

enjoyment was overcast. Great hot tears sprung into her eyes, but she tried to gather them up with her lashes—she so feared they should stain the embroidery of her new bodice.

A woman standing in front turned round and saw her tears.

"You lose nothing, little one," she said, compassionately, "as yet the wrestlers are only young boys, and these two are not good at it either."

In less than five minutes the beating of the drum announced that one of the wrestlers had fallen. Louise felt a hand on her arm, she turned quickly and saw the dark face of Jean Marie. He smiled encouragingly at her.

"Good-day; you want a better place," he said, "and you shall have one," and then he nodded at Madame Rusquec.

Louise looked admiringly at the square-shouldered man as he forced a way in front of her through the densest part of the crowd; men and women drew back right and left before the determined pressure, and Louise and her mother, following closely, found themselves, to the great joy of the girl, close to the rope.

"O thank you," she looked gratefully at the farmer, "I so want to see the wrestling."

"Yes," said Jean Marie, "you will see it well from here."

Yes, she should see him conquer the right to ask her to be his wife, for he felt that he should gain that right.

Several matches followed, but without any special interest. At last, at the monotonous rub-a-dub of the drum, a man stepped into the ring carrying a sheep on his shoulders. He was a tall, powerful fellow, and he held the sheep by its feet slung round his neck, as if it had been a scarf. This was Yves Guerrien, the best wrestler of St. Herbot, and unless he were challenged he would carry off the sheep as a prize, and remain the acknowledged champion of the ring. He was a large, powerfully-made man, about the same age as Jean Marie, but he had a hideously scarred face, and one eye was closed.

"Will no one challenge that monster?" said Louise, "how proud and haughty he looks."

Jean Marie longed to jump into the ring and take up Yves Guerrien's challenge; but he checked the longing; if he used up his strength on such a powerful antagonist as Yves he would have little chance of conquering Christophe.

He and his brother had scarcely spoken since their meeting at the mill; but neither of them had forgotten the trial which lay before them. Jean Marie had little fear of the result. He had never let a year pass without exercising his skill in these rough games, and he guessed that Christophe would have had little practice since his boyhood—for wrestling in the Morbihan is far less frequent than it is in Finistère.

Before Yves had completed his first circuit of the ring, a short, thick-set man sprang into the circle, and in a few minutes he and the challenger were locked in a close struggle.

Jean Marie looked at Louise. She was gazing intently at the combatants. He wanted to find out her real feelings towards him, but he did not know what to say.

At length Yves flung his antagonist, over his shoulder, on the ground—the judges proclaimed a fall, and the drum beat.

"Louise"—Jean Marie's voice was so earnest that the girl turned her eyes from the wrestlers to his face—"if you saw two struggling for you there, would you choose the strongest?"

"Louise smiled. "Of course I would; but I would never choose Yves Guerrien, he looks cruel, and he is ugly too."

Jean Marie had bent his head very near her while he listened. Two women beside them gazed with round, widely-opened eyes, for it was the first time the farmer of Braspart had spoken to so young a woman in public.

All at once he heard his name called, and he looked up. Christophe was standing in the ring facing him and Louise; he had taken off his hat, and jacket, and shoes, and he was calling on his brother to fulfil his pledge. Louise looked from one to the other in astonishment. She thought Christophe seemed sorrowful; but as she looked at him she forgot Jean Marie, and again she felt the warm tide of sympathy that had from the first linked her to the younger man.

"Come," said Christophe; "or are you afraid?" he added this with a rude laugh as he came nearer—for it seemed to him that Jean Marie had broken faith in seeking Louise before the result of the trial.

Jean Marie had been soothed by the girl's presence and by the pleasure she had shown at the service rendered her; but as Christophe spoke he saw Louise glance at the young man, and although he could not fully read her glance, it stirred his jealousy into a blaze. In an instant he had sprung over the rope, and was laying aside his coat, and waistcoat, and shoes. He flung his long hair behind his ears, drew his shirt tightly over his body, and then still as a statue, his arms crossed over his broad chest in the centre of the ring. Christophe lingered an instant.

"Louise," he said in a hurried whisper; "we wrestle for you; do you wish me to conquer?"

A lovely blush rose on the girl's face. "You will conquer," she said; go, he waits for you."

But a different opinion prevailed in the silent crowd that thronged the ring. It was not an uncommon sight to see brothers wrestle together in the ring, but then they were always well matched. In this struggle which seemed impending Christophe was considered a very unequal opponent for Jean Marie, who was one of the best wrestlers in the arrondissement; and a low murmur was heard, as Christophe took his place before his brother. Madame Rusquec had been a silent witness of the public notice bestowed on her daughter, first by Jean Marie, then by Christophe, it was positive proof to her that the farmer wished to marry Louise. She wished he was less stern, but like a true Breton woman she resigned herself to that which appeared inevitable.

But the change that had overspread Jean Marie's face at the sight of Christophe had alarmed her. Men always went to wrestle as friends, but these brothers had exchanged the looks of enemies.

"Are they quarreling about Louise?" she asked herself, and then the deep murmur of the multitude reached her ears.

But as the two men stood face to face ready to begin the struggle, so differently formed, and yet both so determined-looking, the murmur died away, a breathless hush spread around, and Louise's heart sank with dread, for Jean Marie's face was far more full of determination and confidence than his brother's was, and his lean, sinewy frame seemed more fit to wrestle than Christophe's taller, fuller figure. Christophe had a small, well-poised head, and he threw it back frankly as he surveyed his adversary; while Jean Marie's square head, somewhat sunk between his shoulders, projected forward as he held out his right hand preparatory to taking his hold.

They seemed to grip one another in precisely the same manner, each by the front of the other's strong canvas shirt, and then each set his head against his brother's shoulder, and thus they stood locked, their legs well apart, keeping a wary watch.

All at once Jean Marie gave way, and then pressing suddenly forward he raised Christophe from the ground, but Christophe was not off his guard; he twined his legs like snakes round his brother's, and for some minutes the two bodies so desperately gripped together rocked from side to side as if the twining legs and arms belonged to one man. Then all at once, by a determined effort, Jean Marie forced Christophe against his side and heaved him over his head—Christophe fell on the grass as if thrown from a horse.

He lay on his side in the midst of the ring, and held up his right hand to show the judges that he was not fully thrown.

But Louise only saw that he had fallen. She gave one loud cry and then burst into a fit of sobs. The cry reached Jean Marie, and in an instant the suffused purple caused by the struggle left his face; he looked livid as his blood-shot baggard eyes fastened on the girl sobbing in front of the ring. He folded his arms across his chest, and looked fiercely at the judges.

"It was a fair fall," he said, hoarsely. "I swear I threw him fairly; if there is another struggle it must be a new one. I have won this fall."

"No—no," "Oh no," was heard on every side, and the judges were unanimous.

Jean Marie's eyes glared like those of a balked wolf, but he closed his lips firmly against further words.

Meanwhile her mother spoke sternly to Louise, for meaning looks were turned on her, and Madame Rusquec felt that the girl's good name might suffer. But Louise had learned her true feelings in that moment of anguish, and she overleapt fear and prudence too.

"Oh stop them, stop them!" she cried so wildly that her words reached Jean Marie, as he stood waiting with folded arms till Christophe should recommence the struggle. "He will kill Christophe."

Mathurin was in the crowd, but at some distance from his mistress. He could not hear Louise's words, the serried press of the people that stood between them choked sound, but he saw their effect on Jean Marie. The pallor on his face grew so death-like, that some in the crowd called to give him water; but Mathurin saw the look of hatred with which he regarded Christophe, and he shuddered.

"Holy Virgin! there will be death before this is ended," the old man thought.

The suspense was not prolonged. Once more the wrestlers took their hold of each other, and once more each strove to raise the other from the ground. Suddenly Jean Marie's grasp slackened, and almost without Christophe's volition the strong frame he grasped yielded to his strain, and was flung heavily behind him.

This time the drum beat loudly. Jean Marie lay seemingly lifeless on his back, while blood streamed from his mouth and nostrils.

(To be continued.)

Let us never glorify revolution. Statesmanship is the art of avoiding it, and of making progress at once continuous and calm. Revolutions are not only full of all that a good Christian hates while they last, but they leave a long train of bitterness behind. The energy and the exaltation of character which they call forth are paid for in the lassitude, the depression, the political infidelity which ensue. The great spirits of the English Revolution were followed by the men of Charles II. Whatever of moral greatness there was in the French Revolution was followed by Bonapartism and Talleyrand. Even while the great men are on the scene, violence and onesidedness mar their greatness. Let us pray that our political contests may be carried on as the contests of fellow citizens, and beneath the unassailed majority of law. But the chiefest authors of revolutions have been, not the chimerical and intemperate friends of progress, but the blind obstructers of progress; those who, in defiance of nature, struggle to avert the inevitable future, to recall the irrevocable past; who chafe to fury by damming up its course the river which would otherwise flow calmly between its banks, which has ever flowed, and which, do what they will, must flow for ever. If a revolution ever was redeemed by its grandeur, it was the revolution which was opened by Pym, which was closed by Cromwell, of which Milton was the apostle and the poet. The material forces have been seen in action on a more imposing scale, the moral forces never. Why is that regard for principle, which was so strong then, comparatively so weak now? The greatest member of Parliament that ever lived, the greatest master of the convictions and feelings of the House of Commons, was not Robert Peel, but John Pym. But if Pym, in modern garb and using modern phrase, could now rise in his old place, his words, though as practical as they are lofty, would, I fear, be thought "too clever for the House." Is it that wealth, too much accumulated and too little diffused, has placed the leadership of the nation in less noble hands?—*Essay on John Pym*, by GOLDWIN SMITH.

HEATING A CITY BY STEAM.—The time will probably come when our houses will be heated by steam from a central station, as they are now lighted by gas made at a distance on a wholesale system. The experiment has lately been tried on a considerable scale in Lockport, N. Y., and it is said to have proved highly successful. Three miles of pipe, covered with non-conducting material, laid under ground, radiate from a central boiler-house; and fifty different dwellings and other edifices, including one large public-school building, have been thoroughly warmed all winter by steam thus distributed and turned on or off as required by the tenant. Dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam-generator are heated as readily as those next door. Steam-meters are provided, so that each consumer need only pay for what he uses. It is stated that the system can be so developed as to furnish steam at fifty pounds pressure, transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, which could, therefore, supply power for engines and manufactures, and steam for baking and laundry purposes, for extinguishing fires, for cleaning streets of ice or snow, or protecting hydrants from frost. The rates actually charged to the consumer do not exceed what his coal and wood cost him to produce the same result.