THE HOTEL CHILD.

hild who clatters through the hall shild who clatters through the an weary shout of empty glee a weary shout of empty glee guest sends down an angered call great sends down an angered call life this life of his must be! shows, but no tramp dog is his thim in shed ar field or wood, the standard was seen the white steam sees the white stea

of blackened amolestacks is ndsubstance of his "neighborhood, ay father buys him pretty elothes; r garbs him out all trig and trim; glory decked, do you suppose ry hearted little magnate knows to the property to him? bloomings that accrue to him?

metimes from out his window high interventing roof and sees an's child, who shouts a greeting

ing neighbor of a loft near by— ell he might be one of these, sed hair and patches at his knees.

sel child, unloved but by his own, The watch man's boy has dreams the richman's heir has

### DENISE.

He was young also. Two happy bidden act, takes to flight. Two charming souls!

at railway station.

short trousers. On your arm you or else (and this would be much worse) ned a basket in which your mother she would sit unmoved and look at him laced a luncheon of bread and pre- coldly-silently. s. No, Roger, I shall not laugh. because I love you-I love you so gone you may never have a reverie in sich I am not a part, so that I may weeter distant they may be." Speakag thus, she raised her lips to his, and
But no! She spoke, and very sweet-

aucholy) because of the proffered erything in the great, lonely arned to look after her, marveling

ther Parisian grace. ss. Mme. Prudence, the clairvoy- left them. mt, was there. Cecile entered the wom-

splace to learn her fate. No enemy seeks to harm you, and possible happiness is yours.

impulsively upon her husband's k, to the astonishment of the clair-

my details, the life he had led when will take them together." boy-at what hour he arose, at what at he went to bed. She wanted to

But the garden interested her most of She at once recognized the well, d she in her turn dropped in stones bear them splash in the water.

here were no more doves' nests in talip tree. "What a pity!" tres became clouded with tears of She followed where Roger led. was charmed to see her so tenderly Danube. ted. He, however, was very silent ad smiled but little, trying in vain to a feeling of deep sadness. Yes, truafter they had returned to the little age he was pensive and morose.

the forehead or lips the kiss that uld have awakened her.

de traversed the village, passed the sell Lowell. house and entered a graveyard. de stopped in front of a slab of stone The nose is very and the face is affect-when no other part of the face is affe

had died in the autumn, before having received his first kiss. But Roger had never forgotten her. Now, before this grave where he had knelt down, he seemed to see her again alive, and so be red. He lived over again those fur-tive hours of their rendezvous behind turned from school would slip beneath the gate. Here in the silence of the graveyard he seemed to hear her voice. But the bitter certainty that she was dead, a vision of the head as it rested upon a pillow of flowers, of the pale forehead and closed eyes, overwhelmed him. He suffered again, after ten years, as he suffered before. His eyes closed and tears fell from beneath his lashes. There was a noise behind him. He

turned. Cecile, who had followed him, was standing there close to him. She looked at him. She looked at the grave. She must have read the inscription, and surely she had divined all. He arose trembling. He dared not say a word to his wife nor take her hand. He moved aside, walked away from her and pass-They had been three years married. ed out of the graveyard with the air of adored one another. She was a child that, being caught in some for-

He walked a long time-it mattered hy had they come to this little old not where—across the fields, not knowsolated village 100 leagues from ing whither he went, not having the Sarely the guides had never rec- courage to enter the village. He feared led it. Here the grass grew be- to meet Cecile, for, loving and jealous the caved in paving stones of as he knew her to be, she would be furitreets. And one could hear now ous-or sad, which would be still worse. then, with its jolting and jogging, Surely she knew now what he had so jugling of bells and the rattling of long hidden from her. She knew that ows, the yellow coach, which red, nearly always empty, from the loved her tenderly, since he still wept for her. Perhaps she would have parwas Cecile who had thought of doned him this early love—this love rip. Reger had at first said, "No," that he had felt before he met her, but be, coming closer to him, said she would never pardon the tears that the old love revived. No, she would Was it not down there in the little never forgive that. He thought of the ge, close to the mountains, that reproaches, the cruel words with which were born, passed your childhood she would shortly receive him. Vainly became a man? Was it not there he told himself that this youthful ten lived with your aged parents, over derness had left in him only a languishm we wept together a year since? ing remembrance, a very vague one, resist to see the good old country vived by his return to the village and secf which you have so often spo by the sight of the barren and nearly m And the garden, too, which seem-solarge when you were a little child resemblance between this dream of a shall show me the well where you child, faded and vanished, and the manof to throw stones to hear them ly reality of the ardent and imperishplash in the water—the tulip tree, able passion which he felt for her, Co-dere you found the nest of doves. I cile? She jealous? Jealous of a little must to see the road you traveled to girl who had died before her heart had schoolhouse. You used to stop by opened! What folly! It would be well way to eat mulberries, little gour enough to say these things and many and that you were. How I shall laugh others to Cecile. But she would never lpicture you passing by, when you, listen to him. She would repeat with er, were not taller than a boot and sobs and tears, "You have loved her,"

Nevertheless he could not remain all net think me so frivolous. If I wish day in the fields. He must return to go down there to your native village, the tavern, where Cecile had already

mil—and because I am jealous of a He searched for the path and regaines in which I have no share. Perhaps ed it. He resolved to walk rapidly, but me day you might think of these as he approached the village he slackgs without thinking of me. 'Tis ened his pace, and it took him over an is that grieves me so. Take me where hour to get to his lodgings and ten a were, mingle me with that which minutes more to mount the stairs. Besurrounded you, so that hence- fore the door his heart beat strangely.

At last he entered. Alas! What would she say, if she er be absent from your memories, deigned to speak at all? He awaited a

mented (not without an air of ly, with her soft voice.

"Ah! "Tis you," she said, and, smiling, she raised her forehead-for a kiss.
What! She was not angry? She was were adorable ones. Cecile en-nct sad? He did not see that her eyes d everything in the great, lonely were a little red, as though she had Even the ugly, somber streets been weeping. Perhaps, he thought, she ated her. The villagers who pass- did not read the name upon the stone.

Another surprise awaited him. Upon the table, in great perfumed be evening there was a fete in front bunches, were lilies and white roscs. the town hall-a shooting gallery, One would have said that they were for turne eles and some wooden a fete day, and that the florist had just

"These flowers, Cecile?" he asked

hesitatingly. "What!" she said, and her voice grew still sweeter. "Did you not see that it ah, I know it," cried Cecile, fall- was all bare and so gloomy-the little grave in the cemetery? Here are some flowers, Roger. Take them to Denise."

"Ah, dear one," he said, falling upthe visited the old house where Rog- on his knees, "how merciful you are to smother had died. "What a pity we me and how kind to the poor little one not rich enough to buy it," she who fell asleep so young. Yes, I will M. Then she made him relate, with carry the flowers to her, or rather we But Cecile said:

"No, no! Not that." And she smiled www, too, the place at table occupied a little sadly. "Tis the same with each member of the family and to children, 'tis the same with the dead. and those evenings when he sat be- We are all a little jealous. Look you, ab the lamp reading aloud, while the dear one. Should I accompany you to mother, listening, would fall asleep the graveyard Denise would be less the great armchair, her feet upon the pleased to have flowers upon her tomb. -From the French For Short Stories.

The Huns.

The first mention of the Huns in history is in China, B. C. 210. They conquered that country and were afterward driven out by the Celestials and march-Schind the hedge ran the road to the ed clear across Asia, penetrating the ed clear across Asia, penetrating the country now known as Hungary in 376 country now known as Hungary in 376 beries, and so happy was she that

Tes became elsewhere the first seems elsewhere the f were defeated in the heart of France and driven back to the banks of the

Sincerity. The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all one morning he dressed in haste and things else, are comparatively easy to things else, are compared in haste and things else, are compared in makes a give away, but when a man makes a give away, but when a man makes a sleeping. He did not even place gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has possession of him.—James Rus-

The nose is very apt to freckle, even all to Cecile. He had not related nose this lotion: Lemon juice, 3 ounces; his youthful memories. She did not vinegar, 1 ounce; resewater, 1 ounce; that he had loved when a child Jamaica rum, I cunce. Apply this with ther child; that the poor little one a sponge several times a day.

pretty, with her sweet, pale eyes and delicate lips which would never again This space belongs to the garden bedge, the hope, the impatience with which he awaited the letter which Denise every day as she re-

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