

"O Cyril! how can you be so unjust!" cried Pet with flaming cheeks. It was the first time she had ever named him in that way; and it quite unmanned him. "I wish I had never been born!" he groaned in agony. "Do not say that—" she pleaded, seeing how he suffered. "Pray God that He may show you the end for which you were born. Once realized you will work for it nobly, generously, like the brave, earnest, strong-hearted man you are. You may even live to bless God for this bitter, bitter trial."

drawers, suit after suit of children's clothing, warm little shawls, woollen stockings, hoods, comforters and mittens. "For pity's sake Pet, do you clothe an orphanage?" cried one of the girls. "Oh! these are Angelique's proteges," said Pet, while the tall maid shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly. "And here are the candy and the cakes; and you'll find a case of figs and nuts in the housekeeper's room." "Bien!" granted Angelique with a grim smile as she went out. "What a queer girl you are, Pet Trenton!" cried Lucy. "You do the oddest things in such a charming way that they look quite natural."

tonished us, as it was apparently within easy range of the Prussian guns, and could have been knocked to pieces by a single cannon, until we noticed that it was protected by the Red Cross of an Ambulance flag. One house, indeed, at Rosny had been terribly knocked about. It had been, perhaps, the handsomest house there, and the Prussians may have found out that it was the Headquarters of the French Staff. At any rate it had been for some reason the special object of their vengeance, for while the houses all around remained untouched this had been made utterly uninhabitable, and anything more desolate and dreary-looking than its pretty papered rooms, unroofed and bare to the wind, and its crumbling staircases, I have not often seen. As it was getting late, we resolved to return home, and on our way we had a second look at Fort Nogent, which we heard was being more vigorously bombarded than when we were there in the morning. We had to take the road immediately behind Fort Rosny, but the firing of the Prussians had been so good that the risk we incurred seemed very slight. It so happened, however, that, as we drove past, a shell came flying over the fort, and pitched near enough to the carriage to send the earth rattling up before the windows. A bit of the shell whizzed past the coachman's head. The horse started off at a gallop, and I was drawing down the window to tell the coachman on no account to stop him, when, to my astonishment, the man pulled sharp up and asked if he might go and pick up a bit of the shell to take home. My reply, not, I trust, couched in stronger language than the occasion warranted, started him on again at once, and in a few seconds we were out of danger.

which the bombardment of Paris may do them in the estimation of Europe. Bombardment with men, like skinning with eels, is, I suppose, "nothing when you're used to it," for the officer who was taking us over the Fort was coolness itself. Before we had gone many yards the usual unmistakable whizz told us that a shell had just left the Prussian batteries, and I looked eagerly to see what the officer was going to do, and whether by dodging round a palisade or rushing into a casemate I could save myself and my clothes the undignified ceremony of prostration upon the stomach. He did not, however, even look up. His practised ear had told him that the shell was not coming in our direction. It was pleasant to find oneself with so experienced a guide, but unluckily the pleasure was short-lived. A sailor came running after us to say that our patient was ready waiting for us, so we were obliged to turn back.—Times Cor.

They remind me of the heir at the funeral of a rich relative. Speaking of funerals reminds me that the newspapers propose that the undertakers, like the butchers, should be taxed. They are the only people who are making a good thing out of the siege. They have raised their prices so exorbitantly that the poor complain that it is becoming impossible for them to be buried when they die. The vin ordinaire is giving out. It has already risen nearly 60 per cent in price. This is a very serious thing for the poor, who not only drink it, but warm it and make with bread soup of it. Yesterday, I had a slice of Pollux for dinner. Pollux and his brother Casor are two elephants, which have been killed. It was tough, coarse, and oily, and I do not recommend English families to eat elephants as long as they can get beef and mutton. Many of the restaurants are closed owing to want of fuel. They are recommended to use lamps; and although French cooks can do wonders with very poor materials, when they are called upon to cook an elephant with a spirit lamp the thing is almost beyond their ingenuity. Casor and Pollux's trunks sold for 45*l.*, the other parts of the interesting twins fetched about 10*l.* It is a good deal warmer to-day, and has been thawing in the sun; if the cold and the siege had continued much longer, the Prussian would have found us all in bed. It is a far easier thing to cut down a tree than to make it burn. Proverbs are not always true; and I have found to my bitter experience of late that the proverb that "there is no smoke without a fire" is untrue. The Tappet who made it never tried to burn green wood. I have just returned from Pont-du-Jour, where I went in order to see myself what truth there was in the announcement that we were being bombarded. Pont-du-Jour is the point where the Seine issues from Paris. Speculators, however, with telescopes, were offering to show the Prussian artillerymen for one sou. When I got within about half a mile of the ramparts I began to hear the whistling of the shells. Here the sightseers were not so numerous. Whenever a shell was heard, there was a rush behind walls and houses. Some people threw themselves down, others seemed to imagine that the smallest tree would protect them, and congregated behind the thinnest saplings. Boys were running about with pieces of shells, and offering them for sale. Women were standing at their doors, and peeping their heads out: "Brigands, bandits, they dare to bombard us; wait till to-morrow, we will make them rue it!" This, and expressions of a similar nature, was the tone of the small talk. My own impression is, that the Prussians were firing at the ramparts, and that, as often occurs, their projectiles overshot the mark. I did not see anyone either killed or wounded, and it seems to me that the most astonishing thing in a bombardment is the little damage it does to life and limb. A bit of iron cut away a branch from one of the trees, one shell I saw burst on the road by the river, and in 15 minutes I counted 11 shells whizzing through the air. The newspaper which I have just bought, I see, says that two shells have fallen close by the Invalides, and that they have been coming in pretty thickly all along the zone near the southern ramparts. This may or may not be the case. Like Herodotus in Egypt, I make a distinction between what I am told and what I see, and only guarantee the authenticity of the latter. The only house which I could perceive had been struck was a small one. A chimney stack had been knocked over; an old lady who inhabited it pointed this out to me. She seemed to be under the impression that this was the result of design, and plaintively asked me what she had done to "William, and to Disrock that they should knock over her chimney. On the ramparts no damage seemed to have been done. The National Guard on duty were in the casemates. The noise here was tremendous, Issy, Valerieu, the guns of the bastions and those of the cannon-boats were firing as hard as they could, and the Prussian batteries were returning their fire with a will. After the sun went down the dark hills opposite were lit up with the flashes of light which issued every second from the batteries. The Journal des Debats of the 6th ult. thus describes the falling of German shells within Paris:—"During the whole of yesterday an extraordinary animation prevailed in the 14th Arrondissement, one of the districts nearest to the southern forts, whose converging fires did not cease since the previous night from covering with shells the plateau of Châtillon. A considerable crowd repaired to the point whence could be distinctly seen the cannon of Forts Montreuil, Vanves, and Issy. From the most elevated points of the 14th Arrondissement, particularly from Rue Alsace, one could see very well the Prussian batteries established on the heights of Châtillon, near the Tour des Anglais. One saw the flash which announced every discharge of the cannon of these batteries. About 3 p.m. the rumor was propagated that the Prussians, desiring, doubtless, to convince the Parisians of the existence of Krupp's famous cannon, had just launched shells into Paris. Gossip soon found at different points commenting on the news which was being spread, and as is always the case, treating as alarmists those who described having seen the damage caused by the fall of shells. People could not admit that the Prussian batteries established at Châtillon, and recently unmasked by the enemy, could send projectiles beyond the ramparts. The fact, unfortunately, was but too certain. In fact, we ourselves ascertained on the spot that a shell, after having penetrated the roof of a rather lofty house, No. 37, Rue Daguerre, had crossed to the other side of the street to a house much lower, composed only of a ground floor and first story, the entrance being No. 6, Rue Lalande. Here the projectile had passed above a casemate on the first story, had gone through a beam, and issued on the ground floor which serves as a turner's workshop. All this had occurred in so few seconds that the poor turner, who was working at the moment, had not time to save himself. He was struck, but his wound, it is stated, do not endanger his life. The shell rolled a metro beyond that spot into an unpaved court. It rebounded to a height of a few inches, then fell, and exploded ten metres further on, at the foot of a small building occupied by a mason. There everything was broken by splinters of the projectiles. Only a window escaped being struck. Another shell fell in the middle of the same street, Lalande, which is unpaved. Its splinters struck the houses numbered 7, 9, and 11, all the windows of the which without exception, were entirely smashed on every floor. A painful emotion was experienced by part of the inhabitants of the Maine quarter. The question was asked on all hands whether it was prudent during the bombardment of the southern forts, to pass the night in that district. A Petit Montreuil and in the Gobelins quarter nearly all the residents were engaged in pasting folds of paper on the windows, for the purpose of preventing their being broken by the vibrations attending violent discharges of artillery. The 5th Arrondissement, also, was exciting about 4 p.m. by an occurrence similar to that which happened on the 11th. Bombs fell on the outbuildings of the convent of the Sisters of St. Michael, now converted into an ambulance, and situated in Rue Guy-Lussac, between Rue St. Jacques and Rue des Ursulines. A large number of inhabitants were consequently to be met in the evening quitting their houses through fright and carrying packages. We are assured that other shells exploded in the Rue Loureain and at the top of the Rue St. Jacques. They caused injuries, and many were wounded. In what concerns these last accidents we only repeat rumors circulating among the numerous groups stationed on the Boulevard St. Michael." The same paper remarks in its leading article:—"Yesterday for the first time the enemy's projectiles

FRONT INSIDE FORT ROSNY.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SIEGE OF WAR.

THE BOMBARDMENT.