

ta, sobbing. "I am as much to blame as he; for I had offended him and made him angry. Then he carelessly threw the ribbon and the flowers to me. He cannot be held responsible for it."

"Now just listen!" cried Mere Manon. "Will the wench be his defender? Monsieur speak. He has broken the goblet; that he does not deny; and I because of him broke the window—if he denies it, it can be seen."

"That you cannot deny, Sir Colin!" said the judge, accordingly you shall pay three hundred francs for the goblet, since it is worth that; and for the—"

"No!" interrupted Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at Venice at the fair for Marietta and paid one hundred francs."

"You bought it, Sir Rascal!" shouted the judge; and he became in the face like Marietta's hat ribbon. Yet he could not say another word, and did not wish to; for he feared further discussion on the subject.

But Colin, whom the reproach had made angry, continued:

"I sent this goblet on the evening of the fair to Marietta by your servant. Yonder Jacques stands, now, by the door. He shall be witness. Jacques, speak! Did I not give you a box, which you were to carry to Mere Manon's?"

Monsieur was about to thunder an interruption, but the simple Jacques said: "Reflect, Monsieur, the judge, you took from me Colin's box and carried what was in it to Mere Manon's. There lies the box still, yonder among the papers."

Then the bailiffs had to put the innocent Jacques out, and Colin was ordered away, until he should be summoned again.

"Very well, Monsieur judge," replied Colin, "but this case will be your last in La Napoule. I know much more than that you have tried to gain the favor of Mere Manon and Marietta by using my property. If you desire me you will do well to send to Grasse to the prefect." With this Colin departed.

Monsieur Hautmartin was very much disturbed over the affair, and in his confusion did not know what he was doing. Mere Manon only shook her head. The affair was too obscure and mysterious for her.

"Who will pay for the broken goblet, now?" she said.

"I," said Marietta, with beaming countenance, "I am paid already."

XI.—WONDERFUL DISPENSATIONS.

On the same day Colin rode to Grasse to the prefect, returning early the following morning. Monsieur Hautmartin, however, only laughed at this and talked Mere Manon out of her suspicions, swearing that he would have his nose cut off unless Colin paid three hundred francs for the broken goblet. He also went with Mere Manon to Father Jerome's to arrange for the marriage, and urged the old priest to represent strongly to Marietta her duty, as an obedient daughter, to the will of her mother by not opposing the marriage. This the reverend old man promised, although he understood only half of all they yelled in his ears.

As for Marietta, she took the broken goblet to her chamber, and now truly loved it for the first time; and it seemed to her as if the paradise had been transferred from the broken vessel to her breast.

When Monday morning arrived, Mere Manon said to her daughter:

"Dress yourself and carry this myrtle-wreath to Father Jerome: he desires it for a bride."

Marietta put on her Sunday clothes,

took without suspicion the wreath and carried it to Father Jerome.

On the way she met Colin, who met her kindly and timidly; and when she told him whither she was taking the wreath, he said:

"I am going the same way, for I must carry to the priest the money for the church tithes." And as they walked along together in silence, he took her hand; they both trembled as if they were conscious of having committed a great crime toward each other.

"Have you forgiven me?" whispered Colin anxiously. "Oh, Marietta, what have I done to you that you are so cruel to me?"

But she could only reply: "Only be quiet, Colin, and you shall have the ribbon again. And I will keep your goblet. It is from you, is it not?"

"Marietta, can you doubt it? Listen, all I have I would gladly give to you. Will you be kind to me in the future as you are to the others?"

She made no reply. But just as they entered the parsonage, she glanced aside at him, and, seeing his beautiful eyes moist, she murmured to him: "Dear Colin!" He bent and kissed her hand. Just then the door of the room opened and the venerable form of Father Jerome stood before them. The young couple seemed as if seized with dizziness, for they held firm to each other. I cannot tell whether it was the effect of the kiss on Marietta's hand or from awe of the old priest.

Marietta handed the wreath of myrtle to the priest. He laid it upon her head, saying: "Children, love one another," and to the little maiden he spoke most convincingly and touchingly, persuading her that she should love Colin. For the old priest had either failed to understand the name of the bridegroom, or, owing to a poor memory, had forgotten it, and thought Colin to be the bridegroom.

During the exhortation of the old man Marietta's heart gave way and amidst her tears she sobbed: "Oh, I have loved him so long already, but he hates me!"

"I hate you, Marietta!" cried Colin; "my soul has lived only in you ever since you came to La Napoule. O, Marietta, how could I hope or believe that you loved me? Does not all La Napoule adore you?"

"Why did you avoid me, Colin, and draw all my companions away from me?"

"O, Marietta, I was in fear and trembling with sorrow and love, when I looked upon you. I have did not have the courage to be near you; and when I was not near you, I was still more wretched."

As they talked thus to each other, the good priest thought they were quarrelling. And he laid his hands upon them, led them together and said entreatingly: "Children, love one another!"

Then Marietta sank upon Colin's breast, and Colin clasped her in his arms, the countenances of both beaming with rapture. They forgot the priest, and all the world. Truly, it was only a kiss, but truly a kiss of most perfect eclipse. Each was so entirely lost in the other, that they, without knowing it, followed Father Jerome into the church to the altar.

"Marietta," he whispered.

"Colin."

here were many worshippers praying in the church, who to their astonishment became witnesses of the marriage of Marietta to Colin. Many hastened out, even before the end of the ceremony, in order to be the first to announce to La Napoule that Colin and Marietta were married.

After the ceremony, Father Jerome rejoiced greatly that he had succeeded so well and had accomplished it with so little opposition on the part of the

bridal pair. He reconducted them to the parsonage.

XII.—THE END.

Just at that moment Mere Manon entered breathless. She had waited long at home for the arrival of her bridegroom. He had not come. At the last stroke of the bell her anxiety had compelled her to go in search of Monsieur Hautmartin. But there a new cause for horror came upon her. She learned that he perfect, together with the officials of the Viguer court, had appeared, had taken the papers, money drawers, and the records of the judge under investigation, and had arrested Monsieur Hautmartin at the same time.

"The work of the implous Colin," she thought. Now she set out for the parsonage in all haste to explain the delay in the marriage. Smiling and proud of his accomplishment, the good old man hastened to meet her, leading by the hands the newly married couple.

This was too much. Mere Manon in good earnest lost her power of thought and speech. But Colin had more thoughts and words now than he had ever had before in all his life. He began with his love and the broken goblet, then spoke of the judge's falseness, and how he had unmasked it in the Viguer court at Grasse. The he prayed for Mere Manon's blessing, because it had turned out thus without any fault of Marietta or himself.

Father Jerome, who for a long time did not understand what had happened, folded his hands piously when he received a complete explanation of the misunderstanding of the marriage, and with bowed head exclaimed: "Wonderful are the dispensations of heaven!" Colin and Marietta kissed his hands; Mere Manon, out of simple reverence for heaven, gave the young couple her blessing, but observed while doing so that her head was completely turned.

Mere Manon was rejoiced in her son-in-law when she learned to know his worth, and especially since Monsieur Hautmartin, together with his nose, was taken to Grasse under arrest.

The broken goblet, moreover, has been preserved in the family to the present day as a memorial and sacred relic.

L D S COLLEGE EXERCISES

Tuesday the Latter-day Saints' College held its twelfth annual commencement at the Assembly Hall, and never, in all its history, has a better and more enthusiastic meeting been held. The common custom of having school exercises consist of school boy essays and declamations to weary an audience, was done away with, and music was the chief feature. The Assembly Hall looked charming. Above the large organ the Stars and Stripes were gracefully hanging, and the stands were covered with bunting and college flags.

The day was perfect for such exercises, and as the sun sent his rays through the colored windows, there was a happy glow spread over the pupils and their friends. Promptly at 10 o'clock President Done called the assembly to order and Professors McClellan and Shepherd opened with the ovature Poet and Peasant, by Von Suppe. After prayer was offered Mr. Thomas Ashworth rendered in a pleasing manner the Serenade, by Herbert. Mr. D. J. McRae of the class of '98, Commercial department, followed with an address on Utah and Her Industries. The speaker traced the history of the growth and development of the State. "For a long time," said he, "this land was a barren waste—a wilderness unknown but to the savage and the wild beast. Where towns, villages and lovely farms now dot the country, was the home of the lizard