CHOICE

OFFERINGS

. Little Drummer.

From the French of Jean Barnard.

From the Boston Home Journal.

The night of Dec. 24, 1788, was a change their cassocks for the clothes of tormy one. The rain fell in torrents; civil life, Francois, who was now 16 be wind blew furiously, and at each years old and did not feel that he had stormy one. The rain fell in torrents; the wind blew furiously, and at each gust the dead branches fell from the trees with noises that sounded strangely like groans.

It was about 1 o'clock in the morning, and there was a carriage on the road leading from the village of Croix-Daurade, which is situated about four kilometers from Toulouse, to the Chateau de Palificat. The horses had their heads turned toward the gale, and were becoming restless and unmanageable, when a sudden gust of wind, more violent than the others, blew out the light in the lanterns,

Stop, Jean!" said a voice from the

inside of the carriage.

The coachman obeyed, and descended from his seat. He took the nervous horses by the bridles, and calling each by name stroked them with his hand quiet them.

"Can you see a light anywhere?"
asked the same voice.
"Yes," replied Jean, "there's one very
near. It is the in the cottage of the
Margaridette, but it is a very humble

Margaridetto, but it is a very humble place, and Marguerite is very poor."
"What's the difference?" said the man in the carriage. "We will at any rate be much better off there than in this raging storm."

The door of the carriage was opened, and a man, holding a very large bundle in his arms, stepped out and ran in the direction indicated by the coachman. He knocked at the door of the cottage, which was opened by a youth of fourwhich was opened by a youth of four-teen or lifteen years of age.
"You here, (Monsieur le Marquis!" ex-

claimed the boy in astonishment.
"Yes," replied the Marquis, as he entered and placed on a chair his precious burdle, which was nothing else than a young girl about the same age as the

young girl about the same age as the boy who opened the door.

They were the same age, but in other respects how different! The girl was wrapped in a long cloak of rich fur, through the openings of which could be seen a dress of garnet satin. Her pretty blond hair was covered with a lace lined cap, under which shone her beau-tiful blue eyes. The boy was pale, thin, and had an air of misery and timidity about him that was pitiful to see. The room in which the Marquis and

his daughter had sought shelter was cold and bare, and dimly lighted by a solitary candie. The only articles of furniture were a few wooden chairs, a clock and an old table, and in the cor-ner a bed on which a sick woman was

ner a bed on which a sick woman was lying.

The Marquis looked about him in surprise; and the lad, who seemed to anticipate his questions, said:

"Oh, we do not live in luxury here, but, you know, my mother is a widow, and she has been sick for two years. I earn barely enough to keep us from starving by tending the flocks."

The cirl shivered with cold; and the

starving by tending the flocks."

The girl shivered with cold; and the boy at once threw some pine knots on the fire, which blazed up at once, filling the room with bright dancing light. The sudden illumination awakened the sleeping woman. Her pale and ghastly face resembled that of a corpse. The boy can be her side to account the sudden illumination awakened the sleeping woman. The boy ran to her side to announce the visit with which they had been

"Yes, my poor Marguerite," said the Marquis, "we were overtaken by the storm on our way back from the mid-night mass, and we have sought shelter The poor woman had barely strength

words of welcome.
"What is your name?" asked the
Marquis of the boy. Francois."

Are you a shepherd?" Yes, monsieur; they are your flocks that I tend."

"How much do you earn?"
"It depends. In the busy season three sous a day; sometimes less than

"Is that all?"

"Is that all?"
"We live on that, my mother and I;
or, rather, we do not starve altogether."
"Poor people" exclaimed the girl.
There was so much sweetness and genuine compassion in her tone that Francois was greatly touched at the words. He fixed his glance upon the aristocratic demoiselle, and felt one of those instinctive sentiments of sympa-thy which are often experienced at the

thy which are often experienced at the first sight of a person whose character harmonizes with one's own.

The storm was now almost over, and only a light rain was falling. The Marquis called to the coachman, who relighted the lantern and drove the carriage to the door of the cottage.

"Come, mignonne, let us hurry to the chateau," said the Marquis to his manuface.

again in her cloak; but, before leaving, she slipped into Francois' hand a gold coin, the first one that had ever shone

in that miserable hut. The next day, and all the days folinvalid, who, from that time was in need neither of food, medicines nor care. But Marguerite, who was worn with privations and disease, could

out with privations and disease, could not recover; and a month later she filed in the arms of her son.

Francois vowed eternal gratitude to their young benefactress. Thanks to the tender charity of the young girl, his mother had died, not in the misery and squalor in which she had lived so long, but surrounded by every comfort that could make her end less painful.

On her side, Jeanne was greatly impressed with the mild disposition and the honesty of the young shepherd, and she persuaded her father to place him in the convent of the Jacobins at Tou-

convent of the Jacobins at Touin the convent of the Jacobins at Tou-louse as an oblate. It was a great op-portunity for the young peasant; he could receive an education, and, later he would be received into the order either as an instructor or as a lay brother, according to his disposition and talents.

and talents.

Jeanne went to spend in Toulouse the winter which followed Francois' en-trance into the convent. Each Sunday she went to mass at the Dominican convent, for it was there that the most convent, for it was there that the most renowned preachers could be heard, and the ceremonies were performed with a pomp that was not equaled in any of the churches of the city. François assisted at these ceremonies

as an acolyte, carrying a great silver candlestick, or swinging the censer, whose smoke filled the chapel with the candlestick, or swinging the censer, whose smoke filled the chapel with the delicious perfumes of the orient. Sometimes he went around the alses with the monk who took up the collections; and, in passing Jeanne de Skard's pew, the young oblate could not resist lifting up his eyes to her, to which timid but heartfelt salutation she would always reply by a sign of recognition which was imperceptible to every one else, but which was not lost upon Francols.

In the spring Jeanne returned to the Chateau de Croix-Daurade, and Francois might pass and repass her, pew as often as he pleased, she no longer came to the chapel. This caused him a deep and genuine grief, which was all the more bitter because there was no one to whom he could confide it.

It was in the month of February of this year that the religious orders were suppressed by a decree of the assembly, and the doors of all the convents were thrown open. There were many monks who were quite willing to break their yows, shave off their beards and ex-

"He'll sing low for a while now, Mrs. Rising," Mr. Rising growled. "Well, I never knew Bill Jones had much of an ear for music, anyway, John," remarked Mrs. Rising hopeful-

John," remainded to do with it, Em'ly?"

"Why, to tell that the notes were uttered wrong, John," said Mrs. Rising, and then added half apologetically, "but perhaps he carried a tuning fork," "Or possibly a toasting fork, or a table spoon, Em'ly," said Mr. Rising, with bitter but unappreciated sarcasm.

bitter but unappreciated sarcasm.

bitter but unappreciated sarcasm.

"Em'ly," said Mr. Rising, as he stood by the door with his hat firmly on his head. "Em'ly, have biscuits for breakfast, and don't have them half baked. There are some things a man cannot bear," and Mr. Rising shut the door behind him.

"About a dozen," carelessly answered

"About a dezen," carelessly answered Mr. Rising.
"Are you crowded, John?"
"We occasionally crowd a fellow out," replied Mr. Rising.
"Is it narrow or wide, John?" Mrs. Rising pursued the matter with growing interest

self, "if the biscult weren't right this morning. I thought they were done to a turn. Men are queer."

"There's too much of this trust busi-ness," said Mr. Rising, as he laid down s morning paper. "Do you think so, John?" Mrs. Rising inquired anxiously, as she bustled

about the room.
"Indeed I do, Em'ly; they are grind-

"Dear me, John," replied Mrs. Ris-ing, "I thought it was the best and easiest way to do business."
"Oh! there are arguments on both sides, but I hold the principle is dead

"But, John, how are you going to change it?" Mrs. Rising asked, full of confidence in Mr. Rising's power to alter the frame of the universe. "Can't change it, Em'ly, have to grin and bear it, but every man ought to think about it and go dead against it." After a few moments' silence Mrs.

Rising said: "Then, John, since you think best I'll pay the butcher and grocer today, but it's so much easier to run a book." "Why, Em'ly, I haven't found fault with your bills. You run the house first rate. What put that in your head, child?" said Rising, in astonishment. "But, John, didn't you say the trust business was wrong, and we ought to go dead against it?"

"Yes. Em'ly but, I was speaking in

"Yes, Em'ly, but I was speaking in general. You just trust John Rising and you'll be all right, and let the butcher and grocer trust you."
"I suppose it's all right," mused Mrs.
Rising, "but John's conversation is terribly confusing."

The Demon Wheel.

about the demon bicycle, at least until my acquaintance, Monsieur Rataplan, has had time to get back to Paris and patent his marvelous invention all over the world. Still he spoke in the most open way about this miracle, and did not seem to care who heard him, so open way about this miracle, and the not seem to care who heard him, so arrangements of the plates, it account increases the E. M. F. of the fluid put into it." contrivances as he went along, after the Edison manner, for it is well known that Thomas A. Edison cannot sleep at night unless he has taken out at least sixteen new patents during

the day. l met M. Rataplan at a mountain re sort 5,000 feet above the sea in the Jura range, the most western part of Switzerland. I thought at first that he was covered with medals of all sorts, but a closer inspection showed that they were badges of various blcycle clubs in all parts of the world. He told me that he is a member of every cycle society in the world so far as he knew, although, of course, some of

them might have escaped him.
"Are you a record breaker?" I asked.
"No. I am an inventor, although I think I did break the record across

"And you are here resting after your "Well, yes, in a measure. Actually, I had no intention of coming to Switzerland, but I could not rightly help myself. It all came about through the greatest invention the world has ever seen. Talk about pneumatic tires! They're not in it compared with my in-

"You talk English," I said, "with a

I'm not a Frenchman. on, I'm not a Frenchman. My name's Macguire and I'm from Philadelphia. I came to France and changed my name to Rataplan because I couldn't get a fair show in America." I thought the States was the best place in the world for an inventor."

"So it is, if you don't start from Philadelphia. You see, Philadelphia is a slow town. New York men speak of having their country residences there. Then Philadelphia has always been an unfortunate city for inventors. There's the Keely motor man. He is ground to make the machine was running feater than Gomorrah any town. You see, I had no capital, and the moment I invented anything and tried to interest a man with money in it, he made fun of the thing as soon as he heard I was from philadelphia—asked me if I was a friend of Keely's and all that, till I got tired of it. Then other fellows got to hear of my inventions and patented them before me and so I never got a chance. When I became M. Rataplan, of Paris, I got rich Americans over here to listen to me and I've made money. But this invention beats them

You're not an inventor, are you?" "In a way. I'm a newspaper man."
"Oh, that's all right. I like newspaper men. It doesn't matter my tell-ing you, for if you did write it up, you'd get it all wrong, and nobody would unlerstand it."
'Taen at me hear about it."

"De you know anything of electrici-

A little. I know you will burn your "A little. I know you will burn your fingers if you don't let go a live wire mighty suddenly,"
"Quite so. You have been accurately informed. Well, you know what a storage battery is?"
"Yes. It is like certain kinds of in-

vestments. You put in a sum of money the dynamo produced."
and get out only part of it.' "But, my dear Macguire, don't you

can from his place as umpire do you up." It was Gwendolin O'Toole who spoke. She was a beautiful blonde angel, and as

She was a beautiful blonde angel, and as she cluring to her lover, Murty O'Mailey, they made a pleture from which a painter would have drawn an inspiration.

"Take courage, love," said Murty O'Mailey tenderly; "I'm too swift for the duck." "I know, dearest," murmured the fair Gwendolin, "but think what's up on the game. Me brother, you know him well; the rooter prince, the bleachers' uncrowned king. He is the guardian of me vast estates. If I do not marry as he directs, me lands and fortune go to found an asylum for decrepit ball tossers. Today me brother Godfrey swore by the banshes of the O'Tooles that me hand should belong to the man who made the best average in tomorrow's game. Can you win me, love?"

"Iwin you or break a bat," said Murty O'Mailey, as he folded his dear one in his arms.

"When that villain O'Malley goes to bat omorrow, pitch the ball ten feet over his lead. No matter where it goes; I'll call a

head. No matter where it goes; I'll call a 'strike.' "
It was Dennis Mulcahey who spoke; the man most feared by Gwendolin O'Toole.
He was to be next day's umpire, and as he thought how securely his rival was in his grasp, he laughed low and mockingly.
Dennis Mulcahey too loved the fair Gwendolin, but the dear girl scorned his addresses.

ddresses. His heart was bitter; he would be re-

addresses.

His heart was bitter; he would be revenged on his rival.

"You've got it in for the mug," replied Terry Divine, to whom Dennis Mulcahey had spoken. Divine was the pitcher of the opposition, and like many of his class, a low, murderous scoundrel. "But say! Denny, if you wants to do the sucker, why don't youse give him a poke in the face? See!"

"Such suggestions are veriest guff," retorted Dennis Mulcahey. "Do as I bid you, caltiff; and presume not to give the hunch to such as I. A wild pitch is what I want whenever Murty O'Malley steps to the plate. I'il do the rest,"

"I'll trow the pig-skin over de gran' stand," said Terry Devine, as he and his fellow plotter walked away.

As the conspirators drifted into the darkness a dim form arose from behind a shrub. It was Murty O'Malley.

"Ah! I'll foil you yet," he hissed between his clinched teeth, and turning in the opposite direction he was soon swallowed by the night.

"Exactly. That's the ordinary storage | see if that happened it would be per petual motion'

"That's it. You're not so dull after all. That's just the point, and there's where I'm going to paralyze the world. It isn't what this invention will do on a mere bleycle that's the great thing. That is a mere trifle compared with the vast possibilities of the discovery." "But what did you do on the bike?"

"But what did you do on the bike?"
"What did I do? There was only
one thing to do. If I kept on I would
run smack through Marseilles and go
plump into the Mediterranean. If I
ran the machine against a wall or
building I would smash myself into a thousand pieces. I though over the situation for about 100 miles and then saw that by only chance was to make saw that by only chance was to make for the Alps. I knew by the rate we were going it wouldn't take long to reach there, and so breathing a prayer that people would keep to their own side of the road, I turned toward the east and made for Switzerland. I passed the Paris-Berne express near Dijon and left her as if she were stand-ing still. I tell you I was a happy man ing still. I tell you I was a happy man when I saw the Jura mountains loom up ahead of me. I saw this hotel away up among the clouds and new there must be a road up to it, so I pointed for the tall mountain. You see I couldn't stop and inquire the way; I was on a through express, and had quite enough of riding for one trip." "And did the mountain stop the ma-

"Well, not perceptibly for the first thousand feet. I was afraid I would have to go clear over Mt. Blanc. The second thousand feet she slowed quite second thousand feet she slowed quite noticeably; the third thousand feet still more. The fourth thousand feet I saw I could get off with safety, but I was so stiff with riding I could hardly move. At last when nearing the top, I saw the brute actually wasn't going to stop, so I made an effort just at the summit and threw myself backward over the hind wheel, nearly breaking my neck. But I got off, thank goodness."

"And where is this wonderful bicycle

ernment doesn't, for I've telegraphed them to find out. As I sat helpless on the summit, I saw the machine give a wobble or two, and thought it was goseemed to be good for another 10,000 miles. I telegraphed all down the road from this hotel asking the authorities to be on the lookout for it, but I've heard nothing from it since. I expect it took a dash off the road at one of the turns and is lying in the forest some-where. Perhaps it has crossed the Gemmi and the Simplon and is in Italy by this time. Next machine I fit up you bet I'll put on a controlling gear."
"I think that would be an improve-

ment."
"Yes. Well, now you see my object in telling you all this is to give you a chance of making your everlasting fortune. I left Paris, as I told you, in a hurry, not expecting to take a trip to Switzerland, and so brought no money. If you let me have £50 or £100 now I'll give you a quarter share in my inven-tion. Remember Westinghouse offered a half share in his brake for \$500 and the other fool didn't take it. He went

the fortune he missed."
"You forget what I told you at the beginning.

Murty O'Malley's Love.

"Darling, I fear that man; the cruel guy "Leave it to me. If that snoozer pitches an from his place as umpire do you up." this afternoon I hopes de boss will put in A change pitcher took the box for the Shantytowns. Murty O'Malley, the great batter of the Shamrocks, stepped to the

this afternoon I hopes de boss will put in a cash register."
Murty O'Maley hastened to the side of his love. Jack, the faithful barkeeper, went on cleaning his glasses.
"That dub Devine will be here in a minute," said Jack at last, "an' I must organize for him."

He took a shell glass and dipped it in the tank behind the bar. Taking his cigar from between his finely chisled lips, he blew the smoke into the moistened interior of the glass. This he did several times.

was yet a square aport, and gave the bride away.

The rich notes of the wedding bells, welling and swelling, drifted into the open windows of Charity hospital and smote on the ears of Dennis Mulcahey, where he lay with his face.

"Curse them," he moaned.

Then came a horrible rattle in his threat, and the guilty spirit of Dennis Mulcahey passed away. Death caught him off the base.

Billop Mystery

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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CHAPTER VI.

OF

The death of Lawyer Corvin and th vents attending it were mater of ab-orbing interest to all the inhabitants of Fenbrook, and rendered the little village famous, for a time, far beyond its boundaries. Some curious circum-

stances were brought to light in connec-tion with the affair.

To begin with, of course, an inquest was held upon Corvin's body, and an autopsy made; the proximate occasion of death was found to be heart failure. It cannot be said that anybody was greatly grieved over the unhappy man's decease; those who want friends, in this world, must make them—they do not ex-ist spontaneously. Corvin had during



"And the Mouth Grinning at Me."

his life busied himself about many things, but he had neglected the friendmaking industry. Nor were his sins of omission only. But while some of his misdeeds came to light after his death, that event also showed that he was in-nocent of at least one crime of which

he had been suspected.

The story came out peacemeal, as occasion required; but we will hear it in its final anl connected form, along with Nancy and Nellie as they sat in the old sitting room, before the wood fire, after the vibrations of the first woods, here the vibrations of the first wonder, hor-ror and bewilderment had been abated by time. Tom Linton was the narrator Morford, as he was known to the world of electricians and men of affairs. "How was it that my clothes were

found on that drowned body? A simple accident. That night in the lock-up, Dick, the tramp boy, and I, made a hole through the roof—he standing on my shoulders to do it—and then we made a rope by tying his clothes and mine torope by tying his clothes and mine to-gether, up which I climbed, hand over hand. Then we dropped down outside and untied the clothes, and put them on again; but dresing in the dark and in a big hurry, we got them changed about. We got down to the river and started to swim it; I got over all right but poor Dick (I didn't find it out till long afterwards) was drowned, and my ong afterwards) was drowned, and my clothes misidentified him. "Well, if he assumed my individuality,

assumed his. I became a tramp—I could do nothing else. I had plenty of adventures, which I will tell you some time; at last I got work to do in a store, and from that time I began to come up! I changed my employers several times, getting a better berth with each change, but nothing the change of ringe, but nothing that quite suited Finally I was taken into an elecwas worth. One day I made a sugges-tion about a piece of machinery; they tried my idea and found it was an im-provement; the boss got it patented for me, and you may imagine how pleased I was. It brought me some money, and I used it in books and study; I made up my mind to be another Edison, and then to come back and make you richyou two girls—and vindicate my repu-tation. For the last two years I worked on a plan I had conceived of making things grow by electricity applied through the soil. I managed, finally, got my patent, and you know the rest You can dress in gold lace and dia-monds, if you want to, Aunt Nancy; and as for you, Nellie, you are going to be a famous beauty and heiress!" "But you said you'd tell me about the

fairies," said the child.
"Oh, yes! Well the beginning of that is away back, before I was born, or Aunt Nancy either, for all I know. But my first knowledge of it was on the very night of the Corvin robbery.

"I'd been out that night after wood-chuck, as I said, at my examination next morning; but I didn't tell where else I'd been. You see, I used to make a sort of store-house and hiding-place of the cave; but there was a secret at the end of the cave that no one but I knew of, and there I used to put my most precious valuables. It was faced up with planks then just as you and I saw them the other day, Nellie. I had never explored the hole to the end; I didn't suppose there could be any-thing interesting in it; but on this night, thing interesting in it; but on this night, when I went to put in my woodchucks, ready to skin next day, I thought I'd see how far it went. Somebody before my time must have known about it, I thought, because the entrance had been so carefully concealed there. I had a lantern, and in I went.

"It was quite a good corridor, and I didn't have to stoop, though it was very narrow. Instead of going down, as I

narrow. Instead of going down, as I expected, it slanted up, and soon to my astonishment, I came to the foot of a sort of shaft, four or five feet in diame ter, and going straight up. It was like a chimney. A kind of rough ladder was fixed to the side of it, and I began to climb it. At first I couldn't imagine where I was; the sides of the chimney seemed to be of wood, but crumbly and rotten. There was a strong smell of wood dry-rotted. Sometimes I heard a faint creaking and rustling sound. Then, all of a sudden, I solved the mystery. I was in the trunk of the big

cited with the adventure by that time, but I had no conception of what was to come. I got to the top of the ladder, and there was a little, irregular chamber, in the heart of the tree, not much bigger than a sentry box, partly floored with plank, and with a bench or shelf running round it. There were things hanging or fastened to the walls; an old gun, for one thing, and a leather bag, and various queer odds and ends, as if some one used to live there. On one side of the shelf was a box of hard wood, bound with iron. I tried the lid and found it unlocked. I lifted it, and saw a great heap of gold coins and a bundle

great heap of gold coins and a bundle of papers!

"I thought I was Alladin, sure enough, then. I turned to find a place to hang my lantern, so I could have both hands free. There was a heap of something lying or propped up on the bench behind me; old clothes it seemed to be; I took hold of it to move it aside, and got hold of something that made my hair rise. It felt like a bony hand. I pushed aside the folds of decaying cloth, and looked. It was a hand! And then, shining yellowish white in the light of the light of the lantern, I saw a face—a skull, with the skin stretched dry over the bones, and the mouth grinning at me!"

"Oh, land sakes, bless my hear quavered Nancy, who had heard the quavered Nancy, who had heard the control before, but was more scared with everepetition. "To think of my poor, do Matt all those years! My soul alive! "I didn't know it was Uncle Matt that time," continued Tom, giving hand to Nelle, to cling to through tterrors of the narrative. "I don think I knew anything till I found my self out in the open air at the mouth the cave. No boy ever was more frightened than I, and I lived through it, lay awake the rest of the night, insuccession of cold sweats, wondering what it all meant, and what I should do about it. The next morning, before I had made up my mind, I was arrested, as you remember, and so was prevented

ROMANCE.

as you remember, and so was prevented from doing anything.

"But I thought it over and over, for years afterwards, and it gradually became clearer to me. The body must be that of Uncle Matt. The box of money, of course, was his; he kept it there for safety, and, perhaps, used to go up there to count it over, as folks of his peculiar temperament are said to enjoy doing. That evening he disappeared, saying he was going to see Corvin, he must have gone up there to get the deed for the ten thousand dollars; but he died while he was up there, whether by apoplexy, or how, of course we shall never know. All we do know is that old Corvin didn't murder him."

"From some of the indications there I should judge that this secret place was as you remember, and so was prevented "From some of the indications there I should judge that this secret place was known to the Billops for may be generations back; they made it and used it to keep valuables in, or for whatever purpose might arise. The knowledge of it may have been handed down from father to son; but Uncle Matt having no son, the secret would have died with him, but for the accident of my finding it out.

t out. "Now, when I was ready to come back here, under the name of Morford, and clean things up. I was rather bothered how to go to work. I visited the tree again, and found everything just as before; and noticed, among the tangs up there, an old broken-down accordion, and a sort of speaking trumpet, that puzzled me at first, until I concluded they must have been used by Incle Matt to make his ghost-manifestations with, by way, I suppose, of additional security against having his hiding place disturbed. That gave me an idea, and I bought a new accordion. Incleared that Corvin was going to forecome that corvin was going to forecome out in my own colors. "Now, when I was ready to come back have come out in my own cold once and paid it off, but I had re for waiting to do things in another for waiting to do things in another So the night the money was due. I the accordion and climbed up in the I took enough money out of the bound in a strong paper bag, and refact by a string to the ned of a jointed fishing-pole I had brought. Then, after playing on the accumul I knew I had caught your tion, I climbed out of the hole in of the chamber, and got out on a second in the strong that the chamber, and got out on a second in the strong that the strong of the chamber, and got out on a of the chamber, and got out on a wand dropped the bag down the ney. After that I said a few withrough the old speaking trumpe settle any scruples of conscience might feel; stuck the deed where a might find it when I took her up

next day, and went home. You the rest."
"Then there were no fairles," Nellie, with a sigh.
"Not that time, perhaps; bu
doesn't prove there may not be pl

I and used to go and see him. One he told me the truth about that ro He had put up the job on me, as pressed it, whether with or wiffather's connivance, he didn't say had put my knife where it was found thaving first stolen it from me, and had put the money and things in my pocket while we had been in bathing. He not only told me this, but he insisted upon having a lawyer up there to take down his statement. to take down his statement in legal form, so that it would be evidence to clear me in court. He was very peni-



"Dropped the Bag Down the Chimney."

tent, and of course I couldn't help being very forgiving. But I still had a crow to pick with old Corvin himself, and as you know I did it only too thoroughly."
"Poor man! I'm jest downright sorry
for him," said Naney, with tears on her
cheeks. "I'm glad I never believed he
killed poor Matt. But whatever did
possess him to be so hard after me, and to want to take away the very roof over my head? I never did him no harm

that I know of."
"That's very easy to explain, Aunt
Nancy." said Tom. "He was never
easy in his mind about Uncle Matt. At
first he thought he might come back, first he thought he might come back, and get the land away from him; and then he thought that he must have hid-den the deed somewhere about the place, and that you might find it any day. So he never could get a moment's peace until the house and all about it was his, and you were driven out of the way. But we were too much for him!"
"But then what under the canopy did

he ask me to marry him for?" demand-ed Nancy, perplexedly.
"Who wouldn't want to marry you, if they could, you blessed old creature? said Tom, leaning over and kissing her And he would have knocked a down who would have ventured gest any other interpretation

THE END. SHE IS REVISING HIA

Since we met the dull world has brighter.
And life ten time dearer by fa I have lifted my load and am light With you for my one guiding at I confess I am getting quite spoon. And haven't a doubt you'll agre (Though setting me down as a lo You are making an angel of me

Of course I have given up smok
Though I notice no change in my
In polson you said I was soaking
And slowly destroying my healt
The club I have quickly forsaker
Without even a last goodby spr
And unless I am greatly mistake
You are making an angel of me

The theaters have lost all their ple The opera makes me feel blue, And no longer its music I treasure, Though I know I'd enjoy it—with My thoughts turn to walks through And to chat 'neath the old

a strong vocation for the priesthood, abandoned the convent with the others. On a bright day in the month of March he found himself on the streets of Tou-louse with nothing in his pockets but the few francs that had been given to

But what was the poor boy to do? He had neither parents nor friends, and he was a stranger in the city. His first idea was to go to see his benefactress at the Chateaux de Croix-Daurade, but he did not dare. What could she think of his resolution to abandon a religious life, and what reception would she give to one who had shown such a poor appreciation of the favors she had done

each monk who had laid aside his beads

As he was wandering aimlessly about the streets, his attention was drawn to a poster which gave notice that boys were wanted to enlist as drummers in the National Guard, which was then heins oversely at the control of the control o

being organized.
Francois presented himself at the registrar's office, where he was enlisted, clothed in a uniform and given his drum and sticks on the spot. The boy had never had a drumstick in his hands had never had a drumstick in his hands before, but each day he pratised on the banks of the Canal Riquet, and he learned so rapidly that by July 14, the day of the first federation, he was the admiration of the town for the way in which he beat the marches at the head of the company.

of the company.

For he really made a fine appearance in his blue uniform, with the red trimmings, his hat a little to one side, and a mings, his hat a little to one side, and a large tri-colored plume partly obstructing his face. He was now a tall, well built young man, with a frank and handsome face, and large dark eyes, which seemed to emit sparks of fire, so brightly did they shine beneath their black lashes. Many people in the crowd exclaimed when they saw him pass by:

pass by: "Oh, what a handsome drummer In front of the Boulingrin, where the

National Guard was reviewed daily. Francois saw Jeanne standing beside her father. She recognized him, but the did not have time to see what effect the sight of him had produced upon her; for the regiment was marching on double-quick time, and she appeared to him only as a sort of vision, but one of those visions which are never forgotten. For a week he thought of nothing else than Jeanne de Sicard. By night he dreamed of her, and by day, as he marched with his regiment, he looked at every street corner in the hope that he would see his benefactress there, and that she also would exclaim

as he had heard so many others; "Oh, the handsome drummer boy!" But he did not see her again. It was in vain that he strained his eyes to distinguish every face in the crowds he passed; she was not in Toulouse.

Three years passed away. Events succeeded each other in those days with frightful rapidity. The ancient order of things no longer existed; the republic had replaced the monarchy, and the head of Louis XVI. had fallen under the knife of the guillotine. The nobles had emigrated in great num-bers, and many of them had placed themselves at the head of the armies which were marching against France which were marching against France.

Francois had become a soldier, and was taking part in the campaign of the Rhine. He had been promoted rapidly to the successive ranks of sergeant, sub-lieutenant and captain, which was very easy and very usual to these days when our victorious in those days, when our victorious armies were commanded by beardless colonels and generals of twenty-one. One day Francois was at the head of a detachment in a skirmish with an Austrian convoy. Our soldlers, who were as brave as lions, were not long in putting to flight their white coated enemies, who left their chief wounded

on the field. What was the astonishment of Francois when he approached and found in this Austrian leader the Marquis de Sicard. Jeanne's father! The mar-quis, like many of those who had emi-

grated, had taken up arms against his country.
Francies, acting on his authority as Francios, acting on his authority as captain, made the marquis a prisoner on parole; and, in place of taking him to the camp, he left him at a neighboring farm, where every attention was shown him, and his wound, which was not a serious one, quickly healed. Thanks to the fact that the young captain stood years high it has found to be fact that the stood years high it has found to be fact. tain stood very high in the favor of the tain stood very high in the favor of the general, it was not very difficult for him to obtain a pardon for his former master. Fortunately, the property of the marquis had not been sold, and its

was restored to him as a mark of special favor.

When he was reinstated in the Chateau de Palificat the Marquis de Sicard brought his daughter back from Turin. where she had remained during his ab-sence. Francois obtained a furlough and came to spend three months with them at the chateau, where he was re-ceived, as one can imagine, with open

"It is the captain," said the marquis to his daughter, "that you must thank for the fact that you are not a penni-less orphan. I can truly say that I re-ceived my life and my property at his

But little more need be said. Fran-cols and Jeanne had loved each other for years before the marquis had been placed under such singular obligations to the young man. Their marriage was cedebrated with much pomp in the little church of Croix-Daurade and it is said

that their union—like those in the ro-mances—was blessed with many chil-The day after the wedding Francois The day after the wedding and his bride visited the little cottage where the Margaridetto had died, and where the Margaridetto had died, and her father had where Jeanne and her father had sought shelter from the storm on their return from the midnight mass.
"It is here," said Francois to his wife,
"that I fully realize all you have done
for me, and it is here that I first fell in

MR. AND MRS. RISING.

Their Conversation Is Punctuated by

From the Times-Herald. "I don't believe it," said Mr. Rising

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Rising energetically as he sank down in an arm chair, while the door slammed behind him.

"Believe what?" asked Mrs. Rising.

"Why, that our cashier has uttered false notes," replied Mr. Rising.

"Who said he had, John?" inquired Mrs. Rising.

"Bill Jones was hinting around about 'fly cashiers' and the way some curious notes were flying around," returned Mr. Rising, gloomily.

"I shouldn't care much what Bill Jones said," observed Mrs. Rising.

"He must have heard something, Em'ly," Mr. Rising continued.

"May be the notes were a mistake, anyhow, John," said Mrs. Rising cheerfully.

"Men don't make mistakes of that

himself on the lounge.

Mrs. Rising obediently roused her husband at the moment indicated, and asked, "Why is it called a board meeting, John?"

"Because the directors and officers sit on the loant Frolly." on the board, Em'ly," returned Mr. Ris-

"That's funny!" observed Mrs. Ris-ing. "Is it hard, John?" "Well, I've seen harder things, Em'ly," replied Mr. Rising. "How many men sit with you, John?" was Mrs Rising's next query.

ROBERT BARR, in Detroit Free Press.

"And what does E. M. F. stand for?" "Electro moter force. I see you don't understand even the rudiments of electricity. Now it struck me the Mac-guire Storage Battery might be applied to a bicycle. It worked beautifully small and compact, you know—but it always ran out just when you were in some part of the country where you in some part of the country where you couldn't get it charged again. So I put my wits to work and invented a little portable dynamo which could be attached to the driving wheel of a bicycle and which would keep replenishing the storage battery. I thought that the force going down hill would run the dynamo enough to keep the battery reasonably ful and so transmit the force to sonably ful and so transmit the force to

the bicycle when going up hill."
"And did it work?" "And did if work?"
"Did it work? It did work, my boy,
in a way that would have made your
hair stand on end, and nearly ruined my constitution, but as soon as I have that invention under control I'll para-lyze the world. I took my machine out of Paris for a trial spin before I had everything completed. I live in the southern part of Paris and so ran down toward Fontainebleau to try how it would go. I had the dynamo in one pocket-it is very small but powerful, "You talk English," I said, "with a as I told you—and the battery in the colloquial fluency somewhat unusual other. About twenty miles south of in a Frenchman. Where did you learn Paris I got off the machine with a smooth, empty country road ahead of me, and attached dynamo and battery. But I forgot one thing, and that was that the Macguire Storage Battery in-creased the E. M. F. of the electricity pumped into it. Well, I jumped on the bicycle and ran it down the road for a mile or so, listening to the dynamo purand I have no doubt that at that time I could have stopped the machine, but, as I tell you, I didn't realize the situation. As we went on and on I noticed the bicycle was going faster and faster. I became just a little scared, for I remembered I had no way of stopping except by the brake. I put that on hard, but % seemed to have no effect on the wheel. It began to smoke and finally

tery or the dynamo?" Have you ever ridden a bicycle?"

snapped. Then I was helpless."

'Couldn't you have kicked off the bat-

"Well, then, you know that if you are going down a steep hill on the keen jump, you have all you can do to sit there and steer the machine. That was the way with me. I was not going down hill, but along a smooth, level road at a greater rate of speed than any wheel ever went down any hill. I flashed through vilages faster than a lightning express, ringing my bell like mad, but I'll bet you not one ever heard a sound till I was a mile away. Well, it struck me at once just what the trouble was. The more that little dynamo shoved electricity into the battery, the more the battery increased the E. M. F. and the faster went the machine, and the faster the machine wers the more electricity

times.
"I'll smoke a glass on de stiff," said
Jack, softly,, "it's better than a knock-

Ack, softly, "It's better than a knockout drop."

A moment later Terry Divine came in.
With a gleam of almost human intelligence in his eye, Jack, the barkeeper, set
up the smoked glass. Terry Divine tossed
off the flery potation, staggered to a chair
and sat there glaring.

A moment later his head fell on a card
table, with a stertorian snore proclaimed
him unconscious.

him unconscious.
"That fetched de sucker," murmured
Jack, the barkeeper, and he went on cleaning his glasses. "His light's gone out for
fourteen hours, an' he don't make no
wild pitches at Murty O'Malley today.

Ten thousand people gathered to witness the last great contest between the Shamrocks and the Shantytowns.

Gwendolin O'Toole, pale but resolute, occupied her accutomed seat in the grand stand. Far away and high above the tumult of the bleachers she heard the hoarse shout of her brother, Godfrey O'Toole, the bleachers' king.

"Remember, Gwendolin," he had said as they parted just before the game, "the mug who makes the best average today wins your hand. I've sworn it; and the word of an O'Toole is never broken."

"Make it the best batting average, oh, me brother." pleaded Gwendolin, while the tears welled to her glorious eyes.

"Never," retorted Godfrey O'Toole with a sneer. "I'm on to your curves; you want to give Morty O'Malley a better show. But if the butter-lingered muffer wins you, he must do it with his fielding as well as with the stick."

Terry Devine was not in the box for the Shantytowns. With his head on the sev-en-up table he snored on, watched over by the faithful bar boy Jack. He still yielded to smoked glass and gave no sign

"Who? Westinghouse?"
"No. The other fellow, because of

"What was that?"
"I'm a newspaper man and consequently have no money. But I'll give

Shantytowns. Murty O'Malley, the great batter of the Shamrocks, stepped to the plate.

Dennis Mulcahey girded up his faise heart, and registered a black, hellish oath to call everything a strike.

"Never, never shall he win Gwendolin O'Toole, while I'm umpire," he whispered, and his was dark as a cloud.

It was the last word that issued from the clam-shell of Dennis Mulcahey for many a long and bitter day; the last crack he made.

Just as he offered his bluff the first ball was pitched. It was as wild and high as a bird, as most first balls are.

But Murty O'Malley was ready. He, too, had been plotting; he would fight Satan with fire.

As the ball sped by high above his head Murty O'Malley leaped twenty feet in the air. As he did he swung his unerring bat.

Just as he had planned, the flying, whizzing sphere struck the under side of his bat and glancing downward with fearful force, went crashing into the dark, scheming visage of Dennis Mulcahey upturned to mark its flight.

The fragile mask was broken, while the features were crushed into bloody confusion with the awful inveteracy of the blow.

Dennis Mulcahey fell as one dead. As he was borne away and another umpire was sent to assume his post. Murty

And so the day was won; the Shamrocks basted the Shantytowns by the score of 15 to 2. As for Murty O'Malley his score