"O Cyril! how can you be so mijust?" oried 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 Once realized you will work for it nobly, gen- and nuts in the housekeeper's room.". crously, like the brave, earnest, strong-hearted man you are. You may even live to bless God smile as she went out. for this bitter, bitter trial."

They had reached the gate of the Catholic Church: and Pet held out her hand with her face transfigured and a beautiful smile upon

her trembling lips.

"You mock me," said Cyril sullenly: "if" you had not east me off you might have made eleven." me what you willed. Now, I am going to destruction: and while you save your own soul in your new fashion you may console yourself with the thought that you have blighted-you have read. ruined that of the man who loved you better than all the world beside."

With a passionate gesture, he turned away, and strode rapidly up the wintry road; and the grey shadows of the twilight shut him off as if he had vanished in a veiled corridor.

Pet went into the Church, where numbers were kneeling around the dim confessional -The altar-lamp twinkled like a peaceful star; and some ladies were dressing the sanctuary and erecting an arch of holly.

Pet went down on her knees in an obscure pew and buried her face in her hands with a gush of hot long-restrained tears.

"Infant Jesus! help me! Our Lady of Bethlehem! pray for me," she said over and over again in her heart, while her slight frame shook with emotion. Then she drew her veil round her face and looked up at the altar.

The busy work-women, putting up the Christmas arch, had set in among the thick plushy green some gilded letters—"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!"

Pet's head went down again on her hands with another outburst: "O my God!" she prayed: "Have pity on my misery. Out of the depths of this, my first great sorrow, teach me how to draw at least some ray of greater ever, and there was so much lively conversation glory to Thee in the highest!"

The Divine Physician hidden upon the altar spoke no audible words; -but the peace, the ineffable balm of the silent sympathy sank gently into the young sufferer's bleeding heart, The quiet figures of the penitents went and came around the sacred confessional; the shadows fell and the altar-lamp burned out brilliantly in the gathering gloom, and still Pet knelt in that wordless, motionless prayer; and when Angelique came to the pew at last, and whispered that the carriage was waiting-she looked up like one surprised.

The sanctuary was empty—the arch completed; and there in the nest of evergreens, with the clear raps of the lamp, sparkling full upon them-Pet read the golden words, "Er IN TERRA PAN HOMNIBUS.'

Ten o'clock Christmas morning, and a bright sun shining. The flowers in Pet's boudoir were blooming, her favorite canary filling the room with his piereing song, and the marble worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard with his piereing song, and the marble worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard with his piereing song, and the marble worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard with his piereing song, and the marble worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the truth, and capable of facing the hard worthy of hearing the hard worth w table resplendent with Pet's birth-day gifts.

Pet, like bees round a rose; while Barbara and Miriam looked on delighted at their darling's gaiety. For gayer she was that Christmas morning, and merrier and more like her old airy self, than she had been for many months.

" If some one had only made me a present of a pair of wings," she said laughingly, "I verily believe I could fly away."

"I would advise you not to go without this," said one of the Murdoch girls, catching up a rich Indian shawl from the table. "You might find it a little cool in your upward flight."

"Ah! that is dear Miriam's gift, " and Pet wound it around her and ran to the mirror. "Isn't it levely? Such gorgeous colors. But helas ! ma chere saur, I am not stately enough for a shawl,"

"Yet it takes a French woman to wear one." laughed Miriam; "and you are only one remove from that.'

"Barbara's gift is the loveliest of all," cried one of the younger girls, lifting a set of diamonds which glittered in their purple velvet case like drops of rain upon a pansy.

"Why, I did not think Burbara encouraged such vanities," said Lucy.

"I heard Pet tell Mr. Albey she expected the richest gift of her life on Christmas morning," said dear obtuse Barbara, in self-defence. "So I made sure my darling should not be - disappointed."

Pet looked up from the jewel-case, at first with a sweet puzzled smile—then with a radiant rosy blush as the real meaning of her speech to Mr. Albey broke upon her.

She was still standing with dreamy eyes and smiling lips looking into vacancy when Lucy Murdoch asked: "Which is Cyril's gift?" : and began to turn over the costly gifts on the table.

"By the way," cried one of the sisters: "Cyril was not at breakfast, and has not been visible all morning. Stolen or strayed? Will somebody enlighten us? Pet did you send your knight-errant to town for a fresh invoice of bon-bons?"

"No such good luck," said Lucy, sitting on the floor, and eating caramels out of Pet's box. "He was cross as a bear last evening. It would be just like him to fly off somewhere until after the ball: and then come back to tell us what lovely sleighing it was in the highlands."

Angelique came in just here, and whispered vito Pet:

"Mam'selle, les pauvrettes, the poor little children are down stairs waiting for their

drawers, suit after suit of children's clothing, warm little shawls, woollen stockings, hoods comforters and mittens.

"For pity's sake Pct, do you clothe an or phanage?" cried one of the girls.

"Oh! these are Angelique's proteges," said Pet, while the tall maid shrugged her shoulshow he suffered. "Pray God that He may ders deprecatingly. "And here are the candy show you the end for which you were born, and the cakes; and you'll find a case of figs

"Bien!" grunted Angelique with a grim

"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."

"It is after ten," said Barbara, looking at her watch; " and Mr. Albey begins service at

" One by one, the girls strolled away to their rooms to dress for church. But Pet took a book, and sat down in her morning dress to

Barbara patted her check fondly.

"You are not going out?" she said with a smile. "Ah! you sly puss. I was not surprised when Angelique told me how you were flying around early this morning. I might have known when Mr. Albey gave a day-break service and communion in his church he was sure of one representative from the Terrace."

All Pet's heart of anguish was written in her face, but it was bent over her book, and Barbara did not see it. Could she undeceive her sister then, and tell her where she had really spent those heavenly hours of the early morning? Could she plunge the sword of this grave surprise into Barbara's heart while her lips wore that happy unsuspecting smile?

"Not yet, dear Lord! not yet," she pleaded inwardly; and Barbara went humming a snatch of an old Christmas hymn in unusual elevation

Cyril did not come all day, but his movements were so erratic of late that no one remarked it much: the guests were as merry as crickets and Mr. Albey looked in during the afternoon. Pet had stolen away to Vespers, and had just returned when the minister made his appearance. She was so surrounded, howgoing on, that Mr. Albey could only ask her a mute question with his eyebrows, which she answered as mutely, but with kindling eyes. And then at dinner, sitting next to her, he whispered, "If you think I have any weight with Miss Barbara-I will speak."

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SELECT OF WAR.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the brave spirit and of the power of endurance exhibited by the beleagured French Capital. This is the hundred and seventeenth day since the beginning of the investment, and all the evils of a cine! famine, of an appalling mortality, to which now the first hints of a bombardment are added, seem rather to raise than to depress the courage of the people. We would gladly believe that this "sublime attitude" is the result of genuine, spontaneous heroism, and that it would continue true to itself under any circumstances, and be ready for any emergencies. But it is for this very reason that we regret to see the stimulus of false intelligence administered to it. Men who have behaved so nobly ought to be deemed nerve them to their duty as efficiently as fallacious All the young guests were clustered round hope. But, were it otherwise, we do not envy those tected, and forcing its way through, fell into saroom Decency forbids it. My pea jacket is torn and et. like bees round a rose; while Barbara who assume the responsibility of encouraging the occupied by a number of the Garde Nationale. The threadbare, my trousers are frayed at the bottom, people to resistance by a deliberate system of deception. Never was nobler end promoted by baser means. As to the expediency of France continuing the struggle after Sedan there may be two opinions, but there can be no question as to the right the country had of knowing what it was fighting for, and upon what chances of a successful issue. France has fought nobly both in and out of Paris, but she might, perhaps, have been stirred to greater and more successful exertions if there had been less reciprocal reliance of the Capital on the Provinces and of the Provinces on the Capital. With a direct appeal to his noblest instincts, every Frenchman might have been brought into the ranks. But, thanks to the misrepresentations of the Government and of its Press, the idea began to gain ground that it was "the duty of every man's neighbour to fight for his country." Nay, the conviction prevailed that this duty was being scrupulously fulfilled. The struggle-whatever may be said or thought to the contrary—is now drawing to an end, and those who were bent on prolonging it to the complete exhaustion of their country will soon be able to judge of the results of their system .- Times.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

Hearing that the little town of Rosny, which lies in a hollow below the Fort, and between it and Avron, had been bombarded yesterday and this morning, we resolved to go and see it. An artillery man pointed out the road, declaring that we might follow it safely enough if we only ducked our heads now and then-at least so we translated the expressive pantomime in which he indulged with broad grins. As this precaution could not be taken with much effect in the carriage, we thought it advisable to walk, but had not gone a hundred yards before a shell whizzing close over our heads made us duck with a vengeance. It was the first that had ever really come near me, though an alarmed imagination had made me fancy myself a hundred times on the point of being hit, and if I may venture upon a rash generalization from one solitary instance, I should say that it must be easy enough to get out of the way of a shell if a man does not stand upon his dignity, but is ready to throw himself upon his face or rush into the nearest hole. I saw this in ample time to have escaped into any place of shelter close at hand, and can easily understand how, in forts properly casemated, after a hard day's bombardment, only two or three men are touched, although the guns are worked. As we, however, had no easemate at hand, we could only throw ourselves down under the hedge, and luckily the shell-buried itself in a mound on the opposite side of the road without bursting. We left the road immediately at the double, and making a circuit to the left across country got down to Rosny, without again incurring any risk, although the shells from both batteries kept up an incessant whistling match high above our heads. We were surprised, after what we had heard, to see so few traces of bombarding about the town. Here and there, at long intervals, a huge hole in a roof showed where a shell had gone crashing through, and near the church the statue of a fountain once, perhaps, the pride of the village, lay in pitiable prostration along the ground. • It was fortunate the church had escaped, for it has since been turned into an ambulance, and when we

tonished us, as it was apparently within casy 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 Head-Quarters 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 bared 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 mean-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 although unfitted for such troubled waters. But to sharp up and asked if he might go and pick up a a great extent he has himself to thank for what is bit of the shelf to take home. My reply, not, I occurring. He has risked his all upon the success trust, conched in stronger language than the occasion warranted, started him on again at once, and in a few seconds we were out of danger.

PROW INSIDE FORT ROBBY.

Not knowing in the least what we meant, or who

we could be, the grand passedus on thanother, who, cqually mystified, passed us on again until we found ourselves through the gate, to our great delight and surprise on our way to the Commandant. Our guide took us across the yard, or whatever it ought to be called, at a rung but rather from habit apparently than as a precaution at that moment necessary, for the shells were few and far between, and whereas the scher day they were pouring in amortily at the rate of four or five a minute, yesterday ten minutes or more would pass without one. Then two or three would come in comparatively quick succession, and then again there would be another long inserval. I have before mentioned my surprise at the very small damage which, to one looking from the outside of the Fort they appeared to do. Inside one was still more struck by this fact. The ground was strewed with fragments of shells, as it might well be, considering how many hundreds or even thousands had been thrown, with admirable aim, into the Fert during the last few days. Here and there lay whole shells that had fallen without bursting, but they looked much too cold and frost-bitten to be longer mischievous. I looked round in vain for the traces of mything like the damage I should have expected. An observer who knew nothing about the bondsardment would have been fairly justified in pronouncing the occupants of the fort mast untidy people, and might have wondered how long it could have taken them to break so many windows, or-how they could have contrived to knock holes in their roofs, but it would certainly never have occurred to him that an iron shower of huge projectiles had been poured upon the place for so many hours without cessation. Why so few men are hurt we began partly to understand when we found ourselves under the casemate to which our guide took us to look for the Commandant. The Commandant was asleep, but the senior officer who represented him received us very graciously. Happily Monseigneur Bauer was known at the Fort, and a popular guest there as everywhere. We were offered chairs near the stove and cigarettes, and begged to await his arrival. This was a decided improvement upon being looked upon as spies. The casemate was a low, long room, with a rounded roof, and small beds down both sides of it, reminding one rather of a ship's lower deck. It was necessarily without any window or embrasure to admit light, from me and paid me for it. I had read it, so I as this might also have admitted a shell. We were told that the only occasion on which there had been loss of life at the Fort during the bombardment was when a shell happened to light precisely and even if he did I could not send him my one suit upon an opening of this kind not sufficiently pro- to mend, for what should I wear in the meantime? usual cry of warning came too late. Before any- and of many colors-like Joseph's coat. As for my body could move the shell burst, and in an instant linen, I will only say that the washerwomen have two men were lying on the floor dead and three struck work, as they have no fuel. Finvested a few badly wounded. We were not sorry to be told that any such accident was quite out of the question in the casemate which protected us, though it occurred to me that if; by some abnormal and wholly unwarrantable violation of the law of chances, a shell had happened to fall, at the proper angle, on the palisades outside the door, a few of those nearest it would have been lucky to escape with their lives. The palisades were stout enough to protect the door from the fragments of a bursting shell, but not, it seems to me, from the shell itself. However, this contingency was too improbable even to be contemplated, and we were assured that we were as safe from shells where we sat as if we had been a mile underground. It had an odd effect to hear thera bursting now and then in the yard outside, and contrast their noise and fury with the peaceful quiet that reigned in the casemate. Two of the officers were seated at a table writing by the light of a lamp; others were lying on the beds; a few formed a group round the stove, smoking and chatting. I tried hard to find out why, so terrific a bombardment as I had myself witnessed the other day caused so little loss of life, but could not get an altogether satisfactory explanation. The casemates to a great extent accounted for the fact-their occupants might live under a bombardment as long as unnuitants in a country town.

While the sick man was getting ready the senior officer so far relented as to agree to show us part of the Fort, without disturbing the perversely sound slumbers of the Commandant. As we stepped out into the yard he warned us to keep a sharp look out for shells, and be ready to throw ourselves, if necessary, on the ground. The injunction to look out sharp was utterly superfluous so far as I was con-cerned. The only difficulties I have found, when undergoing a bombardment is not to be always looking out, and imagining that every shell is coming right at me, and I have some reason to believe that mine is not a solitary case. I saw two men-pekins be it observed—yesterday, set off at a run from a shell which must have fallen some two hundred yards short of them. They pretended afterwards as they passed me that it was the cold that made them run, to keep warm, but having noticed their start, and gone previously myself through a somewhat similar experience, I knew it was the shell. The fact is that it was coming straight in their direction, and its loud, hurtling rush through the air, distinctly audible long before the shell can be seen, is fearfully demoralizing. I can easily understand a civilian mayor being frightened by a dozen shells into throwing open the gates of a town, but supposing a general at hand to put the mayor into a cellar and keep him there until the novelty of the noise wore off, it seems to me that a bombardment under any circumstances ought to be a very slow affair. It is true that I have only seen one applied to Forts; bursting in through the unprotected roofs of houses it must be a very different thing; but even then, allowing for the shells that either don't burst at all or half burning themselves in the ground, do little more than throw dirt about, the mischief done is in singular disproportion to the noise made. We are promised day after day a bombardment first of Belleville, then of St. Denis, then of some other which the bombardment of Paris may do them in the estimation of Europe.

Bombardment with men, like skinning with cels.

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 Prassian batteries, and I looked cagerly to see what the officer was going to do, and whether by dodging round a palicade 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. practised car 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.

DIARY OF THE " BESIEGED RESIDENT." The vital question of food is now rarely alloded

to in the journals. The Government is, however, called to tack for not showing greater energy, and the feeling against the unfortunate Trochu is growing stronger. He is held responsible for everything -the trost, the dearth of food, the ill success of our sorties, and the defeats of the armies of succour. I am sorry for him, for he is a well meaning man, although unfitted for such troubled waters. But to fit burn. Proverbs are not always true; and I have of his plan, and he has encouraged the notion that he could force the Prussians to mise the siege. In the meantime, no one broaches the question as to what is to be done when our provisions fail. The members of the Covernment still keep up the theory that a capitulation is an impossible contingency. The nearer the fatal moment approaches the less anyone speaks of it, just as a man, when he is growing old, avoids the subject of death. French men have far more physical than civic courage They prefer to shut their eyes to what is unpleasant than to reapple with it: How long our stores of flour will last it is difficult to say, but if our rulers wait to treat until they are exhausted, they will perforce he obliged to accept any terms; and for no satisfactor; object they will be the cause that many will starve before the town can be revictualled They call this, here, sublime. I call it simply folly. Its sublimity is beyond me. As in the case with a sick man given over by the physicians, the quacks are ready with their nostruras. The ultra journals recommend that the Government should be handed over to a commune. The ultra clubs demand that all generals and colonels should be cashiered, and others elected in their place. One club has subscribed 1,600 franck for Greek fire; another club suggests blowing up the Hotel de Ville; another sending a deputation clothed in white to offer the King of Prussia the presidency of the Universal Republic; another-and this comes home to mepassed a vote yesterday evening demanding the im-

mediate arrest of all English correspondents. I am looking forward with horrible misgivings to the moment when I shall have no more money, so that perhaps I shall be thankful for being lodged and fed at the public expense. My banker has withdrawn from Paris, and his representative de-clines to look at my bill, although I offer ruinous interest. As for friends, they are all in a like condition, for no one expected the siege to last so long. As for my hotel, need I observe that I do not pay my bill, but in hotels the guests may ring in vain now for food. I sleep on credit in a gorgeous bed, a pauper. The room is large. I wish it were smaller, for the firewood comes from trees just cut down, and it takes an hour to light, and then they only smoulder, and emit no heat. The thermometer in my grand room, with its silken curtains, is usually at freezing point. Then my clothes—I am seedy, When I call upon a friend, the porter very seedy. eyes me distrustfully. In the streets the beggars never ask me for alms. The other day I had some newspapers in my hand; an old gentleman took one pocketed the halfpence. I had been absent from Paris before the siege, and I returned with a small bag. It is difficult to find a tailor who will work, to mend, for what should I wear in the meantime? weeks ago in a pair of cheap boots. They are my torment. They have split in various places, and I wear a pair of gaiters-purple, like those of a respectable ecclesiastic-to cover the rents. I bought them on the Boulevard, and at the same stall I bought a bright blue handkerchief which was going cheap; this I wear round my neek. My upper man resembles that of a dog-stealer, my lower man that of a bishop. My greatest troubles are my buttons. When I had more than one change of miment, these appendages remained in their places, now they drop off as though I were a moulting fowl. I have to pin myself together elaborately, and whenever I want to get at anything out of my pocket I am afraid of falling to pieces. For my food I allowance myself, in order to cke out as long as possible my resources. I dine and breakfast at a second-class restaurant. Cat, dog, rat, and horse are very well as novelties. but taken habitually, they do not assimilate with my inner man. Horse, doctors say, is heating: I only wish it would heat me. I give this description of my existence, as it is that of many others. Those who have means, and those who have none, unless these means are in Paris, row in the same boat.

Many are regular customers and we all know each other. There are officers who come there whenever they get leave from outside-hardy, well set fellows, who take matters philosophically and professionally. They make the most of their holiday and enjoy themselves without much thought of the morrow. Then there are tradesmen who wear kepis, as they belong to the National Guard. They are not in such good spirits. Their fortunes are ebbing away, and in their hearts I think they would, although their cry is still 'no surrender," be glad if all were over. They talk in low tones, and pocket a lump of the sugar which they are given with their coffee. Occasionally an ex-dandy comes in. I see him look anxiously around to make sure that no other dandy sees him in so unfashionable a resort. The dandy keeps to himself, and eyes us haughtily, for we are too common folk for the like of him. Traviates, too, are not wanting in the second-c'ass restaurant. Sitting by me yesterday was a girl who in times gone by I had often seen driving in a splendid carriage in the Bois. Her silks and satins, her jewellery and her carriage, had vanished. There were no Russian Princes, no Boyards, no Milords to minister to her extravagances. She was eating her horse as though she had been 'poor but honest" all her life; and as I watched her washing the noble steed down with a pint of vin ordinare, I realized the alteration which this siege was effecting in the condition of all classes. But the strangest habitues of the restaurant are certain stalwart middle-aged men, who seem to consider that their function in life is to grieve over their country, and to do nothing else for it. They walk in as though they were the soldiers of Leonidas on the high road to Thermopyla-they sit down as though their stools were curule chairs—they scowl at any one who ventures to smile, as though he were guilty of a crime—they talk to cach other in accents of gloomy resolve. When anyone ventures to hint; at a capitulation, they bound in their seats, and cry On verra. Sorrow does not seem to have disturbed

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 tarified. 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 rin ordinarie 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 a soup of it. Yesterday, I had a slice of Pollux for dinner. Pollux and his brother Castor are two elephants, which have been killed It was tough, coarse, and oily, and I do not recommend English families to eat elephant 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. Castor and Pollux's trunks sold for 45f. a lb.; the other parts of the interesting twins fetched about 10f. a lb. 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 found to my bitter experience of late that the proverb that "there is no smoke without a fire is antrue. The Tupper 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 artiller, men for one son. 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 dure to bombard us; wait till to-merrow, 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 bomburdment 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 amtold and what I see, and only guarantee the authenticity of the latter: The only housewhich 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 "Willam, and to Bismarck 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, Valerien, the guns of the lustions 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 Chatillon. A considerable crowd repaired to the point whence could be distinctly seen the cannon of Forts Montrouge, Vanyres, and Issy. From the most elevated points of the 14th Arrondissement, particularly from Rue Alesia, one could see very well the Prussian batteries established on the heights of Chatillon, 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. Groups soon formed 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 Chatillon, and recently unmasked by the enemy, could send projectiles beyond the numparts. 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 The society at my second-class restaurant is varied. first story, the entrance being No. 6; Rue Lalande. Here the projectile had passed above a casement 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 metre 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 Montrouge 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 dis-charges 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 situate in Rue Gay-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 Lourcaine and at the top of the Rue St. Jacques. They caused injuries, and many were wounded. In what concerns these last accidents Christmas gifts."

Charming!" cried Pet, and she ran to a "Charming!" or possible of polished ebony and took; from the considerably as-