CHAPTER XV .- (CONTINCED.) ough precautions taken to intercept where this M. Pierre will not search them, and of the dogged persistence for you and the girl he has declared of M. Pierre's belief in their vicinity, shall marry him."

This man was outwardly among the most eager of M. Pierre's supporters, and was much in his confidence; and | der. he assured Emile that it would be extremely hazardous to attempt escape | color that fair hair jetty black; you for a month at least, although he was | must wear it in another fashion. Garwilling to do the best he could for ments, too, make a wonderful change; them.

Emile heard his unfavorable account as possible." thoughtfully, and rep. fed:

"I see plainly that I must mix among you here. I will remain secreted with here forever, but I trust implicitly in you through the day, and make my your sagacity; I yield unquestioning way back to my hiding place at mid- obedience." night. The next night I will manage to

can manage the matter." so easy a matter; the change of guards | Pierre will soon remove his watch had given control to a more faithful from sight and set a secret trap. But and vigilant set of men.

Emile was challenged twice, and giving some hasty excuse, saying he was a trusty citizen of Frejus out to look at the chateau ruins, was gruffly ordered back to the town.

He turned back a little way, and taid himself down among the bushes, the glossy hair, just in sight of the pacing figures.

What must be do? Daylight was at hand, and it was absolutely necessary am gone." he should prepare his young charges for his absence, and acquaint them with his future plans. Lying prone on his face he crawled along, the reconnoisance showing him there was one spot; at a projecting knoll where but one sentinel was stationed, and he hardly in sight of the others, when he turned the rather sharp corner.

Emile's mind was made up at once. He found a beavy stick, and in the same serpent fashion crept cautiously along on the ground toward of it than he himself, but he will do his

the spot. Having obtained the desired position any demonstration. On the fourth, as able and pleasing a companion as the man slowly moved around the could ask, but then we have relied so and sent him aprawling some two or losing him." three yards away.

In the brief time required for the astonished man to gather himself up, anxious to get you away, that I leave Emile had darted into the wood. Away at all. he sped, the swifter for the loud hal- childish, I know, but will be calm and loo of the sentinel.

He was familiar with every spot in the forest, and gained his object fong before the aroused sentinels could follow him. He found his faithful friends enziously awaiting his return.

Jules had recovered entirely, and he fistened anxiously to the plans of Em-

"It will do very well for me who shall have my old strength in a few moisture in his eyes. days longer, but for your niece, for Mademoiselle Chlotilde, it would be more trying. But, why, indeed, should they bear any ill will to her?"

"Because she has lived in a noble family and was extremely attached to its members; because this wretch of an M. Pierre means to make her his wife, and she abhors the idea."

"Abbors, indeed!" ejaculated Jules, gazing after the slender figure which had passed into the further room, which she had taken for her own private retreat; so singularly-gifted and refined a creature to marry that odious overseer! The very idea is distressing even to me. Ah, Monsieur Emile, if doc. you and your niece are impartial types of your class, I cannot help feeling humiliated that we have ever presumed to call others noble in compar-

"Chlotilde has had superior advantages," observed Emile, quietly; I doubt if the hapless Lady Felicie Languedoc herself was more accomplished or graceful."

"I am sure I have not a moment's question about it," replied Jules, hastily; "none of the noble ladies I have ever seen could equal Chiotilde for loveliness or grace,"

"The care of this retreat will devolve upon you in my absence. It will be safe to go a few yards from the tree at night, but no farther than that. would not have you even venture to the spring. I will fill up the water casks before I leave. I am thankful for the few books I brought from the chateau; with them and each other's society, I trust you will not find your imprisonment underground too irk-

"Oh, no, that is, I must speak for myself. It is a peaceful refuge from carnage and violence. But for past herrors and anxious fears of the future, I could not ask a happier life. Chlotilde, too, seems weighed down by some grievous recollection. I do not like to question her."

"Do not, I beseech you. Allow them to die away, if possible. It is worse than idle to dwell upon the past, since nothing can remedy it; and it weakens your vigor and energy for coping with future perils."

"I have endeavored to follow your directions. What more did you hear from Paris?"

"Additional herrors—the people have gone mad. They must become worged with blood ere the reaction tried to hide the cloud on his forebead. I foresee that, Nevertheless, I

can see no other way than for us to From him he learned of the thor- get to Paris. It is the only place

"But I shall be recognized by scores there," exclaimed Jules, with a shud-

"I hope not. I shall find means to but of course you will keep as retired

Jules drew a long breath. "It seems to me I would rather be

"Your health would suffer by long get out on the highway; and do you residence in this unsunned cave. I am give out publicly that you have re- already anxious about Chlotilde. The ceived word that the Gray Falcon is two weeks have paled her cheek sadly. coming down from Paris to stir up With extreme caution you might both the populace of Frejus. Come and go up to the surface every day. There meet me, if you can, and introduce me are apertures in the trunk of the tree to this Pierre. Let me gain the confi- to take reconnoisance in every direcdence of the majority and I think I tion. Seeing the ground clear, you could venture out, though I warn you Getting back into the forest was not to be wary. If he be crafty, this M. I mean to get you both away speedily." Felicie came from her room, and

looked up affectionately in his face. "You have talked with Jules long enough, my uncle; say something to

Chlotilde now." He drew his hand caressingly over

"I have been telling him what good care he must take of my child when

"Gone! oh, Emile!" exclaimed she, in consternation. "For a little time, dear one, only to

prepare for your escape." The tears were slowly trickling

down her cheeks, she could not speak a word of answer. "Why, my little one, are you so

stricken? Jules is left to take care of "Jules is a very poor substitute for

you, monsieur; no one is better aware best," observed the youth,

"Nay, nay," interposed the girl he remained perfectly quiet, allowing eagerly. "I did not mean to wound the unconscious guard to pass three your feelings, dear Jules; you are times over his beat before he made everything kind and good. As agreepoint, he leaped to his feet, and in the thoroughly upon my uncle, it struck ewinkling of an eye tripped him up. me with sudden dismay to think of

"For a little time, my child. It is because I fear for your health and am heroic, to help me all you can."

"I will try," replied she, firmly; but the sweet lips quivered sadly.

"And you will succeed. Jules must exert all his powers to divert your thoughts. You must read together, and tell fairy stories, and be good children till I return, like a good genii, to release you from your dungeon." He smiled playfully, but there was a

The three were silent a long time, and then Felicle broke it timidly:

"And when do you go, my uncle?" "To-night at the darkest hour. must fill your water cask from the spring before I leave."

They talked gravely over their plans and hopes until noonday; when Emile took his much-needed rest, and the youthful pair sat down rather disconsolately, it must be admitted, each the great qualities and splendid diplowith a book in hand. matic triumphs of the deceased minis-

Jules turned to the title page of the litle volume of poems he held. name was traced there in delicate handwriting-Lady Felicle Langue

"Ah," said he, "I should so much like to know just what she was, and how she looked, that poor Lady Fe-

His companion glanced over the volume to see what it was which fixed his

thoughts, and smiled archly. "Why are you curious? Did know anything about her?" asked she. "Why, yes. I knew that she was the sale heiress, the pride and hope of the chateau yonder, which lies ruins. It was there, that horrible night, you know, that I was so wretchedly maltreated. But I did not see her, not even her corpse," He paused shuddering, and then added more calmly, "I should like to know just how she looked, just what was her character. The writing, you see, suggested the thought. I fancy I have a good idea, but I may be mistaken. If she resembled her father she was no beauty."

> CHAPTER XVI. ELICIE averted her conscious was bending her book; she dare not pursue the subject, and presently he was lost plished so much in diplomacy in so in the contents of short a period, he scarcely ever gave the volume. Emile did not re-

appear until after dark, although in their subterranean dwelling night and day were alike, and the hours were most perceptibly marked by the shortening candles. Then he shouldered the one empty water cask, and clambered with it up the rude stairway.

He returned with it still unfilled, and "It's of no consequence. On second known in Greenland.

thought, there can be no danger of your needing more water. You will be as prudent as possible, and I mean to relieve you long before you broach the last cask."

Neither suspected that he had attempted to reach the spring, and narrowly escaped capture. He went back to the upper room, and

listened there anxiously. "I do believe it is the evil one himself; how else could be vanish so mysteriously?" said one wondering

"The peasants say it was haunted long ago," said another, in equal astonishment.

"Peste! don't you know that was our own doing, citizen Pierre managed it? This is beyond belief, only for Pierre's assurance that the royalists are hid up somewhere here. Fire at it next time, and see what that will do," replied a third.

It was a long time before they went away, and then Emile anxiously listened for the direction of their retreating steps.

"Who would have believed that obstinate Pierre would stick so closely to this idea? They will be sounding the tree next. I see plainly I must use my wits to get out. Ah, I have it! Where is my ghostly dress and light! I'll rig them on a pole with cross-arms and carry it in eight of these fellows and set it up. They'll rush forward, believing they have caught the man, and I can slip away unperceived. But I must go to the extreme end of the woods. It will not do to draw further attention to this spot," And having matured his plan, he

acted upon it promptly. Carrying the effigy before him, he walked unmolested to the outer end of the wood. He heard the first shout

of discovery and saw half a dozen forms come rushing toward him. Setting the pole, which he had taken care to sharpen, firmly in the ground, he slipped behind a tree trunk, and dropping on his knees crawled noise-

lessly over the mossy earth to the other side. As he expected, the rush for the supposed capture left the picket line vacated; he lost no moment in clearing it, and as soon as he dared, sprang to

his feet, and ran swiftly. Extreme care was needed for more than a mile, but when morning broke he was safely in the highway. Once there, he brushed from his dress all signs of his late proceedings, and boldly hailed a market wagon passing

on to Frejus. Before he reached the town he met his comrade, who looked immensely relieved at sight of him.

"Welcome to the south, most valiant Gray Falcon! Where did you dip your beak last in the accursed blood of the pristocrat and tyrant?" exclaimed the

"I come from Paris, and am sent south to kindle the zeal of the people for equality and liberty. How goes the cause?" responded Emile, while the driver of the wagon eyed him with open-mouthed wonder and a little fear. "We have some bold spirits. There is worthy citizen Pierre, you will find him eager for the work; and we expect the famous Gray Falcon of Paris

will wake us all up." They proceeded slowly on till they reached the town. There in the market square they saw M. Pierre conversing earnestly with a group of men.

Emile's companion shouted to them. "Come hither-come and welcome

the Gray Falcon. He has arrived at last on a special mission to us!" The crowd in a moment surrounded

them. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRINCE LOBANOF. The Russian Press Eloquent Over Bic

Great Qualities.

The Russian press is eloquent over

ter and statesman, says a correspondent of the London Times. The Novoe Vremya says: "The deceased belonged to the school of Boyar diplomatists, who have become so rare since the time of the Empress Catherine, and who possess strength of will and a manysided European education, as well as knowledge of their own country and the strong support of hereditary connections. Such men have not been as you want. The poorest people in afraid of what other nations said of us and have believed in Russia's mission and right to play a great part among the other powers of Europe. Prince Lobanof belonged to that small class of Russians who know what they want and how to attain it. During his short tenure of office he isolated Japan, attracted Germany to co-operate with Russia and France, protected the integrity of China, effected a reconciliation with Bulgaria, secured full freedom of action to Russia in regard to Turkey, and strengthened the friendship with France." The same journal foresees the appearance of much unfounded comment in the foreign press on the possible consequences of Prince Lobanof's death and strongly urges its readers against the supposition that any change whatever in Russia's foreign policy will result from this great and unfortunate loss. Much is also said

Early Cotton Mill. The first mill for manufacturing cot ton yarns was located in North Providence, R. I., by Samuel Slater in 1793.

Not a single infectious disease i

about the literary labors of the late

minister, and it is curious to note that,

although he appears to have accom-

official business, the rest of his time

being almost exclusively devoted to his

favorite study of historical research.

"A MOMENTOUS QUESTION," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, James IV.14: What Is Your Life?-Yes, Life Worth Living if People Will Only Live for God.



we leave to the evolutionists guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt

about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the

question, "Is life worth living?" Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterborn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no,

How are we to decide the matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. (If the wind blows from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteonsly answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western ence how you got your wea'th, if you hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow, and misfortune, and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, It all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much this country are the millionaires. There is not a seissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph but are kept out by the blankets she or a telephone in their own house, so quilted. On Sunday, when she appears they catch every breath of change in in the village church, her children the money market. The disease of ac- around her, the minister looks down, cumulation has eaten into them-eaten and is reminded of the Bible descripinto their heart, into their lungs, into tion of a good housewife-"Her chiltheir spleen, into their liver, into their dren arise up, and call her blessed; her

Chemists have sometimes analyzed ducement for happiness to come and makes a piec for the downtrodden and what it is on an animal

They send footmanned and postillioned becomes a merchant, starting at the live there, but nappiness will not come, equipage to bring her; she will not ride foot at the ladder but climbing on up to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphat arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the bauquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those

who have had large accumulation. And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of me

that be dominant in a man's life he is from the village for these five absent miserable. Every four years the two ones, mying fome, mother is danmost unfortunate men in this country gerously it." But before they can be are the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of acutse, telegram, sarring "Come, mother is and diatribe, and malediction graduat- dead." The net neighbors gather in ly fill up, gallon above gallon, hoge- the old thrombouse to to the last offices head above hogshead, and about mot- of respect 3 to as that farming son, summer these two reservoirs will be lend the bog man, and the senator, brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwanting. to rak that group around the casket and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it and strangulated, and at every sign of a mount of the life is always returning consciousness they will barked at by the hounds of philical parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men today struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are mea today as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of ouland-out rakes in American society. whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed a't the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary You find in that realm men who wou! not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in day, and who could not write a terter of acceptance or regrets without aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only any fous to have the binding Russian, Their ignorance is positively sublime, met ing English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest partors over before them. Good morals and into ligence are not necessary, bu, w ... or a show of wealth, is positively incliapensable. It does not make any differonly got it. The best way for you t get into social position is for you buy a large amount on credit, then pu your property in your wife's name have a few preferred creditors, at then make an assignment. Then casappear from the community until inbreeze is over, and come back and star in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest iiving? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the barder you will drop. . .

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There four boys and two girls. Small farm. school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldthe human body, and they say it is so est boys want a collegiate education, much magnesia, so much lime, so much and the household economies are semore than two or three hours a day to | chlorate of potassium. It some Chris- | verer, and the calculations are closer, find he was made up of copper, and One of these boys enters the university, script of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he would gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and coal, and iron. That is not a life and preaches righteousness, judgment, large part of the book. worth living. There are too many and temperance, and thousands durearthquakes in it, too many agonies in ling his ministry are blessed. The other it, too many perditions in it. They lad who got the collegiate education build their castles, and they open their goes into the law, and thence into legpicture gatteries, and they summon islative halls, and after a while he prima donnas, and they offer every in- commands listening Senates as he

the outcast. One of the younger boys until his surces and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son ALTS at home because he prefers terminas life, and then he thinks be will be this to take care of father

and mother when they get old. Of the two taughters: when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsourg Landing and Fortress Hourne, cheering up the dying and the homewick, and taking the last message to localized far away, so that every time thrist thought of her, he money, getting, fall far short of amu- said, as of old. The same is my sister ence. It is estimated that only about and mother. The other daughter has two out of a hundred business men a bright home of her own, and in the have anything worthy the name of suc- afternoon -ine forences having been cess. A man who spends his life with devoted to are household—she goes the one dominant idea of financial ac- forth to book up the sick and to encumulation spends a life not worth hy- courage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

So the idea of wordly approval. If | But one day there start five telegrams ready to Mark they receive another land the merchan, and the two daughters sland by the easker of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting Officer tittle dulation to see once more the free of dear old grandma, I want one question Do you really think her life was worth being?" A life for God, la useful the a Christian life is always worth hyms

I would use day it hand to persuade you that the year lad Peter Cooper, making the for a living, and then amassing a great formine until he could build a philancumpy which has had its echo to ten 'no. sand philanthropies all over the country-1 would not find it hard to personde you that his life was worth horng. Notther would I find it hard to permunde you that the life of Cusamon Waley was worth living. She sent an our son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his nutuems at through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the tite of Frances Leere was worth being, is she established in England a action for the scientific nursing of the dek, and then when the war broke our between France and Germany your to the front, and with her own hands staged the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak armstanding one night in the hospitalpushing frank a German soldier to his couch, ra, all frented with his wounds, he rushed to rus door and said: "Let me go, thet. me 40 to my libe mutter,"melor-generals standing back to let para this impet of mercy. But I have be thought in the minds

of hundreds of you today. You say, "While I have all these lived lives worth living i ton't think my life amounts to much." Ah' my friends, whether you have a life conspicuous or Inconspicment. It is worth living, if you live eright And I went my next sentence to an town into the depths of all your south. The are to be rewarded. not recombing to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which yet employed the talents you train possessed. The maforily of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for to all of them here tempted only to save themselvis. The cast majority of the criwna if heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but die It all to cont. And remember that our here to introductory to another. It is the residence to a palace; but who de pises the four of a Madeleine be-Come there we grander glories within?

CISSITUDE.

The "freignes Marks," Once & Judge " resety in thicago.

The original of "My name is Marks, I'm a lawy a "take," is living in poor el amsten on a Chicago at the age of eighty three His name is Abraham Marks, 11. my that Mrs. Stowe wishel to la this Thele Tom's Cabin." and some one rold her he was the only attorney in the vicinity. Judge Marks -he was made a probate judge by Sam Homston - has had a checkered career. Gradutting from Union College in 1832, he endied law, was admitted to the har, and went to New Orleans, are six children in the household- From there he went to Monroe, La., where he established the Standard. Very rough, hard work to coax a liv- His commend of that paper drew him ining out of it. Mighty tug to make two to several duels and he was indicted ends of the year meet. The boys go to half a degree times for libel. In 1837 he met a fire-eater named Alexander on "the field of honor," and escaped with a bullet inrough his coat. After this duel he started for Texas on horseback. At Houston be met the famous Sam Houston, then president of the Texan Republic. Houston made him judge of the Probate Court at San Antonio. He remained in Texas a number of years and then returned to Arkansas. All his life Indige Marks has been an active politician. He was at first a Whig, but afterwards became a Republican, to which party he has belonged since it was born, in 1856. He says that when he was a very small child his parents, who lived at Penercola, were intimate with Gen. Jackson's family, and that he remembers seeing Mrs. Jackson sit in the chimney corner and smoke a pipe. He asserts that Henry tian chemist would analyze one of and until those two boys get their edu- Ward Beecher once told him confidenthese financial behemoths he would cration there is a hard battle for bread. It tally that if he could see the manusee that he (Beecher) had written a

> A scientific Dane clair - that a sleeping plant exposed for some time to the fumes of chloroform or ether is aroused into activity, the effect of an anaesthetic on a plant being the reverse of