

people, hearing these words from their hard master, were astonished indeed.

"That gold, that ruby, shall then atone for the treasure you have lost," said Guy-of-the-Meadow. "I knew it would be so."

"You knew! Always you. You knew!"

The glance which the elder man threw first on the Sieur Dupre, then on Rose Montresor, changed to the old, searching, but softened frown.

"It is well seen how Messire-of-the-Meadow has spent his time. The building of the Chateau—well, no doubt I owe you something for that; other brains than Father Coulomb's have been here. Shall I fight you, then, for this English lily? A Montresor—by her eyes and hair! I could never forget that color."

"I pray you, Messieurs, to remember the sacred place you stand in!" exclaimed the priest in dismay. "It grows late, see—past the vesper hour."

"Fight me if you will," said Guy-of-the-Meadow, smiling, and touching his sword lightly, "but when you win the maid you may not marry her. So fair a bird is bound to fly away. Not even your five enclosures can keep out Love."

"Truly, but I might confine her in the Donjon, where Love cannot enter. I am growing old, I need some one to minister to me, wait upon me, and the maid has been sent as a gift to Ternoise. From Fortune—you said so yourself!"

The eyes of Rose and the Sieur Dupre met, and in that glance the girl became a woman and knew her lover, but Love made her strong also to know and do her duty. Turning to the Seigneur:

"My place is beside you," she said, calmly, "as long as you require me. For this I left England and came here alone. For this I am ready to devote, to consecrate my life."

To the horror of the priest, Guy-of-the-Mountain took the maid in his arms and kissed her.

"I ask no such sacrifice," he said. "Sancy-in-the-fields lacks a mistress still; go and reign there."

His voice was hard, but his eyes glistened.

"As for me, I am not so lonely as I look. Harken well—you too, Father Coulomb, and change your solemn vespers to a nuptial march, for now I will show you the one thing left to me from peril of the sea and shipwreck, from fever and from weakness, from dangers of war, and from privations of camps."

Then there came through the lines of wondering people a shape and face strangely new, but wondrously beautiful; even by the side of the English maiden, this daughter of the Orient, with her dark eyes and hair, showed fairer than any woman in the kingdom. Supplication and gentle distress were in her gaze as she clung to the Seigneur's arm, while her scarves of green and orange flamed in the wild light of sunset, and her forehead gleamed white beneath its heavy braids.

"She was a slave," said Guy-of-the-Mountain grimly, "and I released her. I was sick, and she tended me; hungry, and she fed me; sad, and she cheered me. If any know aught against her, or any reason why I should not take her to wife, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace."

And in the sunlit chapel there was a profound silence.

"It is well."

The Seigneur wheeled abruptly to the priest:

"A double wedding" he cried, "with Messire-of-the-Meadow and my niece to keep us company."

So, with pomp and music and rejoicing, his order was carried out, and for the rest of his life Guy-of-the-Mountain was so gentle and chivalrous, and wise, that the change in him was always ascribed to the influence of the beautiful Syrian. Others held that shipwreck and sickness had helped; but, however that may have been, the Treasure of Ter-

noise was a woman, after all. The Chateau still stands on the hill, but none lives in it, and there is no king in Paris to watch the tall tower of its Donjon.—(S. Frances Harrison, in Canadian Magazine.)

A Help for Busy Mothers.

The mother who is her own housemaid, as well as her children's nurse, often finds it almost impossible to go to baby as soon as he awakens, and when fretful with teething, he is apt to get in a bad humor if left too long. I have found it a good plan to suspend some of his playthings in front of him, where they will catch his eye upon awaking, and amuse him long enough for me to finish whatever work is at hand. For this purpose, two yards of garter elastic is serviceable. Sew a loop in each end to slip over opposite corners of the bed-posts, over chair-posts on either side of the crib, or in any way to bring it to the right height, then loop or pin the playthings to the elastic. With his rubber ring hung within reach, he will grasp it, and set a rattle ringing or a bright ball or rubber doll dancing, that are hung out of reach. In the country, where the trees are plentiful, if a branch filled with green leaves be thus suspended, baby seems never to tire of pulling the elastic and watching and listening to the resultant dancing and rustling of the leaves; but great care should be taken to place the bough so far out of reach that no leaves can find their way to the little hands.—[B., in Success.]

A Safe Way to Pack Eggs.

Put a newspaper in the bottom of a box or basket, place upon this a layer of eggs, packed as closely together as possible, so there will be no room for them to roll around. Place two thicknesses of newspaper over this layer of eggs, and upon this paper another layer of eggs, and so continue. Upon the top or last layer of eggs, place a covering of a little more weight, a lap robe or an old shawl will answer this purpose. In this way the writer has filled large clothes baskets with eggs, and taken them in a lumber wagon, over rough roads, to a market six miles distant, without breaking an egg.

This method of packing eggs is much superior to packing in oats, bran, etc. Try it, and you will be convinced.—[Mrs. Ida A. Long, in Success.]

The Old Story.

Before his elevation to the Archbishopric of York, the late Darcy Magee, Bishop of Peterboro, whose most conspicuous feature was a red nose, that his physician attributed to chronic indigestion, entered a third-class carriage on the London & Northwestern Railway. His lordship took his seat opposite a farmer, who, after a leisurely inspection of the episcopal knee breeches, silk stockings and red nose, summed up his impressions in the laconic enquiry:

"Curate?"

"No," said the bishop, smiling, "not exactly, though I was a curate once."

"Ah, commented the farmer, shaking his head, 'drink, I suppose.'—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Students of Edinburgh University who could not spell, fell on evil days when Prof. Traill, editor of a former edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was an examiner. According to Professor Knight's "Recollections," Professor Traill one day objected to a candidate for graduation, who was a native of Ceylon, on the ground of false spelling. "Why, he actually spelled exceed with one e!" said he. "Well," instantly replied Professor Henderson, who filled the chair of pathology in the University, "you should remember that he comes from the land of the Singal-ese."

The Old-fashioned Yard.

Do you ever recall at the end of the day When at rest from the cares that annoy,

An old-fashioned yard where you once used to play

When you were yet a frolicsome boy? From an old-fashioned house through the front-yard there ran

A path geometrically straight, That ended—or maybe I should say began—

Where hollyhocks grew by the gate.

Do you not sometimes pause in the hurry and whirl

Of mammon-mad business life To picture the house where you courted the girl

Whom you now introduce as your wife? A plain country homestead, a porch trimmed with lath.

And wasn't it sometimes quite late Ere you kissed her good-night at that point in the path

Where hollyhocks grew by the gate?

Now, the path that in coming or leaving you'd go

Was bordered with privet or box Low-trimmed, and beyond it, in row upon row,

Were marigolds, asters and phlox, And many more flowers old-fashioned, forsooth,

Oh! would that we all might with Fate Arrange a return to that point in our youth

Where hollyhocks grew by the gate. —Foy Russell Greene, in New York Press.

Longing for Home.

I pray you hear my song of a nest, For it is not long;

You shall never light in a summer quest The bushes among—

Shall never light on a prouder sitter, A fairer nestful, nor ever know

A softer sound than their tender twitter, That windlike did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own, Ah, happy, happy I!

Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown

They spread out their wings to fly— Oh, one after one they flew away

Far up to the heavenly blue, To the better country, the upper day, And—I wish I were going too.

I pray you what is the nest to me, My empty nest?

And what is the shore where I stood to see My boat sail down to the west?

Can I call that home where I anchor yet, Though my good man has sailed?

Can I call that home where my nest was set, Now all its hope hath failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went, And the land where my nestlings be;

There is the home where my thoughts are sent, The only home for me.

—Jean Ingelow.

How Twain Got Rich.

Mark Twain says that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first, and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion, the subject of literature vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel, I kept it, and so became rich."—[Success.]

Anticipation.

There is a story to the effect that a woman with a disposition to worry over the future made a list of impending troubles, the ones she thought likely to happen to herself, and put it away for safe keeping. Some months later she ran across it by accident merely, for she had quite forgotten it, and to her surprise found that not one of the number had come to pass. So she became converted to the optimistic side, and is a happier and more prosperous woman for the change.

It is a story we would do well to remember. It contains a lesson to be taken to heart. The greater part of our woe lives in our imagination. On that we waste our strength and nerve force, leaving a rather weak prop on which to lean in real adversity. Trouble we must meet—that is inevitable—but we do not have to live it through twice, the first time in imagination. A fear of what the future contains is a clog upon our heels and prevents the achievement of many an important deed.—Ex.

Dressing for Your Husband.

This is a thing which many women, who are indeed really fond of dress, never think of doing, not after, say, the first year of married life. Before they were married, or even engaged, they never missed a chance of looking nice in the eyes of these men who are now their husbands, but this is past and gone, and at present, though most admirable wives and mothers doubtless, they will dress for anyone except their husbands. They would not have their neighbors see them untidy; they will not venture out save in irreproachable attire, but at home—well, anything will do, or they think it will. But this is a great mistake, and is of a piece with many mistakes which wives make, and on which the too frequent cooling of marital love results. Alas! that too many women make nets to catch their husbands, and not cages to keep them in! A wife should have more respect for her husband and for herself than to appear untidy and slovenly in his eyes, however early the breakfast. There should always be time to dress properly and neatly. And though due economy necessitated the keeping of out-of-door garments and the newest and best things for the time when she takes walks abroad, yet she should always provide something pretty and pleasing. It needn't cost much for home wear. Curling pins and general untidiness are not calculated to retain any man's admiration, and the wife who willfully undermines this in her husband is but a foolish woman.—Sel.

Habitant Content.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer, Ma gran' fader, too, an' hees fader also.

Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fenny

For it's not easy get ev'rything, you mus' know—

All de same' dere is somet'ing, dey got ev'rybody

Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,

So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere,

On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

—Drummond.

A Duluth pastor makes it a point to welcome any strangers cordially, and one evening, after the completion of the service, he hurried down the aisle to station himself at the door.

A Swedish girl was one of the strangers in the congregation. She is employed as a domestic in one of the fashionable homes, and the minister, noting that she was a stranger, stretched out his hand.

He welcomed her to the church, and expressed the hope that she would be a regular attendant. Finally he said that if she would be at home some evening during the week he would call.

"Thank you," she murmured, bashfully, "but ay have a fella."

Three of the members of the congregation heard the conversation, and in spite of the fact that their pastor swore them to secrecy, one of them "leaked."