

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In a quiet corner of the church, lighted only by a lamp which hung before a little side altar, Mary Trevelyan found him...

John Pemberton, whispering to her that he would see her in the morning, disappeared among the motley crowd which thronged around, and Mary sank on her knees by the rough couch, murmuring, "Oh, my darling, my darling, have I lived to see you again!"

It was perfect bliss to Mary Trevelyan to remain there by his side, letting her hand rest with a caressing touch on his long thin fingers as they lay listlessly across his breast.

"Do I know? I can only tell you he went out when he had thrown the letter away. He said words which sounded like 'I will go home, I will go home.'"

The evening wore on while Bertrand slept. Hour after hour passed; it was near midnight, but there was little rest or silence within the great church.

Gradually Mary noticed from Bertrand's restless movements that the effect of the opiate was beginning to wear off. He turned from side to side, stretched out his arms, muttered a few indistinct words, and at last opened wide the bright blue eyes she had scarce hoped to see again.

The moment she saw any sign of his awakening, Mary had drawn the hood of her mantle over her head, and she sat beside him, bending down her face so that he could not see it.

"Whose voice was that? who spoke," said Bertrand, sharply in English.

"My mind is wandering back to those I loved of old," he said, speaking again in French.

"Yes, and it is here," whispered Mary; "I have it quite safe for you."

With trembling hands she took it from her pocket and put it into his eager fingers. He almost snatched it from her in his anxiety, and as he saw the peculiar handwriting, which any one who had once seen Laura write could never mistake, a flush of eager pleasure glowed over his pale face.

Then Mary rose very softly and moved away, saying gently, "I will come back to you when you have read your letter."

the lines he was reading, and she went along through the rows of prostrate forms, towards a peaceful spot some little way removed from all that confused mass of suffering, and there sank on her knees in prayer.

After a time she rose to go back to Bertrand, and as she turned to walk through the ranks of the sick she involuntarily looked down towards the entrance door, and saw a dark figure in the act of passing out behind the curtain which hung over the opening.

"Where is he? did you see him go? what has become of him? oh, tell me!" Some were asleep, some too weak and ill to answer her; she got no response.

"If you want the monsieur who was lying in that bed," he said, "I can tell you all about him, for you left a piece of chocolate beside him which he did not eat, and I had it."

"Yes, that is right," he said, taking hold of her hand; "come, he is gone out."

"He was in a fever, madame, like a madman; he read a letter he had over and over again, and his eyes grew wilder, and his breath came short, and he flung himself about, and at last he looked at the words on the paper again, and sprung upon his feet. He seemed quite strong, but I think he was mad, for he laughed and he crushed the letter in his hands and flung it away."

"I will find him she said or die!"

CHAPTER XL.

John Pemberton was greatly distressed and alarmed when he returned to the church ambulance next morning and heard from Pierron of the disappearance of Bertrand Lisle, and of Mary Trevelyan's rashness in having gone out alone into the disturbed city to seek him.

"You do not look very fit for such an expedition," he said with a smile; "but I shall go to the bakehouse at once, and I hope I shall bring her back with me. I trust that it may only be that she has had to wait longer than usual."

"It has been by special mercy that I have been allowed to be of any use," he answered humbly; "but dear Mary you can repay me a thousand times any little help I have been able to give you if you will sometimes remember me when you speak to our Father in heaven and ask for me that when my hour shall strike I may be permitted to go swift and straight to the feet of Him through whom alone I hope for pardon."

The young man hurried along the street, much more anxiously uneasy about Valerie Brunot than he had cared to let her friends see. He went in the direction of the bakehouse, looking carefully on either side as he advanced; when he reached the shop he found himself at the end of a long string of persons who were waiting to be served, and saw at once that Valerie was not among them.

Meanwhile, for days, and even weeks

John sought for Bertrand, but altogether in vain. Nowhere, far or near could he find any trace of him. It was well perhaps for Mary that a serious illness, the result of fatigue and exposure, rendered her for some time incapable even of knowing his ill success.

She lay helpless in her bed while the year which had been so fatal to France closed in sullen gloom, and another opened which was destined to be yet more terrible. The gleam of hope which the armistice of January had brought was again extinguished, and the siege had been renewed with double vigour. It was plain however that the cruel struggle must be ended soon, were it only for the sake of the famishing women and children. But the prospect of the bitter humiliation that awaited them had deepened if possible the deadly hatred felt by the French soldiers for their Prussian foes; and the position of the resident German tradespeople who were unable to escape from Paris before the siege was becoming extremely dangerous; they were perpetually liable to the suspicion of harbouring designs for the betrayal of the city into the hands of the enemy; and any one, even amongst the French themselves, who showed them the smallest friendliness, was in danger of being accused of complicity in their supposed treachery.

Not far from the Brunots' house was a little toyshop, kept by a quiet old man, a native of Nuremberg, who, in happier times, had been a great friend of the colporteur's children, and had often bestowed playthings upon them which they could not afford to buy.

One afternoon in the month of February Pemberton went as usual to Madame Brunot's, to inquire after Mary Trevelyan, and to report to her the continued failure of his endeavours to find Bertrand Lisle.

Valerie had been sent out, early in the morning, to purchase some rice and bread, on which the household now chiefly subsisted, and had never returned.

"If you had not come soon I must have gone out myself," said Mary anxiously; "it would have done no good for nurse Parry to have gone again."

"You do not look very fit for such an expedition," he said with a smile; "but I shall go to the bakehouse at once, and I hope I shall bring her back with me. I trust that it may only be that she has had to wait longer than usual."

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"I think you may be very sure that it will be so," said Mary, "though not perhaps for many years to come."

"Many years!" said John, looking up thoughtfully into the blue cloudless sky; "sometimes I feel as if I could not wait many hours, I long so inexpressibly for the vision of that Divine One, the only Pure and True." Then he coloured violently at having been betrayed into an expression of feeling so sacred a subject, and pressing her hand he went hastily out on his mission.

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bered one little girl, and he was turning away more anxious than ever when he observed a small figure crouching under an archway at the opposite side of the street, which he recognized at once as the lost child; and the moment she saw him Valerie bounded towards him, and flung herself into his arms sobbing hysterically, and clinging to him in evident terror.

"My dear child," he said soothing her, "I see you have somehow been very much frightened, but we had better go home as fast as we can, and then you will tell us all that has happened."

"Oh no, no!" she exclaimed; "I must tell you first. I am so frightened I dare not go near our house. I should have stayed out all night if you had not come."

"Let us go in here then," he said, drawing her within the portico of a church which stood near, "we can sit down on the bench here while you tell me."

"It is poor Herr Klein that has done it all," she said; "but he could not help it. You know that little house near ours which was thrown into ruins by a great shell bursting on the roof?"

"You mean the cottage that is uninhabited now, with only part of it left standing?"

"Yes; I was just passing it, on my way to the baker's shop, when I heard a most dreadful noise of shouting and screaming, and people calling out that they were betrayed, as they always do when they want to kill somebody. I was frightened; and ran inside the doorway of the little house (for there is no door on it now); and I had hardly done so when I saw Herr Klein come flying down the street, without his hat, and his face all white, with a red streak across his forehead, and he came dashing into the little house where I was, and went down on his hands and knees on the ground behind me, and said, 'Valerie, stand in the doorway for Heaven's sake, and hide me! And I did, though I was dreadfully afraid, for there came a crowd of soldiers next, rushing along with their swords drawn and their guns on their shoulders, and they were calling out, 'Death to the Prussian spy! death to the Prussian traitor!'

"I suppose they never thought at first that Herr Klein was hiding in the ruined house, and they went on past it. But, your know, a little way further down they could see down the long boulevard, and in a minute they could tell that he had not gone that way; and so they all came storming back into the house where I was, saying, 'He must be here; but that very moment Herr Klein had crept through a window at the back, and was gone; and so then they caught hold of me, and asked if he had been there. I could not tell a lie, you know, so I said, 'Yes,' and then they demanded where he had gone, and I said I did not know. Then one of them called out, 'She is an accomplice, the little viper! I know her: it is the fillette Brunot; I have seen her in his shop. He uses her as a spy. Let us crush the little serpent! let us kill her!'

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Scientific and Useful.

PICKLE FOR HAMS.

An excellent, well recommended pickle for curing hams is made of one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, and half an ounce of potash. Boil all together till the dirt from the sugar has arisen to the top and is skimmed. Pour it over the meat, and leave the latter in the solution for four or five weeks.

TRANSPLANTING PLANTS.

The *Germanian* Telegraph says.—"There is no mode that we ever tried so effectual in transplanting tomato, cabbage, cauliflower, or any other tender plant from the hot bed, or from one place to another, as to prepare a vessel filled with manure water and rich soil, about the consistency of thin mush, with which the roots of the plant should be well coated, and set in a hole made of a round piece of wood or dibble. After being rather firmly planted, moisten again with manure water. We have never failed in any transplanting, when done in this way, and the trouble is very slight."

MILITARY STATISTICS.

M. Amadeo de Faure, a Frenchman, has published a complete analysis of the military strength of the various nations in 1875. Germany, it appears, has an army, including all classes of reserves and the navy, which foots up a total of 1,700,000 men, with annual estimates of £20,000,000. The English army and navy, including militia and volunteers, comprise 535,000 men, and cost £24,800,000; Austria has 555,000 men, costing £10,800,000; Belgium, 48,000, with an expenditure of £1,669,200; Denmark, 54,000, costing £365,000; Spain, according to the regulations of 1870, possesses 270,000 men, with a yearly budget of £6,400,000; France, with the reserve and navy, has a total effective strength of 1,700,000, costing £26,600,000; Greece, 51,000 men, and estimate £80,000; Italy, 760,000 men, expenditure, £9,840,000; Holland, 100,000, estimate, £1,120,000; Portugal, 73,000 men, costing £120,000; Russia has, with the fleet, an effective strength of 1,500,000 men, with a budget of £27,000,000; Sweden, 100,000 men, costing £1,120,000. The effective strength of Switzerland is approximately 180,000 men, costing only £360,000; Turkey, 800,000 men, with estimates of £5,680,000. On a war footing, therefore, the armies of Europe are 9,333,000 men, costing annually £186,804,000.

HOW ARE DIAMONDS FORMED?

The geological occurrence of the diamonds of South Africa has been often described, but some new points of interest are brought out in a recent paper read before the Geological Society of London by Professor Maskelyne and Dr. Flight. They have found the rock at Du Toit's Pan and other similar diggings to have a soft, decomposed character, consisting of a soapy steatite-like magma, with a hydrated bronze, crystals of new vermiculite mineral, called Valente, opaline silica, and other non-essential constituents. This rock has been extensively metamorphosed and fractured, and in many places broken through by dikes of an igneous diorite. It is asserted that "the diamonds occur more plentifully, if not exclusively," in the neighborhood of these dikes, or near them, in the strata of the hydrous rock through which the igneous material has been ejected. In confirmation of this view the writers urge the distinctive characters of the diamonds in different localities, and their sharp, unbraided character. How the diamonds have been formed can hardly be explained, though it is a point of considerable interest, if it may be accepted, that the metamorphosed bronzie rock, possibly at places of its contact with carbonaceous shales, was the original home of the diamond.—*Editor's Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

THE LEPROUS OF INDIA.

The *Lancet* is reminded by "the gorgeous displays, the festivities and other manifestations of rejoicing in the East with which the Prince of Wales has been welcomed," of the sad condition of the lepers in Bombay. What leprosy is no one who has not seen it can well imagine, and it is unnecessary to describe it. But in the *Jamsetjee Jajbhoy Dhurumsala*, a refuge for the destitute and sick in Bombay, the *Lancet*, on the authority of the *Times of India*, says that there are some 120 lepers lodged at the present time, sharing its scanty accommodation with an approximately equal number of the poor, aged and crippled. The lepers live in what are called chawls or cells, some six feet long by five feet wide, and the institution is so full that often two lepers are crowded into one of them. They are without furniture or even cooking utensils; but each of them is allowed two pounds of rice and three pice with which to pay for fuel to dress their food. They consist of men, women and children, the children being the offspring of the men and women, some of them being born in the Dhurumsala itself, for no separation of the sexes is attempted, or, it seems, even thought of. Unfortunate creatures with "their limbs wasted till only the outline of the bones remain, or else swollen out of all form of limbs," sit or lie about as they choose, without supervision or medical care, except from one charitable physician whose name is withheld, at his own request seemingly. They are visited by no friends and by no minister of any religion. "They are abandoned," says the *Times of India*, "of God and man, and were it not that the Dhurumsala gives them the half of a six-foot cell in which to lie, and a handful of rice with which to sustain life, they would die in their scores along our streets and in our compounds." Only those who are very much afflicted are admitted into the refuge. Those who are not so advanced a state of disease are sent away to beg in the public highways and byways until they are sick enough to be taken into the Dhurumsala.

The Pope contributes two mosaics to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, one representing the Madonna by Raphael, and one of St. Agnes by Gaetili.