

An Episode of the Reign of Terror.

BY WALTER ROTHWELL.

"Roland, they are coming. Hark! I hear the voices, the clatter of the pikes and guns. Oh, Roland, my husband!"

"Hush! Yvonne, be brave." His wife clung to him weeping; as he tried to soothe her.

Lights approached the house, and the noise without grew louder till it culminated in a furious knocking at the door below.

"In the name of the Republic!" cried a voice.

Footsteps ascended the stairs, the door was flung open, and the room filled with the fierce, red-capped soldiers of Lebon. One stepped forward. "Citizen Mauriciere, you are arrested." Yvonne gave a cry of agony. At Arras, in the year 2 of the Republic, arrest meant death.

"Courage, dear," whispered Roland. Then aloud, he asked: "What is my crime?"

"Harboring rebels."

"Or that my father has escaped you?"

"You are an aristocrat."

"I am a Republican."

"You are a suspect."

Roland smiled disdainfully, and resigned himself to his fate.

"Then all is said," he replied, "I am ready."

Yvonne clung to him still, but he gently unclasped her hands and kissed her. The soldiers closed round him and he was gone.

His wife stood dazed. Gone! to the prison; and from the prison to the guillotine was but a short journey that the feet of some condemned traversed every day. Gone! and she was alone. No, not quite alone. Her child sleeping on a couch by the window, had awakened at the noise of the tramping and the voices, and now began to stir and cry. Yvonne fell on her knees beside him—there was still her boy left to her to guard and protect.

The little one put his soft hand up to her face, wetting it with the hot tears, and laughed. She clasped him in her arms and covered him with kisses hot and fervent. But the curly head turned away rebelliously and the dimpled hands tried to push away the mother's face. Something else had attracted him. Yvonne looked up to see what had taken his attention, and then suddenly released the child, who slid from the couch and ran tottering across to the centre of the room, where stood a tall, white-haired man clad in the ragged, discolored dress of a Republican soldier.

Yvonne shrank back at the sight of the uniform, but the man took the boy in his arms, and, advancing, tenderly drew her to him.

"My poor, poor girl," he said.

"Father!"

"I saw him taken, my child; I came to warm him, but too late."

Yvonne looked round fearfully and pushed the shutters closer.

"They may return," she said. "Are you safe?"

"Yes, for a time, and my life is precious now or I should not be in this dress," he replied bitterly. "Listen, my child, this is no time for tears and sorrowing. We must act if we are to save Roland."

"Save Roland! Can we—can you save—? Oh, it is useless. Do not raise my hopes, father. Can you, of all people, think that Lebon has mercy?"

"He! No. But Robespierre will sell a life for a life. It is I, the Marquis de la Mauriciere, they want. I escaped them, so Roland was marked down. He suffers for his father's loyalty; shall his father be less loyal to him than to the cause? My life is useless to the young king; Robespierre will buy it with Roland's freedom."

"Ah, no!"

But the father continued, resolutely: "My child, I can trust no one but you, and I must not be taken, for my life is my son's. You must go to Paris, see Robespierre, plead with him. If that fails—denounce me; and when he gives you Roland's pardon, you shall tell him where I am hiding."

"No, no. I cannot betray you; Roland would curse me; my child would learn to loathe me. Do not ask me to do this. See, I am brave and can bear the agony of parting with my husband. He himself will die an honorable man. I shall bring my child, my little Roland, to reverence him, and do not ask him to live in shame, and me to be the betrayer of his father."

The old man's eyes shone with unshed tears, his stern lip trembled, but he drew himself up imperiously.

"I command it," he said. "I am still the head of the family; will you rebel against me as this cannibal has rebelled against his king? I alone am answerable for my son's arrest, and if I would save him, will you refuse to do my bidding?"

Yvonne hesitated still. "Do not ask me," she sobbed.

A great rat rolled down the old man's bronzed cheek. Almost pleadingly he stretched out his hand.

"Will you not let me save my son, my Roland? Will you, his wife, not help me? Think, think, if this child, your Roland, were in danger, would you not give up your life for him?"

Yvonne involuntarily caught her baby from her father's arms and pressed it to her bosom. The answer was there.

"Then you will go to Paris?"

"Yes," she murmured between her sobs. "May God and Roland forgive me. I will go."

"A woman!"

"A woman, citizen."

Robespierre trembled. He was a coward, and but nine days before Citizen Renault had perished for her attempt on his life. Marat was but one year dead by the knife of Charlotte Corday.

Her name?" he asked harshly.

"Yvonne Mauriciere, from Arras." "I will see her," and the Dictator's thin, dry hand was laid on the pistol beside him.

Yvonne, pale and trembling, entered and advanced to the table.

"Back there! Stand back, citoyenne. What is your business?"

"Ah, Citizen Robespierre, to plead for a life."

"You are from Arras, a Royalist town. It is useless."

"But Roland, my husband, is not a rebel. He is a good Republican. Here he, monsieur."

"Citizen, hear me; he is guilty of no crime. He merely gave a little piece of bread to a priest, who—"

"Priests! The worst of rebels. It is enough; he feeds the enemies of France—he feeds the guillotine," Robespierre answered with a convulsive smile.

"But is it a crime to be punished with death? Think, citizen, a little bread to a starving man. And we can pay if need be, any fine—anything. Oh! not death!"

"It is decreed."

"Mercy, mercy!"

Robespierre twitched his head impatiently. Yvonne had thrown herself on her knees, and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Ah, then it was false," she cried, despairingly.

"What was?"

"They told me that you were once merciful and pitiful. That in every town once you would not sentence even a criminal to death, and now—"

"Now it is for France, and these are traitors. Come, come, citoyenne, I have no time; the Convention waits."

"No, no, one moment, monsieur—stay, your heart is a stone, you are ice; you will not give me my husband's liberty—I will buy it, then."

"Justice is not bought," croaked the Dictator, folding his hands and pressing one into the other nervously.

"But if I denounce to you an enemy, one you have long sought?"

"His name?"

"The Marquis de la Mauriciere."

Robespierre looked at her keenly. The only sign he made was a contraction of the lips and a deeper breath. Before he spoke again, he carefully brushed from the shoulder of his blue coat some powder that had fallen from his hair.

"And your husband's name is Mauriciere," he said coldly.

"It is Roland's father."

"Then Roland did well. These Royalist families must be stamped out."

"But my husband is a Republican."

"Bah! Where is this traitor now?"

"First, my husband's pardon."

Robespierre fixed his eyes upon the table in silence. At length he spoke, and his voice was softened; the Northern dialect sounded as musical as before it had been harsh.

"Citoyenne, you are a good patriot. The Republic, stern to rebels, can reward her daughters. You have denounced a traitor; France will give you a life in return. Let but your denunciation be complete. Where is the rebel hiding?"

"His son's pardon, citizen."

"It is granted, citoyenne. A patriot of Arras has a double claim on Robespierre. Is he in Arras?"

"Pardon, citizen."

"Eh, speak."

"I would have the order for Roland's release."

"I have given you my word."

"My husband's life must not depend upon a word, Citizen Robespierre."

"Bah! you—well, well, you shall have it."

The Dictator took his pen—that pen that had given the guillotine so many victims. "Then, citizen," he murmured, and wrote; then, folding the pardon, he passed it to Yvonne, who thrust it in her dress eagerly.

"Now, citoyenne."

She drew forth a slip of paper and handed it to him. Robespierre read, nodding his head.

"You are a good citoyenne," he said, "and shall convey the warrant for the rebel's arrest with that for his son's release."

"Once more he wrote. "Give me the pardon again."

Yvonne hesitated, trembling.

"But it is only that you may not destroy the one and carry the other safely."

She gave it to him, and he added a line more to it, placed both documents under cover, and sealed the packet with the seal of the Republic, One and Indivisible.

"If that seal is broken," he cried harshly, "the pardon is useless. Go!"

Her heart throbbing, face pale, she left the room without a word, and the Dictator, with a cold, mirthless smile on his face, hurried to his place in the Convention.

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The road from Paris to Arras is over a hundred miles of flat country. A test of endurance for a good horseman man with relays of horses, but for a woman who had already covered the ground and was almost fainting from fatigue and anxiety; it was a task almost hopeless. But Yvonne rode for her husband's life. In Paris, by the greatest of good fortune, she had purchased a fresh horse; her own was too good for use without a day's rest, and that rest she dared not make. A horse could go no farther—the woman, half mad with fear, strung to the utmost tension, conquered overwrought nature and would go on till she reached the saddle.

But it was slow journeying—too slow for the prize at stake—and yet without constant halts, she knew she could not accomplish her task. Three days passed and she was still only at Amiens—reeling in the saddle and but half-conscious. Twice she fell by the roadside, but twice, bruised and cut, she mounted again, desperate, when sense returned.

On—on till she should fall to rise no more. On—on! Twenty miles now, more than twenty; and the early morning sun shone through the mist, over the trodden corn and the charred cottages of Picardy. Nature seemed to strive for her. The cold breezes of morning cooled her hot, throbbing forehead. The birds sang of hope, could she have heard ringing noises in her ears. Even the road grew smoother and straighter, till as the mist cleared she saw in the distance—the citadel of Arras. Ten miles more; but even within sight of the town she sank on the horse's neck—felt everything slipping away from her—her eyes closed behind her and the dull pain behind them greater, till it blinded her. If she should fall almost at the gate!

She heard the rippling of a stream to her right and feebly drew rein.

It was her only hope, and she slid from the saddle with a last effort, and, crouching to the brook, plunged in. The shock of the sudden coldness, revived her, and as she dashed the water over her head, her eyes cleared. It gave her the temporary strength and relief she so needed. If that strength lasted but one hour it mattered not then if death came.

As she climbed to the saddle again, the water dripping from her hair and clothes, she looked back along the white road. A single figure was in sight—a horseman, spurring furiously, feathers and sash flying, the sun-gleam on his scabbard. Yvonne gave a cry and urged her horse to the gallop. "There was danger to her in this hurried rider, and she convulsively clutched at the precious paper in her breast, for might not his mission be to delay her and seize the pardon—to prevent it ever reaching Arras?"

It was for a life, and mile after mile they raced the citadel growing bigger and plainer till the houses could be clearly seen, and the crowds gathering in the streets.

The red skeleton of the guillotine; the soldiers; the line of tarr-headed, red-smoked prisoners; the thronging multitude—all came into view as she passed through the gates, and hark! the *Ca Ira*! The death melody with which Lebon ushered his victims into the eternal silence!

She screams and waves the pardon on high. Her voice is powerless and dies in a harsh whisper. One sees her and shuts too the executioner; a yell goes up from the crowd. Lebon, the butcher, deliberately turns his back on her, and waves his sword for the doomed to ascend the scaffold faster. Fast—er! Oh, God! are there not enough to die! And there, see! Roland! his husband, fourth in the rank, and the great axe rushes down on the neck of the first.

She dashes into the crowd. "A pardon, a pardon!" Lebon takes it with a scowl, but Yvonne sees only the upturned face of her beloved.

The seal is broken; one glance, and Lebon gives to a soldier the warrant for the arrest. He looks at the other paper and suddenly his face clears, and he laughs a fierce laugh. "Proceed," he cries to the executioner, and throws the pardon back; "it is unsigned."

With an awful look of horror on her face Yvonne sees the truth. Her sufferings, her hopes, her almost super-human toils have been in vain, and she falls into the outstretched arms of a citizen.

The crowd mutters; the *Ca Ira* rises triumphantly. The axe grates and falls with a thud. Another head for the basket! Thud! Roland steps upon the planks, and with a look of anguish, turns to take a last farewell of his wife.

Another clatter of hoofs, and another rider—his feathers and sash fluttering—his feet and hands raised. "Stop," he cries between his laboring breaths. "Stop, in the name of the Convention. Robespierre is dead!" Silence; and then a shout of joy from the multitude. France is tired of blood.

"False!" shouts Lebon furiously. "Mount the mount the ladder. Scelerat! on with work. The drums, strike up; the drums!"

It is true. Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Henriot—their heads are under the guillotine.

A cry of ferocious joy—a terrible cry—arises from the crowd and Lebon turns pale and wavers.

His power is gone, and even under the eyes of the citizens, rushing on the prisoners, set them free and bear them off in triumph.

The Reign of Terror is over.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

KICKING COWS.

Mr. W. C. Rockwood writes in the Country Gentleman upon this practical topic, and among other things says: It is not to be wondered at if at first she is fearful and suspicious. The newly awakened maternal emotions cause her to mistrust harm to her calf, and when it comes to manipulating the udder this of itself is an entirely new and strange operation—one to which she must become accustomed before she will allow a man to sit down beside her, and without a protest, allow him to go to work on her teats with the energy which the average milker expends at such a time.

If the young mother steps about, or in any other way manifests her resentment to this operation, she is commanded to "So!" in no gentle terms—the very tone of itself being sufficient to frighten her the more. I sometimes wonder that there are so many gentle cows, for with the treatment which countless thousands of them receive we might naturally expect a much greater proportion of them to become vicious. The greatest stress should be placed on the old saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" in dealing with the heifer, for once the habit of kicking is firmly established, the animal will kick whether there is any apparent cause for it or not. Indeed, it often looks to an observer as if she did it out of pure cussedness, as many a man can testify.

With some cows a strap or rope drawn tightly around the body just in front of the udder will prevent spilled milk as well as spoiled temper, but others will not yield to this treatment. Blows are perfectly useless, besides being barbarous and an injury to the cow. Others can be kept quiet by tying or buckling a strap or rope around the hind legs, crossing it between them. This does not allow the cow to move her hind feet, but I have seen cows get in such a fright from this that they were contented with difficulty. The best plan of all is to have a rope of the proper length so arranged as to buckle or snap around the right hind leg just at the ankle, the other end being made fast permanently to the wall, or a post behind her. This holds the foot conveniently for milking the cow being buckled in place. If she tries to do so, she cannot get her foot forward to kick, and after a few attempts she usually gives it up, and on entering the stall will put her foot back to receive its fastening without being told to do so. It takes but the fraction of a minute to secure her in this way against doing any damage, and there are few men who can milk a kicking cow and preserve an even temper. There are sometimes good reasons why a cow result from sore or cracked teats when abused for showing any disposition toward resenting the injury. Keep one of the stable and insist that every cow with sore teats receive an application of it after each milking. There is a vast difference in milkers; some are much more harsh than others. I never knew but one man who made every cow in his employ, were smooth, and the nails not long. He was, moreover, one of the most rapid milkers I ever saw yet every cow which he milked got sore teats before he had milked her very long, and if a change was made the same thing happened to these, while the first ones got well under some other man's milking.

As the hoop gets hard from the heat of the sun, and the worm can do but little damage except in his present hiding place. Much damage is often experienced by men who are not well versed in taking care of hoops by stacking them up under leaky sheds. Hot rains fall and leak through on them, and the result is the wood will become worthless. The bark slip, and your stock is damaged irreparably. A dry, dark cellar is a good place for hoops, but an open shed, if just as good, providing it does not leak, or the rain cannot blow in on the ends and cause the bark to slip because of heat and moisture. Oak hoops become wormy sometimes, but are not so likely to damage in this way a hickory stock. The easiest hoop damaged is chestnut. The pole is tenacious to life and growth, and partakes of the moisture of the ground; if set with big end downward in a damp place, it commences to sprout and grow. This, of course, ruins it for cooorage purposes. If the poles are split early in the spring and hoofs shaved out, put away in the dry, they will keep one much longer, but if permitted to have too much moisture, will dry rot or get brown under the bark because of the bark becoming dotted, and then the hoop is of no value. A hoop that is white and bright under the bark will be found to be a good chestnut hoop and it will peel when taken for use and can never be used on first-class twig work.

RAISING ONIONS.

Every one who has adopted the plan of sowing onion seed in boxes and then transplanting the young seedlings, is convinced that in one respect this is preferable to the old way of sowing the seeds in drills where the plants are to remain. W. N. Craig writes to "Garden and Forest" that not one-sixth as much seed is needed as with the old method, and the little labor involved in pricking out the young plants is more than offset by the great saving of time in weeding and thinning under the old system. Hardly any manual work in the garden is more troublesome than weeding among small onions, but when the ground can be cultivated several times before they are set out many of the weeds are killed, and besides that, the young plants are of sufficient size to be seen, and there is less trouble in working among them. Mr. Craig says that by the new plan, as it is called, although it has been practiced for a good while by individuals, an even crop is always assured, and the plants are less liable to attacks from cut worms and wire worms. He sows the seed about the middle of February in ordinary seed boxes, with a compost of loam with dried and pulverized manure. About the middle of March these boxes are transferred to the frame and the plants are hardened off gradually. The young plants are set out early in April in rows two feet apart and six or eight inches between the plants, according to the variety. Where space is valuable, the rows may be left eighteen inches apart, but it is much more easy to cultivate between wider rows. Every variety tried is improved by transplanting, and all mature earlier than when they are treated in the old way. The best keeping varieties, as well as best flavored ones, last year were Prizetaker, Ailsa, Craig and Cranston's Excelsior. The two last named are superior English varieties. Silver King and Giant Rocca will grow to enormous size under this treatment, but they are not good keepers. For a general grade Mr. Craig advises use of Yellow Danvers and Red Wethersfield. As a rule, white varieties do not keep well, the best being the Queen.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH PAPER.

It is the London "Gazette"—Published First in 1665.

The oldest English newspaper, is though few people know it, the London Gazette, which was on its first publication on November 14, 1665, known as the Oxford Gazette from the fact of the parliament sitting at Oxford. This name was changed on February 5, 1666, to the present one. But though the London Gazette contains some items of much interest to certain people, such as those who have received "honors" at the hands of royalty or those whose bankruptcies are announced, it is not a newspaper in the usual sense of the term; that is, as being read generally by the public.

The honor of being the oldest newspaper of this class in the British isles and hence probably in the world may be unhesitatingly awarded to Berrow's Worcester Journal, which made its appearance in 1690, ten years before the beginning of the eighteenth century. It among the higher classes of its district and is to-day as vigorous as ever. But its present name, and its factor is of more importance considering its claim to the premier honors of the journalistic world.

Perhaps we ought to award the palm to the Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford Mercury, still published weekly at Stamford. This paper has now, as ever, enormous influence in an England-wide district. Its title is exactly the same to-day as it was on the day it was first published, 174 years ago. Hence this important factor should almost assign to it the first place among extant newspapers.

There is in the Leicester museum a copy of the 1719 issue, consisting of four pages demy quarto, its style that of old news letter. In July, 1885, its circulation had become 14,000 a week, the highest at that time of any paper out of London. Its price was then twopenny, but is now a penny, with a circulation of 25,000 weekly. Thomas Cooper the famous Chartist poet, was on its staff in his younger days. The political complexion of this celebrated paper is Liberal.

A professor of chemistry (while lecturing in London, declared that "One drop of arsenic, placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest mouse."

WORMS IN TIMBER.

This subject has been frequently touched by correspondents for cooperation journals. Every one seems to have an experience differing somewhat from other cooperation men. My experience, says a writer in Barrel and Box, in fact the last year has been much more of a kind to learn something than ever before. I had a contract with a hoop man to cup his hoop stock early in February and March, so as to prevent the breeding of worms. The spring was early, and when warm weather brought the fly there never was a season in which the worms in hickory timber, that was cut early or late, were so bad. Every carload was full of the worm, it seems, as we put the wood away in dark cellars to prevent them from being in range of the fly, but we were too late. Some men who bought them of us were panic stricken when they found their whole supply of material ruined with worms. I tried to devise means to find some way to kill the worm in hoops, but must say I made a failure. One thing I learned I will give to the public. A man of experience told me if the poles are well sprinkled with brine the fly does not light on it. They must be under shelter, of course, to retain the salt. Another is that the poles may be covered with any light wooden substance, such as shavings or sawdust, and the fly can't get to it to sting the egg into the bark of the pole.

Certain it is, let the pole be cut early or late, the fly, if a hot, wet spring, will try to get in its work, and such precaution as this may protect others. It came to me as information after I had the worm in the hoop, and once in it or in the pole, there is nothing that seems severe enough to kill the worm warm enough to hatch it out. When would be to put the poles or best way in the sun, and let them eat and come out. In this way, hoops spread out are not likely to be eaten if not already of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest mouse, and the worm will eat his way out map."

INSANITY OF ENGLISH PEOPLE.

One Person in Every 306 Inhabitants of the United Kingdom is Demented, Says Professor Schooling.

Professor J. Holt Schooling, fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain, has just completed a very interesting investigation by which he has been enabled to show some curious facts relative to the insanity of the British people. He tells us how many persons go mad and why they do so. He declares that one person in every 306 of the population of Britain is a maniac, and that that ratio promises to increase.

The results of Professor Schooling's mathematical calculation, boiled down into succinct facts, show that in every 10,000 of the English and Welsh population 31.4 people are lunatics. In every 20,000 of the Scotch population, 33.6 people are lunatics. In every 10,000 of the Irish population 40.3 people are lunatics.

Entering into the causes as to why strikes a mighty blow for the cause of men go mad, Professor Schooling's temperance when he makes the statement, solely inspired by his investigations, and the accurate results thereof, one-third of all the persons who become insane in Great Britain from the eight leading causes of insanity in that territory.

He places these eight principal causes of insanity and the percentage of each as follows:—Drunk, 33.6; domestic troubles, 15.1; mental anxiety, 13.4; age, 13.2; adverse circumstances, 13; accidents, 6.5; religious excitement, 4; love affairs, 3.2.

FOOTBALL IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Football is immensely popular in Great Britain, and every half holiday the game attracts the attention of all classes of people. An international game in Glasgow recently, between teams representing Scotland and England, attracted a crowd of 57,000 people, the gate receipts amounting to upward of \$15,000. At another game near London there were 55,806 spectators. It is a weekly occurrence in the large towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire midland for a crowd of from 20,000 to 30,000 people to watch a game, the prices of admission ranging from 5 cents to 50 cents. In some towns the stores are closed during the progress of the game.

She—"Of course you all talked about me as soon as I left." Her—"No, dear; we thought you had attended to that sufficiently."

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