

POETRY.

SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean your house an' clean your shed,
An' clean your barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from your head
And sweep the snow-bank from your heart.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO.

REVENGE OF EDMOND DANTES.
CONTINUED.
CHAPTER LIII.
THE JUDGE.

The young woman hid her face in her hands.
"O, sir," she stammered, "I beseech you, do not believe appearances.
Are you, then, a coward?" cried Villefort,
in a contemptuous voice.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE ACCUSATION.

The judges took their places in the midst of the most profound silence;
the jury took their seats; M. de Villefort,
with a look of unusual attention, sat in the arm-chair
and cast a tranquil glance around him.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Debray. "That worthy prince!"
"A nobility of the rope!" said Chateaubriand,
phlegmatically.
"Will he be condemned, will he not?"
asked Debray of Beauchamp.

CHAPTER LV.

THE PROOF.

"Not at all. I yesterday engaged a servant,
who had just left M. de Villefort—I
intend sending him away to-morrow,
for he eats so enormously, to make up for the
fast imposed upon him by his terror in that house."
"Are you jesting?"
"Not at all. I yesterday engaged a servant,
who had just left M. de Villefort—I
intend sending him away to-morrow,
for he eats so enormously, to make up for the
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CHAPTER LVI.

THE PROOF.

"I will tell you, M. le President.
A man who had sworn vengeance against my father,
and had long watched his opportunity to kill him,
had introduced himself that night into the garden
in which my father buried me.
He was concealed in a thicket; he saw my father
bury something in the ground,
and stabbed him in the midst of the operation;
then thinking the deposit might contain some treasure,
he turned up the ground,
and found me still living.
The man carried me to the founding hospital,
where I was inscribed as No. 37.
Three months afterwards, a woman travelled from
Rogliano to Paris to fetch me,
and having claimed me as her son,
carried me away.
Thus, you see, though born in Paris,
I was brought up in Corsica."

months afterwards, a woman travelled from Rogliano to Paris to fetch me,
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There was a moment's silence,
during which one could have fancied the hall empty,
so profound was the stillness.
"Proceed!" said the president.

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horse, impelled by fear, flew towards the house.
"Yes, yes," repeated Villefort, as he approached his home,
"yes, that woman must live, she must repent, and educate my son, the sole survivor, with the exception of the indestructible old man, of the wreck of my house. She loves him; it was for his sake she had committed these crimes. We ought never to despair of softening the heart of a mother who loves her child; she will repent; no one will know she has been guilty; the crimes which have taken place in my house, though they now occupy the public mind, will be forgotten in time; or, if, indeed, a few enemies should persist in remembering them for you, then, I will permit me to my guilty list. What will it signify if one, two, or three more are added? My wife and child shall escape from the gulf, carrying treasure with them; she will live and may yet be happy, since her child, in whom all her love is centred, will be with her. I shall have performed a good action, and my heart will be lighter." And the official breathed more freely than he had done for some time.

CHAPTER LIX.

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