

**UNFULFILLED.**  
BY ROBERTSON THORNTON.  
Within a poet's heart a song  
To rob the wild and sweet the whole day long;  
Yet ere he saw the age and stole  
The music of his youthful song.

An artist in the impulse fine  
To paint a masterpiece divine;  
Yet while he dreamed years passed away;  
Death knocked upon his door one day.

A man musician by the sea  
Fostered a mighty melody;  
Yet with him in his grave it lies—  
Made are its wondrous harmonies.

O thou who, in thy secret heart  
Dost muse some life-long dream of art,  
Be wise to-day! Easy thy might!  
Make large with toil the hours of light!

Let over the landscape dim and brown,  
How brightly the night comes down.  
—From The Continent.

**FORGED TOGETHER.**

I am French by birth, and my name is Francois Thierry. I will not burden you with my early history; but will begin by stating that I was sent to the galleys, and I find myself to-day an exile. Brending was not out of date at that time, and until my death I shall bear some fiery letters on my shoulder.

I was arrested, registered, condemned and sent to Paris. As I left the court of justice my terrible sentence rang in my ears. On the long road from Paris to Bicetre—all day and all night—till we arrived at Toulon, the dull rilling of the prison wagon on the pavement repeated it to me. When I look back at that time, I think I must have been stunned by the unexpected severity of my doom, for I have not the slightest recollection of the particulars of that journey. "Hard labor for life!" "Hard labor for life!" I heard nothing else; I could think of nothing else. Late in the afternoon of the third day, the wagon stopped, the door was unlocked, and I was led through the paved court into a hall that was but faintly lighted. Here an officer asked me my name, which he entered in a large book bandied with iron, as though it were fettered.

"No. 207," cried the officer, "green."

Then I was led into another room, where I put on the uniform of a galley slave. From that moment I lost my individuality. I was no longer Francois Thierry, but No. 207. The officer was present while I was dressing.

"Hurry up!" he said, "it is getting late, and you must be married before dinner."

"Married?" I repeated.

He laughed as he lit a cigar. I was again led through another corridor into a damp court, where wild looking men with clanking chains were walking up and down before the muzzles of cannon.

"Bring No. 206," cried the officer, "and then call the priest."

No. 206 came in, dragging a heavy chain behind him, and with him a robust blacksmith.

The ring of an iron chain was put round my ankle, and forged together with a single stroke of the hammer. A like ring bound my companion. Each stroke re-echoed through the arches like the scornful laugh of demons. The officer drew a small red book from his pocket and said:

"No. 207, listen to our prisoners' laws: 'If you attempt flight and fail, you will be hanged. If you succeed in getting to the harbor and are there captured, you will be doubly chained for three years. As soon as you are missed, three cannon shots will be fired and signals of alarm will be hoisted on each bastion. Telegraphic messages will be sent to the harbor guards and to the police throughout France.'

After the officer had read this, with a terrible satisfaction, he lit his cigar, put the book away, and left the hall. I was now a prisoner forged to another prisoner. As I looked at him, I found his eyes turned toward me. He was a sinister-looking fellow, and about forty years old, not any taller than I, but of Herculean build.

"Then you are in for life?" he said.

"How do you know that?" I exclaimed angrily.

"I can tell by your cap—green is for life. Why are you here?"

"I conspired against the government."

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Then you're an elegant one. We other prisoners hate such aristocratic company."

I made no answer.

"This is the fourth time that I've been here," continued my companion. "Perhaps you have heard of Gasparo, the counterfeiter?"

I had heard of the daring criminal, and drew back from his gaze. An uneasy look in his eyes told me that he had noticed my shrinking. From that moment he hated me. Gasparo and I, with two hundred other prisoners, were put to work in a stone quarry on the other side of the harbor. Day after day, and week after week, from sunrise to sunset, the rocks resounded to our blows. Thus spring and summer passed, and autumn came. My fellow-prisoner was a Piedmontese. He had been a thief, counterfeiter, incendiary; and when he last fled from prison he committed a murder. Heaven alone knows how my sufferings were intensified through this terrible comradeship! How I shrank from the touch of his hand! What loathing took possession of me when I felt his breath on my face at night! I tried to overcome this aversion, but in vain. He knew it as well as I, and took every opportunity to revenge himself in such ways as only a depraved mind can think of. However, it would have been of no avail to put myself in opposition to him, and any complaint to the overseer would only have provoked the wretch to worse tyranny. At last there came a day when his hate seemed to diminish. He allowed me my night's rest, and seemed to be in a hurry. The next morning, shortly after we had begun work, he came close to me and whispered in my ear:

"Don't you wish to escape?"

I felt the blood rush to my face, and could not say a word.

"Can you keep a secret?" he went on.

"Until death?"

"Well, then listen. To-morrow Marshal d'Anvergne will inspect the harbor, docks, prison and stone quarry. Salutes will be fired from the walls and ships, which will make it difficult to hear the guard's signal for two escaping prisoners. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"What, then, will be easier than to knock off the fetters with the pickax, and

escape when the overseer is not looking our way? Will you dare?"

"With my life."

"Your hand!"

I had never before touched his blood-stained hand, and could not refrain from shuddering as I clasped it. The next morning we had to undergo an inspection before going to work. An hour before noon the first salute from the harbor reached our ears. The dull report went through me like an electric spark. Gasparo whispered to me:

"When the first shot is fired from the barracks, strike with your pickax on the first ring of my chain close to the ankle."

A sudden suspicion came over me. "And if I should do it, how can I be sure that you will then free me? No, Gasparo; you must strike the first blow."

"As you say," he answered, smilingly, but with a muttered curse.

At that moment a flash came from the barracks, and then a report that reverberated a hundred times from the rocks. As the echo rolled over our heads, I saw him get ready to strike, and felt my chain fall. Hardly had the thunder of the first shot died away before the second came. Now I was to free Gasparo. I was less dexterous than he, so it took several strokes to free his chains. At the third shot we threw away our caps, climbed up the rock, and struck for a path that led into the valley. Suddenly, at a sharp bend in the road, we stood before a little guard-house, in front of which were two soldiers. They pointed their guns at us, and ordered us to surrender. Gasparo turned toward me, struck me heavily, and said:

"There, stay, and let them capture you. You always were a thorn in my path."

As I fell I saw Gasparo throw down one soldier and rush toward the other. Then a shot, and all was dark and still around me.

When I opened my eyes I found myself lying on the floor of a little unfurnished room, but fairly lighted by a small window. I arose with pain, and, leaning against the wall, tried to think. The recollection of my last adventure soon came to me. Probably I was in one of the upper rooms of the guard house. I crept to the door and found it locked. The little window was about four feet over my head. I succeeded in reaching it, and looked out. The rock rose about forty feet from the house, and a brook ran between me and the cliff. To stay there would be ruin, whereas in daring further lay a possibility of escape. I forced myself through the small window, dropped down, and crept toward the brook. The water in the stream came to my waist; but as both banks were high I could walk along in it without my head showing. I soon heard distant voices, and raising my head carefully over the bank of the stream, I saw dark figures moving toward me. Suddenly a dark lantern was turned on the water close by my hiding place. I dived under the water and held my breath until it seemed that the veins in my head would burst. When I could bear it no longer, I rose again, took breath and listened. All was still. My pursuers had gone. I then climbed the bank on the stony path. Wind and rain in my face, I strode rapidly on, with no other leader than the storm.

About 5 o'clock in the morning, as day began to dawn, I heard bells ringing, and saw a large city in front of me. Not daring to go any farther, I sought shelter in some thick shrubbery near the road. When night came on I continued my journey; but hunger soon drove me into a small village on the road. I crept softly between the cottages, and knocked on the minister's door. He opened it himself, and I told him my story. He gave me something to eat and drink, an old coat in exchange for mine, and a few francs.

On the fifth day of my flight from Toulon I reached Italian ground. I begged my way from place to place until I arrived in Rome, where I hoped to find occupation if not friends. I hired a small room, rested a few days, and then eagerly sought work. Evening after evening I returned disappointed. The little money that I begged melted away. At last I could not pay my landlord, and he turned me out into the street. Mechanically I followed the stream of passers-by, which led to St. Peter's. I crept in wearily, and sank down in the shadow of the large doors. Two men stood near me reading a poster that was hanging on one of the columns.

"Merciful heaven!" said one: "how can a man risk his life for a few lire?"

"And with the certain knowledge that out of eighty men eight or ten fall and break their necks?"

"Horrible work!"

They passed on and were lost in the crowd.

I sprang up eagerly and read the notice. It was headed "Illumination of St. Peter's," and made known that eighty men were wanted to light the lamps on the dome and three hundred to light those on the columns. I went to the manager, had my name put on the list, received half my money down, and was to present myself there at eleven o'clock the next morning. I was there promptly, amid a crowd of miserable looking men. The doors of the bureau were soon open, and we crowded into the hall. My eyes seemed to be drawn toward one corner of the room. My heart stood still—it was no mistake—I had recognized Gasparo. I went over toward him and touched his arm, said:

"Gasparo, don't you know me?"

He raised himself up lazily and said, "Ah, Francois! I thought you were in Toulon."

"I can't thank you that I'm not there. Listen to me; if we both outlive this night, you shall give me satisfaction for your perjury."

He looked indifferently at me, and lay down to sleep. At seven o'clock we were called up, and climbed the stairs that led to the dome. My place was about half way up, and I saw Gasparo go up still higher. When we were all ready, we crept through the windows up to small boards hanging by ropes. Each one was given a lighted torch, with which he was to light the lamps that he passed as the ropes were let down. After I had lit all my lamps, I looked around at the scene. Suddenly I felt my rope shake, and looking up, saw a man putting a torch to it. Almighty God! It was Gasparo. With the agility of a cat I climbed up the rope, put my torch in the villain's face, and caught hold of the rope above where it was on fire.

Gasparo, blinded and wild with pain, gave a terrible yell and rolled down like a stone. The yell and the humming of the living ocean beneath I heard the dull thud as my enemy struck the pavement. I had hardly recovered my breath when we were drawn up again.

I told the director what I had gone through. The truth of my story was proved by the half-burned rope, and I was given money enough to leave Rome.

Since then I have had many adventures, but never found myself in such terrible company as on the dome of St. Peter's on that fatal Easter.

**Ancient Ruins.**

The Tucson Citizen, which may possibly be romancing, has an account of an archeological discovery represented to have been recently made: Ancient ruins have recently been discovered in Sonora, which, if reports are true, surpass anything of the kind yet found on the continent. The ruins are said to be about four leagues southeast of Magdalena. There is one pyramid which has a base of 4350 feet, and rises to a height of 750 feet; there is a winding roadway from the bottom leading up on an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, which is said to be 23 miles in length; the outer walls of the roadway are laid in solid masonry from huge blocks of granite in rubble work, and the circles are as uniform and the grade as regular as they could be made at this date by our best engineers. The wall, however, is only occasionally exposed, being covered over with the debris and earth, and in many places the saluaro and other indigenous plants and trees, have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain. To the east of the pyramid a short distance is a small mountain, about the same size, which rises to about the same height, and, if reports are true, will prove more interesting to the archeologist than the pyramid. There seems to be a heavy layer of a species of gypsum, about half way up the mountain, which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut. In this layer of stone a people of an unknown age have cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms, from 5x10 to 16 or 18 feet square. These rooms are cut out of the solid stone, and so even and true are the walls, floor and ceiling, so plumb and level as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are about eight feet high from floor to ceiling; the stones are so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are not at all dark. On the walls of these rooms are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human forms, with hands and feet of human beings, being cut in the stone in different places. But strange to say, the hands all have five fingers and one thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms, which would indicate that they built fires in their houses. Stone implements of every description are to be found in great numbers in and about the rooms. The houses or rooms are one above the other, three or more stories high, but between each story there is a jog or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mountain. Who these people were, and what age they lived in, must be answered, if answered at all, by the "wise men of the East." Some say they were the ancestors of the Mayos, a race of Indians who still inhabit Southern Sonora, who have blue eyes, fair skin and light hair, and are said to be a moral, industrious and frugal race of people, who have a written language and know something of mathematics.

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**Origin of the "Month of Mary."**

The account of the origin of the devotion of the month of May, which is consecrated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, is extremely interesting, and indeed touching. One day in May, about 85 years ago, a little boy was passing through the streets of Rome—it may have been on his way from church or from school—and coming to an image of the Madonna, as is customary in Catholic countries, he knelt down to bless and say his little prayer, and, no doubt, prompted by a divine impulse, he commenced singing to himself, in a quiet way the litany of the blessed virgin, which he had learned in church. Having finished his simple devotion, he went on his way, evidently unconscious of his surroundings and indifferent to the observation and criticism of the infidel and scoffer, or of the tepid, the careless and the worldly-wise Christian. The next day found him at the same hour in the same place, singing with the same quiet and apparently absorbed devotion his familiar litany, and saying his little prayers. This time another little boy about his own age coming up, knelt down and joined him in the litany, with which he, too, was familiar singing the responses, their sweet voices blending harmoniously. The next day several recruits were added, and then several mothers and other women joined the little band. Finally the attention of the pastor of the neighboring church was called to this extraordinary development in his parish, and he invited them to come into his church. There, at the altar of the blessed virgin, decorated with lights and flowers, the good priest led their devotions and gave them appropriate instruction for the rest of the month. Next year the devotions were renewed from the beginning of the month, and so, in time, the devotion grew and spread from church to church, till finally came to be sanctioned by the authorities, and has now become universal.—Catholic Review.

**PARALYZED.**—Owen M. Schwatka, a relative of Mayor Nichols, was suddenly stricken, on Monday last, of paralysis of the form called hemiplegia, one side being nearly desitute of motion and feeling. He is a young man, not more than 28 years of age, and up the time of the attack, had enjoyed good health. On the day of the attack, he began to find some difficulty in talking, and also in performing the necessary movements in walking. Nothing serious, however, was apprehended and he laid down on a bed, but in a short time was not able to rise again, and has been helpless ever since. He has lately resided at San Miguel, and was by profession a telegraph operator.

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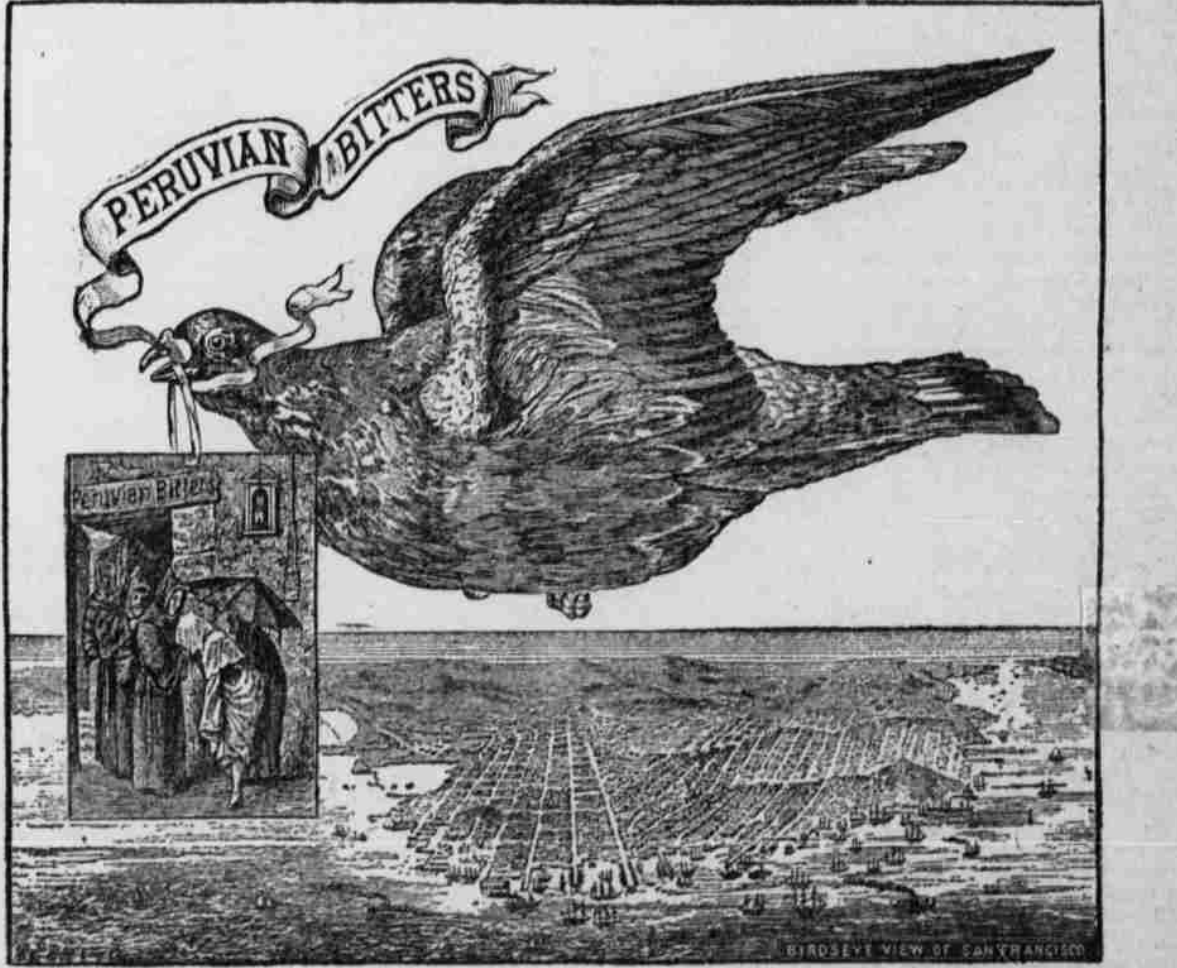
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