

### Come Awa' Home.

Jonnie, ma man, are you no thinkin' o' risin'?

O who is that that is speakin' so kindly?

O Jonnie, my man, the bairns they're a' greetin'.

O well I remember the time when we courted.

These times are awa' and they'll ne'er come again.

So rise up, my Jonnie, and come awa' hame.

### We'll Move the First of May.

We'll break the windows, mar the doors, and ruin everythin'.

We'll dump the ashes in the hall, we'll clog the water pipes.

We'll break the door knobs, and the house we'll wholly disarray.

The house we leave behind us will be awful to behold.

Except it be the house to which we'll move the first of May.

### The Girl of the Period.

She is tall and lithe and slender,

She is good at canvas scratching;

She can satisfy your wishes

## ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

### A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

With this news they were obliged to content themselves for some time. It was not till dark that M. Lemerrier returned; and then to Esperance's joy, he was not alone.

M. Lemerrier hastened to introduce the stranger, and Esperance, with truly French politeness, recovered herself at once.

"Yes, mon amie, news of Gaspard, but I trust not altogether bad news. Courage! Do not tremble so. Monsieur Ambrosin, who is a comrade of your brother, tells us that he is wounded, but I hope not seriously."

"Mon Dieu! when did he fall. Where did you leave him, monsieur? Surely, surely he is not still on the field?" She looked at M. Ambrosin, her eyes full of agonized entreaty.

"I hope not; but mademoiselle will understand that, in the midst of fighting, I can really hardly tell what happened. We had taken Montretout, for some time our men held it gallantly, but later in the day we were forced to evacuate it. In the retreat I was beside monsieur, your brother, when a ball struck him, and he fell. I think he was stunned, but mademoiselle knows that there is no pause in a retreat. There were ambulances near. It is very possible that he is at this moment in this city, being carefully attended to."

Esperance shuddered. That "bien possible" was positive torture to her. Was in not also very possible that he was still on the battle-field, lying out there in the cold, among the dead and the dying, perhaps dying himself—and alone! Her tears fell fast, as in imagination she pictured all this to herself. A movement from M. Lemerrier aroused her. She found M. Ambrosin taking leave, and, in spite of her swimming eyes, called up a sweet little farewell smile, and a few broken words of gratitude for his kindness.

He left the room, and madame, with loving words and caresses strove to comfort Esperance.

"Poor little one," she said, tenderly; "all the troubles of life come to you. But do not cry, dear child; no doubt Gaspard is but slightly wounded. Has he not passed through the rest of the siege without hurt—save, indeed, that arm wound, which was but a trifle?"

"But the uncertainty," sobbed poor Esperance; "I could bear it, if I only knew all, even if he were dead." Then as madame could find no reply, she started up with despairing energy, "Madame, I must know where he is! I must find him! I will go to the ambulances."

She hurried away to her own room, snatched up her cloak and hat, and in half a minute was again in the salon, where M. and Mme. Lemerrier were discussing the possibility of her enterprise.

Monsieur, who was a kind-hearted little man, came to meet her with a mixture of affected gallantry and true sympathy, which would have amused her at any other time.

"Dear mademoiselle," he began, "do you rightly understand the difficulty of your task? The ambulances are scattered

about the city in every direction; the night is cold, it will be too much for you. I will make every possible inquiry if you will permit—"

Esperance interrupted him. "Monsieur is too good; if you will indeed go with me, I shall have no difficulty, it will be far easier for me to bear than waiting here. Let us come at once if you can really spare the time. Adieu, dear madame; give us your good wishes."

The night air felt cold and chill as Esperance and her companion walked down the street; the lamps had long ago ceased to be lighted, and their progress would have been slow had not M. Lemerrier known every inch of the ground. A few minutes' walking brought them to the Odeon Theatre, which had been converted into a hospital. Esperance's heart beat high with hope as she waited in the vestibule while M. Lemerrier went in to make inquiries, but after what seemed to her a long absence, he returned with "failure" written on his face.

"He is not there, dear mademoiselle. But courage! we will find him yet. Let us go to the American ambulance."

Esperance loved the American hospital in spite of its painful associations; she had often visited it since her father's death, taking her small contributions of *charpie* or garments for the sick, so she was pleased at the thought of going there, and of seeing again the kind American ladies, and somehow she felt confident that Gaspard must be there if anywhere.

She walked on bravely in this hope. But alas, she was soon undeceived. The cool, airy tents were there, the prettily dressed American ladies were just as she had pictured them, but among the rows of wounded soldiers Gaspard was not to be found.

The names of several other ambulances were suggested to them, and they went on their search once more, but Esperance, now that her hope had been disappointed, found it hard work to keep up. Bodily fatigue and mental suffering were beginning to tell upon her, and after three or four more failures, M. Lemerrier, looking at her white face grew alarmed.

"Mademoiselle is ill. Let me call a *fiacre*, if I can procure one, indeed which is doubtful after all the horse-flesh we have eaten. Let us return, and wait for daylight to resume our search."

But tired as she was, Esperance would not hear of this. "No, no, indeed I am not ill, monsieur," she replied, quickly; "let us do all we can. Which will be the next ambulance?"

"The Grand Hotel—and here we are; now let me persuade you to wait in the entrance while I go to inquire."

Esperance was, by this time so faint that she was obliged to consent, and, sinking down on a bench, she waited, though with scarcely any hope of success. It seemed hours before her companion returned, and then, once more, came the weary answer: "It is no use—he is not there."

M. Lemerrier was now more than ever bent upon going home, and she had scarcely strength to resist his urging. It was not till he was on the very point of calling a *fiacre* that she was fully roused. The very realization of what the relief would be, reminded her also of her object, quickening all her powers, and renewing her grief, which for the time had been half-numbed.

"Indeed, monsieur, I would rather walk," she exclaimed, with sufficient energy to surprise M. Lemerrier, "and we have yet to inquire at the Theatre Francais."

"Ah, it is true," said monsieur, reflectively. "You are a veritable heroine, mademoiselle; and if you are really able to do so we will proceed. No, *citoyen*, to the driver of the *fiacre*, "one must walk on foot during a siege. Take my advice, and eat your horse while he is yours."

The driver growled out something about "a fare," and "adding to the rations"; but they were soon out of hearing of his grumbling. Esperance had been a little surprised at the friendly "*citoyen*" bestowed by M. Lemerrier on the driver. She was still unaccustomed to Republican manners, and this little incident, trifling as it was, filled her thoughts during the walk.

She was quite exhausted when they reached the Theatre Francais, and waited wearily in the vestibule, unheeding of the comers or goers—half stupefied by grief, cold, and fatigue, while in her brain was a wild confusion of battle fields, ambulances, and *citoyen* drivers. Before M. Lemerrier returned she had quite lost consciousness, and in her dark corner remained unnoticed for some time.

She returned to life a little later to find M. Lemerrier bending over her, a mixture of anxiety and half-suppressed excitement in his face. He gave an exclamation of relief as she opened her eyes.

"Ah, she recovers! Dear mademoiselle, be comforted; I have good news for you. See, then, who is here!"

Esperance, thus appealed to, opened her heavy eyelids again, but only saw the statue of Voltaire. This roused her. She sat up, rubbed her eyes, and before she had time to look again, found Gaspard's arms round her, his well-known voice once more in her ears.

"Poor tired little one! And so you have been wandering all over Paris to find me!" She could not look or speak then, but just put her head down on his shoulder and sobbed for joy, while her whole being was raised in a wordless thanksgiving.

M. Lemerrier, who luckily was too true a Frenchman to dislike a "scene," waited patiently till she recovered herself before he proposed that they should return.

Then, for the first time, looking up, Esperance saw that Gaspard's head was bandaged, and, forgetting her own fatigue, began to make eager inquiries.

The wound was happily but a slight one, and Gaspard would have been sent home sooner, but when brought in from the field he had been, like many others, overcome by sleep, and so had been delayed. When all had been thus satisfactorily explained, M. Lemerrier went to find a carriage, this time in good earnest. He, however, declined to take a seat in it himself, and sent a message by Esperance to his wife to the effect that she need not expect him to return before morning.

During the long walk he had been making all manners of observations; discontented words from passers-by had caught his ears, disjointed sentences of murmuring against Trochu, and vague hopes of establishing *Flourens*. Full of hope for his ideal Commune, he walked off suddenly in the direction of Belleville, and, thankful that good fortune had favored his search for Gaspard de M.

joining that he was now free to serve "*la patrie*."

Esperance and Gaspard, meanwhile, had reached home safely, and were so much engrossed in each other that they scarcely heeded the *generals*, which, at eleven o'clock, resounded through the city to summon the National Guard to attack the Hotel de Ville. The insurrection, however, was but trifling; and, although for a few days M. Lemerrier was very sanguine, he was soon obliged to confess that it had been unsuccessful, and that for the present the Communists must bide their time.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"It is shameful! abominable! unbearable! We could have held for another month, at least! We will resist; we will not allow it, such atrocious conditions—such concessions to those beggarly Prussians!"

Gaspard was panting with rage and vexation, M. Lemerrier having just brought in the news that the armistice was signed. Madame could not help giving a sigh of relief, and Esperance might have followed her example had she not religiously tried to sympathize with Gaspard's views. She asked a safe question.

"Is it all over then?"

"Practically," replied M. Lemerrier, "unless, indeed, we Communists can egg on the populace, which, as the *Flourens* insurrection failed, is more than doubtful."

"Think how they will exult over us, the monsters! It is surely impossible that France can submit to such terms while her sons still live! We will compel Vinoy to lead us forward once more! We will show Trochu that his signature is of no avail if the children of France do not approve!"

Gaspard panted, out of breath and exhausted by his excitement; for despite his lofty projects of future resistance and another sortie, his wound was by no means recovered.

M. Lemerrier seized the opportunity for lamenting his pet grievance.

"And you have imprisoned the only man who has any spirit—any public feeling! If *Flourens* were—*Bien!* what would you, Antoinette?"

"Do you not see how you are exciting our convalescent? Go, then, and find us some fresh news, and wait another week before you try to make Monsieur Gaspard a Communist. Now tranquilize yourself, monsieur, or your face will be permanently disfigured."

M. Lemerrier obediently left the room, and Gaspard followed his nurse's directions, though, perhaps, not for the all-sufficient reason she had given. Esperance wondered why he looked so utterly miserable; she said nothing, however, until a trifling incident solved the mystery. Some one passed the window singing the "*Marseillaise*"; the complete mockery of the words could not but strike her, and, looking up at the thoughtless passenger sang—

"Le jour de gloire est arrive," she saw that tears of grief and humiliation had escaped Gaspard. He hid his face with a bitter groan, and Esperance realized for the first time how great was his love for France.

The siege was virtually at an end, but it was not till nearly the middle of February that food became cheaper, and still the Prussians were encamped round Paris, their presence galling the humiliated people.

Every one felt that the troubles of France were by no means at an end, and M. Lemerrier grew daily more hopeful for his Commune. Esperance was sorely disappointed; she had hoped for a speedy deliverance from all privation and distress; but, instead of this, the aspect of affairs grew blacker each day, and Gaspard, who, even in the worst days of the siege, had been bright and hopeful, was now given up either to indignant murmuring or to settled melancholy.

Esperance tried obediently to grow patriotic, and succeeded in hating the Prussians very cordially, taking great pleasure in hanging a black flag from the window to greet them, when, on the 1st of March they entered to take possession of Paris. Still she could not but look forward to the time when they could leave France and find a safe, quiet refuge in England.

As the weary days passed on, and M. Lemerrier talked of the Commune, she longed for it more and more, and made up her mind to ask Gaspard about it the very next opportunity.

Now that his wound was healed she saw very little of him; he was out all day, and often far into the night, and for the last few days Esperance had fancied him changed—grown more hopeful, yet at the same time restless and excited.

It was now the 17th of March, seven weeks from the actual capitulation. There was no longer any difficulty in leaving the city, and as Esperance sat in the lonely salon waiting for Gaspard's return, she could not help thinking of her father's last charge, that they should leave Paris as soon as possible. Had Gaspard forgotten, she wondered. At any rate she would remind him of it, and that very evening, too.

As if to favor her design he came in alone, and apparently in good spirits.

"So you are alone, cherie; it is well I returned. Where is madame?"

"None to visit a friend. I am so glad you are come back, for I wanted to speak to you, Gaspard. I never seem to see you now."

"'Tis true, dear; but what can you expect in such days as these? The whole city is in agitation, the mob is growing furious; we may expect a second Revolution any day, and this time I think we Communists shall succeed. The country must stand first, you know; it is not that I love you less."

Esperance's heart sunk. So this was Gaspard's view of the subject. Was it possible that he had really become a Communist? that his patriotism had degenerated to this?

For the first time she felt that it was impossible to agree with him, and there was a keenly pained tone in her voice as she asked:

"Then you have adopted Monsieur Lemerrier's plans? What would my father have thought of such a change?"

Gaspard looked a little surprised, then doubtful, and finally angry.

"Do not attempt to talk politics, please Esperance; I trust no sister of mine will ever set up for a '*femme savante*.'"

Her lips grew white with pain, not so much from the actual unkindness as from grief at the change which must have passed over Gaspard; never in her whole life had he spoken to her so bitterly.

She replied, not angrily, but unadvisedly:

"As you would; but have you forgotten your promise to our father?"

"What promise?"

"To leave France as soon as possible, and settle in England."

"England?" Gaspard's countenance fell; he had indeed forgotten.

He was so completely taken aback, the idea was evidently so distasteful to him, that Esperance forgot their quarrel in trying to comfort him. But, alas! all she could say only made matters worse. Gaspard received her caresses in gloomy silence, and finally rose, with an impatient exclamation seized his hat strode out of the room without a word of farewell or explanation.

It would be hard to say which was the most miserable of the two; perhaps Esperance had less cause for self-reproach, but certainly her reflections were sad enough, as hour by hour she sat watching and hoping for Gaspard's return.

She listened and waited in vain, however, for he did not come home at all that night. Esperance's words were ringing in his ears, tormenting him, haunting him, do what he would. Must he indeed leave France just at this most exciting moment? Would his father have exacted such a promise if he had foreseen all that would happen? M. Lemerrier had indoctrinated him, to some extent, in his communistic principles, and he could not fail to wish to be present during the coming struggle.

And then to add to his difficulties, poverty began to stare him in the face. He had been too much occupied of late to spare many thoughts for money matters, but he was aware that their income was of the smallest. How could they manage the removal into another country? How could he support himself when once they were there? Was not England already swarming with exiled Frenchmen?

In the midst of his reverie he was accosted by M. Lemerrier, who was walking excitedly in an opposite direction.

"De Mabilion! the very man I wanted. Our little affair is progressing most favorably; to-morrow we may expect a *fracas* that will make all Europe ring. Come, then, with me, you shall be initiated." And linking his arm in Gaspard's he walked off in the direction of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

But in spite of the all-exciting plots and wild schemes which were that night revealed to him, Gaspard was persistently haunted by Esperance's pale, reproachful face; and, though he listened with excited pleasure to M. Lemerrier's proposals, he felt an uncomfortable twinge when he remembered how he had pained his sister.

Esperance slept little that night; she was sore at heart, and full of anxiety for Gaspard. Neither he nor M. Lemerrier had returned next morning, and the day wore on slowly and gloomily. Madame, by way of "distraction," took Esperance to the cemetery; but the visit to her father's grave only renewed her grief, and made her long more that ever for his help and advice. She wept so passionately that M. Lemerrier was quite distressed, and began to apologize profusely for her foolish ideas, her ill-conceived plan.

On the way home they heard confused reports of a Communist insurrection, but nothing definite. Madame was, of course, much interested, knowing that her husband would probably take a prominent part in any rising, and Esperance shivered as she remembered that very possibly Gaspard might be involved in it, too.

They walked home almost in silence. Madame was eager for news, however, and stayed below talking to the porter, while Esperance, taking her key, went up alone to their own rooms.

She had not waited long before footsteps were heard without. The door opened quickly and Gaspard entered looking very pale and exhausted.

Esperance gave an astonished exclamation at his appearance, and her heart beat quickly as she wondered if he had indeed been assisting in the insurrection. But her doubts were soon dispelled; in another moment she was in his arms, while he poured out incoherent regrets and explanations of his last night's behavior.

She was wonderfully relieved. It was not for some minutes that she returned to the subject that had all day filled her thoughts, and asked what had been happening.

Gaspard turned away with a groan.

"Do not ask for details, it is too horrible. Lemerrier told me yesterday that there would probably be a grand *fracas*. He had talked me into half believing in his ideal Commune—it sounds well enough in theory, and somehow at night it was exciting, and I, like a fool, really believed it was for the best. But when it was broad daylight, and one could see the mob looking more like demons than men, then I began to doubt. God be thanked, I had no hand in it, for it was a butchery, Esperance, nothing less—General Lecomte and Clement Thomas both murdered! Figure to yourself an old man, single-handed, against a multitude—dragged down—slaughtered! Ah! it was frightful—frightful!"

He paused, shuddering with horror, as he saw once more, in imagination, the terrible scene. It was not that he had for the first time gazed upon a horrible spectacle. For months he had been exposed to all the terrors of the siege, war and bloodshed were perfectly familiar to him, but this day every noble feeling within him had been outraged. His whole soul revolted from the barbarity of the assault, and the thought that only a few hours before he had well-nigh sided with the murderers, added to his horror.

Esperance did not allow him to think over it all much longer. She knelt down beside him, and strove, by every possible endearment to divert his mind. He looked up, trying to smile, but something in her face upset him completely. He turned away with a quick sob.

"Faithless wretch that I have been! forgetting my promise, forgetting you, thinking only of that abominable Commune. Esperance, we will leave Paris now; I will not let you stay here a single day longer. You are ill, I know, though you have said nothing, and my hateful neglect has been making you suffer. Ask Madame Lemerrier to help you in your preparations, and I will go out now, at once, and see what can be arranged. It shall be to-morrow, at latest."

He hurried away, leaving Esperance in a flutter of excitement, thankful indeed at the prospect of leaving Paris, and yet with a little mixture of regret, and a vague, undefined fear, that, after all, England might not prove all she expected.

Mme. Lemerrier was much distressed by Gaspard's sudden plan; she had been very fond of Esperance, and to now, at a time when she was like to do anything for her husband, she was doubly trying. She proved her love, ever, by the greatest kindness, and half the night in helping Esperance to pack their worldly goods.

They were to start early the next morning. Gaspard had obtained passports, and had done the best he could to settle his various accounts, but everything was in such confusion, owing to the war and the siege, that his arrangements were anything but satisfactory, and he was obliged to leave much to M. Lemerrier's care. He went home with the unpleasant conviction that everything was in a very bad way, and that the war had put the finishing touch to the fallen fortunes of the De Mabilions.

They were just about to start the next morning, when M. Lemerrier returned, wearing with his labors, but full of triumph; he was astonished to find a *fiacre* standing at the door, and trunks being carried downstairs, but still more so, when, on reaching the salon, he saw that Esperance and Gaspard were in traveling attire.

"De Mabilion! I have been wondering where on earth you could be! What means this? You are not going away on this most propitious of days?"

Gaspard answered gravely:

"I can not agree with you in thinking it propitious; our country has disgraced herself by that foul murder yesterday. Never, never, will your Commune prosper, which began with such meanness, such barbarity!"

M. Lemerrier looked pained and surprised, but not ashamed.

"*Mon Dieu!* I grant that we had a painful scene yesterday—but it was necessary—I am convinced it was necessary. Struggle and bloodshed there must be, but at last we shall establish true liberty—true equality—and Paris will be free."

Esperance was astonished to see how thoroughly in earnest was the speaker. His face lighted up with an expectant hope, there was something noble in his aspect—and yet surely he was greatly mistaken. She wondered whether Gaspard's resolution would be shaken, and looked up anxiously, but there was no sign of change in his grave, determined face.

He dropped the subject of the Commune without further remark and began to thank the Lemerriers for all their kindness; and then, amid tears, embraces, good wishes, and regrets, the brother and sister took leave of their home.

### Coronets of Nobility.

French counts have nine equal pearls in their coronets.

The British baron is entitled to a coronet of four big pearls.

The English viscount has a coronet of seven pearls of even size.

The earl's coronet shows five small pearls and four strawberry leaves.

The English marquis is entitled to three strawberry leaves and two large pearls.

French marquises bear three strawberry leaves and two clusters of three small pearls.

French viscounts are entitled to coronet containing three large pearls and two smaller ones.

French barons are not entitled to a coronet, but to what is called a *tortil*, a circle of gold having a necklace of tiny pearls turned three times around it.

The German prince's coronet is very peculiar with its graceful curves of pearls, its ermine circles, and the globe and cross, indicative of an imperial grant. It is used in all countries on the continent, with or without the interior velvet cap, and is allowed only to descendants of sovereign families or members of the higher house of parliament.

### A Lesson From the Baby.

Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise cannot sing a newborn child to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of paregoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when it was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full grown men are so slow to learn the lesson.—*American Analyst.*

### Compensation of Players.

Leading men and women in superior companies generally receive from \$75 to \$125; old men and women, from \$40 to \$50; juveniles and comedians, from \$40 to \$60; specialty and character actors, from \$60 to \$100. The common run of players get about \$35 or \$40, their season being in the neighborhood of forty weeks. They lead precarious lives and are apt to be more or less in debt. Another compensation is the profound satisfaction, the positive delight, that all players feel, as a rule, in their profession.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

### Inventing the Spectroscope.

When one strikes a common sulphur match the phosphorus burns with a purplish flame, then the sulphur with a yellow hue, and last of all the wood glows with reddish rays. From noticing that every substance yields its own peculiar color in burning, Sir John Herschel long ago suggested that these colors might serve to identify the substances showing them. Some time after he threw out the suggestion the spectroscope was devised, and now by its aid we are able to tell what elements are aglow, not only in the sun, but in the stars as well.—*George Iles in New York Sun.*

"Gyn" is the *nom de plume* under which the Countess de Martel, the niece of Mirabeau, writes her spirited and dashing novels. She is very small, a charming figure, a rosy face, clear, frank, sparkling eyes, and a forest of fair golden hair rounding her open forehead; her bare feet are about the size of a large shoe. Although audacious and reckless in speech and action, she always speaks *grande dame* to the tips of her fingers.