

A DREAM GARDEN.

Where now are youth's superb domains? A garden 'neath a darkening sky...

Where are the roses and the boughs? That once hung low with fruiting gold?

Where are the glorious sunset gleams? That spread their long rays of delight?

O in that garden of the past? Bloomed flowers more than earthly fair...

Yet in that garden still doth ring? The voices of a day long dead...

That life is vain then, who shall say? If in a dream he lives again?

And while the sense of natural things? Of times that smile, of times that weep...

THE MUMMY NECKLACE.

THE mummy necklace was a quaint, rough thing, more quaint than beautiful...

My father gave it me one day, knowing I had a fancy for these out-of-the-way jewels...

From the moment it was given me its curious fascination overcame me. I wore it day and night...

From the moment I began to wear the necklace my health failed. I grew weaker and weaker...

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period four hundred thousand miles has been constructed...

The Swiss society Ramberta has laid out an Alpine garden at Montreaux, at an elevation of six thousand feet...

Steel rails now figure as the cheapest finished product in wrought iron or steel. A good lesson on the finances of modern industry is also afforded by them...

In Arizona a railroad company is the builder of a dam to form a reservoir for water for the supply of the locomotives...

At last she persuaded me to let her take it to a clairvoyant. A certain cobbler in a suburb of London was the clairvoyant we chose...

I parted with the necklace reluctantly. My friend promised to arrange an interview with the cobbler the next day...

That night I fastened my pearl necklace on, missing the feeling of the mummy chain...

I lay awake all night. I was not allowed a sleeping draft, and I had not slept till I was exhausted...

Towards dawn my nurse shut the door between her room and mine. I remember observing the light coming through the empty keyhole...

The rain beat loudly on the windows. I lay listening to the weary sound. Suddenly my wrist was seized...

I said to myself: "This is death, and it is terrible." Still the clutch tightened...

"He has come for his necklace." (He.) The next flash of thought was, "This is a struggle of thousands of years ago being re-enacted..."

And then I opened my eyes and saw a great gray formless thing. It lay stretched out on my bed...

Even then, through my terror, I thought: "Shall I be believed when I tell them to-morrow? Yes, it must be true, because I hear the rain beating on the window-pane all the time..."

And all the time the clutching and the struggling never ceased upon my throat. I seemed to be so near to death that I was struggling on my part was a mere effort...

At that supreme moment I distinctly saw a gray, transparent form at out into a cry

for help to someone stronger than the thing; and then it moved, it lifted, melted away into a gray mist—disappeared.

Then I sat up in bed; lit a candle, which I never dared put out again; observed the hour by my watch—between 4 and 5; and lay back, stricken, exhausted, trembling, longing for something human to come and draw up the blinds...

Two days after this my friend who had taken the necklace to the clairvoyant came, bringing it back with her in a sealed envelope, begging me not to touch it.

She gave me an account of her interview before I told her my experience.

The clairvoyant, in his trance, had become unusually excited when she placed the necklace in his hands. He paced about the room, then flung himself on the floor, saying, "Dying, dying! I see autumn leaves everywhere—that is death. O, tell her never to touch it again..."

It is an accursed thing. It belonged to an Egyptian king thousands of years ago. Blood and warfare followed his footsteps. He wore it. It has never been on a woman's neck before.

He knew she wore it, and when he missed it from her neck he was angry. He wants his necklace again. She must not wear it. It will be death to her. But even now she may be saved if she never wears it or even touches it again."

I left off wearing that necklace and finally parted with it, for ill-luck was my lot as long as it was in my possession.

That is the true story of the mummy necklace as far as I am concerned. I have never seen my terrible visitor again. Will he come again some day and ask what I have done with his necklace?—Lady's Realm.

QUER STORIES

London has one street seventy feet long, being the shortest street in the city.

The new cable which has been laid across the Atlantic weighs 650 pounds to the mile. This is the biggest of all the cables.

At Swedish weddings, among the middle and lower classes, the bridegroom carries a whip. This is an emblem of his authority in the domestic circle.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period four hundred thousand miles has been constructed.

The Swiss society Ramberta has laid out an Alpine garden at Montreaux, at an elevation of six thousand feet, where the characteristic trees and flowers of the country are to be cultivated.

Steel rails now figure as the cheapest finished product in wrought iron or steel. A good lesson on the finances of modern industry is also afforded by them.

In Arizona a railroad company is the builder of a dam to form a reservoir for water for the supply of the locomotives. The dam is curious in being formed partly of steel plates.

At last she persuaded me to let her take it to a clairvoyant. A certain cobbler in a suburb of London was the clairvoyant we chose.

I parted with the necklace reluctantly. My friend promised to arrange an interview with the cobbler the next day, if possible.

That night I fastened my pearl necklace on, missing the feeling of the mummy chain.

I lay awake all night. I was not allowed a sleeping draft, and I had not slept till I was exhausted, but not sleepy.

Towards dawn my nurse shut the door between her room and mine. I remember observing the light coming through the empty keyhole of her door, and each side of my dark blinds.

The rain beat loudly on the windows. I lay listening to the weary sound. Suddenly my wrist was seized and violently shaken; the bangles I wore, hung with tassels, rattled and jingled together.

I said to myself: "This is death, and it is terrible." Still the clutch tightened. My pearl necklace was shaken. Even then I thought: "The pearls will be scattered."

And then I opened my eyes and saw a great gray formless thing. It lay stretched out on my bed, and through it I saw the light shining through the empty keyhole.

Even then, through my terror, I thought: "Shall I be believed when I tell them to-morrow? Yes, it must be true, because I hear the rain beating on the window-pane all the time..."

And all the time the clutching and the struggling never ceased upon my throat. I seemed to be so near to death that I was struggling on my part was a mere effort...

At that supreme moment I distinctly saw a gray, transparent form at out into a cry

AMERICA'S THREE GREAT ADMIRALS—FARRAGUT, PORTER, DEWEY.



David Glasgow Farragut, first admiral of the United States navy, was born in Tennessee. He entered the navy as a midshipman and fought his first battle on the Essex in 1814.



David Dixon Porter, second admiral of the United States navy, succeeded Farragut in that office, his commission dating from Aug. 15, 1870.



George Dewey, third admiral of the United States navy, is a Vermonter by birth. He is in his sixty-first year of age. He graduated from the academy at Annapolis before the civil war.

PIGMIES OF AFRICA.

Mr. Alfred B. Lloyd Sees and Talks with Many of Them.

The English traveller Mr. Alfred B. Lloyd, made the journey from Victoria Nyanza to the mouth of the Congo in three months, the quickest time on record.

"I was three weeks crossing the great forest," he said. "Often the darkness even at midday is remarkable. Sometimes I was unable to read at noon, when as you know the sun near the equator is almost directly overhead."

At the present moment, when Newfoundland and the Newfoundland difficulty with the French are on everyone's lips, it is interesting to recall that this island—the "teeth island" of the world, as Beckles Willson has reminded us in his recently published work—is to all intents and purposes in the hands of a single man, and that man, by birth at least, is a Scotsman.



MR. LLOYD RECEIVING VISITORS IN CAMP.

by the vines that hung over the path. We sometimes narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of enormous trees, some of whose trunks measured over 20 feet in circumference.

Mr. Lloyd saw many more dwarfs than Stanley met in the same region and thus described them:

"I saw a great many of the pigmies, but, generally speaking, they kept out of the way as much as possible. At one place in the middle of the forest, called Holenga, I stayed at a village of a few huts occupied by so-called Arabs."

There I came upon a great number of pigmies who came to see me. They told me that unknown to myself they had been watching me for five days, peering through the growth of the primeval forest at our caravan.

"Then with great difficulty I tried to measure them, and found not one of them over four feet in height. All were fully developed. The women were somewhat slighter than the men, but were equally well formed."

"I was amazed at their sturdiness. Their arms and chests were splendidly developed, as much so as in a good specimen of an Englishman. These men have long beards half way down the chest, which imparts to them a strange appearance. They are very timid, and cannot look a stranger in the face. Their eyes are constantly shifting, as in the case of monkeys. They are fairly intelligent."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."

SERVIAN WOMAN EXECUTED.

Convicted Murderess Placed Against a Wall and Shot.

The people of Servia have no objections to the infliction of capital punishment upon women; or, if they have objections, they were forced to swallow them when Mme. Jevrem was executed for murder recently.

This happened in a Servian village near Prokuplje. A Greek priest named Irie Jevrem had been killed. His wife and a peasant with whom she had become infatuated were found guilty and condemned to be shot. On the day of their fate the two culprits were taken



A DRAMATIC EXECUTION.

to the public square and faced a firing squad of soldiers with loaded rifles. Behind the squad stood a huge mass of spectators from far and near.

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprieve indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?