

## A Story from the "Reign of Terror."

"Take care, Henri, my friend! This infatuation will lead you into trouble!" "Likely enough, Pierre; I care not what risk I run if I can only secure their safety."

The speakers were two young men belonging, apparently, to the better class of artisans. The last speaker was a remarkably handsome young man.

The room they were in was a small but neatly furnished one on the top floor of a house in a quiet quarter of Paris.

It was the period when the Revolution was at its height.

"How did you know they were in Paris?"

"About a week since I was walking behind someone in a grisette's dress. The slender figure and graceful carriage so roused my curiosity that I determined to see her face. I supposed the sound of my footsteps alarmed the person I was following. She looked back fearfully. I then saw a face that, though I had not seen it for more than three years, appeared too often in my dreams for me to have forgotten it. I followed at a distance, and saw her disappear into a doorway. The next day I watched the house, and saw the Comte come out. He was dressed in workman's clothes; but I knew him at once. This settled the matter beyond a doubt."

"The Comte is your father's landlord, is he not, Henri?"

"Yes; and I have loved his daughter since she was a child. When I was a mere lad I have watched for hours upon the chance of seeing her ride past with her father. On one occasion I had the good fortune to stop her horse when it was running away."

"For which, I suppose you got scant thanks, after the usual fashion of these aristocrats?"

"On the contrary, both the Comte and his daughter overwhelmed me with thanks!"

"What can have induced them to come to Paris just now? It is very dangerous for them!"

"Do not speak of it. I have had no rest since I found they were here. I know one of the goalers at the Conciergerie. I have bribed him to let me have a list every night of the arrests made during the day. Every time I receive it I tremble with the fear of finding their names down. Hark! what is that?"

At that moment hurried footsteps were heard on the stairs; the door was burst open, and a young girl rushed into the room.

"Save me! save me!" she exclaimed, holding out her hands to Henri.

Pierre looked at the latter's face, and had no difficulty in guessing who the intruder was.

"I will defend you with my life, mademoiselle!" said Henri. "What do you fear?"

A tramping of many feet was heard on the stairs, and a motley crowd poured into the room.

They appeared to belong to the very lowest class, literally *sans culottes*, the only exception being a frightened-looking priest, who appeared to be a prisoner.

There were several horrid-looking old hags among them, with bleared eyes and unkempt grey hair streaming down their backs. These latter were fiercer in their denunciations than the men.

"There she is!—there's the little aristocrat!" they screamed, with furious gestures.

Henri had placed Mdle. Beaupre in a corner, and placed himself before her, with a pistol in his hand that he had snatched down from over the mantelpiece.

"Stand back!" he exclaimed. "The first man that advances will receive a bullet through his brain! Let us hear what the citizeness has done."

"Done!" screamed one of the hags. "Look at her face!"

"Hush, Mere Sanson!" a man said, advancing, and taking upon himself the office of spokesman. "You see, citizen, it is as the mere says—her face is enough to condemn her. We intend to rid France of all these aristocrats. She will be a dainty morsel for la Mere Guillotine!"

"I can tell you of a more sensible use to put her to. Give her to me. I want a wife; and to lower the pride of these aristocrats is worse to them than taking their lives." Henri affected a tone of coarse jocularity. "I should soon teach her her duties as a wife, and I daresay she would clean my boots and cook my dinner quite as well for having good blood in her veins, or I would know the reason why!"

"No, no!" murmured the girl. "Death rather than disgrace!"

"You hear her, citizens! You see she is too grand to be the wife of an honest man, if he don't happen to be an aristocrat!"

When the mob found that Marie preferred the chance of death to marrying Henri, they verred round, and thought it would be a capital joke to force her into the marriage; besides, it

would be a little amusement for themselves.

"But where shall we find a priest?" said Henri, appearing to take their consent for granted.

"Here!" cried half a dozen voices, dragging the unfortunate priest forward.

While the discussion had been going forward he had remained in the background, closely guarded.

In spite of his protestations that he could not perform a marriage so evidently against the wishes of the lady, he was compelled to take up his station before the strangely-assorted couple.

In the confusion consequent upon bringing forward the priest, Henri had contrived to whisper to Marie not to fear, for the marriage would be only a form, in order to save her life.

His respectful manner, forming, as it did, such a contrast to his pretended brutality, seemed to reassure her somewhat; so when the priest asked her if she were willing for the ceremony to take place, she bent her head.

The marriage then commenced. It was a strange scene.

The bridegroom's face, flushed with excitement, formed a striking contrast to the deathly pallor of the bride; while the wild-looking group surrounding them seemed scarcely fitting spectators of such a ceremony.

The bridegroom's responses were clear and decided, the bride's scarcely audible.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the man who had been spokesman went up to the newly-married couple, and making a mock-respectful bow, congratulated them on their marriage in an ironical tone. His example was followed by the rest, and then they all left the room.

Pierre, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, followed them.

When Henri found himself alone with Marie, he turned to her and said, "Forgive me, mademoiselle; it was the only way of saving your life!"

"But monsieur, will this marriage be binding?"

"Fear not, mademoiselle," said Henri, proudly; "I will not claim you. I would bind no woman to me by a tie that galls her. You will explain the matter to M. le Comte."

"What! you know us, monsieur? Your face seems familiar to me; it seems to bring back recollections of home."

"Do you remember, mademoiselle, a youth who stopped your horse some years ago?"

"Quite well I know you now. Then, this is not the first service you have rendered me."

"How came you in such a dangerous position to-day, mademoiselle?" asked Henri.

"I was returning home, and had nearly reached the door, when several of those dreadful men came up, and saying they could see I was an aristocrat, attempted to seize me. I eluded their grasp, and fled. I saw an open doorway, and rushed in. You know the rest."

While Mdle. Beaupre had been speaking, a sudden thought had flashed through Henri's mind.

"I think I see a way for this marriage to be the means of securing your and Monsieur le Comte's safety. I am thinking of going to England, and can get you and Monsieur your father put down in my passport as my wife and father-in-law."

Marie winced, and a flush passed over her face as Henri uttered the word "wife;" but she answered calmly, "It would be an inestimable service if you could enable us to reach England safely."

"I think it might be managed," said Henri. "Will you mention it to Monsieur le Comte, and see what he thinks about it?"

Mdle. Beaupre assented, and then said she had better go, as she feared her father would be getting anxious about her.

Henri fetched a sledge, and escorted her home, as he did not think it prudent for her to pass through the streets on foot. When he left her it was agreed that he should call the next day to hear the Comte's decision.

The Comte received Henri very haughtily, and expressed himself much annoyed at the affair of the day before. Henri told him that he was sure the marriage could easily be annulled, both parties being willing that it should be so. It could be represented as a compulsory one, and had taken place without the consent of parents, a very necessary formality to render a French marriage legal. Henri then spoke to the Comte of his plan to enable them to reach England. The Comte inquired if Henri considered it safe. The latter answered "Yes, he thought so."

When they parted, after discussing some necessary arrangements, the Comte had regained his usual courteous manner.

Three days after, our fugitives were standing on the deck of a vessel that was approaching the coast of England. There had been no difficulty in obtaining

the passports, thanks to Henri's character as a loyal citizen; and now they were free!

Mademoiselle Beaupre was leaning on her father's arm, contemplating the shores of the country likely to be her home for some time. Certainly the approach to Dover shows the English coast under one of its most favorable aspects. The dazzling white of the bold cliffs, the fine old castle perched on high, the comfortable-looking town, nestled so easily in the hollow, all make up a very attractive picture.

Mademoiselle Beaupre felt a load lifted from her heart now her father's safety was really secured. As for the form she had been obliged so unwillingly to form, she resolved to cast the recollection of it from her—a resolution easier to carry out than it might otherwise have been from Henri's behavior, who during the journey had held himself quite aloof, and appeared to recognize the distance that separated him from the Comte and his daughter.

On landing, they drove to a hotel. A soon as they found themselves in a private room, Henri, turning to the Comte, said, "Here I will take leave of you, Mons. le Comte; and here"—handing him a paper—"is a statement of the circumstances under which the marriage took place; and also my renunciation of all claim on Mademoiselle Beaupre. I think, with this, you will have no difficulty in getting it annulled."

"Thanks, Monsieur!" said the Comte. "I have now to thank you for the way in which you shielded my daughter, and still more for this generous renunciation. What are your intentions for the future?"

"I shall remain in England for a few weeks; I shall then return to France and enter the army."

"A very wise resolve," said the Comte, glancing at the stalwart form of the young man before him. "You will make a capital soldier; and we may yet live to salute you a Mons. le Marechal."

"Henri smiled sadly; and turning to Mademoiselle Beaupre, said, "Adieu, mademoiselle!"

"Adieu, monsieur; and do not doubt our gratitude for the services you have rendered us," said Marie, offering Henri her hand.

He took it, raised it to his lips, then turned away hastily, saluted the Comte, and left the room at once.

"A fine fellow!" said the Comte, a few minutes after. "What a pity he has not some noble blood in his veins!"

"I believe he has, my father," said Marie, quickly. "I remember when he stopped my horse, on mentioning the circumstance to Madame Bertrand, she told me that they were descended from the younger branch of a noble old Norman family, and though a younger branch, they had originally been well provided for; but they were an extravagant race, and when Mons. Lemaire's grandfather succeeded to the residue of the property, he found so little left that, being a prudent man, he resolved to try to increase it by farming. But being also very proud, he left Normandy, and came to our neighborhood to settle; he also dropped the family name."

"That accounts for our friend's honorable behavior; for let me tell you," continued the Comte, "it is not every man who would have acted in the way he has."

"No," said Mdle. Beaupre; perhaps in her heart she felt a slight pique that he had renounced her so readily. Women are contradictory creatures!

Five years have elapsed. A ball is taking place, given by one of the aristocratic leaders of London society.

The scene is a brilliant one, some of the most beautiful women of the day are to be seen there.

"Mons. le Comte and Mdle. Beaupre," announces a servant.

All eyes are turned to the door as an aristocratic-looking elderly gentleman enters, with a very beautiful girl hanging on his arm.

The past five years have added to Marie's attractions; her figure is more rounded, and her face seems more expressive.

She has become quite the fashion; no ball or party is considered complete without her presence; she is always surrounded by a crowd of admirers, but not one can boast of being favored. Her manner is the same to all—calm, courteous, and no more.

On the present occasion she is soon surrounded as usual. Glancing up soon after her arrival, she saw an old friend of her father's approaching her, accompanied by a gentleman, at the sight of whom the color rushed to her cheeks, and then receded, leaving her deadly pale.

Where had she seen that face and figure? Before her "mind's eye" arose the vision of that parting at Dover five years before.

This gentleman's resemblance to Henri was striking, but when she came to examine him more closely, she found a difference in many respects. The stranger's complexion was more bronzed, his moustache and beard different; he

appeared taller, but that might be only his erect carriage, for his bearing was unmistakably that of a military man.

These thoughts passed through her mind in much less time than we have taken to describe them. By the time the Marechal had reached her side she had regained her composure.

"Permit me to introduce M. le Generale Comte de Latouche," said Marechal Aubaine, after he had greeted Mdle. Beaupre.

The latter received the General with her usual graceful composure, and granted his request for the next dance. Marie found her partner a very agreeable companion; his manner was highly polished, he appeared to have read and thought a great deal, and had something to say on more serious subjects than are usually introduced into a ball-room conversation.

Marie asked him, after a pause, whether he had been long in England?

"No," he said. "He had only just returned from active service, and thinking a little rest would be good for him, he had applied for a short leave, and made up his mind to spend it in England."

There was no consciousness in his manner of ever having met Mdle. Beaupre before; and for her part, she knew not what to think. The difference appeared great, but then five years is a long time, and many changes may take place in it.

These thoughts made her rather a pre-occupied companion, animated as the General's conversation was. They danced together several times during the evening.

From that time, whatever Mdle. Beaupre attended any entertainment, the General was sure to be seen there in the course of the evening, and people began to exchange significant glances when he approached her. It seemed to be an understood thing among the circle surrounding her that all must give place to Mdle. Beaupre's compatriot.

The Comte, on being introduced to the General, had not appeared to notice any resemblance to Henri Lemaire; and Marie, feeling an unaccountable shyness on the subject, had not mentioned it to him.

One evening after dancing with the General, the heat being excessive in the ball-room, they went to the conservatory, which Marie regretted directly she found they were the only occupants; she dreaded the subject on which she felt sure the General would speak.

She was not deceived. In a few many words he declared his love for her, and asked permission to address her father on the subject.

Marie had by this time quite given up the idea of the General and Henri being the same person, so that it would be necessary to inform him of that episode in her life, which she proceeded to do when he had finished speaking. On reaching the point to which the reader's knowledge extends she continued: "The marriage was pronounced void, and three months after it had taken place I was once more free! My father felt very much interested in Henri Lemaire's subsequent fate; but we have been unable to ascertain anything beyond the fact that he was still with the army, and had distinguished himself greatly."

"I see nothing in this to interfere with my suit," said the General when Marie had finished. "You tell me you are free to marry again."

"Should you be very much offended, Monsie. Generale, if I told you how much you reminded me of Henri Lemaire when I first saw you?"

The General, in reply to this, drew from his pocket a delicate cambric handkerchief, which he held out to Mademoiselle Beaupre.

She took it and found embroidered in the corner her own initials, designed and worked by herself. She had lost it the day they landed at Dover.

"Henri!" exclaimed Marie, gazing at him in a bewildered manner.

"Yes, Henri the despised artisan," said he, smiling.

"Never despised," returned Marie. "And now, my darling," he said, "can you forgive this mystification? I wished to see whether I should be more successful than I was five years ago."

"Successful! I think you took very little trouble at that time to ensure success. You were as cold as a marble statue."

"Never mind the past," said Henri, gaily. "Let us think only of the future. What do you think your father will say to it all?"

"I think he will be delighted. He always had a very good opinion of you, and now that his prejudices on the score of position—"

"By the bye, I have not told you how I succeeded to the title. There has been quite a fatality attending the elder branch of my family. At last they had dwindled down to three representatives, a father and his two sons, who were drowned while yachting. This happened three months ago."

Marie now suggested their returning to the ball-room, fearing their long absence might be noticed.

Henri said it was no matter. Their secret would not be one long, for after waiting five years for his wife he did not intend to waste much more time over his wooing.

The Comte was quite as much pleased as Marie had predicted. He had always felt a great respect for Henri Lemaire on account of his honorable conduct in releasing Marie, and his present position, the possessor of a good old title and the estates belonging to it, united with high military prestige, was everything that the most exacting father-in-law could desire.

The splendor of the wedding formed a striking contrast to the former one, as did also the appearance of the happy-looking, blushing bride to that of the pale, shrinking girl of five years before.

The Comte said one day, jokingly, to his son-in-law, "Do not flatter yourself, Mons. le Generale, that you are your wife's first love. I can assure you that after a certain Henri Lemaire left us at Dover, there was a great change in Marie, which lasted a considerable time. I believe he carried off some, if not all her heart."

"Nonsense, my father!" Marie replied, smilingly, yet not without a faint blush. "You surely do not want to pretend that I, 'unwood, was won;' and I am sure Henri Lemaire never made love to me."

"Never mind, my darling," Henri answered. "If Henri Lemaire never made love, Henri de Latouche has not yet ceased to do so, though we are old married people of some months standing."

Provisioning a Steamship.

Three thousand five hundred pound of butter, 3000 hams, 1600 pounds biscuits—not those supplied to the crew; 1000 pounds of "dessert stores" muscatels, almonds, figs, etc., exclusive of fresh fruits, which are taken in at every port; 1500 pounds of jams and jellies, 6000 pounds of tinned meats, 1000 pounds of dried beans, 3600 pounds of rice, 5000 pounds of onions, forty tons of potatoes, 60,000 pounds of flour, and 20,000 eggs. Fresh vegetables, dead meat, and live bullocks, sheep, pigs, geese, turkeys, guinea-birds, ducks, fowls, fish, and casual game are generally supplied at each port of call or replenished at the further end of the journey, so that it is difficult to obtain complete estimates of them. Perhaps two dozen bullocks and sixty sheep would be a fair average for the whole voyage, and the rest may be inferred in proportion. The writer has known twenty-five fowls sacrificed in a single day to make chicken-broth. We therefore shan't starve, even if we are a day or two behind time, which is considered a great enormity now. The mention of chicken-broth suggests seasickness, and seasickness conjures up the doctor, and with the doctor is associated medicine. His dispensary is as well furnished with drugs as any chemist's shop in a country town, and when we observe that, among other things, it contains twelve ounces of quinine, four gallons of black-draught, twenty pounds of Seidlitz powders, a gallon of castor-oil, and half a hundred-weight of Epsom salts, it is evident that if the sick people do not get well it is not from lack of physic. Four thousand sheets, 2000 blankets, 8000 towels, 2000 pounds of various soaps, 2000 pounds of candles—except in those vessels which are fitted with the electric light; 1600 knives, 2200 plates, 900 cups and saucers, 3000 glasses—fancy what a handsome income the amount represented by annual loss from breakage would be!—800 table-cloths, 2000 glass-cloths—all these are figures exhibited in the provisioning of one ship alone. Think what they would amount up to when multiplied by the number of ships in each company's fleet, and then try to realize the fact this department constitutes only one, and by no means the greatest, of their incidental expenses.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Bill Jones' Easy Creditor.

A good old deacon was going the rounds making a collection for the church, and ran upon a tough customer in Bill Jones. Bill had not been to church for years, and when the deacon made known his errand, he declined giving anything. "Come, William give something," said the deacon. "Can't do it." "Why not? Isn't the cause a good one?" "Well, yes—I guess so, but I ain't able to give anything." "Pooh! pooh! I know better. You must give a better reason than that." "Well, then, I owe too much money, and I am just before I am generous." "Ah! But William, you owe Heaven a larger debt than you owe anyone else." "That's true, deacon, but He ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors."

## What is the Use of Snakes?

Persons who dislike snakes continually ask: "What is the use of them?" That they are not without a use will, I hope, appear in the course of this work, were it necessary to preach that all things have their use. But in one habit that offended Lord Bacon, namely, of "going on their belly," lies one of their greatest uses, because that, together with their internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog jungles, swamps, amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature, die and produce pestilence.

Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, peccary, badger, hog, goat and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limits, while the latter perform their part among the grain-devouring and herbivorous lesser creatures. Thus beautifully is the balance of nature maintained.

Discontent and Duty.

A good many people spend all their life hunting for a place in this world that they were never intended to fill. They never settle down to anything with any sort of restful or contented feeling. What they are doing now is not fly any means the work that is suited to their abilities. They have a sunny ideal of a very noble life which they would like to reach, in which their powers would have free scope, and where they could make a very bright record. But in their present position they cannot do much of anything and there is little use to try. Their life is a humdrum and a prosy outline, and they can accomplish nothing really worthy and beautiful. So they go on discontented with their own lot, and sighing for another; and while they sigh the years glide away, and soon they will come to the end, to find that they have missed every opportunity of doing anything worthy of a rational being on the passage to eternity. The truth is, one's vocation is never some far-off possibility. It is always the simple round of duties that the passing hour brings. No day is common-place if we only had eyes to see its splendor. There is no duty that comes to our hand but brings us the possibility of kingly service.—*Ex*.

A Good Recommendation.

"Sir, said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant.

"Sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered once in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you this master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

"We are the Old Men."

A physician will tell a man that, accidents aside, it depends on himself whether he shall live to forty, fifty, or three score and ten. He will also tell him that if he keeps the commandments, which ought to control his soul and body, his old age will be happy in its calm quiet and in those pleasing reminiscences in which the aged delight to dwell. A French paper brings out this habit by this tender little sketch: Two old gentlemen, over whose heads the seventeen-year locusts have passed repeatedly, are walking along a public promenade which they have frequented for many and many a year. "It's rather curious," says the first, "but things seem to be changing here. Don't you remember how, ever so long ago, we used to see lots of old, old men, crawling up and down here in the sun? What's become of them all? I never meet any of them any more." "My friend," rejoins his companion, "we are the old, old men that we used to see!"