

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER

By HONRE DE BALZAC

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Come along, Cruchot," said Grandet, addressing the notary. "You are one of my friends; I am going to show you what a piece of folly it is to plant poplars in good soil—"

"Then the sixty thousand francs that you fingered for those poplars of yours in the meadows by the Loire are a mere trifle to you?" said Cruchot, opening his eyes wide in his bewilderment. "And such luck as you had, too!"

"Felling your timber just when there was no white wood to be had in Nantes, so that every trunk fetched thirty francs?"

Eugenie heard and did not hear, utterly unconscious that the most critical moment of her life was rapidly approaching, that a paternal and sovereign decree was about to be pronounced, and that the old notary was to bring all this about. Grandet had reached the magnificent meadow land by the Loire. Some thirty laborers were busy digging out the roots of the poplars that once stood there, filling up the holes that were left and leveling the ground.

"Jean," he called to one of the laborers, "fill up all the holes except those along the riverbank, where you can plant those poplar saplings that I bought. If you set them along by the Loire they will grow there finely at the expense of the government," he added, and as he looked round at Cruchot the man on his nose twitched slightly, the most sardonic smile could not have said more.

"Yes, it is clear enough, poplars should only be planted in poor soil," said Cruchot, quite overcome with amazement at Grandet's astuteness.

"Y—s, sir," said the cooper ironically. Eugenie was looking out over the glorious landscape and along the Loire, without heeding her father's words; but Cruchot's talk with his client took another turn, and her attention was suddenly aroused.

"So you have a son-in-law come from Paris; they are talking about nothing but your nephew in all Saumur. I shall soon have settlements to draw up; eh, pere Grandet?"

"Did you come out early to—t—tell me that?" inquired Grandet, and again the man twitched. "Very well, you are an old crony of mine; I will be plain with, and t—tell you what you want to know. I would rather fling my 4—d—daughter into the Loire, look you, than g—give her to her cousin. You can give that out. But, no, I—let people gossip."

Everything swam before Eugenie's eyes. Her vague hopes of distant happiness had suddenly taken definite shape and sprung up and blossomed, and then her harvest of flowers had been as suddenly cut down and lay on the earth. Since yesterday she had woven the bands of happiness that unite two souls, and henceforward sorrow, it seemed, was to strengthen them. Is it not written in the noble destiny of woman that the grandeur of sorrow should touch her more closely than all the pomp and splendor of fortune?

How came it that a father's feelings had been extinguished? What crime could be laid at Charles's door? Mysterious questions! Mysterious and sad forebodings already surrounded her growing love, that mystery within her soul. When they turned to go home again she trembled in every limb, and as they went up the shady street, along which she had lately gone so joyously, the shadows looked gloomy, the air she breathed seemed full of the melancholy of autumn, everything about her was sad. Love, that had brought these keener perceptions, was quick to interpret every boding sign. As they neared home, she walked on ahead of her father, knocked at the house door, and stood waiting beside it. But Grandet, seeing that the notary carried a newspaper still in its wrapper, asked, "How are consols?"

"I know you will not take my advice, Grandet," Cruchot replied. "You should buy at once; the chance of making twenty per cent on them in two years is still open to you. You can buy now at eighty francs fifty centimes."

"We shall see," remarked Grandet pensively, rubbing his chin. "Great heavens!" exclaimed the notary, who by this time had unfolded his newspaper.

"Well, what is it?" cried Grandet as Cruchot put the paper in his hands and said: "Read that paragraph."

"M. Grandet, one of the most highly respected merchants in Paris, shot himself through the head yesterday afternoon, after putting in an appearance on 'Change as usual. He had previously sent in his resignation to the President, resigning his position as Judge of the Tribunal of Commerce. His affairs had become involved through the failures of his stock broker and notary. M. Grandet, whose character was very greatly esteemed, and whose credit stood high, would no doubt have found temporary assistance on the market which would have enabled him to tide over his difficulties. It is to be regretted that a man of such high character should have given way to the first impulse of despair—"

and so forth, and so forth.

CHAPTER VI.

"I knew it," the old vine grower said. Phlegmatic though Cruchot was, he felt a horrible shudder run through him at the words; perhaps Grandet of Paris had stretched imploring hands in vain to the millions of Grandet of Saumur; the blood ran cold in his veins.

"And his son?" he asked presently; "he was in such spirits yesterday evening."

"His son knows nothing as yet," Grandet answered, imperturbable as ever.

"Good morning, M. Grandet," said Cruchot. He understood the position now, and went to reassure the President de Bonfont.

Grandet found breakfast ready. Mme. Grandet was already seated in her chair, mounted on the wooden blocks, and knitting woolen cuffs for the winter. Eugenie ran to her mother and put her arms about her, with the eager hunger for affection that comes of a hidden trouble.

and called him, but it was all one, he never heard me."

"Let him sleep," said Grandet; "he will wake soon enough to hear bad news, in any case."

"What is the matter?" asked Eugenie. She was putting into her cup the two smallest lumps of sugar, weighing goodness knows how many grains; her worthy parent was wont to amuse himself by cutting up sugar whenever he had nothing better to do.

"His father has blown his brains out," "Oh! that poor boy!" cried Mme. Grandet.

"Poor indeed!" said Grandet; "he has not a penny."

"Ah, well! he is sleeping as if he were the king of all the world," said Nanon pitily.

Eugenie could not eat. Her heart was wrung as a woman's heart can be when for the first time her whole soul is filled with sorrow and compassion for the sorrow of one she loves. She burst into tears.

"You did not know your uncle, so what is there to cry about?" said her father, with a glance like a hungry tiger's; just such a glance as he could give, no doubt, to his heaps of gold.

"But who wouldn't feel sorry for the poor young man, sir?" said the serving maid; "sleeping there like a log, and knowing nothing of his fate."

"I did not speak to you, Nanon! Hold your tongue!"

In that moment Eugenie learned that a woman who loves must dissemble her feelings. She was silent.

"Until I come back, Mme. Grandet, you will say nothing about him, I hope," the old cooper continued. "They are making a ditch in my meadows, and I must go and see after it. I shall come back for the second breakfast at noon, and then my nephew and I will have a talk about his affairs. As for you, Made-moiselle Eugenie, if you are crying over that popinjay, let us have no more of it, child. He will be off post-haste to the Indies directly, and you will never set eyes on him any more."

Her father took up his gloves, which were lying on the rim of his hat, put them on in his cool, deliberate way, and then he went out.

"Oh! mamma, I can scarcely breathe!" cried Eugenie when she was alone with her mother; "I have never suffered like this!"

This nervous excitement in one who was usually so quiet and self-possessed produced an effect on Mme. Grandet. She looked at her daughter, and her mother's love and sympathetic instinct told her everything.

"My poor little girl!" said Mme. Grandet, drawing Eugenie's head down till it rested upon her bosom.

Her daughter lifted her face, and gave her mother a questioning look, which seemed to read her inmost thoughts.

the eggs, "we will give you chickens in the shell."

"Oh, new-laid eggs!" said Charles, who, after the manner of those accustomed to luxury, had quite forgotten all about his partridge. "Delicious! Do you happen to have any butter, eh, my good girl?"

"Butter? If you have butter now, you will have no cake by and by," said the handmaid.

"Yes, of course, Nanon; bring some butter," cried Eugenie.

The young girl watched her cousin while he cut his bread and butter into strips, and felt happy. The most romantic shopgirl in Paris could not more thoroughly enjoy the spectacle of innocence triumphant in a melodrama. It must be conceded that Charles, who had been brought up by a graceful and charming mother, and had received his "finishing education" from an accomplished woman of the world, was as dainty, neat and elegant in his ways as any coxcomb of the gentler sex. The girl's quiet sympathy produced an almost magnetic effect. Charles, finding himself thus waited upon by his cousin and aunt, could not resist the influence of their overflowing kindness. He was radiant with good humor, and the look he gave Eugenie was almost a smile. As he looked at her more closely he noticed her pure, regular features, her unconscious attitude, the wonderful clearness of her eyes, in which love sparkled, though she as yet knew nothing of love but its pain and a wistful longing.

"Really, my dear cousin," he said, "if you were in a box at the opera and in evening dress, and I would answer for it, my aunt's remark about deadly sin would be justified, all the men would be envious, and all the women jealous."

Eugenie's heart beat fast with joy at this compliment, though it conveyed no meaning whatever to her mind.

"You are laughing at a poor little country cousin," she said.

"If you knew me better, cousin, you would know that I detest banter; it sears the heart and deadens the feelings." And he swallowed down a strip of bread and butter with perfect satisfaction. "No," he continued, "I never make fun of others, very likely because I have not wit enough. They have a deadly trick in Paris saying, 'He is so good natured,' which, being interpreted, means 'the poor youth is as stupid as a rhinoceros.' But as I happen to be rich, and it is known that I can hit the bull's eye straight off at thirty paces, with any kind of pistol, anywhere, these witticisms are not leveled at me."

"It is evident from what you say, nephew," said Mme. Grandet, gravely, "that you have a kind heart."

"That is a very pretty ring of yours," said Eugenie; "is there any harm in asking to see it?"

Charles took off the ring and held it up; Eugenie reddened as her cousin's rose-pink nails came in contact with her finger tips.

"Mother, only see how fine the work is!"

"Oh, what a lot of gold there is in it!" said Nanon, who brought in the coffee.

"What is that?" asked Charles, laughing, as he glanced to an oval pinkie made of glazed brown earthenware, ornamented without by a circular fringe of ashes. It was full of a brown, boiling liquid, in which coffee grounds were visible, as they rose to the surface and fell again.

"Coffee; boiling hot!" answered Nanon.

"Oh, my dear aunt, I must at least leave some beneficent trace of my stay here. You are a long way behind the times! I will show you how to make decent coffee." Forthwith he endeavored to explain the principles involved.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Fanny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Tom—But why did you have a boy deliver your wedding invitations instead of sending them by mail?

Jack—Couldn't afford to take chances.

Tom—Chances of what?

Jack—Being arrested. Don't you know it is unlawful to send lottery tickets through the mails?

Real Thing.

"Yes," remarked the bald-headed man, "my wife is president of a secret society."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the fussy old bachelor. "The idea of women having anything to do with secret societies."

"But," explained he of the absent hair, "this is a society in which the members exchange secrets."

Same Old Fall Down.

"O, dear, is it going to fall down again?"

"Fall down again? Why, condemn the thing, it hasn't quit falling down the first time yet!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ever Notice It?

Stinkus—What is the diameter of a silver dollar?

Tinkins—Oh, it varies.

Stinkus—How's that?

Tinkins—It is smaller on pay day than it is a few days later.

Didn't Worry Him.

Her—My brother gets more than 3 hundred love letters every day.

Him—You don't say! And does he answer all of them?

Her—No, indeed! He gets them because he's a letter carrier.

Stage vs. Real Life.

McFlub—There's a heap of difference between real life and the stage.

Sleeth—As to how?

McFlub—Well, on the stage when the hero gets in trouble the heroic hollers, "I'll never be love it." But in real life she generally says, "Just what I expected."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Almost the Same Thing.

"I understand you were carried away by her singing."

"Well, not quite that; I was driven away by it, though!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Only Two.

"This dispatch," said the assistant editor, "says that one of the Russian ships remaining at Port Arthur did gallant work during the last attack. I wonder which one it was."

"Oh! give the Russians full credit," replied the editor. "Make it read, 'both of the Russian ships, etc.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Early Variety.

"Are those four o'clocks?"

"Not yet. I should judge that they were about twenty-minutes-after-two to-day."

Somewhat Pugilistic.

Mrs. Churchleigh—They say our new minister is what they call a fighting parson.

Churchleigh—All ministers are fighting parsons, my dear.

Mrs. Churchleigh—How's that?

Churchleigh—They put a lot of people to sleep.

Another View.

"Waal, nobody can't say Ephraim didn't love his wife," remarked Farmer Goodman at the funeral; "see how he's a-cryin'!"

"H'm!" remarked Mrs. Crabtree; "they do say that some men cry when they think of the extra expense they got to meet."—Philadelphia Press.

A Luminous Truth.

Sidney—Talk is silver—silence is gold.

Rodney—Nonsense; lots of talk is pure brass.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fires, Festive Bagns, Etc., Etc.

"I was much interested," said W. L. Lappley, formerly boatswain's mate of the U. S. S. Pinola, in the story of the man who saved Sherman's ammunition at Resaca. I have another instance of self-sacrificing bravery which has received no mention in official reports or in print. My part in the story is that of an eyewitness to a daring deed. I will say briefly that I served four years in the navy and that in April, 1862, I was boatswain's mate on the gunboat Pinola, on the lower Mississippi, under Farragut.

"At that time Farragut's fleet and the mortar boats were bombarding Forts Jackson and St. Philip. The gunboats were engaged daily, and would run up close to the chain stretched across the river just below the forts. This obstructed the channel at a point where vessels stopped by the sunken chain would be under fire of the forts, and Farragut decided to remove the obstruction before making an attack in force. The gunboats Pinola and Itasca were chosen for the work, and the attempt was made on the very dark night of April 29.

"Our boat was in charge of Commander Pierce Crosby, one of the oldest naval officers in the fleet, and every man on the boat was instructed as to what he was to do under given circumstances. We carried on the Pinola an infernal machine or torpedo, the invention of a Frenchman on board, with which we hoped to demolish one of the hulks supporting the chain. This chain, by the way, was one of the largest ship cables kind. It was secured on the south side of the river in the woods below Fort Jackson and carried across the river to the north side, near Fort St. Philip, where it was held taut by a crab winch. It was supported by four hulks so as to sustain the chain at the required depth below the water surface.

"It was dark as dark could be, and we of the Pinola ran alongside the middle hulk, and there being no guards on board, we made our infernal machine secure under the chain and attached the electric wire. Two men carried the wire to the station near the battery on the gunboat, so as to be ready as soon as we were far enough away to make connection with the battery and blow up the hulk. However, the water was unusually high, the current was very strong, and our boat was swept astern so fast that before we could regain headway the wire snapped off short near the reel.

"This caused excitement and confusion on board the Pinola, the noise was heard at the fort, and the guns opened on us in a way to send us off in a hurry. Meantime the Itasca had been to the north of us examining the channel, and after slipping the chain from one of the hulks had run aground under the guns of Fort St. Philip. Just as we were turning down stream the officer commanding the Itasca came alongside in a small boat, reported that his ship was aground close in shore under St. Philip, and asked if he should abandon the vessel and blow her up, as the rebels as soon as it became light enough to see would destroy her. Crosby replied, 'No,' and directed the officer to go back to his ship, saying that the Pinola would take the Itasca's hawser and try to pull her off.

"Thereupon the Pinola ran over in the darkness to the Itasca, where there was a great confusion. We got our hawser out, conveyed it to the Itasca, secured it, and all being ready steamed ahead with a swing to port for the center of the river to get more power. But the hawser parted, and before we could haul in the piece on our side it sunk under the propeller well and was caught up and wound around the shaft so tightly that it stopped the engines. Here was a crisis which, like that at Resaca, had to be met at once, or both boats would be lost. The forts were already firing at us, and the moon was coming up.

"Crosby and the other officers and the men worked like beavers. A hawser was bent to the kedge anchor and let go to hold the Pinola's head up stream, and Lieutenant Cook asked for a volunteer to go down the propeller well with an ax and cut the hawser from the shaft. The carpenter's mate, Edward Spencer, of Baltimore, said he would try it. A rope was fastened around his body and a life line to his left arm, and down he went into the well, I looking after the life line. Spencer dived through six feet of water, and standing on the propeller shaft tried to cut the hawser, which, of course, he could not see. He came up twice to blow, but succeeded the third time in cutting the hawser, and lucky for him and all of us that he did cut it.

"Just as he struck the last link and came up the eddy current struck the gunboat on the starboard bow, causing her to sheer to port and the full strain coming on the hawser, it parted and we drifted broadside down stream. Just at that moment the propeller was cleared, the engines were started, and all was safe. We gave the Itasca another hawser and the first pull with her engines working with ours brought her off and we proceeded down stream under a full head of steam just as the moon rose.

"By his daring and bravery Spencer saved the two gunboats and the lives of those on board. If the hawser to the kedge anchor had been in the port

hawsers when the current in the eddy struck the bow of the Pinola she certainly would have gone ashore, as she had no use of her engines at the time. If Spencer had been compelled to go down a fourth time he would have been crushed to death by the shifting of the boat when the hawser parted."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Taken for a Spy.

There is living in Gasper County, Neb., a lady who did an unintentional service to the Union army at a critical time by looking as much like Pauline Cushman, the spy, as she could. The lady is an own cousin of Jeff Davis' first wife, was raised in the South, grew up under the baneful influences of slavery, and has visited with her slave-dealing relatives every central slave market of the South. One could not expect loyalty to grow from such conditions.

A young fellow from Wisconsin went South as a teacher and was engaged in or near St. Louis to teach a niece of hers. She had revolted against slavery and was looking for a way out of the land of her kinsfolk. In three weeks after meeting her niece's Northern instructor she took advantage of an opportune moment—a dark night, I think she told me—and eloped with him to a better place—Wisconsin. War was then a foregone conclusion, and the call for troops was soon announced. The private tutor enlisted in the Twentieth Wisconsin and was in the battle at Prairie Grove, Ark., or near there, at the time. His young Southern wife could get no tidings of him after the battle, and started from Jefferson County, Wis., to find him. She was taken possession of in St. Louis by rebel officers, taken to the house of one of them, and searched for a dispatch they supposed she had. They cut her cloak to pieces, stripped a new hat into seamless shreds, took her purse and its contents, but generously forgot to take the change of a \$5 bill that was loose in her dress pocket. Searched the remainder of her clothing in an unbecoming manner (even for war times), then told her if she had any prayers to make she must make them pretty quick. She asked to be taken to relatives to be identified. They complied, and the relatives acknowledged that she was the person she claimed to be, but would have nothing more to do with her. Pauline Cushman, the famous spy, had happened to see her on the train, and the physical resemblance was so striking that she assumed the dress of her (at that time unfortunate) rival, and went boldly out of St. Louis the next day in another assumed dress of her rival's, and no rebel dared to interfere with her lest the mistake of the day previous be repeated, and that "dispatch" went on its merciful mission to a Union general.

Two days after her St. Louis experience she narrowly escaped a treatment to tar and feathers by the timely appearance of a Union soldier doing guard duty at Pacific City, twenty-five miles from St. Louis. She had gone there to visit her mother. The \$5 in change being all the money the "chivalry" left in her possession, her search for a Union husband was abruptly ended. She was writing a letter to him when a little knot of Missouri bushwhackers rushed into the house with their tar kettle, and the Union guard stationed four or five miles distant rushed in on the noble Missourians. His name was Ghost. He had a slight acquaintance with a younger sister of the lady, and supposed she was the one the bushwhackers were after. He would have gone to the defense anyhow. It was one instance of the war when "one Southern gentleman didn't lick twenty Yanks." Does anyone remember the circumstance or the man?

Having renounced the Southern faith, her relatives refused to protect her, and her money being gone, she could neither follow her husband nor return to his Northern home, so she went to work at that which came nearest to the Union cause, in hospital or anywhere that she could do at all, and did not see her husband until the war was over. Once when in camp at New Orleans he started like a happy whirlwind to meet his wife. Imagine his disappointment. It was Pauline Cushman riding into camp with an important dispatch for the commanding general.

Expounding the Constitution.

In 1861 two boys who had been friends at school went to their homes for their summer vacation. A year later one of them, swinging along with his battalion, spied the other as a member of another body of soldiers. His greeting was of the familiar type, consisting of, "Hello! John, what are you doing down here?" Quick as a flash came the response: "Oh, just down here helping to expound the Constitution."

And so it was. Statesmen had debated the question for three-quarters of a century; lawyers had argued the subject, and judges had made conflicting rulings regarding it. But these two schoolboys and their comrades were to define its meaning so that all the world should understand it.

The oil from the germ of a kernel of corn is worth 5 cents a pound, while the starch with which the kernel is filled is worth but 1½ cents a pound. The muscle forming protein is in the hull.

Nothing is so hard, but search will find it out.—Herrick.



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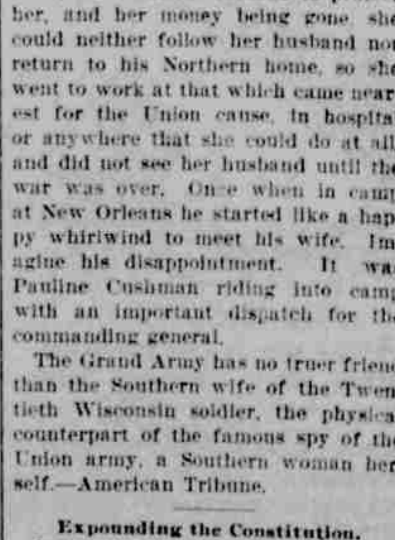
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