

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

## CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Go on with your dinner, Grandet," said the banker. "We can have a little chat. Have you heard what gold is fetching in Angers, and that people from Nantes are buying it there? I am going to send some over."

"You need not trouble yourself," answered his worthy client; "they have quite enough there by this time. I don't like to lose your labor when I can prevent it; we are too good friends for that."

"But gold is at thirteen francs fifty centimes premium."

"Say was at a premium. I went over to Angers myself last night," Grandet told him in a low voice.

The banker started, and a whispered conversation followed; both des Grassins and Grandet looked at Charles from time to time, and once more a gesture of surprise escaped the banker, doubtless at the point when the old cooper commissioned him to purchase rentes to bring in a hundred thousand livres.

"M. Grandet," said des Grassins, addressing Charles, "I am going to Paris, and if there is anything I can do for you—"

"Thank you, sir, there is nothing," Charles replied.

"You must thank him more heartily than that, nephew. This gentleman is going to wind up your father's business and settle with his creditors."

"Then is there any hope of coming to an arrangement?" asked Charles.

"Why, are you not my nephew?" cried the cooper, with a fine assumption of pride. "Our honor is involved; is not your name Grandet?"

Charles rose from his chair, impulsively flung his arms about his uncle, turned pale and left the room. Eugenie looked at her father with affection and pride in her eyes.

"Well, let us say good by, my good friend," said Grandet. "I am very much at your service. Try to get round those fellows over yonder."

The two diplomatists shook hands, and the cooper went to the door with his neighbor; he came back to the room again when he had closed the door on des Grassins, flung himself down in his easy chair.

The next morning, at the 8 o'clock breakfast, the party seemed for the first time almost like one family. Mme. Grandet, Eugenie and Charles had been drawn together by these troubles, and Nanon herself unconsciously felt with them. As for the old vine grower, he scarcely noticed his nephew's presence in the house, his greed of gold had been satisfied, and he was very shortly to be quit of this young sprig by the cheap and easy expedient of paying his nephew's traveling expenses as far as Nantes.

Charles and Eugenie meanwhile were free to do what seemed to them good. They were under Mme. Grandet's eyes, and Grandet reposed complete faith in his wife in all matters of conduct and religion. Moreover, he had other things to think of; his meadows were to be drained and a row of poplars was to be planted along the Loire, and there was all the ordinary winter work at Froidfond and elsewhere; in fact, he was exceedingly busy.

## CHAPTER XIV.

And now began the springtime of love for Eugenie. Since that hour in the night when she had given her gold to her cousin her heart had followed the gift. They shared a secret between them; they were conscious of this understanding whenever they looked at each other; and this knowledge, that brought them more and more closely together, drew them in a manner out of the current of everyday life. And did not relationship justify a certain tenderness in the voice and kindness in the eyes. Eugenie, therefore, set herself to make her cousin forget his grief in the childish joys of growing love.

She snatched at every happiness as some swimmer might catch at an overhanging willow branch, that so he might reach the bank and rest there for a little while. Was not the time of parting very near now? The shadow of that parting seemed to fall across the brightest hours of those days that fled so fast; and not one of them went by but something happened to remind her how soon it would be upon them.

For instance, three days after des Grassins had started for Paris, Grandet had taken Charles before a magistrate with the funeral solemnity with which such acts are performed by provincials, and in the presence of that functionary the young man had had to sign a declaration that he renounced all claim to his father's property. He went to M. Cruchot to procure two powers of attorney, one for des Grassins, the other for the friend who was commissioned to sell his own personal effects. There were also some necessary formalities in connection with his passport; and, finally, on the arrival of the plain suit of mourning, he sent for a clothier in Saumur and disposed of his now useless wardrobe.

For several days Charles looked, spoke and behaved like a man who is in deep trouble, but who feels the weight of such heavy obligations that his misfortunes only brace him for greater effort. He had ceased to pity himself; he had become a man. Never had Eugenie assured better of her cousin's character than she did on the day when she watched him come down stairs in his plain, black mourning suit, which set off his pale, sad face to such advantage. The two women had also gone into mourning. Charles received letters from Paris as

they took the midday meal; he opened and read them.

"Well, cousin," said Eugenie, in a low voice, "are your affairs going on satisfactorily?"

"Never put questions of that sort, my girl," remarked Grandet. "I never talk to you about my affairs, and why should you meddle in your cousin's? Just let the boy alone."

"Oh! I have no secrets of any sort," said Charles.

"Tut, tut, tut. You will find out that you must bridle your tongue in business, nephew."

When the two lovers were alone in the garden, Charles drew Eugenie to the old bench under the walnut tree, where they so often sat of late.

"I felt sure of Alphonse, and I was right," he said, "he has done wonders, and has settled my affairs prudently and loyally. All my debts in Paris are paid, my furniture sold well, and he tells me that he has acted on the advice of an old sea captain who had made the voyage to the Indies, and has invested the surplus money in ornaments and odds and ends for which there is a great demand out there. He has sent my packages to Nantes, where an East Indian man is taking freight for Java, and so, Eugenie, in five days we must bid each other farewell, for a long while at any rate, and perhaps forever. My trading venture and the ten thousand francs which two of my best friends have sent me, are a very poor start; I cannot expect to return for many years. Dear cousin, let us not consider ourselves bound in any way; I may die, and very likely some good opportunity for settling yourself—"

"You love me?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he replied with an eagerness of manner that betokened a like earnestness in his feelings.

"Then I will wait for you, Charles. My father is looking out of his window," she exclaimed, evading her cousin, who had drawn closer to embrace her.

She fled to the archway; and seeing that Charles followed her thither, she retreated farther, flung back the folding door at the foot of the staircase, and with no very clear idea, save that of flight, she rushed toward the darkest corner of the passage, outside Nanon's sleeping hole; and there Charles, who was close beside her, grasped both hands in his and pressed her to his heart; his arms went round her waist, Eugenie resisted no longer, and leaning against her lover she received and gave the purest, sweetest and most perfect of all kisses.

"Dear Eugenie, a cousin is better than a brother; he can marry you," said Charles.

"Amen, so be it!" cried Nanon, opening the door behind them, and emerging from her den. Her voice startled the two lovers, who fled into the dining room, where Eugenie took up her sewing, and Charles seized on a book and began to read industriously.

As soon as Charles fixed the day of his departure, Grandet bustled about and affected to take the greatest interest in the whole matter. He was liberal with advice and with anything else that cost him nothing. He was up betimes every morning planning, fitting, nailing deal boards together, squaring and shaping, and, in fact, he made some strong cases, packed all Charles' property in them, and undertook to send them by steamer down to the merchant ship, and to insure them during the voyage.

Since that kiss given and taken in the passage, the hours sped with terrible rapidity for Eugenie. At times she thought of following her cousin, for of all ties that bind one human being to another, this passion of love is the closest and strongest, and those who know this will know the agony that Eugenie suffered. She shed many tears as she walked up and down the little garden; it had grown so narrow for her now; the court yard, the old house and the town had all grown narrow, and her thoughts went forth already across vast spaces of sea.

It was a melancholy group round the breakfast table on the morning of the day of departure. Even Nanon herself, in spite of Charles' gift of a new gown, had a tear in her eye, but she was free to express her feelings, and did so.

"Oh! that poor, delicate young gentleman who is going to sea!" was the burden of her discourse.

At half past 10 the whole family left the house to see Charles start in the diligence. Nanon meant to carry Charles' handbag. Every storekeeper in the ancient street was in the doorway to watch the little procession pass. M. Cruchot joined them in the market place.

"Eugenie," whispered her mother, "mind you don't cry."

They reached the gateway of the inn, and there Grandet kissed Charles on both cheeks. "Well, nephew," he said, "set out poor and come back rich; you leave your father's honor in safe keeping. I—Grandet—will answer to you for that; you will only have to do your part—"

"Oh! uncle, this sweetest of the bitterest of parting. Is not this the greatest gift you could possibly give me?"

Charles put his arms round his uncle's neck, and let fall tears of gratitude on the vine grower's sunburned cheeks; Eugenie clasped her cousin's hand in one of hers, and her father's in the other, and held them tightly. Only the notary smiled to himself; he alone understood the worthy man, and he could not help admiring his astute cunning. The little group of onlookers hung about the diligence till the last moment; and looked after it until it disappeared.

"A good riddance!" said the cooper.

Luckily no one but M. Cruchot heard this ejaculation; Eugenie and her mother had walked along the quay to a point of

view whence they could still see the diligence, and stood there waving their handkerchiefs and watching Charles' answering signal till he was out of sight.

## CHAPTER XV.

To save further interruption to the course of the story, it is necessary to glance a little ahead, and give a brief account of the course of events in the matter of Guillaume Grandet's affairs. A month after des Grassins had gone, Grandet received a certificate for a hundred thousand livres per annum of rentes, purchased at eighty francs. As for Guillaume Grandet's creditors, everything had happened as the cooper had intended and foreseen.

At the Bank of France they keep accurate lists of all great fortunes. The names of des Grassins and of Felix Grandet of Saumur were duly to be found inscribed therein; indeed, they shone conspicuous there as well-known names in the business world, as men who were not only financially sound, but owners of broad acres. And now it was said that des Grassins of Saumur had come to Paris with intent to call a meeting of the creditors of the firm of Guillaume Grandet; the shade of the wine merchant was to be spared the disgrace of protested bills. The seals were broken in the presence of the creditors, and the family notary proceeded to make out an inventory in due form.

Before very long, in fact, des Grassins called a meeting of the creditors, who, with one voice, appointed the banker of Saumur as trustee conjointly with Francois Keeler, the head of a large business house, empowering them to take such measures as they thought fit, in order to save the family name. The fact that des Grassins was acting as his agent produced a hopeful tone in the meeting, and things went smoothly from the first; the banker did not find a single dissentient voice. Each one said to himself:

"Grandet of Saumur is going to pay!"

Six months went by. The Parisian merchants had withdrawn the bills from circulation, and had consigned them to the depths of their portfolios. The cooper had gained his first point. Nine months after the first meeting the two trustees paid the creditors a dividend of forty-seven per cent. This sum had been raised by the sale of the late Guillaume Grandet's property, goods, chattels and general effects; the most scrupulous integrity characterized these proceedings; indeed, the whole affair was conducted with the most conscientious honesty, and the delighted creditors fell to admiring Grandet's high-minded probity.

Twenty-three months after Guillaume Grandet's death, many of the merchants had forgotten all about their claims in the course of events in a business life, or they only thought of them to say to themselves:

"It begins to look as though the forty-seven per cent is about all I shall get out of that business."

The cooper had reckoned on the aid of Time, who, so he was wont to say, is a good fellow. By the end of the third year des Grassins wrote to Grandet, saying that he had induced most of the creditors to give up their bills, and that the amount now owing was only about ten per cent of the outstanding two millions four hundred thousand francs. Grandet replied that there yet remained the notary and the stock broker, whose failures had been the death of his brother; they were still alive. They might be solvent again by this time, and proceedings ought to be taken against them; something might be recovered in this way which would still further reduce the sum total of the deficit.

When the fourth year drew to a close the deficit had been duly brought down to the sum of 1,200,000 francs; the limit appeared to have been reached. Six months were further spent in parleyings between the trustees and the creditors, and between Grandet and the trustees. In short, strong pressure being brought to bear upon Grandet of Saumur, he announced, somewhere about the ninth month of the same year, that his nephew, who had made a fortune in the East Indies, had signified his intention of settling in full all claims on his father's estate, and that meantime he could not take it upon himself to act nor to defraud the creditors by winding up the affair before he had consulted his nephew; he added that he had written to him, and was now awaiting an answer.

The middle of the fifth year had been reached, and still the creditors were held in check by the magic words "in full," let fall judiciously from time to time by the sublime cooper, who was laughing at them in his sleeve. "Those Parisians," he would say to himself, and a cunning smile would steal across his features.

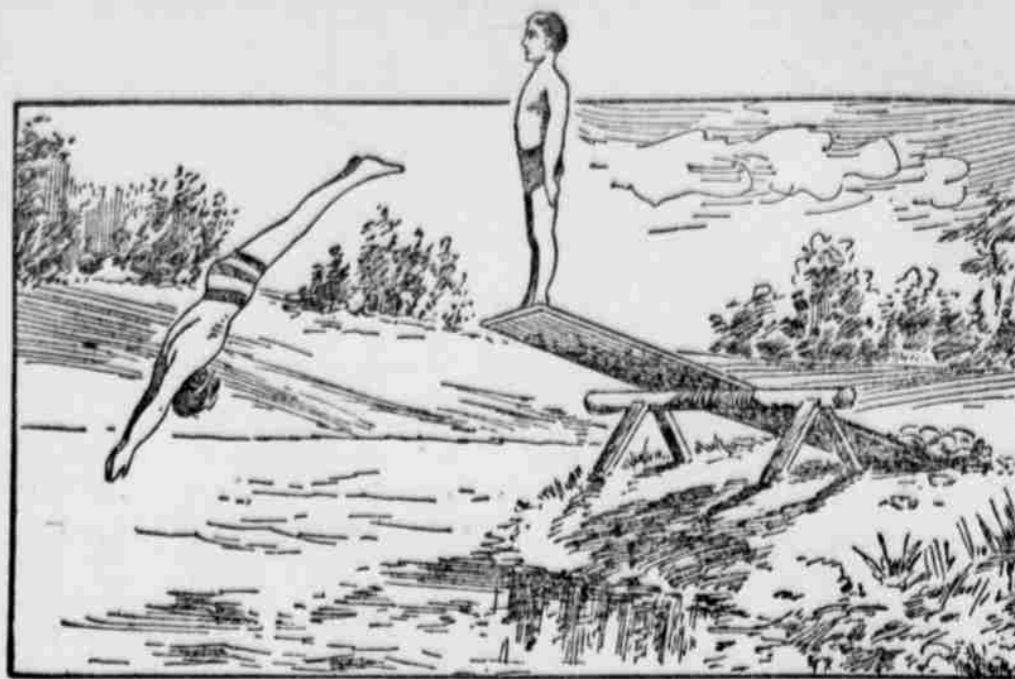
In fact, a martyrdom unknown to the calendars of commerce was in store for the creditors. When next they appear in the course of this story they will be found in exactly the same position that they were in when Grandet had done with them. Consols went up to 115, old Grandet sold out, and received from Paris about 2,400,000 francs in gold, which went into his wooden kegs to keep company with the 600,000 francs of interest which his investment had brought in.

Des Grassins stayed on in Paris. It was very lucky for his wife that she had brains enough to carry on the concern at Saumur in her own name, and could extricate the remains of her fortune, which had suffered not a little from M. des Grassins' extravagance. But the quasi-victim was in a false position, and the Cruchotins did all that in them lay to make matters worse; she had to give up all hope of a match between her son and Eugenie Grandet, and married her daughter very badly. Adolphe des Grassins went to join his father in Paris, and there acquired, so it was said, an unenviable reputation. The triumph of the Cruchotins was complete.

(To be continued.)

It isn't always safe to judge a woman's complexion by the label on the box.

## THE SPRING BOARD AND THE USE OF IT.



THE RIGHT WAY TO DIVE.

As soon as he learns how to propel himself through the water the American boy wants to dive. In this age of physical culture there is no better method for developing leg and arm muscles, breathing organs, etc., than swimming and diving.

It is the best to start diving from a springboard, placed on the bank, and the water should be at least seven or eight feet deep, so that there will be no danger that the diver's head will strike the bottom. The board should be at least two inches thick, 12 inches wide and 10 to 12 feet long.

A good way to make a springboard is shown in the accompanying illustration. Having finished the board and tested it thoroughly walk to the outer end for the first dive.

Stand with your toes just over the end of the board, your hands by your sides, and spring the board slightly two or three times—not too violently, or you will be thrown awkwardly.

Leave the board when it is "down," with your arms extended outward in a straight line from the shoulders. Bring the hands together, making a wedge of the arms from hands to shoulders, just before striking the water.

Many boys dive from the springboard straight toward the water. This is incorrect. The expert diver makes what is known as the "swan dive," which consists in throwing himself from the board forward instead of downward, with the body horizontal, chest out, shoulders back and arms extended.

As he cleaves the air he makes a pretty picture. Just before reaching the water he brings his hands together, arms at full length, draws his chin down close to his chest to protect the head and stiffens the body.

With hands forming the entering point of the wedge he cuts the water with scarcely a sound, and his back and legs follow the line of his hands and do not make the splash that is the bane of every instructor.

Many boys have a habit of doubling their legs from the knee down just as they strike the water, and this makes a loud splash. To prevent this the legs should be held stiff, the feet pointing as nearly straight as possible.

## GRAVE OF KIT CARSON.

Secluded Valley in the Heart of the Rockies Where His Ashes Rest.

The grave of Kit Carson, the famous scout, is decorated each Memorial day with tender care by the people among whom the closing days of his life were spent and where the dust of the great frontiersman reposes. His grave is in the Taos Valley, New Mexico, amid the rugged Rockies.

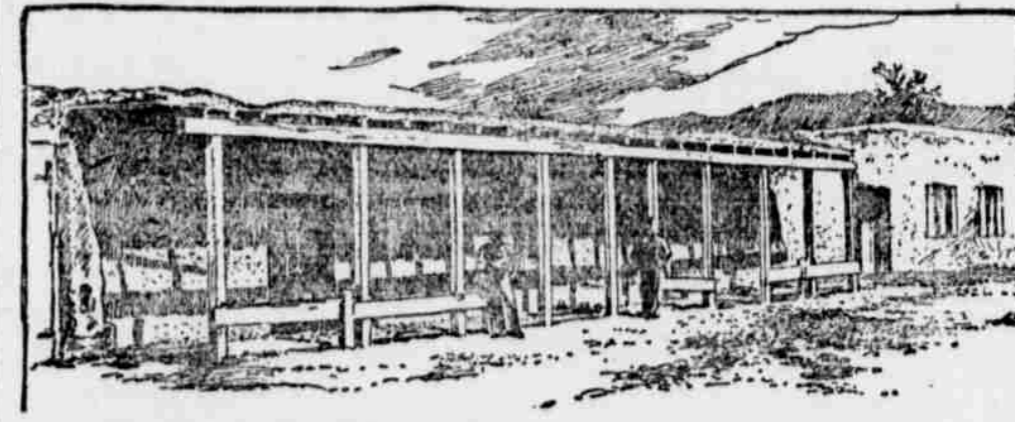
The inhabitants of this valley—chiefly Mexicans and Indians—form a little world by themselves. Each generation swings around its cycle in the steps of its predecessors; fills out its allotted span and makes way for its successor. Empires may rise and fall, but these people know naught of them. The railroad and the telegraph are merely traditions brought back by the few

hesitate to make war even against the United States.

It was into this quaint and romantic nook, high up on the backbone of the continent that an "American invasion" brought a band of trappers like Carson and traders like Charles Bent of Bent's Fort fame. Carson and others married Mexican women, and here, among the simple, hospitable Mexicans, in the very heart of the Rockies, they had a safe and convenient haven for their families during their perilous wanderings. Like his humble, Spanish-speaking neighbors, Carson lived in a one-story adobe house. Here he reared a family of children, but they wandered away.

From Taos Carson went forth to lead John C. Fremont and help him earn the title of "Pathfinder," and from here he went to the conquest of California. His home was here at the time of his death, though he had gone to Fort Logan, Colorado, for treatment by an army surgeon, and died there.

In his last years Carson was an ob-



CARSON'S OLD HOME AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

venturesome spirits who dare the mountain defiles.

This valley, now unknown to the average American, has been the scene of many stirring events. History has known it for nearly 400 years, having found it in possession of a village of Pueblos in 1542. Before history strayed this way there had been another race and civilization there. The ruined walls standing to-day point to a great city, and half-filled irrigation ditches prove considerable engineering ability, but the ancient people have not left a tradition.

The Pueblos of this valley led the revolt of 1680, which drove the Spaniards from New Mexico for 12 years. Pope, the San Juan Indian who was the chief of the red rebels, made his headquarters in this valley, and here was the capital of New Mexico during the life of the great Pueblo Confederacy. The aborigines of this mountain region were always brave and lovers of freedom. They joined in many revolts against their Spanish oppressors. When the Mexicans rose against their own corrupt officials in 1837 the Pueblos of the Taos Valley aided them, and one of these Indians, Gonzales, was installed in the historic palace at Santa Fe as Governor of New Mexico. Even 10 years later, when called on by their Mexican neighbors to redeem their pledge as allies, these Pueblos did not

ject of interest to the American, Mexican and Indian, and he received many visitors at his home. He is recalled by the older inhabitants of Taos as a kindly old man who had come to be known as "Father Kit."

## A Sam in Addition.

Mrs. Flaherty stepped off the scales in the back room of the grocery store as soon as she had stepped on.

"Sure, these scales is no gud fr me," she said, in a tone of deep disgust. "They only weigh up to wan hundred, an' I weigh wan hundred an' noineety pounds."

"It's easily discouraged ye are," said her companion, Mrs. Dempsey, cheerfully. "Just step on to them twit, me dear, and let Jamesy, here, do th' sum fr ye."

## Easy for Him.

"There's a quare thing about a cousin o' mine," said Barney O'Flynn. "He has a great habit o' walkin' in his sleep."

"Can't he be cured of it at all?" "Cured av it? Shure 'tis the makin' av him. He's on the poliss force." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Reference books contain everything except the one thing you want to know.

Strange to say, the world has never produced a deaf and dumb puglist.