



Hay!"



placed so pear the summit of the hill, but so it is, and all but a few of the farmers around about have to toil upwards in order to reach the half dozen stores there and the three churches. Perhaps the original settlers of western Massachusetts had an eye, or two, for the beautiful, for there is not a babita-tion in Berkshire county that commands a more extensive or picturesque view. The natives of Tilbury seldom mention the scenery, but not many years ago it attracted the admiration of wealthy people from a distance, and they set up their summer homes there. It made a marked change in the vil lage, the more because a portion of the new comers found it pleasureable to remain through the winter. It was thus that evil entered and brought unhappiness to Heze-

kiah Martin.
My mind wanders back to that time when es a child I listened to his stentorian tenor voice leading the singing from the choir loft of the ancient Congregationalist church. There were two long services every Sunday then, and I recall that when the new preacher joined in the movement to abolish the afternoon sermon Hezekiah was one of those who stood hardest for the old custom, and when the inevitable reform was finally accomplished, the sturdy chorister never looked upon his minister in the same light that he had before. He was more faithful than ever and sung all the loader as if to make up in fervor for lack of opportunity; but when the daring divine finally went his way, and anpreacher took the pulpit, the chorister felt as if a great burden had been lifted; as if the parish had escaped a most dangerous

The years turned stendly along and Hezekiah overcame every difficulty that choir leaders are subject to. He pacified the jealous sopranos, raised up new bassos, sung four consecutive Sundays all alone when the choir deserted him in high dudgeon because he refused to approve of a new anthem book, and in many other ways demonstrated his fitness for the work until prosperity in the shape of summer visitors fell upon Tilbury. Then began a quiet, insidious trouble, as im perceptible at first as the approach of old age, that eventually overcame him.

The first manifestation of revolution came in a division of opinion in the parish over the choice of a new preacher, for old Mr. Spooner had begun to feel that he was somehow in the way, and he resigned before the people were fully aware that they wanted to hear a new voice. There were two leading candidates for his place, a young and elequent preacher and a zealous worker, and an elderly man against whom not a word could be said. The newcomers in Tilbury, joining hands with the younger members of the church, elected the young man, and as the contest had not been long or determined, there was a speedy healing of differences and no lack of harmony. Even then Hezekiah felt a vague presentiment that all would not be well with him, but saveral mouths passed before he received any direct intimation that the parish would appreciate a change in the choir loft. The first he heard of it was in a discussion among his singers at a Saturday evening rehearsal. It was not meant that he should hear, but he entered the vestry unexpectedly. Sam Hinckley, one of very bassos who had been patiently trained by the chorister, was saving:

'Wall, I shall be sorry to see the old man's feelings burt, but he can't expect to lead

singin' forever. And pretty Maria Jasper, tacitly understood to be Sam's sweetheart, responded

But I think it's just too mean, and if

Kinh has to go I follow. That's all!"

And then they all saw the chorister coming down the aisl and a painful bush fell upon them. Hezekiah bowed gravely as he ap-

proached the group and said:
"Good evening, neighbors." That was the way he always addressed the choir at rehearsals. Perhaps he avoided a greeting to each individual from fear of arousing jealonsy by seeming partiality. At all events I never leard of his varying the formula. He

continued, as he referred to a small slip of paper in his hand: When the Lord wills we will all go, and not till then. It is not our part to meddle with what is in His hands. The minister has

chosen byum 237 for the first piece. We will sing it to the tune of 'Cambridge.' " At that rehearsal and during service next day everything went as usual, but report of the talk that Hezekiah had heard flew about

the parish quickly, and not a few remarked that the chorister looked unusually grave. "I cal'inte," remarked Mr. Davis, the sheep raiser from Ram's Hill, to his wife as they drove home after meeting; "I callate 'Kiah

Martin feels his years a growing on him; hay?" "And I cal'inte, Philander Davis," returned Mrs. Davis, with significant emphasis, "that

it ain't so much his anterni years be feels as the loss of his friends." "Sho! Marthy, be alu't lost no friends, 'Kiah hain't; I think jes' 's much of him 's ever I did, an' yit I'm 'bleeged to admit that when a man gits along in years it's time for him to let stouter men hold the plough.

Now, the fact was that Philander Davis was one of the few among the older heads in the parish who sided with the reforming ele-Mr. Davis was ambitious for Tilbury ment. and all in it, and he prided himself somewhat on being able to entertain new ideas after having passed the age of 50. At the last church meeting his support had been recognized by his election to membership of the parish committee, and he, therefore, was well informed on the restlessness of the younger members regarding the matter of music. It was the one point of serious difference be tween him and his wife, and she was not to be hoodwinked by his sophistry,
"Don't teil me. Philander," she replied in

answer to his last expression, "I know just how you feel. You want to please the smart folks on the full, and I haven't got a word to say against them, cept it does seem's if they needn't come to Tilbury and expect to run things in city style. They want a quartet, now, don't they! and they want to interduce new music, don't they fund not let the congre gation join in, 'cept on one hymn, don't they and they're goin' to try to make Hewkinh step down on account of his age, and he been chorister for fifty years, don't they! aint they, I should say!"

"Git up, there, Jim, g'long with ye!" ex-aimed Mr. Davis. "You're putty sharp, claimed Mr. Davis. Marthy; ef you was to look through the hole in one of my millstones and see the other a grindin' you'd think you saw clean through both, wouldn't yet hay't but I don't think you'd make much of a hand to run a church Marthy. Hay!"

And so, with good-natured obstinacy the discussion was continued until Mr. Davis helped his wife out and led the horse into the

barn to unhitch.

Now that the chorister knew that there was a feeling that his services were not required, the parish committee hoped that he would relieve them of discomfort by resigning voluntarily; but weeks passed and Heze kish retained his place without a word. So at last it was determined that he must be approached in a Christian, neighborly spirit, induced to consider the matter in the right light. As the oldest member of the committee, Philander Davis was deputed to do the talking, but though he had accepted the appointment with a cheerful sease of its importance, his confidence failed him when he faced the old chorister one October evening in Hezekiah's little parior. The other members of the committee sat looking at their bats while Mr. Davis coughed awkwardly and began:

"Feelin' tolerable well these days, 'Klan' "I've been enjoyin' good health all sum-

mer, Mr. Davis," responded Hezekiah with

dignified aspecity.
"Wall," said Mr. Davis, after a wretched pause and another cough, "we've come up to

ilk about the music." Mr. Davis waited for the chorister to lead

the way to what must follow, but Hezekinh ept silent. So the spokesman continued: You see, 'Kinh, the parish thinks they'd ought to be something of a change,"

Hezekiah could hold out no longer. "Neighbors," he said with a trembling voice, "I can't make no change. I've stood up in the loft there more'n fifty years and haven't missed but two Sundays. I've sung the good old music that you and I, Philander, was brought up on, and I can't sing much else. I've kept the choir together for you, and if the money stood in the way (Hezekiah received \$50 a year) I'd keep it up for nothing. No, don't say 'taint money; I know that; I know you want a high toned quartet and that you're willing to pay. But-I've done my best, neighbors.

The old chorister bowed his head upon his hands, and the parish committeemen wished they had not come. Mr. Davis rubbed the back of his head and his colleagues looked sternly at him.

"We hate worse'n thunder to hurt your feelin's, 'Kinh, hay?' he began again, when the chorister stood up and interrupted him.

"I know," he said; "you don't want to tell me I'm too old, But, praise the Lord! I'il not stand in the way of the parish's good. I resign right here.

But the committee was not wholly lacking in human sympathy, and it was agreed that Hezekiah should sing until the end of the year, and the chorister consented, though with less appreciation of the favor extended to him than most of the committee had ex-

"Blessed if I didn't feel sorry for the old man," said young Dencon Goodspeed, speak ing of the matter several days later. So did a good many others, but as the end of the year approached the sympathy lost its keenness, and in the same degree the ambition of the younger members increased, so that eventually the desire to have a big display of nusic on Christmas led to another call on Hezekiah, the result of which was that the old chorister yielded his place at once with out a word of protest.

The celebration of the kindly festival began with a musical service on Christmas eve. be new quartet was in place and Hezekinh sat with the audience. In deference to old time custom some of the hymns were sung by the entire congregation. The old chorister tried to sing with the others, but after a few bars the tears somehow got entangled in his voice, and, as be could not sing and weep too, he stopped singing. When it was all over several of his neighbors approached him to may that they didn't think there'd been any improvement, and Henskiah shook each one by the hand and answered nothing.

The last gossiping couple had left the

church, the sexton had blown out the lights and locked the heavy doors behind Sleigh bells jingled faintly away out of hearing, and the slow footsteps of the sexten crunching on the half trodden snow mingled with the tones of the clock in the high tower striking ten. Then a door inside the vestry opened, and out of a closet where brooms and dust pans were kept an old man came hesitatingly. He made his way very slowly up the broad stairs to the main meeting room. At the door leading to the choir loft he paused a moment. His hand was on the knob, but he turned it not. More slowly than before he went down the aisle and dropped into a pew. He sat there in the darkness a long time, his head sunk forward on his breast. A half hour, may be, passed, before he rose and marched with determined step to the rose and marciael with near-mines seep to choir door, and up the stairs to the familiar loft. He found a match in his pocket and lit the lamp that hung near the bench, where Hezekiah for more than fifty years and sung God's praises and carried the voices and spirits of the congrega-tion with him. The dim yellow ray threw gloomy shadows of the pew backs into relief, just disclosed the pulpit at the further end of the church, gave faint hints of evergreen festoons on the walls, and here and there the laurel worked words "Emanuel," "Glory to God in the highest," and so on, that had been placed there with great toil by the young men and women of the parish in honor of the day so near at hand; but had you been there you would have seen only the patriarchal form of the chorister with a sadly bitter look on his face gazing at the gloom about the pulpit. Was he thinking how often he had stood solemnly thus while the minister was praying? Perhaps so, for after a moment his lips parted, and a tremulous "Amen!" uttered softly on a high note, sung to the evergreens and the shadows.

Then Hezekiah looked about the bench in front of him. He picked up one of the new anthem books brought in by the quartet. He glanced at the cover and let it fall. Taking the lamp from its socket he held it so that he could see, and presently drew forth the ancient collection of anthems, every tune in which he knew by heart, so sacred to him. and yet so speedily bidden away where it should serve nobody. He replaced the lamp and turned the pages to "Coronation," the first piece sung by a choir under his direction more than a lifetime ago. Fondly be looked at the familiar notes and then, his chest thrown out and his head held uo, he sung the grand old tune and its magnificent words with all the fervor and all the power that his voice ever had commanded. From beginning to end the hymn rang through the deserted gloomy church, and Dr. Williams, driving by in baste to attend the ills of a far off patient, wondered that the rehearsal should have been continued so late. When the last note had ceased Hezekiah stood with the book still open and his head still up, but the tears were coursing down his face in

stendy streams.

At last he sank into a chair, and with a great pang at the heart he saw upon the ench beside the volume of newfangled tunes a bttle book of manuscript music. was a young man of not more than 50 Hezokish had taken it into his head that he would write music, and the seyeral anthems that he had composed in pure harmony, but with erude progressions, had been laboriously copied into books, and had been used oceasionally ever since in church service. What had they been doing with his music Was it not enough that they should discard him in his old age, and his ways and his books, without hunting up his feeble but earnest compositions to laugh at them? That could not be forgiven! With melancholy fingers he turned the leaves. His inspection stopped at an anthem for Christmas, composed on words taken literally from the Seriotures. There it was, with its introductory recitative for bass, and a double fugue, as he called it, when the angels' chorus was reached. His wife had sung the treble beforeshe left the choir, and when with patient resignation he had laid her in the grave, his daughter had performed her part, and since she married and moved away the anthem had not been sung. With what grand emotion he had heard the voices begin the first fugal movement:



And how sweetly the second movement followed! and how they worked in together!

Glory to God in the highest, and
And on earth peace, good will to men. 11000 City ry to God in the highest

And now it was all held up for the smiles of a modern quartet!

The old chorister's head sank upon the bench, and his tears blurred the notes on the ancient page.

"Gracious massy! - Hezekiah, wake up! wake up 'Kiah; you'll ketch your death of cold! Come!"

It was Peter Stone, the sexton, dum-founded by surprise, shaking the old chorister violently by the shoulder. Painfully Hezekiah raised his head. "Merry Christmas, Peter; Pd rather stay here," he said feebly when he saw where he

Peter laughed almost hysterically and tugged away persistently at the eld man's shoulders.

"Come down to the fire," he exclaimed: "the choir will be here right away to rebearse for the service."

"Yes, I'll go," answered Hezekiah, and with great difficulty be dragged his stiffened limbs down the stairs into the vestry, where the furnace was already roaring with a freshly made fire. He submitted to be rubbed and sinpped by Peter to induce a quicker circulation of his blood, but he gave no clear answer to the wondering inquiries as to how he came to be locked into the church over night.

Presently the organ upstairs began to ound. Henekiah shivered and Peter rubbed him the harder. Then the voice of the bass in the new quartet was heard reciting:

"And there were shepterds abiding in the field " The old chorister listened with staring

eyes. Could it be! The long recitative came to an end, and then all the voices took up in proper order the angels' chorus.
"What does that mean, Peter?" exclaimed

Herekish, starting up. "Why, two meant as a Christmas surprise in your honor. They're goin' to sing your piece. The old chorister broke away from the

exton and hobbled up the stairs. reached the organ loft they were singing "And on earth peace, good will to men." Hezekiah waited until they were done, and

then in a low, grave tone that startled the singers, he said. I wish you all a merry Christmas, neigh-

bors. I've had hard feelings against you, and I pray that God will forgive me and cause you not to look unkindly on an old This is more than I deserve F. R. BURTON.

HEAVEN AND HELL

While forced to dwell apart from thy dear face. Love based with Sorrow ted me by the hand. And laught my doubting heart to understand That which has purried all the human race

Full many a sage has questioned where in space.
Those counter worlds are, where the mystic strand That separates them I have found each laud,

And hell is vast, and neaven a narrow place. In the small compass of thy cusping arms.

In reach and sight of thy dear lips and eyes. There, there, for me, the joy of heaven lies. Outside—10 chaos, terrors, wild alarms, And all the desciation theree and fell

Of void and acting nothingness make hell - Ella Wheeler Wilcox in The Cosmopolitan.

THE ACE OF SPADES.

It was a whirl of black coats and white shoulders, and those of the men who did not dance still remained in the salon to admire the beautiful waitzers

M d'Arcueil, in his quality of master of the house, was doing his duty turn by turn with all those women that without his example no one would have thought of inviting The card room, however, was empty, and at the same moment that Mme d'Arcueil, across whose charming head twenty five springs had come and gone, perceived the incumberment of her salon a young officer of 30, perhaps, so licited the honor and happiness of a waltz with her.

'Upon one condition," she responded. "that we have a game of cards first, but I warn you that I know only ecarte"

The young officer did not stir, and Mme. d'Arcueil, with that freedom of tone that distinguishes the Parisienne, added smilingly, "Who loves me follows me!" smilingly. Immediately not less than twenty of

those solemn men who believed it dero from their dignity to dance, and who had been invited solely on account of their wives, trooped after her to the card

room and placed themselves at table.
"Every one will thank me for this,"
said she, "and the ladies will be able to move without tearing their trains. Mes sieurs. I give you the right to play.

'Lucienne," demanded in a low tone the young officer, "tell me quickly the true meaning of this!"

Simply that we may have a pretext for talking together without disturbance. Besides, I should have God in the midst of those dancers Eut play, Louis, play

He obeyed and mechanically distributed the cards, turning up the ace of spades. And they played, but in the handling of the cards, in pronouncing insignificant phrases, in giving change to the players. or chatting graciously with the guests who passed beside them, Lucienne, who was deeply in love, and was experiencing how cruel the torture could be, was forced to bring the same upon her lover.

Her husband, ex-ambassador France to Spain, had been charged with a secret mission that required a prompt de-parture. Well, M. d'Arcueil had decided that his wife during his absence, the pre cise duration of which he was unable to tell, should remain at Andelys, where her family were then residing. And he, Louis de Bremont, captain in the —th, would have no right to leave Paris, since his regiment was on duty there.

As he made this reflection he distributed the cards for the third time, and for the third time the ace of spades was the

turn up. 'Again!" cried Louis; "clearly it is sig

nificant of something."
"Significant? yes," murmured Mme.
d'Arcuell, "of the manner, perhaps, in which we have trifled with our hearts as we now trifle with these cards!"

"But, Lucienne, why do you go? Why do you not resist? Why do you not refuse to leave Paris? Why do you permit this man, whom you do not love, to command your life in this way? Why do you leave me, and my love so ardent, so faithful? say my love, you see, for I know well that

"My love, Louis, so beautiful and sweet! I beg of you not to alter it by un just reproaches. I have committed sin enough in loving you-recognize this in place of torturing me by suspicions. I shall be punished sufficiently when to-morrow I find myself alone—all alone with him!"

'Alone with him?" repeated M. de Bre mont, despair, anger, jealousy, disgust, tearing at his heart, while the indifferents that surrounded him took ices, played, danced, arranged intrigues—obeyed, m short, that odious law of antithesis that since the world began has encompassed in clouds of joy, in rays of sunlight, the saddest sorrow

'Play, Louis, play!" cried Lucienne sud denly;

nly; "some one comes."
"But is it ended?" he murmured again; "have we met, have we loved, and do we now part forever? For a year you have been to me the universe-you who tell me with so calm a tone adicu! And I-I must respond to you, adjeu! And after it, Lucienne, after I have said adieu when this night is over, is it to be nothing more-am I to see you no more? Is it-and I ask it for the last time-is it ended?

"Yes," she arswered, "for I must go-I cannot do otherwise; and I beseech you not to speak to me in that way-not to incite me to commit imprudence! If I have refused my love to M. d'Arcueil I have still known how to respect his name! But see, they regard us curiously!" And Lucieume d'Arcueil gave the cards a new "Ace of spades!" announced the captain.

"Always that!" she answered aloud and holding it up with a smile that showed two rows of teeth as small and white as those of a child. "Decidedly, I shall have to go and consult a fortune teller. Doesn't it alarm you," she added, "that it is always the ace of spades that is turned?" "Not particularly; a mere matter of chance. I have seen at Spa a series of

even more surprising occurrences than this. Built the persistency of this are of spades may have a meaning that we can-

a proposition, mad, tureatizable, perhaps without possible result, but you feel the turning of this card portentous of some thing, and they say there is a genie of play -ch then! I call upon it to serve me! turn it again, this ace of spades, you will give me the right to cend for you, to call you to me, no matter where, no matter low, no metter at what hour, day grid and we will find ourselves to-I know what you would say—that my hope is wild insensate; that I must give up so much the werse for me! But you-you the cards, and 1—1 give you my word apon it—will do nothing to trick you. You refuse! So boit; you shall not go, or, rather, if you do, I follow you at every specifice despite your husband, deepite yourself even. rick nothing, it is I who will struggle with

"Like you would do this? You would compromise me thus if I decline to sub-

ject rapicle to this mad proposition!"
"I swear is." Che Lesitared. "Docide!" ... p. naded, "decide quickly. My mood is not one to be trivied with! Lo

You accept?" "I accept!" she responded, in a shaken

voice; "shuffle the cards and begin!"
Louis shuffled them feverishly, then placed them before his vis a vis. fixing upon her a look long, piercing, flery, as if he would compel her by the force of magnetism

"I wish," said he, "I wish that the ace of spades should be the turn-up! Cut. madame!

She cut, and Louis distributed the cards He turned one | It was the ace of spades "Victory! I have won!" he cried "By enchantment, then."

"No. Lucienne, no! I love you-it is the enchantment of love that wins!" "But my revenge, monsieur, you will permit me to have my revenge?

Revenge?" "Certainly; I desire to play against you Did you think I would yield without a struggle? If I win the matter ends here. And as it was not, after all, the game

ecarte they were playing, and turned card was the only one in which they had the slightest interest. Mme d'Arcueil quickly gathered them together. shuffled them and gave them to her op ponent. 'And you wish the turn to be"-

"The queen of bearts."

The eight of clubs showed itself upon the top of the pack Lucienne had lost. "Again!" she persisted, "try it again!" For well did she realize that it was more than the ace of spades that she had promised to obey, that Louis, her lover, would not be dilatory in appointing the

rendezvous to which it, this ace of spades. would call her-a rendezvous that, after all, must end in parting; upon which scandal possibly would spy and tattle, and chastisement attend for a reckless, erring wife Lucieume shuddered.
"I cannot," she cried, "I dare not— "I cannot," she cried, "I dare not— am afraid I dare not abandon my des

tiny to the will of a card! You are a gal lant man, Louis. Release me. I be you-release me from this thoughtless "No: impossible! and if I should you

would still suffer the same. I love you-you know it, and I believe that you love me. No, it is impossible!"
"Then begin anew—make the test over

Willingly-something tells me I shall What eard will you take now?" win.

"The one that came up before-the eight of clubs '

Eh blen! Shuffle and give them to me yourself."

Once more she did as he told her, shuffled the cards and gave them to him, and once more, as on the other occasions, the card that De Bremont turned was the ace

'Ah!" she cried, rising as if something had stung her, "I was right-it is en chantment!"

Whether she were sorry or glad Lu cienne d'Arcueil could not at the moment have told you. It was very late. The orchestra was playing the last waltz. Without a word Louis placed his arm around Lucienne's waist, and the two lovers, heart to heart, the one with the other, found themseives in the wave of dancers.

Soon the music ceased, the guests made their parting compliments—the ball was

over. The next morning M. d'Arcueil con ducted Lucienne to Andelys, and the day afterward departed on his secret mission

Whilst diplomats occupy themselves at a distance with the interests of France. the soldier also has his duty as a French man, and almost immediately following the departure of the D'Arcuells from Paris the -th was ordered to depart for

The news of such an order was not re ceived with delight, but gradually, as the hour approached for them to start, Louis de Bremont feit his ambition to reawaken -the captain desired to see himself a With scarcely time enough to put their affairs in order, to drop a fare-well line to friends and parents, to climb into the wagons, stop at Lyons and then at Marseilles, the regiment embarked upon the transport and in due time put their feet upon African soil.

De Bremont, like the majority of French officers, had made his debut in Algeria, and now between skirmishes amused himself revisiting places where. as a simple lieutenant, he had first pitched his tent, the field where he had won his "maiden spurs." the bourgade or straggling village where he had left a lady love, for soldiers do not give up these pleasing pastimes when they turn their backs upon Paris. Three months passed thus. By the end

of the fourth he was well under way with a promising love affair with a young in structress of music, born of French rentage in Algeria, but Parislenne by in-stinct. One knows that Arabs are always in a state of insurrection. Louis was likely to remain in Africa a long while Nor was he astonished one morning toward the middle of — to be ordered to make a sortic against the tribe of Chachouia, then, as the military governor had been informed by courier, making daily ravages in the neighborhood of Con-stantine. It was his regiment that had been selected to protect the colonists and quell the distarbance.

He went without reluctance, for those of his comrades who knew the province of Constantine spoke with enthusiasm of that wonderfully beautiful country, with its plain of the Gazelles, its mountains of Albatre and Sel. A splendid country, but one in which, behind its thickets of laurel roses, its intoxicating perfumes, its cliffs, precipices and seductive bedges, danger urked perpetually, danger from the wilv Chachonia, ready to train upon you with-out a moment's warning the shining bar-

On the evening in question Louis de Bremont and the 500 men whom he had taken with him on the expedition were resting at their sixth and last halting place before reaching their destination, gathered about a clear spring. A han-

cred meters further away the cred meters the guarded the empreut of the soldiers slept, en mended their uniforms.

De Bremont, who was not is the sleepy, not at all in the hume for ing the country and regretted of charms of the little music teachers of the little music teachers, not to say bend

situation.

"Pley cards, then!" cried long cardy, a little subsitern, with a language, "what do you say, Leaning, and carding, a little subsitern, with a language of carding.

game of carde?"

"I'd play in a minute," said to the licentement of the troop, "ball win, more's the pity!"

"And you, De Leemont" week

the exptnin.
"Usin or no win, I'm with to "a spended. And already the "leady the "leady the "leady the spended. And already who white mets, had opened one of the cary to and was lost in its depths sauthing to cards in the midns of the thems. one objects that soldiers know b crats the the suchest space Parties later a famo that left a good be desired in the way of comfately

quate light was preparing to be tween Louis and his friend space of the trunk now closed and scripgaming table. You'd a great deal better tall's Lecandey, complainingly, and some pick up a roll of something that have from the trunk as the brushe by placed the contents, it's deals a

kicking my beels white you to kicking my beels white you to yourselves Zounds" he added to alighting upon the package is in 'here's a find-it's a paper!" "And the game—what shall had manded De Bremont, cutting for so "Ecarte, of course, it goes quite! "Are you ready?" cried Lenge folding the sheet; "you wouldn't me, so—I revenge myself by myou. Political Bulletin—Pars, by

you 'Political Bunetin-Tala,
The Gazette de France refuse'
"Oh, enough, enough, Leaste'
Louis: "throw it in the fix ag the stuff!"
"Will you stop your playing a
Will you talk to me:

"No. I won't!" replied be been volla! my response—I turn upte of spades!" "—refuses." Lecandey bepa is
"Mercy! mercy! Lecandey! sile!
Bremont's adversary. "pitch haves
infernal paper! Give us a rest for

tics and finance!" "Don't listen to him!" said the on "Think of the game! Attention is turn up, ace of spades!" the news of Paris, the le

from Italy, follow the informat turn at the news in the provine, appointments, the hunt, the bals -"Sacristi" from time to time of the little subaltern, "but it sket journal!' Nevertheless the reading west a with it the grumbling-"They into

with Lecaudey and his diversized Again it was De Bremontagie again he turned the ace of spa you, my readers, the card speaks un to him it said—nothing! Love, you goes so quickly!

"Chronicle of the court," read least "legal affairs:" but, like love their paper has its end, the lientens come at last to fatalities, to men deaths.

"Etienne Godefrey, aged # 1 Courcelles."
"Aline Bernier, 82. Rue Saint Bart of the Saint Bart "Jean Lysart, et cet., et cet., it

ers meanwhile continuing to mu

the cards. Ace of spades called Lens to third time, unking the turn up. "Lucienne d'Arcuell," cacio "widow, 26 years, Rm caudey.

De Bremont started to his feet "What did you say, Lecanos "Lucienne d'Arcacil, mon set finishing up the list of deaths" Lucionne d'Archeil! Dead! Wa and that card, that are of spairs,

beneficent, today so accursed at at the name of his forgotten are
But would Lucienne be deaf Louis, her lover, had called been been arranged he should de la the question the captain asked kin

he stood there, his eyes fixed and
of spades that he had selzed a list
All at once a shot broke its "To arms! To arms" crist the

"To arms!" repeated the spins
the words died in his thrail not time even to draw his sent had struck him in the hear, as fatal card riddled between his be He had not called Lucienne 4 let the rendezvous of love, but she and dead, had called him from the French for The New Int.

cury by E. C. Waggener. The Paradoxes of Science.

The water which drows & stream, can be walked upon a bullet which, when fired for an carries death, will be harmlest to dust before being fired lized part of the oil of roses, sept its fragrance—a solid at ordinary atures, though readily velame pound substance containing es same elements, and in execution proportions, as the gas with a light our streets. The ten which drink, with benefit and pleasure. palpitations, nervous trembles paralysis, if taken in each peculiar organic agent caled which tea owes its qualities of

by itself (as theine, not as in any appreciable effect.
The water which will allar thirst augments it when cosessow; so that it is stated by sp the Arctic regions that the same fer enduring the utuest emether thirst rather than attempt is by eating snow. Yet if it melted it becomes drained Nevertheless, although, if see entering the mental it means the mental it mental i entering the mouth it says like other water, then mouth it has the opposite of a der this paradox more strike only to remember that its more slowly in the mouth is in allaying thirst. - Blackson

Her Choice in Vells Uncle Robert (sadly)-lift girl, I fear there is too much

ness in your nature. Helen-Dear old guardian mistaken. I am going to tal veil.

Uncle R. (a devout R.C) a girl after my own heart. Helen (demurciy)-But P veil will have orange bloom Platsburg Bulletin.