# eauxlieux Diamonds

By Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED. She listened; but she hardly understood him. She feared; but he half imbued her with his feeling. She doubted if he were not possessed of a sacred fury. And while she was sure that her son-Beaulieux-could not be otherwise than right, yet a great melancholy oppressed her, as if for the first time she saw thrones shake and the old order of things go by. "Oh, what shall we do with him, M. Etienne?" she cried when he had gone.

"Nothing," said M. Etienne, "the good God has him in hand."

Sometimes when Beauxlieux came home, he had strange tales of his experience in the prisons, where he had gained permission to practice and to Sometimes he had nothing at all to say, as if words fell short of power. Once, in contrast to all this, he brought his mother the most charming Parisian costume, the daintiest hat and mantie. It made her feel herself a woman of the world again when she put them on. "You look like all the rest of them?" said Beauxlieux, "only a thousand times lovelier than any of them! You shall go up with me and see the new Paris. You get into a rut living in solitude, like the rest of the underground people. You shall go to the opera again; you shall go to the Bon

'The extravagance, Beauxlieux! No. no, I do not wish to go."

"Reason the more that you should And as for expenses, if money does not grow on bushes now, yet l have all we need. And, my first duty being to you, my mother, there will his cows and sheep or crowding the still be that which will suffice for the cellars of filthy city courts! new Crusade, in saving those who are In this day the sepulchre of Christ, in earrying succor to how many of the sad and sorry!"

It had plainly become a passion with him, this care for the spirits in prison | had she to ask? She had Olympe prenot only behind iron grates, but in the bonds of rude flesh. His mother could not explain why the whole thing gave | ber to whom he belonged-his mother her such vague uneasiness. She turned still the grande dame-and she went for comfort, as usual, to M. Etienne. "It is time that he ranged himself, that I found for him some young girl with a sufficient dot," her thoughts summoning up an array of possible and impos- of the sudden sheets of luster that, sible young princes es.

gone. The Chevaller St. Malo died illumine the very abyss into which the last year. Mortignat is imbecile. I glory of the Sarazines Beauxileux had doubt if there is one left in the world | fallen who knows that the Duchess des Sara- One by one Olympe took the cases zines Beauxlieux lives! And he begins

We-we may be sure Sarazines Beauxlieux attempted, he would do as well as the best. Had not even poor little Pierre made money? "What is it, monsieur? You, also,

you a physician, you should know." "I have always had sufficient, mad-ame," said M. Etienne, with an air of cold restraint quite foreign to him, and leaving her with an abrupt bow, as if he heard some one speaking without. he paused in tthe great hall to wipe his forehead. What he did know very well

( night. His mother knew that he carried alms to the perishing, that he went to give them the help of his profession, for which alone he had learned and valued it, to teach their rights as human beings to whole clusters of slaves. One day she found a letter open on Beauxlieux's desk, written, it said, from the blood of a pricked vein; and she felt a horrible foreboding that some day he, also, would be in the depths of some oubliette sending such a message to hearten those without Oh, what had happened to the world. she cried, when a prince like Beauxlieux felt himself of no more worth than the tatterdemalion herding with



The Duchess Herself Opened Them.

But now he was coming home! And when she saw him she forgot danger. He was there and the sun shone. With Beaulieux at her feet, with M. Etlenne at the other side of the fire, what more pare a tollette for her to wear on this birthday that should make him rememwith Olympe to the secret place in the wall to bring out the old Beauxlieux diamonds, with half a pleasant anticipation of the flash of their awakening, after their three years' imprisonment, "But my people, my friends, are should stream out as if they would

and carried them to the dressing table. have money. The bourgeois spirit The duchess herself opened the large of the time will seize him if we do not one, and instead of the burst of radibeware. Is it that it is the habit of all ance-nothing. Only the loose, soft young men, playing, as he does, at a chamois lining of the thing gave out profession, so soon to arrive at wealth?" an empty gleam. There was some mis-"I-I do not know," stammered M. take. How was it? Could the jewels are suffering from weakness, have been crowded into the other The duchess looked at him in sur-prise. Sure of what? Was M. Etienne why, as they tried to open them. One that Beauxlieux found and all they were empty. The seldom money easily? Of course whatever a worn coronet, the lesser diadem, the run down; Gilmore's Arorivieries, those superb and matchless stones-of the fillets and of the collar for more than a thousand years, had vanished as if they had been soap-

CHAPTER V.

they dragged out the iron ox. Both women confronted each other, white was that no young physician could and shaking. They had been robbed!



"I Can Bear It No Longer," She Cried.

bring home to his mother, from time to | What misery! What cruelty! Who time. Worth costumes, hothouse lux-uries, costly wines, or a pony carriage to take the air, even though he denied taken them? "Do not speak," said the himself everything as Beauxlieux did, duchess. "Be quiet till I can think! and gave them to her because, sensible Oh. say nothing, say nothing till I can that they were as much to her after think," she murmured over and over. long seclusion as sun and air to those others, the sufferers, as equal laws to ing! the craftsmen, as liberty and life to the slave, as the bit of mother earth to all that tread upon it. "She is one of my diamonds.
people, too," he said to M. Etienne.
"And to each according to his need!" Olympe w And then, by an unavoidable accident, M. Etienne had seen a scrap of paper, on which was noted, apparently, a balance that had made him feel as if there was nothing real left in the world. He called to mind the gaming the same of the same debts of the old duke, his grandfather, stories of wild play, in which whole provinces changed hands and lands and serfs were staked against the value of a fair predendue's affections. But cared for them, other than as they repanything like that, he knew as well as he knew that the sky was above him, was impossible to Beauxlieux. The worst he feared, he the royalist, was that place and power were throwing fortune into the young noble's hands, so peradventure to win him to themselves. How he had come by such a sum of money his friend and tutor could not say-it had a strange lookbut under any and all circumstances Beauxileux must be right. What was of more consequence to M. Etlenne than all the rest was that the duchess

was uneasy concerning it. Beauxlieux's twenty-fourth birthday was now approaching. He was away with Jean—Jean in the priestly garb he always wore now—on one of their trips which he called journeys into the wrapped in a cloud of gloom. She did

"Say nothing, my 'Olympe! Say noth-

Without question there was not a stone or spark left of the Beauxlieux

The duchess could have trusted Olympe with her life; she knew, of course, that nothing would be said about the loss of the diamonds till she spoke herself. And it seemed to her as vanished like thin phantoms before this terrible reality of evil. Not that the diamonds were gone; not that anyone could reproach her for neglect, was she concerned. What had she ever resented the long-descended luster of the family itself? And it was not she who had been robbed, any more than the long line of all that dead and gone people. She placed the great hall and looked angrily at the dark portfaltswere the eyes there stabbing her with reproach for what she had brought among them? She went out and essayed to busy herself among her late lingering flowers. It was no use; there was a worm at every root. When she walked along the shore, the restless wash and roar of the water was the only thing in tune with the tumult of her thoughts. When she came in she whirled, without reading it, a letter of

not eat in these days. She did not sleep. White and thin and with a little breathless air, the blackness of her gown was not so black as the shadow that surrounded her. "They were his!" she said over and over to herself, like the tolling of a bell. "They were his-de quelque maniere. He had only to speak. I would have put them into his hand. But to—oh, no, no, no, let me not say the word! It is impossible. Mother of God, and it is true! Oh! Oh! Oh! Beauxlieux! Beauxlieux, my zon!" And her grief was more hopeless than that of another who buries her child.

Sometimes she would wonder if she were dreaming. Or even, with a throb of relief, if it could be that she were crazed. Suddenly she would deny it all, and accuse herself of an infamy. She to suspect the noblest, the truest, the loftiest of his line! She to believe evil of that upright, proud soul! And then the facts flashed before her again like a chain of lightning on the darkness-the ease that had insensibly come into the house, the accursed gowns from Worth, the frequency of the costly journeys, the repairs of the roofs of the chateau. Where Beauxlieux obtained the money? "Oh, I can bear it no more," she cried once, starting back from the embrasure of the window as M. Etienne came in, and not knowing that she spoke aloud, "I

can bear it no longer,"
"Pardon me," said the monsieur. Pardon if I overhear. I have seen be for that your grace is troubled. Have you lost all confidence in me, madame! At least, will you not remember that I am your physician?" He stood there as pale as she, his head bowed, his sad eyes at her feet

She ran toward him, but stopped tottering, so that she would have fallen but for his quick arm. "Oh, monsieur!" she cried. "You are all I have-for he has broken my heart!"
"You are wrong," he said to her, when some time afterward, with sobs and tears and wild cries and exclamations, she had unburdened her heart "It is just as much out of the question as that the sky should fall. Doubt Beauxlieux? I would as soon-let me say it as I would say a prayer-doubt the Lord. It is simply impossible."

"We will let it rest there then." "Oh, Etlenne: it is so long that you have been a comfort, a help, a shield to

"And will be forever!" "Oh, but the money, Etienne!" she eried, with recurring memories coming ike the waves of subsiding waters We who have been so long without money-all that money he must have!

wringing her hands again. "That is his affair. It is not mine, If the Duke des Sarazines Beauxlieux has a purse befitting him, he came by it as the earth comes to the sun, through the grace of God. It is not possible that white should be black, and Beauxlieux is white! White as innocence and goodness. No, no, no, do not give it a thought. You wrong yourself. My God! You've wronged him. We must

look elsewhere." "But why does the suspicion-oh, the terrible, hateful suspicion, the dreadful facts! Why do they all arrange them selves about him?" she persisted. 'Alas! Alas! Why indeed do I live Why does not my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth? It is my son of whom I speak! Oh, we have had misfortune, fortune, Etienne, such misfortune! But never such misfortune, such despair as this!"

(To Be Continued.)

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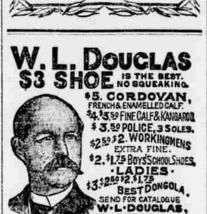
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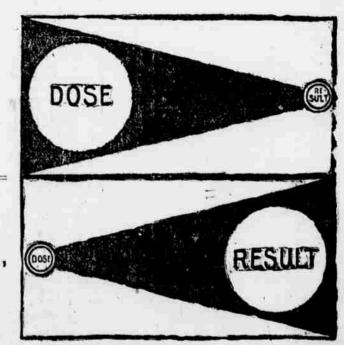
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