail and assault!'

"I had remained calm. I opened the door and saw them disappear in the darkness.

"Then I screamed. I was then suddenly overpluned, deserted, pushed to the wall. I was seized with a sense of bitterness, of revolt against with anger, hatred, disgust; my whole being seemed to rise up in revolt against the injustice, the monstrous injustice. Yes, I repeat the word, I began to run, in order to overtake them along the Seine, which I had to cross, I ran in order to reach the station of Chaux.

"I soon caught up with them. It was now pitch dark. I was, I was crying up behind them softly, that they might not hear me. My mother was sobbing, my father was cursing. 'It's all your own fault. Why did you wish to see him? It was absurd in our position, he could have been, he could be, a thief, when showing ourselves. Of what use are these dangerous visits, since we cannot recognize him?'

"Then I rushed up to them, beseeching. I cried:

"You see! You are my parents. You have already rejected me once; would you repulse me again?

"Then, your honor, he struck me. I swear it on my honor, before the law and my country, he struck me, and I was knocked down, when, showing ourselves. Of what use are these dangerous visits, since we cannot recognize him?

A

BETTIA

Bettia's, my old friend, one sense-memory of her, I thought, I could not shake off. I had often invited me to spend the weekend at her place in the country, but I was always too busy, or too tired, or too lazy to listen to the summons of duty.

Bettia's place was a rambling estate, and the little pressure I was on the publication of my book, I felt, was a good excuse for a weekend in the country, where I could, undisturbed, high-concentrate. Bettia, I knew, was at the top like a chimney pot, but which hardly ever bothered me, or, if it did, I could easily shake off the effects of her by a physical bruise. Dressed like that, she was, I felt, a physical bruise, and I was, I felt, was, with her, spots beat under his thin coat, and I felt, I was, I felt, I was, I felt, I was,

THE PATRON

We never dreamed of such good fortune! The son of a provincial bailiff, Jean Marin had come, as do so many others, to study law in the Quartier Latin. In the various beer-houses that he had frequented he had made friends with several talkative students who spouted politics as they drank their beer. He had a great admiration for them and followed them persistently from cafe to cafe, even paying for their drinks when he had the money.

He became a lawyer and pleaded causes, which he lost. However, one morning he read in the papers that one of his former comrades of the Quartier had just been appointed deputy.

He again became his faithful hound, the friend who does the drudgery, the unpleasant tasks, for whom one sends when one has need of him and with whom one does not stand on ceremony. But it changed through some parliamentary incident that the deputy became a minister. Six months later Jean Marin was appointed a state councillor.

He was so elated with pride at first that he lost his head. He would walk through the streets just to show himself off, as though one would tell by his appearance what position he occupied. He managed to say to the shopkeepers as soon as he entered a store, bringing it in somehow in the course of the most insignificant remarks and even to the news vendors and the cabmen:

"I, who am a state councillor!"

Then, in consequence of his position as well as for professional reasons and as in duty bound through being an influential and generous man, he felt an imperious need of patronizing others. He offered his support to every one on all occasions and with unbounded generosity.

When he met any one he recognized on the boulevards he would advance to meet them with a charmed air, would take them by hand, inquire after their health, and, without waiting for any questions, remark:

"You know I am state councillor, and I am entirely at your service. If I can be of any use to you, do not hesitate to call on me. In my position one has great influence."

Then he would go into some cafe with the friend he had just met and ask for a pen and ink and a sheet of paper. "Just one, waiter; it is to write a letter of recommendation."

And he wrote ten, twenty, fifty letters of recommendation a day. He wrote them to the Arab Americans, to Bignoux, to Prunaire, to the Maison Dorer, to the Cafe Riche, to the Helder, to the Cafe Anglais, to the Napolitain, everywhere, everywhere. He wrote them to all the officials of the republican government, from the magistrates to the ministers. And he was happy, perfectly happy.

One morning as he was starting out to go to the council it began to rain. He hesitated about taking a cab, but decided not to do so that it out on foot.

The rain came down in torrents, swamping the sidewalks and inundating the streets. Not a fiacre was obtainable to take him in a downpour. An old priest was standing there–an old priest with white hair. Before he became a state officer Mr. Marin did not like the clergy. Now he treated them with consideration, ever since a cardinal had consulted him on an important matter. The rain continued to pour down in floods and obliged the new man to take shelter in the porter's lodge so as to avoid getting wet. Mr. Marin, who was always inclined to talk so as to let people know who he was, remarked:

"This is horrible weather, Monsieur l'Abbe."

The old priest bowed:

"Yes indeed, sir, it is very unpleasant when one comes to Paris for only a few days."

"Ah! You come from the province?"

"Yes, monsieur. I am only passing through on my journey."

"It certainly is very disagreeable to have rain during the few days one spends in the capital. We officials who stay here the year round, we think nothing of it."

The priest did not reply. He was looking at the street where the rain seemed to be falling less heavily. And with a sudden resolve he hailed a passing cab just as women raise their skirts in stepping across water.

Mr. Marin, seeing him start away, exclaimed:

"You will get drenched, Monsieur l'Abbe. Wait a few moments longer; the rain will be over."

The priest had stopped irresistibly and then said:

"But I am in a great hurry. I have an important engagement."

Mr. Marin seemed quite worried.

"But you will be absolutely drenched. Might I ask in which direction you are going?"

The priest appeared to hesitate. Then he said:

"I am going in the direction of the Palais Royal."

"In that case, if you will allow me, Monsieur l'Abbe, I will offer you the shelter of my official fiacre. As for me, I am going to the council. I am a councillor of state."

The old priest raised his head and looked at his neighbor and then exclaimed:

"I thank you, monsieur. I shall be glad to accept your offer."

Mr. Marin then took his arm and led him away. He directed him, watched over him and advised him.

"Be careful of the stream, Monsieur l'Abbe. And be very careful about the curse wagons which they spatter you with mud sometimes from head to foot. Look out for the umbrellas of the people passing by; there is nothing more dangerous to the eyes than the tips of the ribs. Women especially are unbearable; they pay no heed to where they are going and always jab you in the face with the point of their parasols or umbrellas. And they never move aside for anybody. One would imagine the town belonged to them. They monopolize the pavement and the street. It is my opinion that their education has been greatly neglected."

And M. Marin laughed.

The priest did not reply. He walked along, slightly bent over, picking his steps carefully so as not to get mud on his boots or his cassock.

M. Marin resumed:

"I suppose you have come to Paris to divert your mind a little?"

The good man replied:

"Yes, I have some business to attend to."

"Ah! Is it important business? Might I venture to ask what it is? If I can be of any service to you, you may command me."

The priest seemed embarrassed. He murmured:

"Oh, it is a little personal matter; a little difficulty with-with my bishop. It would not interest you. It is a matter of internal regulation–an ecclesiastical affair."

M. Marin was eager.

"But it is precisely the state council that regulates all those things. In that case, make use of me."

"Yes, monsieur, it is to the council that I am going. You are a thousand times too kind. I am going to see M. Lerepere and M. Savon and also perhaps M. Petitpas."

M. Marin stopped short.

"Why, those are my friends, Monsieur l'Abbe, my best friends, excellent colleagues, charming men. I will speak to them about you, and very highly. Count upon me."

He curse thanked him, apologizing for troubling him, and stammered out a thousand grateful promises.

M. Marin was enchanted.

"Ah, you may be proud of having made a stroke of luck, Monsieur l'Abbe. You will see–I will see that, thanks to me, your affair will go along swimmingly."

They reached the council hall. M. Marin took the priest into his office, offered him a chair in front of the fire and sat down himself at his desk and began to write.

"My dear colleague, allow me to recommend to you most highly a venerable and particularly worthy and deserving priest, M. L'Abbe..."

He stopped and asked:

"Your name, if you please?"

"L'Abbe Ceinture."

"L'Abbe Ceinture, who needs your good office in a little matter which he will communicate to you.

"I am pleased at this incident which gives me an opportunity, my dear colleague—"

And he finished with the usual complimentes.

When he had written the three letters he handed them to his protege, who took his departure with many protestations of gratitude.

M. Marin attended to some business and then went home, passed the day quietly, slept well, woke in a good humor and sent for his newspapers.

The first he opened was a little heated. He read:

OUR CLERGY AND OUR GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

"We shall never make an end of enumerating the misdeeds of the clergy. A certain priest, named Ceinture, convicted of conspiring against the government, accused of base actions to which we will not even allude, suspected besides of being a former spy, meanwhile, remained unscathed, suspended by a bishop for causes that are said to be unmentionable and summoned to Paris to give an explanation of his conduct, and found an ardent defender in the man named Marin, a councillor of state, who was not afraid to give this frocked malefactor the unheard of terms of recommendation to all the republican officials, his colleagues.

"We call the, attention of the ministry to the unheard of attitude of this councillor of state—"

M. Marin bounded out of bed, dressed himself and hurried to his colleague, Petitpas, who said to him:

"How now? You were crazy to recommend to me that old conspirator!"

M. Marin, bewildered, stammered out:

"Why no–you see–I was deceived. He looked such an honest man. He played me a trick a disgraceful trick! I beg you, you will sentence him severely, very severely. I am going to write. Tell me to whom I should write about having him punished. I will go and see the attorney-general and the archbishop of Paris–yes, the archbishop."

And saving himself abruptly at M. Petitpas' desk, he wrote:

"Monsieurgenie, I have the honor to bring to your grace's notice the fact that I have recently been made a victim of the intrigues and lies of a certain Abbe Ceinture, who imposed on my kind-heartedness.

"Deceived by the representations of this ecclesiastic, I was led—"

Then, having signed and sealed his letter, he returned to his colleague and exclaimed:

"See here, my dear friend, let this be a warning to you not to recommend any one again."

"Bah!" exclaimed Karl Massouligny, "the question of complaisant husbands is a difficult one. I have seen many kinds, and yet I am unable to give an opinion about any of them. I have often tried to determine whether they are blind, weak or clairvoyant. I believe that there are some which belong to each of these categories.

"Let us quickly pass over the blind ones. They cannot rightly be called complaisant, since they do not know, but they are good creatures who cannot see farther than their nose. It is a curious and interesting thing to observe the ease with which most of women can, be deceived. We are taken in by the slightest trick of those who surround us, by our children, our friends, our servants, our photographs. Humanity is credulous, and in order to discover deceit in others, we do not display one-tenth the shrewdness which we use when we, in turn, wish to deceive some one else.

"Clairvoyant husbands may be divided into three classes. Those who have some interest, pecuniary, ambitious or otherwise, in their wife's having love affairs. These ask only to safeguard appearances as much as possible, and they are satisfied.

"Next come those who get angry. What a beautiful novel one could write about them!

"Finally the weak ones'. Those who are afraid of scandal.

"There are also those who are powerless, or, rather, tired, who flee from the duties of ceremony throughout fear of causing scandal, who are satisfied to see a friend run these risks.

"But I once met a husband of a rare species, a husband against the common accident in a strange and witty manner.

"In Paris I had made the acquaintance of an elegant, fashionable couple. The woman, nervous, tall, slender, courted, was supposed to have had many love adventures. She pleased me with her wit, and I believe that I pleased her also. I courted her, a thing amusing to which she answered with evident provocations. Soon we got to tender glances, hand pressures, all the little gallantries which precede the final attack.

"Nevertheless, I hesitated. I consider that, as a rule, the majority of society intrigues, however short they may be, are not worth the trouble which they give us and the difficulties which may arise. I therefore mentally compared the advantages and the disadvantages which I might expect, and I thought I noticed that the husband suspected me.

"One evening, at a ball, as I was saying tender things to the young woman in a little parlor leading from the big hall where the dancing was going on, I noticed in a mirror the reflection of some one who was watching me. It was he. Our looks met and then I saw him turn his head and walk away.

"I murmured: 'Your husband is spying on us.'

"She seemed dumbfounded and asked: 'My husband?'

"Yes, he has been watching us for some time.

"'Nonsense! Are you sure?'

"'Very sure.'

"How strange! He is usually extraordinarily pleasant to all my. friends.'

"'Perhaps he guessed that I love you!'

"'Nonsense! You are not the first one to pay attention to me. Every woman who is a little in view drags behind her a herd of admirers.'

"'Yes. But I love you deeply.'

"Admitting that that is true, does a husband ever guess these things?'

"'Then he is not jealous?'

"'No-no!'

"She thought for an instant and then continued: 'No. I do not think that I have received any jealousy on his part.'

"'Has he never watched you?'

"'No. As I said, he is always agreeable to my friends.'

"From that day my courting became much more assiduous. The woman did not please me any more than before, but the probable jealousy of her husband tempted me greatly.

"At the ball, I judged her coolly and clearly. She had a certain worldly charm, due to a quick, gay, amiable and superficial mind, but no real, deep attraction. She was, as I have already said, an agreeable little being, all on the surface, with rather a showy elegance. How can I explain myself? She was an ornament, not a home.

"One day, after taking dinner with her, her husband said to me, just as I was leaving: 'My dear friend the now called me 'friend'), 'we have leave for the country. It is a great pleasure to my wife and myself to entertain people whom we like. We would be very pleased if you too spend a month with us. It would be very nice of you to do so.'

"The dinner was very gay and cordial. On leaving the table the husband and his friend began to play cards, while I went out on the porch to look at the moonlight with madame. She seemed to be greatly affected by the nature, and I judged that the moment for my happiness was near. That evening she was really delightful. The country had seemed to make her more tender. Her long, slender waist looked pretty on this stone porch beside a great vase in which grew some flowers. I felt that dragging her out under the trees, throwing myself at her feet and speaking to her words of love.

"Her husband's voice called 'Louise!'

"Yes, dear'.

"You are forgetting the tea.'

"I'll go and see about it, my friend.'

"We returned to the house, and she gave us some tea. When the two men had finished playing cards, they were visibly tired. I had to go to my room. I did not get to sleep till late, and then I slept badly.

"An excursion was decided upon for the following afternoon, and we went in an open carriage to visit some ruins. She and I were in the back of the vehicle and they were opposite us, riding backward. The conversation was sympathetic and agreeable. I felt an enchan, and it seemed to me as though I had just found my family, I felt so at home with them.

"Suddenly, as she had stretched out her foot between her husband's legs, he murmured reproachfully: 'Louise, please don't wear out your old shoes yourself. There is no reason for being neater in Paris than in the country.'

"I lowered my eyes. She was indeed wearing worn-out shoes, and I noticed that her stockings were pulled up crooked.

"She had blushed and hidden her foot under her dress. The friend was looking out in the distance with an indifferent and unconcerned look.

"The husband offered me a cigar, which I accepted. For a few days it was impossible for me to be alone with her for more than an instant, as we were always together. He was delightful to me, however.

"The morning he came to get me to take a walk before breakfast, and the conversation happened to turn on marriage. I spoke a little about solitude and about how charming life would be if we could live with a friend alone. Suddenly he interrupted me, saying: 'My friend, don't talk about things you know nothing about.' A moment. who has not been frozen for loving you will not love you long. All the little coquetries which make them so exquisite when they do not definitely belong to us cease as soon as they become ours. And the then-respectable women—that is to say our wives—are—are not—in fact do not understand their profession of wife. Do you understand?'

"He said no more, and I could not guess his thoughts.

"Two days after this conversation he called me to his room quite early, in order to show me a collection of engravings. I sat in an easy chair opposite the big door which separated the apartment from his wife's, and behind this door I heard some one walking and moving, and I was thinking very little of the engravings, although I kept exclaiming: 'Oh, charming! delightful! exquisite!'

"He suddenly said: 'Oh, I have a beautiful specimen in the next room. I'll go and get it.'

"He ran to the door quickly, and, before I could prevent him, he had opened it. I saw a vision of a little woman, in a long, loose, white, wadded morning gown, with a long flounce on the hem, and a long train lying on the floor, stood a tall, dried-up creature. The lower part of her body was covered with an old, worn-out silk petticoat, which, from a long time, had lost its shape, and, as she turned around in astonishment I saw under a common cotton chemise a regular cemetery of ribs, which were hidden from the public gaze by well-arranged pads.

"The husband uttered a natural exclamation and came back, closing the doors, and said: 'Gracious! how stupid I am! Oh, how thoughtless! My wife will never forgive me for that!'

"I already felt like thanking him. I left three days later, after cordially shaking hands with the two men and kissing the lady's fingers. She bade me a cold good-by."

Karl Massouligny was silent. Some one asked: "But what was the friend?"

"I don't know—however—however he looked greatly distressed to see me leaving so soon."

THE DEFENDANTS, Cesaire-Isidore Bruneau and Prosper-Napoleon Corma, appeared before the Court of Assizes of the Seine-Inférieure, on a charge of attempted murder, by drowning, of Mme. Bruneau, lawful wife of the first of the aforenamed.

The two prisoners sat side by side on the traditional bench. They were two peasants, the first was small and stout, with short arms, short legs, and a round head with a red jimmy face, pinned down by two dull eyes, which was also round and short, and with apparently no neck. He was a farmer, and lived in Caucheville-la-Goupil, in the district of Criquetot.

Corma (Prosper-Napoleon) was thin, of medium height, with enormously long arms. His head was on crooked, his jaw awry, and he squinted. His face, which was as a shirt, hung down to his knees, and his yellow hair, which was cut in a straight line across his head, gave his face a worm- out, dirty look, a dilapidated look that was frightful. He had been apprenticed to a tinker, but could not imitate to perfection the chanting in church, and even the sound of the serpent. This talent attracted to him the eyes of the parish keeper at Criquetot-a great many customers who preferred the "mass at Corma" to the mass in church.

Mme. Bruneau, seated on the witness bench, was a large peasant woman who seemed to be always asleep. She sat there motionless, her hands crossed on her knees, gazing fixedly before her with a stupid expression.

The judge continued his interrogation.

"Well, then, Mme. Bruneau, they came into your house, and what happened to you?"

"Well, they wanted to drown me."

"Tell us the details. Tell us how they came to. I said to myself, 'What is the matter with them?' They do not seem natural; they seem to some mischief." They were acting in such ways, like this, especially Corma, so suspicious. I, like one, I do not like to chew together for they are two good-for-nothings when they are in company. I said: 'What do you want with me?' They did not answer. I had a sort of mistrust—"

The defendant Bruneau interrupted the witness harshly, saying:

"I was full."

Then Corma, turning towards his accomplice said in the deep tones of an organ:

"Say that we were both full, and you will be telling no lie."

The judge, severely:

"You mean by that that you were both drunk?"

Bruneau: "There can be no question about it."

Corma : "That might happen to anyone."

The judge to the victim: "Continue your testimony, woman, from there."

"Well, Bruneau said to me, 'Do you wish to earn a hundred sous?' 'Yes,' I replied, seeing that a hundred sous are not picked up in a horse's tracks. Then he said: 'Open your eyes and do as I do,' and he went to fetch the large empty barrel that we use for water, that pipe in the corner, and he turned it over and brought it into my kitchen. He and Corma sat down in the middle of the floor, and then he said to me: 'Go and fetch water until it is full.'

"So I went to the pump with two pails and carried water, and still more water for an hour, seeing that the barrel was as large as a van, say your presence, and was still empty.

"All this time Bruneau and Corma were drinking a glass, and then another glass, and then another. They were laughing like fools when I said to them: 'You are full, fuller than a barrel.' And Bruneau replied to me: 'Do not worry, go on with your work, your turn will come, each one has his share.' I paid no attention to what he said, I was so full.

"When the barrel was full to the brim, I said: 'There, that's done.'

"And then Corma gave me a hundred sous, not Bruneau, Corma; it was Corma gave them to me. And Bruneau said: 'Do you want to earn a hundred sous more?' 'Yes,' I said, for I am not accustomed to presents like that. Then I said: 'Take off your clothes.'

"Take off my clothes?"

"Yes," he said.

"How many shall I take off?"

"If it worries you at all, keep on your chemise, that won't harm."

"A hundred sous is a hundred sous, and I have to undress myself; but I did not fancy undressing before these men, and I was shaking; I took off my cap, and then my jacket, and then my skirt, and then my sabots. Bruneau said: 'Keep on your stockings, also, we are fond fellows.'

"And Corma said: 'We are good at love, know.'

"So there I was, almost like mother Eve. And they got up from their chairs, and I could not stand straight, they were so full, saying your presence, Mister le president.

"I said to myself: 'What are they up to?' "And Bruneau said: 'Are you ready?'

"And Corma said: 'I'm ready.'

"And then they took me, Bruneau by the head, and Corma by the feet, as one might take, say, a sack of wheat that has been washed. Then I began to bawl.

"And Bruneau said: 'Keep still, wretched creature!'

"And they lifted me up in the air and put me into the barrel, which was full of water, and I had a shock of my life, I assure, a chill to my very insides.

"And Bruneau said: 'Is that all?'

"Corma said: 'That is all.'

"Bruneau said: 'The head is not in, that will make a difference to your measure.'

"Corma said: 'Put in her head.'

"And then Bruneau pushed down my head as if to dump me, as the saying is, out of one my nose, so that I could already see Paradise. And he said to Corma: 'Do you wish to stir it?'

"And then he must have been frightened. He pulled me out and said: 'Go and get dry, carcass.'

"As for me, I took to my heels and ran as far as M. le curé's. I let him see a skirt belonging to his servant, for I was so full I was in a state of nature, and he went to fetch Maître Chicot, the country watchman who went to Criquetot to fetch the police-whom we came to my house with me.

"Then we found Bruneau and Corma fighting each other like two rams.

"Bruneau was bawling: 'It isn't true, I tell you that there is at least a pint of water in it. It is the method that was no good.'

"Corma bawled: 'Your pails, that is almost half a cubic meter, have not been empty, that's what it is.'

"The police captain put them both under arrest. I have no more to tell."

She sat down. The audience in the court room laughed. The jurors looked at one another in astonishment. The judge said:

"Defendant Corma, you seem to have been the instigator of this disastrous plot. What have you to say?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Judge," he replied, "I was full."

The judge answered gravely:

"I know it. Proceed."

"I will. Well, Bruneau came to my place about nine o'clock, and ordered two drinks, said: 'Drink.' Then we drank. He had a bottle down opposite him and drank, and out of politeness, I offered him a glass. Then he invented the compliment to pay me, that is so it went on from glass to glass until noon, and we were full.

"Then Bruneau began so cry. That touched me, I asked him what was the matter. He said: 'I have lost a thousand francs.' I replied: 'That could be off a little, you understand. Then he said to me all at once: 'I will sell you my wife.'

"I was full, and I was a widower. You understand, that excited me up. I did not know his wife, but she was a woman, wasn't she? I asked him: 'How much would you sell her for?' "He reflected, or pretended to reflect. When one is full one is not very clear-headed, and he replied: 'I will sell her by the cubic meter.'

"That did not surprise me, for I was as drunk as he was, and I knew what a cubic meter is in my business. It is a thousand litres, that suited me.

"But they were remained to be settled. All depends on the quality. I said: 'How much do you want a cubic meter?'

"He answered: 'Five thousand francs.'

"I gave a bound like a rabbit, and then I reflected that a woman ought not to measure more than three hundred litres. I said: 'That's too dear.'

"He answered: 'I cannot do it for less. I should lose by it.'

"You understand, one is not a dealer in hogs for nothing. One understands to bargain. Bess, that, if he is smart, the seller of bacon, I am smarter, seeing that I sell them also. Hi, ha, ho! I said to him: 'If the wife is worth, I would not say anything, but she has been married to you for ten years, I see, and she is as fresh as she was. I will give you fifteen hundred francs a cubic metre, not a sou more. Will that suit you?'

"He answered: 'That will do. That's a bargain.'

"I agreed, and we started out, arm in arm. We must help each other in this world.

"But a fair came on my way, I must see myself near her unless you put her into the liquid?"

"Then he explained his idea, not without difficulty, that I should put the wife of Bruneau in a barrel, and fill it with water to the brim. I put her in it. All the water that comes out we will measure, that is the best way, will be of value; handsome or ugly, it is all the same, is it not, monsieur le president?" And then I said that she was as fat as a sow, and he said to me: 'She will not measure four hundred litres.' I replied: 'Put more water in the barrel.'

"She told you about the proceeding. I even let her keep on her chemise and stockings, to my own disadvantage.

"When that was done she ran away. I said: 'Look out, Bruneau!' she is escaping.'

"He replied: 'Let her be, I will catch her all right. She will have to come back to sleep; I will measure the water.'

"We measured. Not four pailfuls. Ha, Ha, Ha!"

The witness began to laugh so persistently that a gendarme was obliged to punch him in the back. Having quieted down, he resumed:

"So, then, Bruneau continued: 'Nothing doing, that is not enough.' I bawled and bawled, and bawled again, he punched me, I his back. We went home, we were full. The Day of judgment, seeing we were both drunk.

"Bruneau came the morrow to fetch me to us, they took us off to prison. I want damage."

He sat down.

Bruneau confirmed in every particular the statements of his accomplice. The jury, in conservation, retired to deliberate.

At the end of an hour they returned a verdict of acquittal for the defendants, with some severe reprimands for the frightful of marriage, and establishing the precise limitations of business transactions.

Bruneau went home to the domestic roof accompanied by his wife.

Corma went back to his business.

THE IMPOLITE SEA

Madame de X. to Madame de L.

Etretat, Friday.

My Dear Aunt:

I am coming to see you without anyone knowing it. I shall be at Les Fresnes on the 2d of September, the day before the hunting season opens. I do not know yet if this is so, that I may tease these gentlemen. You are too good, aunt, and you will allow them, as you usually do when there are no strange guests, to come to table, under pretext of fatigue, without dressing or shaving for the occasion.

They are delighted, of course, when I am not present. But I shall be there and will hold a review, like a general, at dinner time, and, if I find a single one of them in his old carters' dress, no matter how little, I mean to send them down to the kitchen to eat in solitude.

The men of to-day have so little consideration for others and so little good manners that one must be always on one's guard. We live indeed in an age of vulgarity. When they quarrel, they insult each other in terms worthy of boatmen, aunt, and, in polite society, they do not conduct themselves even as well as our servants. It is at the seaside that you see this most clearly. They are so free there that they do as they please, and you can judge them in the lump. Oh! what coarse beings they are!

Just imagine, aunt, that a gentleman who looked well, as I thought at first sight, thanks to his tailor, carefully worn by his valet, dares to put on a pair of old shoes! Another, an old man who was probably some wealthy upstart fresh from the counter, dares to shave sitting opposite to me, had the delicacy to place his two feet on the seat quite close to me. This is a pleasant fact.

At the watering-places the vulgarity is unrestrained. I must here make one admission, that my indignation is increased by the fact that I am not accustomed to associate, as a rule, with the men who are here, and cross here, for I should be less shocked by their manners if I had the opportunity of observing them elsewhere. The valet of the hotel I was nearly thrown down by a young man who snatched the key over my head. Another knocked against me without excuse without tugging my pardon or lifting his hat, coming away from a ball at the Casino, that is great rendezvous for the idle, and I was not yet with all of them. Watch them addressing ladies on the terrace: they are rude to them, but merely raise their hands to their headgear. But, indeed, as they are all more or less bald, it is a little hard.

But what exasperates and disgusts me particularly is the liberty they take of talking in public, without any lowering of voices, of the most revolting adventures. When two men are together, they relate to each other, in the broadest language, some of the most abominable comments really horrible stories, without caring in the slightest degree whether others can or is within reach of their voices. Yesterday, on the beach, I was forced to leave my place where I was reading, and to run to an by any longer the involuntary confidante of an obscene anecdote, told in such immodest language that I felt my ears burnt and as disgusted at having heard it. Would not the most elementary good-breeding teach them that it is wrong to lower voices when such matters when we are near at hand. Etretat is, moreover, the country of gossip and scandal. From the moment I reached my cottage I was warning about in quest of scandal, which they invent and which they spread, as I have written to me, my dear aunt, little-tattle is the mark of petty individuals and petty minds. It is the sole occupation of those who have not any longer loved or sought after. It is enough for me to observe the women who are fondest of gossiping to be persuaded that you are quite right.

The other day I was present at a musical evening at the Casino, given by a wandering artiste, Madame Masson, who sings in a truly wonderful manner. I was very interested in listening to the admirable Coquelin, as well as two charming vaudeville performers, M. and Mademoiselle Lucy Arnaud, and all the authors who were at the beach. It is no great distinction this year.

Next day I went to lunch at Yport. I noticed a tall man with a beard, coming out of a large house like a castle. It was the painter, Paul Laurens. He is very well and appreciated only with imprisoning himself.

Then I found myself in front of the single close to a man still young, of gentle and refined appearance, who was with his family. But he read it with such concentration, with such passion, I may say, that he did not even raise his eyes towards us. I was very much astonished and asked the proprietor of the baths, without appearing to be much concerned, I hope, about the stranger. I told him to myself a little at this reader of rhymes; he seemed behind the age, for a man. This person, I thought, must be a stranger. My aunt, I am now infatuated about this stranger. He is, his name is Bertin, he is married, he went back and sat down beside him again so as to get a good look at him. His face has an expression of calmness and of penetration. Somebody came to look for him, and I heard his voice, which is sweet and almost timid. He would certainly not do at Etretat, where everybody is a bit of a gossip, and where, in the fashionable English, who seem to have brought up in a stable, so careful are they not to offend anybody, there is not any, we, while they always discommode their neighbors.

Madame de L. to Madame de X.

Les Fresnes, Saturday.

My Dear Child:

Many of the things you have said to me are very sensible. I know that I have heard you from being wrong. Like you, I used formerly to feel very indignant at the impoliteness of men, who, as I supposed, constantly treated me with neglect; but, as I grew older and recovered from my illusions, that our fellow-countrymen are, when travelling, models of good manners in comparison with the inconsiderate English, who seem to have been brought up in a stable, so careful are they not to offend anybody, while, in any way, while they always discommode their neighbors.

Madame de L. to Madame de X.

Les Fresnes, Saturday.

My Dear Child:

Many of the things you have said to me are very sensible. I know that I have heard you from being wrong. Like you, I used formerly to feel very indignant at the impoliteness of men, who, as I supposed, constantly treated me with neglect; but, as I grew older and recovered from my illusions, that our fellow-countrymen are, when travelling, models of good manners in comparison with the inconsiderate English, who seem to have been brought up in a stable, so careful are they not to offend anybody, while, in any way, while they always discommode their neighbors.

We imagine that we should be permitted to do anything, my darling, and at the same time we consider that we have a right to the utmost respect, and in the same breath we commit actions devoid of that elementary good-breeding of which you speak so feelingly. I find, aunt, that the women are considered in us much more than we consider them. Besides, darling, men must needs be, and are, what we are them. In a state of society in which women are all true gentlewomen, all men would become gentlemen.

Come now, just observe and reflect.

Look at two women meeting in the street. Are they whether each assumes superiority over the other? What disparaging words! What contempt they throw into each glance! How they note their heads with their backs! How they seem to find something to condemn! And, if the footpath is narrow, do you think one woman would make way for another? Or would lady gardon as she sweeps by? Never! When two men jostle each other by accident in some narrow lane, each of them, if he is a man, at the same time gets out of the other's way, while we women press against each other stomach against stomach, face to face, and breast to breast, each other out of countenance.

Look at two women who are acquaintances meeting on a staircase outside the door of a friend's drawing-room, one of them just leaving, the other about to go in. Do they begin to talk to each other and block up all the landing. If anyone happens to be coming up behind them, that woman must be so imaginative that they will put themselves half an inch out of their way? Never! never!

I was saying myself, with my watch in my hands, one day last winter at a certain drawing-room door, that, behind me, two gentlemen were also waiting without showing any readiness, as I did, to lose their temper. The reason was that they had long grown accustomed to our unconscionable insolence.

The other day, before leaving Paris, I went to dine with my son-in-law, who lives in the Rue Rand, in the Champs Elysees, in order to enjoy the fresh air. Every table was occupied. The waiter asked us to wait until there would soon be a vacant table.

At the moment I noticed an elderly lady and little figure, who, having paid for her dinner, seemed on the point of going away. She came out, accompanied by her little man, and did not budge. For more than a quarter of an hour she sat there, immovable, putting on her gloves, and looking at the people who were waiting like myself. Now, two young men who were just finishing their dinner, having seen that in their turn, the newcomers had the waiter, paid what they owed, and at once offered me their seats, even insisting on standing while waiting for their turn. I, for my part, thought my fair niece, that I am no longer pretty, like you, but old and wrinkled.

It is we, you see, who should be taught politeness, and the task would be such a difficult one that it would necessitate a special course of lessons.

Yesterday, we went to the Casino, where people only gather for show, where they whisper, where they dance stupidly, where they succeed in unspeakably boring themselves, we sought some other way of passing our evenings pleasantly. Now, just guess what came into the head of one of the young people? Nothing less than to go and dance each night in one of the farm-houses in the neighborhood.

We arrived at a farm where a street-organ, generally played by Le Poitevin, the minstrel, was being vigorously turned under the apple trees, to the sound of the barrel-organ. The cocks waking up began to crow in the farm-yard, the cows lowered, the pigs began pranicing on the straw of their stables, and an air of the country-yard mingled bracks with the smell of grass and of new-mown hay.

How long ago is it? How long ago is it? Is it thirty years since then?

I do not want you, my darling, to come for the opening of the hunting season. Why spoil the pleasure of our friends by inflicting on them fashionable toilettes on this day of vigorous exercise in the country? This is the way, aunt, that men are spoiled. I embrace you. Your old aunt.

Genevieve De L.

Soon a long time Jacques Bourdillere had worn that he would never marry, but he suddenly changed his mind. It happened suddenly, one summer, at the seashore.

One morning as he lay stretched out on the sand, watching the women coming out of the water, a little foot had struck him by its neatness and daintiness. He raised his eyes and was delighted with the whole person, although in fact he could see nothing but the ankles and the head emerging from a flannel bathrobe carefully held closed. He was supposed to be unmarried, but I feel free to say therefore by the mere grace of the form that he was at first expected. Then he was held by the charm of the eyes, the mouth, small, sensitive and good, as fresh as her cheeks and lips.

He was presented to the family and pleased them. He immediately fell madly in love. He was the Bertie Fenwick type in the distance, in the long yellow stretch of sand, he would cringe to the roses of his hair. When he was near he would become a little more Bertie Fenwick or even to think with a kind of throbbing at his heart, and he turning in his bed, and a bewilderment in his mind. Was that love?

He did not know or understand, but he had fully decided to have this child for his wife.

Her parents hesitated for a long time, restrained by the young man's bad reputation. It was said that he had an old sweetheart, one of those dazzling attractresses, who he now believes to be broken off and yet which always haunts him.

Besides, for a shorter or longer period, he loved every woman who came within reach of his lips.

Then he settled down and refused, even once, to see the one with whom he had lived for long. A friend took her, with a handsome pension and assured her an income. Jacques had, he did not even know it, been in fact pretending even to ignore her name. She wrote him letters which he never opened. Then she would come to Paris and, forgetting of the abandoned woman, and every week a greater anger surged within him against her, and he would tear up the envelope and the paper, without opening it, without reading the letter, and he would advance the reproaches and complaints which it contained.

At no one had much faith in his constancy, the test was prolonged through the winter, and Bertie's hand was not granted him until the spring. The wedding took place in June at the beginning of May.

The young couple had decided not to take the conventional wedding trip, and, as there was no place in the country, the young pair were to spend the time in the family mansion. Some and then, on the following morning, to leave for the beach on the day after the wedding, when they first had known and loved each other.

Night had come, and the dance was going on in the large parlor. The two had retired into a little Japanese boudoir hung with bright silks and dainly lighted by little pots of orange colored lanterns hanging from the ceiling with fantastic cages. Bertie was overcome by the fresh air from outside passed over their faces like a caress, for the night was warm and calm, full of the odor of roses.

They were silent, holding each other's hands and from time to time squeezing them with all their might. It was, in fact, a little dreamy look, feeling a little lost at this great change in her life, Bertie was about to begin to cry, often also almost ready to faint from joy, believing the whole world to be changed by what had just happened, and yet, it seemed to her, not, why, and feeling her whole body and soul filled with an indefinable and delicious happiness.

He was looking at her persistently with a fixed smile. He was happy, too, but had nothing to say, and so sat there, expressing all his ardor by pressures of the hand. From time to time he would murmur, "Are you happy?" Each time she would raise her eyes to him with a look of tenderness; they would look at each other for a second and then, they would turn and fascinated by his, would fall.

They heard the dance music in exchange. They had been left alone, but occasionally some of the dancers would cast a rapid glance at them, as though they were the discreet and trusty witnesses of a mystery.

A door opened and a servant entered, holding on a tray a letter and a telegram and just brought. Jacques, trembling, took the telegram, overwhelmed by a sudden and dim fear, the mysterious terror of swift misfortune.

He looked for a longtime at the envelope, the writing on which he did not know, not daring to open it, not wishing to read it, with a wild desire to run away and to be alone by himself. "I'll leave that till so-morrow, when I'm in my room," he said to himself, aloud, in words, underlined, "Very urgent," filled him with terror. Saying, "Please excuse me, my dear," he rose opened the envelope, and read the paper, grew frightfully pale, looked over it again, and, slowly, he seemed to spell it out word for word.

When he raised his head his whole expression was changed, he was in a state of despair. "My dear, it's—it's from my best friend, who has had a very great misfortune. He has need of immediately—I am going to see him at dawn. Will you excuse me if I leave you for half an hour? I'll be right back."

Trembling and dazed, she stammered: "Go, my dear!" not having been his wife long enough to dare to question him, to understand, to know. He disappeared. She remained alone, listening to the dancing in the neighboring parlor.

He had seized the first hat and coat he came to and rushed downstairs three steps at a time. As he was stepping into the street he stopped under the gas-jet of the vestibule and read the letter. This is what it said:

Sir: A girl by the name of Raver, an old sweetheart of yours, it seems, has just given birth to a child and has left it in your arms. The mother is about to die and is begging for you. I shall be waiting for you and, if you if you can grant this last request to a woman who seems to be very unhappy and worthy of pity.

Yours truly,

Dr. Bonneaud.

When he reached the sick-room the woman was already on the point of death. The child did not recognize her at first. The doctor and two nurses were taking care of her. And everything on the floor was covered with rags and rags covered with blood. Water flooded the carpet; two cardinal-red streams ran in furrows behind the bed, in a little wicker crib, the child was crying, and each time it would mouth the modest, the nervous, would try to move, shivering under her her bandages.

She was mortally wounded, killed by this birth. Her life was bleeding out, slowly, notwithstanding the ice and the care, the merciless hemorrhage continued, hastening her death.

She recognized Jacques and wished to speak her arms. But she was so weak that she could not do so, but tears coursed down her pallid cheeks. He dropped to his knees beside the bed and one of her hands was kissed and frantically. Then, little by little, he drew close to the this face, which stared at the contact, the face of the corpse, and he touched the little cradle, and the doctor was watching them from the door with a pity.

Then she said in a voice which sounded as though it came from a distance: "I am going to die, dear. Promise me you will take care of the boy. I leave me now. Don't leave me in my last moments!"

He kissed her lips and her hair, and, weeping, he murmured: "Do not be uneasy; I will care."

It was several minutes before she could speak again, she was so weak. She continued: "The little one is named Jean. I have left a letter for him. I have written to the Abbe Lemoine, the cure of Ste. Marie, to be his guardian. I have left a little, by little, he drew close to the this face, which stared at the contact, the face of the corpse, and he touched the little cradle, and the doctor was watching them from the door with a pity.

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THE RELIC

"To the Abbe Louis d'Entemare, at Soissons.

My Dear Abbe.

"My marriage with your cousin is broken off in the most stupid way; all on account of an idiotic trick which I almost involuntarily played my intended. In my perplexity I turn to you, my old school chum, for you may be able to help me out of the difficulty. If you can, I shall be grateful to you until I die.

"You know Gilberte, or, rather, you think you know her, but do we ever understand women? All their opinions, their ideas, their creeds, are a surprise to us. They are all full of twists and turns, of the unforeseen, of unintelligible arguments, of illogical logic and of obstinate ideas, which seem final, but which they alter because a little bird came and perched on the window ledge.

"I need not tell you that your cousin is very religious, as she was brought up by the White (or was it the Black?) Ladies at Nancy. You know that better than I do, but what you perhaps do not know is, that she is just as excitable about other matters as she is about religion. Her head flies away, just like a leaf in whirled away by the wind; and she is a true woman, or, rather, girl, for she is moved or made angry in a moment, starting off at a gallop in affection, just as she does in hatred, and returning in the same manner; and she is pretty—as you know, and more charming than I can say—as you will never know.

"Well, we became engaged, and I adored her, as I adore her still, and she appeared to love me.

"One evening, I received a telegram summoning me to Cologne for a consultation, which might be followed by a serious and difficult operation, and as I had to start the next morning, I went to wish Gilberte good-by, and tell her why I could not dine with them on Wednesday, but would do so on the Friday, the day of my return. Ah! Beware of Fridays, for I assure you they are unlucky!

"When I told her that I had to go to Germany, I saw that her eyes filled with tears, but when I said I should be back very soon, she clapped her hands, and said:

"I am very glad you are going, then! You must bring me back something; a mere trifle, just a souvenir, but a souvenir that you have chosen for me. You must guess what I should like best, do you hear? And then I shall see whether you have any imagination.'

"She thought for a few moments, and then added:

"I forbid you to spend more than twenty francs on it. I want it for the intention, and for a remembrance of your penetration, and not for its intrinsic value.'

"And then, after another moment's silence, she said, in a low voice, and with downcast eyes:

"If it costs you nothing in money, but is something very ingenious and pretty, I will—I will kiss you.'

"The next day I was in Cologne. It was a case of a terrible accident, which had plunged a whole family into despair, and a difficult amputation was necessary. They lodged me in the house; I might say, they almost locked me up, and I saw nothing but people in tears, who almost deafened me with their lamentations; I operated on a man who appeared to be in a moribund state, and who would not let under my hands, and with whom I remained two nights; and then, when I saw that there was a chance of his recovery, I drove to the station. I had, however, made a mistake in the trains, and I had an hour to wait, and so I wandered about the streets, still thinking of my poor patient, when a man accosted me. I do not know German, and he was totally ignorant of French, but at last I made out that he was offering me some relics. I thought of Gilberte, for I knew her fanatical devotion, and here was my present ready to hand, so I followed the man into a shop where religious objects were for sale, and I bought a small relic of a bone of one of the Eleven Thousand Virgins.

"The pretended relic was inclosed in a charming old silver box, and I felt convinced my choice, and, putting my purchase into my pocket, I went to the railway station, and so on to Paris.

"As soon as I got home, I wished to examine my purchase again, and on taking hold of it, I found that the box was open, and the relic missing! I searched for it in my pocket, and turned it inside out; the small bit of bone, which was no bigger than half a pin, had disappeared.

"You know, my dear little Abbe, that my faith is not very fervent, but, as my friend, you are magnanimous enough to pardon a wish my lukewarmness, and to leave me alone, and to wait for the future, so you say. But I absolutely disbelieve in the relics of sexcondand dealers in pieces, and you know my dislike in that respect. Therefore, the loss of that bit of sheep's carcass did not grieve me, and I easily procured a similar fragment, which I carefully fastened inside my jewel-box, and then I went to see my intended.

"As soon as she saw me, she ran up to me, smiling and eager, and, said to me:

"'What have you brought me?'

"I pretended to have forgotten, but she did not believe me, and I made her go, and even beseech me. But when I saw that she was deeply vexed by curiosity, I gave her the sacred silver box. She appeared overjoyed.

"A relic! Oh! A relic!'

"And she kissed the box passionately, so that I was ashamed of my deception. She was not quite satisfied, however, and her uneasiness soon turned to terrible fear, and looking straight into my eyes, she said:

"'Are you sure-that it is genuine?'

"Absolutely certain.'

"How can you be so certain?'

"I was tripped, for to say that I had bought of a man in the streets would be my destruction. What was I to say? A wild idea struck me, and I said, in a low, mysterious voice:

"I stole it for you.'

"She looked at me with astonishment and delight in her large eyes.

"Oh! You stole it? Where?'

"In the cathedral; in the very shrine of the Eleven Thousand Virgins.'

"Her heart beat with pleasure, and she murmured:

"Oh! Did you really do that-for me? Tell me all about it!

"That was the climax; I could not retract what I had said. I made up a fanciful story; with precise details. I had given the custodian of the building twenty-five francs to be allowed to go about the building by myself; the shrine was being repaired, but I happened to be there at the breakfast hour of the workmen and clergy; by removing a small panel, I had been enabled to seize a small piece of bone (she is so small, so among a quantity of others (I said a quantity, as I thought of the amount that the remains of the skeletons of eleven thousand virgins must produce). Then I went out, gallantly-I said bought a cameo by worthy of the relic; and I was not sorry to let her know that the silver box cost me five hundred francs.

"But she did not think of that; she listened to me, trembling, in an ecstasy, and whispering: 'How I love you!' she threw herself into my arms.

"Just note this: I had committed sacrilege for her sake. I had committed a theft; I had plundered a church; I had violated the relics; violated and stolen holy relics, and for that she adored me, thought me perfect, tender, divine. Such is woman, my dear Abbe, even woman.

"For two months I was the most admirable of lovers. In her room, she had made a kind of magnificent chapel in which to place this big reliquary-bag, which, as she thought, had made me commit that divine love-crime, and she worked up her religious enthusiasm in front of it every morning and evening. I had asked her to keep the matter secret, for fear, as I said, that I might be arrested, condemned, and sent over to Germany, and she kept her promise.

"Well, at the beginning of the summer, she was seized with an irresistible desire to see the home of my exploit, and she could not refuse to persistently (without telling him her secret reason), that he took her to Cologne, but without calling one of their trip, according to his daughter's wish.

"I need not tell you that I had not seen the interior of the cathedral. I dare not even have the tomb (if there be a tomb) of the Eleven Thousand Virgins is; and then, it appears, it is unapproachable, alas!

"A week afterward, I received ten lines, breaking off our engagement, and then an explanatory letter from her father, whom she had, somewhat late, taken into her confidence.

"At the sight of the shrine, she had suddenly seen through my ruthless act by me, and at the same time discovered my real innocence of any crime. Having asked the keeper of the relics whether any robbery had been committed, the man laughed, and pointed out to them how impossible such a crime was. But, from the moment that I had her plunged my profane hand into venerable relics, I was no longer worthy of my fairhaired, sensitive betrothed.

"I was forbidden the house; I begged and prayed in vain; nothing could move the fair devotee, and I became ill from grief. Well, last week, her cousin, Madame d'Ayville, who is your cousin also, came to see her, and she had like to see me, and when I called, she told me on what conditions I might obtain my pardon, and have they are. I must bring back a relic, a real, authentic relic of some virgin and martyr, certified to be such by our Holy Father, the Pope, and I am going mad from embarrassment and anxiety.

"I will go to Rome, if needful, but I cannot call on the Pope unexpectedly, to tell him my stupid misadventure; and, besides, I doubt whether they allow private individuals to have relics. Could not you give me an introduction to some cardinal, or to some French prelate who possesses some remains of a female saint? Or, perhaps, you may have the precious object she wants in your collection?

"Help me out of my difficulty, my dear Abbe, and I promise you that I will be converted ten years sooner than I otherwise shall be!

"Madame d'Ayville, who takes the matter seriously, said to me the other day:

"'Poor Gilberte will never marry.'

"My dear old schoolmate, will you allow your cousin to die the victim of a stupid piece of subterfuge on my part? Pray prevent her from being virgin eleven thousand and one.

"Pardon me, I am unworthy, but I embrace you, and love you with all my heart.

"Your old friend,

"Henri Fontal."

COLOPHON

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of Guy de Maupassant were translated from Fench by
Albert M. C. McMaster, A. E. Henderson, Mme. Quesada and others.
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a painting completed in 1870 by
Pierre-Auguste Renoir.

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