

THE LEADERS AT WORK.

Guiding spirits of the Revolution Destroying One Another.

WAR OF THE FACTIONS IN 1793.

How and Progress of the Revolution, that most terrible and bloody instrument of vengeance—the guillotine and the Paris Convention and the Paris Convention and the Paris Convention.

By JAMES HENRI BROWNE.

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The guillotine was an active and terrible agent in the French Revolution that some account of it is usually included in any history of that most momentous epoch.

HISTORY OF THE GUILLOTINE.

The facts are these. He was a professor of anatomy, pathology and physiology in Paris, in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

What is known as the Reign of Terror—the whole Revolution, lasting six years and three months, is often regarded as having begun Sept. 9, 1793. Christianity, specially dignifying Roman Catholicism, which the people associated with every form of despotism, was also abolished, not only as a political error, but as a religion of Reason substituted therefor.

THE HEBERTISTS.

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THE GUILLOTINE DOES NOT SEEM TO BE THE SORT OF OBJECT TO EXCITE INTEREST.

But for some time after it had been introduced in France, the Parisians amused themselves with it. It was regarded as a sort of miniature copies of it were worn on chains and rings.

SAD FATE OF THE DAUPHIN.

One of the saddest incidents of the Revolution was the imprisonment and death of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI and titular king of France.

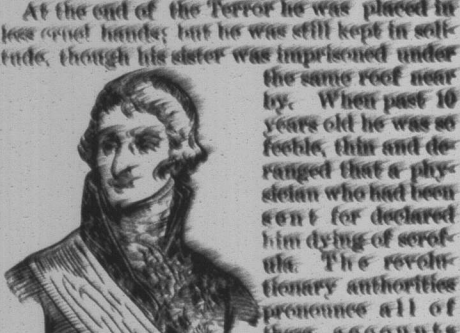
THE GUILLOTINE.

The guillotine, as we know it, derives its name from the connection of the nervous system with the brain, most of the brain matter being destroyed in the operation.

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mother's arms and taken wild with fright, to a distant part of the building. There he was put in charge of a brutal and violent soldier, Antoine Simon, a regular assassin, who professed and showed him no mercy.



ROBERT.

Robert was in person the opposite of what he would have been imagined to be from his treacherous journal.

THE MILL MYSTERY.

By ANNA KATHARINE ORREN.

CHAPTER I.

Life, struck sharp on death. Makes awful lightning.

That just came in from the street. I had a letter in my hand. It was for my fellow-leader, a young girl who taught in the High School, and whom I had persuaded to share my room because of her pretty face and quiet ways.

CHAPTER II.

A FEARFUL QUESTION.

Nay, yet there's more in this: I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinking.

CHAPTER III.

ADA.

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die—Or hell.

There was death in her face: I saw it the moment we reached the refuge of our room.

Mr. Barrows and I will be buried in one grave. The waters which drowned him have gone over my head also.

Would I listen? I could not speak, but I drew up the lounge, and sitting down by her side, pressed my cheek close to hers.

"We were both orphans. As far as I know, neither of us have any nearer relatives than distant cousins; a similarity of condition that has acted as a bond between us since we first knew and loved each other.

When I came to S— he was just settled here, a young man full of zeal and courage.

Whatever the experience of his college days had been—and he has often told me that at that time ambition was the mainspring of his existence,—the respect and appreciation which he found here, and the field which daily opened before him for work, had awakened a spirit of earnest trust that ere long developed that latent sweetness in his disposition which more than his mental qualities, perhaps, won him universal confidence and love.

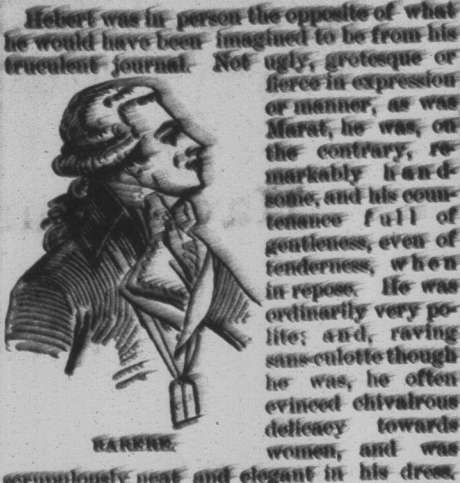
"You have heard him preach, and you know he was not lacking in genius; but you have not heard him speak, eye to eye and hand to hand. It was there his power came in, and there, too, perhaps, his greatest temptation. For he was always easy to modify a naturally magnetic look and tone because the hand that touches yours is shy and white, and the glance which steals up to meet your own has within it the hint of unconscious worship. Yet what he could do he did; for, unknown, perhaps, to any one here, he was engaged to be married, as many young ministers are, to a girl he met while at college.

"I do not mean to go into too many particulars, Constance. He did not love this girl, but he meant to be true to her. He was even contented with the prospect of marrying her, till—"

Oh, Constance, I cannot tell you more.

There was no alternative but to follow.

"What did I say?—what could I say, with—"



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her sweet blue eyes looking so truthfully into mine, but—"Oh, you darling girl!" while my heart filled with tears, which only ceased overflowing, because I would not let her see my momentary joy by a hint of my own sweet trouble.

"And who is the happy man?" I asked, at last, rising to pull down the curtain across a too exquisite ray of afternoon sunshine.

"What is it?" she cried, coming hastily towards me.

"I don't know," I returned. "The people are all rushing in the one direction, but I cannot see what attracts them."

"Can it be?" I asked myself, as I hurriedly followed.

"I am right," thought I, "God grant that no harm has come to him!" and I dashed down the stairs just in time to see the frail form of my room-mate flying out of the front door.

I overtook her at last; but where? Far out of town on that dark and dismal road, where the gaunt chimneys of the deserted mill rise from a growth of pine trees.

"What is it?" I asked, going towards her with an irresistible impulse of sympathy.

"I don't know," she murmured; "a sudden pain here," laying her hand on her forehead.

I advanced still nearer, but her face, which had been quite pale, turned suddenly rosy; and, with a more natural expression, she took me by the hand, and said:

"But you look more than ill, you look unhappy. Would you mind telling me what worries you?"

This we did in terror and pity, for the look with which we led the way was not the look of any common determination, and the power which seemed to force her feeble body on upon its fearful errand was of that strained and unnatural order which might at any moment desert her, and lay her weak and helpless body by this time down there, as he stepped doubtfully forward.

"He could have had no errand here," I heard her murmur. "How then he is drowned here?—how? how?"

"Alas! that was the mystery, dear heart, with which every mind was busy!

The door of the mill had fallen down and rotted away years before, so we had no difficulty in entering. But upon crossing the threshold and making for the steps that led below, we found that the growing twilight was anything but favorable to a speedy or even safe advance.

"She will throw herself in," whispered a voice; but as, profoundly startled, I was about to hasten forward, she hurriedly turned and came towards us.

"I think I see her yet, the pale-green twilight on her forehead, her lips parted, and her eyes fixed in an incredulous stare.

"Do you mean," she cried, "that she deserves any such name as that? That his death here was not one of chance or accident, mysterious, if you will, but still one that leaves no stigma on his name as a man and a clergyman?"

"Indeed, miss," came in reply, "we would not like to say."

"Then, I say, that unless Mr. Barrows was insane, he never premeditated a crime of this nature. He was too much of a Christian. And if that does not strike you as good reasoning, he was too—happy."

"The last word was uttered so low that if it had not been for the faint flash that flitted into her cheek, it would scarcely have been understood. As it was, however, they comprehended all that she would say; and, satisfied with the impression made, she laid her hand on my arm, and for the second time turned towards home.

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