

gether, as may be found most convenient. In connection with these designs Russia has also a plan for, in case of need, dethroning King Milan, the servant of Austria, and putting in his place Prince Karageorgevitch, the Prince of Montenegro's son-in-law, and a man devoted to Russia. The late Servian defeat has made King Milan so unpopular among his subjects that his only chance now to rehabilitate himself seems to lie in allying himself with Greece and therefore with Russia; which desperate step he is suspected to have taken. If so, he, of course, has cut himself off completely from the Court of Vienna; but, on the other hand, he has for a time, at least, warded off the danger from Prince Karageorgevitch's rivalry; and perhaps saved his throne. The way being thus prepared, the next move of Russia may be looked for in a Greek rising, which will give her the wished-for opportunity eventually to intervene. A commission is now engaged in revising the Organic Statute of Eastern Roumelia as a preliminary to the final ratification of the Bulgarian-Turkish Treaty by the Powers, and this piece of work will probably occupy four months—four useful months that may be used by Russia in diplomatic fencing and in preparing for that spring on Constantinople which cannot, with safety to her aspirations, be much longer delayed, but which may now be made, it is thought, without much fear of any serious check from a British Government, in its present state of paralysis.

### MANY YEARS AGO.

In the happy, happy past,  
Long, so long ago,  
Eyes shone bright and hearts beat fast—  
They no fears could know;  
Little recked they of the cold;  
Wintry winds might blow;  
Hearts were warm when love was told,  
Many years ago.

In that golden summer-tide,  
When the wind was low,  
Lovers whispered side by side,  
Long, so long ago.  
Little thought they that their love  
Ever cold could grow,  
Or that one afar would rove,  
Many years ago.

But winter came so dreary,  
Full of pain and woe,  
A loving heart made weary—  
Alas! 'tis ever so—  
The old, old play of "False and True,"  
Was acted long ago;  
One heart was left alone to rue  
Many years ago.

Toronto.

NORA LAUGHER.

### A LOVE MARRIAGE.

[Translated for THE WEEK from the French of L. Halévy.—Continued.]

"Go on, it is your turn now. . . ."

"Wednesday, 25th of May. Saw my unknown; she lives in one of those houses on the Terrace. I drove by; she was at the window; she saw me, why she left the window so quickly was because she saw me, I suppose. . . . Mon Dieu! how sweet she is!"

"Ah! it is getting less dry now. You are progressing. . . . You use some verbs. . . . You are really commencing to write something."

"It is because I am beginning to fall in love. . . . Now your turn."

"25th of May. I was at the window; I saw such a pretty English dogcart glistening in the sun, drawn by a lovely black pony; in the seat a little groom of irreproachable air . . . and beside the groom was the captain. I would have stayed quietly at the window; but I could not. I said to myself, He will see me looking at him. . . . I was startled, and rushed from the window. Grandmamma said to me: 'What is the matter with you, Marguerite?'—'Nothing at all, grandmamma.'"

"George, who was at the window, shouted:—'Marguerite, you do not know this captain who passed by; I believe it was the clown we met yesterday morning.'"

"Clown! that was I, was it?"

"Yes, yourself. . . . The 26th of May I have written absolutely nothing. You may read if you wish; but there is really nothing about you. 'Tried on my pink dress. It fitted very well, but there are not enough ruffles. I will have more put on, etc. . . . etc.' I was only thinking of my pink dress. . . . You see at this time I was not pre-occupied."

"Well! the 26th of May was a great day for me, it was about Picot. Only two lines, but very eloquent. 'Gave Picot twenty francs. He is a great diplomat.' Here is the place, with new commentaries. . . . 'In the morning at breakfast I said to Dubrisay, who is always riding in

the forest: 'Do you know a young girl who rides with a little imp of a brother about twelve years of age and an old groom?'—'Wait a moment . . . she rides a black mare, the young girl I mean; and the groom a gray horse,' said one of the others.—'The imp of a brother a roan pony,' added a third. Whereupon there was a great discussion as to the merits of the horses. The roan pony seemed excellent, but the black mare pretty well used up."

"That was true . . . as it happened!"

"Oh! yes, as it happened! . . . 'I in reply:—'I was not speaking of the horses but of the young girl.' When all the others replied they had seen only the horses. I was ahead of them there! I went to my room. About three o'clock I saw Picot, my orderly, parading in the court. I called him from the window. He is a Parisian, and very gossipy. . . . I said to him: 'Picot, try to find out who those people are who live on the Terrace. . . . The entrance is from the Rue des Arcades. . . .'"

"All right, captain."—"But, do you understand perfectly?"—"Yes, captain."—"If you find out anything, tell me to-morrow morning at drill."

"You were not very impatient; you ought to have told him to come back at once."

"That is exactly what he did. An hour later he returned perfectly triumphant. . . . Then Picot gave me such an extraordinary account that I amused myself by writing it as well as I could in my diary."

"I amused myself! . . . You try to get out of it in that way! Tell me the truth. . . . Confess that it was not disagreeable to write about me, then, perhaps, I will confess it was not disagreeable to write the things that I have. . . ."

"Well! I confess it."

"I too. . . . Read now."

"I read. Picot came and said:—'Captain, I know all. Only, I pray you, do not interrupt me with questions, till I have finished my discourse; if you do, that will put an end to it. . . . I have repeated it to myself all the way back so as not to forget it. The house was rented to some Parisians about three weeks ago. The father is M. Labinière, a mechanical engineer. . . . He constructs steam engines, etc. He is staying there with his mother-in-law, his wife, and two children: a young girl about nineteen and a boy of twelve. . . . Wait a moment, I know the names of the children. . . . Marguerite and George. . . . They are very rich. . . . Five horses in the stable, three carriages, four menservants, a cook, and three other women: Julie, Adèle. . . . But it is nothing to you, captain, the names of the servants. . . . Their Paris address is 28 Boulevard Haussmann. How have I found out all this? By gossiping with the concierge. . . . No, no; don't interrupt me. . . . It will confuse me. . . . I see what annoys you, captain. You think I have made a mull of it, that I mentioned your name? Not at all. You ask yourself: How did this idiot of a Picot set about getting this information? . . . Ah! that was not very difficult, I assure you. I need not take a great deal of merit to myself. . . . The concierge was in front of his door. I came upon him very quietly, with the air of a soldier who has nothing to do, and when I was in front of him I did like this:—'Ouf, how hot it is!' . . . He replied: . . . 'Oh! yes, it is very hot!' . . . I continued, 'Not so hot as yesterday, though.' . . . 'No,' he answered, 'there is more air to-day.'"

"I got to the point at once; the ice was broken, so we began to chat; at the moment when I commenced to manoeuvre to get at the all-important question, I saw at the end of the court a young girl come down the stone steps, who, captain, saving your presence, was devilishly pretty; she had a large piece of bread in her hand. I said to the concierge: 'Is that your wife?' . . . He replied: 'No, she is the daughter of the gentleman who has taken this house, he is a Parisian.' . . . Then he commenced to recount the story which I have just told you, so you see, captain, as I said before, no great credit to me. The concierge went on by himself and was still chatting, when the young lady came back without her piece of bread. He said: 'Here she comes again; every day she goes to the stable with a piece of bread for her horse.'"

"Meanwhile, this young girl, who was leisurely ascending the steps, kept looking at me. She seemed very much astonished to see me there; and looked as if she were saying: What on earth is that soldier doing here? . . . She disappeared into the house. . . . During this time the concierge had been giving a flattering account, and such an account! She was so sweet, so good, not only to the horses but to everyone. When they first came, three weeks ago, the concierge's daughter was very ill. . . . Well! Can you believe it, this young lady. . . . Pardon me, captain. . . . These details may not interest you. . . . If they do I shall continue. . . . As I was saying, about this man's daughter, she received soup and all sorts of good things from this young lady; she herself carried toys and bonbons, and sometimes remained half an hour with the child!"

"The concierge was just telling me all this, when the chambermaid arrived. . . . A very good-looking one, saving your presence, captain. She came down and said to the concierge: 'Is there a letter for the young lady?' 'Oh! no, I always send up her letters at once, when they come.'"

"I said to myself: Wait a moment, perhaps I may be able to learn something from this chambermaid. . . . Then I began again: 'How warm it is to-day.' . . . I continue: 'Not so warm as yesterday.'"

"That succeeded as well with her as with the concierge, and this is what came of it. The girl asked me if I did not know Camus, a brigadier of the 10th Hussars. . . . We were gossiping thus when she said:—'I must go. . . . My young lady is waiting for me!'—'Will she