

The Contrabandist, OR One Life's Secret.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)
Without any rejoinder, the elder of the two knocked at the door. In a moment it was unfastened from within, and pretty Rose Lamonte opened it wide, uttering a joyful exclamation as she met the newcomer.

"Dear father!" she cried, gladly, "why did you not come before? I was beginning to be alarmed." And she threw her arms about his neck.

"Take care," he said, kissing her gently; "you will get wet; my clothes are none of the best, I came home as soon as I could, for the rain."

"Your papa yes—you are quite wet. It is a pity!" And with her hand in his, she was drawing him in, when her glance fell, for the first time, on the figure of the man behind him. She half started, and a slight frown was visible upon her pretty face, but she quickly dispelled it, and, nothing carelessly, said: "Good evening, Gasparde."

The man closed the door, and then following her, seated himself on a wooden bench by the hearth; while Hugh Lamonte, putting off his heavy hosiery, took them in his hand, and crossed the kitchen floor carefully, saying, with a slight gesture, to Gasparde, as he passed through the door on the other side of the apartment: "Wait awhile, Gasparde—wait awhile, and I will be with you again."

Rose put away her wheel, swept up a few dead ashes lying on the hearth, and then busied herself about her father's supper, without once speaking or in any way noticing the guest. He, however, eyed her from time to time, as she moved about the room, with a glance which she evidently felt, rather than saw, to be fixed upon her, and which she as apparently studied to avoid. After some ten minutes of utter silence, finding that she was determined not to speak, he opened the conversation on his own responsibility.

"Well, Rose, you are silent to-night. You are ill, perhaps?"

"No—I am not ill," she answered, coldly.

"You are not glad, then, to see me?" he continued.

"I did not say so," she replied, without looking at him.

"You will say nothing, Rose, that is pleasant and kind. Come, you might give me a friendly word when I have walked such a long way to-night."

"I did not give you the trouble, if it is a trouble."

"I came partly for the sake of being company to your father—that he can tell you," said Gasparde.

The pretty lip of Rose slightly curled. In other need, she would have stood, sturdy peasant, who was afraid of nothing human, and who, she very well knew, passed through the forest every time he went to market, and often returned after nightfall, too. "A probable story!" thought the young girl. "He only says it for the sake of appearing amiable."

"And so," she said, aloud, glancing at the same time, at the strange adornments which he wore at his waist—"and so, as my father was not able to take care of himself," she said, "I am here."

He had not seen the quick glance which she cast at his belt as she spoke, and standing an instant with her eyes fixed on his face, in silence, she suddenly said: "What are your pistols for?"

He started, and put his hand to them, remembering with consternation that he had forgotten to conceal them before entering. Recovering himself, however, he answered, putting on a careless look:

"Oh, these are arms that I brought on purpose tonight for the first time. It is a much longer hour than the one at which your father usually returns, and they would be good for both of us to have, as we were coming through the forest, in case of danger."

Rose gave a shrug, too slight for him to notice. As she did not once attempt to break the pause which he allowed to follow his words, by offering him the least encouragement to proceed, he mustered audacity without.

"I have been thinking for a long time," he went on, "that it is very lonely living without a wife, and as I am an honest fellow, likely to make my way in the world, though, perhaps, I am not so handsome as a pretty maiden might choose, yet I know, cousin, that you are too sensible a girl to refuse a good husband on that account, and will, perhaps, think reasonably of the affair. Will you marry me, Rose?"

"No, Gasparde, I will not," she replied; "and I wonder you ever presumed to think of such a thing."

"O, you are jesting, cousin—you are jesting, surely," he said; "do not consider the matter. Come, I will make you a good husband, as I said before, though I think it hardly ought to be repeated."

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

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Calvin Before the Storm.
Husband (pondering)—This paper says that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his children.
Wife—Well, thank fortune, our children will never be handicapped in that way.

Sold Again.
Gunner—I saw a case that could be converted into a chair.
Guyer—That's nothing. I saw a table that could be carried in the pocket.
Gunner—You must be joking. What kind of a table was it?
Guyer—A time table.

Brotherly Criticism.
First Minister—I noticed a sermon in a recent issue of Blank's Magazine with your name attached.
Second Minister (proudly)—Yes; the editor paid me \$25 for that sermon.
First Minister—Is that all? Why, I wouldn't have allowed my name attached to it for \$100.—Chicago News.

Strange.
"Mabel is a good-looking lass," remarked Goldsborough.
"And she is fond of surveying herself in a good looking-glass," added Throckmorton.—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Sudden After All.
"This is so sudden," urged the summer girl.
"Perhaps," he admitted.
"A little later, possibly," she suggested.
"A little later I may not be disposed to say this at all," he asserted.
"After all," she returned, "we have known each other nearly two weeks, haven't we? Perhaps it's not so sudden."

He Loved Intensely.
Miss Debbie Tante—Oh, thank you ever so much for those beautiful opera glasses you sent me.
Fargone—I hope when you look into the present in the future you will sometimes think of the past.—New York Times.

No More Money.
Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal?
Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.—Philadelphia Press.

Very Easy to See.
"I wish I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth," sighed the youth.
"Oh, don't let that worry you," rejoined the village sage. "You'll probably get a lot of gold in your teeth before you die."

Because of It.
"Why do they call this a free country?" asked the unwashed anarchist.
"Because," answered the respectable citizen, "you are at liberty to leave it if you don't like it."

Old, Old Story.
Jack—I should imagine that women would like originality. Seems to me they'd hate repetition.
Mabel—Well, yes; excepting the phrase "I love you."

Hobson's Choices.
Guest (in cheap restaurant)—Well, waiter, what have you got?
Waiter—Beef steak and fish—but the fish is all out. Which'll you have?
Ernie—Dangerous place.
The Bachelor—Should say so. I knew a man who kissed a girl in a tunnel one time and he had to marry her.

Pa's Wisdom.
Little Willie—What are dividends, pa?
Pa—Dividends, my son, are what the stockholders get after the directors appropriate their share.

Poor Girl.
Miss Gold—I hear that the foreign noblemen are demanding that the American girls they wish to marry must have more income than ever.
Miss Gilt (discouraged)—Gracious! The necessities of life are going up every day.

Out of the Fullness of the Heart.
Bobby—Pop, did you know mamma very well before you married her?
Heepke—No, I'm afraid not.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Work and Play.—There are both philosophy and religion in rest as well as in work.—Rev. J. J. Kolmos, Congregationalist, Chicago, Ill.

Eternal Punishment.—No sin has ever been dreadful enough to incur an eternity of punishment.—Rev. R. E. Sykes, Universalist, Denver, Colo.

The Great Sin.—Selfishness is the great sin. This was how Jesus was selfish. He was without selfishness.—Rev. F. M. North, Methodist, New York City.

Christian Sinners.—Bad temper and uncontrolled anger are not sins of worldlings alone, but are also the sins of thousands of professing Christians.—Rev. D. R. Babbitt, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Adam's Sin.—The first man is supposed to have committed an act which incurred the wrath and anger of God. All are born to the inheritance of this wrath and anger of God.—Rev. P. G. Sears, Episcopalian, Meriden, Miss.

The Open Door.—The President pleads for the open door of equality of opportunity. We do not ask favors. We simply urge we are entitled to our rights under the law.—Rev. R. C. Ransom, Colored Independent, Chicago, Ill.

Reputation.—A good name includes both character and reputation. Reputation is what people say about you. Character is what we really are in our secret life. Reputation is what people think we are.—Rev. W. G. Partridge, Baptist, Pittsburg, Pa.

God's Love.—The gift of Christ is the only adequate measure of God's love. The world contains many things to bless man, but we cannot judge from what we see about us, the measure of God's love.—Rev. D. K. Rankin, Presbyterian, Denver, Colo.

Doing Good.—He who goes about doing good has the co-operation of heaven. The world may light him, scorn him, turn away from him, but in heaven there is joy among the angels of God because of him.—Rev. W. H. McGlauffin, Universalist, Atlanta, Ga.

Narrow Judgment.—Our judgments are often unfair, because too narrow. We do not say enough, and so do harm. It is not fair to say earth produces thorns and stop. Why not speak of fruits and flowers and harvest?—Rev. James Thompson, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Legal Voting.—A voter ought to be able to cast his vote as quietly as he muffs his hair, and be sure that his preference is registered. The government is as competent to register his choice as it is to register his letter in the United States postoffice.—Rev. H. O. Miller, Presbyterian, New York City.

Church Debts.—There is no good excuse for church debts or for a dearth of good works among church members because of a lack of funds. Let all who pretend to love the Lord tith their income faithfully, and the treasury will always be full, and the pew, too.—Rev. G. F. Hall, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

Living and Dying.—The secret of dying the death of the righteous is living the life of the righteous. If a man would be holy and reap the fruits of holiness, he must apply himself to the getting of holiness. A man will find it easy to do that which he applies himself to.—Rev. G. F. Miller, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Abraham Lincoln.—Lincoln was a scholastic as Edward Everett, and just as classical, as oratorical as Henry Ward Beecher, with a greater accuracy and more unique diction. As logical as Daniel Webster, with a superior statesmanship. His statesmanship was incomparable.—Rev. F. S. Brunner, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

The First Love.—The blossoms and the fruitage bespeak the rootage, and the seed and the flower and the tree. And unless you have the first love—love for God—in your heart, the love that shall engage our attention on Sunday mornings will be a stranger to your experience.—Rev. D. M. McLarin, Methodist, Rochester, N. Y.

Agent of God.—Every age has its agencies. Man is God's agent in this age. He is the medium through which God intends to overthrow evil and revolutionize the world. Our labors may result adversely to our desires, but God will accomplish His desires through the means He has given us.—Rev. S. P. Tice, African Methodist, New York City.

Progress.—Average is not excellence. In the new dispensation everything must excel in greatness, sweetness and beauty all of the world. The Jews stood as a national rebuke to the idolatrous nations. To-day the world has evolved a larger ideal, based upon Mosaic ideals and inspired by the gospel light.—Rev. William Ron, Presbyterian, Northfield, Mass.

Seeking God.—We must do our duty and God will do the rest. When God calls a man, gives him a message, and commands him to forward march, no power on earth can hinder his onward march. God wants a deliverer; we need a deliverer. We must be faithful to the charge God has given us. We must go back to the old camping ground. We must seek the God of our fathers, trust God for His love and saving grace.—Rev. S. P. Tice, Methodist, New York City.

A Unique Light.
The Germans have placed on the island of Helligoland, in the North Sea, a unique light, the greatest in the world, which has for its base the parabolic mirror of Schukert. Every five seconds it flashes a light of 30,000,000 candle power over the whole horizon to a distance of twenty-five miles during one-tenth of a second.

The time comes to every one who is unhappy when he would follow dead off, if the devil but spoke kindly to him.

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