

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 29, 1892.

ONLY ONE WORD.

Only a word may leave a sting. To wound some kind and loving heart, it may be but a trifling thing, That cuts as deeply as a dart.

KILLED BY A KISS.

My father, Henri Chantal, was the youngest of three brothers. My grandfather had been shipping merchant in the north of France and had left a large estate. My uncle Jerome, the eldest, went to Paris and married, and thither, somewhat later, Francois, the second brother, followed him, my father remaining in Havre.

what was concealed beneath the blankets which were firmly lashed over the body of the little wagon, Uncle Francois and Baptiste, in answer to Stentor's loud whining, lent the good dog a helping hand and the party soon reached the door at the foot of the stone stairway. Here, setting Stentor free, Uncle Francois lifted the little vehicle in his arms and bore it triumphantly amid bursts of laughter and applause and the mad gambols of Stentor into our crowded dining room.

three beings stood there absolutely alone, shut out from the rest of the world. A strange expression, half joy, half pain, had overspread Pearl's face as Gaston's voice sounded in the next room. Their eyes met—hers wet with tears, his red and swollen. I knew not how it all happened, so bewildered was I, so entranced at the thought of what might happen, but I heard Gaston cry out: "Pearl, Pearl!" and saw his arms stretched out to her, saw her throw herself into them with a smothered exclamation of joy, saw their lips meet! Then I looked away.

The Hudson Bay Company's agents were not the first hunters and fur-traders in British America, ancient as was their foundation. The French from the Canadas, preceded them no one knows how many years, though it is said it was as early as 1627 that Louis XIII. chartered a company of the same sort and for the same aims as the English company. What ever came of that corporation I do not know, but by the time the Englishmen established themselves on Hudson Bay, individual Frenchmen and half-breeds had penetrated the country still farther west.

average for several years in that period of the company's history, and it is our money as if they spent \$90,000 and got back \$130,000, and this is their own showing under such circumstances as to make it the source of wisdom not to boast of their profits. They had three increased it, so that having been 10,500 shares at the outset, it was now 103,950 shares.—From "A Skin for Skin," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine for February.

The World of Women. Violet ink is considered the most fashionable shade at present. The present fashionable bodice is as nearly seamless as possible. Blue Canton china is again coming into great favor on the best tables.