

the declaration of his love, but that is no concern of ours. What you require is that you should not be stripped of your money and reduced to poverty; that, under pretext of legal taxation, nothing should be left to you in your cupboard, neither a silver crown nor a crust of bread. Death and curses! all this commotion is absurd. What is the name of the girl so distinguished by the Seigneur de Laverdan?"

"It is our child, Jacqueline Allelu, monsieur," replied an old mountaineer, disengaging himself from the crowd.

De Maurevert knit his brows. "Ah! It is Jacqueline whom the Seigneur de Laverdan has so outrageously injured!" he cried, in an altered tone. "Blood and slaughter! On second thoughts, companions, your demands appear well founded. Laverdan shall be chastised, I swear it! Let two men immediately leave the camp, and go and watch about his chateau. On their return, and after they have made their report, we will decide on what is to be done."

This determination on the part of De Maurevert, so different from the sentiments he had at first expressed, was received by the insurgents with enthusiasm. For ten minutes the camp resounded with shouts of "Long live Capitaine de Maurevert! Laverdan to the gallows!"

"May I venture to ask," said Lehardy, "how, after trying to prove that the conduct of the Seigneur de Laverdan was in no way reprehensible, you have so suddenly changed your opinion, captain?"

"By Bacchus, friend Lehardy, you are very inquisitive—but why should I not tell you the truth? The fact is, in abusing Jacqueline as he had done, the Seigneur de Laverdan has insulted me, for the girl was not unaware of the fact that I had deigned to notice her."

"So that, captain, it is for a personal injury and not for the crime he has committed you determine to take part against this seigneur?"

"Parbleu!—is it for me to trouble myself about the distress of the serfs placed under my orders? I use their animosities only to my own advantage. A De Maurevert to mix himself up seriously with such rabble!—it would be to dishonor my name for ever!"

Lehardy bowed his head and sighed. "My answer appears to pain you," De Maurevert went on. "Speak out frankly; I promise not to take in ill part anything you may say. What makes you wince like that?"

"I am downcast at thinking, captain, that the poor people are as ill-treated by those who pretend to be their protectors and friends as by their declared persecutors. The happiness and liberty of the people, as I have often heard Monsieur Sforzi say, can never be obtained except by means of the royal authority."

"Feh!—unsound reasoning!" cried De Maurevert, shrugging his shoulders. "My poor Lehardy, philosophical policy is always an unproductive thing, and sometimes dangerous; I advise you never to have anything to do with it."

The captain was striding towards his tent, where his interrupted breakfast still awaited him, when shouts raised by the advanced sentinels and repeated by the echoes of the mountains, indicated to him that something fresh was about to occur, and he stopped. A mountaineer came hurriedly towards him, and announced that a messenger, sent by the Marquis de la Tremblais, desired to be introduced into the camp.

"At last!" muttered De Maurevert. Then, raising his voice, he said, "Let the man's eyes be bound, and then bring him to my tent."

An hour later, De Maurevert, armed from head to foot, and mounted on his battle-steed, rode out of the camp in company with Lehardy.

"Are you not afraid," said the latter, "that the marquis, violating the safe-conduct he has sent you, may proceed to any extremity against you?"

"Not in the least. De la Tremblais knows well that if he attempted anything against my liberty, he would have an ugly reckoning to settle with Messieurs de Guise! Do you imagine me mad enough to throw myself into the tiger's den without taking all due precautions? I have required of De la Tremblais that he should recognize me in his safe-conduct as attached to the house and person of Messieurs de Guise. The marquis has already too much difficult business on his hands to desire, without profit, to draw down upon himself the enmity of the house of Lorraine."

"You are right, captain. So you hope to gain the liberty of the poor chevalier? With what joy my mistress will hear of his deliverance! that happy event alone will give relief to her sorrow. Ah! you cannot imagine how much she is changed. You would not know her, she is so pale, so downcast. To see her, you would think you were looking on a saint, ready to take her flight to heaven! You will set this good and brave Sforzi free, will you not, captain?"

"I shall do my best to do so. As to succeeding, I cannot answer for it. What, after all, have I to offer to the marquis?—sermons—wit—very little. And then, if I may credit the rumors which reach me—and I put the more trust in them since they agree entirely with Raoul's character—it appears that my companion in arms has treated the marquis very rudely. That terribly complicates the affair. Parbleu!—if your mistress, the Demoiselle d'Erlanges, would lend me her aid, I should be much less embarrassed."

"My young mistress will not shrink at any sacrifice, captain, to help the chevalier. Is it not on account of his having undertaken the

defence of my late honored mistress, that Monsieur Sforzi has drawn down upon himself the marquis' hatred?"

"Certainly. But the Demoiselle d'Erlanges has been so strangely brought up, N. she would never consent to make believe to be captivated by the marquis."

"Oh, captain!" exclaimed Lehardy. "Yes, I know. You need not say any more," interrupted De Maurevert. "Have I not myself twice already been a Huguenot? This religion stifles under a heap of prejudices a young woman's whole intelligence. A pleasant Huguenot is hardly ever to be met with—a jolly one never. So your mistress is completely smitten with the chevalier? I have long suspected as much!"

"You are entirely mistaken as to the nature of the affection felt for the chevalier by my mistress. She loves him as a brother, it is true; but"

"That's enough!" interrupted De Maurevert. "When a young girl loves a young man like a brother who is not born of her own father and mother, it means that she is madly smitten with him! Now, draw in the bridle of your horse and follow me at ten paces distant. We are in sight of the chateau, and I must resume my rank. My familiarity with you in private is all very well, but might injure me in public!"

The Chateau de la Tremblais—one of the strongest castles in the province of Auvergne—presented an imposing aspect. It was divided into two portions of irregular form. The first *enceinte*—and the larger—served for the dwellings of the garrison, and in time of war afforded a place of refuge for the vassals of the marquisate. This *enceinte* was surrounded by a rampart carefully constructed of hewn stone, and this rampart was flanked by eight towers, those of the principal angles being cylindrical, the others simply round.

To penetrate the first *enceinte*, a wide and deep ditch had to be crossed over a bridge, the roadway passing under a high vaulted gate, defended by a portcullis, and flanked by two large towers. Two arcades with pointed roofs, opening into the passage, were formed right and left in the thickness of the walls, and were occupied by the soldiers of the garrison.

The defence had, beyond all this, multiplied obstacles, and taken the most minute precautions in the construction of the second *enceinte*, or chateau proper. This *enceinte*, much smaller than the first, and turned obliquely with reference to it, on account of the natural disposition of the ground, was separated from it by a ditch dug deeply into the living rock. It presented the form of an irregular square, at the angles of which were four cylindrical towers. A fifth tower, of colossal proportions, stood in the centre of the curtain between the two *enceintes*; it was separated from the wall by a winding road, which formed about it a sort of second ditch. Considerable buildings extended interiorly along the three other sides.

Such was the at once formidable and majestic ensemble of the Chateau de la Tremblais.

"Ah!" cried De Maurevert, with a sigh "how perfectly I understand why it is the marquis indulges certain fancies and caprices! If by any chance I found myself in his place, the devil fly away with me if, now and then, I should be able to resist the pleasure of committing some little iniquity or other!"

De Maurevert's arrival was signalled by sound of trumpet, which echoed through the battlements of the castle, and a dozen armed men came forth to meet him. He drew himself up to his full height and assumed an imposing attitude, while rapidly turning over in his mind the means he proposed to employ to obtain the release of the Chevalier Sforzi.

(To be continued.)

THE TEACHING OF GRAMMAR NOT ALLOWED.

"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I seed things I didn't like by no means. The skool-master was larnin' her nothings entire out of the line of edycation, and, as I thin, improper. I set a while in the skool-house, an' heered one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy sed was nuthin' but the foolishest kind of talk; the reddic'us word she sed was 'I love.' I looked right at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'Thou lovest, and he loves.' And I reckon you never heered such rigmorale in your life—love, love, love, and nuthin' but love. She sed one time, 'I did love.' Sez I, 'Who did you love?' The skoolers laud, but I wasn't to be put off, and sed, 'Who did you love, Nancy?' The skool-master sed he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got was and was every word. She sed, 'I might, could, or would love.' I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skool-master tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I nokt him down, and made him holler in short order. I taikt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show how hode I am my darter grammar. I got the nabors together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I reckon tharl be no more gram-mar teachin' in these parts soon."

PUZZLING.—The young ladies of a Scotch seminary are puzzled over the exact meaning of the following inscription recently discovered on the wall of the building:—"Young ladies should set good examples if they wish any one to follow them."

DO NOT SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray don't laugh at me,  
But when you go so late,  
I wish you would be careful, dear,  
To never slam the gate.

For Bessie listens every night,  
And so does teasing Kate,  
To tell me next day what o'clock  
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly ten last night, you know,  
But now 'tis very late—  
(We've talked about so many things;)  
Oh, do not slam the gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it,  
Will say our future fate  
We've been discussing; so I beg  
You do not slam the gate!

For though it is all very true,  
I wish that they would wait  
To canvass our affairs—until—  
Well, pray don't slam the gate.

At least, not now. But by-and-by,  
When in "our home" I wait  
Your coming, I shall always like  
To hear you slam the gate!

For whether you go out or in,  
At early hours, or late,  
The whole world will not tease me then  
About that horrid gate!

CHARLIE'S KISS.

BY H. L. B.

I am sure nobody who sees my placid husband now would believe that he was once one of the most jealous-tempered men in all England; and, as the way in which I cured him of his folly was very simple, I will relate the means pursued by me, for the sake of other victims to the absurd mania, be they male or female.

My husband died while I was quite an infant, leaving me to the care of my maternal grandmother, who did her best to raise me, and was most successful in her endeavor. The first eighteen years of my life were passed with few trials or troubles. My gran, mother and I lived in a cottage at Brixton, the prettiest little specimen of suburban architecture imaginable, the only drawback to which was a large stone portico. Granny was very proud of this unsightly thing; I hated it, not on account of its inappropriateness, but simply because it intercepted my view of the garden, &c., &c. that from our sitting-room window we could not catch even a glimpse of a visitor.

Although my grandmother was rather old, she was so full of life and fond of making young people happy that I never felt dull in her society, and made her the confidant of all my little adventures; and she entered into them with all the zest of a girl.

One day the even tenor of our lives was disturbed by the arrival of an invitation from my aunt, who lived at Scarborough, asking me to spend some weeks with her. At first I refused to accept it; for this, my only other near relative, was almost a stranger to me.

"You will go, my dear Eva, to oblige me," said Granny, coaxingly; "I want to have the cottage thoroughly done up, inside and out, and this will be an excellent opportunity."

I went, spent three months very delightfully at Scarborough, and returned home, leaving my heart in the safe keeping of Claude Anderson. I loved him very dearly; but a certain fear which I felt for him, prevented that perfect love which would have made me quite happy. During the month we were engaged, before I left the North, scarcely a day passed without one or more little "anarls" taking place between us. I know the word I have used is a vulgar one, but no other will answer my purpose, seeing that Claude and I did not positively quarrel.

There were a great many nice young men and lads in and out of my aunt's house all day long; for she was most kind and hospitable, besides being the mother of six very pretty daughters. These male bipeds were constant sources of jealousy on the part of Claude, who in all other respects was sensible, clever, and I might almost say perfect.

I was unusually full of health and spirits, also (he himself told me) very pretty and charming; so A brought me a bouquet of roses, B a box of preserved fruits, C a pug puppy; in fact, the whole alphabet, assisted by my six female cousins, conspired with me to tease poor jealous Claude, until positively I believe he felt glad when he put me into the train, and sent me back to London with a gold guard-ring on my finger and a doubting, aching heart.

Of course, when I reached home, all my doubts and fears were confided to dear Granny's sympathizing ears. She listened to my tale of love and woe; then said—

"He must be cured of this folly before you become his wife, my darling."

A week after my return home came a letter from Claude, telling me that he had received a very lucrative Government appointment in London, and was now in a position to ask for Granny's consent to our early marriage.

He came, and made himself so agreeable (there were no "letters of the alphabet" to tease him), that Granny thought I had exaggerated

his weakness, but she was soon convinced of her error.

One afternoon Claude came as usual; business had gone wrong with him, and he was rather cross. Grandmother went upstairs for her afternoon nap, and Claude began to read aloud to me—a most unfortunate proceeding on his part, for it happened that I was obliged to listen for the street-door bell, and wished to conceal the fact from my companion.

I never did care much for poetry, but that day I quite abhorred it. In the midst of a sentimental piece which Claude was reading most beautifully, "ting, ting" went the bell; up I jumped, and with a muttered "Excuse me" left the room.

The same interruption happened again, and a third time. I became so nervous that I left the sitting-room door open, and this was the unlucky speech which met the ears of my offended companion—

"Don't, Charlie dear! Leave me alone, sir; I will not allow you to kiss me, although I am very fond of you."

Here followed a scuffle and some suppressed laughter.

When I returned to the sitting-room, Claude stood looking the very picture of indignation. "Pray may I ask who 'Charlie dear' is? Probably 'only a boy,'" said he, satirically.

"No, he is not a boy," I answered, with a careless laugh—this "only a boy" was a sneering allusion to a lad of sixteen of whom Claude had once been jealous, and to whom I had justly applied the term.

"Then, I must insist upon knowing what man dared to attempt to kiss you," exclaimed Claude, fiercely.

"Would you like to see him?" I asked, tauntingly. And then we had a sharp quarrel, which terminated in his saying—

"Eva Raynham, I give you twenty-four hours to consider whether you will tell me the name of the impertinent rascal whom you permitted to take such a liberty without properly resenting it. If to-morrow night you persist in obstinate refusal, we must part then and for ever. I can pardon frivolity, but not deceit."

I covered my face with my hand, and said in a low tone, "I cannot!"

In a moment he dashed out of the room, and left the house, banging the sitting-room door so violently that Granny ran down stairs for the plate-bask. I found me—laughing immoderately.

The next evening came, and with it Claude, looking so pale and wretched that I quite pitied him. Immediately on his arrival Granny left us alone, and for a few minutes silence followed, which was broken by his saying in a most severe tone—

"Have you made up your mind to tell the truth, Eva, or to make us both miserable for life?"

"I am not miserable; nor would you be, if you were not such a foolish dolt," I answered.

"How cross coquette!" he began, when a ring at the door caused me to leave the room hastily, for it was Charlie come again. Of course I expected Claude to follow me—but he was not mean, dear fellow!

Very soon I returned, followed by Charlie on all fours. Yes, the offender was only a large fat terrier, blind of one eye, and old enough, even had he been a biped, not to awaken jealousy in Claude's breast.

Never shall I forget the expression of humiliation on poor Claude's face at the discovery of his unknown rival. The cure was more than half completed, and dear Granny finished it, for she preached such a beautiful little sermon about the folly of jealousy, that it made me cry, and Claude's voice was quite husky when next he spoke.

After it was all made up, and matters were pleasant again, I said—

"Now, Claude, I will tell you why the bell had such a disturbing effect upon me yesterday. Our only domestic had gone out for the afternoon, and I, from a weak-minded pride, wished to conceal the reduced condition of our establishment from you. First came the baker, then the postman, and, finally, the milkwoman, who is a great friend of mine, and sole proprietress of the offending Charlie. I am very fond of the poor old dog, but could never allow either him or any other animal to lick my face; hence the expostulation on my part, and our recent quarrel, which has ended so satisfactorily."

Claude looked at the matter so good-naturedly, and owned his folly with such unflinching candour, that I determined never again to flirt or tease him, and I have kept my resolution, with one exception. Sometimes I say "paw-wow" to him, and to this very hour it makes him gnaw his moustache with impatience, for he is thus led to call to mind the—to me—somewhat droll incident of Charlie's Kiss.

A country clergyman of middle age, unquestionable antecedents, and professional appearance, found himself in a railway carriage with two maiden ladies, long past the bloom of youth. There were no lamps in the carriage, and the ladies appeared very apprehensive in the matter of darkness. At length the train plunged into darkness, when the clerical passenger was horrified to find that one of his fellow-travellers suddenly turned a bull's-eye lantern upon him. "You will excuse us," said the female with the bull's-eye, "but, although you appear to be very respectable, still there are so many wolves in sheep's clothing going about that, whenever we get into tunnels, we prepare for the worst." The terrified parson left the carriage at the first opportunity.