THE YEAR THAT'S GONE.

Down the dark vale of the past,
Backward memory's glance is cast,
O'er the days that fled so fast,
In the year that's gone;—
Fled for aye, each truant day,
In the year that's gone.

Fairy islands, bright and green,
On life's desert waste are seen;
But dark waters intervene
'Twixt the Now and Then,
Shining brightly in the light
Of the year that's gone.

Joyous spring with budding flowers,
Dancing through the forest bowers,
Heedless was of Time's fleet hours,
In the year that's gone;—
Gipsied wild that happy child,
In the year that's gone.

Many were the castles bright,
Peopled with fair forms of light,
Elfin kings and fairies sprite,
In the year that's gone;—
So sweet visions, that they fled
In the year that's gone.

Morning fragrance early shed!
Childhood's dear hopes here lie dead;
Youth's wild dreams will soon have fled,
With the year that's gone;
But e'er bright in memory,
It shall have a throne!

THE TIDAL TRAIN.

There was a great rush for the tidal train that morning from Paris. It started at a very convenient hour, 9.40, and was patronized by a crowd of people. As the time for departure approached, there was the usual outcry for seats. The French officials, if asked, shrugged their shoulders and pointed to the nearest carriage; what they meant was, that there was still room to spare if people did not cover up extra seats with their belongings, and so monopolize more than their share. Late arrivals tare neglected wandered miserably up and down the whole length of the train, seeking accommodation excitedly, and in vain.

Among the rest were two ladies, one of whom, the elder, seemed greatly flurried and put out. "I knew how it would be," she cried, in a despairing voice, "every seat is occupied! What shall we do? why were we so late?"

She was a middle-aged, somewhat plethoric-looking dame, with an air of much importance, marred for the moment by helplessness and ill-temper.

"We shall find places presently, dear Lady Jones," replied the younger, who had the rather sycophantic air of a humble friend. "The guard will help us."

"They never do, and they don't understand. Dear, dear! why didn't we come in time? It was all your fault Hester"—this to the maid who followed them as they ranged backward along the platform—"you ought to have packed last night. What shall we do? Oh, thank you so much!" she cried suddenly, with effusion.

A gentleman, who apparently had been watching her distress, pushed open the door of the carriage he occupied and invited her to enter. His companion, another man at the far end, made room by removing rugs and rags, and presently Lady Jones, with a sigh of relief, sank back into the cushions. Then with feminine selfishness, and forgetful of the trouble she had just escaped, she proceeded to prevent any one else from getting in.

"Cover up the seats well, Millicent, she cried, "and do keep the door shut. Oh, thank you, sir," she added to one of the men, who seemed to fall in readily with her idea of keeping the carriage to themselves.

There was nothing very remarkable about Lady Jones' new-found friends. One was a tall, dark man, with a clean-shaved face, and very dark eyes which glared out from under the shade of a black felt hat; the other was smaller—a restless little freckled-faced man, with a short red beard cut and trimmed to a point. They did not look like Englishmen; but they spoke the language fluently with a slight accent.

The firm, somewhat fierce demeanor of the dark man had the desired effect. When he said abruptly, "Il n'y pas de place," people retired discomfited, and as time was nearly up, Lady Jones began to hope that their privacy and comfort would not be disturbed. Almost at the last moment a man came to the door, importunate and persistent.

"Any room?" he asked in English, as he stood on the doorstep. Then getting no answer, he repeated the question in French. "How many are you?" Still no answer; so he counted for himself, and went away.

Lady Jones was delighted; but her triumph was of short duration. The last arrival came back at once with a whole posse of French officials at his back the chief of whom, in a voice of authority, repeated the inquiry.

"How many are you? Four? More to come? Impossible! The train is starting. Entrez, monsier; entrez, vite;" and the next minute the stranger was bundled into the carriage, the door was shut with a bang, the horns sounded, and the train went off at express speed.

The occupants of the carriage, Lady Jones in particular, resented this unceremonious intrusion.

"Extraordinary!" she said, in a loud tone, aside to Millicent, "People never know when they are in the way."

"So forward and presuming!" replied the young lady.

"In my country," said the dark man, "men never intrude themselves on ladies. They wait to be asked."

"We have a very short way of settling with them if they do," added the short man, offensively.

"And pray what do they do with them," asked the last comer, quietly.

He was cool and self-possessed, with a broad face framed in by square-cut grayish whiskers. His upper lip was clean-shaven, showing the firm, rather hard mouth, and his blue eyes were steady and penetrating. Not a man to be trifled with, in spite of his calm manner and unobtrusive demeanor.

"What do you do with them?" he repeated, looking hard at the insolent little red man.

"Pitch them out of the window, or on to the line."

"Would you like to do it now?" said the other.

"Be quiet, Thaddy," interposed the dark man; "remember there are ladies present."

"Don't mind me, gentlemen, if you wish to give him a lesson," said lady Jones, who had espoused the part of her first friends.

The Englishman looked at her rather keenly, but made no remark. Nor, although they continued to talk at him and abuse him for the next half hour, did he take any further notice of them, but read a novel attentively which he had extracted from his little black bag. By the time they reached Amiens, quite a pleasant intimacy had sprung up between Lady Jones and the two men. The four went to the buffet and breakfasted together. Returning to their carriage they found that the Englishman had disappeared, so they made merry at his expense.

But they had not done with him yet. He was there on the quay as the train ran alongside the Boulogne steamer; they saw him again on board with his little hand-bag, and always calm and imperturbable. Only once did he betray the slightest emotion; it was when a man came up to him as he stood near the funnel, and, with an almost imperceptible salute, addressed him as Mr. Hopkinson.

"Hush, you fool!" he replied, angrily. "Don't mention names here."

"It was too late, however; many of those around had heard the name, and among the rest the two men, who were smoking close by.

"Come aft, Thaddeus!" whispered the tall man. "Did you hear that name?"

"I did. It must be that murdering villain himself."

"And you, you fool, to get quarreling with him in the train!"

"Do you think he has his eye on us?"

"You may take your oath of that."

"What in the name of conscience shall we do!"

"Leave it to me; I have a dodge, if I can only work it."

The steamer being very crowded, Lady Jones and her party had been unable to secure a private cabin. They had to stay on deck, and in by no means a good place. But, thanks to the attention of her friends, Lady Jones was made comfortable with rugs and wraps near one of the paddle-boxes, while Millicent and the maid sat close beside her. The voyage across the channel was not good, and the ladies reached Folkestone in a more or less battered condition. Now the strangers, like chivalrous gentlemen, came out in their true colors. Nothing could exceed their kindness. They took infinite trouble to prepare the party for going on shore; they helped the maid to fold and strap up the rugs, and made themselves generally useful. Lady Jones was so grateful and so charmed that she begged them to call on her in London, and gave them her address.

When the porters rushed on board, Lady Jones desired one of them to go at once and secure her carriage.

"Can't be done, mum," he replied. "All the things have to be examined before they let us through to the train."

"Absurd!" said her ladyship; "they won't examine mine. I am Lady Jones."

But her ladyship was no better than an ordinary person before the law. The custom house officers were inexorable; and, in spite of her protests, all her small parcels and those of her party, were taken into the search-room, and laid out on the counter. With an imperious wave of the hand, an official ordered her to follow them. To make matters worse, the quiet Englishman, to whom she had been so rude in the train, was standing in the doorway, talking to two other men, and laughing, as she thought, at her distress.

For a moment her two friends were nowhere to be seen.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she said indignantly to Millicent, as the officious searchers turned everything out of her gold-mounted dressing case, and then proceeded to unroll the rugs. "What do they take us for?"

"Everybody is treated alike, dear Lady Jones. I suppose they are afraid of Fenians, or dynamite, or something."

"It is preposterous, disgraceful! Sir John shall write to the papers—I beg your pardon."

This was to an official who had said to her twice, "What is this?"

A small parcel done up in strong brown paper securely tied and sealed.

"I haven't the least idea. Something of my maid's or Millicent's—this young lady here. I really cannot say."

But while she chattered on with accustomed garrulity, the custom house officer had already cut the strings, undone the parcel, and laid bare a small plain tin case.

It had a lid, which was easily opened. Inside were a number of slabs of a whity-brown, sugary-looking substance which might have been tenth-rate chocolate or indifferently-made 'toffee.'

"Some sort of sugar," said Lady Jones. "How odd! I cannot imagine—"

"It's just what I expected," said a quiet voice behind. Hand it over, Mr. Saunders. This is my affair."

"What, Mr. Hopkinson, are you here?"

"Very much on the spot this time, I think, Mr. Saunders. Now, ma'am"—to Lady Jones—"where are your other friends?"

"How dare you speak to me!" she replied, hotly, recognizing her old enemy of the train. "I am Lady Jones."

"Of course, all right," replied the man called Mr. Hopkinson. "But there," he went on, half to himself, "we don't want any scandal or noise. We might lose the others;" and with that he whispered a few words to an attendant, and drew back into the crowd.

The examination of Lady Jones' baggage was completed, everything was re-packed, and the party proceeded toward the train. Just as they passed the refreshment-room, a railway guard came up, and touching his cap, said: "The station master has reserved you a compartment. Please come this way."

"How uncommonly civil of him, to be sure!" cried her ladyship. "I suppose it is to make up for this annoyance. I am really much obliged."

Within five minutes the two ladies were stowed away in a carriage by themselves, and the door securely locked. Presently the train ran out of the station up the hill to Folkestone-town, and Lady Jones, who was rapidly recovering her equanimity, after a few ejaculations of delight at being home again, composed herself to sleep in the corner of the carriage.

But fresh annoyance was in store for her. At Folkestone Town station the carriage was unlocked, and three men got in; one of them, to Lady Jones' indignation and dismay, was Mr. Hopkinson, with his black bag, which he kept on his knee.

"You mustn't come in here," she said loftily; "this carriage is reserved specially for me. I am Lady Jones."

"Oh, are you!" replied the other. "It is time you should know who I am. My name—"

"I am sure I don't care to know."

"My name is Hopkinson. I am chief inspector of police from Scotland Yard."

"Well," said Lady Jones, still bold, but with much inward misgivings, "I really do not understand!"

"By this time my men will have arrested your two confederates—your friends who helped you in trying to keep me out of the train at Paris. I knew them all along."

"My friends! I never met them before this morning! Why, I don't even know their names!"

"That won't do. You know as well as I do that they are Phelim Cassidy and Thaddeus O'Brien, American Fenians—"

"Gracious Heavens!"

"With whose connivance you have attempted to convey dynamite into England—a nice little lot of Atlas powder, in slabs too, for convenience in packing."

"I deny, most positively! It I!—"

"Case is too strong against you. Why, the stuff was found in your possession, and I have it here in my bag; enough to wreck the whole train."

Lady Jones shrieked.

"Do you mean to tell me that there is dynamite here in this carriage? Oh, do, please, throw it away!"

"The concussion would certainly explode it, and we should all be blown to kingdom come! Don't be frightened; you traveled with it all the way from Paris, and would have carried it on to London yourself."

"I assure you I know nothing of this. I am Lady Jones, the wife of Sir John Jones of Harley street. Millicent, help me to explain who I am."

The detective shook his head doubtfully.

"It may be as you say, but I don't see my way. Wait till we get to London. If you can prove your identity, at any rate you may escape being locked up; the magistrate may give you bail."

With this cold comfort Lady Jones had to be satisfied, and in dire terror and discomfort she made the rest of the journey to London. Hopkinson, it must be confessed, had already made up his mind that it was as Lady Jones had said; but he chose to keep her in suspense.

On reaching Cannon street, the guard brought him a telegram. The detective read it with strong symptoms of disgust,

"Slipped through my fingers! Just when I thought I had them, too! It's the very mischief. What shall I do next?"

After a pause of deep thought he turned suddenly to Lady Jones.

"Do these men know your London address? Yes? Well, if you will assist us now, I think I can promise that nothing more shall be said about this unfortunate affair. But first, you must be secret, silent as the grave. Can I trust you? And this young lady?"

Millicent and Lady Jones answered it in a breath, promising to be most circumspect.

"My idea now is that these men only planted the stuff on you, hoping it would pass unnoticed; whether it did or no they would know by the morning papers, which would be sure to publish an account of the seizure of dynamite. Well," went on the detective, "no one must know a syllable of this; there shall be nothing in the papers or anywhere. To-morrow or next day they will call at your house to recover their small parcel explaining that it slipped in among your rugs by mistake. If they do, we have them; do you understand? And will you help?"

Lady Jones only too gladly assented That night the house in Harley street was practically in the possession of the police. Sir John entered into the spirit of the thing; gave his hall-porter a holiday, and installed Hopkinson disguised in his place. On the third day the dark man called, sent up his card, and was given the dynamite. As he left the house his companion joined him, and both were arrested before they had turned the next corner. The trial, with the examination of Lady Jones, was one of the events of the season

Put His Coat On.

Guy Tippleton is a great practical joker. At a country house, not long ago, when the ladies had retired for the evening the gentlemen congregated in the smoking room.

"I say, Ewart," said Tippleton, "I think it's very bad form of you coming in here without taking the trouble to go upstairs and change your coat. If you do it again I certainly shall have those claw-hammered tails cut off."

Next evening the scene repeated—young Ewart strolls into the smoking room with his dress coat on. Without more ado Guy and a few congenial spirits had young Ewart down on a couch and cut the tails off his coat. Ewart took it very coolly. He strolled up to the fire and stood in the attitude, the ladies alleged, to be the favorite one of the male sex.

"You take it very philosophically," said one of Guy Tippleton's friends.

"O," replied Ewart, "it doesn't matter to me. It's not my coat; it's Tippleton's garment. I knew he'd keep his word, so I just dropped into his room in passing and put his coat on."

There was a roar of laughter, and to do Guy Tippleton justice, no one joined in it more heartily than he.

Tears are the shadows that fertilize this world.

Words the English Want.

No American can have traveled in England without learning that its people are no whit superior to ours in bearing or in speech. Moreover their feeling of complacency often deprives them of the power of changing for the better—that is, of learning. The nation that does not progress retrogrades. England is insular and provincial. American is continental and cosmopolitan. Englishmen seldom change except by forgeting. Americans, during a century, have added hundreds of needful words to the language. What we ought to do is, not to drop good words because the English do not use them, but to hold on to them and get more of them to fill up the awkward chinks of the common tongue.

What should we in America do without such words as breadstuffs, bakery, bureau, calico, caucus, dry-goods, dress (for gown), indorse, fall (for autumn), fix (for adjust), freshet, fleshy, hardware, laundry, levee, loafer, lobby, locate, lumber, molasses, narrate, notify, pond, perfumery, posted, quite, reliable, ride (ride in a wagon), sleigh, smart, span (for pair), stoop (for porch,) sparse, store, ugly, (for cruel or cross), venison, vest, woods?

These are all good, honest words, that ought to be and will be retained permanently in the language, yet none of them are known in England in the American sense, except two or three that have recently been adopted for convenience.

The English have no comprehensive word meaning what our "dry-goods" means, and they need one.

For "calico" they use the vague and ambigious word "print."

For "mirror" they always say "glass" ("glaws"), though, as there are a hundred different kinds of glass, mirror is a word they sorely need.

For "homely," as applied to the features, the English, always say either "plain" or "ugly," and deny the propriety of the meaning which Americans give to the word. But Americans are right. "Homely" is exactly what they want to say, for it means considerably more than "plain" and considerably less than "ugly." The English have no equivalent for it; hence, when they wish to say that a lady is homely, they cannot say it; they can say only that she is "plain," that is, that she has no positive beauty, or that she is "ugly," that is, deformed or repulsive—and neither is what they mean.

For "loafer" the English always say either "vagrant," "vagabond," or "dandy," and a loafer is generally neither. England has thousands of loafers, but not one word to describe them.

The English never speak of the "waist" of a lady's "dress" but of the "body" of her "gown," which is certainly neither more correct nor more elegant.

For "bureau" they say "chest of drawers," which is employing circumlocution in place of a name.

For "candy" they always say "sweet," which is a similar subterfuge, using one of the qualities of the article to describe the whole thing itself. "Candy" is not a needful word, but also (which is of far less consequence) it is etymologically accurate, finding its root in French, Italian, Arabic, Persian and Sanscrit.

For "bench" the English say "form." Each is equally good. It is a matter of taste.

For "pantaloons" they always say "trousers," which is, perhaps, preferable because shorter; but both words had better be retained.

For "bakers," "lumber" and "hardware," they have no equivalent words whatever, and have to resort to phrases and sentences to indicate what they mean.

For "perfumery" the English say "scent," and insist that the long word is preferred by Americans because they are pedantic. But this charge of a preference for big words is scarcely borne but by the habit of Americans in saying "help" instead of "servants," "boss" instead "employer," "shop" instead of "manufactory," "guess" instead of "conjectur," "sparse" instead of "thinly populated," and, above all, "fix" instead of the Latin words "adjust," "repair," or "renovate"

The Revolutionary war is far off, and travel has much mixed us up, and young men of culture in this country seem to think it meritorious to unlearn the vernacular and substitute English words. It seems to me to be mere flunkyism, without any redeeming grace.

In the application of words to modern inventions Americans have shown themselves superior to the English. When the first railroad was built the English applied to its parts, as far as possible, the words already in use in stage-coaching; while Americans adopted or invented a new set of words for the new things. For railroad the English say "railway" for depot, "station;" for track, "line;" for locomotive, "engine" (which is only part of a locomotive), for engineer, "driver;" for car, "coach;" for conductor, "guard;" for baggage, "luggage;" for buying a ticket, which is exactly what it is, "booking," which is exactly what it is isn't; for switch, "shunt," merely a vulgar contraction of "shun it."

In America letters go by mail; in England they go by "post"—a verbal survival from that early day when letters were locked in a hole in a wooden post and taken out and borne onward by another. Both words are correct; the choice, a matter of taste.

The word "guess" is used ten times as much here as in England. It is a good, square, honest word, and should not be shunned. English people substitute for it the long word "conjecture" or the flippant word "fancy," which is a cheap contraction of a Greek original, and in no way preferable.

So is "notify" a legitimate word. The word "advise" is always used instead of it in England, but such use is ambiguous by construction, for the word has another and much more important meaning.

I feel even like making a plea for the word "clever" in its American signification. The critic may say that etymologically it meant skillful, dexterous, ingenious; but thousands of good words are used in violation of their original meaning. The word "let" meant to hinder, and the word "prevent" meant to assist, and they were thus employed for centuries, till long after Shakespeare's time. "Charing Cross," the center of London, is a corruption of the French "*cher Reine*"—"dear Queen."

The word clever, as still used colloquially in New England, is an admirable word, and should be preserved in our literature. It means more than good-natured—it means unselfish and obliging, as well as merely amiable: and I hope to see it incorporated into cultured speech and letters. It will be, unless the dudes and snobs have their own way, and we become once more merely an outlying province of England.

"Smart" is another word which should be saved for a language not too prolific in synonyms. The word "talented" does not cover its meaning at all; it makes a natural capability which can be expressed by no other word.

Our language is sadly in need of new words, to describe new things, new relations, new tendencies of thought; and the refined slang and common speech of the United States constitute the chief fountain of its enrichment. Mr. Roswell Smith of the *Century* Company tells me, and I am glad to learn it, that the new dictionary will contain some hundreds, perhaps thousands of new words, notably Americanisms and provincialisms, which, by their usefulness, have vindicated their right. This is an example of courage and discernment as well as public spirit. It will not answer for Englishmen to object that a new word cannot be admitted as proper till they see fit to adopt it. That day has gone by forever. They are outnumbered, and have ceased to be the official custodians of the common tongue. A majority of all English-speaking people are now on the Western Continent; in another generation three-quarters of them will be here; and to our progressive scholars and expert physilogists is allotted the task of henceforth guarding, improving, re-enforcing and fertilizing the language, till it shall make its triumphant way around the world and become adapted to all races of men.

A Freeze-Out.

The revenue raiders have some very thrilling experiences sometimes. A few nights ago a party of raiders were up the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad. In the party was a very quiet but utterly fearless young fellow named Leo Cape. The party approached a distillery in which five men were at work, and as the place was being surronnded the moonshiners discovered that something was going wrong. They made a wild dash, every man going in a different direction. Near by was a creek about fifteen feet wide and eighteen inches deep. The night was one of the coldest of the recent severe weather. A distiller made a bold dash toward that creek.

Lee Cape was on the off side of the stream and put out to intercept him. As the moonshiner approached one bank Lee came up on the other, both panting from a violent race. Without hesitation the fleeing 'stiller plunged in, and as he did so Leo Cape, from the opposite bank, presented a big revolver and said:

"Halt!"

The moonshiner stopped in the middle of the stream.

"Don't run," said Cape.

"Hello, Leo," observed the moonshiner, standing half-waist deep in the icy waters.

"Hello, Moses," said Cape, "come out and give up."

"You come in here and take me if you want me!"

"You run and I'll shoot you."

"I won't run."

"Well, come out, then!"

"I won't!"

"Well, stand there!"

"I'll do it!"

"All right," said Cape; "you'll stand in that water and I'll stand here. I can stand it if you can."

The moonshiner's teeth began to chatter.

At last he said:

"Leo!"

"Hey?"

"I'll have to cave; I'm coming out."

"All right."

And the blockader, shivering and freezing, came up dripping from the creek, and Lee marched him into camp.

Learning Latin and Greek.

There can be no doubt that by the older methods of freely employing Latin and Greek in conversation and in reading, the student might acqure an easy and facile use of those tongues in half the time now spent in learning to read them clumsily and with difficulty; but the college Dons insist that the languages are chiefly valuable as furnishing intellectual trapezes and horizontal bars and dumb bells for students to exercise their wits upon. Whether they are right or wrong is a question for debate. But it may be suggested, as a point not often considered by either side in this controversy, that the practice of studying the grammatical structure of a language before learning the language itself is a clumsy inversion of the proper order. We do not inquire the reasons for scientific facts before we learn the facts. We do not make analysis of things not yet in possession. We do not cook our hare until we catch it. Under the existing system a student is set to study the niceties of Greek and Latin grammar before he knows anything at all about those languages, and there is manifest absurdity in the method, however valuable such study may be when properly pursued. It is like setting a child who has just learned to say "mamma" to consider the relations between verbs and their nominatives, or the methods of forming preterites. If we could devote the three or four years of preparatory study in Latin and Greek, not to the grammar, but to the work of acquiring the facile use of those tongues, our Freshmen might then rationally and profitably take up the analytical study of their grammatical structure. As it is, we require our youth to spend seven or eight years in studying the structural peculiarities of two languages which we give them no chance to acquire at any time.

A cursing driver may spoil your team,

A Strange Acquaintance.

On a dark windy April night a carriage conducted by a sleepy coachman and containing one passenger, passed along a part of a highway which, bordered on one side by a deep ravine and on the other by a deep declivity sloping to a tumultuous torrent, was especially favorable for ambuscade, and where attacks by armed men had already occurred.

Suddenly, when least expected, four bandits furiously assaulted these travelers. The attack was serious, the driver had rolled or been pushed down the ravine where he remained quiet, and the passenger, attempting to defend himself, received a knife-thrust on his arm, when he was saved by the un-hoped-for intervention of a man who dispersed the startled robbers by the violence and unexpectedness of his share in the fray.

While the coachman regained his place the traveler, after binding his wound, pressed the hand of his liberator, a peasant of about 30 years of age, and said heartily:

"Young man, you have certainly saved my life and I am bound to recognize that service."

"Thanks, sir; I have only done the duty of any one, and besides, you could not do anything for me."

"Perhaps you are mistaken without being rich, I am well off, and——"

"Thank you again, sir, but I repeat it, you can do nothing for me."

"Pardon me if I insist, my brave deliverer, but you appear poor and suffering; you have not enough clothing for this cold weather and your face is pale. At least take a little gold while waiting for something better."

"I will, but it is for another."

"How did you happen to be here to help me at the moment when I was about to be overcome?"

"Oh! it is very simple. I followed the road—I heard a noise—I hurried—you know the rest."

"Yes, I know that I owe my life to you, and I would like to be of service to you."

"It is scarcely probable that you could be. But who knows? Will you tell me your name and profession?"

The traveler knitted his brows and remained silent.

"Did you hear my question?" asked the young man.

"Excuse me from telling you either my profession or my name," said the traveler. "Perhaps you would regret having done me a service. But if you cannot come to claim my aid, I can always come to bring you mine. Tell me your name and residence."

"The young man sighed drooped his head and remained silent.

"Did you hear me?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, but you cannot know my residence nor my name. Perhaps you would blush at the interest you now show."

The two exchanged one last look by the light of the lanterns on the carriage set in order during their conversation. Then the young man followed the road in one direction, and the traveler rode on the other way.

The little town of C—— was thronged, woman, children, old men, and boys perching on fences and roofs. The throng awaited an execution.

Strange Peddler (just entering town, pausing near them)—What is going on?

Sexton—They are going to guillotine Andre Marcel.

Peddler—And what has he done?

Old Woman—He has killed his mother. Nothing but that!

Sexton—It is very distressing, for Andre Marcel was a very good boy. I am sure he did not do it wilfully. He has done nothing but weep, the poor fellow, since he has been in prison.

At this moment the crowd became excited. Here he is! Here he is!" was the cry everywhere. All eyes were fixed on a little cart which slowly advanced toward the scaffold.

"I can't see! I want to see!" a child kept crying. The peddler raised him and placed him on his pack.

The condemned man descended from the cart. His head was veiled. His confessor helped him to mount the fatal steps. A large man dressed in black had already preceded him there.

(Silence solemn and affecting.)

In the twinkling of an eye all was ready. The executioner drew off the black veil which covered the criminal's head. Their looks met and both appeared petrified.

"He!"

"You!"

That lasted but two seconds. The executioner grew suddenly haggard and bent as under some invisible burden. It was with a feverish and convulsive movement that he made the fatal knife fall.

From that day the executioner became the prey of a somber and taciturn melancholy. He gave up his position next day, and, although not rich, he gave five hundred francs to old father Marcel during the four years that God left the brave man to mourn for his son.

She Knows More Now.

A fashionable society girl married a man who lived in a country town, and as she really loved her husband, she wanted to do all she could to please him, says the *Merchant Traveler*. One day she told him she was going to make some nice home-made cider for him, and when he came home she had about two bushels of little hard apples piled up in the kitchen.

"Why, Maude!" he exclaimed, when he saw them, "what have you got here?"

"Apples, darling," she replied, with a smiling face.

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them of course, love."

"But what did you get such hard ones for?"

"Didn't you say you wanted me to make you some home-made cider?" she asked, with a trace of quiver in her voice.

"Yes, dear, but these are not good cider apples."

"Why—why—" she hesitated—"you said you liked hard cider, and, of course, I had to have hard apples to make it with, didn't I?"

The husband kissed the wife and never said a word. Young husbands are not like old ones.