THE WANDERING JEW
by a lieutenant. I told him all. He saw that I behind you was so much moved, and I spoke with so much
warmth and convietion, that he became interWarmth and conviction, that he became inter-
ested.-Lieutenant,' said I to him, 'grant me one favor: Let a petty officer and two soldiers go to the convent, to to the daughters of Marshal Simon, und learn whether it is their choice to remain, of return to my father, who brought them fron Russia. You will then see if
tained against their will-,
"And what answer did he give you, Agricola? asked Mother Bunch, while Dagobert shrugged his shoulders, and continued to walk up and dow.
.' My good fellow'said he, what you ask me is impossible. I understand your motives, but I
cannot take upon myself so serious a measure. I should be broke were I to enter a convent by force. 'Then, sir, what am ' Faith, I don' enough to turn one's head. 'it will be safest,
know,' said the lieutenant: think, to wait.' Then, believing I had done al that was possible, father, I resolved to come back in the hope that you might have been more fortu nate than I-but, alas ! I was deceived!" So saying, the smith sank upon a chair, for he was a moment of profound silence after thes words of Agricola, which destroyed the last hopes of the three, mute and crushed beneath the strokes of inexorable fatality.
A few moments after, Agricola entered the room but, al is! the seamstress perceived at the firs glance, in the dejected countenance of the work man, the ruin of her cherished hopes.
which clearly announced the little faith he at tached to the steps taken by Agricola; "well what news
it is enough to ake one dash one's brains out against the wall eried the smith in a rage.
Dagobert turned towards Mother Bunch, an said:
it."

Well, father," cried Agricola; "have you see the Count de Montbron

The Count de Montbron set out for Lorrain three days ago. That is my good news," con tinued the soldier, with bitter irony; "let us hav yours-I long to know all. I need to know, if on appealing to the laws, which, as you told me protect and defend honest people, it ever happen that the rogues get the best of it. I want
know this, and then I want an iron hook-so count on you for both.

What do you mean, father?
First, tell me what you have done. We have time. It is not much more than half-past eight On leaving me, where did you go first

## ved your depositions.

## What did he say to you?"

After having kindly listened to all I had to state, he answered, that these young girls were placed in a respectable house, a convent-so tha there did not appear any urgent necessity fo not take upon himself to violate the sanctity of religious dwelling, upon your simple testimony to-morrow, he will make his report to the prope
authorities, and steps will be taken accordingly.

Yes, yes-plenty of put offs,' said the soldier
"But, sir,' answered I to him," resumed Agri cola, "'it is now, this very night, that you ought to act, for if these young girls should not be present to-morrow morning in the Rue Saint-Fran cois, their interests may suffer incalculable dam age. - "I am very sorry for il," replied he, "but of your father who likele declaration, or tha of your father, who-like yourself-is no relatio direct opposition to forms, which could not be set aside, even on the demand of a family. The law has its delays and its formalities, to which we are obliged to submit."
"Certainly!" said Dagobert. "We must submit to them, at the risk of becoming cowardly ungrateful traitors
"Didst speak also of Mdlle. de Cardoville him?" asked the work-girl.
much the same answered me on this subject in there was no proof in support of my deposition A third party had told me that Mdlle. de Cardo ville affirms she was not mad; but all mad people pretend to be eane. He could not therefore, upon the house of a respectable physician. the house of a respectable physician. But he course-"
"Then I wished to act just now for myself," said Dagobert, 'did I not see all this? And yet was weak enough to listen to you."
"But, father, what you wished to attempt was impossible, and you agreed that it would
you to far too dangerous consequences,"
"So," resumed the soldier, without answering his son, "they told you in plain terms, that we
must not think of obtaining legally the release of Rose and Blanche this evening, or even to-morrow morning?"
"Yes, father. In the eyes of the law, there no special urgency. The question may not be decided for two or three days."
"That is all I wished to know," said Dagobert
ising, and walking up and down the room.
"And yet,"'resumed his son, "I did not con-
hat justice could not remain deaf to such equita ble claius, I ran to the Palais de Justice, hoping to find there a judge, a magistrate, who would eceive my complaint, and act upen it."

Well ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ said the soldier, stoping him.
ve o'clock, and do not open again till ten in th morning. Thinking of your despair, and of the position of poor Mdile. de Cardovilie, I determined to make one more attempt. I entered a
guard-house of troops of the line, commanded

Bunch went out. The smith rose from the ground, took the blanket from the bed, and carefully wrapped it about the knees and feet of his
her: "Your hands dear mother!" and taking those feeble palms in
Nothing could be more touching than this picand resolute countenance, exprossing by his
and resoluto eooks the tenderness, and paying the
most delicate attentions to his poor, pale, tremling old mother.
etch a pillow, and brought it to his wife, saying "Lean forward a little, and I will put this pillow

## CHAPTER XI

The door-which Agricola had not thought fastoning-opened, as it were, timidly, and Frar ces Buadoin, Dagobert's wife, pale, sinking, harr
ly able to support herself, appeared on the thres
The soldier, Agrieola, and Mother Bunch, wer plunged in such deep dejection, that neither dvanced two steps into the entrance. France nees, clasped her hands together, and said in pardon!
At these words, Agricola and the work-girlound suddenly, and Dagobert hastily raised bis
"My mother!" cried Agricola, running
"My
"My wife!" cried Dagobert, as he also ro "On your knees, dear mother!" said Agricol "ooping down to embrace her affectionatel "Net up, I entreat youl" irm accents, "I will not raises, till your fath has forgiven me. I have wronged him muchow I know it."
Forgive you, my poor wife?" said the soldie accused you except in my first transport of de cused, and there I was righ
gain," added he, assisting his son to raise Fran
you to grief the less. They have then restor earn in what prison they had put you. I ha But come, dear wife: sit down!"

## -how pale! said Agricola with anguish, his ey

ling with tears. "Why did you not let etch you. But how you tremble! Your hand frozen Mother Bunch: "Pray, make a little fire direct "I thought of it, as soon as your father came Agricola, but there is no wood nor charcoal
"Then pray borrow some of Father Loriot, my ear sister. He is too good a fellow to refuse My poor mother trembles-she might fall ill"

LARGE VOLUME

 APPENDIX NO To Aumo

behind you
warmer."
"How you both spoil me!" said Frances, trying to smile. "And you to be so kind, after all the ill I have done! " added she to Dagobert, as, disengaging one of her hands from those lof he
son, she took the soldier's hand fand pressed it to isengaging one of her hands from those Jof her
console her on the subject of the painful past, but
co she took the soldier's hand jand pressed it to
he feared to give a new shock to Dagobert, and her tearful eyes. "In prison," said she in a low $\begin{aligned} & \text { was silent }\end{aligned}$
(To be continued.)
Agricola's heart was near breaking at the dought that his pious and good mother, with er angelic purity, should for a momont have een confued in prison with so many miserable creatures. He would have made some attempt to her tearful eyes. "In prison," said she in a low was silent
voice, "I had time to repent."


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