| 1 SoNG Of HER. |
| :---: |
| Onld |
|  |
|  |  |
|  |
| Beams a light in any skies Brighter-lovelier than thine eyest Could there be a dove's dim breast |
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|  |

ff Promise Under Siriess.

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 siarises spotety nage when pre
























 of being put out by her servants
who consisted of an old woman wh
had been ner nurse, and whom
could could have bowled over with a breath
However, it was no time for airy parWithout waiting for Namis
nd me fled. the collar, I took my


have a score of wasorers around would
and adorers around the woman one
and ants to marry are like flies in the
want the they may do no great harm,
milk; they
but, they certainly do not improve
the milk
Was going to Paris on the morrow
have a look ant her apartment.
"I sincerely hope, she added, in
a severe tone, "that you do not think
of accompanying me."





Ior had closed the door so quickly
Ihat we had not heard the end of the
sentence. Then Olarisse and I bun-
deed ourselves into the next compart
ment without quite knowing what we
were doing. The train was already
under way. We were alone. Mme.
de Moncley seemed hall dead with
fear, and I must confess I was vio-
lently shaken. "Whid you see them?" sho criel.
comphartment? happening in that
They are going to
fight kill each other! What ter
ribe tro fight-to kill each other! What ter.
rible tragedy is to be enacted right
beside us?"
il don"t understand it at all," I
replied. "Only replied. "Onily one explanation seems
possible to me. They are hunters
who have suddenly gone crazy.
Otherwise, why shold they climi Otherwise, why should they climb
upon the seats? If they simply
wanted to kill each other, they could
do it without all that gymnastics."
"No "" sult No," suggested Clarisse, "it is
somed readfult American kind of duel.
In such a case, it sems, they climb
up on anything they can find. But
why didn't they stop them at Chan-
tilly? The train itself scarcely stopped
there."
"Did you hear how they called out
-Don't come in'? The wretchos, they Don't come in 1 '? The wretches, they
don't want to disturbed while they
are killing themselves. Goodness
Just listen!!', Just listen!",
The fusiliade had commenced right
beside us. Several gun-shots had sounded, dominated by a shrill, pier-
cing cry, which still rings in my ars.
Then a deathly silence ensued; they were nll dead, how
might have been.
 and a voice broken with seized me
but whish
the saine- sounded very sweet, just 'Philli, it you 1
They will kill you?
 here, 1 was in a position to sing - if
had a woice, which I havn't
ou ha-ast suid thou For she had said it. Poor Charles
was distanced now. She had said the
sweet words. "I A prey to emotions bordering on the
hysterical, Clarisse sobbed and clung
to mo with all her strength, though I hail not the faintest desire to in in
thade on the nassacre next door. As
for me, I was very much occupied just then.
That Is why early the next morn
Ing. I lurried to my lawyer to spenk
to him about the little hotel in thi Avenue Fried and, which was still
for sale, but thank fortune, is now no longer in the mark
and furnishera are at


