THE QUEEN'S TOKEN

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Louis de Valmont uncluyed his short riding cloak ast they threat, and the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties. The properties of the properties of the properties of the properties. There is but one such a properties. The properties of the Queen of Brother corner in the properties. The properties of the Queen and properties. The properties of the Queen and properties. The properties of the Queen and properties of the Queen and properties. The queen Daughilness prices as a licent signify a tear. The cuntum work and properties of the properties of the queen Daughilness prices as the properties of the prope

chain of strong, finely-wrought steel links, to which was suspended a small purse of the same fabric, containing an object about the size of a walnut, rolled up tightly in a piece of fine leather. As he ceased speaking, he placed the chain in his brother's hand. Brother Cyprian took it in sience, and would have opened the purse, Louis looking at him with a half smile. an object about the size of a walnu

I cannot find the spring," he said. "I cannot find the spring," he said.
"Nc; the trick is cunning, and you
must learn it, for if the token comes
to you it will come as it is. The third
link to the right slides, so—and the
purse falls flatly open." Then Louis
unrolled 'the leather covering, and
Brother Cyprian saw the famous gem.
It was a quaint and beautiful object,
and the monk looked at it intently,
but in utter silence. It was a fair
balas-ruby, clear and smooth, and red
like rich, crimson blood from a severed banas-ruby, clear and smooth, and red like rich, crimson blood from a severed artery; heart-shaped, and laid on it, with a well-feigned carelessness, was one softly white pearl. "You will know that token, brother, when it reaches you."

n it reaches you." shall know it," said the monk. An hour later, Louis de Valmont had left Kilferran, and was winding his way over the stony and difficult track which led to the shore, accompanied by his wild-looking guide. Solemnly rose the voices of the monks of Kilferran, as they chanted their evening office whom the sure had

monks of Kilferran, as they chanted their evening office, when the sun had gone down behind the rugged hills, and the ocean waters were tossing grey and murky under the dull sky. None could have discerned in Brother Cyprian's face, or in any tone of his voice, that the day just departed had differed from any other day of his even, uneventful life. Composed and

the schooling of the cloister, and there was, before that, the schooling of unknown, unshared sorrows, and under their folit restraint Brother Cyprian kept his foal in patience. Soon after the subsidence of the tempest rumors arose of shipwrecks off the southern coast, of many disasters to life and property, and dismal tales of the crimes of the wreckers were told. But no tidings came to Kilferran of the loss of the ship in which Louis de Valmont had sailed. No spar had drifted in, no drowned sailor or shattered, wave-to-seel shred of ship's gear, to tell of a vain battle with the awful storm army; of swift, sure defeat. Days tecame weeks; the summer waned, but no intelligence of Louis de Valmont reached Brother Cyprian. The Queen's token came not. Such scraps of straggling intelligence as found their way to Kilferran had no reference to the escape, the release, or any amendment in the condition of the capitive Queen. Was Louis dead, or living? Had he made the attempt and falled—made it so foolhardily, been so powerless and inconsiderate among Mary's friends and against her chemies that he was merely set aside. killed, perhaps, and that no mention of him came into the public gossip? Brother Cyprian pondered much uron these things gravely—not with acute pain, indeed, for the accidents of time had sunk, in his mind, to nearly their just insignificance—but no solution of them came. Brother Cyprian looked a good deal older; his habitual gravity deepened; and could those among whom he dwelt have heard the words of prayer most frequently upon his lips, they would have known them for the solemn pleadings of the "De Profundis."

Brother Cyprian was the scribe of the community. Little writing was necessary in those days to the management of all human affairs outside diplomacy in comparison with the present demand for the literascripta; but certain matters had to be transacted in writing, and Brother Cyprian's services were in tocrably constant demand. He had never passed so much of his time in the small room with bure white walls, and heavy caken table, whither the lay brother had come to announce to him the memorable visit of Louis De Valmont, as immediately after the transfer of the treasure to a secure hiding-place. For many hours of many days, except in choir and refectory, the community saw nothing of Brother Cyprian, but he was understood to be engaged in business for the Prior, and none inquired farther. Meintime he wrote in the laborious, cumbrous, slow call-graphy of the time an accurate reinquired farther. Mointime he wrote in the laborious, cumbrous, slow caligraphy of the time an accurate record of all that had occurred in relation to his brother, and to the trust of the treasure, and he recorded upon the document his belief that Louis de Valmont was dead. In this conviction he added to the statement that he, being the only survivor of Louis, and his natural heir, bequeathed the gold and lewe's contained in the indicated hiding-place to the dwellers in Kilferran Abbey for their use and absolute disposal. The bequest was to take effect when it should be necessary to make the fact of its

contain any other day of his personnel of the contained o

other convents.

agony of supplice which many prediscerned warring from that dath choir, his place knew him no noised abroad little world with the world which the state of the st

Rithe world we habbey, that Br dying. The slow later times, prodes of our enewere much less when all the counted the slow of the "black death." general a sharter time to people of this epoch in the histor live, and were counted men when our contemporaries are reckoned in the module term of life. There were unusual and mysterious symptoms about this mortal sickness of Brother Cyprian, long trances of seeming unconsciousness, in which no sound of any human voice could so reach him as to arouse recognition, and when yet his face wore a smile as though evoked by some voice or presence unseen by the watchers by his bed, patient, unskillful men, with only goodwill to bring to their task. Muttered sounds of pleading, of dread, of remonstrance, for the most part inarticulate, but awfully expressive, broke the stillness of night, and chilled the hearts of the hearners. They had little experience of minds diseased, and Brother Cyprian was not to be suspected of a burdened conscience, a troubled soul. And yet in these ramblings of the mind, freeing itself from the fragile, fading body, there was disturbance, agitation; wild vagaries of memory distracted the dying man; names which belonged to another country. to a phase of history out of which the world had passed

gile, fading body, there was disturbance, agitation; wild vagaries of memory distracted the dying man; names which belonged to another country, to a phase of history out of which the world had passed, came frequently from his lips. There was much coming and going to and from Kilferran Abbey now, and troubled consultations between the Prior and the monks and the strangers who brought them confirmation and warning of their evil days near at hand. But amid all this, undisturbed by the pressing trouble and danger, occupied by quite other thoughts, dragged back, by the mysterious power which rules the spirits of the dying, to which he had so long ago renounced. Brother Cyprian lay on his deathbed.

Late one night, when the whole community had long retired to their cells, save only the watchers, one of them came to Prior and told him that the monk desired to see him. The Prior instantly compiled with the summons, and entering the cell found Cyprian awake, quite sensible and calm, but with a look in his dark, worn, feeble face which can never be mistaken by any one who has seen it once—the look which tells that immortality is very near. The monk's thin transparent hands were stretched out before him and chasped, and his eyes were closed; but they opened as the Prior approached, and all the trouble, restlessness, the vague anguish which had been in them of late, was gone. "You sent for me, my son," said the Prior, advancing to the side of the rude pallet on which the dying man lay. "Yes, father; I want to speak with you alone. My time is very short now. Let the community pray for me, and do you hear my last con fession."

For some weeks no such clear and coherent words had come from Brother Cyprian's lips.

"And now," said the dying man,

coherent words had come from Bro-ther Cyprian's lips.

"And now," said the dying man, when his confession was ended, and silence had prevalled for a little while, "I will tell you how it" is that my last night on earth is pass-ing on to the morning."

that my last night on earth is passing on to the morning."
"Tell me, my son," said the Prior, whose habitual composure was severely taxed, for he loved the dutiful and zealous monk with more than the perfunctory affection supposed to be inherent in a "superior," and who had just listened to a strange and melancholy history. "You are not suffering, and I am not leech enough to read the subtle signs of approaching dissolution. I must summon our brother infirmarian." arian."

"Not yet, not yet, for a little while. This, father, is how I know the truth. It was not quite midnight when I awoke from a refreshing sleep and found my brother Louis standing heids me." ing sleep and found my Louis standing beside me."

(To be Continued.)

Queer Things to Eat.

Octopus is largely eaten in the Octopus is largely eaten in the Isle of Jersey. Picric acid, a component of lyddite, is used to adulterate beer. Hedgehog, baked in a clay oven, is a dish any epicure might envy. The Icelander eats dried fish and butter just as we eat bread-and-inter. A Chinese drink is made of lamb's flesh, bruised with rice, and fer-

mented.

Sherry owes its peculiar taste to sulphate of lime, two and a half pounds of which are added to each 1,800 pounds of grapes.

A penny will buy twenty times as much nourishment in the shape of oatmeal as in the form of beef.

Meat has been preserved in a frozen state for thirty years, and found. en state for thirty years, and found perfectly entable at the end of that time.

The sterlet, caught in Siberian ri-

vers, competes with the pompano from the Gulf of Mexico, as the most from the Guif of Mexico, as the most delicious fish in the world.

A company has been formed to supply the English market with reindeer venison. Telemarken, in Norway, is its headquarters. It has a head of 2,400 deer.

Vermouth is made of white wine, flavored with red Peruvian bark, rhubarb, orange-peel, iris root, verpnica, centaury, cinnamon, elderflowers, germander and sugar. Truly a wonderful compound!

In Mauritius they make tea of the leaves of an orchid. In Peru they drink mate, a tea made from a native species of holly. The 'Abyssinians make a tea from the leaves of catha edulis, which has strong, stimulating qualities.—Answers.

No Women's Prisons.

No Women's Prisons. No Women's Prisons.

Austria is the one country in the world which never puts a woman in prison. Instead of giving the female criminal so many months in jail she is sent, no matter how terrible is her record, to one or other of the convents devoted for the purpose and there kept during the time for which she is sentenced. The convent is not a mera price in its not a which she is sentenced. The convent is not a mere prison in disguise, for its courtyard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a nun, who acts as portress, just as in other convents. **SE BABEL'S DIMENSIONS**

D ANCIENT GREEK DOCUMENT UNDER-KES TO THROW LIGHT UPON THEM.

hooming until now, when it ches us in the form of an ancient sek minnerpit, which was recent discovered by M. de Mely, the discussed French archaeologist. The ct date of his manuscript does ack to be known, but M. de Mely several of his collesques of the lemy, of inscriptions who have unded it are confident that it is of the oldest in existence and the facts contained therein be accepted as historical—the modern world this andent ment is of value because it contained a very clear description of the rollest facts. document is of value tains a very clear de Tower of Babel. The was eighty-four to from Babylon, and first story was side and seventy it middle was a squa structed of the story above the other awas a small sanct. The height of the metres and metres, and an exterior containing 365 steps, led sanctuary. These steps, 305 were fashioned of silv of gold, were designed to the 365 days of the year

the 365 days of the yemore, the seven stories ed to correspond to the of the week and also to of the year, since 365, the steps, divided by 7, of the stories, gives us ber of the weeks in an Furthermore, a very old that the various stories ed so as to represent ed so as to rep which are suppos which are supposed ays of each wee story was painted aturn's color: the dorange, in third was pathird was pathird was pathird; the formula, the sun being fashion; the fit in the property of the supposed to the supposed to

third was parent for represent Mars; the four was of a golden hue, the sun being symbolized in this fashion; the fifth was painted yellow in honor of venus; the sixth was blue, this being Mercury's color, and

low in honor of venus: the sixth was blue. this being hiercury's color, and the seventh was siver, in honor of the moon.

To Americans the discovery of this old Greek manuscript is of special interest, for the reason that a model of the Tower was extended in this country some time ago was exhibited at the National Maseum, in Washington. The model was the work of Mr. Joseph Palmer, who shaped it in accordance with the theory of Sir Henry Rawlinson, the famous Orientalist. Sir Henry, after long investigation, concluded that the tower was composed of seven the tower was composed of seven stages, each of which was an exact square, and that on the seventh was placed the ark, or tabernacle. The dimensions of the building he gives as follows: First story, 272 feet each way and 26 feet in height;

"Ma wants to borrow your mop."
Of course the mop was one of the few things distinguishable in the mass of household material, so the child shouldered it and departed, omitting the court of the child shouldered it and departed, omitting the court of the child should be considered.

to say "thank you." Before entrusting her with it we had elicited the information that her mother lived "next door."

"next door."

When we needed that mop we brought it back ourselves. But it really wasn't the same mop.

With the arrival of the second van, ordered each the really wasn't arrival of the second van,

generation, and, in the second is there is internal evidence that author of the Greek manuscript referring to the tower on its r as they existed in his own time. Y. Herald.

THE BORROWERS

By Edwin L. Sabin, in

"What to Eat."

The first van-load of goods had just been deposited on the premises of our new home, and my wife and I were vainly wondering how many days it would take us to create a paradise out of our chaos, when from somewhere appeared in our midst a slip of a girl, scrawnyl dirty and spiritless, who announced, in a thin voice, without any preliminarles:

"Ma wants to borrow your mop."

Of course the mop was one of the few thitigs distinguishable in the mass of household, materials as the cream, because their supply had soured. Mrs. J., who is altogether soo kind-hearted, gave her half a pint.

It might be well to state here that matches, egg. cream, bread, flour and other eatable were to be repaid to us. This was a cand theory, but seemed to lack backbone.

The morning passed uneventfully, since such matters as lending the law mower and washing machine de not count. Just as we were seated at dimer, "next door" despatched a request for soup plates.

The end was drawing near. Unless we took a firm stand, soon we would be having our mail addressed "next door," where all our other belongings were.

Before the end did come the following commands, pettions or announcements were listened to and if I were listened to and if I were listened to and if I were listened to an an internal were to be repaid to a lack backbone.

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ing commands, petitions or announce-ments were listened to, and, if I were not about, to stiffen my susceptible

ments were listened to, and, if I were not about, to stiffen my susceptible help-meet, they were granted:

"Ma wants to borrow helf a dozen napkins." (Granted.)

"Ma sent me to know if she might get a couple of towels." (Granted.)

"Fa wants to us your saw a minute, (Refused.

"Ma nan't got any clean sheets and can you toke iend her one?"

When we needed that mop we brought it back ourselves. But it really wasn't the same mop.

With the arrival of the second van arrived again the girl, who said that her moth r dei-red to be accommodated with a little salt. This is not the exact language, out the import is similar. However, we couldn't find the salt, because we should frequire some for supper, and dierefore, according to all the laws of moving, according to all the laws of moving, the was at the very bottom of the third and a coal bucket. The third and a coal bucket. The third and a coal bucket. This finished the civilities, of the first day, save that, just at supper time, the feminume Mercury bore to us, with the compliments of "ma," half a loaf of very soggy bread. The next day she forrowed a whole loaf, much better. But I am anticipating. The following day, while we were eating breakfast, a knock sounded on the kitchen door, and there was the girl-more scrawny, more dirty and more spiritless than ever, who asked: "Pa wants to know if youl! lend him a little tobacce—jess a pipe-full."

So "pa' was joining forces with "ma." I do not smoke, "That morning we iconned "next door" is a very sire that the pump handle. The case were called for in Instalt a pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and so the pump handle, but loved if again and s