THE TRAVELPR AT SUNSET. The shadows grow and deepen round me; I feel the dew-fall in the air; The murgain of the darkening thicket I hear the night-thrush call to prajer.

The evening wind is and with farewells, And loving hands unclass from mine; Alone I go to meet the darkness Across an awrill boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me I pass with slow, reluctant feet. What waits me in the land of strangeness? What face shall smi'e, what voice shall greed

What some shall awe, what brightness blind me?
What thunder roll of music sun?
What vast processions sacep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unsecustomed glory, I dread the myriad-voiced stratu; Give me the unforgetion faces, And let my lost ones speak sgulo...

He will not chide my mortal yearning.
Who is our Brother and our Friend.
In whose full life divine and human.
The heavenly and the carthly blend. Mine be the joy of soul-communion.

The same of spiritual strugta renewed,
The reverence for the pure shd boly.

The dear delight of doing good.

No fixing ear is mine to listen
An endless authem's rise and fall;
No surfous eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jusper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge; What matter if I never know Why Aldobaran's star is ruddy Or colder Strius white as snow!

Forgive my human words, O Father! I go Thy larger truth to prave. Thy mercy shall transcend my longing: I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for, Bate in Thy sheltering goodness stil, And all that faith and hope foreshadow Made perfect in Thy holy will! -J. G. Whittier in the Independent

MRS. MARTHA'S BAG.

No one had ever seen Miss Martha without her bag. It was a notable bag —a sentimental bag—with a heart em broidered upon it, a wreath of forgetme-nots, and on one side a branch of laurel. It was always fastened and strapped with stout clasps. No one had ever seen these clasps unclosed. If the bag look sentimental, Miss Martha's appearance did not suggest sentiment. She was simply a stout, blooming checked, elderly lady, whose manner occasionally was ridiculously youthful, and who wore a costume of antiquated fashion. A more observant scrutiny gave a pleasanter impression, yet it is left on the mind a baffling one, concerning Miss Martha's age and idiosyncrasy. If we might express it thus, youth and age kept a separate and ruling influence over her countenance. The eyes had lost their charm of setting in the wrinkled skin; they had lost their brilliancy and alertness of glance. The features were blurred, but the piquancy of mobile expression was in them still; and the lips were a little blue, they retained the sweetness of coming smiles. She still retained the youthful habit of blushing, and if some of the color had faded out of her brown hair, it had not lost the silkiness of texture. Perhaps it was the impartial rotundity of her figure that precluded sentiment from being asso-ciated with Miss Martha. She rigidly adhered in all the changes of fashion to her own taste in dress. In the days of orinoline and trailing draperies she wore a short skirt edged with a single flonnce, displaying sandal shoes; a fichu was pinned over her bust, and a bit of pink was always introduced.

The old lady earned a living in Paris by teaching English. Her principal means of sustenance came from the salary she received for giving lessons at the ideas backward and forward, according thing struck her as missing in her ap-Convent school of Notre Dame, She lived in the Rue St. Croix, in a little attic, "an septieme" of a house situated a few yards from the convent. It was a steep and quiet street about which lingered the aroma of sanctity-a street that seemed to have lagged back from the Middle ages. Statuettes of the Virgin looked down from every niche, clad in white, fresh flowers lay at her feet, Over the door of a number of the antique houses, on either side, rose the massive cross. It was a street of convents, of schools and of hospitals. Down the rugged pavement walked piety and charity hand in hand, sweetest union, devesting monasticism of its extreme stern-

ness. No one knew anything about Miss Martha's previous history; her full name was Miss Martha Langton, but every one called her Miss Martha. She had been recommended to the nuns as one deserving help and in need of it. In the "quartier" there was a general impression that the "vieille fille anglaise" was a bit daft, but it was gentle daftness that won a mingling of Lity in the regard that was bestowed upon her. If her ways were eccentric, they were loveable. She had kept a freshness about her. She was fond of walking in the Bois de Boulogue. On her return she would enumerate in her shrill crescendo voice the items that charmed her during her walk; the good air that had blown on her cheek; the notes of the birds she had heard, what they had said to her; the wild flowers she had seen; she knew the language of flowers and told little para-

bles in it. Her relations with the neighbors were marked with "bonhomie," superficial, yet genial. She gave a ready car to their troubles, and helped them in their difficulties out of her hardly-won earn-In the love affairs of the young she took an especial interest, blushing and dimpling and wagging her big bonnet with arched pleasantry as she listened to their story. Miss Martha would march off to the Bon Marche and buy a little bit of finery for the future bride. "When one is loved, one must look the old maid would say. For all this kindness it was felt nevertheless that the griefs and joys of others affected Miss Martha but remotely. She was at heart a solitary, meeting other human beings on the most superflical points of contact. She spoke with them, but she repelled all advances at intimacy. She invited no one to cross the threshold of her little room, and accepted none of the invitations tendered her. To press her upon this point was to ruffle her se-"But no, but no," she rene temper. would answer, her voice rising in restless crescendo. "Leave me to myself. I am quite happy alone. I like best my

Another peculiarity of Miss Martha was her attitude concerning her bag.

did not succeed in keeping inquiry at physical hurt. fit of pathetic and child like anger. "It was impertinent to notice her bag. It concerned no one. Leave it alone." Another peculiarity of Miss Martha's was reported by those who had met her on her walks. They said she did not seem to see them; that as she walked she talked to herself, and that often her face would be lit with a broad smile. If that smile gave no comfort to others, it seemed to tell of a mighty comfort in the

old maid's heart. Miss Martha's pupils at the Convent of Notre Dame had many theories con-cerning the contents of her bag. Probably if the nuns thought about it they imagined it was a receptacle like the pocket of a "religieuse—a world of mis-cellaneous objects, all pious and useful. The girls' conjectures were many. A few of dull imaginataions maintained that it contained light refreshments. The opinion that Miss Martha's soft brown hair was a front, and the bag contained a change of wigs, found some adherents. There were some who main-tained that the bag contained nothing at all; that it was worn "pour se donner une countenance." Nothing in it was ever heard to rattle or shake. But the favorite idea was that it contained all of Miss Martha's fortube-all her heirlooms. This notion gained ground the day when Miss Martha appeared violently agitated, and for the first time she alluded to her bag of her own accord. She explained that a seedy looking man had made a clutch at it. She gave a vivid rehearsal of the scene, the tenacity and passion with which she had clung to it and defeated the robber's purpose. To her pupils eager question, had she given him up to the police? "No," she replied, "I did not care to do that. I had

By the time Miss Martha had taught ten years in the Convent of Notre Dame, and her bag had become accepted as a part of herself-as we grow to accept a friend's wooden leg or wig, and to invest it with a share of his individuality—a new pupil arrived. The nuns had not harbored Mdle, Rhiene Michemin a fortnight when they kney they had admitted a "demon" in the fold. Their keys were mislaid; the fruit trees were rifled; large inroads were made daily into Sour Monique's weekly batches of pastry. Before three weeks the "espiegleries" of Mdle. Michemid had filled the place. Its peace had gone out of the window as she entered the door.

Among her erratic store of accomplishments she had mastered during her travels with her father, a fair knowledge of English, and she was sufficiently advanced at once to take the second place in Miss Martha's class. Speculations concerning the bag furnished food for her brain; she scouted all the old theories concerning it. She advanced a new, a fascinating, a startling one. There was neither wig nor heirloom in that bag; it contained neither sandwiches nor tight refreshments; it was not empty. The bag contained Miss Mariha's love " 'Tout un romain inedid' was letters. in the bag," she said. Then encouraged by the effect she produced she plied conjectures. "Bah! Who knows; there may be in it the embalmed heart of a lover-such things have been!" Mdlle, Reine, at sixteen years of age,

wielded an influence over her fellow pupils. Her fearlessness and a sense of grotesque humor that flavored her nature and gave a sort of coarse health to it, impressed them. She swayed their to her will. Having advanced the idea that Miss Martha's bag contained "tout un roman inedit," she stuck to it, and enlarged upon it, and then followed the pitiless vivacity of her fancy through its vagaries. That Miss Martha's rotund face should have once inspired an ardent passion, set them drawing earicatures, composing "boutarimes," writing farcical love letters in their leisure moments. One girl only, Aline de Raix-the eldest of the class-kept aloof, and stood between the old maid and her would-be tormentors. She it was who one day intercepted a caricature inserted in the grammar laid upon Miss Martha's desk, where a portly lady in a ridiculously old fashioned dress was represented firmly grasping the bag, to the handle of which were chained a number of enpids, who gazed upon the expansive figure with laughter and amazement, or turned away affrighted and in tears. Aline took out the drawing, and looking at Reine, said quietly: "I shall lay this before the Mere Superioure." "It will bring matters to an amusing pass," answered Reine with a laugh. "I would give something to see our good mother's face when the bag is disembowled, and its contents laid before her, I fancy Miss Martha would sooner suffer all the torments we can devise than go

through that ordeal." A little quiver of the eyelids showed that Aline appreciated the force of the "demon's" reasoning. "You may be right," she said after a pause, folding the drawing and putting it into her pocket; "but I shall risk the consequences if anything like this happens again. Ah, mesdemoiselles," she continued, turning to the others, and speaking in a husky tone that came into her voice when she was moved, "you are doing an ugly thing, turning into ridicule an old lady. Suppose it is! suppose they are!" She faltered, then resumed abruptly; "Suppose the bag contains what Reine says it does. Suppose it is the buried story of Miss Martha's life that is in it! Is it not beautiful to be so faithful to a memory?" Again Aline lapsed into silence a moment, looking straight before her; then she continued: 'Ah! how she has suffered. It is her heart she carries swung over her arm.' She paused suddenly; she had caught the converging gaze of a dozen pairs of eyes, fixed with nuif astonishmemt upon her. A scarlet blush flitted to her brow, and she sat down hurriedly.

Reine burst out laughing; but the laugh was checked by the door opening. and the girls rising to their feet, as Miss Martha entered, introduced as usual into the class-room by one of the misters.

It was remarked by one of her com rades that Aline blundered absurdly over the lesson; but it would have required finer powers of observation than they possessed to have noticed that once, She repelled with chill curtness any remarks concerning its appearance, its odd shape, the embroidery upon it. If the prim formality of her manner when the grazed her arm, Aline grew pale to the compariments sewn into the lining for everything. That is why nothing to companied by a violent repudiating prised, almost jealous.

subject was broached was amusing, if it lips, and recoiled as if she had received a

THE BAG'S SECRET,

The fete of the Mere Superieure was a gala day at the convent, yearly celebrated with social and religious eclat. For weeks beforehand, nuns and pupils were busy, working offerings to present to their mother, and watching with special interest the progress of the flowers in the garden.

It fell on a day set in the heart of June; the sisters nevertheless considered it a special sign of heaven's grace upon it, that it constantly proved so fair. This year, the day rose, as usual, resplendent in a garment of sunshine and a girdle of leaves, and the nuns again said this to each other, as they gathered the blossoms in the cool of the

morning. Visitors from the outside world were invited to join the festivities; refreshments were laid in the refactory; the afternoon was to be spent in the garden. It was the only anniversary upon which Miss Martha relaxed her farouche habit of keeping away from her kind, on their boliday occasions. Her broad figure usually appeared one of the first at the convent gate, bag on arm, the clasps finely burnished; she always were a dove-colored silk gown of skimpy proportions, displaying the bravery of her best sandal shoes and open-worked stocking and sported a red Indian scarf, strongly smelling of pot-pourri. Her big bonnet had new strings, and a fresh rose-colored ribbon fluttered at her throat. Miss Martha always brought a bougnet to the Mere Superieure, the arrangement of which she had supervised

at the Marche aux fleurs. It was afternoon now. The shadows were lengthening in the orchard, where Aline sat with a group of sisters. was a stir of scampering feet and sound of cries all around. She had just risen to go indoors to fetch her tapestry, when she noticed a number of girls making for the convent. She thought she discerned Reine waving her handkerchief, as if giving a signal. The circumstance did not dwell on her mind. It was doubtless one of a variety of games. She lightly walked up a slightly ascending path, on the summit of which stood a bower. It was a charming retreat. Under the interweaving branches of creepers a bench was placed, from which could be seen the square towers of Notre Dame, the nearer tower of St. Sulpice. As she approached, she caught a glimpse of a dove colored dress, "I shall surprise some one asleep on that bench. smiled Aline. The sleeper, she found, was Miss Martha. The old lady's head was thrown back, her bonnet had slipped off, holding by its strings her wrinkled throat. As she lay in the abandon of sleep, all the sword-strokes, all the scars that the years deal in their passage, came out plainly visible. Awake, she had a mobility of expression, a brightness of the eyes which kept up an appearance of youth; but in sleep, age had its revenge. If the clock of the old maid's life had stopped some forty years ago, striking to the throb of emotion, it had gone on recording the passing of time, and showed the hour in the surrender of lassitude. Aline marked the wrinkles, the snuken temples, the reddened eyelids, the weak droop of the opened mouth through which came the heavy breath. All the dust of life gathered in the haning hair. She was touched. She thought there was a valiant calm upon the old face. As she stood a mo-

was nowhere. Then she remembered that swarm of girls disappearing within the convent. She set off with a run. Her bounding young feet carried her soon over the gar den, into the house; past the parlor, where the chairs, disturbed from their formal array, stood about in sociable groups; up the stairs into the dormi tories, the nuns' cells, the rooms of the Sœurs Converses-no sign of the pilferers anywhere; all was still as the sunshine pouring in. As she stood pondering where she would go next, a muffled sound of laughter struck her ears, then a peal quickly smothered. There was a garret-a remote attic-from a window of which a glimpse of the Rue Ste. Croixe could be obtained. Quick as thought she was on its threshold. The rusty key did not turn in the lock, but a chair barricaded the door. Aline pushed

ment there, wishing she could place a pillow under Miss Martha's head, some-

pearance. She could not think what it

was; then it flashed upon her-it was the

bag! The bag was gone. Quickly she

looked about for it on every side. It

"Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed some startled voices. Then a laugh of recogni-

it back with violence.

Entrez done, but don't make a noise for all the world we must not be found out. Miss Martha, you see, she does not know this attic," cried Reine. She was the central figure of a group of girls kneeling or squatting on the floor.

Aline recognized the bag in her she confusedly saw the floor around her strewn with letters and a variety of objects. "Ah, but it is infamous-it is in famous, what are you doing?"

eried. "Not a bit of it," replied Reine, un abashed, talking rapidly. "Before hiding the bag, we are only examining its contents. It is just what I said-tout un roman inedit-inside it. Don't look so miserable. We only want to give the old maid a start; we'll help her to find it -her dear bag-after she has had a good

look for it." "I tell you that it is odious-that it is like sacrilege," Aline answered with

labored breath "Bah! Don't let her get out. Marie, stand before the door. Keep her hands from her ears. She must listen! You will see how interesting it is, Martha's lover is a soldier-an officerhandsome fellow-blonde mustache, little air of pride-quite "une militaire. There is his miniature! Malbrook "s'en languishes -he burns - he bursts with love-for Miss Martha."

"Ah!" grieved Aline, whom two laughing girls were holding back, "you don't bag. The mother spoke kindly.

"There are all sorts of things in the bag!" continued Reine, in an explanatory voice; "a cockade, a medal, a soiled

rattled. Now listen: Malbrook is gone on a visit-first parting-a great despair -egotism of-Miss Martha has bidden him not to be too happy without her." In a French accent, slowly Reine be-

gan to read; "Happy away from you! I am as stupidly miserable as ever a poor love sick boy was—and you know it. My heart is away waiting before that shabby green garden door-watching to see it open and let you out. I see the damp steps leading down to the river, and you coming trippling along on your pretty feet. As I used to watch you-your trim waist, your dainty aukles, your cheeks blooming like roses, your eyes all alight with
mischief and fun-I used to say: 'There's
a nymph for you. Such a girl the poets Martha, I am sure." saw when they wrote about the nymphs."

"Miss Martha a nymph!"

"A nymph!" went eddying round
Aline on smothered screams of laughter. "But what I see oftenest (continued Reine, not heeding the interruption), is the hedge of lavender—the blessed hedge in the garden-ind that morning when you on one side, and I on the other, we picked the flowers for Aunt Priscilla's 'pot pourri." My dear, you had used me shamefully. I had no spirit for anything; my eigar had lost its comforting power; my heart had been on the chill pavement twenty times a day; but all at once-do you remember-our hands met across the hedge, and I would not let yours go-I would not-until you bad promised they would rest in mine in that clasp alone death can part. You might laugh as much as you liked, after you had promised, and say you'd marry me some 30th of February or on All Fool's Day. I did not care; I could laugh too.

I knew I was the luckiest fellow in the

world. Bless you for it!" "Amen!" said the auditors. "You ask how I like the miniature (Reine began again from another letter.) Passably, only. There is a sort of resemblance; but what enrages me is that I fancy I detect on the painter's part a ruffianly intention to beautify you. He has tried to set right, what he may facetiously call 'out of drawing' in your face. He has not given that gentle squeeze up of the left side that makes one eye, one eyebrow, and especially one nostril, a little higher than the other. That delightful, awry look, so perplexing and tormenting. Of course, he has not done justice to your eyes; I did not expect that-those sparkling, wicked, charming eyes. The color of the hair is just so so, as it looks in the shade, and braided up tight, according to Aunt Priscilla's notions of Sunday propriety. Loose and in the sunlight, what is that hair like? I think of amber, champagne, a nimbus!

That is your hair.' The explosion of laughter that followed this string of smiles never jarred upon Aline. She was absorbed; she did not hear it; she no longer stirred; she no longer protested. She stood listening to words that, blundering and foolish, yet sounded notes of the eternal love-song which all creation utters, and which every woman's heart longs to hear addressed to herself.

Presently she heard Reine say: "His last letter-that is inscribed to Miss

Martha's "pattes de mouche." "BRUSSELS, June 16, 1815 .- I can only snatch one moment-one moment to say farewell to my dearest Martha; the bugles are sounding; the drums are beating; our fellows are mustering in the 'Place.' It is a grand sight. In half an hour we march. Prayers and tears for us are flowing from many homes; my dear girl's are among them, I know. Her ature is on my heart; her smile and blush are there painted before me. If a French bullet finds me out, my last thought will be of her. The signal is called. Good-by, my dear. God bless

you! God bless you, my sweetheart!"
A silence followed this letter. Reine said, more slowly than she had yet spoken: "There is something inside, wrapped in tissue paper-let us see what Martha has written: 'My miniature, smashed by the bullet that went through; his true heart!" Good," she resumed briskly. "Now we are going to see Miss Martha at nineteen years of age." She began carefully to unfold the paper; then she said quickly: "Ah! no, we can not; it is all in bits-a heap of little bits; nothing, absolutely nothing. There are brown stains," she laughed nervously, "the stains of blood-"le sang de Malbrook. Ah! How horrid!" With a hysterical sob she threw the fragments and paper down on the floor. A thrill ran through the attic.

All at once the chair before the door fell with a crash. Miss Martha stood on the threshold, panting, disheveled, terrible. Some nuns stood behind her, stirred out of their calm.

With the gesture of a mad woman, and ery, the old maid sprang toward Reine; but this young lady eluded her by jumping to her feet and letting the bag fall on the ground.

Then Miss Martha went down on her knees and dragging herself on all fours, began to pick up the spilt fregments of the miniature, the tokens and the letters -uttering little inarticulate cries like the means of a wounded animal. For a short space there was a silence as the girls watched this revelation of grief and love. Then Aline stooped, with the intention of helping Miss Martha, and some girls followed her example; but, with a cry of fury, the old maid shook her head and uplifted forefinger to stop any farther desecration of those

At that moment the voice of the Mere Superioure was heard bilding the girls leave the room, and wait for her in the school room-all but Aline, whose entreaty to stay was granted, and who revealed to the mother what had happaned.

Meanwhile Miss Martha continued to pick up those profaned relies, uttering those inarticulate cries, Aline and the mother watching in silence. When the poor soul had gathered the last letter, va-t-en querre." Ah! you must hear; he fastened the last parcel with the faded ribbon, and put each in its place, the Mere Superioure approached her, where she sat on the floor foolishly nursing the know-you don't know-what you are said she grieved at the pain so recklessly inflicted. It had been done thoughtlessly, she was sure. She gently reproached Miss Martha for having hugged this grief-borne it alone. Ah! why had gauntlet, quite a museum of romantic she not laid it at the feet of the Mother

gesture of her head. The Mere resumed "You have nothing to reproach yourself with, Miss Martha, I have nothing but praise to give you. And yet, I hope you will understand me, after this unfortunate affair my duty to those young girls confided to my careto the Sisters, will oblige me for a timeonly for a time- to ask you to suspend your attendance at the class."

"Oh! my mother," broke in Aline with fervor; "do not say that. Ah! she has kept her secret so well! She has borne her sorrow so alone! No one would have known it from her! Never a wordnever a look, to betray it."

"Hush! Aline," said the Mere, lifting her hand. "You understand me, Miss "Yes, yes, I understand," replied Miss

Martha, stupidly.

"After the holidays," resumed the
Mere, gently, "we shall be glad to welcome you again. Reine will be gone then. She must leave at once. The matter will have dropped at that time. Then you will come. There is one thing I must ask. You must not bring the bag; you must leave it behind."

Miss Martha had listened, duly acquiescent until the last phrase; then she rose to her feet. "Leave it behind! Never! never for a moment!" she said with concentration. "Where I go it goes with me." She looked down and began caressing the faded embroidery with the tips of her fingers. Ah, what does it signify if I earn less? Very little suffices me. To each what each wants upon earth. To some, plenty: to you, abstinence, good deeds and prayers; to me, the thought of him and how he loved me. Why," she continued, in an energetic tone of reproach, "should you wish to part me from the perpetual assurance of his love? You wear the token of your dedication; you have your veil and your chaplet; the married woman has her wedding ring; well, I-I have my bag-and I will not part with it no more than you would put aside your habit to gain some paltry advantage."

She walked toward the door; the nun followed still gently remonstrating. Aline remained, immovable, near the window. Presently she heart the gate of the convent close. She looked down and saw Miss Martha below in the rugged street. She was walking rapidly, her bag over mother's smile, fine and full of guesses, her arm. It was, indeed, her heart that the smile that knows more about the was swung there.

Aline watched till she could see her no more; then she let her face fall on her hands and she began to sob. She could not have told for whom she was crying-for Miss Martha or for herself. WHAT THE BAG SAID TO ALINE.

A fortnight had elapsed; the low sunlight east gigantic shadows of crosses over the Rue Ste. Croix. A knock came to Miss Martha's door. It was repeated when no answer came, and then the voice of the old maid cried querulously, "Who is there? What do you want?"

while the door opened and Aline and Miss Martha stood face to face. It was

the first time they had met since that bag had been rifled by profane hands. Aline saw that the old maid looked altered; her health and strength had visibly declined. If the freshness and sparkle of her expression had faded. there was upon it, perceptible through the disturbance caused by an unwelcome

visit, the serenity that comes from inter-

course with the dead. She glanced askance at Aline, and did not invite her to enter. "I should like to speak to you, Miss Martha," said the young girl, timidly; "there is no hurry; I can wait here until you are ready to receive me. The concierge promised to return to take me back to the convent. "I did not want to see any of my convent pupils again. They have made me suffer too much," Miss Martha said, with ex-

She turned away, but did not shut the door, and Aline accepting this as a negative invitation, made a step or two into the room. She saw that it had once been a pretty apartment, draped with the coquetry of white curtaius and pink ribbon; it looked to day as if the owner had grown weary of the task of arranging, and had allowed the dust to accumulate and the hangings to drag. Miss Martha's bag was on the table, its contents taken out; evidently Aline had disturbed the old maid in the midst of her memories. With feverish haste Miss Martha began to put back her treasures, speaking aloud in curt, detached sentences vehemently, as one accustomed to speak to herself.

"They jeered at his words—his sacred words. Monkeys, chattering and grinning at a martyrdom. The good mother says: 'Lay your sorrows at the foot of the Virgin.' I will lay it nowhere, I will keep it where it is - in my heart. Yes.in my heart; it is in my possession; I have cared for nothing else all these years. I have envied nobody else's joy, because had it. I would not have exchanged it -my sorrow-for any one's happiness. I say to myself: I, the old, grotesque, poor woman, I had his love, and when we meet again he will know that I thought of him to the end, as he thought

Then suddenly looking up to Aline and addressing her: "If you have come like the others-like the Mera and the sisters-to ask me to part with my bag, and come back to teach, you may go. It is no use; I will not part with it—there. I will not -no, not for a day-not for an hour-not for a moment.

"I have not come for that," said Aline, approaching the old maid, who had sat down after the last words. The girl knelt by the chair; a velvety look was in her eyes. She spoke ardently, in a con-cise voice, "I have come to ask you to accompany me into the country-to be with me in my grandfather's chateau. We shall be so well there.

An expression on the old maid's face seemed to say she would not go. She was well here, in this room, where she had spent so many years with her past.

"I am going there for awhile." Aline's voice trembled and fell away; a blush arose. She resumed quickly: "You will see how well we shall be at the chateau it stands in the midst of woods; you wil be able to take those long country walks you like to take, and pick the wild flowers. And the bag? Oh, yes, bag is to come with us. I want it also!" You want it?" said Miss Martha, sus-

piciously, with lowering brows.
"Yes," replied Aline, in that husky to you, it has said something to mesomething that may alter all my life."

ing to me. I tried to shut my ears to he for I said to myself, it may be an evispirit, one of temptation. I went to the chapel and prayed and prayed; still he was there talking to me, the voice of the young man killed. It was as if I had laid my hand upon his heart and felt in throbs, and he had come to be throbs, and he had come to be my friend. He was always by me, in the convent, in the church, in the garden I thought I heard his steps keeping par with mine as I went up and down the convent stairs. I almost thought I av him, his brave young face looking far me as he pleaded for—for it seemed to me as ne pleaded for for it seemed to me - a comrade. Ah! we used to argu-together, to fall out, to be reconciled He would say: 'How do you know the it is not that one who told you his low that you are sent? One heart comforts that you are sent? One heart comforted may be asked of you, one life made a lattle happier, a little nobler, for your influence over it.' Ah! Miss Martha I have prayed and prayed, to know if a was my own poor heart that spoke to me, if it was an evil spirit or a true one who haunted me. I don't know yet. I don't know. But I told it all to the Mere Sp. perieure, and to my Confessor. They advised me to leave the school for awhile, to go into the world, to test my heart there. And so I said to myself, I shall go to Miss Martha, to the woman the dear friend loved. I shall ask her to come with me, to come into the country.
We shall all three go together-all three." Aline ended abruptly, with a laugh that had tears in it. The old maid listened, sitting bolt up. right, amazement depicted on her cour-

"Yes, repeated Aline, hesitating,

resolved to speak. "You see, I had listen when Reine read these letters.

was as if something held me there; a

when you left, and everyone was gon

still there was, as it were, a voice speaking to me. I tried to shut my ears to

tenance. She had at first interrupted with such exclamations as "He said that to you? He said that?" But toward the close of Aline's speech she looked straight at her, and as she looked a beam touched the old face and woke a new erpression upon it. It seemed as if all of a sud en the discord between the erpression and the years upon it had melted away. She laid her hand upon Aline's shoulder and smiled. It was the story than the teller does. "Poor little Aline! Poor little Aline!" she repeated. Reaching out her arms, Miss Martha took the girl to her heart. It had been empty so long of sympathy with the living, that she could not speak awhile for the stir of re-awakened emotions. Then she said: "Yes, yes, we shall go with you. We shall all three go away to-gether, my child."—Merry England.

A Pistol and a Moral.

Senator Haile, of Springfield, Mass. offered to the members of the military committee of the legislature a goldmounted revolver as a prize to the best marksman. The contest took place at the state camp-ground at Farmingham, and Col. Baneroft, of the house, was the winner. It may not have occurred to Mr. Haile that the revolver has been uncommonly busy of late, and that it is not desirable to encourage the possession or use of that mischievous weapon. It is quite possible that Col. Bancroft may be trusted not to make an improper use of Mr. Haile's gift, but the fact that it was given shows that it is regarded as a valuable possession, and tends to stimulate the purchase of pistols by persons who have no more need of them than Col. Bancroft has, and are much more lik to do mischief with them. In such a community as this not one man in a thousand has any business with a revolver; it can be used for no legitimate purpose. It is the weapon of assassination, or of accidental homicide. Every day's dispatches tell of its deadly work in the hands of a ruffian, a lunatic or a fool, and not once a year do we hear of its doing any good. Whoever can do anything to make the carrying or owning of a revolver discreditable will be a public benefactor .- Worcester Spy.

The Wicked Editor.

A Little Rock newspaper man while out in the country stopped at a rude farm house for dinner. Thinking that his profession would receive marked attention, he remarked to the farmer: "Needn't put yourself to extra trouble for me: I'm an editor." "A what?" asked the farmer, regarding

the vistor with newly awakened interest. "A newspaper man."

"Wall, I reckon you can get suthin' to eat anyhow. Some folks mont not gin you anything on that account, but I was never particular. But hold on. Editor, did I understand you you to say?" "Yes, sir, I am an editor, and however unfavorably it may strike you,

I must say that I am proud of my call-Till bet \$100 that you are one of the

fellows that helped to take hell outen the Bible. Reckon you'd better travel. Never mind the corn bread and butter milk, Jule."-Arkansaw Traveler.

There Was Something the Matter with Him. A young man who possessed a poor

voice, but who firmly and steadfastly believed that he had in him the making of a first-class tenor, engaged a teacher to give him music lessons. When asked how he liked his teacher, his reply was a good master, but he was altogether too religious for him. "How too religious?"

"Why, while I am practicing he walks up and down the room wringing e hands and praying." "What is his prayer? What does his prav about?"

"I can't exactly say, but yesterday I ught the words, 'Heavenly Father! caught the words, how long must I endure this?" There was doubtless something the matter with him. But he has not given me his confidence about his troubles."

The latest theories concerning the sun consider that it gives forth energy, which appears as heat, light or electricity, ac-cording to the medium which absorbs the energy. There are astronomical phenomena, especially those in connection with the divers directions taken by the tail of comets, which can be saltone of emotion; "if it has said so much isfactorily accounted for only on the hypothesis of electrical action, which is supposed to pervade the interplanetary "Your life?" said Miss Martha, sur- spaces. The electricity in the sun is opposite polarity to that of space.