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GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. New Styles-Prices from \$50 to \$125.

F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR HENNERS.

These machines sew from two spools, as pur-

thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as villager contrasted singularly with the awkis required by other machines. They will do bet wardness and boorishness of those by whom is required by other machines. They wan an over the machines of those by wardness and poorisuness and poo

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority. of their Machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWing Machine Company beg leave to respectfully. refer to the following

TESTIMONIÁLS:

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Ma chines in my family for nearly a year and a half, i take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed —Family Sewing."—Mra. Joshua Leavitt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing "I coniess myscil delighted with your Spaying Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spouls of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian, Advocate.

"After trying several good machines, I prefer yours, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed; as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manuer, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sowing, from Cambric to froadcloth. Garments have been worn out with the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is take giving way of a stitch. The Machine is slowly turning and re-turning the piece in B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New her fingers, as it she could not believe the evidence of the could not believe the cv-

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its norther the performance of family and household sew-

For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sew-ing beautifully and quickly done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and indefatigable iron needle-women, whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity, are invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt. Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th,

1858.] "I had a tent made in Melbourn, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single seam of that has outstood all the double seams sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight skirt-making as 'the direful spring of wees unnumbered."—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial; have no fault to find."—J. H. Haumond, Senator of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Famlly Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennesse.

It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and Bater having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity." Cassius M. Clay.

"I think it by far the best natent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest cambrie to the beaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, fuster, and more beautifully than ary one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."—Mrs. J. H. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair, learnestly recommend this Machine to all my sequaintances and others."—Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."-Deary Broth-

ers, Allisonia, Tenn. ... "If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one three score years and ten, and never get out of fix." John Erskine, Nashville, Tanq.

"I have had four Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was is the best and most beautiful that ever w made."—Maggie Aimison, Nasbrille, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine lines stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."—Lucy B.

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Ma-chine as one of the greatest blessings: to our or."-Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

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HUNG OR MARRIED: OR. THE TWO DUKES.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE PRENCH.

CHAPTER I

act date; it will suffice for the reader to know that this history transpired in the reign of Louis XIII.) ten or twelve villagers had just sealed themselves tumultuously at the fable n the vast ball of the Three Sparrows, the principle, that is to say, the only inn of the pretty hamlet of Plantieres, in the province of Lorraine. One of them, a strapping youth. with red cars and florid complextion, seemed to be the chief of the band; it was he who had been the first to cross with agile steps the threshold of the venerable dwelling, where the Pivois from father to son, furnished food with lodged man and distributing glasses to the dilukers.

What do I see here! exclaimed she, dazzled to visit you at home, may I at least hope you will to be the chief of the band; it was he who 495 Broadway - New York had been the first to cross with agile steps the threshold of the venerable dwelling, where and drink, lodged man and horse, and did, These machines sew from two spoots, as pur-chased from the store, requiring no rewinding of in a word, whatever appertained to a profess-than them Fall Gather and Stileh in The lively and frank bearing, the confident glance and the triumphant step of our young even if she works for one cent an nonr, and unquestionably, the best Machines, in the market of family sewing; on account of their simplicity is left ext, giving him the air of a free hear durability, ease of management, and adaptation ted scapegrace. He structed about like a fellow well satisfied with his own person. In fact, he had no cause to be displeased with

perfectly; but—
'Well, Well! but what?' replied the presuming guest, assuming a lordly posture.
You know, stammered Fanchette apbroaching him and speaking in a low tone, that my father has refused to give you any more credit. He forbade me to do so yesterday, acd-

'Do I need his credit!' interrupted the What does your father want -allrer? Here, my girl, here is gold!

As he said these words he put his hand into the pocket of his vest and drew from it a an honest youth have secrets from his little come to our little village of Piantieres!" Indeed! And whatschould be come here careless grace of one who had more.

man, impatiently, emphasizing every mono-syllable; and if you should stand there lookgive you their testimonians to its periods and discussed as well as labor saving qualities in ing at it till to morrow morning, that would muttered the villager. 'If I should marry was only so high!'reformance of family and household sewgive me nothing to drink, and my throat is all the young girls I have promised to, I 'Tell me, Fanchett

the young man.
When, armed with her bunch of keys, she had left the soloon to seek in the cellar the practious liquor demanded, one of the villagers sitting opposite our young mar, said :'Where the devil did you get so much money, Bassompierre ! It was not given to you by your father, Michand the miller, I imag-

So much! You think, then, you have seen to the bottom of the bag 1' replied, in a disdainful tone, Bassompierre, or at least he trothed. I am sure she will approve my who had just been addressed thus, and who had appeared not at all astonished at this brilliant appellation. Does one golden louis make you open your eyes? I have plenty more, added he, thrusting his hand into the depths of his pocket, where, in fact, a metallc jingle seemed to confirm his words.
What does all that mean? resumed his

interlocutor. Have you been robbing the "He must have found out a secret for ma-

king gold,' said another villager.

'He is a sorceror,' said a third. It is my opinion that this money smells of aggots a league off."

There are no fagots about it but those you have made, old gossips that you are l' return-ed Bassompierre, shrugging his shoulders. This money is mine, do you understand, and valuable parcel and left the inn, followed by the neither stolen or made it. I carned the rest, by a door opposite that of the it, that is to say—ah! it is a queer adventure. court, which opened on the public street of magine to rourselves, -but first let me show this, added he, untying the knots of the par-cel which he had deposited beside him, and displaying to the eyes of his astonished companions a man's magnificent costume of sat-in and solvet, trimmed with the costlict la ces and embroideries, and which, by its richness, could only belong to one of the most

wealthy of the court gallants.

A general burst of admiration and surprise followed this exhibition, as brilliant as unex-

pected. Imagine to yourself that just now, said Bassompierre, 'I was quietly sauntering on the edge of the forest thinking of nothing ex-

The gamekeeper's daughter!' interrupted one of the auditors, laughing maliciously.

That is possible, but, at all events it is none of your business. Pierre, resumed Bossom-pierre tranquilly. As I walked along there suddenly issued from the grand arenue of Da Chesnaye a pack of hounds, then two or three piqueurs, and last five or six noblemen. mounted on superbe horses, who directed themselves on a little trot to the house of themselves on a jittle trot to the bones of Gibant the gamekeeper. It seems that the bunt was over, for I saw them dismount, say a few words, then one of them, leaving his smed the Marquis, affecting a tone of corrected before the bones, directed himself lessness, beneath which might be divined a large transfer of anythority and of towards are considered to the bones, directed himself lessness, beneath which might be divined a large transfer of anythority and of towards are considered to the constant of t towards me. On the way, be looked around certain besitetion and a sort of embarrant for me?

Utiteting this last exclamation sollowords the processed me and came towards haps present himself, in the course of the day,

Madame de St. Sernin left the salcon and results and immediately approached the young and pretty weeper.

Ah! beautiful child, said he, looking at the salcon and results are suit an air of a connection. The said he with an air of a connection. me. At last, when he had looked at me for to speak with me, a villager, a plow-boy, sent tired to her apartment, leaving her young half minute, he draw from his pocket a purse by one of my farmers in the neighborhood." protege overwhelmed by the blow, and plungand showed it to me, saying:

fine nobleman said to me, looking into my

44 You are discrete, I hope ! The last a "I think so!-there is no danger of me. I be absorbed. On a beautiful morning in autumn, in the year sixteen hundred and (no matter for the ex-

Here the unreation of the discreet villager

Silence for the present! said her in an undertone, as the young girl entered. We letter here. I will read it again.
must say nothing before women. I will finish Aud taking a perfumed billet

my story by and by." by the sight of the brilliant costume which remained spread out on the beach beside Bossompierie. ' That must be the dress of a Prince. Holy Virgin! what embroideries! Is all that your, Bossompierre! Where did you get such a fine suit!

young villager, hastening to replace the en-

himself, as we shall soon see. In a word, vexed, served the wine with a very bad withstanding my request. our youth presented in his whole exterior the grace, and afterwards withdrew, much dismost perfect and most complete type of that imbed, into a corner of the saloon, where species of bird not described by Bugon, who she pretended to be dilligently engaged in s generally designated by the name of the some needle-work, instead of taking part in cock of the village.

'Here, Fanchette,' said he, entering the inn and placing on the table a light but bulky parcel, of which he was the bearer, and which to restrain herself longer, after a few minthe conversation, as usual, and replying to parcel, of which he was the bearer, and which to restrain herself longer, after a few minseemed to be composed of clothing, 'wine, and utes of this pantomime, she hastily rose, and thoughts and those of the whole court. of the best! I mean to treat myself to day. taking Basiompierre by the arm, led him to 'What! was he here just now?' added she, Well I why do you stand looking at me in that the extremity of the salcon, where their con without reflection. But immediately per-

"I wish to say to you,' replied she, 'that it my betrathed.' is not right for you have secrets from me as 'I have secrets from you! returned Bassom-

'Yes certainly-this louis d'or, these fine clothes, which cannot belong to a villager like you; all this is unnatural. There is uneasily. young man, hastily and in a loud voice .- something strange at the bottom. And when I ask you, and entreat you to tell me what it all signifies, you assume an air of mystery. he has been in the neighborhood, six leagues Fie! It is wicked to distimulate thus! Should from here, three months, and has not once

'His little wife! That is a pretty way to for, if you please?' 'A golden louis!' exclaimed Fanchette, talk!' muttered the young man. 'Are you slowly turning and re-turning the piece in indeed my wife!'

I should die. I am sure.'-

quick, some Moselle wine, and good—do you sides.'

You know,' resumed the young girl," that
'A golden Buis!' again repeated Fanchette, Madame the Marquise de St. Sernin, my god-'You know,' resumed the young girl," that lage ?' thoughtfully, as she obeyed the injunction of mother, has said she wished me to be married the first time she came to Plantieres ?" Well, what then? a-ked Bassompierre,

impatiently. time the rel Well, I expect her this very day. A ser- announced. vant from the chateau came last evening to announce her arrival for this morning, and I have just had the best room in the inn prepared for her. - At last the great day has

sompierre is so handsome! But I hear the sound of a carriage—if it should be ber!' courtyard of the inn, and began to clap her young girl,

hands as a token of joy.

'It is she!—it is my god-mother. How glad I am!' exclaimed she, darting from the saloon, in order to go to receive the Marquise.

Wait for me here, Bassompierre!' 'Yes, till doomsday!' said the latter, slyly, He is a sorceror, said a third.

Shaking his shoulders like sman who has rid himself of a heavy burden. 'Come,' continued he as he rejoined his companions, one should forever separate you from him? If, in glass more and let us go. We will leave this a word, he should prove to be some great place to the Marquise. I am going, and let

im who loves me follow me. As he spoke thus, the villager took up his

the village.

Meanwhile, Madame the Marquise de St. Sernin, a beautiful young lady with aristocratic mien and imposing physiognomy, although her features wore a remarkable expression of sweetness and benevolence, doscended from the carriage, and Mademolselle Fanobette, her god-daughter, threw herself on her neck, talking as fast as possible, under

pretent of manifesting to her god-mother her joy, or rather her delight, at reeing her.

The latter though receiving with much kindness the embraces and passionals demonstrations of the young girl, seemed scarcely to listen to the enthusiastic compliments which the latter was uttering with in-credible volubility. She replied with an absent air, by some rare monysyllables, and

seemed to have a mind pre-occupied.

der; quick; I am in a burry. On the way apartment, to see if it is all arranged as it vehement and too just imprecations, and thus I will explain the service I expect from you! abould be. "I walked along beside him, and then my

a just punishment in yielding to his foolish fatally to the carbaret, as long and often as request. What weakness! I had almost be he had money in his pocket.

And taking a perfumed billet from her her equal, she contented herself with going to lage, so I am afraid you will repeat it.' meet him, and saving, in an almost unintel. 'Ab! do you fear scandal.' bosom, she read in an undertene as follows;

to visit you at home, may I at least hope you will deign to receive me on neutral ground—at the village of Plantieres, for example? I will be there to morrow, at neon; pray lot me see you there to morrow, at neon; pray lot me see you thore. Fear nothing, dear Marquise, for the consequences of an interview which I implore from your goodness. With the fear of com-you will see to-morrow the most humble and most passionate of your adorers.

BASSOMPIERRE, Scarcely, and the Marquise finished reading this epistle, than Fanchette entered saying: 'God-mother, all is ready in your apart-ment. There he is gone,' added she, 'not-

Bassompierre,' replied Fanchette.

CHAPTER II.

Bassompierre l'exclaimed the Marquise, astonished at hearing pronounced thus familiarly by a village maiden the name of the way! Do you not nuderstand!

Yes, yes, replied Mile Pivois—for it was she who fulfilled in her father's house the functions of the village Hebe—'I understand them. I cannot drink here in peace, it is a youth of the village, god-mother— 'What do you want?' said he, somewhat sumed, in these terms: 'Bassompierre, did

'And is his name Bassompierre?' *That is what they call him. There are even some who assert that he resembles the Duke of that name, he who is called so handsome, so magnificent and so amiable-'If it should be he! thought the Marquise,

'I should like to see this Duke de Bassompierre,' continued the young girl. 'It is said so as I am.'

her fingers, as if she could not believe the evidence of her own eyes.

'Not yet, but it is all the same since you here, god mother, how we talk of him from to be—hum! it is tempting. If I dared!—have promised to marry me. Would you demorning till night, how proud we are that why not! Raith I will tisk it! My dear ceive me now! That would be mean, indeed! this is his country, for he is from Lorraine; child, resumed he, aloud, at the end of this he was born in an adjoining village, and there soliloguy, in a tone full of solemnity, 'I see

give me nothing to drink, and my throat is all the young girls I have promised to, I 'Tell me, Fanchette,' hastily resumed the conceal nothing from you. Yes, Fanchette, should have enough to do, and be hung be. Marquise, 'is this young man, your lover, I acknowedge it—I have been yery guilty to-Bassompierre, as you call him, of this vil- wards you.

No, god-mother, that is to say, he is here now, but he was not born here. He is a young as possible. Nevertheless, I have had accomman of the neighborhood. He has been here a short time-I believe he came about the time the return of M. de Bassompierre was

'Heavens!' murmured the Marquise, 'And are his manners, his air, his countenance you to ridicule me.' those of a peasant ! have they nothing which distinguish him from the other young peo-

passing with a woman's promptitude of reasimple villager; carried away by my passion, soning from simple suspicion to certainty, at I promised you marriage. Ah! why did you As she said these words the young girl soning from simple suspicion to certainty, at I promised you marriage. Ah! why did you ran to a window which looked out upon the two or three words escaped from the not then repulse me, imprudent girl; or why.

> And he wishes to marry you, you say?" 'He has promised to do so, and I depend

> opon him.'
> 'He will not marry you, credulous girl.' Heavens! what say you, god-mother? If he whom you believe to be a villager like yourself, should have deceived you as to his rank, and if an insurmountable barrier

A great nobleman! Ah, god-mother, you are jesting—that is impossible.

Are you very spro of it? Ah, you remind me that since morning he has appeared to roll in gold. Here is a gave me not ten minutes ago."

A simple villager seatter gold-how improbable! And he was here, you say, just Tell your god-mother I will come! 'Yes, god-mother, and I requested him to

heard of your arrival.' 'He avoide me-it is clear! He fears to a Marquise in the clethes I have on I What meet me in the presence of this young girl. would the court say if Bassompirre had dared My dear child, continued the Marquise, in a to show himself thus in the presence of a tone of haughty pity, 'it can no longer be noble lady! The Cardinal would certainly doubted; your misfortune is pitiable. Your triumph. Adien then, my pretty Fanchette. pretended lover is the most brilliant man in On my honor, I regret that I cannot marry court, the favorite of His Majesty, the mortal you-but rely upon my protection.

The Duke de Bassompierre! Fanchetta, she said, at last, to her young Himself, my poor child. Ah, the wretch her servants were occupied in But I will revenge myself—I mean I will chette, left alone; what shall I do ! What taking from her traveling carriage various avenge you. Show me my room, for I am will become of me! Have I been foolish boxes and values containing articles of the very weary. Send me this pretended villager enough to talt into the surrey of the service as soon as he returns. Tell him I wish to see tongue, this fine cajoler of a Duke P as soon as he returns. Tell him I wish to see the lamenting, a man still him to see the same was the lamenting, a man still areally as the same was the

Very well, god-mother, said Fanchette, ed in a kind of stupor, which quickly gave

was interrupted by the return of Mademoi- traced myself just now before this yourg At sight of her faithless lover, Fanchette, Some love affair, I will wager. That is selle Fanchette, who tad brought the wine girl! Nevertheless, he must be here! And I beside herself was about to spring upon him nothing, it will soon be cured. Come, my noped to be late! Could I have been mistaken like an enraged lioness; but auddenly re- child, give me your confidence, I will be in the hour! It is impossible -- but I have his strained by the sentiment of her infinity to- discreet.' wards him whom she just now regarded as

> ligible voice, so much was it interrupted by in you to deceive an unsuspecting young King! girl, who never did you any harm, and can She now only die of grief. Ah, my lord, pardon her brai now only die of grief. Ah, my lord, pardon her brain, said the unknown. 'And what me if I am wanting in the respect I owe you; is the name of this handsome nobleman?' but you are a proud monster, with reverence be it spoken, my lord.

does all this mean ?

'As if there were not fine ladies enough at court,' continued the weeping Fauchette, without coming to seduce mexperienced young girls, by making you helf pass for what you are not! Ob, I shall certainly die!'

What do you mean! Are you mad!' 'Do not pretend to be surprised. It is useless. I am no longer your dupe; my god mother has told me all.' 'Impossible!'

'Yes, Monsieur Duke, and I know now; thanks to her, that you are no more a villager than she is a peasant. You are the Duke de Bassompierre.'

'The friend of the King.'

Bah! 'The most brilliant nobleman of the court !' Hold! hold!

'The enemy of the Cardinal.' So much the worse.'

You see that I know you. So do not think this will be passed by. My god-mother, who is my protectress, and who will not for sake me, says that she wishes to speak with

'What does she want of me!' 'Go and see; she is awaiting you in her room, which she has just entered.'

'A Marquise—in her room—the dence!' said the astonished villager. 'My god-mother is enraged, almost as much

'You enraged, Fanchette!' 'Why not? What is to become of me? Can

he be married, since you are a Duke!' Famous!' exclaimed the young man, inor, if your please?' wardly. 'A fine afiair, indeed.' On the 'In fact, you are right,' said Fanchette. one hand, I shall be forever freed from Fan-'Ah, you do not know how we love him chette; on the other, a Marquise believes me *Ab, bah!—they all say they shall die, is but one here who semembers him when he that a longer deception would be useless, and, were not mistaken, he just confessed it all since you are informed of all, I ought to he is really the Duke de Bassompierre.

'Yes, very guilty.'
'Extremely guilty, Fanchette; as guilty.

'And who, if you please, sir ?' 'Your bright eyes, Fanchette; your pretty face and graceful figure."

'It is well; nothing more remains but for 'Am not ridicating you, Fanchette; I am. telling the plain truth. To be a great nobleman, a duke, a friend of the king, is to be come! What happiness! When I think of ple of the village? man, a duke, a friend of the king, is to be it. I could dance for joy. You must stay and Oh, yes, exclaimed Fanchette; be is made of marble; and beauty, even village. be introduced to the Marquise, as my be-trothed. I am sure she will approve my choice when she sees you—my little Bas-in love with him.' made of marble; and beauty, even village beauty, always has an empire over me. I saw you, Fanchette, you pleased me. To be be-loved by you'l concealed my roak. n love with him.

I believe you! thought the Marquise, my high birth; I borrowed the clothes of a had I not myself courage to avoid you, to flee from you! Alas! I see it is the only course which it is left for me to pursue.

'It is indeed true!' exclaimed the heiress of the Three Sparrows, in a teasful voice. 'So what my god-mother said was true. You are no longer Nicholas Vilain, my betrothed? Why can I not be so always?

You are indeed a Duke a great noble-'A friend of the King; yes, young girl.

You see me in deepair that is so.' 'And me, then I' 'Fatal greatness! why am I not a simple beoberd F ...

'Aud I a Dutchess or a Marquise ! But apropos, my lord duke, do you forget that louis which he drew from his pocket and my god-mother is waiting for you? onve me not fen minutes ago. In fact I had forgotten it; or rather I should have done so with you. Fanchette.

'I shall announce you!'
'On! not yet. I must have time to make remain, but it seems he went away when he my toilette, to put on the costume of my rank. You do not think I can appear before

court the favorite of this Majesty, the mortal you—out rely upon my protection, enemy of the Cardinal—he whom you just has he pronounced these words, the noble now named—in a word, the Duke de Bassom-pierre?

As he pronounced these words, the noble personage addressed to the young girl a gaspierre? assuming a majestic gait.

her with an air of a connessiour, what is the matter ? Pardon me, sir, immediately replied the

What ever you please; but first explain habitue of the Place Royale, and closely folrelieve her poor, oppressed heart: With this to me what moistens those eyes made so mild, lowed by all the young villagers of Plantieres, Perceiving that she was alone in the grand intention she was preparing to leave the parto sparkle, to sparkle, to torment others, but not to be who, having encountered him thus adorned Perceiving that one was mone in the grand intention sue was preparing to leave the pa-ball of the lim, the Marquise profited by this moment of solitude to yield without con-straint to the reverie in which she seemed to find him, for hardly had she taken a few steps. towards the door, when he appeared at the en- chette's hands in his own, familiarly; 'who author of this species of emeute had just turn-

sad.

'I cannot tell you; you are not of the vil-

'I believe so; when one has been shamefully deceived, as I have been, by a handsome (Ab, Monsieur Duke, how wrong it was nobleman, a lord of the court, a friend of the 'She is deranged; grief must have turned

'Oh! you undoubtedly know it by reputation; it is the fatnous Bassompierre.' 'That is a fine story! exclaimed, with s gesture of lively surprise, the new comer, in whom our readers have doubtless already

divined the celebrated and gallant hero of the court of Louis, called the Just. 'The Doke de Bassompierre!' said he, with somewhat forced laugh; 'this is an amus ing adventure! But, myschild, you are mistaken; that gentleman is not thinking of

you, I assure you; and, besides, he is at present very far from here. 'On the contrary, sir, it is you who are mistaken!' replied the young girl. 'He is in tion he d this village, disguised, and his dress exactly resembles yours.'

"What does all this signify?" said the unknown, 'So, the Duke de Bassompierre bas paid his court to you, you say?" Yes. sir. 'Are you sure of it? Who told you that

your lover was the Duke de Bassompierre!' Who told me! my god-mother, a great lady, who knows him well. 'And what is this great lady's name?'
'Madame the Marquise de St. Sernin.' It wanted only this so complete the confusion. The Marquise is jesting with me. Ah! is Madame de St. Sernin your god-

'Purhaps you come from one of her-farm-'Precisely-from one of her farmers. I do

mother? I wish to speak with her.'

not understand a word of it." 'In that case, she is expecting you-walk up. But there she is, I believe. Impatient at a delay where tediousness was increased by vexation and emotion, the Marquise had, in fact, just left her apartment,

and her appearance at the entrance of the hall interrupted the conversation of the pre-tended rustic with the young sillager. On seeing her, the former bowed respectfully; but the Marquise, recognizing him, replied to his salutation only by a glance of overwhelming anger and scorn. 'Ah! god-mother,' said Fanchette, in a

low roice, going to meet her timidly, you 'Fanchette, leave us!' said the Marquise. beside herself. 'Well Monsieur Dake,' exclaimed she, when they were alone, ' was I wrong to believe your lying protestations, your false pretences of love? See how Providence Las unmasked you! I confess I had

nearly fallen into your toils. Fortunately Heaven protected me, as it had not this poor young girl.' Listen to me, Marquise, replied the Duke, after having tranquilly heard this forious tirade, 'are we playing a Spanish comedy, or, rather have you not come at my summons to propose to me a charade? I confess that all this seems extremely obscure to me, so I will not attempt to divine it; and if you do deign to come to my assistance, I shall never be able to see through this mys ification."

'Pray, my lord duke, lay aside this tone of railery; it can deceive no one. You know 'May I die if I do. By the same token I cannot tell whether I am not by chance at the grand theatre at Madrid, in my ambassador's bom witnessing the performance of some of the plays of Caldem de la Barca, or

Guilair de Castro, two celebrated poets, Maranise." Laugh on !- as for me, I have no desire o do so. What an abominable man you are! What I feign love for me, appoint an interview to sport with my credulity, while you amuse yourself by telling it to this young

What, you also ! It must then be a wager. 'I would it were! But why seek so many evasions! Hasn't the infortunate child her-

self confessed it!'
Once more, I swear to you, on the faith of gentleman, that I understand nothing of all this. No. on my honor, it is as I tell you. Ab, Marquise, if formerly Phave attempted to mystify others, you have made me expiate it severely to-day. I thought myself an adept in the art, but I see I must viold to you. You persist in denying it. Fanchette, my child, approach! Give the lie to your se-

ducer-repeat to me what he said to you." 'Alas! god-mother, he just now confessed o me bere that he was really the Duke de Bassompierre.

'I confess to you I' said the Duke. 'No not you, replied Fanchette, 'Who poke of you! Are you the Duke!'
'Right!' returned Bassomplerre, onlering nto the epirit of his part. Well, Marquise, you see how it is; your weapons are turning against you, and your enigms is so involved

that it is not very extraordinary that you have lost yourself in its mazes." I have indeed lost myself in it, exclaimed the Marquise. But who, then, is the seducer, of whom you spoke this morning? It is M. de Bassompferre, a great noble-man, a Doke, a friend of the King. 'She perseveres in it? exclaimed the Duke.

Where then is this M. be Rassompierre! How flattered I should be to see him, and make his acquaintance."

"It is a pleasure you will soon have,

comes. CHAPTER IIL

and am I a fat ox, that you should thus pur-Some love affair, I will wager. That is sue me! Must I teach you the respect due to a man of my quality i, Go your way, fellows, or I will set my servants upon you. 'What an amusing caricature!' exclaimed

the Marquise, laughing.
That is my clown of this morning, said
the astonished Bassompierre. Explain to me, my lord duke, the mean

. The mystery is nevertheless very simple. ries him a little too far; it deserves to be chastened. What lesson can I give bim!

But whither are you going so fast? 'Not far I will return immediately. It is easential that my Sosia should not perceive me now, for I could not give him the correction he deserves. Will you enter into my

Willingly; but how ? 😞 'Try to keep your seriousness in the presence of this gentleman, and feign to take him for me. I will take care of the rest. Au As he said these words, Bassompierre went

advanced with a conquering air towards the

Marquise, assuming a thousand laughable

of emotion. 'And of folly, also, it seems to me,' interupted Madame de St. Sernin, making a violent effort to suppress her laughter. Is it indeed to the Duke of Bassompierre that I have the

desire to see you in order to speak to you of Fanchette, my god-daughter, an interesting young girl, who has unfortunately been thrown in your way. Ah, my lord duke, your conduct is really unpardonabe!' 'That is what I was just now saying to

how could I help it? Was it my fault if I captivated and fascinated this beautiful girl Due must pass one's time somehow.'

'But this is infamous, my lord duke !" exclaimed Madame de St. Sernin.
'Well, yes, Marquise, it is infamous, I con-

'How so, if you please?' ne, of repairing wrongs in such cases."

'And what do you find so laughable about 'Come, Marquise, be. frank. He whom

the Marquise, with a disdainful smile. Say one word more, beautiful Marquise. exclaimed the pretended nobleman, with im-

petuceity, and Nich—Bassompierre is at your feet; for one need but see you to be desperately enamored of you.

At the same moment, several men armed with muskets appeared at the entrance of the inn, and a nobleman who preceded them; advancing into the midst of the saloon, asked

'A travelling carriage is here waiting to ske you to the Bastile."

The officers stepped forward, as if to ober this order.
"One instant, gentlemen l'exclaimed the

replied Mademoiselle Pivois, for here he the Cardinal everywhere, you have urged the *Por you want to earn it! Very well, god-moment, and reasonette, ed in a kind of super, which quickly gave there is hundred. To your gard united to place to a violent burst of sobs and tears, I did not give him a refusal. How could It your presence. Enter and rest yourself in this She had then but one thought, that of seeks see you come. You doubtless desire some like a coxomb of the Longra, or an with greatness! I have had enough. Gen-

ing of this masquerade.'
What! can you not guess it!' 'Not the least in the world, I declare to

This morning, in order to make my appearance here without being recognized, I took the clothes of this young rustic and confided to him mine. The rouge is pretending to be me; and that is just, since I have been for this half hour charged with being him. Meanwhile the impudence of the clown car-Good I have it! I will leave you, Marquise, and return in a moment.'

out at one door of the inn, while the radiant Nicholas made his triumphal entree at the After three grotesque reverences at the entrance of the saloon, the gentleman rustic

graces.
Beautiful, charming, adorable Marquise, said he to her, writhing like a fish in the fry-ingpan, under pretext of imitating the easy and disengaged mein of cavaliers of quality, you have sent word by this child that you desired to see me, and I have hastened to respond to so alluring an appeal. Behold me, then, Marquise, full of ardor, of joy, of hope,

onor to speak ?' 'To himself, Marquise; to himself.'
'Well, my lord duke, I have expressed a

icknowledge myself, to be a great rascal, but

True, and my lord duke has chosen me to amuse him. Much obliged for the prefer-ence? exclaimed Mademoiselle Fanchette,

fess; but what would you have me do ! Repair your fault ? There is a very simple method, it seems to

And it consists-? In marrying.'
'Marrying! That is a good joke. It is

ou have wished to see was not that famous Duke de Bassompierre of whom so many marvellous stories are related, that noble bevalier whose gallant exploits astonish the court and the city.'
'And if this shouldn't be true, sir!' asked

'How impetuous you are !' said the Maruise, amused at this scene and taking pleasure in prolonging it.

Encouraged by the perfidious smile which novered on the lips of the beautiful lady, the pretended Duke made a thousand foolish speeches, and ended by throwing himself at Madame de St. Sernin's feet.

for the Duke de Bassompierre. 'I am here I' replied Nicholas, rising proud-'In that case, my lord duke, I arrest you in the name of the Cardinal, said the new com-

To the Bastile ! exclaimed the affrighted countryman. Yes, my lord duke, to the Bastile, where your conduct will be investigated, and whence you will probably soon be led to the Place de Greve, and have your head out off. Come, gentlemen, do your duty, and seize the

pretended Duke, seized with the most vio-lent terror. 'Cut off my head! What crime

King's subjects to revolt, saying that France shall rise up to constrain His Majesty to dis-CHAPTER III. miss the red robe. Twenty witnesses have In fact, a noisy clamor was heard at; this heard you, and are ready to take oath of it."