



THE MISSES AT SCHOOL.

There was once a school Where the mistress, Miss Rule, Taught a number of misses that vexed her; Miss Chief was the lass At the head of the class, And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

D'ri and I By IRVING BACHELLER Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

Above all price are the words of a wise man, but silence, that is the great counsellor. In silence wisdom enters the heart and understanding puts forth her voice.

"Judas Priest!" said D'ri, when we were alone together, "thet air gal 'd go through fire an' water fer gal."

"You're mistaken," I said. "No, I ain't nuther," said he. "Ef I be, I'm a reg'lar out-an-out fool, hand over fist."

"Her father does not like me," I suggested. "Don't hev to," said D'ri calmly. He cut a deep slash in the stick he held, then added: "Don't make no odds n'er no difference one way er t' other. I did n't like th' measles, but I hed to hev 'em."



"PURTY FRESH," HE REMARKED. "CAN'T BE MORE N FIVE MILD ER SO FURTHER ON."

at a swift gallop, and making the forest ring with hoof-beats. Far beyond the chateau we slackened pace and went along leisurely. Soon we passed the town where they had put up overnight, and could see the tracks of horse and coach-wheel. D'ri got off and examined them presently.

"Purty fresh," he remarked. "Can't be more n five mild er so further on." We rode awhile in silence. "How ye goin' t' tackle 'em?" he inquired presently.

CHAPTER XXVI.

D'ri came soon with the horses, one the black thoroughbred of Louise which had brought her on this errand. We gave them free rein, heading for the chateau. Not far up the woods-pike we met M. de Lambert and the old count. The former was angry, albeit he held himself in hand as became a gentleman, save that he was a bit too cool with me.

the sympathy it commands? Louise turned to the good man, taking his hand.

"Come," said she, "there is no time to lose." The minister came to our help. He could not resist her appeal, so sweetly spoken. There, under an elm by the wayside, with some score of witnesses, including Louise and the young Comte de Brovel, who came out of the coach and stood near, he made us man and wife. We were never so happy as when we stood there hand in hand, that sunny morning, and heard the prayer for God's blessing, and felt a mighty uplift in our hearts.

"Dear sister," said Louise, kissing her, "I wish I were as happy." "And you shall be as soon as you get to Paris," said the young count.

"Oh, dear, I can hardly wait!" said the merry-hearted girl, looking proudly at her new lover. "I admire your pluck, my young man," said M. de Lambert, as we shook hands. "You Americans are a great people. I surrender; I am not going to be foolish. Turn your horses," said he, motioning to the driver. "We shall go back at once."

I helped Louise into the coach with her sister and the Comte de Brovel. D'ri and I rode on behind them, the village folk cheering and waving their hats. "Ye done it skillful," said D'ri, smiling. "Whut 'd I tell ye?" I made no answer, being too full of happiness at the moment.

"Tell ye one thing, Ray," he went on soberly: "ef a boy an' a gal loves one 'nother, an' he has any grit in 'im, can't nuthin' keep 'em apart long." He straightened the mane of his horse, and then added: "Ner they can't nuthin' conquer 'em."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sooner or later all things come to an end, including wars and histories—a God's mercy!—and even the lives of such lucky men as I. All things, did I say? Well, what wonder, for am I not writing of youth and far delights with a hand trembling of infirmity? All things save one, I meant to say, and that is love, the immortal vine, with its root in the green earth, that weathers every storm, and "growth not old," and climbs to paradise; and who eats of its fruit has in him ever a thought of Heaven—a hope immortal as itself.

This book of my life ends on a bright morning in the summer of '17, at the new home of James Donatians Le Ray, Comte de Chaumont, the chateau having burned the year before. President Monroe is coming on the woods-pike, and veterans are drawn up in line to meet him. Here are men who fought at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane and Lake Erie and Chrysler's Farm, and here are some old chaps who fought long before at Plattsburg and Ticonderoga. Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-king of Spain, so like his mighty brother at St. Helena, is passing the line. He steps proudly, in ruffles and green velvet. Gondolas with liveried gondoliers, and filled with fair women, are floating on the still lake, now rich with shadow-pictures of wood and sky and rocky shore.

A burst of melody rings in the great harp of the woodland. In that trumpet leap, it seems a million voices sing: Hail, Columbia, happy land! Slowly the line begins to limp along. There are wooden legs and crutches and empty sleeves in that column. D'ri goes limping in front, his right leg gone at the knee since our last charge. Draped around him is that old battle-flag of the Lawrence. I march beside him, with only this long seam across my cheek to show that I had been with him that bloody day at Chrysler's. We move slowly over a green field to the edge of the forest. There, in the cool shadow, are ladies in white, and long tables set for a feast. My dear wife, loved of all and more beautiful than ever, comes to meet us.

"Sweetheart," she whispers, "I was never so proud to be your wife." "And an American," I suggest, kissing her. "And an American," she answers. A bugle sounds; the cavalcade is coming. "The President!" they cry, and we all begin cheering. He leads the escort on a black horse, a fine figure in military coat and white trousers, his cocked hat in hand, a smile lighting his face. The count receives him and speaks our welcome. President Monroe looks down the war-scarred line a moment. His eyes fill with tears, and then he speaks to us. "Sons of the woodsmen," he says, concluding his remarks, "you shall live in the history of a greater land than that we now behold or dream of, and in the gratitude of generations yet unborn, long, long after we are turned to dust." And then we all sing loudly with full hearts: O land I love!—thy acres sown With sweat and blood and shattered bones— God's grain, that ever doth increase The goodly harvest of his peace.

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