A Daughter of the Revolution

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, IN DONA HOES.

MAURICE FRANCIS FRAN, IN DONA HOUSE.
On the hill overlooking the Ville d'En is a little chair. There died is Laurence O'Phas. The outer about is a hand of mooth roat (idee and traditions 1 is it mate all that the good people at much be accounted to the died to a traditions to the property of the died counter, because in the first public, the second, a good many of them are the second, as the second of the second as the second of the second as the second of the s

that he might due in this most beautifal place.

It happened that anong the Americans who came to Freport in the summer were Mrs. Thompson Wesnett, of a romote western town, her daughter, Lillian, and Mrs. Danver, who had been Mrs. Thompson Wesnett's sisterin-law. It was Mrs. Wesnett and Lallar's first trip abroad. Mrs. Danver had met her present instand—at that time she was the Mile of a Congressman from Pennsylvania—in Washington. She was rich in her own right, as were Mrs. Wesnett and Lillian. The moncy had come through petrology moncy had come through petrology methods. Mr. Thompson Wesnett was in Russia, on a mission connected with petrology.

wolls. Mr. Thompson Wesnett was in Russia, on a mission counceted with petroloum.

The two clider women were well dressed by the same modiste in the Ruo de la Paix. They were good-matured when things went right: and much puffed up with their respective pedigrees which had gained them admission to the Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs. Danver, whose hisband was consul somewhere on the Congo Coast, took precedence of Mrs. Thompson to all things. She was a stout branched with current of the Revolution. Mrs. Danver had girl somebody told her that she was na girl somebody told her that she was na girl somebody told her that she was na girl somebody told her that she crosmbled Helen of Troy and the Emprose Eugenle. But, in spite of this and her money, she insisted that she was most thankful that she was "a Daughter." Mrs. Danver had "done" Europe before, in six weeks. As a woman who had been married twice, as the willof a government official, as both a Colonial Dane and a "Daughter." Mrs. Thompson was only a "Daughter."—Mrs. Thompson was only a "Daughter."—Mrs. Thompson was only a "Daughter."—Mrs. Thompson to so rich as Mrs. Thompson Wesnett.

Lillian was just twenty, blonde, with

We will be seen to the second to be Irish. She had been out of school or two years; as it had been can dependent of the second to be Irish. She had been out of school of two years; as it had been a convent school she had not been allowed to go much into the society of the remote of the into the convent because her father, who said he know life, lusisted upon it. Her mother was against it in a mild way; but, when she discovered that Lillian liked he Silzers she gave way at once. She could have resisted her husband's velocity and into the society of the societ

and adoung a nonlennal to the family tree. It happened that the Viscounts O'Donnell and the Marquise de Marlonne, who also came every summer to Froport, had berrowed for the season the house of their friend, the old Genral Dual. It was an octagen house with three chimneys decented with specific pomerrunters and with queer gilded railings around its red roct. If it were not for these gilded railings whith happened might not have happened.

ask him whether he knew who lived in the house with the golden pomegran ates and railings.

The Viscomto O'Donnell and his

The Viscomite O'Donneil and his annt," Pere Bertrand such, annt, "Pere Bertrand such, "O'Donneil queer name for a '1' conte," said Mrs. Danver "Wh's "asked Pere Bertrand," many of our best names in this part of the counts, are Irish. Though the Irish were not a feudal people, and you do not west the descendant of the Irish were not a feudal people, and you do not west the descendant of the Ceits bearing coat armor or using personal creets, att those in France many of whose ancestors were in the armies of our kings, have French titles and the right to bear feudal arms."

'Uf course," Mrs. Banver said, with a giggle, 'but I didn't know the Irish were well born, you know it seems strange—I think there are very few in the Daughtters".

'It would not be well to till the Marquise O Donneil de Marloune that," said Pere Bertrand, smilling, "Her Irish blood is to her the most preclous of her possessions."

'Narloune, evelanged Mrs. Thompson Wesmett. Could it be that this Narlouse became corrupted to 'Mar len'? It may be that my great grandmether, or gratit gran-faunt—I am net sure which—was related by marriage to the Marquise de Narloune."

Pere Bertrand preserved a polite silence the tolerated the chler bodies, they had given alms to his poor; Lillian was his friend she understood things without explanation; besides, sho was about to enter the Church; and, he thought, with a sigh, perhaps to marry an unbeliever. The old prest had become very fond of Lillian, and sho was the only grown-up person whom Renee, his housekeeper of littation, and the sile is like a real arstetecration with the prest that was born among the American suages. And her mother and her aunt!—If I were not a Christian I would polson them."

The mother and the aunt were very special for her body of Narloune, Guy was thirty years of age—grave, silent, tail, brown and wire, Early Ill health had kept him out of the army. Later, his health had become the mother had lived to be lived to the house of the intimate tails sho took him back to the lot of casays

The Americans had seen him, with his aunt on his arm, on their way to the quays to enjoy the air of the sea. "Awfully poor—that old Marquise, I suspect," Mrs. Danver had said. "It must be the Marquise, as I saw her coming out of the gilded house."
"Badly dressed—old-fashioned silk; good lace, but what a bounct I-made before the war," Mrs. Thompson Weenett had added.
"She has a sweet, clear-out face," said Lillian, "too proud, perhaps, but lovely for all that. And her nephew looks like an interesting man. Pere Bertraud says that he once saved him from a mad dog, with all the coolness imaginable."
"Too bad they're so poor," Mrs. Danver said, as Lillian went off to romy with a group of children.
"De Narionnel Grace, I do belleve that the Marquise is related to my ancestor, be Narion."
Mrs. Danver did not reply. She had no respect for any American pedigree but her own.
"I asked Pero Bertraud to present ma," Mrs. Thompson Wesnett continued, "but he said they till not receive strangers."
"They don't know who we are," said Mrs. Danver, tartly. "They think that we are or didnery Americans. Poor and proud! If they said the said they till not receive strangers."
"They don't know who we are," said Mrs. Danver, tartly. "They think that we are or didnery Americans. Poor and proud! If they said they ware seen that it is call to-morrow unit perhaps the old lath whether sill us an old cablust or something."
"Or help me to find out more hoott to Narien, who, I am usure, was re-

sell us abold cabluct or something."

Or help me to find out more about Do Narlen, who, I am eure, was related to Lafayette—that would nake me a distant cousin of Lafayette's—wouldn't it? If I could only prove that, I'd make some people squirm at the next meeting of the Damos!"

Mrs. Danvers smiled indulgently. "Oh, my dear," she said, "why bother your head about your pedigree? When one is well-born, one is well-born."

bother your mean the property of the property

winkles to relay in a smile, as she heard the children sing:

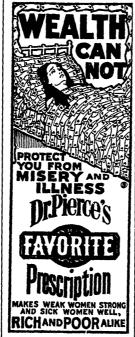
"Sure le pont d'Arignon
On y dansera, on y dansera l'
The "said the Marquise, who hated all art since the year 1703, "what a face for treuze"

What a pleture for Boutet de Montal' excelained fisy.
The sun had burst through a light rional and it touched the duncing group of children with a thousand points of light. Elihan, her face all smiles, raised it to the Marquise and Guy the Orlandson at allian, Rosalind, do mischief could have been done no more applicate. Lillian saw only the black lighters in the smishine, and Guy been driving and the same of the same saw only the black lighters in the smishine, and Guy beheld the one radiant creature. The Marquise saw a sweet, young girl a la mode de Greuze

"Who is she" she demanded "I don't know-I wish I did," Guy said Ills aunt rested against the brilliant group.
I am afraid that she is an American," the Marquise said. "I saw two dreadful creatures with her the other day—of a horrebiv common sort—over dressel. That kind of people are always divorced I have seen her with Pere Bertrand.
Guy did not hear this, for, before his ann tinished, a gust of wind took the hat of a boy belonging to the group, and east it into his face. He caught that he bright, quick smile.
Guy, like nearly all modern Frenchmen of his class, epoke English.
"To uare very kind," she said, with a bright, quick smile.
Guy, like nearly all modern Frenchmen of his class, epoke English.
"The sar pleasure." He paused, while all the children opened their eyes and wated, Why did this Monsieur epoc and wated. Why did this Monsieur epoc and wated the Thompson' He paused, while all the children opened their eyes and wated, Why and this Monsieur epoc and wated the "Thompson' If she could help it."

"My name is Lillian Wesnett." Sho never used the "Thompson" If she could help it.
"Mademole-flo Wesnett:—my aunt, Madame do Narlonne." Lillian made her best convent courtesy: the Marquise beamed.
Lillian presented the children, and the game began—Guy and the Marquise in her low, cracked voice, joining in—
"Nous n' irons pas au bols,

Lillian presented the children, and the game began—Guy and the Marquise in her low, cracked voice, folining in—
"Nous n' trons pas au bols,
Les lauriers sont coupes,"
When Lillian saw her relations on the quay, sise left, takint the children with her, in a shower of "Bon Jour, Madmar! Bon Jour, Monsleur!"
"Sho is gone!" sighed Guy, as if when the same shower of "Bon Jour, Monsleur!"
"Sho is gone!" sighed Guy, as if when the same shower of "Bon Jour, Monsleur!"
"Sho is gone!" sighed Guy, as if when the same shower of the same shower of the head if the head if the same shower of the head if the next day Pers Bertrand, on his way back from a call on the oldest inhabitant, saw Gay Lillian and the children on the quay. Ho noticed that the children were playing by themselves, and he smiled. He did not call attention to hunself. On the third day, Guy was presented to Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett and Mrs. Dauver. "We are in the linterested in France,—because we are Daughtors, you know, Vicomite," said Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett, wide in the linterested in France,—because we are Daughtors, you know, Vicomite," said Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett was all for the king. Mr one's parents living.—I am not so fortunate. Your parents wore French?"
"Oh, no," said Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett, "but I am closely related to Do Narionne, who was prominent in the Revolution."
"All he was not of our family. Our branch was all for the king. Mr great-grandfather was the O'Donney-lie was the seas of the Tunter of the large of the prench took the side of the Torles. It trust that you do not sumpathize with the enemles of Old Glory."
Lillian tried to interpose, but her mother metaphorically strode over her prostrate body.



It is a glorious thing to be a

It is a glorious thing to be a bagatter

'One lower, and earlied at Lillian With such a mother. I am sure Mademoiselle finds it so. May I conduct Mademoiselle to the Falaise at Mora?" he asked.

'Cortainty, Vicomte," Mrs Thompson-Wesset said, wondering why she was consulted.

Soveral days of clear weather pressed Lillian torgot the children, and Guy meglected his a unt in the morallags Pere Bertrand, good and discerning the other way. One afternoon, flury disturbed the priest's hard-carned siesta.

'Mon pere, he said, "I must go away I mast not stay here. If I do, I skindl ask Mademoisells Wesnett to be my wife."

'Why not, my son?"

'I heard to day thrt she is rich ""So mach the better, my son" imposable! She is a Pretestant.'

'No, her father has censented. I shail receive her into the Church at the Assumption"

"But she is rich!"

'The Comte d'Estreos married a rich woman,—and he was poor. The Due de la Ferrise did likewise. Their wives—"

"Pay My wife would have to live at live," said Guy, tightening his lips. "My aunt would leave all her money to my brother, if I married an Americau."

"No, her 'y said Guy, tightening his lips. "My aunt would leave all her money to my brother, if I married an Americau."

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No, her 'y said Guy, tightening his lips. "My aunt would leave all her money to my brother, if I married an Americau."

lips. "My aunt would leave all her money to my brother, if I married an Americau." "No, sno likes this one. And she will like to know that your wife is rich." "It is impossible!" "I know the young lady; Her tastes are simple; she loves sweet, kindly. "I know the young lady; Her tastes are simple; she loves sweet, kindly." "I know the young lady; Her tastes are simple; she loves sweet, kindly." "She must live as I live. But will assert that she will not refuse you." "She must live as I live. But will she? You know which a life Madame down the will not live with libe parents; she despises the country; she says that a Duchesse should always be splential. She asks for one thing one day, an opposite thing the next. She says "I will rule,—I will not have the Duc say No to me, if I want to go to Constantinople; he shall not be the head of the family." Now you know, mon pere, a man must be the head of the family. But, if one's wife is rich and American!—do you think she would accept my simple life?" "She has been well brought up by the nums. I tell you, my sm. I know." Guy's face brightened.
"She is like nobody on earth! If you are sure——" "Y you do not ask her, you will not "I' you do not ask her, you will not

Guy's face brightened.

"She is like nobedy on earth! If you are sure—"

"If you do not ask her, you will not be sure," said the astute priest. "If you do not ask her, you will not be sure," said the astute priest. "If the history of Tiers Monts will assist me; he will come on Sunday."

Guy klesde the cure on both checks, and went off, to find Lillian. She was alone, near the coping of the promenade. He found the way clear. Lillian was not unwilling to go to his hustling lodge, and to endure Louise, his cook, and Rickard, his valot and man-of-all-work. It did not take long to come to this understanding.

"And I," she said gently, "must tell mana =- and when site knows she will help us to put some rooms to the lodge. And I may buy a carriage, may I not?"

Guy was astonished to find the

And I may buy a carriage, may I not?"
Guy was astoulshed to find the ethereal convoit girl so matter-of-fact; but he was happy. Treading but golden light and rose leaves and plak clouds, he went back to talk overything over with Pere Bertrand, who assured him that there would be no trouble with the Marquise. He was certain of that.

Mrs. Thoube with the Marquise. He was certain of that.

Mrs. Thoube with the Marquise when Lillian told lier the news. "You will be the Vicentesse do Narlonno!"

"O'Donnell de Narlonne," corrected Lillian.

"We shall have to explain the O'Don-"

"O'Donnell de Narionne," corrected Lillian.

"We shall have to explain the O'Doninell when we get home," said her mother, a slight gloom on her face. I'l wish thise French were not so proud of their Irish name. I hear that Mutame do Mac Malion prefers to be called by that mame rather than the Duchees of Magenta; but it's something to be the mother of a Vicontesse!"

"It is almost as good as being a Colonial Dame," said Mrs. Danver, kissing Lillian, "but he's awfully poor!"

Comman Lames, which has awfully poor!"

"Oh, he won't marry, if the Marquise cuts him off:—he can't; he'll have no future;—w've talked it all over," said Lillian, with a smile of confidence. "I hope size will consent."

"You have more than enough for toth," Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett said, houghtly, "And I shall be that succeed Manuskakane in the chought of the Martin Martin of the confidence of the Martin of the Confidence of the Martin of the Martin of the Confidence of the Martin of Martin o

sho was not created a day, the radiopliness, sho ran off to play with the
children.

Guy dressed for dinner and was
watcher for his annt, when she entered
the sation with an unusually stately
trend. She held out two cards, and
he read:

Mrs. Thompson Wesnett."

Tuderneath this was poncilled: "Fille
de in Revolution." On the other card
was the legend; "Mrs. Danver, Dame
Coloniate, Fille de la Revolution."

"To mo!" said the old lady, her eyes
Hashing, "An Insult! At first I read
only the names, and I came down.
Those two American savages, pearlrowdered and over-dressed were here.

We love the great Lafayette, they
said it very but French. 'I have him,'
I answered, 'for he was a wicked man,
though he married the good Madenolselle de Noullies,—poor woman! He
was a Free Mason and a traiter to his
king! Then I looked at their cards.
And I almost shriked: 'Pardom me,
ladies,' I said, 'I cannot receive Daughters of the Revolution it my house.

I may remind you that Robesplerre guil-

When or where

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lotined the noblest of my name. Revolution is a term not to be proud of. And I faced them. You should not be a support of the proud of the property of the pro

"A bagatello!"
"So much the worse! It is more horrube!"
"The Princesse de Lambelle and nearly all the laddes of the Court of Mario Antoinette belonged to a Masonic Lodge and had Masses said for the dead." Guy pleaded, erushing the un'ortunate cards.
"The Church had not spoken so strongly against those frightful sceleties. And the poor Princesse paid for her sins at the hands of the atroclous Revolution of which those American women are daughters. Shameless!"
"It is o' the American Revolution thoy speak—"
"Ye is o' the American Revolution thoy speak—"
"Nor norelibe! Your ancestor cut off the Comte de Conway without a sou because he joined the abominable Lafayette!"
"My detr' annt—"
"No more! My beart will break, if you ally your name with such creatures!" And the two wont in to dinner. To Guy, the stately condies shihing on the malegany table spoke of death and all grussome things. The gold fight in vain against ignorance, thought. And in the thorning, all had been fair! He cursed the Daughters.

On the next day Lillian was closely presented, and long annual study of presented.

on the next day Lillian was closely guarded; and Guy's aunt stuck to his side. He was wretched; Lillian was wretched. Her people had forbiden her to speak to him; but she smilled.

wratched. Her people had forbidden her to speak to him; but she smiled.

"Remember who you are," whispered her aunt, "that woman has haulted her aunt, "that woman has haulted every "Daughter" in America,—and your father could buy all her property in hundred thines and not feel the loss!" But Lillian continued to smile. The Vicente supide miserably in return; and the Marquise clung to his arm. "I will have a family council and prevent said a marriage!" she threatened. "You cannot marry in face of legal decreed! I must save you!"

There was an unusual crowd on the promenade this files morning. The Marquise was Josted close to the Thompson-Wesnett group; she raised her eyes in disadin. She forgot them, however, as she recognized a friend. "Mouselgueur!" she cried.

In front of her, with this brother, Pere Bertrand, was the Bishop of Tiers-Monts. She courtesled and kissed his ring.
"And you?" he said, to Lillian, smiling.
"My flance," spoke Guy, gravely.

Tiers-Monts. She contested and siss od his ring.

"And you?" he said, to Lillian, smilling.

"My flance," spoke Guy, gravely. The Bishop held out one hand to each.

"The Church speaks!" whisperce Perc Bertrand.

"She has a sweet face!" said the Marquise, who loved isnalsons people.

"And these distinguished laddes?" asked the ambulop prelate.

"My mother and aunt," said Lillian, with his convent contresy.

"Both Daughters of the Revolution," spoke up Ms. Thompson-Wesnett, mollitled by the epither "distinguished," "your Eminence, both Thaughters!", and it is the prelate to sil!" "And," cat in day, "Monsedgneur will do us the honor—"On the Feest of the Assumption," said Perc Bertrand, "On the Feest of the Assumption," said Perc Bertrand, "With pleasure, Monselgneur replich, smilling: and Perc Bertrand promptly in the said of the flance of the Revolution and the Marquise, kept the wine very cool.

"Out," seld the Marquise, in the ovening, "she has a sweet face, and she will make the a good wife;—but her apople wher are 'Daughters'! It appals mol But," els added, resignedly, "I suppose we must bear all

HOW WHITTIER RETALIATED

An esteemed member of the Society of Friends sends a copy of some impromptu lines written by John G. Whittier when he lived in this city and edited the "Freeman." They were written for an album at the request of a young woman who boarded in the same bruse with him and who had been in the habit of bantering the young and sensitive poet with the rively sailles to his exceeding discomiture. The occasion of the tax was her equature from the boarding house.

Thou art going hence, God bless thee? Thou art going hence, Jarowell May the devil no but distress thee, May the wide world use thee well.

Thou art going hence forever, And thou sheddest not a tear; 'Tis well, for tears shall never Lament thy leaving here.

They will miss thy merry laughter, As the schoolboy does his rod, And the jokes which followed after Thy visiting abroad.

Farowell! the Lord be with thee In thy future goings on, And the plous shun and fear thee As thy Quaker friend bath done!

Thy illo, may nothing vex it,
Thy years be now a low,
And at thy final exit,
May the double miss list due.
—Philadelphia Bulletin HOW WE LEARN.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth, Such as men give and take from day to day, Comes in the common walk of easy life, Blown by the carcless which across our way.

Bought in the market at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance
the bowl,
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces e'en the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance Nor watted on the breath of summer dream,

dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of
a soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind
and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine, Not in the merchandise of gold and

Not in the world's gay hall of mid-night mirth. Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief.
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might.
Plows up the subsell of the stagnant heart

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pulu,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well plowed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in valu.

AFTER KIPLING.

Boston Pilot:—Rudyard Kipling anulhilates Paul Krugher in a poem which ralls him "Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Layling on a new land the ovil of the old."

Rudy, me boy, don't let liliteration nake you a make you a Saury, superclious, shuffling, shrew-ish scold. Filling up a new song with the stuff-ing of the old.