

to spend the night in the cart the Franc-tireurs left behind them. Meantime you can accompany me on a reconnoitering excursion which I intend to make along the banks of the river before going to rest. The others can go to their quarters, but do not forget to look after the horses; they have probably eaten their provender by this time and must need to be watered."

I left the room, followed by the talkative youth, Glauroth, while the others rose lazily from their seats.

CHAPTER II.

MADEMOISELLE KUN.

The moon was pouring its rays over castle, court-yard and gardens. I turned towards the latter, which lay behind the chateau along the shore of the river; for I wished to walk down to its banks to ascertain whether our Franc-tireurs had fled to the opposite shore and thence escaped into the mountainous country on the other side, by means of a ferry or stationary bridge. If such were not the case they might still be concealed in the neighbourhood, and we must be on our guard despite the assurances of the priest.

The pleasure grounds which we entered were very beautiful, and so far as we could distinguish by the uncertain moonlight, extremely well cared for. A wide lawn, then a deep valley, with fountains whose spray dashed over the marble figures of Tritons and Nereids coldly gleaming in the moon's rays; beds of flowers growing in great luxuriance, and walks enclosed by low palings or neatly clipped hedges; the bluish light shimmered upon the long glass roof of a hot-house on the right-hand side of the grounds, while on the left a similar building was dimly visible in the dense shadow.

We had been talking in an undertone as we walked along between two yew hedges about four feet high, which led to a grove under whose lofty tree-tops and dark, drooping boughs wound a long avenue. Glauroth suddenly stopped, as if listening.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Hush!" he whispered: "I heard a noise as if some one were cocking a gun."

"Ah! in what direction?"

He stepped hastily aside, and the next moment was standing by the hedge on the right hand, leaning far over it.

"Ha! just look here, Bernold!" he exclaimed.

I was already beside him. A man who must have been stooping under the hedge rose just as Glauroth caught him by the collar. He was dressed in a blouse, was apparently a servant, and unarmed. A short pipe, which he held in his hand, was the only weapon he carried.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? Why are you crouching under this hedge?" I shouted in French.

He stammered a reply which I did not understand, but I was sure I recognized him. It was the same sulky-looking man who had opened the grated door for us so reluctantly that very day.

"Where is your gun? You snipped the trigger of a musket."

"Pardon, monsieur, I never thought of doing such a thing, for I have no musket," he exclaimed, raising his pipe. "I only did so," he added, lifting the cover with his thumb and clapping it down again.

"It is the same noise," said my young companion.

"And it was very stupid in me," added the groom reluctantly. "I only thought that the fire from my pipe, which I had just lighted, might shine through the hedge, and so I clapped down the cover."

"But why were you keeping watch here, and why did you crouch out of sight so timidly at our approach?"

"I am watching for the martens, which steal the fruit from us," said he. "I am not afraid of the gentlemen," he added, sulkily: "I only sat down because I was tired. It was natural enough not to wish to be seen: I had no desire to be exposed to such an examination as you have just made—here in our own gardens too!"

I interpreted this reply to my companion, Glauroth, who had learned just French enough in his classes to understand it when clearly printed in a book, but not if spoken before him. His opinion was the same as my own, that the man was hardly concealed there for the sake of the martens; for on such an eventful day as this must have been to all the inhabitants of the castle, they would have something else to think of than the disappearance of a few pears and apricots.

"You were waiting for the Franc-tireurs," I said, "and intended to guide them to the chateau that they might surprise us!"

He looked at me from under his gray eyebrows with an angry, malicious glance, and said: "You are mistaken, monsieur; the Franc-tireurs are a miserable rabble, with whom we have nothing to do. If they had really come"—he turned his head suddenly towards the entrance of the avenue as he spoke, and then continued, in a tone much louder than before, but again looking me in the face, "I should have shouted, *Où ils reculent, en arrière, allez-vous en*, the Prussians are here."

"And why do you say that so loud, sly-boots?" exclaimed Glauroth, again seizing him by the collar.

I turned in the direction towards which the man had glanced, the entrance of the avenue, and—was it illusion or reality?—thought I distinguished a dark figure moving among the

dense shadows, which gliding back the next instant was lost to view among them.

"We will take the man between us; he shall accompany us and guide us to the river," said Glauroth.

I assented to the proposal.

"Forward!" I exclaimed to our prisoner;

"go down to the river with us."

"I will do no such thing," he answered,

sulkily; "I have nothing to do with the grove, and I want to go to sleep."

"You will go with us, as we order you."

"And if I won't?"

"It is evident that he will not leave his post of observation here," cried my companion. "It would be a good thing if we"—

"Hush," said I, turning as I heard steps behind us—the same figure which had glided into the shadow of the grove was appearing; light steps grated on the gravel walk accompanied by the rustle of silk, and announced the approach of a lady, and in truth a young girl suddenly emerged from the leafy shadows into the bright moonlight.

We both stared in astonishment at the slight, graceful figure and delicate, regular features—we could distinctly see the beautiful oval of the face. A black lace veil was carelessly thrown over the head; the dress, too, was black, for the moon shone brightly on its folds.

She slightly raised her right arm as she approached, as if to impose silence, and said slowly in German, but with a strong French accent:

"Release the man, release him, he is our gardener; what do you want of him?"

The words were uttered with an evident tone of indignation.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said I, bowing; "we found him in a manner which was strongly calculated to arouse our suspicions; he concealed himself and refused to guide us."

"Both proceedings were very natural," she interrupted in one of those voices that are peculiarly attractive to me—pure as silver and yet extremely sweet, though now tremulous with emotion; "I had ordered him to stay there. I wished to know that some one was close at hand while I took a walk in the garden."

"In that case," I replied, "we must again ask your pardon for this disturbance; we could not expect—we should be very sorry if in your own grounds—for I presume that I am addressing the mistress of this beautiful mansion—we had annoyed."

"Oh! you will surely pardon us," interrupted Glauroth with his intolerable talkativeness; "you have yourself been allured out of doors by this lovely moonlight; therefore we may be permitted to hope that you will make allowances for the German sentimentality which irresistibly drew us forth this dewy, odorous moonlight night, in which we might well have expected to meet the elfin queen but not the"—

I felt that he was on the point of paying some ill-timed compliment, and hastily interrupted him with: "And as a token of your forgiveness, mademoiselle, allow us to accompany you through the gardens back to your chateau."

The proposal was in truth somewhat presuming, and the young lady made no reply, but turned as if to move on, thereby granting at least an implied consent that we should accompany her.

"You speak of German sentimentality," she said, "while bringing war and all its horrors upon us, now when the motive of the war has been removed. Is that German principle?"

She pronounced the word with an infinitely bitter, mocking intonation, which roused me to reply very earnestly: "Certainly, mademoiselle; never was a war more a matter of principle than the one we are now waging against France. Is the impetuous enthusiasm with which all Germany rushed to this war not a matter of principle? Is the wild longing of every German heart to reconquer our lost provinces and reunite them to the strong German trunk—the pure German race, their native land—not a matter of principle?"

"And is it not, above all, a matter of principle," interrupted Glauroth, "to wander through these lovely gardens in this magical moonlight, in a foreign land, beside a beautiful young lady?"

"At eve, through her father's gardens, wandered the Alcide's daughter!"

She turned away with a haughty movement of the head by no means flattering to him, and said, pointedly addressing me: "You wish to conquer, that is the true reason. A civilized nation never desires conquest! But the conquerors always come from Germany—the Huns, the Goths, the Franks!"

"The Uhlans," interrupted the student, laughing, "the most uncivilized nation of them all!"

"And France," she continued without noticing the interruption, "has always had the sorrowful task of resisting the conquest-seeking nation, and had poured out her best blood in the effort. There is not a single century in our history in which we have had peace, in which we have not been constrained to wage bitter war against Germany. What an era in the world's progress Louis the Fourteenth's reign would have been if his best strength, his noblest plans had not been crippled by German wars! Yet I can scarcely suppose that you are sufficiently well acquainted with French history to"—

"Be able to follow your meaning, mademoiselle! Certainly not from this point of view; the idea of pitying poor Louis the Fourteenth because he was compelled to lay waste the country of his unruly, conquest-seeking

neighbour, devastate the beautiful valley of the Rhine, burn our castles and churches, wrest from us the imperial city of Strasbourg—in that idea I cannot follow you. Do you also pity poor Cardinal Richelieu because he was compelled to investigate and protract the unhallowed Thirty Years' War in Germany?"

"Oh, certainly! he did so with a very heavy heart. That he was no friend of the Protestants he certainly proved at La Rochelle; he dealt with them harshly enough there. How painful and difficult, then, it must have been for him, the champion of the church, to be compelled by policy, on account of the eternal menaces directed against us by Germany, to uphold the cause of the heretics in that country. Yes, monsieur, I pity Cardinal Richelieu, who was high-minded enough to take upon himself a crime against his religious conscience for the sake of his native land."

My companion burst into a low laugh. "It seems that history is read in a singularly one-sided manner here," said he.

"Apparently," I replied: "history everywhere represents matters like a lawyer pleading for his own client. The history of the world may perhaps be named the tribunal of the world; it is the great judgment hall, before which the lawyers of the world, the historians, make their reports for their own side. The sole judge is Time."

"We have reached the house," said the young lady, interrupting our learned conversation. "I thank you, gentlemen," and with a slight inclination of her head she hastily crossed the lawn and disappeared within a door on the ground floor, that had apparently been left unfastened.

"Really," said Glauroth, looking after her, "she seems to be a charming young lady, and our meeting with her by moonlight would have been a delightful adventure, if she were not, unfortunately, such a perfect blue-stocking."

"From what do you draw that inference? On account of her extremely paradoxical representation of French history?"

"But just think of it! A French girl who can talk of the policy of Richelieu and Louis the Fourteenth!"

"Perhaps she has read it in Alexander Dumas' *Siecle de Louis Quatorze*."

"It may be so; it certainly savors of all such profound and authentic source! At all events it was amusing to see things so strangely misrepresented."

"Amusing! It annoyed me greatly, deeply vexed me, and yet at the same time made me sad."

"What! such nonsense, such perfectly laughable ideas?"

"I find nothing laughable in them. A prejudice which there is no hope of removing, an error which there is no possibility of refuting, always excites within me a feeling of painful powerlessness which I cannot overcome. And then, does the truth really depend upon the original facts? With what motive, for what motive, for what reasons, by what right Louis the Fourteenth waged his unhallowed war against us, are things lying two centuries behind us. What does it matter to the world of to-day whether his motives were good or bad? The important, practical point that concerns our times is the explanation given to these old facts. If the whole French nation share the ideas of this young girl, they must see in us an hereditary enemy, just as we, from our interpretation of these ancient deeds, see a sworn foe in them: and thus the two noblest nations in Europe can never have a lasting peace."

"I see that the remarks of this Mademoiselle—Kuhn I think the priest called her—have given you plenty of food for reflection. Come, is the walk to the river still to be taken, or shall we—which for my part I should greatly prefer—resign ourselves to the luxury of once more stretching our weary limbs upon a nice soft bed?"

"I believe we can do so with perfect safety," I replied. "If this young lady could venture to take a solitary walk through the grove, she must have had good reasons for thinking a surprise from our enemies impossible."

I accompanied him to the adjoining building in order to assure myself that horses and men were well cared for, and then returned to the chateau, where my "Putz-kamerad" awaited me in my quarters. I told him to place his weapons within reach, and he gladly retired to enjoy the peaceful sleep awaiting him.

I could not close my eyes for a long time. The peculiarly musical voice of the young lady still rang in my ears, and I could not rid myself of the strange impression her words had made. I thought of the ideas that must have been instilled into her mind in the cloister, and by such persons as this priest, who doubtless had had a large share in her education, to lead her to form such opinions. Of the views concerning us held by the priests, and the ardour with which they disseminated them and roused the people against us, I was well aware, but that did not remove the sting—if I may so express myself—with which the haughty bearing of the young girl had pierced my heart. It was perhaps only a miserable youthful vanity, which could not endure to be despised by the beautiful young girl whom he had met under such romantic circumstances.

(To be continued.)

PARIS is to have a street baptized "14th July"—omitted up to the present; also a Rue d'Athenes, in honour of the settlement of the Greek frontier question.

A CODE OF HONOUR.

The rules and regulations for the arranging and carrying out affairs of honour—the duel—during the latter part of the last century, and the beginning of the present, were exhaustive and precise. Certain infractions of social order were held to be unpardonable. A blow, for instance, could not be overlooked; and then there were certain acts set down as equivalent to a blow—such as giving the lie direct, and so on. In short—we speak now particularly of Ireland—when a man had been guilty of offering insult of any kind, it was at once determined, on reference to the rules, what the reparation must be. The sword and pistol were always in order, though the thirty-six articles of the Code, sometimes called "The Polite Commandments," were framed with a special aim to protect the quietly-disposed and weakly citizens from insult, as far as possible; and the resort to arms, under this code, was avoided where it could be properly done.

This introduction will enable us better to understand the pith of the following story.

Among the gay and festive of the fashionable society of Cork there was not one more prominent than was Barry Yelverton, the wealthy and eccentric nephew of Lord Avonmore. In the use of the sword and pistol he was a master. He could shoot a finger from a glove in the air, at twenty paces; hit the bull's-eye nineteen times in twenty at thirty paces, raising his pistol, and firing at the word; while at sword-play he was deemed well-nigh invincible.

One night, at the Mayor's ball, where a large and select company were gathered, Barry allowed himself to drink to a state of wild intoxication: and, while in this unfortunate condition, he managed to insult a number of orderly men. Some he jostled violently; to others he used grossly abusive language; and still others he insulted by treading cruelly on their toes. What more he might have done, or what the closing scene of the night might have been, had he been suffered to keep on, there is no telling; but at length two of his friends, assisting his valet, got him away from the scene.

On the following morning when he was able to realize what he had done, he wrote a note to each of the men he had insulted, appointing a meeting for that afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at the riding-room of the regimental barracks; and these notes were despatched by trusty friends.

At the appointed hour three-and-twenty men were assembled, each of them having come in answer to regular summons; and in due time appeared Barry Yelverton, with swords and pistols borne by a servant, while in his own hand he carried a blackthorn staff.

Upon referring to a paper which he held, he found that to six of the gentlemen present he had given offence which the code made equivalent to a blow; so to each of these, in turn, he offered his blackthorn staff, bidding them to take satisfaction by striking him over the back, in retaliation, as severely as their needs of revenge, or redress, might dictate. To five others he had offered affront which might be wiped away by simply craving pardon; and to these he handed each a card, with the simple sentence thereon written, "I ask your pardon!" To the remaining moiety he turned and said, with a polite bow, "To you, gentlemen, I can only offer such satisfaction as you may demand. Here are swords and pistols; I acknowledge your right, and I will give each his turn, as he shall elect."

We need hardly add that the affair ended in a hearty laugh and a jolly time. The wounded honours were all healed, and Barry had established himself firmly in the good opinion of those whom he had offended.

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