

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

## CHAPTER VII.

M. Grandet entered the room, gave one sharp glance at the table and another at Charles. He saw how it was at once.

"Aha! you have been making a fete for your nephew. Good, very good, oh! very good, indeed!" he said, without stammering. "When the cat is away the mice may play."

"Fete?" thought Charles, who had not the remotest conception of affairs in the Grandet household.

Grandet drew from his waistcoat pocket a large draw-knife with a stag's horn handle, cut a slice of bread, buttered it slowly and sparingly, and began to eat as he stood. Just then Charles put some sugar into his coffee; this called Grandet's attention to the pieces of sugar on the table; he looked hard at his wife, who turned pale and came a step or two toward him; he bent down and said to the poor woman's ear:

"Where did all that sugar come from?"

"Nanon went out to Fessard's for some; there was none in the house."

It is impossible to describe the painful interest that this dumb show possessed for the three women; Nanon had left her kitchen, and was looking into the dining room to see how things went there. Charles meanwhile tasted his coffee, found it rather strong, and looked round for another piece of sugar, but Grandet had already pounced upon it and taken it away.

"What do you want, nephew?" the old man inquired.

"The sugar."

"Pour in some more milk if your coffee is too strong," answered the master of the house.

Eugenie took up the saucer, of which Grandet had previously taken possession, and set it on the table, looking quietly at her father the while. Charles did not the remotest conception of what his cousin endured for him, or of the horrible dismay that filled her heart as she met her father's angry eyes; he would never even know of her sacrifice.

"You are eating nothing, wife?"

The poor bundle went to the table, cut a piece of bread in fear and trembling, and took a pear. Eugenie, grown reckless, offered the grapes to her father, saying as she did so:

"Just try some of my fruit, papa! You will take some, will you not, cousin? I brought those pretty grapes down on purpose for you."

"Oh! if they could have their way, they would turn Saumur upside down for you, nephew! As soon as you have finished we will take a turn in the garden together; I have some things to tell you that would take a deal of sugar to sweeten them."

Eugenie and her mother both gave Charles a look, which the young man could not mistake.

"What do you mean by that, uncle? Since my mother died there is no misfortune possible for me."

"Who can know what afflictions heaven may send to make trial of us, nephew?" said his aunt.

"Tut, tut, tut," muttered Grandet, "here you are beginning with your folly already! I am sorry to see that you have such white hands, nephew."

He displayed the fists, like shoulders of mutton, with which nature had terminated his own arms.

"That is the sort of hand to rake the crows together! You put the kind of leather on your feet that we used to make pocketbooks of to keep bills in. That is the way you have been brought up. That's bad! that's bad!"

"What do you mean, uncle? I'll be hanged if I understand one word of this."

"Come along," said Grandet, and the miser shut his knife with a snap and opened the door.

"Oh! keep up your courage, cousin!"

Something in the girl's voice sent a sudden chill through Charles; he followed his formidable relative with dreadful misgivings. Eugenie and her mother and Nanon went into the kitchen; an uncontrollable anxiety led them to watch the two actors in the scene which was about to take place in the damp little garden.

Uncle and nephew walked together in silence at first. Grandet felt the situation to be a somewhat awkward one; not that he shrank at all from telling Charles of his father's death, but he felt a kind of pity for a young man left in this way without a penny in the world, and he cast about for phrases that should break the cruel news as gently as might be. "You have lost your father!" he could say that; there was nothing in that; fathers usually predecease their children. But, "You have not a penny!" All the woes of the world were summed up in those words, so for the third time the worthy man walked the whole length of the path in the center of the garden, crunching the gravel beneath his heavy boots, and no word was said.

"It is very fine; very warm," said Grandet, drawing in a deep breath of air. "Well, my boy, I have some bad news for you. Your father is very ill . . ."

"What am I doing here?" cried Charles. "Nanon!" he shouted, "order post horses! I shall be sure to find a carriage of some sort in the place, I suppose," he added, turning to his uncle, who had not stirred from where he stood.

"Horses and a carriage are of no use," Grandet answered, looking at Charles, who immediately stared straight before him in silence. "Yes, my poor boy, you guess what has happened; he is dead. But that is nothing; there is something worse; he has shot himself through the head."

"My father?"

"Yes, but that is nothing, either. The newspapers are discussing it, as if it were any business of theirs. There, read for yourself."

Grandet had borrowed Cruchot's paper, and now he laid the fatal paragraph before Charles. The poor young fellow—was only a lad as yet—made no attempt to hide his emotion, and burst into tears.

"Come, that is better," said Grandet to himself. "That looking in his eyes frightened me. He is crying; he will pull his wits. Never mind, my poor nephew, Grandet resumed, almost not knowing whether Charles heard him or no, "that is nothing, you will get over it, but—"

"Never! never! My father! my father!"

"He has ruined you; you are penniless."

"What is that to me? Where is my father?" The sound of his sobbing filled the little garden, reverberated in ghastly echoes from the walls. Tears are as infectious as laughter; the three women wept with pity for him. Charles broke from his uncle without waiting to hear more, and sprang into the yard, found the staircase, and fled to his own room, where he flung himself across the bed and buried his face in the bedclothes, that he might give way to his grief.

"Let him alone till the first shower is over," said Grandet, going back to the parlor. Eugenie and her mother had hastily returned to their places, had dried their eyes, and were sewing with cold, trembling fingers. "But that fellow is good for nothing," went on Grandet; "he is so taken up with dead folk that he doesn't even think about the money."

Eugenie shuddered to hear the most sacred of sorrows spoken of in such a way; from that moment she began to criticize her father, Charles' sobs, smothered though they were, rang through that house of echoes; the sounds seemed to come from under the earth, a heart-rending wail that grew fainter toward the end of the day, and only ceased as night drew on.

"Poor boy!" said Mme. Grandet. "It was an unfortunate remark. Good-morning Grandet looked at his wife, then at Eugenie, then at the sugar basin, he recollected the sumptuous breakfast prepared that morning for their unhappy sinners, and planted himself in the middle of the room.

"Look here, you two," he exclaimed, "there is to be no nonsense, mind! I am going to Cruchot's and have a talk with him about all this."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Grandet went out. As soon as the door closed upon Grandet, Eugenie and her mother breathed more freely. The girl had never felt constraint in her father's presence until that morning; but a few hours had wrought rapid changes in her feelings.

"Mamma, how many louis is a hog-head of wine worth?"

"Your father gets something between a hundred and a hundred and fifty francs for his; sometimes two hundred, I believe, from what I have heard him say."

"And would there be fourteen hundred hogheads in a vintage?"

"I don't know how many there are, child, upon my word; your father never talks about business to me."

"But, anyhow, papa must be rich."

"May be. But M. Cruchot told me that your father bought Frofond two years ago. That would be a heavy pull on him."

"He did not even so much as see me, the poor dear!" said Nanon, entering the room. "He is lying there on his bed like a calf, crying, you never saw the like! Poor young man; what can be the matter with him?"

"Let us go up at once and comfort him, mamma; if we hear a knock, we will come downstairs."

There was something in the musical tones of her daughter's voice which Mme. Grandet could not resist. Eugenie was sublime; she was a girl no longer, she was a woman. With beating hearts they climbed the stairs and went together to Charles' room. The door was open. The young man saw nothing and heard nothing; he was absorbed in his grief.

"How he loves his father!" said Eugenie in a low voice, and in her tone there was an unmistakable accent and hopes of which she was unaware. Mme. Grandet, with the quick instinct of a mother's love, spoke in her ear.

"Take care," she said, "or you may love him."

"Love him!" said Eugenie. "Ah! if you only knew what my father said."

Charles moved slightly as he lay, and saw his aunt and cousin.

"I have lost my father," he cried; "my poor father! If he had only trusted me and told me about his losses, we might have worked together to repair them. My kind father! I was so sure that I should see him again, and I said good-by so carelessly."

"We will surely pray for him," said Mme. Grandet. "Submit yourself to the will of heaven."

"Take courage, cousin," said Eugenie gently; "nothing can give your father back to you; you must now think how to save your honor."

A woman always has her wits about her, even in her capacity of comforter, and with instinctive tact Eugenie sought to divert her cousin's mind from his sorrow by leading him to think about himself.

"My honor?" cried the young man, hastily pushing back the hair from his eyes. He sat upright upon the bed, and folded his arms. "Ah! true. My uncle said that my father had failed. Leave me! leave me! Cousin Eugenie," he entreated. "Oh! heaven forgive my father, for he must have been terribly unhappy!"

There was something in the sight of this young sorrow that was terribly engaging. It was a sorrow that shrank from the gaze of others, and Charles' gesture of entreaty was understood by Eugenie and her mother. They went silently downstairs again, and sewed on for nearly an hour without a word to each other. About 4 o'clock a sharp knock at the door sent a sudden thrill of terror through Mme. Grandet.

"What can have brought your father back?" she said to her daughter.

"I have hooked them, wife," said the vine grower, in high good humor. "I have them safe. Our wine is sold. The Belgians were setting out this morning; I hung about in the market place in front of their inn, looking as simple as I could. A man came up to me. All the best-growers are hanging off and holding their vintage; they wanted to wait, and so they can, I have not hindered them. Our Belgian was at his wit's end, I saw that. So the bargain was struck; he is taking the whole of our vintage at two hundred francs the hoghead, half of it paid down at once in gold, and I have present money for the rest. There are six

louis for you. In three months' time prices will go down."

The last words came out quietly enough, but there was something so sardonic in the tone that if the little knots of growers, then standing in the twilight in the market place of Saumur, in dismay at the news of Grandet's sale, had heard him speak, they would have shuddered; there would have been a panic on the market—wines would have fallen fifty per cent.

"You have a thousand hobsheads this year, father, have you not?" asked Eugenie. "That will mean two hundred thousand francs!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle Grandet."

"Well, then, father, you can easily help Charles."

The surprise, the wrath and bewilderment with which Helshazar beheld Mme. Grandet's epithet written upon his palace wall was as nothing compared with Grandet's cold fury; he had forgotten all about Charles, and now he found that all his daughter's inmost thoughts were of his nephew, and that this arithmetic of hers referred to him. It was exasperating.

"Look here!" he thundered; "ever since that scapegrace set foot in my house everything has gone askew. You take it upon yourselves to buy sugar plums, and make a great set-out for him. I will not have these doings. I should think, at my age, I ought to know what is right and proper to do. At any rate, I have no need to take lessons from my daughter, nor from any one else. I shall do for my nephew whatever it is right and proper for me to do; you need not meddle in it. And now, Eugenie, if you say another word about it, I will send you and Nanon off to the Abbey at Novers, see if I don't. Where is that boy? Has he come downstairs yet?"

"No, he is crying for his father," Eugenie said.

Grandet looked at his daughter, and found nothing to say. There was some touch of the father even in him. He took one or two turns up and down, and then went straight to his strong-room to think over possible investments. He had thoughts of buying woods. Those two thousand acres of woodland had brought him in six hundred thousand francs; then there was the money from the sale of the poplars, there was last year's income from various sources, and this year's savings, to say nothing of the bargain which he had just concluded; so that, leaving those two hundred thousand francs out of the question, he possessed a lump sum of nine hundred thousand livres. That twenty per cent, to be made in so short a time upon his outlay, tempted him. Consols stood at seventy. He jotted down his calculations on the margin of the paper that had brought the news of his brother's death; the moans of his nephew sounded in his ears the while, but he went on with his work till Nanon thumped vigorously on the thick wall to summon her master to dinner. On the last step of the staircase beneath the archway Grandet paused and thought.

"There is the interest beside the 8 per cent—I will do it. Fifteen hundred thousand francs in two years' time, in gold from Paris, too, full weight. Well, what has become of my nephew?"

"He said he did not want anything," replied Nanon. "He ought to eat, or he will fall ill."

"It is so much saved," was her master's comment. "He will not keep on crying forever. Hunger drives the wolf from the wood."

Dinner was a strangely silent meal. When the cloth had been removed Mme. Grandet spoke to her husband.

"We ought to go into mourning, dear."

"Really, Mme. Grandet, you must be hard up for ways of getting rid of money. Mourning is in the heart; it is not put on with clothes."

"But for a brother mourning is indispensible."

"Then buy mourning out of your six louis; a band of crape will do for me; you can get me a band of crape."

(To be continued.)

## FOR THE LEASURELY PAST.

Plea for Old-Time Leisure and Simplicity Is Heard Again.

Mrs. Frederic Harrison's plea in the Cornhill for old-time leisure and simplicity is in a well-thrummed key. The theme is a stock one for essayists and verse-makers. How many, indeed, are being lamenled in a tone of tender melancholy, over the decay of the diary, the loss of the art of letter writing, the passing of the time when life's untruffled stream serenely flowed between velvet meadows of quietude. Truly, so recurrent is this familiar sentimentalism concerning the past that it is strange Campbell did not make his lines read:

Remembrance springs eternal in the breast,  
Man never is but always has been best.

It is a favorite preoccupation of each succeeding generation to regard itself as time-worn and jaded—the power of agreeable sensation exhausted; the store of primitive simplicity spent. The glory of Solomon's court was disturbed by the voice of the preacher saying all things had become vanity; on Dante's page fell the morning beams of the renaissance, yet his spirit is that life in his day had lost its savor and was an ordeal to be endured rather than a privilege to be enjoyed; Shakespeare wrote in the jound way of the great Elizabeth, yet when his soul speaks through Hamlet it is to complain that the times are out of joint. An age is seldom simple and leisurely to itself. It is ungracious to break in upon self-solacing musings, reflections which do no harm even though born of fancy rather than of fact. Nevertheless, the modern historical spirit is stern and insists that the truth is always its own justification. If the latter is a correct principle, then witnesses must be borne that the data collectors have fairly established that to-day is the age of leisure rather than fifty or one hundred or any other known number of years ago.—New York Globe.

However lady-like a girl may really be, she can't show it when chewing gum.

You're not in on some of the jokes the men laugh at; they're on you.



## LACK OF FILIAL OBEEDIENCE.

By Rev. W. F. McHenry.

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Prov. x. 1.

God has brought the human race together in families. The relations of the members of the family are most intimate. Parents and children are much together by day and by night; in grief and in joy; in sickness and in health. The family is rendered happy by each member filling his own place, and doing his duty to every other member. Such a family is a type of heaven. It may become a wretched family if the members are not considerate of other members, and if duty to each other is not discharged.

All good parents desire for their children that they be wise, useful and successful. No sacrifice is too great for parents to make if this end is to be attained, and children should have high appreciation of the sacrifices made. We take off our hats to the boy whose widowed mother had sacrificed every comfort of life that he might finish his college course and come to graduation; who, having placed in his hand the medal of honor, left the platform from which he had delivered his oration, walked down the aisle and placed the medal upon his mother's neck. The whole world looked upon and appreciated the laudable pride of Garfield's mother when she witnessed the inauguration of her son. And the public was not less stirred when the mother of President McKinley stood before thousands and saw her son taking the oath of office as President of the United States.

The Bible is not silent on the subject of filial obligation. God considered it of sufficient importance to make it one of the Ten Commandments.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." You will note the position of this commandment. It is the first in the second table of the law, and indicates very clearly that the family is the basis of all society. God would have us understand that the proper training of the youth is at the foundation of all virtue, and that children who do not honor their parents will, when the occasion offers, likewise dishonor all other authority.

Obedience to parental authority is a thing that should be insisted upon. The ability and willingness to obey is fundamental in character. We are taught obedience by nature and by the civil law, as well as by the Scriptures. As a rule, it should be unquestioning; and the only exception to the general law of filial obedience is where the conscience is involved. The instruction is, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord"—that is, as far as the commands of parents are according to the will and word of God. No child is called upon to obey that parent giving unreasonable and unscriptural commands.

The lack of filial obedience is everywhere looked upon with disfavor. It is said that the place of Absalom's pillar is known, and that it is common for travelers to throw stones on the heap with the words "Cursed be the memory of wicked Absalom, and cursed forever be all wicked children that rise up in rebellion against their parents."

In addition to obedience, we owe our parents reverence. They gave us our life and sustained that life until we became strong enough to be independent of their help. Their tender watchfulness over our infancy provided for our wants, and in their wisdom directed our education. They are superior to us in age and experience and in wisdom. Our attitude toward them should be the attitude of courteous speech and respectful demeanor.

We should look up to them. It is no uncommon thing for the children, because of the advantages which had been given them by the parents, to become more learned, more wealthy, and to occupy a higher position in the social and business world than did their parents. The child looking down upon the parent from this position ought to be enough to call down upon that child universal contempt. The parents may have infirmities, or may commit deeds that bring them under condemnation; still it is our business to hold them in honor, notwithstanding our grief for them. The picture presented when Garfield kissed his venerable mother after taking the Presidential oath was a fit subject for a painting or a poem.

Our parents who live three score years and ten come back very near the point where they started at the beginning, and this second childhood is like the first childhood in its weakness and helplessness, and needs protection. Age changes the position. In the first place, the parents in their strength sustain their children, and now the children have grown strong and must take up the duty of caring for the parents. They taught us to walk and supported us when we were too weak to stand. It is now our duty and privilege to permit them to lean upon us. No sacrifice was too great

for them to make, no labor was too hard for them to do, if by doing so they might give us comfort and plenty. It is the smallest thing we can do to assist them on the journey down the western slope of life.

The reverence, obedience and support should be given to our parents not merely as a duty required by self-respect, and by human and divine laws, but should be prompted by the highest principle that can control the heart of man, and this highest principle is love. Who can measure the depth of the love of a father or a mother? From the moment of birth this love has enfolded us. While we slept, with the mother sleepless herself, she watched over us and guarded us. In our sickness she bent over us and wept and prayed for our recovery. In our health and triumphs she has had delight, and in the defeats that have come to us none have shown so warm a sympathy as those who loved us first. Our prosperity made them glad, and the misfortune which had the effect of driving many away from us only drew them closer. Even disgrace has not been sufficient to alienate this love, and the son has been followed to the gallows and prison and the criminal's grave, and that grave has been moistened with tears and decked with flowers. Such love as this should call forth our best affection and our warmest gratitude.

VACATIONS A NECESSITY.

By Bishop Samuel Fallows.

These days of school and college commencements bring forcibly before us the truth that human life is a school. For intellectual, social, moral, business and spiritual ends this school exists. Nothing in its teachers, instructions or methods can be valueless or purposeless. A power above ourselves has placed us in school even as we send our children to school by a power beyond themselves.

That power very largely determines for us the agencies and instruments of instruction as we determine those of our children. Where and how we were born and what the nature of our environment in which our life was first unfolded was not ours to settle. But we were at school. The very air we breathed, the changes of the atmosphere and a thousand other things connected with nature and man have been shaping our lives. Both organism and environment have thus been potent factors. Environment may be credited with nine-tenths of our education and heredity with a scant one-tenth. A change in environment has changed a carnivorous bird into a garrulous one and the latter into the former.

As in school there must be moments of play, so must there be in the school of life. Vacations are needed in the one, so are they also in the other. Russell Sage to the contrary notwithstanding, one Sage is enough to a million of ordinary men. Too many of us older children do not know the meaning of relaxation in our restless weariness and our unrelenting, joylessness of our consuming, strenuous American life.

A wise physician of our city placed his daughter in one of our best public schools and solemnly forbade the teachers from imposing any lessons which should require more than one hour's study at home. And how in full bloom and beauty and healthful vigor she is able to assume the duties of responsible womanhood. Every teacher should be placed under bonds to do likewise.

The school life is crowded with hard lessons. Trials, sorrows, disappointments bereavements come. But the divine Providence which has permitted them will help us solve them. The great Teacher, with his heart filled with sympathy and love, never gets out of patience with us. If he cannot give us the meaning of them here he will make good his promise to each of us. "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter."

Short Meter Sermons.

Deeds demonstrate doctrine. Working religion is not religious work.

It takes a great man to do little things well.

Wings of love do not need a track of law.

Gold fetters are not more elastic than iron.

A difficulty is at the door of every delight.

Respectability is no substitute for repentance.

Love is always looking on God's side of people.

A yellow youth does not make a green old age.

A square man does not need to be all corners.

Heavenly manna does not make a man mealy mouthed.

Great souls can neither be starved by poverty nor choked by riches.

You know what a man lives for when you know what he looks at when alone.

Successful men know when not to tempt failure.

## HOW JAPAN WAS FOUNDED.

Quaint Tale that Has Been Handed Down by Tradition for Centuries.

We are indebted to the Jesuit discoverer, Charlevoix, for a tradition concerning the establishment of the Japanese empire. It is said that the first colony there was composed of Chinese, who settled on the neighboring island more than two centuries before the Christian era.

Sinoshiko, the legend runs, ascended the throne of China in the year 246 B. C., and at once entered on a career of cruelty and tyranny. He was, nevertheless, most anxious to enjoy the privileges of his position for as long a period as possible. For the purpose of endeavoring to obtain some specific agent by which the duration of human life could be prolonged, he dispatched trusted messengers and explorers into all the countries, or of the whereabouts of which he could obtain any knowledge.

Taking advantage of the circumstances, one of his medical attendants who was living in hourly dread of a sudden sentence to death told the emperor that he had learned that such an agent existed in the juices of a plant which grew only in the islands which now form the Japanese empire, which now form the Japanese empire, which now form the Japanese empire.

The plant in question was also reported to be one of so delicate structure and sensitive nature that, if not plucked with pure hands and special precaution, it would lose all its mysterious virtues before arriving within the limits of the Chinese empire.

It was suggested that 300 young men and the same number of girls—all of spotless physical health and moral purity—should be selected to proceed to Japan for the purpose of securing a sufficient supply of the precious plant. The suggestion was promptly acted on. The medical adviser also patriotically volunteered to conduct the expedition himself, and the offer was accepted.

The expedition embarked as speedily as possible for the Japanese islands, but not one of its members was ever seen within the bounds of the Chinese empire again. The previously unoccupied parts of Japan were rapidly populated with a race more fresh and vigorous in body and mind than the average inhabitants of the land of the "Celestials" itself! The medical chief of the expedition, of course, created himself king of the country, and soon had a magnificent palace erected for his residence, which he called Kanjoku, i. e., "grande maison, semblable aux cieux."

We are further told that the Japanese mention the historic fact in their annals; that they point out to visitors the spot on which the medical founder of their empire landed, and also show the ruins of a temple which was erected in his honor.

Wives as Wage-Earners.

The American prejudice against wage-earning by married women appears in the effort occasionally made to make the employment of teachers in the public schools terminate with marriage. But thousands of American married women do earn wages, thousands more would gladly do so if they could, and other thousands would be happier and better off if they did. The prejudice against it seems disadvantageous. American men, as a rule, prefer to support their wives if they can.

If an American married woman works for pay, it is either because it gives her pleasure or because her husband's income is insufficient. She does not do it as a matter of course. How long she can keep it up depends upon what the work is, and upon other circumstances. If she has children, that, of course, interferes with her wage-earning. If it does not stop it altogether, and general acceptance of a custom which would restrict or discourage child-bearing is not to the public advantage.

Marriage tends, and should tend, to withdraw women from wage-earning, but it need not stop it per se and abruptly. To make marriage a bar to future wage-earning by a woman operates in restriction of marriage, and that is at least as much against public policy as restriction of child-bearing.—Harper's Weekly.

He Had Seen Them Dug.

Many a city child who has grown up firm in the faith that codfish are born salt, and that tomatoes grow in cans has had his idea of the building of the world rudely shattered by a visit to the country. A newsboy just back from a fresh-air excursion, says the New York Tribune, was stopped one day by Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburg philanthropist, who wished to test his intelligence.

"How were those stones made, my son?" he asked, pointing to a pile of them.

"They wasn't made. They growed," was the ready answer.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, jes' de same as pertatoes. I seen 'em dug in de same field out 'n do pountry."

Mr. Oliver shook his head. "No, my boy," he said, "stones cannot grow. If you were to come back to these five years from now they would be just the same size."

"Yes," said the newsboy, with a earned sneer, "and so would pertatoes. They've been taken out of de ground, and dat ends it. They can't grow no more. But you can't fool me on stones, cause I've seen 'em dug."

By the time a man thoroughly understands the ways of a woman he is so old that he doesn't care anything about them.

Successful men know when not to tempt failure.