

how he hated the butcher for never giving him fat; and how he ultimately ingratulated himself into that same butcher's good graces. The butcher's eye one morning not being so true as was his wont, directed the stroke of his cleaver upon the thumb adorning his left hand, which stroke nearly severed it; and had it not been for the prompt assistance rendered him by Dolph, undoubtedly his hand would have been permanently crippled.

However after a short stay in London, and the experiencing of some of the kindly feeling and sympathy that is the peculiar attribute of the contemporary Briton—notwithstanding he has such a blot upon his national history that at one period of it it required an imperial proclamation to ensure his abstinence from "strife and contention, either by outward deeds, taunting words, unseemly countenance, by mimicking them," whenever the sight of a foreigner offended him—Dolph rapidly recovered his spirits; and finally it was settled that we should return in company to Paris, I myself being rather curious to note the aspect of the city under the Commune, which had then been proclaimed, and which he never ceased to anathematize from the moment we stepped into a second-class carriage at London Bridge until we arrived at Dieppe, whereafter I am bound to say he exhibited much discretion. However strong were his opinions upon the existing state of things, he did not express them.

Trouble awaited us upon our arrival at Paris. The house had been left in charge of an Englishman (Dolph likes Englishmen), who, poor fellow, was possessed of but one lower limb; his deficiency in that respect, however, being amply supplied by a fair modicum of the possession denominated "British pluck." He was full of news: the capital had been summoned to surrender by the Versailles troops, who were even then concentrating outside the principal entrances to the city; and but an hour previously an officer of the Commune had been levying, en masse, the male population for the purpose of resistance, and had expressed himself but indifferently satisfied as to the truth of the statement that the owner of the house was in London; and, upon leaving, had intimated his intention of paying another visit.

Upon hearing this, Dolph dropped into a chair, and for a moment seemed overcome. Then he broke out—

"I fight for the Commune—I!"

Then he burst into satirical laughter, and finished with a shower of epithets that, in the abstract, were decidedly uncomplimentary to the Commune, personally and collectively.

His plans were shortly matured. He would depart immediately from Paris, if it were not too late. He had some slight refreshment and then took his departure; it being understood that I should remain—he making his way to Liege, where the taint of the Commune had not appeared.

He had scarcely made good his retreat when the officer before-mentioned returned, and in peremptory tones demanded who I was, and whether I was the inhabitant. I explained that I had but just arrived in Paris, and handed him a Foreign Office passport, brand-new, and bearing the signature "Granville," which he glanced over, thrust back, without abating one jot of his insolence of manner, and joined his companions in the street, who were unpleasantly noisy.

At one corner of the Rue Royale is a large perfumer's shop, which became distinguished by the bullet indentations on its facade; and it was about this spot that occurred one of the many notable encounters between the Versailles and Commune troops, upon the occasion of the assault upon the city by the former. It was upon the ground floor of the next house but one to this that my interview with the Communists took place. It was used for a shop. I noticed the windows were secured by shutters of iron, and there was a mode of egress from the back of the shop to the little court in the rear. When the Communist officer retired, I and my one-legged friend attempted to regain the street, but to our surprise we discovered it was guarded by a person in semi-uniform, who peremptorily ordered us back into the shop, which command we had no alternative but to obey. By this time it must have been one hour before midnight, and bitterly cold. Confused shouts, the hurrying to and fro of large bodies of men, shuffling of rapid feet, the whole accompanied by much clashing and clanking, proclaimed to our listening ears that something of importance was proceeding. Presently, the whole of the various sounds seemed to leave our immediate neighborhood, and concentrate upon the Boulevard. We then heard sounds of firing, heavy and irregular, in the direction of the Rue Royale; then the comparative quietness of the street was broken, and also the door of the shop wherein we were shivering with mingled cold and—I am sorry to admit—fear, and the place quickly filled with an excited group of men, who commenced tearing down the fixtures, and seizing everything in the shape of furniture, bundling it out into the street: the formation of a barricade being the object of this Vandalism. The firing now was general, and unpleasantly near, and our alarm became intense.

"Had the Versailles troops attacked the city?"

"Yes; and all who do not intend to fight had better make themselves scarce," said my one-legged friend, hobbling to the passage leading to the cellars—a proceeding I imitated with alacrity.

We reached the court and then the cellar in safety, where we found congregated the inhabitants of the house who had not been able to

take flight. It is well known that the Government troops entered the city at the Place de la Concorde, and that a barricade was at once constructed by the Communists to stop their progress. The severity of the conflict at this point cannot be better evidenced than by the appearance of the fronts of the houses, bespattered as they were by the bullets of the contending forces. We could hear the fray distinctly from our position in the cellars, and ever and anon we made peregrinations to our former position in the shop, impelled by an irresistible curiosity we could not overcome—the fray increasing in intensity at each successive visit; our return being anxiously awaited by the other inmates, amongst whom we were the only representatives of the male sex. On my return from one visit of this nature, as I reached the court, I could hear the sound of heavy blows on the gateway that faced the street, and had barely time to reach the haven of the cellar, when the door was forced, and the forecourt filled with soldiers. I heard the demand, "Anybody in this house?" then a rapid order, which was followed by the rattle of the discharge from half a dozen Chassepôts, fired up the staircase.

At this point I emerged from the cellars, as a kind of ambassador from the inmates, just as a party was being told off to search them; and great was my relief to find that the city was in the hands of the Versailles troops, and that for the present the tide of battle had rolled from our vicinity, although it was raging furiously in others. We were advised not to move from the house—which advice, by the way, we considered quite unnecessary—and after fully searching the premises, the military departed, leaving a solitary sentinel outside. My one-legged friend and I returned to the shop, and spent what remained of the night in dozing and fruitless endeavors to obtain warmth, until the light twinkling between the chinks of the shutters proclaimed sunrise. There was almost total silence where before had been sounds of armed contention; and but for the periodical tramp of the sentry outside, nothing broke the impressive stillness. I sat dozing and half asleep until, unable longer to control my curiosity, I arose and carefully slipped back the inner fastenings of the door. By the gathering light I could see my companion was sleeping, with his maimed limb propped for comfort's sake on his crutch, and looked cold and weary enough. I softly pulled the door towards me, and looked out towards the Boulevard; then turning to look down the street, my gaze rested on a dead soldier, lying almost at my feet, half in the gutter and half on the sidewalk, with a staring wound in his forehead; and lying near him, another, and another. I could hardly refrain from calling out, so great was the horror the sight occasioned. I turned faint and sick, and closed the door. The noise made by the action aroused my companion, and together we searched for and discovered a piece of woollen stuff, with which we covered the remains of the soldier, lying as it were on the threshold of the house. No person appeared stirring; but, as we turned to re-enter the house, I heard a shot, and looking hastily in the direction of the Boulevard, saw a solitary man, dressed in a blouse, scudding along in the direction of the Madeleine, hotly pursued by several of the Versailles troops, who fired as they went. My curiosity to observe the sequel of this chase caused me to place my back to the shutters, and slide cautiously to the corner of the Boulevard; but I was considerably disconcerted by the apparition of the sentry, who, bringing his Chassepôt to the charge, ordered me to get within doors again; which I, nothing loth, did.

The excesses that ensued upon the subjection of the Commune are of too recent occurrence to need recapitulation. Personally, I shall always retain a lively remembrance of the capture of Paris by the Versailles troops, and its attendant horrors.

EARLY FRUIT.

It was very cold at Nice; that is my only excuse. Alas, by what slender threads one's happiness depends!

It was all arranged I was to marry Mlle. Louise early in June, and the Marquise, her mother, was commencing to treat me with something less than her customary reserve. She was a terrible woman, that Marquise. "Be treacherous," some one had told me. And I was treacherous. At particularly trying moments I looked into the eyes of my betrothed, but one can form no idea of the circumlocution I had to employ to express to the Marquise the simplest things in life. In speaking to me of the wrouseau the word chemise made her blush, and one day I caused her to leave the room (I don't know why), simply because I happened to mention a pair of suspenders.

One evening Mlle. Louise was even more charming than was her wont. The air was heavy with perfume. Coffee had been served in the conservatory, and we sat beneath large magnolia trees, which were fairly bowed down with fragrant blossoms. Seated quite close to her, I sketched a thousand projects for our future, and while she listened with her great blue eyes fixed upon me, I gazed upon her graceful head; her waving blonde tress caught up from the neck; her light robe rising in a snowy fraise at the throat, and descending to a point upon the bosom; and I thought that in six weeks at the longest she would be mine.

It is so difficult to speak to young girls. Every moment there came to my mind stories which I found too gay, and which would certainly have frightened so ethereal and poetic a nature.

So, having plunged into a senseless anecdote which I did not know exactly how to get out of, I said suddenly, in order to change the conversation:

"By the way, Mademoiselle, do you like strawberries?"

"I adore them," she answered, with a dainty little movement of the lips; "but I suppose that it will be necessary to wait a little while."

The fact is that it was only the beginning of April, but I thought that one could get anything in Paris, and that very evening I sent my friend Raymond the following despatch:

"Send me a large box of strawberries from Paris at any price. HECTOR."

Three hours after I received the reply:

"Little pots make up a box. Will send as soon as possible. RAYMOND."

My friend Raymond was a jewel. Besides perfect taste and great amiability, he was so fortunate as to possess Paris, and whenever I was away, I charged him with all my commissions, trusting as much to him to order a coat as to forward me a bouquet.

The next day, early in the morning, I received a great box, well bound, and labelled with my address. It was enormous, and it was frightful to think of the number of little pots Raymond must have purchased to be able to send me a package of such respectable weight in so short a time. Under the circumstances my present became a truly royal gift, and the same day I sent it to my fiancée, together with my daily bouquet of white lilacs.

All that day I remained away from Mme. de Boisenfort's, so that the effect of my gift might be greater. The time seemed very long. I could see Mlle. Louise opening my box with the eagerness which her feminine curiosity would be sure to give rise to. Then I imagined her astonishment at the sight of the contents. She would take a berry at random (the largest), hold it delicately between her slender fingers—the little finger in the air—I could see it all as though I were there—and nibble it with her white teeth, making all sorts of pretty sensual grimaces as she ate. Decidedly it was a happy thought to send to Paris.

When evening came I presented myself at the usual hour, studiously affecting the indifferent air of a gentleman who does not think he has done anything at all remarkable.

I opened the gate, and was a little surprised not to find Mlle. Louise in the garden. Usually she came to meet me, and, after a cordial grasp of the hands, we would enter the drawing-room together.

"Bah!" I said to myself, "I shall find her in the green-house." And I ascended the steps.

She was there, to be sure. Her face was flushed and her eyes swollen, as though she had been crying. As soon as she perceived me she came forward, and said:

"Oh! sir; it was very, very horrid of you!"

Then, throwing me a glance full of reproach, she left the place.

I commenced to feel a little uneasy upon entering the drawing-room. The Marquise was standing before the mantel-piece, erect and haughty, something like the statue of the commander.

"You received my package?" I asked with my most amiable air.

"Yes, sir; yes," ground out the Marquise. (I awaited the key to this puzzle.) "And," continued she, "I consider it was a little too soon—much too soon."

"Good heavens, madame, these things have no value unless they are sent before the time for them—as early fruit, you know."

"As early fruit, sir—as early fruit! You continue your absurd mystification. Leave the house. Neither I nor my daughter will ever see you again. Leave the house!"

I was stunned. I went away completely disconcerted, asking myself if it was not some frightful dream. Arriving at the hotel, my servant handed me a letter from Raymond together with a little box:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I send you the strawberries you wish. Forgive me for not having sent them sooner, and more of them, but they are yet very rare. ..."

Without finishing the letter, I tore open the little box; it contained indeed some magnificent strawberries. What was in the box of the previous evening, then?

A frightful suspicion crossed my mind. All at once, I uttered a cry. There was a postscript:

"I hope you received last evening the box of flannel waistcoats."—Translated.

A KEOKUK lady, while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties, encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret. But this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of female courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot gun, call the bull-dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up the stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The bull-dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs, and the hired man thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, lit out, and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

For the Favorite.
UNCLAIMED.

BY AMY SCUDDER.

The autumn winds drifted hollow and sad
Thro' the orchard trees with fruit bent low,
And the faded leaves, in a whirlwind mad,
And their death-dance, mocked their approaching woe,
While the glowing fruit, by careful hands
Was gathered, and stored in its winter place,
Each red-cheeked apple so snug and warm,
Lovingly pressed its neighbor's face.

But high, high up on a leafless bough,
Coated with frost in the wintry blast.
A flawless apple lonely hung;
Hoping 'gainst hope till the very last,
That some daring one, with a kindly hand
Would take it down from the parent stem,
And praise and taste and relish it well,
So its fate would be as the rest of them.

In the old farm-house, half hidden by trees,
And roof o'ergrown with greenest moss,
A maiden lady o'er long gone youth
Sighing and moaning, regrets its loss.
Through the thick dark waves of heavy brown hair,
Wanders many a line of silvery grey,
While round the eyes, and sweet, sad mouth
Stubborn, tell-tale wrinkles stray,

All lone, alone in the old brown nest.
Parents and children all have gone.
Save this lone one, who patient waits
Through the noon, and night, and early dawn,
In the hope of the coming of some brave one
Tardy although his coming may be,
To save her from the chill of the winter of life,
The fate of the fruit of the apple-tree.

ST. THOMAS.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICERS FROM THE LUMBER ROOM," THE "HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

Desmoro stopped and stood transfixed, staring after the conveyance containing the Count d'Auvergne's daughter. He was utterly bewildered. Marguerite had recognised him—he felt assured on that point, for he had remarked her start, and her look of amazement at seeing him.

He was still gazing after her receding equipage, when the Baroness Kiehlmansege lightly touched his arm with one of her gloved fingers. "Yonder stands my carriage," spoke she, slightly inclining her head in a certain direction.

At the sound of her voice, Desmoro suddenly aroused himself, and turned round.

His face was of a deathly hue, and his companion remarked the fact. She, too, had seen and recognised Marguerite d'Auvergne, and she well understood the cause of his present agitation and pallor, and all the bitterness of her base nature was at once awakened within her.

Desmoro silently conducted the Baroness to her waiting vehicle, into which she stepped without saying a single word; her brows scowling all the while, her round cheeks flushed, her teeth gnawing her lips in angry impatience. The Baroness's conveyance was an unpretending one, and, on this occasion, she was attended by the man Matsford, who looked like one who could only see and hear as he was directed to see and hear.

The lady being seated, Desmoro mechanically raised his hat to her, and then strode rapidly away, almost unconscious of whither his steps would lead him, his very thought in a state of harassing commotion and distress. He was wondering what Marguerite would think and say at seeing him in the company of the Baroness Kiehlmansege.

He was quivering in every pulse of his frame, and big drops of moisture were oozing out and standing on his brow, as he reflected on Olympia and her menaces.

The Baroness Kiehlmansege leant back in her brougham, plunged deep in dark meditation. She was full of disappointment and rage, and was longing to vent her feelings on him who had so excited them.

She would be revenged on Desmoro—on the man who had so scorned her—oh, yes, she would take care to be amply revenged on him; she had threatened him, and what she had threatened, she would fulfil to the very utmost.

Desmoro's disdain had stirred up all her ire, all her venom, and she was ready to sacrifice him to her malice—ready to crush him under her feet, even as she would crush a poor worm.

"I have told him how I can hate, and he shall soon feel the truth of all my words!" Olympia cried, within herself. "I am not the woman to be despised with impunity, oh, no, not I. I have