## A VILLAGE TRAGEDY

(By Gerard A. Reynolde.)

It was a poor little church, with room for at most a hundred worshippers. The grey sandstone walls outside were weather-worn, and inside the plaster that convered them was damp-stained and sadly in pead of a fresh coat of paint. There was an aisle on one side divided from the nave by three round arches. On the alter were some artificial flowers. There was a side alter with a statue of Oar Lady. Close to it, set in the wall, was a small marble tablet, below which bung a faded laurel

for a while, and it was not till I death every day, no doubt he was walked up the sisle to take a closer more serious, and when the chance look at the monument that I found I came he went to some good priest, was not alone in the village same. So he was prepared for death. But tuary. I then saw that beside the still I come every day to think of nearest pillar to the alter a very old him and pray for him. You will pray woman was seated on a chair, lean- for him, Monsieur. He was wild, but ing forward, with her head on her he was a good son to me, and we hands. She was poorly dressed. I shall meet again. could not see her face, but I noticed the grey looks that escaped from graph, kissed it and placed it in her under the black scarf that was drawn pocket.

She did not move as I passed her. I stopped before the alter and read the brief incription on the tablet. And now, sir, I go back to to keep this from the neighbors; but thus:

Erected by his compatriots of the village of Serpigny aux-Beis, to the memory of Pierre Gondal. who died Army of the Loire, R. I. P.

supported berseif.

Read it for me if you please, Mon- france to buy her some small comsieur,' she said.

lamp before the alter. I followed, come in.

and as I sat down beside her there, I the cottage. At the window was a found that from this spot one could table covered with books and papers. just see the white tablet shining One wall was fitted with bookshelves brightly smid the gloom of the sisle. some chesp religious prints hung on

Yes. Monsieur He was killed in he was a fighter. When he was even began our talk.

advantures, -dangers; so that when who could should fight.

'There is his portrait. Look at it My eyes are failing, and soon I shall not be able to see it.'

I took it in my hand. It was a portriat of a very young soldier-no twenty years of age. The kepi was there was a twinkle in thesm all eyes that might have meant fun or cun. It is out of respect for his confidence ning, or both. It was not a beroid that I have changed the names here.

she said, 'It was done when they the pith of it. He had learned it from were at Orleans. He was in the great his predecessor and from the late victory when they took the city. It Baron, who was interested in Madwas after that he was killed, -not in ame Gondal's case. She had married, a great battle, but every day men as a young girl, one of the foresters lost their lives at the outposts. Mon. employed on the estate, and he had sieur le Cure broke the news to me, died while their only son, the future Not the cure that is here now, for it soldier of the Loire; was still a child. was many years ago, Monsieur, and The family at the chateau had taken there have been a great many chan. care of her, found her work, and ges. I thought I should have died of assisted her out of charity,

But it was a glorious death, and venture. At the village school he would have been a good end to any was continually in trouble for playing

was heart breaking : I though I neighbors have been good to me. Monsieur le Baron at the chatean over there said I should not teel my boy's lo s, so far as any need of mir went. He pays me my pension. It i enough for me: and the neighbor were good. They put up his monument in the church. And Monsieu te Cure told me my boy was safe for he made his cor fession the nigh before he was killed, -a good fortune that seldiers do not always have And I was glad; for here at home was ten not easy to persuade his

Aching Joints the fingers, toes, arms, and oth parts of the body, are joints that ar

nflamed and swollen by rheumatismhat acid condition of the blood which fects the muscles also. Sufferers dread to move, especially

after sitting or lying long, and their

"I suffered dreadfully frem rheumatis out have been completely cared by Hoo sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply gra ul." Miss Francis Sarra, Prescott, O "I had an attack of the grip which left in weak and helpless and suffering from the matism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaptilla and this medicine has entirely cure. I have no hesitation in saying it saveny life." M. J. McDenald, Trenton, Or

Hood's Sarsaparilla Removes the cause of rheumatism-nutward application can. Take it.

to confees, Boys will be wild. But When I entered the church I knelt there, where there was danger of

She took back the little photo-

'I am glad to have met you and

beard your story,' I said. Yes. It is kind of you to be so Translated into English it would run finish my Rosary; so adieu and God

I watched her making her way for France, Nov. 17, 1870, in the slowly back to her post beside the mamorial of her soldier son. I would have wished to do her some kindness, I felt a touch on my arm; I turned but I had hesitated to offer her any-The old woman stood beside me, thing. It occurred to me that I bending over a stick with which she might see the cure, find out if she needed belp, and leave him a few

forts. I read the inscription aloud. She Looking across the rows of green night before between the Baron's looked up at me and I saw that her mounds with their blackening wreaths gamekeepers and a gang of poachers, eyes, half hidden by the drooping of immortelles, I saw beyond the This explained Pierre's night adveneyelids, were glittering, shining out churchyard wall a whitewashed cot- tures. He might have been sent to of the wrinkled face from under the tage, only differing from the other prison, but the Baron said he would father, confidently; he can say more 'Yes,' she said; that is so. 'You neatness in its tiny flower garden, he recovered he went back to work. read it rightly. I know it by heart, and with a wooden cross above its Things dragged on much the same but I like to hear it. He was my son, porch. This must be the presbytery, as before for a few months. Then Monsieur,-my only son. Come out I walked toward it; and as I ap- came the war, the defeats on the into the sunlight and let me tell you proached the door it was opened and

there was the cure, a man of middle the new army of the Republic. She turned, and began hobbling age, with grey hair on his temples, The Baron was rasing a company. toward the door, pausing for a mo- a round, smiling face, and a sadly Pierre wanted to join it, but was told ders give women prompt relief from walking slowly, so as not to burry | The cure seemed pleased to have a her. Outside in the porch of the visitor and I was soon seated in his were especially exempted from the

middle of the room a cloth was

spread, and a cafetiere stood on a tray the campaign of the Loire. He died with a spirit lamp alight under it. bravely. They all said no one could The room was evidently study, parlor be braver. He was always brave, al and dining-room all in one,-a room most reckless. When he went away, of all work. The priest produced a second cup from a cupboard and invited me to share his coffee acceptwould hide when bullets were flying; ing a cigar from my case. We then

He told me something of the place. The unpretentious church had a 'That is the kind of a man that history, and there were some treasures of art in its sacristy, which he promised to show me. Then I spoke of my talk with the old Madame Gondal, my interest in her story, and among the first. I was a widow and my desire to give him the means of he was my only one. He might have belping her if she needed it. He restayed if he wished; but he said all marked that thanks to the genero ity

of the late Baron de Servigny, she She fambled in a pocket and drew was not badly off; but still any trifle out a little frame with a photograph I entrusted to him could be used to rovide some extra comforts.

> Hers is a sad story,' I said. 'Yes Monsieur .- even sadder than

she imagines,' replied the cure. Then, in response to my look equiry, he went on to tell more, prefacing the story with a request set sideways on his head, to give the that I would not say a word of it to wearer a swagger look; a slight any one in the place. He told me he mustache showed over the heavy had never spoken of it before to any lips the face looked rather dull; but one. He told it to me only because I was a stranger from a far pountry.

> I shall not attempt to tell it in his own words. It will be enough to give

She was quite right in saying that Pierre had always been fond of admant for he liked bird - nesting and rabbit-snaring better than learning the three R's. She would excuse his absence from school by saying he was not well and needed the cpen

How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother s pale and delicate? Scott's Emulsion makes the mother strong and well; increases and en-

sir, though he was really a young Heroules. He always had his own way at home, and among his comrades he need his strength and agility to play the tyrant. He was selfwilled and had a flerce temper when he met with the slightest opposition from

'I don't mean that there was any thing really very wrong in him,' said the cure. 'If he had been properly taken in hand, he might have developed into a fine fellow. But he was allowed too much of his own way

at the beginning.'

'The Baron,' he went on, 'used to live at the chateau then, and look of the Norway pine tree, and is a pleasant, after his estate; his son wastes his safe and effectual medicine that may be time in Paris, When Pierre left confidentially relied upon as a specific school, Monsieur, le Baron was busy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarsewith a great project for working the woods here on scientific principles. woods here on scientific principles. Woods here on scientific principles.

He had a manager from a school of forestry in Belgium, and he was erecting sawmills. He told Pierre he winter I contracted a heavy cold which would give him a trade, and the young fellow was put on the list of the men at the new mill. For a while he worked steadily enough. Then be began to be absent from work, as he had played from school, or he would not be into the contracted a heavy cold which left my lungs and throat very sore. I had to give up work and stay in the house for two weeks. I used several cough mixtures, but got no relief until a friend advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three bottles entirely cured me, and I can recommend it as the best medicine for coughs."

Don't be imposed upon by taking any come late; and if the foreman 'pulled him up' for it, he would reply with a volly of rough language, throw

down his tools and disappear for the day. Then it was found that he was sometimes away from his mother's Ont.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by sometimes away from his mother's Ont. to keep this from the neighbors; but they found it out, and said he must be after some mischief or other. One morning he came home with his head tied up with blood-stained rags. He new trade. told his mother he had been attacked by footpads. 'They got the worst of it, be said. 'I am all right, but I

can't go to the mill today.' 'He was not all right.' There was a pasty wound under the bandage, Dispepsia, Sick Headache, and and soon he could hardly stand. The Bilious Spells without griping, purging doctor was called in. Then it came or sickness. Price 25cts. out that there had been a fight the houses of the village by an air of give him another chance, and when

frontier, the call for volunteers for

not go. The only sons of widows get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts. church there was a stone bench; the parlor, -a small room looking out first call for recruits. He seemed western sun shown warmly upon it, upon the narrow garden in front of disappointed, and the day the local volunteers marched off he was in very bad humor. He knocked down one young fellow who told him he Your son was one of the heroes the others. On an oak table in the and had distinguished himself in the poscher's battle ; so that he ought to have had a decoration and free lodg. ings for a year in a State establish-

> Next day he was gone. He had letter for his mother. She could not read it, so she brought it to the cure. It was a wretched scrawl, in which he told her that he would be disgrac ed if he did not go like the rest, and be would tramp to the next town and join a regiment there. He would send her half his pay and come back an officer and make ber bappy ever

'She was inconsolable, until three weeks after another letter came There was a twenty-franc note in i and told how he had joined a regiment of mobiles, and was with D'Aurelle's army on the Loire learning bis drill. He would soon be fighting and would distinguish himself. There would be good news. It so happen. ed that the cure had a cousin wh was an officer in Pierre's regiment.

He wrote and asked him to look after his parishioner. 'Then there was another letter his time from Orleans, Pierre (no doubt you have seen his portrait) had been under fire at the victory of Coulmiers. He had not minded it a bit, and had laughed at seeing his comrades duck their heads when the bullets whistled by. War was fine

sport, better then rabbit-shooting. A fortnight after the cure had ad task to perform. There came a etter from his cousin. Pierre was dead. She has told you about it : how he died bravely, and there is his monument, mort pour la France, in ur tittle church.'

' Yes, I have seen it,' I said. ' After all it was a good end. It might have een worse anyhow. He might have been killed in that affray with the

gamekeepers.' 'You know only part of the story aid the cure,- what every one her knows; for we have kept the secret for his mother's sake. The oure o hat day told me how, when he read the letter, he thought for a long time what could be done. Was he justified in telling only part of the truth Then he saw a way, and the wor e used is on the monument. Poo erre died for France, but it was s ad kind of a death.

He was shot, I suppose, in som etched little affair at the outpost, wretobed little sffair at the outpost, killed treacherously, perhaps.'

'No. Yet, sad as it all was, there was a bright side to it. As you said just now it might have been worse, I told you how from his boyhood he was self-willed, quick to sager, ready with a hard blow in answer to a sharp word. He was undisciplined to use a formal expression. Perhaps

spells, could not sleep, and would have to sit up the greater part of the night, and it was impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Milburn's much good I got another, and after taking it I could lie on my left side, and sleep as well as before I was taken sick. They are the best medicine I ever heard of for heart or nerve trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct was receipt of price by The T. Milburn Ca.

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(To be continued.)

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What makes you think the baby is going to be a great politician? asked the young mother anxiously. I'll tell you, answered the young nothing at all than any kid I ever

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Milburn's Sterling Headache Pow and work for his mother. All could after effects whatever. Be sure you

A girl went to India, and at the first New Year's away from home she wrote to her devoted mother: It is now very hot, and I perspire had done fighting enough already, to hear that I am still a member of a great deal, but you will be pleased the Church of England,

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp beld at Tusket Falls in August, I foudd MINARD'S LINIstarted off in the night, leaving a MENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and

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Grandpa-Good. And now, can you tell me what the Epistles are? Tommy-Are they the wives of the Apostles,

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He-My father weighed only four ounds at his berth, She-Good gracious did he live?

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Mrs. Stone-What is the difference between an investment and a speculation, dear ? Kirby Stone- If you lose, it's a

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Farmer-I see you're painting hese old trees Artist-What's that got to de

with you? Get on with your work Farmer-Well, since my work is o out them down, you'd better get

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dition.

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