

maker, who has taken himself off because he has a bad conscience and is a worse patriot? He will not come back, you little insolent; they will despatch him somewhere. And should he show himself here again, well then, he will come for his burial."

"Lucie," said Timm, entreatingly, "I love you. Will you not consent to be mine?"

"My girl," said her father, "our heads are at stake, as citizen Cardourel has threatened us."

"Make this sacrifice for your parents," begged the mother, but not so imploringly as should have been expected. Her fear seemed not to be over great.

"You wish me to become citizen Timm's betrothed?" said Lucie, calmly.

"It is so," replied Cardourel. "His wife."

"His wife!" she replied, coldly. "I will consider it."

"No considering," declared Gilbert, coarsely. "Yes or no, citizen."

"But one day should be given to decide upon it," remarked Claudet.

"Not one hour."

"Well," said Lucie, resolutely, after a while. "I will be Timm's wife, as I am forced to it by threats against my parents. But I declare solemnly and irrevocably that I will not agree to it sooner than citizen Cardourel is Mayor of Bordeaux, citizen Timm, City clerk, and citizen Tourguet, if he is alive, can come back without danger to Bordeaux."

"The latter condition will not be accepted," exclaimed Cardourel. "It is unpatriotic."

"Not the others, they are patriotic," said old Claudet, insinuatingly.

"I approve of them," replied Cardourel. "It is no more than just that the wedding should not take place before. Therefore, agreed?"

"Agreed," said the couple. And Timm, overjoyed, approached Lucie, and placed his hand round her waist. She suffered it with an expression of dislike.

"My beloved!" he burst forth. "What a bliss! Lucie, I will be a very good husband."

She turned round and did not answer. Tears stood in her eyes, her lips quivered.

"Now, let us give her time to get reconciled to it," said Cardourel to Timm, and rose to go away. The business is done. In four weeks she will behave better. Everything will come right—we know those stories!"

"Yes, yes," affirmed Claudet, and accompanied Gilbert with Timm to the door. "Everything will come right; inevitable things must be suffered, insufferable things are often inevitable. This is my opinion."

"Oh, you great philosopher!"

"I am but a plain wine dealer, citizen Cardourel, but am a man of sound judgment. Good-bye, citizen Timm," he continued, with great friendliness, addressing the latter. "My very estimable son-in-law! Everything will come right!"

Outside the door, Timm, in great glee rubbed his hands, saying:

"It went off better than I expected."

"No wonder!" replied Cardourel, conceitedly. "If one comes out with the necessary stress, even women's hearts submit."

"Yes, that is true, citizen Cardourel, how you understand to treat people! What do I not owe to you already?"

"It was a little strange that not only old Claudet, but also Lucie consented so quickly. The girl is usually very obstinate and has no fear."

"She is a splendid girl!" shouted Timm, without listening to the diffident remarks of his master.

"Should they only have pretended to give in?" continued Gilbert, speaking to himself. "Should they play me a trick? Ha, ha! They have consented—they will not escape the snares I have hid for them!"

At the same time father Claudet boasted of his cunningness, with which he hoped to foil the hated chief of the Jacobins.

"The simpleton," he cried, after the two had left his house. "This shrimp of a clerk, my son-in-law! And merely because his friend, this good for nothing fellow, will make a fool of me! Well, father Claudet is not yet stupid enough for that!"

"Dear Claudet! I am afraid you are mistaken. This scoundrel, Cardourel, will not be put off in that manner," said his wife, anxiously.

"Eh! are we not rid of them already? Do you really suppose that such a loathing villain will ever be Mayor of the good City of Bordeaux?"

"Everything is possible at a time like this!" she replied.

"No, my dear, things have not taken that turn. Cardourel will never be Mayor of our city, and Timm never City clerk. Consequently, the marriage will not take place."

"And I certainly will not marry him!" cried Lucie, energetically. "I would rather loose my head."

"So?" replied the hostess. "But if Cardourel, who is at present all-powerful in Bordeaux, says to us: Either the wedding to-morrow, or you go before the tribunal. What then, Claudet?"

"Well, it will not come to that," he answered. "This Jacobin madness cannot last forever."

"They have said so for the last six months."

"It is already rumoured that a revolution will be made in Paris against Robespierre. At any rate, Timm promised to wait till after the election. There are yet four weeks before us, during which time much may turn up. In the meantime, Cardourel, with his Timm, will have a great deal to think of."

"And I will never marry him," repeated Lucie, "even if Timm were minister."

But, from day to day the old Claudets became more discouraged, and Lucie graver and more unhappy. Cardourel's reputation increased in the city, and the Jacobins had vowed to make him Mayor. The day of the election approached, and the government of terror tyrannized, more furiously than ever, those citizens who had no Jacobin notions. It was evident that the old Claudets, with their daughter, would likewise wander to the guillotine, if they fell out with Cardourel, and broke their promise to him and Timm. The little clerk now dreamt only of his advancement and the wedding with Lucie, at whose house he daily played the amiable. She bore it patiently, as her resolution was taken. It was a settled matter with her that she never would become Timm's wife.

All at once there came to Bordeaux the news of the fall of Robespierre, and the orders of the new committee for the public safety, to stop the work of the guillotine.

Everyone felt that the Jacobin rule was at an end, and their

proceedings which so far had spread terror and misery, were now suddenly and impressively declaimed against as tyranny and baseness. So strange it is that a change in the opinions of the people disconcerts the governments, and makes them powerless. In Bordeaux, where, but yesterday, terror was the rule, to-day everything was paralyzed by the news from Paris. The tribunal did not venture longer to pronounce sentences in masses; the Jacobins were perfectly lost. For a few days the confusion lasted, no one knowing exactly what had been done in Paris. But when the proclamations arrived, announcing the execution of Robespierre and the installation of a moderate government, immediately the strong, but till now, intimidated element of the Girondists arose, and obtained the mastery in the city. The suspected persons and those that were imprisoned without cause, were released; a new tribunal was constituted, displaying indulgence at the political trials; all Jacobin revolutionary committees were abolished.

This was a fearful blow for Cardourel and Timm. In a few days the election of Mayor would have taken place under their influence. It was neither suspended nor done away with. But Gilbert Cardourel, suddenly forsaken by his party, and outlawed by his adversaries, had now scarcely a chance. The moderate faction, without any exertion and even proper preparation, succeeded in electing their candidate.

Once again Cardourel attempted to maintain himself with the Jacobins. He advertised in his journal a club meeting. The other now ruling Girondist party did the same. Cardourel succeeded in gaining a few hundred Jacobins over to his side, and marched at their head to the meeting place through the streets to intimidate the inhabitants and show again his power. But the moderates, one of whom had once given Gilbert a powerful box on the ear, had expected such a demonstration, and in close files opposed it with their Spanish canes. A dreadful fight ensued in the open market, just opposite "The Red Cap"; the Jacobins were compelled to fly from the blows of their laughing enemies, and Cardourel, with his faithful Timm, who, not able to make good his escape, after having received a thorough beating, remained lying on the pavement.

Father Claudet was good-natured enough to offer a refuge to the sorely beaten associates, so as not to expose them to the public scorn and further maltreatment. The little clerk roared with pain when he was touched; Gilbert looked glastly from the effects of his wounds, and groaning held his head. It was some hours before he was able to move; pallid and breathing heavily he asked Claudet for wine. So far both had been left quietly sitting in the corner, without being ridiculed, but also without receiving the slightest sympathy.

Father Claudet now came with the can of wine and said to Gilbert:

"My friend, this was a dreadful lesson, and I think you will not ask for a second. I advise you to leave Bordeaux; it is no longer safe here for a patriot."

Gilbert nodded his head, sipping his wine.

"The ruffians!" muttered he. "The brigands!"

"Yes," replied Claudet, "times have changed. Robespierre is dead, Tallin in rules, and you may read here in the papers that Thérèse Cabarrus is now Tallien's wife."

"Citizen Timm! citizen Timm!" said mother Claudet mischievously to the unfortunate little man who in great pain was moving to and fro on his chair. "Now I hope you will no longer demand my daughter for your wife?"

"No! No!" he ejaculated. "I am dying! I am killed!"

"Eh, what!" remarked Claudet. "Dying does not come so soon! Drink a can on my account, my *ci-devant* son-in-law."

He handed him the wine, and Timm imbibed greedily the refreshing beverage.

"So, Timm," continued Claudet. "Go now home, into your bed, and heal your wounds, poor fellow! It is hard to lose a fine office and a wife, and to be beaten in the bargain!"

Timm whined, and Cardourel muttered a curse between his teeth. He then rose and tottering left the bar; the little clerk in a lamentable condition followed his example. After this lesson both friends had played out their part. The Jacobin faction in Bordeaux gradually disappeared. Cardourel, who soon after was indicted to have caused the death of innocent citizens by false evidence, was sentenced to ten years' transportation. Little Timm remained what he had been, and after his sufferings were over, declared to all who would listen to him that he had only through fear turned a Jacobin, being now very glad not to be obliged to serve Cardourel any longer.

And when Henry Tourguet, who had kept himself concealed in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux at the house of a friend of his, a peasant, had returned, Lucie's wedding took place. The sausage-shop in the market was opened again, and the whole city of Bordeaux was delighted with the young and pretty Madame Tourguet selling her dainty ware behind the counter.

One day before the house of father Claudet an incident occurred which we must not forget to mention. The signboard "The Red Cap" had disappeared, and another much larger and prettier hung in its stead, bearing with the portrait of a beautiful woman the inscription: "The Beautiful Spaniard." The crowd curiously stood before the house gazing at the portrait. Father Claudet with his wife smilingly observed the effect produced by the new and stately ornament to his house.

"Eh, father Claudet," he was asked. "What is the meaning of this? Who is the beautiful Spaniard? Why have you abolished "The Red Cap"? Are you ashamed of it?"

"Everything has its time!" exclaimed Claudet. "The Red Cap" had its time, that time is past. We must progress, citizens. I have always been a good patriot, and am for progress. If I had kept up "The Red Cap," would it not be retrogression, reaction? Who still wants the Jacobins? Now the Thermidorians rule, and with them their good lady, Madame Tallien. Do you not know it yet?"

"Eh, of course!" they cried. "Tallien governs, and his wife reigns!"

"Thérèse Cabarrus!"

"Well, do you not remember Thérèse Cabarrus?" asked Claudet, wondering what impression this explanation would produce.

He was answered by a general exclamation of surprise.

"This is then Thérèse Cabarrus?" they said. "This is the beautiful Spaniard?"

"Yes, she deserves to be remembered by us. She was the good genius of Bordeaux."

"And now she is the good genius of France!" replied

Claudet. "Is then the present time not wholly different from that under "The Red Cap"? Does not France under Tallien and his beautiful wife now breathe freely, as in Bordeaux at that time when the beautiful Spaniard in the Ombrière made happy the petitioners? She, therefore, deserves to be displayed on a patriot's sign. Is it not so?"

"Yes! yes!" they shouted. "Long live Thérèse Cabarrus! Long live the beautiful Spaniard!"

"And I will tell you, I have a particular reason to take off the sign of "The Red Cap," and in her honour call my house "The beautiful Spaniard." It was she whom the infamous Cardourel had taken to prison, and who was the cause of his leaving Bordeaux the first time. The second time it was in Thermidor that we got rid of him. I am so glad, citizens, for you know Cardourel treated me also very badly. Yes, and still more. She gave back to my Lucie her betrothed, whom the scoundrel Cardourel wished to bring to the guillotine; she liberated him from prison. Shall I not be thankful to her for it?"

"Yes, yes, father Claudet," they exclaimed.

"Step into the house of the beautiful Spaniard," merrily said the old man to the by-standers. "I will give you the best Macon wine as much as you like to drink to her health!"

The crowd did not require a second invitation.

The chief historical characters of our romance have terminated their career differently from what our readers unacquainted with their history might have expected. Tallien's energies became exhausted by the revolution. His political importance sank more and more under the Directory, still more under the Consulate. Under the Empire and after its fall he was scarcely remembered. He was not able to retain anything of his high position as the hero of Thermidor. And his wife, Thérèse Cabarrus, whom he had saved from the scaffold, left him when he accompanied Bonaparte on his expedition to Egypt. She could not bear to sacrifice her vanity in love and gratitude to the sinking star. She afterwards accepted the hand of the Belgian Prince of Chimay, and experienced at his side new intoxicating Thermidorian triumphs. She died in Brussels in the year 1835. Tallien deeply afflicted, unnoticed and alone, had died in Paris in the year 1829.

THE END.

PLANTING TREES FOR TIMBER.—There is a nursery farm in Ohio where a large number of chestnut trees have been set out, and are being cultivated in view of a coming scarcity of timber, and consequent increase in its value. Chestnut timber is the best of available native woods for railway-ties, and even now it is becoming somewhat scarce. All over the country there are lands which are comparatively worthless for the ordinary purposes of agriculture, but which are abundantly capable of supporting forest trees of one kind or another. The land on which they are planted can be used for other purposes, if it is good for anything, during several of the years in which the tree crop is maturing; and if the trees are nut-bearers, some income may be derived from them after they have attained such a size as to preclude the possibility of cultivating other crops. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that the chestnut is as easily germinated as corn, and is easily transplanted when a year old, after which time both the chestnut and pecan hardly bear removal, though careful root-pruning the year previous to removal helps the matter. But no tree grows more surely from the nut, is more sure to live when transplanted, grows faster, bears earlier, or stands hard treatment better than the black walnut. Only one thing it will not bear, and that is to have stock tramping about and over its roots. The black walnut bears when from eight to ten years old, and though the chestnut and the other varieties named above come into bearing later, all will give many crops of nuts, sure to bring a good price, before the trees are ready for timber. It is a wonder that every person owning a few acres of ground does not do something in the matter of raising trees of this kind.

At a late fashionable wedding in a church at Newton, the bridal party being a little dilatory, the organist played "Eager to meet Thee, Love?" and again, the lovers not coming, he sounded forth "Robin's not here."

The following admonition was addressed by a Quaker to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language against him: "Have a care, friend, thou mayst run thy face against my fist."

Clear when you see it. Archbishop Whately once puzzled a large dinner party by asking, "Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?" After many fruitless guesses it was given up, when his grace replied, "because there are more of them."

The following is a verbatim report of a conversation which recently took place between a father and his model child:—
Father: "My son, which would you rather do, learn a hymn or eat a bun?" *Model Son:* (who had been questioned before) "Father, I would rather learn a nice hymn." *Father:* "Then, my son, you shall have two buns."

A lady who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Jerrold: "I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray. I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?" "I should be afraid, Madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of thyme."

Seventeen years ago, when Baron Haussman was Préfet of Bordeaux, he drove out with the Emperor, and being a man of commanding presence and winning manners, quite dwarfed the hero of the *camp d'élat*. "Préfet," said Napoleon, "the citizens seem to regard their Préfet and forget their Emperor." "Sire," was the courtly reply, "when a regiment is marching, the crowd is always struck with the drum-major, but it is not to be concluded they forget the general in command." That reply was the making of Baron Haussman.

An example of a scrupulously honest testimonial may be given. The writer says: "I have known Mr. _____ for several years. I consider him eminently qualified for every post he seeks. His habits are convivial, if not regular. He possesses a fine voice. His taste in liquors is remarkable. He plays whist with singular steadiness. He knows as much about every thing as most men. He is frequently sober, and occasionally industrious."