

dow, which to-day was open to the balmy air. She was occupied in knitting, and occasionally glancing at a volume of Jurieu's hard Calvinistic divinity, which lay upon the table beside her. Her spectacles reposed upon the open page, where she had laid them down while she meditated, as was her custom, upon knotty points of doctrine, touching free will, necessity, and election by grace; regarding works as a garment of filthy rags, in which publicans and sinners who trusted in them were dammed, while in practice the good soul was as earnest in performing them as if she believed her salvation depended exclusively thereupon.

Dame Rochelle had received a new lease of life by the return home of Pierre Philibert. She grew radiant, almost gay, at the news of his betrothal to Amelie de Repentigny, and although she could not lay aside the black, puritanical garb she had worn so many years, her kind face brightened from its habitual seriousness. The return of Pierre broke in upon her quiet routine of living like a prolonged festival. The preparation of the great house of Belmont for his young bride completed her happiness.

In her anxiety to discover the tastes and preferences of her young mistress, as she already called her, Dame Rochelle consulted Amelie on every point of her arrangements, finding her own innate sense of the beautiful quickened by contact with that fresh young nature. She was already drawn by that infallible attraction which everyone felt in the presence of Amelie.

"Amelie was too good and too fair," the dame said, "to become any man's portion but Pierre Philibert's!"

The Dame's Huguenot prejudices melted like wax in her presence, until Amelie almost divided with Grande Marie, the saint of the Cevennes, the homage and blessing of Dame Rochelle.

Those were days of unalloyed delight which she spent in superintending the arrangements for the marriage, which had been fixed for the festivities of Christmas.

It was to be celebrated on a scale worthy of the rank of the heiress of Repentigny and of the wealth of the Philiberts. The rich Bourgeois, in the gladness of his heart, threw open all his coffers, and blessed with tears of happiness the money he flung out with both hands to honor the nuptials of Pierre and Amelie.

The Bourgeois was profoundly happy during those brief days of Indian summer. As a Christian, he rejoiced that the long, desolating war was over. As a colonist, he felt a pride that, unequal as had been the struggle, New France remained unshorn of territory, and by its resolute defence had forced respect from even its enemies. In his eager hope, he saw commerce revive, and the arts and comforts of peace take the place of war and destruction. The husbandman would now reap for himself the harvest he had sown, and no longer be crushed by the exactions of the Friponne!

There was hope for the country. The iniquitous regime of the Intendant, which had pleaded the war as its justification, must close, the Bourgeois thought, under the new conditions of peace. The hateful monopoly of the Grand Company must be overthrown by the constitutional action of the Honnetes Gens, and its condemnation by the Parliament of Paris, to which an appeal would presently be carried, it was hoped, would be secured.

The King was quarreling with the Jesuits. The Molinists were hated by La Pompadour, and he was certain His Majesty would never hold a lit de justice to command the registration of the decrees issued in his name by the Intendant of New France after they had been in form condemned by the Parliament of Paris.

The Bourgeois still reclined very still on his easy chair. He was not asleep. In the daytime he never slept. His thoughts, like the dame's, reverted to Pierre. He meditated the repurchase of his ancestral home

in Normandy, and the restoration of its ancient honors for his son.

Personal and political enmity might prevent the reversal of his own unjust condemnation, but Pierre had won renown in the recent campaigns. He was favored with the friendship of many of the noblest personages in France, who would support his suit for the restoration of his family honors, while the all-potent influence of money, the open sesame of every door in the palace of Versailles, would not be spared to advance his just claims.

The crown of the Bourgeois' ambition would be to see Pierre restored to his ancestral chateau as the Count de Philibert, and Amelie as its noble chatelaine, dispensing happiness among the faithful old servitors and vassals of his family, who in all these long years of his exile never forgot their brave old seigneur who had been banished to New France.

His reflections took a practical turn, and he enumerated in his mind the friends he could count upon in France to support, and the enemies who were sure to oppose, the attainment of this great object of his ambition. But the purchase of the chateau and lands of Philibert was in his power. Its present possessor, a needy courtier, was deeply in debt, and would be glad, the Bourgeois had ascertained, to sell the estates for such a price as he could easily offer him.

To sue for simple justice in the restoration of his inheritance would be useless. It would involve a life-long litigation. The Bourgeois preferred buying it back at whatever price, so that he could make a gift of it at once to his son, and he had already instructed his bankers in Paris to pay the price asked by its owner, and forward to him the deeds, which he was ambitious to present to Pierre and Amelie on the day of their marriage.

The Bourgeois at last looked up from his reverie. Dame Rochelle closed her book, waiting for her master's commands.

"Has Pierre returned, dame?" asked he.

"No, master; he bade me say he was going to accompany Mademoiselle Amelie to Lorette."

"Ah! Amelie had a vow to Our Lady of St. Foye, and Pierre, I warrant, desired to pay half the debt! What think you, dame, of your godson? Is he not promising?" The Bourgeois laughed quietly, as was his wont sometimes.

Dame Rochelle sat a shade more upright in her chair. "Pierre is worthy of Amelie, and Amelie of him," replied she, gravely; "never were two out of heaven more fitly matched. If they make vows to the Lady of St. Foye, they will pay them as religiously as if they had made them to the Most High, to whom we are commanded to pay our vows!"

"Well, Dame, some turn to the east and some to the west to pay their vows, but the holiest shrine is where true love is, and there alone the oracle speaks in response to young hearts. Amelie, sweet, modest flower that she is, pays her vows to Our Lady of St. Foye. Pierre his to Amelie! I will be bound, dame, there is no saint in the calendar so holy in his eyes as herself!"

"Nor deserves to be, master! Theirs is no ordinary affection. If love be the fulfilling of the law, all law is fulfilled in these two, for never did the elements of happiness mingle more sweetly in the soul of a man and a woman than in Pierre and Amelie!"

"It will restore your youth, dame, to live with Pierre and Amelie," replied the Bourgeois. "Amelie insists on it, not because of Pierre, she says, but for your own sake. She was moved to tears one day, dame, when she made me relate your story."

Dame Rochelle put on her spectacles to cover her eyes, which were fast filling, as she glanced down on the black robe she wore, remembering for whom she wore it.

"Thanks, master. It would be a blessed thing to end the remaining days of my mourning in the house of Pierre and Amelie, but my quiet

mood suits better the house of my master, who has also had his heart saddened by a long, long day of darkness and regret."

"Yes, dame, but a bright sunset, I trust, awaits it now. The descending shadow of the dial goes back a pace on the fortunes of my house! I hope to welcome my few remaining years with a gayer aspect and a lighter heart than I have felt since we were driven from France. What would you say to see us all reunited once more in our old Norman home?"

The dame gave a great start, and clasped her thin hands.

"What would I say, master? Oh, to return to France, and be buried in the green valley of the Cote d'Or by the side of him, were next to rising in the resurrection of the just at the last day."

The Bourgeois knew well whom she meant by "him." He revered her feeling, but continued the topic of a return to France.

"Well, dame, I will do for Pierre what I would not do for myself. I shall repurchase the old chateau, and use every influence at my command to prevail on the King to restore to Pierre the honors of his ancestors. Will not that be a glorious end to the career of the Bourgeois Philibert?"

"Yes, master, but it may not end there for you. I hear from my quiet window many things spoken in the street below. Men love you so, and need you so, that they will not spare any supplication to bid you stay in the Colony; and you will stay and die where you have lived so many years, under the shadow of the Golden Dog. Some men hate you, too, because you love justice and stand up for the right. I have a request to make, dear master."

"What is that, dame?" asked he, kindly, prepared to grant any request of hers.

"Do not go to the market tomorrow," replied she, earnestly.

The Bourgeois glanced sharply at the dame, who continued to ply her needles. Her eyes were half-closed in a semi-trance, their lids trembling with nervous excitement. One of her moods, rare of late, was upon her, and she continued:

"Oh, my dear master! you will never go to France; but Pierre shall inherit the honors of the house of Philibert!"

The Bourgeois looked up contentedly. He respected, without putting entire faith in, Dame Rochelle's inspirations. "I shall be resigned," he said, "not to see France again, if the King's Majesty makes it a condition that he restore to Pierre the dignity, while I give him back the domain of his fathers."

Dame Rochelle clasped her hands hard together and sighed. She spoke not, but her lips moved in prayer, as if deprecating some danger, or combating some presentiment of evil.

The Bourgeois watched her narrowly. Her moods of devout contemplation sometimes perplexed his clear worldly wisdom. He could scarcely believe that her intuitions were other than the natural result of a wonderfully sensitive and apprehensive nature; still, in his experience he had found that her fancies, if not supernatural, were not unworthy of regard as the sublimation of reason by intellectual processes of which the possessor was unconscious.

"You again see trouble in store for me, dame," said he, smiling; "but a merchant of New France setting at defiance the decrees of the Royal Intendant, an exile seeking from the King the restoration of the lordship of Philibert, may well have trouble on his hands."

"Yes, master, but as yet I only see trouble like a misty cloud which as yet has neither form nor color of its own, but only reflects red rays as of a setting sun. No voice from its midst tells me its meaning; I thank God for that. I like not to anticipate evil that may not be averted!"

"Whom does it touch, Pierre or Amelie, me, or all of us?" asked the Bourgeois.

"All of us, master? How could any misfortune do other than concern us all? What it means, I know not. It is now like the wheel seen by the Prophet, full of eyes within and without, like God's providence looking for his elect."

(To be continued.)

The latest story of German "thrift" is told at the expense of the proprietor of a circulating library, who charged for the wear and tear suffered by his books at the hands of his patrons. One volume came back to his scrutiny. "See here," he exclaimed, "there is a hole on page nineteen of my beautiful book. And see here," he went on, turning over the leaf, "there is another one on page twenty."

#### "HIM AND HER."

He met her in the meadow  
As the sun was sin'g low;  
They walked along together  
In the twilight's afterglow.

She waited until gallantly  
He lowered all the bars,  
Her soft eyes bent upon him  
As radiant as the stars.

She neither smiled nor thanked him.  
For indeed she knew not how.  
He was just a farmer's lad  
And she a Jersey cow.

—John McNamara, in Jersey Bulletin.

Two Irishmen met a short time after the Messina earthquake. "Tis terrible, that news from Italy," said one.

"Indeed, an' so it is. 'Twas a terrible earthquake."

"So it was, so it was. But, thank Hiven, no such thing kin happen t' Ireland."

"Be aisy now. An' why couldn't an earthquake happen t' Ireland?"

"Tis this way. The Irish is a prayin' race. We believe in prayer."

"But so is the Eyetallians a prayin' race."

"Mahbe so, mehbe so, but who kin understand thim?"

#### Rhode-Hogg's Last Ride.

Rhode-Hogg went out for a ride one day.  
Went for a ride in his motor-car;  
Three friends went, too, so merry and gay.  
Intent on travelling fast and far.

Bets were made on probable hills  
As flasks were passed from hand to hand.

"I guess we won't stop to pay any bills,"

Said Hogg—They replied, "We understand."

They soon met a common pedestrian,  
And there and then the fun they began—  
The ditch took all that was left of the man.

And the pace became still faster.  
Loud chuckles arose from those sportsmen true;

Said Hogg with a wink, "'Twas only a Jew."

What right has such trash to obstruct the view?  
We'll soon let 'em see who's master."

A man taking eggs to the town, drew near;

Oh, gay were those "sports" as they struck him clear!

Said one, when they'd left all the mess in the rear:

"He's under the yolk, that's certain."

Of hens they despatched at least a score.

"I call this 'fowl play,'" cried one with a roar.

"But rehearsing's becoming a bit of a bore—"

It's time we drew up the curtain."

A light-looking van stood right ahead.

"Let's take off a wheel," Mr. Rhode-Hogg said.

Alas! to make light of a load of lead

Is, indeed, to invite disaster!

They struck it full tilt, and, then and there,

Four men were travelling through the air;

And, when they came down, the lot of them were—

Beyond the aid of a plaster.

—Grand Magazine.



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