

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A
TRUE
STORY
OF
THE
SOUTH
OF
FRANCE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

They left the broken vehicle, the prostrate horses that struggled and kicked in vain attempts to free themselves from the harness and rise, and in the darkness and the storm pursued with all possible haste the road to the chateau. There was no shelter near. The light form of Rose was as nothing in the strong arms of the marquis. Rapidly he bore her along, keeping the folds of his cloak well wrapped about her.

"We are almost at the village," said Francis Egerton, as he supported his companion with a lover's tenderness that met now with no repulse.

For Helen Montauban knew nothing of it. She was saying to herself, "Is Rose dead? Has she escaped me? Am I to be spared my work at last?" She listened for a sigh—a groan, from the lips of that inanimate figure that was borne before her. No sound was heard from them. Already, a strange fever of joy mingled with the shivering excitement, the awe, the horror, which Helen Montauban had felt. She never heeded the rain that poured over her in sheeted torrents; the wild winds raged in vain for her now; they were unheard. She only longed for light—light, to behold that childish countenance to know the truth.

But so near were they to the farm houses now that no delay was made; the first one was entered, and Rose placed upon a couch, while the farmers' wives crowded about, with earnest kindness and sympathy, to that pale, quiet face, those closed eyelids and colorless lips, they were silent; and some whispered among themselves, "She is dead!" while others, with scarce a hope, yet seeking still for one, worked over the lifeless form. And without stood the marquis and the Count de Clairville and Francis Egerton by the fire in the great farm kitchen, in dread, silence and suspense.

Helen Montauban and the countess had entered the chamber where Rose was laid, and rough yet comfortable garments were offered them to replace their own dripping ones. The countess was already making this welcome and really necessary change; but Helen Montauban, thrusting them from her, pressed to the couch.

"Stand aside!" she said to the woman. And she knelt down there to look at that pallid face, round which the dripping chestnut curls were lying in shining masses. Once those white lips parted—reddened.

"See—see! she lives—she breathes!" uttered one of the women, in an eager, tremulous tone, subdued almost to a whisper—"she lives!"

"It is a lie!" muttered Helen Montauban, between those beautiful shut teeth. A moment elapsed. The women gathered, with glad, excited, hopeful eyes, about the couch—those poor, simple, honest-hearted peasant women, praying for that young life, whose slender thread one among them would so gladly have seen broken. And fiercely watched that one, with a burning glance, a heart that stood all but still. It was no lie!

Slowly those lovely eyes unclosed, and rested upon the glad, smiling faces gathered about the couch. There was no recognition in them at first; but presently, meeting the anxious glance of the good countess, who bent over her, she sighed faintly, and putting her hand to her head, whispered, "O, yes; I remember—I remember now!"

Helen Montauban was gone. In an adjoining chamber she removed the saturated garments she had worn, and substituted for them the apparel sent from the chateau by a domestic; then proceeding to the kitchen, joined her father and his companions, who had just learned that Rose had revived. The head of the marquis was bowed, his face buried in his hands. The emotion of gratitude he felt at the bringing back of that young life almost overcame him.

The night passed and morning broke, clear and still above the earth, where so lately all had been commotion. The voice of the tempest had died away in silence. Broad and fair the sunlight shone above the pleasant valley. They bore Rose with gentleness and care back to the chateau. She was quite ill, almost unable to move a limb from weakness. The injuries that others had escaped, she had received; and from being so long exposed to the storm, there was every reason to believe that serious consequences would ensue.

And the apprehension was justified. During the day her indisposition increased, and at night, feverish and delirious, she tossed upon her couch, with a wild brilliancy in those soft eyes, and a scorching flush upon her beautiful cheek. It was pitiful to hear her wandering words, and listen to the incoherent minglings of sorrow and joy, in her wild delirium. The marquis looked upon her once, and then turned away with streaming eyes from the room, to seclude himself in the library, where he passed the night in watchings. The Count Frederic and Francis Egerton remained till dawn in the saloon. Every domestic in the chateau kept vigil during those long and mournful hours; for not an eye could close in slumber. Helen Montauban and the countess had their post in that sick chamber, beside the couch of the sick girl, who recognized neither of them. All night long she raved, and the flush burned strong and steady on her cheek, and the lightning's flash was not more brilliant than the fire scintillating from those dark eyes.

Slowly the leaden night hours waxed and waned; and Helen Montauban sat beside the pillow of Rose, regardless of slumber. The countess, sitting by the fire, still wept and prayed in silence. The doctor came to the bedside.

"You need rest, mademoiselle," he said; "cannot I prevail upon you to retire and snatch a few hours' repose while I watch here? The fatigue and exposure of last night, though no present ill effects are felt from them, may be productive of evil consequences, if your nerves continue thus overtaxed."

"Your pardon," returned Helen, in cold and quiet tones, "but I anticipate no un-

pleasant results from our adventure of last night; and you must be conscious that, even if such were not the case, I should find it impossible to sleep now. I must remain here."

"Ah—well!" sighed the good old man; "if you are fully determined on this, it must be so; and I trust all will be well."

He sat down by the bed, leaned his head on his hand and fixed a thoughtful and sorrowful glance upon the feverish countenance turned towards him on the pillow. Rose looked at him with her wild, bright, piteous gaze.

"Where is Louis?" she asked; "where is he? Why do they keep him from me?"

Tears stood in the physician's eyes. He laid his gentle hand, with its cool touch, on that burning forehead.

"Be quiet, my child," he said. "He will come—Louis will come."

"No—no! he will not—he will not come!" she cried, with feeble grief. "I have not seen him this long time. I thought we were to be married. It was a dream, was it not?" And again that heart-breaking, sorrowful glance was fixed on him. "I don't know why I am lying here," she murmured, sadly, looking about her. "I ought to be ready to meet him when he comes. But I am so weak—so tired! I believe I have been journeying somewhere. But such a strange journey! I don't think it ever will end; and I am wandering all alone. And so weary, weary, weary! Ah, Louis, why don't you come and help me? You said you loved poor Rose!"

Mournful and plaintive grew those restless, feverish tones; tearful and troubled the brilliant eyes; but still, though exhausted by her constant ravings, and though her cheeks burned more hotly, and her heart throbbed with terrible violence, and her breathing was short and painful, there was no rest for her. Still she raved of Louis, and begged him to see how her feet were torn and bleeding with the long and weary way she came, and then she would moan that he never would come—"never, never, never!"

And that wild, mournful wail might have drawn tears from a stone; but Helen Montauban was more than a stone.

The doctor went out, leaving Helen Montauban there to bathe the heated forehead of the sick girl, and offer water to those parched lips. And she said, looking down upon the stricken form before her, "She is in my power!"

Alas! only too completely so! Mademoiselle Montauban had gathered that M. Mery had but a slight hope of Rose's recovery. It must be. No turning back, or flinching, or hesitating, for that desperate nature now! That hope must never become a stronger one! It was hers to see to it. Pouring out the water for which the sufferer prayed, ever and anon, her hand involuntarily clutched the tiny vial concealed in her bosom. Yet—no! A little delay; the disease might terminate fatally in a few days, and spare her the work for which she was prepared. But in case it were not so, then—It was a poison, subtle and sure as death itself. Few were there who knew of such; few—almost no tests that could detect its presence. To Helen Montauban had been given a knowledge of this poison in by-gone years, and she had guarded that knowledge like gold. The secret, so long preserved, was likely to become useful to her now.

It was midnight. All over the chateau, there was deep and heartfelt rejoicing; but it was subdued in its manifestations, for the life that had so lately been pronounced safe was only slowly and faintly fluttering up from the edge of the grave; and every voice spoke in whispers, every footstep was muffled. All day she had slept, and the exhaustion produced by her violent and protracted delirium was so great that that slumber had hardly seemed like the rest of a living form. For scarce the faintest breath could be perceived, or the slightest motion of that feebly beating heart. Yet had the physician filled the breasts of those about him with a too delicious hope that hung for certainty upon her awakening.

Then had the evil desire of Helen Montauban grown to an intensity that was fiendish. Watching, with her haggard face and gleaming eyes, beside that couch, she had fixed her serpent gaze upon the almost lifeless being who lay there, looking with cruel and terrible eagerness for the sign of death to set itself upon that young sufferer's brow. Yet it came not, and her eagerness grew almost into madness. The one way remained. She would make that sleep a lasting one!

But there was another watcher there. The aged physician had taken up his post also by the couch. He, too, was waiting; but it was for the angel of life—not that of death; and he stirred not from that place. Not a morsel of food had passed his lips that day. Since dawn he had been there. And Helen Montauban, in her fierce desperation at her own inability to accomplish the work so long meditated upon, was almost insane. Still he watched there; never for an instant was his vigilance relaxed. And the hours passed on and Rose awoke—safe!

CHAPTER XX.

It was nearly morning when the cure came to the chateau to request an interview with the marquis. He told him that Hugh Lamonte was at the village inn and dying. The marquis, astonished and affected at this sudden announcement, in the midst of his joy for the safety of Rose, prepared immediately to visit him; and the physician, M. Mery, satisfied that the most favorable change had taken place in his patient's case, left her in the care of Mademoiselle Montauban and the countess and accompanied the marquis.

In a few moments the party arrived at the auberge. Maurice met them with a nominous countenance.

"How is he—there any change?" asked the cure, anxiously.

"None, monsieur," answered the man. "He raves still; but he talks of some guilty deed to be atoned for—some secret to be confessed. I can make nothing satisfactory, though, out of what he says, he wanders so."

The three ascended to the chamber above, where lay the dying man. The marquis started as he beheld him, stretched out upon the couch, with his wild, unshorn and emaciated countenance, and coarse, rough garments, which he had not suffered to be removed, presenting a spectacle so wretched. The kind-hearted old man could scarcely refrain from shedding tears as he gazed upon the wreck of that one proud form.

"Is this indeed Hugh Lamonte?" he exclaimed, advancing towards the couch. "Who calls Hugh Lamonte?" shouted the sick man, sternly; "who calls him—the outcast—the robber? Who calls him, I say? And who are you?" fixing his wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance of the marquis. "Ah, Armande Montauban, I know you—I know you!" he uttered, fiercely, trying to spring upright, yet falling, from very weakness. "Don't come near me, or I shall murder you! Where is Guidette?—where is she? You have hidden her from me! You have wedded her; and she was mine—mine! You stole her from me! I will have your blood!"

He sank back, exhausted, with white lips.

"Look—look," monsieur! uttered the cure, springing to the side of the marquis—"look, M. Mery, the marquis is fainting!"

And even as he spoke, the heavy fall of his friend attracted the physician's attention. Consternation and alarm were visible in his features.

"Let us carry him out into another room—quick!" he said, excitedly.

Together they bore him to an adjoining apartment, and there commenced the application of restoratives. But some moments elapsed ere he betrayed signs of returning consciousness. Then he revived slowly, and for some time gazed fixedly upon the face of M. Mery. Then a low moan escaped his lips.

"Gustave, I have seen my brother!" he uttered.

"Your brother?" echoed M. Mery, in astonished excitement.

"It is true! It is Henri who lies there

trayed myself at last—the brother who swore vengeance on the husband of Guidette?" He raised himself, with main strength, upon his arm, and fiercely regarded the marquis.

"Ah, Henri, forgive me!" cried the grief-stricken man.

"Never!" shouted Henri, madly. "I have been revenged on you; I have brought sorrow and darkness to your hearthstone, and I am satisfied! For the sake of your child—the angel who has smiled upon a wretched life, and touched an evil heart with her innocence—for her sake I will atone, at this last hour, for the misery I have caused you. You shall be happy once more; but I will not forgive you for the wrong done to me—never—no, never!" And raising his clenched hand to heaven, he sealed the declaration with a fearful oath. Then he sank down, exhausted. A shudder ran through every form within that chamber.

"Henri!" cried the marquis, throwing himself on his knees beside the couch, "recall those words, I conjure you! Listen to me. I knew not of the wrong I had done you, till it was too late. Guidette deceived me; she never told me that you loved her—that she was betrothed to you! I wedded her, thinking her free. But she was a curse to me. Ah, Henri, if you desired revenge, she was the fittest instrument!"

The dying man's eyes were fixed earnestly on his brother's face.

"Say it once more—once more!" he panted, eagerly; "tell me again that you were innocent—that you knew not of our betrothal—that she deceived you, and was false to me!"

"It is true. Listen, Henri; I swear it!" His face was pale; the tears streamed from his eyes; his clasped hands, uplifted, trembled.

"Then pardon me, Armande, for the injustice I have done you," faintly uttered Henri, extending his almost powerless hands, and seeking that of his brother—"pardon me, and I shall die in peace!"

The marquis clasped that wasted hand



HUGH LAMONTE'S DYING CONFESSION.

—my brother Henri. Let me go to him." "My dear friend, be calm, I command you," urged the physician, gently. "I am calm; but I must go instantly. If he should die—ah, save him, I entreat you."

Weak and trembling as he was, he made them assist him to re-enter the other apartment. They advanced towards the couch; there was a different sight there now. From the height of delirium Hugh Lamonte was suddenly sinking into a stupor. His eyes were almost closed. Only faint, unintelligible murmurs broke from his lips at times. He did not see their approach. The cure and M. Mery cast glances at each other. The marquis comprehended them.

"You think he is dying, then?" he asked. "Ah, save him, Gustave! We were enemies once—he and I. Let him live, that we may once more embrace one another!"

"Be calm, my dear friend," entreated the physician again, "and listen to the truth. No power on earth can save him now; he is sinking fast. But maintain your energies; he may revive before death, with the possession of his full reason."

"Ah, Henri!" murmured the marquis, with indescribable emotion—"my brother, that I should recognize you thus, after all these years! See—see, Gustave!" and he lifted the matted hair from the temples of the unconscious man—"see where I struck him once! I knew the mark. Our father told me he would bear it to the grave—that scar."

"How," said M. Mery, in a low voice, "can this be your brother?—this man, who, for twelve years, has dwelt within half a league of you, and who has only been known as a peasant?"

"Ah, I recognize him but too well!" answered the marquis, sadly; "it is he—I know him now through the disguise that has served him so long. And did you not hear his words? He said I stole Guidette from him. Alas! it is but too true, though I was innocent of wrong. Henri—my brother—speak to me! say that we are friends once more!"

Eagerly he leaned over the couch, with his eyes fixed upon the sick man's face; but he was not recognized. There was no intelligence in that dying glance.

Hugh—or Henri, rather, awakened from the dull stupor. But it was only the sudden and fitful flare of the expiring flame of life. He lay, for an instant, glancing about the apartment; then looking upwards, he encountered the regards of the good cure, who stood by the couch in silence.

"Monsieur le cure, I recognize you," he said. "I am dying—is it not so?" "It is true," answered the good man, mournfully. "But there is yet time for confession and repentance."

"Confession—repentance! You know, then, that I have a confession to make—sins to repent of?"

"It is a work which every dying man has to do, my friend."

The marquis advanced towards the couch.

"Henri, my brother!" he uttered, in sorrowful tones.

"Ha! you know me, then? I have be-

tenderly within his own. His tears fell upon it.

"Henri, I have nothing to forgive. We have both been unhappy," he uttered.

"Nay—you do not know the misery I have caused you. But I repent. It shall be confessed." His voice grew weaker. "Where is Rose?" he asked.

"She is at the chateau. She has been ill; but, thanks be to heaven, she is recovering!" answered the marquis, earnestly.

"It is well. Give her my blessing. If she will receive it from me, when she knows all. I have been a wretch; but she has been an angel in my miserable home. Ah, if the prayers of one so good and pure as she could be offered to heaven for my salvation, surely they would be heard! Ask her to forgive, and pray for me, Armande." He paused, panting for breath, and unable for a moment to continue. There was a terrible and mournful silence in the room. Suddenly he regretted his wasting energies. "Hear me, Armande, my brother, while I have strength left to make atonement. Beneath the hearth at the cottage, you will find an iron chest; it contains my confession." He paused again; his strength was rapidly failing. A moment, and he resumed, turning once more his fast-closing eyes to his brother's face. "It will tell you of your lost daughter—of Marguerite!" he gasped.

"Of Marguerite! Speak—speak, Henri!" cried the marquis, in terrible agitation; "tell me—I divine it—confess, I implore you! He cannot tell it—he is dying! O, for a moment longer!" he said. "Henri, tell me; breathe but one word; what of Marguerite?" He bent down nearer, waiting in awful suspense.

The gleaming eyes opened again. The lips moved.

"Armande, hear!" were the slow, painfully whispered words. "Rose—I stole her! She is—your child!"

(To be continued.)

Precept and Practice

"We are slaves of custom," answered Mr. Bliggins. "We tie ourselves down to the tyranny of tradition and mock the very men who seek to free us from our shackles. We are too ready to fear what people think—too ready to speed a thoughtless gibe—"

Mr. Bliggins suddenly stopped and began laughing.

"What's the matter?" asked his wife. "Give me my hat, quick. There goes Timmins with a straw hat on. First straw hat of the season! If I don't make life a burden to him I'll know the reason why."—Washington Star.

British Empire as Big as Africa.

The British Empire and its dependencies and colonies embrace 11,000,000 square miles, or about the size of all Africa.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.



Her first proposal: Madge—Was she glad when he told her the old, old story? Marjorie—You bet she was. Why, that girl never heard it before. —Puck.

He—Suppose we found a mutual admiration society. I will begin by saying I admire your beautiful eyes. Now, what do you admire in me. She—I admire your taste.

Going to extremes: Snaso—This souvenir habit is getting to be something fierce. Rodd—I should say so. I know of a man who visited a friend and took his friend's wife as a souvenir.—Life. Niece—Now, Uncle Ned, isn't he just the sweetest little cherub in the world? Uncle—Well, Lucy, I don't know much about cherubs, but as a specimen of a plain human baby he is certainly a howling success!

Within the limit: Jones—I wish you would figure on a new house for me. Architect—Something about five thousand dollars? Jones—No; something about five hundred. I've only got five thousand to spend on it.—Judge.

Teacher—Now, then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday. Tommy—Well, it ain't my fault. Teacher—It isn't? Why? Tommy—Cause I done my best to think up a good one.

Not what she expected: Lady (of uncertain age)—I have put your seat next to mine, Mr. Rawlingson; I hope you do not mind? Mr. Rawlingson—Mind, my dear lady; you know how little it takes to satisfy me.—Tit-Bits.

Definite: Mr. Newly-wed (in the kitchen)—What are you cooking there, my dear? Mrs. Newly-wed (excitedly)—Don't bother me now. There's the cook book. I'm making recipe No. 187 on page 396.—Woman's Home Companion.

Bobby—I say, Mr. Updyke, what do you suppose Clara said about you just before you came in? Mr. Updyke—I haven't an idea in the world. Robert, Bobby (amazed)—Well, you've guessed it! That's just what she did say!—Tit-Bits.

His Thanksgiving dinner: "I am very sorry, Victor, to think you were such a glutton. Are you not sorry yourself that you ate so much turkey?" "Yes, mother, 'cause I hadn't any other room left for the mince pie."—Harper's Bazar.

"Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?" "First rate. I ain't doing so well as some of the other boys, though I can stand on my head; but I have to put my feet against the wall. I want to do it without the wall at all!" —Punch.

Hoogley—When I entered your yard last evening your dog barked at me. Wilby—You could hardly expect me to keep servants and let them fill in their time barking at folks, and I'm too busy myself to attend to it.—Boston Transcript.

Mistook the symptoms: He—Look at that woman on the other side of the street waving her hands about her head. Is she practicing physical culture? She—Mercy, no! She's describing her new hat to another woman.—Chicago News.

"Although I have granted you this interview," said the pompous new office-holder, "I don't want people to think I'm in the habit of talking for publication." "They won't," replied the reporter, "when they see these remarks in print."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I seen you kissin' Mame," said her little brother. "Well, here," said the dear girl's accepted lover, "if I give you a dime can I trust you to say nothing about it?" "Sure! I never peached on any of the other fellows when they gave me money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Quick work: The Judge—Supposing your automobile was running at the rate of twelve miles an hour, how quickly could you stop it? The expert—Why, your honor, while running at that rate, I have stopped it time and again before the rear wheels touched the victim!—Town Topics.

Did She Know? Fond Father (showing off his offspring's intelligence)—Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat? Elsie—Dunno. Fond Father—Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when every one's in bed? Elsie (promptly)—Papa.—New York Times.

"What did you do with that fellow who stole the horse?" asked the tenderfoot. "Nothin' much," answered Broncho Bill—"Jist took the hoss away from him." "Is that all?" "Yep. He war settin' in the saddle with a rope around his neck tied to a tree when we took the hoss away, though."—Indianapolis Sun.

Unfinished: When the new puppies were discovered to be blind Teddy was very unhappy. His auntie assured him that God would open their eyes in due time. When bedtime came Teddy was heard adding a petition to his prayers: "Dear God, do please hurry up and finish those puppies!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Proud Father—I tell you, sir, that boy of mine will be a wonder! Friend (wearily)—What wonderful thing has he done now? Proud Father—Why, the other day he ate all the preserves in the pantry. I overheard him say, as he smeared the cat's face with the stuff, "I'm sorry, Tom, to do this, but I can't have the old folks suspect me." —Smart Set.

GOOD Short Stories

A young member of Parliament was once addressing a meeting at which there was a considerably rowdy element present. Like the other speakers he was frequently interrupted, until losing patience, he called for silence, saying: "Don't let every ass bray at once." "You go on alone then, sir," said the ringleader, and the honorable member was left without a reply.

A Maine farmer who had gone to law with a neighbor, suggested to his lawyer that he send the magistrate a couple of fine ducks. "Not on your life," said the attorney; "if you you'll lose the case." The case was on and was tried and judgment was given in his favor. Then he turned to the lawyer, and gleefully exclaimed, "I sent the ducks." Astonishment of the lawyer's part changed to admiration when his client continued, "But sent them in my opponent's name."

Congressman Frank C. Wacht says that once, when a party of candidates were touring the State of Maryland, they stopped at the home of a farmer in one of the counties, and found him not at home. They, however, saw his wife, and one of the candidates said to her: "Madam, is your husband a Democrat or a Republican?" "Well," she replied, "I'll tell you about him. He goes about a good deal, and when he is with Democrats he is Democrat; when he is with Republicans he is a Republican; but when he is around here he is a darned nuisance."

William E. Curtis says that during the last days of Oliver Wendell Holmes' life he visited Washington, D. C., in company with Robert C. Wilthrop, and both of the venerable men visited the Senate chamber on the occasion of some ceremonies which crowded the galleries with people, and that they were unable to obtain seats. They sent their cards to Mr. Evans, hoping that he might arrange a place for them, and when he met them in the marble room he explained the difficulty. "The galleries are crowded, as you know," he said, "and the rules of the Senate admit to the floor of the chamber only members of the two Houses of Congress, members of the Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court, ex-Secretaries, persons who have received thanks of Congress, and private secretaries to Senators. I cannot get your admission in any other capacity, but if you will accept highly respectful and remunerative employment as private secretaries I will find you seats on the floor." Both the poet and the statesman accepted, and Mr. Evans took them to the door, where he dressed the doorkeeper as follows: "Dear sir, these two young men are private secretaries. You will observe that they are both very green and ignorant, but I am trying to have a little with them and overlook the deficiencies. I wish you would take good look at them, so that when they come here again to see me you will know them," and with that he pushed open the swinging doors and motioned to Dr. Holmes and Mr. Winthrop to pass in, while the doorkeeper, in a wildered sort of way, remarked in undertone, "Well, I'll be blanked!"

PIPED HIS MEN TO BATTLE.

Whistle Used by John Brown in Famous Raid in Washington.

When John Brown was besieged the engine-house at Harper's Ferry during his famous raid for the liberation of the slaves of the South he piped orders to his followers on a silver whistle, which has just been discovered in Washington by the officers of the Kansas Historical Society. When John Brown gathered his men around Harper's Ferry and began preparations for the seizure of the arsenal he instructed them, according to the story to hide themselves in the mountains, forests and to refrain from being seen together. Then he gave them instructions to listen each day at sunrise and sunset for their orders, which would be piped to them with the boat-whistle.

These instructions were carried to the letter, and for some days preceding the attack on the arsenal the people of Harper's Ferry heard the mysterious piping from Brown's headquarters. The notes would be taken by the best of his followers and sent on the mountains until the farthest distance of his hand had received the word of the commander. When Brown was captured the whistle was taken from him by Lieutenant Stewart of the regular army, who afterward became lieutenant general in the Confederate army. Stewart finally gave it to Colonel Washington, who in turn presented it to John Cassin, then a well-known lawyer.

The whistle is now in possession of Mrs. Mary A. Cassin, who lives at Georgetown. Brown pleaded to be permitted to retain the whistle. He was, for a long time and had used it in Kansas for the same purpose as at Harper's Ferry. The whistle is about six inches long and in an excellent state of preservation.

Having His Say.

"How loud Brother Brown talks meetin'?"

"Yes; Providence has been turnin' deaf ear to him lately, an' he's givin' a piece of his mind!"—Louisiana Herald.

You can judge a woman pretty by the pictures she hangs on her parlour walls.