

family, won't it? Are Albe and Miriam as sweet on each other as they used to be...

Her companion colored, and walked to the window.

"Bah!" continued Barbara contemptuously, but triumphing in her home thrust.

"Oh! yes, you may laugh. He who wins may laugh," said Barbara with significance.

"Oh! all over the continent!"—(wiping the merry tears from his eyes)—"wherever a wayward fancy, and steam, or horse, or mule would carry me."

"Your wife is a foreigner, isn't she?" and Barbara tried to look indifferent.

"Well,—yes; more French than anything else. By the way, she was educated in the same school, Pet was."

"Poor darling Pet! wailed Barbara.—"Nineteen to-day, and keeping her birthday among strangers, while the old hearts at the Terrace are hungering and thirsting for the sight of her precious face!"

"What!" cried her companion hotly—"marry a Papist? Tie myself for life to a member of that Church which I have often heard you berate and anathematize as corrupt and false, idolatrous and superstitious?"

"For shame, Cyril, to take me up in that way," returned Barbara as vexed as if she had been the poker.

"Let us go in here and rest," he said softly, as the door of the little Catholic Church stood invitingly open.

"They knelt down on the very spot where Pet had wept and prayed a year before."

"Dear Miriam, you do not know what this resolution has cost me. As God sees my heart, the sacrifice of my love for you was the bitterest trial these days of suffering have brought."

"And you will go away to live among those Jesuit priests altogether, and leave me to face the weary future alone?"

"What wounds me more than all the rest," she said reproachfully, "is your want of confidence in me."

"Forgive me," he said gently; "you are right. A score of times I was on the brink of a disclosure, but something always withheld me."

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of novelty was beginning to wear off the ardor, and Miriam was leaning her whole weight upon her guide...

"O Ernest! do not leave me," she pleaded with a painful conviction of her utter dependence on him.

"There will be a greater ONE to help you than poor Ernest Albe," said her companion visibly moved.

And then, as she walked beside him with bowed head and trembling lips...

And when, lowering his voice (as if the subject were too sacred for a loud discourse)...

He saw her tears, her agitation. "Let us go in here and rest," he said softly...

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of elegant specimen of engineering. Only the more opening fire, the trees in front, which were seen through the smoke...

PRUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

The advantages of speed are all with a retiring army, not with the pursuers, unless the retreat is so ill-conducted as to become a rout.

Beside the road, half lost to sight in the driving snow could be seen at times cavalry halting to feed their horses.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR. A PRUSSIAN VIEW OF THE WAR.

Berlin, Jan. 14. The comparative silence of the Paris forts since the beginning of the bombardment is easily accounted for.

LE MANS.—Le Mans, where the French General Chanzy has sustained his apparently fatal defeat, is a town not without historic interest.

Much astonishment is expressed at the abundance of provisions with which Paris must have been supplied when it was cut off from communication with the rest of France.

It is stated on complete authority that one could hardly find a family in Germany, from the highest to the lowest, which has not some relative to lament in consequence of this war.

than decimated! The Queen's Guards lost nearly half their strength. Some companies were left with only one of the officers who set out from Germany with the regiment.

The regular army with which Trochu was first occupied was composed of about 28,000 men, brought back from Metziers by Vinoy, 40,000 old soldiers and men from the depots, and finally, 15,000 young recruits from the two last contingents.

THE RANGE OF GUNS.—Apropos of the siege of Paris, it may be interesting to note here some of the longest ranges on record.

The Queen Elizabeths knew what was coming. Their patrols had been out feeling the interval between Le Bourget and Drancy, and the advance of a strong body of French troops had been notified.

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TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN DARCY.—The Waterford Citizen has the following letter:—Sir,—There were just two Irish Captains of Zouaves who defended the course of the Holy Father for the last ten years.

enjoins. But the infants didn't see it. Indeed, they did not see the pleasure of staying where they were. I heard no command of retreat given, but the firing dropped away to a distance, and intermittingly, and then ceased altogether.

Our readers will remember to have heard of Sergeant Hoff, much praised by the Parisians for shooting Prussian sentries. A correspondent says:—The papers would say, "this is now the thirty-seventh Prussian killed by the adventurous Sergeant Hoff."

HONORS OF WAR. The Times' correspondent writing from Wilhelmshohe says:—The other day I had a most horrible sight of human suffering.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN DARCY.—The Waterford Citizen has the following letter:—Sir,—There were just two Irish Captains of Zouaves who defended the course of the Holy Father for the last ten years.