

"Did the Knights All Die of Yore?"

I was sitting in my study,
And the night was growing cold;
I was reading from a story
Of the noble knights of old.

PAULINE.

And there was worse in store for me.
Her hands, ungloved and with the fingers
interlaced, were carried in front of her.

How could I speak now? The answer
had been given before the question
had been put.

She saw me looking at the little white
hand of hers, but simply dropped her
lashes and said nothing.

More and despondent as I felt at the
dark night made, it was not long before
she in the great change in Pauline's manner.

So several days passed. Pauline made
no sign, or certainly none I could construe
favorably.

I knew that my only way was to carry
out my determination at once. Having
made the resolve I would act upon it next
day.

I could not go without explaining some
things to her. I need not pain her by allud-
ing to our relationship, but I must inform
her that she was not the heiress she
believed.

As soon as I had finished my pretense
at a breakfast, I walked across to the house
where Pauline lodged.

"Yes, I have loitered here long enough,"
I continued, attempting to speak easily,
"a great many things call me to town."

"I will come," she said, quitting the
room hurriedly.
"I waited. Presently Priscilla appeared.
She was looking daggers at me—undeserved,

departure, but as I was passing out of the
house she said, in a tone of withering scorn,
"Master Gilbert, you're a bigger fool
than I thought you were."

Such an observation, even from an old
servant, could not be passed by. I
turned to remonstrate. Priscilla simply
slammed the door almost against my nose.

My frame of mind was a sad one when I
reached the Clearing. I threw myself down
on the sloping ground and turned my eyes
up the path by which she must come.

Was it sleep? Yes, because one must
sleep in order to dream. Ah! if that
dream were reality, life would be worth
having.

I opened my eyes. In front of me stood
Pauline. Those grand dark eyes of hers
no longer veiled by the lashes, but open
and looking into mine.

For no man yet has seen in a woman's
eyes the look I saw in Pauline's unless
that woman loves him above all the world.

"Do I love you? I love you!" she said,
and hid her blushing face on my shoulder.
The words, the action, was enough, but
presently she raised her head and pressed her
lips to mine.

"When did you know? When did you
remember?"
For a moment she answered not. She
broke from my embrace; then, opening
the bosom of her dress, drew forth a blue
ribbon which hung round her neck.

"Gilbert, my love, my husband, if you
will that I shall be your wife, if you think
me worthy of it, take them and place them
where they should be."

"But when did you know—when did the
memory come back?"
"Dearest," she whispered, and her voice
sounded like music, "I knew it when I
saw you standing on the river bank. It
came to me all at once. Till then all was
dark. I saw your face and knew every-
thing."

"Why did you not tell me?"
She hung her head. "I wanted to find
out if you loved me. Why should you do
so? If you did not we could part, and I
would set you free if possible. But not
now, Gilbert; you will never get rid of me
now."

Her thoughts had been the same as
mine. No wonder I had misunderstood
her. The idea of her waiting to see if I
loved her seemed so preposterous?
"You would have saved me days of grief
if I had known you cared for me. Why
did you take off the rings, Pauline?"

"Not quite all, but enough. The truth,
the love, the devotion—all this my hus-
band, I can remember—all this I will repay,
if my love can do it."

"I will come," she said, quitting the
room hurriedly.
"I waited. Presently Priscilla appeared.
She was looking daggers at me—undeserved,

Priscilla, I said gravely, "I am going
by this evening's coach. I will write when
I get to London."
I had my revenge in full. The good old
soul almost fell weeping at my feet.

"Oh, Master Gilbert, don't see, don't see go,
sir! That poor young lady, Miss Pauline,
what will she do? She loves the very
ground you tread upon."
I had bargained for reproaches, not sen-
timent of this kind. I laid my hand upon
her shoulder.

"But, Priscilla, Miss Pauline—Mrs.
Vaughan, my wife, goes with me."
Priscilla's tears came more copiously
than before, but they were tears of joy.

Years afterward I was in Paris. The
great war had been fought out to the bitter
end. Traces of the conflict between the
two races had almost vanished, but those
of the second and interregnum contest were
visible everywhere.

"Who are they?" I asked
"Blackguard Communists."
"Where are they taking them?"
The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

I started as his eyes met mine, but I am
not ashamed to say the movement was
caused by no feeling of compassion. Generi,
in spite of myself, I pitied, and would have
aided had it been possible; but this ruffian,
liar and traitor should have gone to his
doom, even if I could have saved him by
lifting a finger.

"No, thank you."
But we heard it. In ten minutes the
rattle of rifles sounded, and I knew that
the last and guiltiest of Anthony March's
murderers had found his deserts.

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My tale is told. My life and Pauline's
began when we turned from that cemetery
and resolved to forget the past. Since then
our joys and griefs have been the same as
those of thousands.

Yes, it must be so; for she has read
every line I have written, and as we peruse
and revise this last page her arm steals
round me, and she says, insisting, that I
shall record her utterance.

A son of the Bishop of Rochester
becomes a Roman Catholic.
One of the latest notions are slippers
made of raskins—two skins to a slipper.

FAMILY HARMONY.

Practical Hints on Domestic Matters
That Are Worth Considering.

Philadelphia Call: The value of home is
in its attractiveness, not so much with
reference to external adornment as the
restful, genial feeling that is especially an
element of home.

"I discovered that these do not per-
fectly harmonize. Necessarily, if a happy
wedded life to be enjoyed there must be
an accommodation to each other—each
yielding for the sake of harmony.

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There is little need of embittered, wasted
lives if this lesson of cultivating compati-
bility is properly learned. And nothing
tends to make home more delightful.

Plucky Feat by a Scotch Nobleman.

A correspondent of the Northern Chronicle
records the following story of a plucky
adventure of the Earl of Dunmore: On
5th November Lord Dunmore was seal
hunting with some friends in the Sound of
Harris, and after a long stalk he succeeded
in getting within shooting distance of five
seals, one of them of the large Greenland
species. The seals were all lying on a
rock. He aimed at the big one and
wounded it. The seal splashed about a
good deal in the water, and the whaleboat
with the harpoon should have been brought
up at once on the spot being heard, but
owing to a mishap on the rock she could
not move. The moment was critical. The
seal to all appearance was to be lost to the
sportsman, but Lord Dunmore, seeing the
whaleboat could not come, threw off his
coat, vest and sea-boots, and plunged
into the sea, and with a piece of tangle in
his mouth swam out to the seal and
grappled with him.

Napoleon's Carriage.

The carriage in which the First Napoleon
made his famous retreat from Moscow, and
in which he, as Emperor, set out from
Paris in the campaign which closed at
Waterloo, is now preserved in London
among the effects of the Duke of Wellington.
It is a two-seated conveyance, and the
top, or cover, is lined with thin sheet-
iron. There is also a front curtain of iron,
which can be lowered at will. The wheels
are large and heavy, and the steps at either
side silver finished and of a curious design.
The rear seat was the one used by Napo-
leon. Under the cushion of the seat he
carried blankets and pillows. The back of
the front seat opens, and at the right hand
forms a small cupboard, in which were tin
plates, knives, spoons, water-can and a
small fluid lamp. On the left is a long
opening, extending forward nearly to the
"dash-board," and into which the Emperor
of the first nation in Europe and the
military autocrat of the world was wont to
extend his feet and legs, in order that he
might lie at full length. The blankets, pil-
lows, spoons, knives and lamps that were
used by the emperor are still preserved.

The wedding outfit of a South Carolina
bride embraces fourteen dresses, ten pairs
of shoes and five bonnets. She is going to
be very happy.

Mississippi river steamboat men believe
that a vessel whose name begins with the
letter M is bound to be unlucky.

LONDON GOSSIP.

An Interesting Budget from there-
pols of the World.

A London cable letter says: The of
Byston Park Library began yesterday
will continue through the next week. It
contains numerous rare books, 1 in
bad condition, including the folio
Shakespeare, the latest copy hatched
with a fabricated title. A Mazarine,
far inferior to the Perkins copy, sold
to-day for £3,900, the largest price
paid for a printed book. Mr. Quarles
the buyer, it is understood on com-
mon.

Prof. Blackie, an eccentric highly
gifted Scotch professor, produced great
commotion in Glasgow by giving a
lecture on a Sunday, and selecting a sub-
ject so mundane as "Scotch love songs."
The lecture was an eulogy of beautifol
and of the historic characters had
proved amenable to their influence
David downward, and wound up the
spirited singing of an old Scotch song the
professor, who is nearly 80.

Prince Bismarck has just confided that
he keeps the clerks in his office work all
day long, and often until midnight, and
that they are worse paid than his in
private employment.

There is much talk about an un-
sightly disagreeable but very powerful li-
entitled "A Mummer's Wife," by young
Irishman named George Moore, a con-
trovertry of a lively character is said by
the announcement that Mudie, thing of
the circulating library business the
autocrat of the novel business, is totting
the work. It is announced that similar
measure has been dealt out Marion
Crawford's "To Leward," to Harine
Bauer's "Revelations," on which abou-
chers drew so largely to abuse thosen's
relatives; and to a small primer Prof.
Stuart, the successor of Fawcett mem-
ber for Hackney, on the ground that he is
an atheist.

Miss Fortescue, the pretty actress who
recently obtained \$50,000 from Il Gar-
moyle for breach of promise of marriage,
has again become engaged to Mr Harry
Quilter, the bank clerk and music critic,
whom she jilted for the son of Edwina.
Mr. Quilter has been a faithful per-
sistent suitor, and is renewed offer of
marriage to Miss Fortescue before it
was certain that she would get a
farthing from Lord Cairns. It under-
stood, however, that he is richly
willing to accept the \$50,000 as a bride's
dowry.

Sir William Vernon Harecourt, secretary
of State for Home Affairs, is to be
horrified at the frequency and boldness of
prize fights in England. He has resolved
to suppress them in future, if possible, but
his success is doubtful, as the ministers
persist in inflicting only nominal penalties
as long as the fighting is fair.

New Proverbs.

A white lie often still makes a black
story. It's a poor musician who'll blow
his own trumpet. He who would eat
the egg must first break the shell. Fry back
has its pack. The man who tries to
continue believing in his friend should
never put them to the proof. Let after
your wife; never mind yourself, I'll look
after you. The want of money is the root
of much evil. Egotism is an alphabet with
one letter. If you'd know man's
character, follow him home. In love
women; women love a man. The surest
road to honor is to deserve it. Only
whisper scandal and its echo is heard by
all. It's not the clock with the least tick
that goes the best. Home is rainbow
of life. Don't complain of a baker
until you have tasted his bread. See who
live in a worry invite death hurry.—
Truth.

Rescued by Cowboys.

There was a little episode of the
Buffalo Bill type out at Fort Keb, Mon-
tana, one day last week. A party of
Indians gave chase to a carriage which
two ladies were taking a drive, claiming
that one of the ponies in the team belonged
to them. The ladies were bad scared
and drove like mad to escape the Indians,
who, in turn, pushed their ponies to their
utmost in pursuit. A party of cowboys
saw the chase and dashed after the Indians,
whom they finally caught by surrounding
every one of them while going at full speed.
The ladies recovered from their fright and
kept their pony.

The Tichborne claimant is being
engaged to appear at an entertainment in
Edinburgh for one week at £200.

Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson of Mis-
sissippi advises the Protestant bishops
not to employ negro clergymen for the
Southern negroes. Separate congregations
with white rectors are what he recommends.
He believes that the blacks contain no
respect for ministers of their own color.

Two ladies contended for precedence in
the court of Charles V. They pleaded to
the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded:
"Let the eldest go first." Such dispute
was never known afterwards.

A Frenchman who recently died directed
in his will that the sum of \$500 should
be given to the "wounded in thuxet war
with Germany."
The uneducated palates of a Wisconsin
total abstinence society did not reject the
rum in the lemonade on a festive occasion
until gallons had been swallowed and
visible intoxication had been produced.
The wicked mixer of the beverage had told
them that the peculiar flavor was due to
something new in sugar.