but on her last pasport she was run into rship Yantic and reble damage.

Company also had a eason, the passenger tly in excess of fore company with their ecently gave out the building of two large which will be brought newt season.

business of the season of 1897 has story. In all respects is the important mattraffic it has been the of years. With retion, the course has since 1893, and 1897 has of the past five years. the number of steerage have sailed east-bound ls. the balance is an ber when compared of country to be sete are signs, however. about to have a re-ation. Enquiries are the steamship comm those whose attenalled to the gold fields mbia and the Yukon mining will be the out all classes of infarming, will follow number of persons at o that country from United States will of vacant places to migrants, especially in and Ireland. The therefore looked forf great promise both companies and to

thout the Use of Knife Dr. Chase.

for years with Piles ning I could buy withil I tried Dr. Chase's esult was marvellous tely cured me. RT, Harness Maker,

Woodville, Ont. URE SIGN.

next door," said Mrs. still in their honey-

replied, "he gets up the fires."

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mmmmm Napoleon • o o Smith. By a Well-Known New York Author.

seliced one of the great hands of the soldier, and said: "Monsieur Smith, I understand En-lish. I heard you tell of the grand sortie where my father died. He died for France ! You have been in the Am2ri-can war, of which I read, Ah ! you have been on the Potomac. You have been in the grand escalade of Fredericks-burg. My heart is in sympathy with the soldier." When 1 came into the Quartier St. Germain I seemed to discover sombre shadows along the street I had not no-ticed before. More silent than ever seemed the quict of the quartier. At the door no concierge. No pounding or halooing seemed to attract an inmate of the home.

halooing seemed to actract an inmate of the house. I tried the heavy latch and the door swung open. Without waiting for further ceremony I pressed on into the wide old parkor. Still all silent. Is the house deserted ? I raised my voice and called aloud "Aimee !" Aimee !" I hear a sob, and pushing back the heavy curtains pass into a smaller living-room of the house. Arising from a divan, Aimee extends her arms and says : "It is Monsieur the American. Thank God!" "Where are the servants, Aimee ?" I ask.

soldier." And Smith stood there speechless. His breath came fast, his face was red, and he simply worshipped the little bright-eyed enthusiast who held his hand. At last he plucked up courage to say: "Mademoiselle must not confound the poor private soldier with the great gener-als. I was in the ranks— I am in the ranks now, I am unworthy the praise yon bestow." "Did not Monsieur fight for his coun-try ?" I ask. "Ah, Heaven ! Monsieur, they are gone; they would not remain and starve,"

gone they would not remain and starve, and she wept like a child. "What, is it come to this, my child?" I asked in astonishment. "Yes, my father has been on duty at the front for a week, and everything is eaten. Monsieur, I too am hungry," and the childish little face looked hag-gard

excited visitor. "You are promoting my protege pretty fast," said I, with a smile. "You have got her up to the rank of angel already, and I don't know of many higher "Aimee, you are a woman in years, and will soon be one in hard experience, I am afraid. We must leave this place before dark. I am afraid the keds of Paris will soon make a hell of this city. Aimee, what did your father say about me at our last meeting ?" and I took her hand. "Ah, mon Dien ! he said if he did not come back you would be to me a father, and he does not come. Now I know what you mean," and with a scream she fell back on the divan in a swoon. I ran for water, and wetting her face and chafing her little hands, I soon restored her to consciousness. "Aimee, you are a woman in years

and I don't know of many higher grades." "She is worthy of the highest in the gift of Heaven," he answered. "By George! Mr. Secretary, I have read of such women, but always supposed the descriptions exaggerations. The half has never been told." Then I told him the story of Aimee and her father and the old Marquis, and how I had brought her home to the Legation during the slege of Parls; and when my story was done, I saw Na-poleon Smith turning away and wiping his eyes. Then he said, in a trembling voice :

swoon. I ran for water, and wetting her face and chafing her little hands. I soon restored her to consciousness.
"Aimee," said I, as if talking to a child, "is there any valuable paper, or casket of papers, or anything you with the brancher of the safety. Gather your clothing in as small a compass as possible, and do it instantly, for Heaven only knows how long the streets of Paris." This practical language seemed to reace the second to restore everything you value in a values, and be ready soor.
This practical language seemed. The streets were deserted, and we moved to my noble chief, Washburg, the tender feet of the long walk of the and serious one. I am atraid the dia-gram will prove too dark a chart for me to sail by, and now I confess I see something more important to live for than money. Well, I will tell you, in short, what brought me here, I may in the next sortie turn up my toes as well as the thousands of comrades who fall around me, and I wish to leave with you for a time these papers in reference to the treasure. If I live, I will call for them; if not, work out the problem your-self or let it sink into oblivion." And he took out the red morocco pocket-book and laid it on my desk. I took it and locked it up securely in my desk, and turned to speak again to Smith, when the door slammed shut and a volce said : CHAPTER VI. That ridiculous song of the American war, "Johnny Comes Marching Home," waited on the frosty air of Paris, told me that Napoleon Smith was approach-ing my office. But it was not the Na-polean Smith we knew, not in appear-ance, at least, for the butterfly was out of the crysalis and was soaring in the crisp winter air in a new French ance, at least, for the butterfly was out of the crysalis and was soaring in the crisp winter air in a new French uniform of the Infantry Guard Mobile. His cap with red-lipped pompon, was worn very much on one side—m fact, its po-sition on his head looked precarious in regard to its tenure of office—a vaga-bond, as it had no visable means of sup-port, and looked as though it were held in position by magnetism in his head. "Smith couldn't you drop that tune, and, if you must whistle or sing, vary the programme occasionally by substitut-ing 'Dixie's Land, or Yankee Doodle ?" I said, with some asperity. "I suppose I could, Cap; but what's the use ? Music is music, and I got attached to that tune in Virginia, and somehow it sticks like a burr. Skewball, says I, is not personal and has no politi-cal or moral force; durned if I don't think it was just put in to fill the measure, like a repeat in a choir anthem in a country church." And he smiled broadly and stroked his waxed mus-tache. "But say, do you get onto this uniform ? Chivaree de bongsay and au revoir. Well, but won't these French devils fight or anything ? Well, I reckon. I was in that sortie a week ago. I tell you I kept looking for the mounseers to break and gig buck; but not any for them. It begun to get too warm for yours truly, and I begun to think it was all foolishmess ween we clambered right and locked it up securely in my desk, when the door slammed shut and a volce said: The will float on water, as it oughter, and will make suds with hard or soft water, and doesn't waste with dampness or crack in dry weather. Save every waper till you get twenty five, and send to the home office in Boston and get a set of silver knives and forks." There is a gran, and turned in time to see Napoleon Smith slide to the floor in convulsions. "Ho is and Sturgis, "unbotton his shirt, lay him out straight with his head a little high and then give him air. Hum here's a Grand Army badge. American by Jocks ! Been hurt sometime. Here is in his head. Been shot and the bullet cut out. Brain affected. Good may that way without bullets in their heads. Here he comes around all right. Now then." "Mapoleon smith sighed as he looked around and then took from my hand a glass of whe. Then he whispered: "Thave had another attack of veritgo. I have them often lately, and fall as it I was shot. I feel the shot again in my head." "Then that is why you carry your head so one side." I remarked. "They first the first thing," said sturgis, "Lord! I save hundred to fut an other rendered insensible with on apparent cause." And he arose wackly, brushed his clothing and put on his chart. "I spotted it the first thing," said sturgis, "Lord! Harbor, Chattanoog and Nashville. You thought you were only slightly hurt are you had a fatat yound, only fir will take you of some. "Mapoleon Smith smiled as he heard the familiar New England twang, and weak-hund with the usual army exclamation." "Toobysure," said Sturgis, "I am in son, A new thing, Four cakes to the pound, stamped in a mold with a sun them. It begun to get too warm for yours truly, and I begun to think it was all foolishness waen we clambered right up on the Dutchmen's sirty-four pounder siege-guns, and a little lientenant spiked two of them, and then when he had lead enough in him to anchor a flat boat; he just yelled out Vive la France? and passed in his checks like a little man, and we fell back and left him right there amongst the dead Germans and broken gun-carriages, and I know now that a Frenchman will fight. Lord, Cap, you knew how it was at Fredericksburg, when the Johnnies kid behind that stone wall and shot Yankees until their muskets got clogged, and every time they told us to go up, we went up-and nearly the whole army went up on that occasion. But I beg the lady's pardon; I don't generally make such long specen-es." And he looked over my head, as it talking to somebody. I turned in my chair and sall the offices like a child. She stood with open mouth, flashing eyes, and erect form listening to the words of Napoleon Smith as if she was entranced. "Who is the girl ?" said Smith, with hand with the usual army exclamation, "Shake?" "Toobysure," said Sturgis, "I am In soap. A new thing. Four cakes to the pound, stamped in a mold with a sun-flower in the centre, and a beauti-ful chromo card goes with every cake. Here, put one in your pocket. It is made from vegetable JP. with ighten toil and will never spoil. Save the wrappers and get a large mezzotint of the capture of Major Andre sent carefully packed in a paste-board case to an address. Read the directions on the wrapper." "Laughing at the well-remembered thrift and business push of his country-man. Smith bowed himself out." "There, I will know him again," said Sturgis. "There is nothing like soap to introduce a man into society and make friends of the women. But say, he wants to send that head of his to the doctor's and get if fixed, or it will leave him in the lurch sometime. I am pushin' business and when peace comes I will control the soap trade of Parns. I put a cake in every hospital in Paris this morning, and put a cromo card in every ward. Strike while the fuon is hot. Bon, jour, my friend?" And he jauntily placed his tall hat on his head and I Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN. words of Papereon Control and the second entranced. "Who is the girl?" said Smith, with a profound how. "Aimee," said I, "this is an American friend who has enlisted in the French army. His name is Napoleon Smith." And then what do you suppose hap

bowed himself out. He lingered for a moment at the outer door, and I went and looked at the easing. He had stuck some kind of an infernal plaster on the the mud. The fire gaths on the disman-tied and crumbling rain. It is warm where Napoleon Smith stands, and he looks for a way of escape. "Here comes the guard. Death to the

WEEKLY SUN; ST. JOHN, N. B, DECEMBER 8, 1897.

wood which I could not remove. It read, "Use the Great Wildflower Sosp!"

CHAPTER VII.

When Napoleon Smith stepped out on the street he heard a confused hum of voices, and stopped for a moment to listen. He had become accustomed to the roar of musketry and the dull under-tone of the heavy artillery, and above it all the high tenor of cheers given forth in the charge of troops in the terrible sorties.

in the charge of troops in the terrible sorties. This noise which he heard was a new sound which the terrible animal we call Paris was given forth. The thunder and lightning are com-mon adjuncts of a storm, and the pedes-train only hurries his gait to attain shelter before the storm breaks; but there is a low, dreadful murmur pre-ceding the terrible cyclone of the West which arrests the circulation of the blood and leaves the cheek colorless and the knees tremulous with fear. The cadtle listen with erect heads and tense nerves, and stand for a moment like statues of bronze. The birds fly low and send out shrul cries while seeking safety amid deep, low thickets in river bottoms. Man listens to the long, low groan of nature, and some instinct in him, like that of the beast and bird, prompts him to lie down under rock or deep indenta-tion in the earth's surface and wait with bated breath for the terrible onslaught. This cry of nature is a gasp of agony tion in the earth's surface and wait whit bated breath for the terrible onslaught. This cry of nature is a gasp of agony as of a stiffing creature in an exhausted air-chamber. Hot blasts of air, as if poured from a furnace, are succeeded by cool, wandering zephyrs, as frag-ments of some norther torn away in shreds from the fluttering mantle of the storm

storm

"Did not Monsieur fight for his coun-try?" "Yes; oh, certainly !" "Did you not go up to the canuon, to the hill, to the bayonets?" "Yes, Mademoiselle, always." "Then it is enough. You are a brave man. I honor you. I respect you." And the little patriot bowed and went back into another anartment. lone which our hero heard. As he turned into the Rue Honore he heard a roar as if the lid had been lifted from pandemonium. From a side street he had passed a dark tide of humanity poured into the Rue Honore behind him. In the air above the surg-ing mass fluttered a red flag. Here and there red caps glinted on the sur-face of the packed street like petals of flowers on a flood which has ravished a garden. They close up behind him. back into another apartment. "Who is the little angel ?" said my excited visitor.

that came another tributary rivulet of seething humanity to swell the river in the main avenue. The Commune is

up ! When Paris casts out her devil (f tyranny it seeketh rest in dry places, and finding none it returneth to the house and finding none it returneth to the house whence it was cast out, finding it swept and garnished it taketh to itself seven devils worse than the first and returneth to its house, and the last state of Paris is worse than the first. Napoleon cast out, and Favre in power, the red devil of the Commune comes last to make bloody the dregs of the cup of Paris. "Down with the Garde Mobile ! Kill

comes last to make bloody the dregs of the cup of Paris. "Down with the Garde Mobile ! Kill the mouchard ! Our hero feeds a stinging blow, and partly falls. He is on his knees. His gorgeous cap is tossed in the mud. A hundred feet trample on him, and his coat is forn from his back. His face is covered with warm blood, which trickles from his head. He feels faint, and is about to repeat a simple prayer and die, when a strong hand grasps the coNar of his bloody shirt, and he stands on his feet. The crowd closes round him, and though he is faint he cannot fall. He is wedged in the mass of yell-ing humanity. A red cap is pulled down on his bleeding head, and he turns his eyes downward to view himself. He is not now the dapper member of the Garde Mobile. His shirt is his only garment in sight. It is stained with blood. A voice whispers in his ear :

away. "He passes a group of night-hawks with haggard eyes and as they see his smear-ed face and wrapping of tapestry they merely shout to him as he passes; "Down

'PHONES ON THE FARM

POSSIBILITIES OF THE MODERN MES-A regiment forms arcoss the street. An officer attempts to read to the drunk-en and crazed Communists. A mad shout answers him, and paving stones and revolver bullets and every form of mis-sile is hurled at the handsome, compact line. SENGER FOR RURAL FOLKS.

What the Experiments of a Mere Boy Have Led to-How a Farm Telephone Exchange Should Be Organized and

Worked.

The practical utility of having a tele-phone on the farm is fast being demon-strated in many agricultural districts, and the system is bound to spread. Out-side of the business aspects of the pro-ject, the social side of the question has helped on construction. From the ex-periments of a mere boy there has grown in one eastern section a system with sixteen wires, covering seven townships. The demand has spread, in this instance, for telephonic service, until now farmers for telephonic service, until now farmers miles apart sit in their homes with re-ceivers at their ears, and listen to speeches, songs and recitations sent whirling along over the wires, or express



with one another, with readiness and convenience, what shall be done to kill the weevil and keep up the price of

the weevil and keep up the price of wheat. The farm telephone is the outgrowth of no corporation, and no charge is made for rates. It should either be a purely personal venture, or conducted on the lines of the Grange, for mutual improve-ment and benefit. The person starting into this enterprise will find enthusi-astic helpers. Farmers instantly realize that they have an opportunity to build their own lines at nominal cost. As the great bulk of the farmer's business is, after all, with other farmers, and with local dealers in the nearest town, he is practically independent of the long-dis-tance companies, and serves all his needs by a short line to the homes of his near-est neighbors. The experiments already made will soon become popular, and the near future will doubtless see a farm-house with a telephone as naturally a part of its equipment as is a windmill or a cistern. Communication between farmhouses in times of peril or trouble has always been wheat.

Tommunication between farmhouses in times of peril or trouble has always been slow and tedious. Fire, murder, robbery and other disasters which roburn farm-ers are liable to occur almost any time on a farm far away from its neighbor. If the place is left, as is often the case, in charge of the women while the men are at work far away in the fields news of some important happening can be transmitted only at the cost of a long journey, which many times is out of the question. But if on the wall of a farmhouse hangs a telephone connected with a neighboring system a dozen or a score of farmhouses may be alarmed in an instant, and if a crime is committed which calls for swift retribution or a chase after the offender the instant wings of electricity will aid in the pur suit. <text><text><text><text>

town, no matter now great the distance or how had the roads. Often it means merely a trip both ways to order some-thing by telegraph or to get something that might as well be sent out from the town. With the telephone system in operation his labors will be lightened in-calculably and his time saved immeasur-ably.

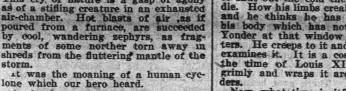
system should commend itself to the farmer through its simplicity and its case of operation and equipment.



line is now in actual operation it is claimed by its users that they absolute by could not get along without it. They, use it every day and near neighbors come in to call up the town. It is connected with an exchange, but people are accom-modating in a small town, and if anyone wants a message transmitted to some-body there is no trouble about its being delivered at the other end. They call up in the morning and find out what price is offered for something off the farm. If it is satisfactory a bargain is made over the wire, perhaps, or decide to drive in with a waggon. If the mar-ket is low a trip is saved. The possibili-ties are endless. A telegram arrives late at night. The operator at the town can hasten to the wire, read the despatch, and save a long and tedious trip into the country. Mother thing that will be brought about some day will be the storage of the surplus genergy developed by wind.

the country. Another thing that will be brought about some day will be the storage of the surplus energy developed by wind-mills in storage batteries and its use to light farms and farmhouses by electri-eity. The only drawback to the scheme now is the great weight and considerable cost of storage batteries. But an im-mense amount of energy could be accu-mulated by a windmill and converted in-to electricity, stored up and later re-leased to light up a farmhouse. Of course this would be chiefly available in the winter when the evenings are short, because in the summer it is light until almost 9 o'clock, and then the average farmer goes to bed. But that plan will be developed by-and-by and indeed has been already in some places, but the ex-pense under the present system is al-most prohibitive. There is no doubt but that in the city the telephone is a constant necessity for the transaction of business. In the coun-try it would seem to be fully as necessary, where everyone is isolated and com-munication is necessarily slow and diff-cult by ordinary methods. For every need of the farmer he must drive te town, no matter how great the distance or how bad the roads. Often it menns merely a trip both ways to order some

ably. And, after all, the barbed wire fence



Sile is hurled at the handsome, compact ine. Our hero hears a short command. The muskets drop to a level, and he looks along the blue barrels to the bowed pom-ons on the caps. A sheet of dame leaps across the first like lightning and a thousand bul-lets smite the solid mass of flees. They press back. The dead are still on their test smite the solid mass of flees. They press back. The dead are still on their test smite the solid mass of flees. They press back. The dead are still on their test mite the solid mass of flees. They press back. The dead are still on their test smite the solid mass of flees. They press back. The dead are still on their test mite the solid mass of flees. They press back. The dead are still on their test smite the succonscion. When he awakes he is very cold. He from he awakes he is very cold. He from he awakes at his hands. They and he looks at his hands. They and he looks at his hands. They and he looks at his hands. They and he to his face and finds it covered with fith and dried, crackling gouts of blood. His breast is naked, and on his shoulders are the remnants of a shirt. His trousers are now covered with frozen and dried blood. The speaks satiscally, "I am now a fred!" His teeth chatter and he tries to rise. If he had only some garment to his body which has not a spot on his body which has not a spot on his body which has not a spot on his body which has not been bruised. Yonder at that window something flut-ters. He creeps to it and pulls it in and eramines it. It is a costly tapestry of the time of Louis XII. He langes provides and wraps it around his should. the time of Louis XII. He laughs strinly and wraps it around his shoulders.
Now, what time is it? Yonder light is the light of the moon. It must be midnight. Shall he lie down until morning, or essay the streets of turbulent dramy, and he falls to tracing an arabesque pattern in the tesselated floor of the salon. It must have been a dining of the salon wheels along as he dreams, and the tax one loop beam ends on the glittering copper N. It is strange, but somehow it fixes his attention. It hokes familiar. It dawns upon him. His here's he receps to it. He touches it with a reverent, trembling hand, and there coper N.
That a sight ! The bloody, dishevelled went, the wheeling beam of light ! Supare with his eye, lies down and gropes with his head whirls in a mad walts, a dis head whirls in a

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D LONDON NEWS, of , 1895, says: which single medicine I the abroad with me, as generally useful, to the others, I should say never invest without it, micability to the relief of dimple aliments forms its ""

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pened ? Of all the incongruous occur-rences of a sportive fate this was the rences of a sportive rate this was the queerest. This little hothouse flower—this care-fully guarded child—this little hazei-eyed fairy, fell incontinently in love with my noisy, rude, military friend Na-poleon Smith, and he—well, he stared for a moment and then blushed, and then turned pale, and lo'! he was dead in love. Occasionally I think that the two congenial natures out of the billion or two of the inhabitants of this earth come into contact to make an exemplary case of human love for the gods to rejoice over, or perhaps they come together by accident. However, it occurs, it is a sight to rejoice heaven and earth. Aimee foorted across the room and Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN.

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"He who enters here leaves soap be-hind. He's got to ! Save the wrappers and send 'em in. Oh, no, this 'ain't no chromo in fourteen colors. I guess not! Brace up and go the whole figure, my vants are about to call for a ge

son." Our hero tries to turn his head and thank the owner of the nasal voice, but he can only shed weak tears, which mingle iwth the blood on his face; but he feels a strong, nervous hand seizing

he feels a strong, nervous hand seizing his, and he returns its pressure. "We are just as good communists as any of them now. Vive la Commune ! Hurrah, and damn your eyes, too ! War-ranted to keep in any climate, and make a lather in any water. Down with law and order ! Un with the devil and all his angels ! Holler, Smith, Vive la Commune !"

his angels I Holler, Smith, Vive la Commune !" Napoleon Smith weakly responded in a cheer, and on they went. The crowd has been pressing on aff this time. Once in a while the crash of glass was heard and a store was guited and left deso-late in less time than it takes to tell it. Once or twice the scream of a wo-man was heard like the sharp cry of a drowning person, and then all was over and the crowd surged on. Now they emerged in a large square. In the centre is a beautiful heroic bronze column. It is the Place Vendome, and a shriek of mad joy goes up as the thousands see that already great cables are stretched from the top of the column, and Paris wants to pull down chat first Bonaparte whom they once worshipped.

wants to pull down that first Bonaparte whom they once worshipped. Thousands of hands grasp the ropes, and now the beautiful column rocks on its base, and now a hundred thousand throats swell in chorus as the mounted figure sways a moment, and then crash it comes to the ground and lies in frag-ments. It is another Samson, and kills in its fall the enemies who came out to make sport. Now the tide sets in another direction, and our hero feels that if history is to be made he will see the show even at the expense of a broken head. He cannot escape. He is a waif hurrying on he knows not where.

broken head. He cannot escape. He is a waif hurrying on he knows not where. "To the Pont Royals !" Threamily he knows they are near the Seine. He is jammed against the rails on the side of the bridge, and for a me-ment he thinks of dropping over into the chill blue tide and ending the agony. Now a ribald song starts up near the head of the advancing mob, and a thou-sand, ten thousand, forty thousand voices swell the horrible music. That was what he heard and should have fled from. When Paris sings it is time for the guillotine in the Place de Greve. When Paris is happy, then make ready the centery and the lime-hole. It is the murmur of the human cyclone. Now the mob is approaching a magniti-cent building fronting on a beautiful park. Those behind crowd on those be-fore, until the front of the mass of gasp-humanity is jammed against the facada of the grand structure. Now the red monster of the Commune has suitable diversion. The paving stones are form up and sent flying through the splendid windows. "Chrash! ha! ha! It is good for the aristocrats!"

"Crash! ha! ha! It is good for the aristocrits!" "More. Many more! Down with the nest! Tean it down!" A crackling sound is heard, and as our hero looks up he sees the sky filling with smoke. He tries to move back. He might as well put his shoulder to the Pyrenees and start them from their base.

Great beams are brought, and he hears Great beams are brought, and he hears the crash of falling walls. Beauffrai carpets and tapestries are tossed from upepr windows and wrap the crowd in gayer colors. White marble statues, of great cost and exquisite beauty, are hurl-ed out on the crowd, levelling in death all beneath. Gold and silver ornaments twinkle about the mob as they fall into

the Aristrocrats! He shouts a hoarse reply and passes on. They find him asleep on the steps of the American Legation and the ser-

him away when I recognize carry him. "For Heaven's sake Smith what is the matter?" "The Commune," he whispers, and faints again.

"The Commune," he whispers, and faints again. Aimee comes in during the morning, and then we have a time. She must wash his bruised head. He must be cared for in a royal manner, and, sobbing and singing, the girl manages to work herself more intensely in love than ever; and Smith—well, he acts as though he would be willing to pass through a worse siege if he might have the same nurse. She even attempts to console him by humming his favorite air, and makes of it a cross between the "Marsellaise" and a waltz. This was a stringe scene for a staid respectable office of an American Ministry, and I confess I re-garded it in some doubt. On my sofa the sorry-looking victim of the Com-mune; in an office-chair at his side Mademoiselle Aimee. But war and siege and the Commune produced strange scenes. But I was thrown into con-fusion by the announcement that the Marquis Larne asked instant audience of me. I received him at the door all intendity tone: "Ah, I perceive here my nicee, Made-foriselle Aimee, I came instantly to the Quartier St. Germain when I heard of the lamentable end of Lieutenant Boh. Aimee, my child, come home with me. I extend my arms; my heart is oper;" and with a sigh he drew out his snowy cambric handkerchief and applied it to hearts.

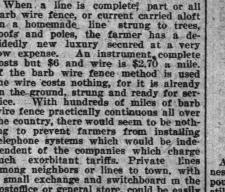
Aimee arose and glared upon him with anger flashing from her eyes. "Monsieur, the American is my friend. It was the wish of my father. I remain here."

here." "Ah, Aimee, but the world will talk. You must remember your birth. You must trust your uncle;" and he tried to look friendly and compassionate." "Never!" said Aimee. "I will never trust you. I say no more now. Leave me in peace." 11

"Never?" said Aimee. "I will never me in peace." "Perhaps Monsieur the American can show by what right he detains my niece? He will have a chance to ex-plain it at the Palais de Justice," and removed with anger. "The Second with anger." "The Second Second Second Second Second "The Second Second Second Second Second "The Second Second Second Second Second "Second Second Second Second Second Second "Second Second Second Second Second Second "Second Second Second Second Second Second Second "Second Second Second Second Second Second Second "Second Second Sec

(To be continued.)

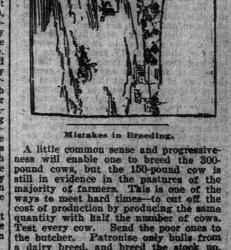
"Your picture was in the paper the other day. At first I thought it was an advertisement of some medicine that had cured you." "You weren't far wrong. I was cured of politics and the picture was printed in connection with my retirement."-Roxbury Gazette.





ATTENDING A CONCERT BY 'PHONE. any railroad. Everyone must drive to some other town to see anybody or to find out what is going on. If they had a telephone line, even a single instru-ment, the advantage would be enormous. The original cost would be scarcely any-thing, \$10 or \$15 perhaps. After that there is no expense and the convenience will never be appreciated until the line has been in operation for a while. There are a hundred and one things that as settlement like that would want to get into communication with a town for. If they had a line to some near village they could have messages transmitted over the long distance wire to large cities, and if a farmer wanted something in a hurry instead of writing for it and wait ing for the slow delivery of the mails there he could call up his dealer in the city, order it by wire and have it come out by express that day. In one of these settlements where a ATTENDING & CONCERT BY 'PHONE.

" Head " 1000 - 5 E. ---



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