BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN."

The three travelers-kind Cousin Eva and her young charges, Cherry and Ruth-were standing on the staircase of the curious Hotel de Bourgthroude, by the Place de la Pucelle, Rouen. The narrow, gloon y little square looked still narrower and gloomier in the drizzle of the dull November day, and the ug'y pump in the middle of it, with a stil uglier statue on the top, marking the place where Jeanne d'Arc was burnt, had been a sore disappointment to the children. They had come, enthusiastic little ringrims, to see the spot where their favorite heroine died; and Cousin Eva could hard'y get them to believe that it was the spot-that the common-looking market place, where a few ordinary market people were Rouen is Normandy, so of course it is passing and repassing, had actually the samebeen the scene of that cruel deedthat from the very identical windows of these identical houses brutal eyes had watched the maid as she stood, the flames curling round her, clasping the rude cross which some charitable soul pushed toward her hand.

"Do you remember," Cousin Eva said, "how, at the last moment, she retracted all the false confession of here y and witchcraft which tortore had wrung from her, and exclaimed : 'Yes, n y voices were of God,' and how, when she saw the flattes approaching hir, she shut her . yes, called out once : 'Jesus!' dropped her head upon her treast and that was ail, till th y raked up a handful of charred bones out of the embers, and threw them into the Seine?'

The children looked very grave. At last they did realize the whole.

"I wonder what sort of a day it was," whispered Cherry; "dull and gloon y, like to-o y, or with a bright, blue, sunny ely? Perhaps she looked up at it before the fire touched her. And perhaps he stood here-just where we stand-the English soldier who cried out, 'We have burnt a saint!"

"And so sne was," said Ruth, with a quiver passing over the eager little face, "a real saint."

"But, Cousin Eva," added Cher y, "why did she ever own to being a witch? and how could she say her voices were not true when she believed they were true? One way or the other sne must have told a lie.'

Miss Cher y was of an argumentative rather than a sentimental turn. She thought a good deal herself, and liked to make other people think, too, so as to enable her to get at the bottom of things. She could never overlook the slightest break in a chain of practical reasoning; and if she had a contempt in this world it was for a weak person or a person who told a lie. This flaw, even in her favorite maid of Orleans, otherwise so strong and brave, was too much for Cherry to pass over.

"Do you think," said Cousin Eva, "that it would be possible, under stress of circumstances, to tell a lie-to confess to something one had never done? Bishop Cranmer, for instancehave you forgotten how he signed a recantation and then thrust into the flames 'that unworthy right hand?' And Galileo, when forced by the inquisition to declare the earth stood still, muttered afterward, 'E persi muove.' Yes, yes," continued she, "one never knows what one mry be driven to till the time comes. The force of torture is very strong. Once upon a time I remember I told a lie."

"You told a lie," echoed Cherry, locking with amazement into the bright, sweet, honest face-rosycheeked, blue- yed-her little cousins since forgiven n yself. I was such a themselves had not more innocent small child, much younger than witch, a deceiver—forsaken of all, and unable to understand us at all. Coneyes than Eva's—as clear and round as a baly's.

"But nobody ever tortured you?" asked tendered-hearted Ruth, clinging to the tender hand which, indeed, she never went far away from, in these alarming "foreign parts."

"No, my little girl; the thumbscrews, the rack, and the maiden belong, luckily, to that room in the tower where we saw them once, and we are in the nineteenth and not in the fifteenth century. Still, even nowadays, Cherry. a good deal of moral torture can be brought to bear upon one occasionally, especial y when one is only a child, as I was then. And I was tried sharplyenough to make me remember it even now, as I feel quite sure that if I had been Jeanne d'Arc I should very likely have done exactly as she did. Also I learned what I have tried to put in practice ever since, that nothin makes people liars like disbelieving

them." Ruth gave a tender little pressure to the hand she held, while Cherry said proudly: "You never disbelieve us and you never need to! But tell us, Cousin Eva, about the lie you told. Was it denying something you had done, or owing to something you were quite innocent of, like poor Jeanne d'Arc? Do teil! You know how well

we like the story."

to investigate from under her umbrella the curious bas reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which still remain in the court of the Hotel du Bourgthroude. "No, children, you must

wait a more desirable opportunity." Which, however, was not long in coming. The day brightened-grew into one of those exquisite days which French people call Fete de St. Martin -and truly I know nothing like it except what it most resembles-a sweet peaceful contented old age. So Cousin Eva decided to take the children to a place which she herself had once seen and never forgotten-the little church on the hilltop called Notre Dame de Bon Secours.

"Is that the same w hich Alice sing about in the opera of 'Robert le Disble?" and Cherry struck up in her clear, young voice-

"Quand je quittals ma Normandie,"

'Daigne proteger nos amours Notre Dame de Bon Secours."

"Please don't sing quite so loud or the hotel people will hear you," said timid Ruth, and was quite relieved when they started off. I need not relate how extremely the children enyed the stiff climb up the hill, and admired the love y building, all ablaze with brilliant but harmonious coloring, and the little side chapels filled with innumerable votive inscriptions: 'A Marie," "Graces a Marie," "Elle exauce mes vœux," etc. Curious, simple, almost childish, it all was, yet touching to those who feel, as Cousin Eva did, that to believe earnestly in ar ything is better than believing in nothing.

Afterward they all sat and rested in one of the prettiest resting-places I know for those that live and move, or for "them that sleep "-the graveyard on the hilltop, close behind the church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. From this high point they could see the whole count; y for miles and miles, the Seine winding through it in plcpicturesque curves; Rouen, with its bridges and streets, distinct as if a map, I'y at their right hand, and, rising out of the mass of houses, etherealized by the yellow sunset, were the two spires of the cathedral and the church of St. Ouen.

"Can you see the market place, Cousin Eva? If so, poor Jeanne d'Arc, when she was brought out to die, church on top of it; that is, supposing there was a church."

"There might have been, though not this one, which is modern, you

"I wonder." continued Ch who was always wondering, "if she looked up at it, and thought it hard that Notre Dame de Bon Secours should not have succored her. Perhaps because, to escape from the heretic English, she had told a lie."

Ruth, who was not given to ethical questions, "that while we sit and rest we might hear from Cousin Eva about the lie she told."

did you tell it? And was it ever found out ?"

"I don't quite see the difference between big and little, my child. A lie son for telling it. And once told, the question whether it is found out or not does not matter. My lie was never found out, but it grieved me all the

same." "Will it grieve you to tell me about it? I should not like that," said Ruth, softly.

"No, dear; because I have long either of you, and unlike you I had no parents, only an aunt, an uncle, and a lot of rough cousins who domineered over me and made me afraid. That was the cause. The sure way to make a child untruthful is to make it afraid. I remember as if it were yesterday, the shudder of terrer that came over me when my eldest cousin clutched me by the shoulder, saying: 'Did you do that ?" "

"And what had you done?" asked

"Nothing; but Will thought I had, We were all digging in our garden, and had just found his favorite jessamine plant lying uprooted on the ground. It had been my favorite, too, day, when my cousins went for a long but Will took it from my garden and planted it in his own, where I watched it anxiously, for I was afraid it Tommy. They were the delight of would die."

"'You did it on purpose,' Will persisted, 'or if not out of revenge, out of pure silliness. Girls are always so silly. Didn't you propose yesterday them, which we kept in the arbor till to dig it up to see if it had got a root ?' Which was quite true. I was a and went hopping about everywhere, very sil'y little giri, but I meant no But even tadpoles could not charm harm. I wouldn't for the world have harmed either Will or his jessamine. I told him so, but he refused to believe me. So did they all. They Tommy and I had the same daily gov-

there. But they never thought of him as the sinner; it was only of me. And when I denied the thing they were only the more angry.

"You know you are telling a lie, and where do little girls go that tell lies?' cried Will, who sometimes told them himself; but then he was a bry, and it was a rule in that family, a terribly mistaken one, that the boys might do anything, and that the girls must always give in to the boys. So when Will looked flercely at me, re-Unable to find another word I began

" 'Look, here, children,' he cailed to all the rest of the children. 'Eva has gone and pulled up my jessamine, out of spite, or mischief, or pure silliness -I don't know which, and I don't care. I'd forgive her if she would only confess, but she won't. She keeps on telling lie after lie, and we won't stand children that tell lies. If we punish her, she'll howl, so I propose that until she confesses we all send her to Coventry."

"'It's a very nice town, but I den't want to go there,' said !! ;' at which I remember, they all burst out laughing, and I cried only the more.

"I had no idea of what sending to Coventry meant, unless it was like sending to Siberia, which I had lately been reading of, or to the quicksilver mines, where condemned convicts were taken, and where nobody ever lived more than two years. Perhaps there were quicksliver mines at Coventry. A cold shudder of fear ran through me, but I was utterly powerless. I could but die.

"Soon I discovered what my punishment was, and, though not death, it was hard enough. Fan y, children, being treated day after day, and all d y long, just as if you were a chair or table-never taken the least notice of, never answered if you spoke, never spoken to on any secount, never pl: yed with, petted or scolded; completely and absolute'y ignored. This was being sent to 'Coventy,' and it was as cruel a punishment as could have been inflicted upon at y little girl who liked her plsyfellows, rough as they were, and was very fond of one of them, who was never rough, but always kind and good.

"This was a little by who lived next door. His parents, like mine, were out in India-nor had he any brothers or sisters. He was just my must have seen this hill, with the age, and younger than a y of my cousins. So we were the best o friends, Tommy and I. His surname that my cousins were frightened and I have forgotten, but I know we ran away. always called him Tommy, and I loved him dearly. The bitterest pang me into the quiet arbor as fast as he of all this bitter time was that even could. I felt his arms around my Tommy went over to the enen y.

"At first he had been very sorry for me-had tried, all through that holidsy Saturday when my punishment longer before anything like cheerfulbegan, to persuade me to confess and escape it; and when he failed-for "And that reminds me," added how could I confess to what I had very affectionately, but in a rather never done-to an action so mean that I would have been ashamed even to have thought of doing?-then Tomny also sent me to Coventry "Yes, yes, please sey, Cousin Eva, On the Sunday, all 'us children'-we was it a big or a little one? Why didn't mind grammar much in those days-walked to church together across the fields, and Tommy always walked with me, chattering the whole way. Now we walked in total silence, is a lie, though sometimes there are for Will's eyes were upon him, and extenuating circumstances in the rea- even Tommy was afraid. Whatever I said, he never answered a single

"Then I felt as if the whole world were against me-as if it were no use trying to be good, or telling the truth, to us in a formal and dignified mausince even the truth was regarded as ner, asking if we had been good chi!a lie. In short, in my childish way, I dren, had learnt our lessons well, had suffered much as poor Jeanne d'Arc played together without quarrelling, must have suffered when she was shut up in her prison at Rouen, ca'led a upon years older than we, and quite

"I was quite innocent, but after three days of being supposed guilty, I soon have thought of confiding in the ceased to care whether I was guilty or Queen or Emperer of all the Rusnot. I seemed not to care for anything, sians. Since they supposed I was capable of out of spite, what did it matter whether they thought I had told a lie or not? Indeed, if I tell one, it would be much easier than telling the truth; and every day 'my sticking it out' and persisting in the truth became more diffi-

cult. "This state of things continued till Wednesday, which was our half holiwalk or played cricket, and I was sent in to spend the afternoon with my life, those quiet Wednesdays, when Tommy and I went 'mooning about,' dug in our garden, watched our tadpoles-we had a handbasin full of they developed into myriads of frogs. me now, and I dreaded, rather than

longed for, my half holiday. School had been difficult enough, for ing. the garden, except, indeed, a dog, who what should I do? Beside, his grand- the tablecloth. But mercifully at at once, but rather gently remind it of the usually too assertive mass of bad answered Cousin Eva, as she proceeded was in the habit of burying his bones mother would be sure to find it out; that instant the old lady was fetched their existence.

and she was a prim and rather strict to speak to some one, and we two old lady, to whom a child who had children had to finish our tea alone. been sent to Coventry for telling a lie would be a perfect abhorrence. What rate. But as soon as it was over, could I do? Would it not be better and Tommy and I found ourselves to hide away somewhere, so as to escape going into Tomn y s house at all? Indeed, I almost think that some vague thought of running away and hiding myself torever crossed my

mind, when I heard Will calling me. "He and two of the others were standing at the front door, a terribl council of three, like that which used almost felt as if I really had done it. | to sentence to death the victims in | wept with me over all that I had sufthe Prigoni which we saw last menth at Venice. I felt not unlike a condemned prisoner-one who had been shut rest now, if such a thing were to hapup so long that death came almost as a relief, which it must often have been to those poor souls. The three big boys stood over me like judges over a criminal, and Tommy stood beside them, looking very sad.

" 'Little girl,' said Willie, in quite a judicial tone, 'we think you have been punished enough to make you thoroughly ashamed of yourself. We wish you to go and play with Tommy, as usual; but Tomn y could not possib'y have you unless you were out of Coventry. We will give you one chance more. Confess that you pulled up the jessamine and we will forgive you and tell nobody about you, and you shall go and have tea with Tommy, just as if nothing had happened. Think-you have only to say one word.

"'And if I don't say it?' "'Then,' answered Will, with a solemn and awful expression, 'I shall be obliged immediately to tell every. body everything.'

"That terrible threat, all the more formidable because of its vagueness, quite overcame me. To be set down as a liar or to become one; to be punished as I know my aunt would punish me on her son's mere statement for a wrong I had never done, or to do a wrong thing, and, escaping punishment, go back to my hap; y life with my dear Tommy, who stood, the tear inhiseyes awaiting my decision!

',It was a hard strait-too hard for one so young. And Will stood glar ing at me with his remorseless eyes. "Well, now-say once for all, did you pull up my jessamine?"

"It was too much, Suddenly, slowly, I made up my mind to the inevitable, and answered, 'Since you will have it so-yes.' But the instant I had said it I fell into such a fit of sobbing-almost hysterical screaming-

"Tommy staid, however, He got neck and his comforting was very tender, very sweet. But it was long before I stopped crying, and still ness came into my poor little heart. We played tegether all the afternoon melancholy sort of way, as if we had something on our minds to which we never made the smallest reference. Tommy was a timid bry, and Will had cowed him into unkindness; but he loved me. Only, as is often the case, if his love had had a little more courage it would have been better for

me-perhaps for him, too. "We spent a peaceful but rather dull afternoon, and then were summered

indoors to tea. "Now tea at Tommy's house was a serious thing. Tommy's grandmother always ate at the table and looked at us through her spectacles, and talked etc. She was a kind old lady, years confess and own she was a wicked answer her questions and hold our woman, which she knew she was net. tongues. As for telling her anything, eur troubles especially, we should as

"I never opened my lips all tea pulling up a harmless jessamine root time, and at last she notice i it. Also that my eyes were rather red.

This little girl looks as if she had been crying. I hope you have not made her cry, Tommy, my dear.'
"Tommy was silent. But I eagerly declared that Tommy had not made me cry. Tommy was never unkind

" 'I am glad to hear it, Evangeline,' she always gave me my full name, and I hope you, too, are a good child, who is never in mischief, and above all never tells lies. If I were not quite sure of that I could not allow Tommy to play with you.'

"She looked me fully in the face, as if she saw through and through uswhich she did not, being very shortsighted-yet I felt myself tremble in every limb. As for Tommy, he just glanced at me and glanced away again, turning crimson to the very roots of his hair, but he said noth-

""What would have appeared next,

"It almost choked us-me at any out in the g rden, I flung my arms around his neck and told him all.

"And Tommy believed me. No matter whether the others did or not, Tommy believed me at last! Tommy sympathized with me, comforted me, thought I was not so wicked even though I had told a lie, but not the one I was accused of telling. Tommy pen again he would not be afraid of Will, or anybody, but would stand up for me 'like a man.' "

"And did he do it ?" asked Cherry. with slight incredulity in her tone. "He never had the opportunity. A week after this he was suddenly sent for to join his parents abroad and never saw my friend Tommy an

"But did you never hear of him? Is he alive still? He must be a very old gentleman by this time." "Very. No doubt a father-possibly even a grandfather," replied

Cousin Eva, smiling. Cherry blushed. "I didn't mean that, since he was barely as old as you, and you are certainly not a grandmother. But I want to hear more of Tommy. Is he married?" "I really cannot say. The last time

I heard of him was ten years ago; when he was living somewhere abroad-I rather think in Shanghai. He was not married then."

"I wish," whispered. Ruth solemnify "I wish he would come back to England and marry you."

Cousin Eva laughed. "There might be two opinions on that question. you know. But oh! my children, when you are married and have children of your own, remember my story. If ever a poor little thing looks up in your face saying, 'I didn't do that,' believe it! If it sobs out, "I am naughty,' don't call it naugh'y. Give it the benefit of the doubt. Have patience, take time; and whatever you do, don't make it afraid. Cowards are always liars. Of the two evils it is less harmfal to believe a person who tells a lie, than to doubt another who is speaking the truth."

"I think so, too," said Cherry, sagely, "Remember poor Jeanne d'Arc." "And poor Cousin Eva," added Ruth, kissing the well-beloved hand. And so, in the fading twilight, the three rose up together, and went down the hill from Notre Dame de Bon Secours.

House Decoration.

Do not overload your rooms with ornament. A superabundance of even the choicest ornaments will weary the eye and obtrude unpleasantly upon the notice.

A rather long, large drawing-room would look well with cool blue woolen and silken draperies, woodwork creamy-white, or, for choice, two tones of olive green; chimney-piece to match, or perhaps ebonized, with ornaments of Eastern china.

Glazed tiles in fireplaces and fer laying hearths serve a useful as well as an ornamental purpose; for the polished surface of the tiles reflects a considerable amount of heat into the room, and makes a cheerful glow which both looks and feels warm.

Paint upon woodwork in rooms should always be of pure and simple colors and "flatted;" the ordinary 'graining' to imitate different kinds of wood being mere dissimulation, as such to be entirely reprobated ; the more clearly it is done, the more ab-

solute the untruth. Instead of curtains, which the mod ern forms of bedstead renders incongruous and impossible, screens on either side of the bed are a much prettier and healthier substitute Screens insure privacy, they keep ou the light if necessary and are a great improvement to the looks of any

It is of the first importance to have the furniture and fittings of a bed- moderately used it is as beautiful as room simply constructed and not too effective. heavy to be easily removed for house cleansing. The carpet should never cover the whole of the floor; but only three folds, like miniature screens, laid down in the centre of the room and fastened with carpet-pins, so that floral or emblamatic device. The it can be easily taken up and shaken. The rest of the floor may be stained and varnished, and kept frequently by whose plate it is placed. rubbed with beeswax and turpentine,

In all purchases of furniture, insist temporary result. The lasting powers of these properties will pay high interest and save money for other future to the advantage of cornices for small wise speculations. Be proof against rooms, which are often lofty and out padding, let cushions be independent, of all proportion. Here it would be make sure that comfort reigns within the arms of an easy-chair, and that to sit at ease upon an ordinary chair is | wall, only intruding slightly upon the not ludicrousiy impossible.

Patterns in carpets should defer to

Home Gossip.

Ladies scarcely realize the possibili ties of chamois leather. It is an excellent material for decorative purposes. It takes color well, and is besides so soft and pliable that it can be very readily embroidered; in addition to this it answers, well for designs in dry color.

Several years ago paper curtains were in great demand in England. They were usually in imitation of Eastern designs, and were also lined with paper, the linings being fered, and promised that, though per- differently decorated. An attempt haps it was better to let the matter has been made to introduce them here, but hitherto not very successful'y. They are, of course, much cheaper than hangings of worsted materials, and as they have a glazed surface, they can be readily shaken or wiped free from dust.

The fashionable table lamp of to-day is mounted upon a beautifully painted vase of spheroid form, and is often of very great value, choice porcelain being selected for this purpose.

Some of the most beautiful carving y ladies is carried out in cedar wood. They are specially adapted for glove boxes and other small articles.

The table doilies are now often embroidered in the centre only. An initial letter is frequently selected, and within a fanciful or grotesque figure is carried out in raised dotted embroid-

A novel'y is about to be introduced for bedrooms in the shape of a draped toilet table. The foundation is of ordinary wood, and above the table an upper frame is supplied with a swinging mirror. The drapery is arranged upon a projecting shelf above the frame and festooned around the glass, which is also decorated with a double ruching of the material. Usual'y paper muslin of light color is selected as a background, and spotted Swiss supplies the material of the drapery itself.

Crystal is gaining in favor. Most beautiful centre pieces for the lunch table are in vogue, deeply cut in this material, and a new shape has superceded the globular. It is not unlike a crescent.

Iridescent mother-of pearl is much used now for bouquet holders, fanhandles, etc. It is often rich y carved, but still more frequently inlaid with gold and silver.

Braiding is to become popular again. Rounded soutache will be used, as the designs can be executed in raised work by its use. It is easy to give Eastern effects by carrying out a free design upon muslin, serun or thin materials of any kind.

The effect of applique work, which is given to the popular jute and linen plushes so much in use now, is gained the great attention that is paid to the effect of light and shade. Even without the outline embroidery in gold thread, which give them their handsome finish, the same result is large y effected.

Cushions for deep cane chairs are made of tufted plush or satin, and as an accompaniment a strip of the same material and color is embroidered as a scarf for the back and finished off with deep fringe, which is often of rich qualtiv.

A handsome ornament for the parlor wall consists of a small cabinet in carved wood, the doors of which open downward and, by means of movable supports, form a writing-desk. Frequently the panels are either painted or pieces of embroidery are mounted

upon them. Oddly-shaped tables are much in demand. Some of them are round and just low enough to reach a lady's elbows as she sits at work, and are rotatory. Others are round in front and straight at the back, and are supported upon half-recumbent figures. Tables of every shape are to be had for decoration at home, and are covered with jute plush embroidered in raised figures or simply finished off by a deep fringe.

Ornamental figures in terra cotta are seen everywhere. By the introduction of color an immense variety in effect is gained, and where only

Menu cards can be beautifully decorated at home. They should be in and each fold should bear a different outer one, if possible, should have as decoration the monogram of the guest

Vegetables may be sesthetically beautiful, but the attempt to introduce upon honest material, little glue and them as appropriate decoration for good sound workmanship, even if a table mats and doilies has not proved sparsely decorated apartment be the successful; fruits, blossoms or fancy figures are far more suitable.

Much ingenuity might be displayed found an improvement to let the ma jor part of the cornice be upon the ceiling area, which would look the larger for non-interruption. A simple border of ivy, oak or other shapely erness; but if when we played to- I cannot tell; we waited in terror, general effect, so that their slight leaves simply suggested in plaster. have done it. Nobody else had been in gether, he was never to speak to me, holding one another's hands under relief of color will not strike the eye would suit many rooms better than