his face lighting up. "I'm glad you saw it so quickly. Now maybe I can make somebody believe I came down

that pipe." It was a good deal to believe. The pipe was an ordinary tin gutter pipe, and it ran down a sheer brick elift ten stories high. And yet, there was the photograph. Some one had been on the pipe, certainly, and he could hardhave been climbing up it.

Jack told his story then for the second time that day, and now more minutely than before. He had now a minutely than before. He had now a sympathetic listener if Effic's face was

to be trusted.

He had lately come up from Kentucky to be a reporter; and going to this building, yet unfinished, to talk with the workmen about an impending strike, had climbed upon the roof to see the view. The trap door fell too be-hind him. It was late in the afternoon and when the workmen were leaving for the day, one of them, seeing the door down, bolted it. Jack knew nothing of this. The

view of the city from the roof was much the best he had seen, and it took him longer than he thought to get something of it into his note-book. he started down, the door was fast.

He called. There was no answer He stamped upon the door. But it was stoutly made, and fitted down flush with the roof, and Jack's utmost efforts could neither budge nor break it. He was trapped, and there was no help

for it.
"Why didn't you call to some one "Why didn't you call to some one "Taral." down in the street?" asked Mrs. Taral.
"I did, ma'am," said Jack. "I
tried it first at the back of the house, but the wind was blowing in my face and it was of no use to call down there. Then I crawled out to the front."

"Crawled?" said Effie.
"Yes. I had to. You see, they are going to have a roof garden up there, and the roof is laid in tiles. It's as smooth as the top of that table there, and just as I was about to look over the edge, the wind took me by the heels, and for a second, I-I-thought I was

gone. His face changed in spite of him. Out of all that night's experiences, that one swift spasm of terror had scarred itself most deeply in his mem-

ory.

He had stayed on the roof, in no

Then came the storm.

The wind, already high, had quickly become a great gale, sweeping the exposed and slippery roof from rear to front with terrible power. There was no shelter, nothing even to cling to. The narrow flues on the side walls offered no protection, even if Jack could have reached them. He lay flat on his face, clinging desperately to the wet tiles; but the increasing gusts pushed him backward until it was only a matter of a few moments when he should be blown from the roof.

Then he thought of the gutter at the back of the house. He had noticed in the evening that it ran within reach of a window a short way down in the wall. If he could manage to slip down to that window, he might kick the sash in and so escape.

But would the pipe bear his weight? He did not know. It was a desperate chance. But it was the only one; and he would take it.

When the next lull came he crawled to the edge of the roof and let himself over until the upper part of his body rested on the caves, while his feet clasped the pipe. Then, at the first great gust, the boy slipped over the edge with a hasty prayer, and, clasp ing the pipe with both hands and feet, began the perilous descent.

Perilous, aye, even desperate, it Perilous, aye, even account time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with her in which she saw only might have been at another time. It sation with against the wall with fresh fury. held the boy as with unseen hands, till that frail pipe became a sufficien road to safety, and Jack planted his feet once more on the earth.

"If the wind had only been steady," he declared, "it would have been easy. The trouble came when the wind dropped. It dropped just as I was about to kick in the window, and I slipped down past it, and right on top of that came that long thunderclap.

He looked at it with painful interest, and was at last about to turn away, when, with a start, he stopped quickly above the picture. The next instant he had bought the paper and rushed into the street with it. Across the way was a small jeweller's shop. He

hurried into it.
"Will you lend me a magnifying glass a moment?" he asked of the old German who rose to meet him.

The jeweller took the glass and wiped

"It ish de tears I vipe," it carefully. "It ish de tears I vi he said. Then he bent over

"Somebody climb de pipes up?

Yes?" he said, directly.

Jack reached over the showcase. "Thank you," he said, gripping the old man's hand. Thank you—God bless you—I—" He turned abruptly and went out of the shop, leaving the jeweller still staring.
With this incident Jack would have

ended his story. But Effie wanted to

know one thing more.
"How did you find me?" she asked.

"The paper just said the picture was by a lady of Chicago."

Jack laughed. "I'd have found you if it hadn't said anything," said he.

He had written to the paper that of fered the prize, of course. Moreover, the little recluse in her nest up under the eaves heard now, to her astonishment, that for a time she had been daily implored to communicate with one "J. O'H." through the biggest of

one "J. O'H." through the biggest all the newspapers.

Finally, when the editor wrote, declining to give the address, Jack went to New York and got it in a personal

interview.

How much hard work and pinching economy all this had cost Jack did not What he did say was: "I got back two hours ago, and came here

from the station."

The solitary reporter who happened to be in the courtroom three weeks later when Jack's case was called had reason to congratulate himself. The trial

proved to be unexpectedly exciting.

The policeman's testimony was direct and positive. He had seen the pris-oner on the night of the storm slip

down one of the pillars of the veranda at the back of General A—'s house.

The prisoner had seen him, too, it appeared, and had hid somewhere in the large grounds about the house. A close watch was kept on the premises, and an hour or so later the officer had spied his man steal out in the midst of the storm and giving chase, had caught him in the alley with his tools still in his possession.

The trousers Jack had worn that night were shown to the jury. They were worn thredbare on tee inside of the leg. Undoubtedly their owner

had been climbing.
All this Jack's lawyer let pass unchallenged. One thing only he did. He made the officer fix sharply the hour when he had first seen the pris-

oner, and also the hour of the arrest.

Then Jack himself took the stand. Now the reporter's pencil began to travel, and the loungers about the court room exchanged smiles at this wild tale so gravely told. The prosecuting attorney took it up in his cross-examination, and made merry with it a while. When he was done, Jack's lawyer, Mr. Sully, said quietly: "Call Miss Effic Taral."

Their was a stir in the courtroom. Some one was carried in and seated in the witness box. Presently the spectators saw looking down at them a pale young face, set in a cloud of yellow hair, and lit by violet eyes that glanced shyly around on the unfamil-

iar scene.
Then, Miss Effie Taral having been duly sworn, Mr. Sully began a conversation with her in which she saw only clear young voice filled the silent room as she told once more the thing she

had done on that memorable night. When she had finished, the lawyer handed her a card, a photograph, from smong his papers. This picture, now; had she ever seen it before? Yes; that was the picture she had

been talking about—the one she took that night.

Mr. Sully produced several of them.

He thought His Honor and the jury

Jack had just gone, rejoining in his to fal, the last victim of his own unbuy reterest, deliverance, and now Effic was told first above the his hand touched the object of his ambition.

There are abyses, says Lamartine, "that we day not sound, and characters we desire

sented to do so. We omit his opening remarks, which were of local interest only. Coming to the subject proper, Dr. Foran spoke as follows:

The first, and great French Revultion began with the flight of Louis XVI, to Varennes; it ended with Napoleon's coup d'et at of the 18th Ist may be the subject of the 18th Ist and great the subject of the 18th Ist and great the subject of the 18th Ist and great the subject of the 18th Ist and the Omega of that terrine upheaval. But between these two extreme points of the might convulsion there were two years of indescribable fury. These two years formed the great storm centre that has not unfittingly of called the "Reign of Terror" and the storm god that ruled, directed, and originated that chaotic period was Maximilien Robesphers. During these two years of me with breathless autonishment; speculation was powerless for sway the world looked on with breathless autonishment; speculation was powerless to predict the outcome; no age was considered, on station respeated, no institution reverenced, in rone and allar rocked at every breath of the tempest; the king, the royal family, the nobles, the elergy, the great, the good, the taiented, the bourgoisie, the artisans, the laborers, the poor, all were sweptaway, and (to use the grannic words of Charles Emilips), "when these were exhausted, the mob-executioners of to day became the mob-victimes of to-morrow. And all this they did in the sacred name of Liberty to rest upon."

But Providence, that they openly defied and publicly denied, had not disappeared. Impirity night prosper, blasphemy might enjoy impunity, passions might be fanned into a very conflagration; it was only for a most brief time, and, in the very banquet of his triumph, "the Almighty's vengeance blazed upon the wall," and the usurped diadem of unbridled tyranny fell with the bead of the Dictator, Lamartine, in his "History of the Girondists," says: "Never, perhaps, were so many tragical events crowded into so short a space of time, never was the mysterious connecti

leason, and the Reign of Terror was still be-low the horizon.

The infidel philosophy of the eighteenth cen-tury had payed the way for changes in the inr. Sully began a converr in which she saw only
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remodelled religious one, as a dream which un
availingly beset his youth. He was in this
peculiar state of mind—without faith in anytoffeel delegation.

The infindel philosophy of the eighteenth centry had aved the way for canages in the institutions of the lawyer
card thoughts and the private circles. The
peach milies and in the private circles. Th

That scared me!"

But while the athletic youth perhaps underestimated his performance, he though it enough for one night. What followed aroused his indignation and disgust not a little. And yet it was what followed, together with a later discovery, that had set him of ind Miss Effic Taral.

As he was leaving the alley on which his prison abuited a man rushed around the corner and nearly knocked him down. Jack instinctively grappled with him, when the man, dropping a bundle he carried, broise away and ran up the alley. The next instraut a policeman was clutching Jack by the arm.

The reporter's indignant protests were vain. His captor was obdurate, and Jack was taken to the stational three the bundle was found to contain There the bundle was found to contain a kit of burglar's tools, and the young Kentuckian, in whose moral code their was of all crimes the meanest, was locked up on a charge of burglary. However, Jack's associates in the Times office had bestfired themselves, and had him released on ball; as all there the maiter stood.

There was little more to be said. There the bundle was found to contain a kit of burglar's tools, and the young Kentuckian, in whose moral code their was of all crimes the meanest, was locked up on a charge of burglary. However, Jack's associates in the Times office had bestfired themselves, and had him released on ball; and the same explicitly the same three in the meaning he had not found another, when one day (this is the control of the present saw hanging there on the pipe for an interaction of the present saw hanging there on the pipe for an interaction of the present saw hanging there on the pipe for an interaction of the present saw hanging there on the pipe for an interaction of the present saw hanging there on the pipe for an interaction of the present saw hanging there on the pipe for an interaction of the present saw hanging there on the pipe for an interaction of the pipe for an interaction of the pipe for an even should be present and the pipe for an interaction of th

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they would not deign to consider, or look upon him—should eventually terminate in him and through him.

Immediately after the kings's return to Paris, Robespierre delivered a speech before the Jacobins, in the name of the old convent saint Honore, which proved to be the first cry of the Revolution; it was the trumpet call which awakened passions that were destined not to subside, until the same voice, of the same man, would deliver the last speech with the peroration of which the same show to come the same man, would deliver the last speech with the peroration of which the last speech with the peroration of which and the last speech with the peroration of which the last speech of a marby for liberty. "We will die with you," cried out Camille Desmoulins, extending his arms though he would fain embrace Robespiere. Eight hundred people rose en marse, and individually swore to defend the orator's life. Danton was of the number. Little did any one of them dream that before two years each fithe eight hundred—including Desmoulins, Danton and the other leaders—would march to the scatold, condemned and executed on warsals signed by Maximilien Robespierre. Little did they dream that the very death which he cunningly pretended to expect whe awaking him, at the close of the bloody reign he was about to commence! As find and the condended to expect was awaking him, at the close of the opportunity of gratifying that vengeance, supplement of a counter vengeance against him self; intoxicated by the blood of even friends; he mirdered first for satisfaction, then for ambition, finally for self preservation.

"Order is Heaven's first law," The reduction of all order to chaos was the grand object of

more, since its beams feil upon that symbol of death and disorder, the guillotine; to day its rays, undiminished in splendor, flash their gleries upon that symbol of Life and Order, the Cross; the former piyed its crimson work in the Platon de la Ravolution; the latter looks down spine on Montmartre. The pulpit of Store Dame has held princes of Christian eloquence—Duponious, Felixes, Lacordaires, Monsabres—even as if Chaumette had never thundered his blasphemics from the same elevation; the eternal Te Deum has, year after year, awakened the echoes of that olden temple, just as if the "goddess of Rosson" had never polluted its altar, or the vaults had never rosounded to the licentious notes of that olden temple, just as if the "goddess of Rosson" had never profitted its altar, or the vaults had never rosounded to the licentious notes of the ca Ira. The tempest of the Revolution gathered, rolled zenith ward, burst and swept over church and throne, leaving bahind it an appeared, rolled zenith ward, burst and swept over church and throne, leaving bahind it an appeared, as ever, "immutable amidst change, magnificent amidst debris, the list remnant of earth's beauty and the last reshing. Rosepiere—that is to say the Revolution—sought to free the nation from the hand of despotism. Instead of remodellinz the monarchy he merely destroyed it; and he thus made way for an imperia despotism that surpassed in its iron the hand of despotism. Instead of remodellinz the monarchy he merely destroyed it; and he thus made way for an imperia despotism that surpassed in its iron the hand of despotism that surpassed in its iron the hand of despotism the surpassed in its iron the hand of the principles of Robespierre in the logical sequence of facts are directly raceable to the principles of Robespierre in the more alternation of the more acts in the logical sequence of facts are directly traceable to the principles of Robespierre in his true character to the men—especially the young men—of our generation, would be a work deserving of ambition, finally for self preservation.

"Order is Heaven's first law." The reduction of all order to chaos was the grand object of the Revolution. Confounding authority with tyranny, the first apostles of this mighty movement determined to sweep away all represented. "Order is Heaven's first law." The reduction of all order to chaos was the grand object of the Revolution. Confounding authority with the Revolution. Confounding authority with the Revolution. Confounding authority with the Revolution of the Revo

vision.
Fouché, Tallien, Barrere, Collot d'Herbois,
Lecomte, Leonard Bourdon, Billaud Varennes,
Vadier, and Amar, seized upon this increasing
opposition to the dictator. to sharpen resentment and to urge the convention to revolt

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was the Baroness de Courtot, who had been lady in waiting to the Princess blood.

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