

Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1878.

NO. 11.

CONQUERED.

Along of a night of a wondrous night. When the wintry winds were sighing...

At Last.

"She is a queer craft, truly, senior, and, what is more, she has at least one bit of queer history attached to her."

"The subject of his comment, an old brig with high bow and lowering poop, elaborate with quaint carvings, to which some tar-bashed remnant of its ancient gilding clung, rode easily at anchor..."

"She was a girl of the farm, a creature of a beauty as pure and sweet as our summer sky, and a spirit as loving and wayward as the wind that blows from the orange gardens of Alayor."

"He was an Englishman, a traveler for pleasure, whose idle lounge brought him to the farm. The place pleased him, the people, as everywhere in the islands, were hospitable, and proud of the presence of a guest; so he remained."

"Days wore to weeks, weeks became months, and still he lingered. To-day it was an excursion among the shepherds of the desolate heights, that hem the valley in; to-morrow a sturdy climb up the Monte-del-Tor, with its wind-swept convent ruins; again, a long ride through fields of golden grain and gardens of olives, fruit groves and fertile farms. Whatever the amusement he was followed it up earnestly, as his countrymen always do."

house where he was an honored guest and she a drudge. Great as the social difference between them was, her gratitude and his admiration bridged it over. They met often, he always kindly, vivacious, on his return from an occasional visit to town with trifling gifts; she ever humbly proud of his notice, truly grateful for his magnificence."

"The husband saw this, too, and saw it with pride. Poor fool! He thought that the valley, where men honored women as their own mothers, wives and sisters, was the world."

"At last the guest departed. Next day a peddler from Mercader passed through the valley. It was afterward recollected that he held some speech with her while exhibiting his wares to the people of the farm."

"Many other things were recollected, too, when, next night, her place at the table in the kitchen was vacant. When the country all about was secured only to discover, two days later, that a stranger and a country-girl had met in the market-place of Mercader, and had gone together to Port Mahon."

"The husband followed them, mad with outraged love for her and deadly hatred for her destroyer. He found them not. They had gone in the yaw which had brought the traveler to the island, and which had lain waiting his pleasure in the harbor. Whither? To France some said. To France he therefore went, by the first vessel that sailed."

"It would not profit to tell of the long, fruitless search; to tell how, following them from place to place, always too late, he traversed all the Mediterranean coast, until one day, hearing of him and that he was now traveling alone, he knew that the inevitable had come to pass, and that she had been cast aside for a fresher face, a newer love."

"Still searching, he found her at last. Found her in a stin, surrounded by thieves, by vagrants, by women who were only women in name, dead, with a breathing babe on her right breast. He took the child, and returning with it to his native place, put it among those who would care for it, and once more turned his restless face towards his goal. He carried a keen knife, and had a use for it sworn over her sacred grave."

"It was dreary waiting; and sometimes his heart failed him. The knife-blade rubbed so often to kill the rust, was becoming thin. It was becoming sharper, though, and he smiled each time he felt its constantly keener-growing edge."

with blazing eyes into the black water, where a circle of sharp ripples fringed with phosphorescent fire, widened in lines of pallid flame and vanished. There had been a single deep groan, and a figure had plunged past the cabin window; a figure whose heart was cleft by a keen blade whose edge was worn so thin that it had been snapped off, leaving only the handle in the executioner's hand."

"The same instant a star, the single one visible in the murky heavens, had fallen in a swift sweep of light. Next day it was known that the traveler, so lately snatched from death upon it, had fallen overboard in a drunken fit, and been swallowed by the sea."

"And the man? The child? I asked, when my story-teller drew a long breath, wiping the perspiration from his drawn brow with the back of his hand, and tossed his finished cigar into the water. "Are they alive?"

"Faithless padre mio," said a voice behind me, and a slender, brown-skinned, free-limbed girl of thirteen, bare-headed, bare-footed, and clad in the picturesque peasant's dress of the country, stepped past me and smote my friend lightly on the face with a melon leaf. "Is this your promise? Parson me, senior, but you know not how false he is. He pledged me faithfully to take me to the theatre in the piazza to-day, and here I find him, as always, staring his eyes out at that wretched old stony yonker. What can there be about it that he feasts his eyes upon it so, like a poor woman praying at her shrine?"

"It is a shrine! a monument!" said the story-teller, his eyes gleaming for a moment with savage joy, which softened to such a look of love as one rarely sees when he brushed the girl's heavy hair back from her forehead and kissed her.

"Senior, you ask whether the man and the child of my story are alive. They are."

And hand in hand with the girl he went up the blazing smoky quays, and vanished in the busy streets. "Sergeant Mary." There died recently in Bellevue Hospital, New York, a woman named Mary O'Keefe. She was known to the criminal authorities for years by the alias of "Sergeant Mary." She had quite a remarkable history, which she frequently related to her jailers while on the island. She said that when quite young, she formed the acquaintance of a young man to whom she was engaged to be married. The day for the wedding was set, but before the happy event occurred, her lover was arrested for highway robbery, found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. This so affected her that she resolved to remain single. Some time after she became very intimate with another young man who had likewise met with many crosses in love, and had similarly resolved. Becoming intimate, they determined to live together ever after, and agreed that one should put on man's apparel and that they should live as man and wife in another part of the city where they were not known. They drew lots, and by Mary was made the man. She was in male attire and assumed a name. For several years these women passed as man and wife, and would possibly have done so until Mary's death, but for an unfortunate accident. While on the street one day she met a former friend, who recognized her, and threatened to expose her if she did not return home. Mary told her companion of the discovery and they agreed to part.

She returned to her home, where she lived for a short time, but as her parents used to taunt her she again left home and took to drinking. During the late war she formed the acquaintance of a soldier and set him drunk, after which she stole his money and uniform. She soon spent it and then went to one of the military stations, and enlisted in a company of volunteers. One night Mary got badly drunk and was arrested by the guard. While in her drunken stupor she told her secret. The captain of the guard was called; she was arraigned before him, and on being closely questioned, admitted the truth. She was dismissed from the ranks, not, however, before she had been given the name of Sergeant Mary.

A Niagara Incident. In the summer of 1816, three men falling about three miles above the Falls, saw a bear swimming in the river. Thinking he would be a capital prize, they started for him in a large, substantial log canoe, or "dug-out." When they overtook him he seemed quite obliged for their kind attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, notwithstanding that they vehemently rebuffed him with their paddles. As he came in on one side, two of the men went into the water on the other side. The third, who may be called Fisher, could not swim, and naturally enough, felt somewhat embarrassed. Much to his relief the animal deliberately sat down in the bow of the canoe facing him. As the noise of the rapids and roar of the falls reminded him that they were ominously near Fisher resolved to take advantage of the time and pull vigorously for the shore. But when he began to paddle the bear began to growl his objections, enforcing them at the same time with an ominous grin. Fisher desisted for a while, but feeling their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, he tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note of disapprobation higher, and made a motion as if he intended to get down and "go for" him. The man who was ashore, soon however reappeared in another canoe, with a loaded musket, shot the bear, and ended Fisher's terrible suspense. Bruin weighed over three hundred pounds.

The Greatest Gambling Contest on Record. One of the most famous gambling contests on record was the attempt, by a rival organization, to break the Leinor bank at Baden-Baden. A most graphic and vivid account of the affair has been written by Michael Angelo Timmarsh, who speaks of the three brothers under the name of Leinor. It is as follows: "There came, at a time when the chief Leinor was at Paris, and the reins of government were in the hands of his younger brother, A company of adventurers from Belgium, with a capital of 300,000 francs, and an infallible system for playing roulette-roule, and they boldly challenged the bank of Leinor, and sat down before his croupiers; they had their contraband-quest and they began to play."

"As when two mighty giants step out of a host and engage the armies stand still in expectation, and the puny braves and commoners remain quiet to witness the combat; so, it is said, that when the contrabandeau arrived and ranged itself before the officers of Leinor-rouleau for roulette, banknote to banknote, war for war, contraband for contraband—all the minor punters and gamblers ceased their peevish play, and looked on in silence round the velvet plain, where the great combat was to be decided."

"Not used to the vast operations of war, like his elder brother, Leinor, Jr., the Lieutenant telegraphed to his absent child, the news of the mighty enemy who had come down on him, asked for instructions and in the meanwhile met the foe man to man. The Contrabandeau of Norburg gallantly opened his campaign."

"The Leinor bank was defeated, day after day, in numerous savage encounters. The tactics of the contrabandeau generals were irresistible, and they marched onwards, terrible as the Macedonian phalanx. Tuesday, a loss of 18,000 francs; Thursday, a loss of 40,000 francs; night after night the young Leinor had to chronicle these disasters in melancholy dispatches to his chief. What was to be done? How was it to end?"

"Far away in Paris, the elder Leinor answered these appeals of his brother, by sending re-enforcements of money. Chests of gold arrived for the bank. The Prince of Noirburg bade his beleaguered Lieutenant not to lose heart, and to keep up a stout and cheerful front in the trying hour of danger."

"The contrabandeaus still went on victorious. Roulette after roulette fell into their possession. At last the news came. The Emperor had joined the grand army. Leinor himself had arrived from Paris, and was once more among his people. The daily combat continued; and still, the abominable contrabandeaus fought and conquered. Like Polypheusus, who only took one of his prisoners out of the cave at a time, and so ate them off at leisure, they contented themselves with winning so much before dinner and so much before supper, say 5,000 francs for each meal."

"At last there came one day when the contrabandeaus had won their allotted sum and were about to leave the tables, which they had swept so often. But pride and lust of gold had seized upon the heart of one of these vainglorious chiefs, and he said, 'Do not let us go yet; let us win 1,000 francs more. So they stayed on, and the game continued. The contrabandeaus looked on and trembled for their prince."

"Some three hours after, a mighty cheer was heard around the windows of the palace; people rushed into each other's arms; men, women and children cried and kissed each other. Croupiers, who never feel, who never tremble, who never care whether black wins or red loses, took snuff for joy; and Leinor, the dauntless, the invincible Leinor, wiped the drops of perspiration from his calm forehead, at the thrill the enemy's last rouleau into his fist. He had conquered."

"Stand and Deliver." A writer in the Galveston News tells of a recent adventure while traveling in a stage-coach, in Texas, as follows: On Saturday morning, at one o'clock, Pegleg, I was startled from an indifferent slumber in the stage-coach by the clicking of a Winchester and by voices from without hallooing to the driver, "Turn into the brush, or I will shoot the side of your face off; I will not let you again." At the same time I saw two men with guns, one bearing on the driver and the other pointed at the open door of the coach. There were two passengers beside myself in the coach, Lieutenant Kirby, of the Tenth Infantry, and a graduate from West Point, assigned to duty at Fort McKavett; the other, Mr. Barouch, a drummer, from New Orleans. My pistol was rolled up in my blankets, the drummer had no arms, but Lieutenant Kirby was well heeled. We had, from the time we left the road until we were stopped in the brush time to consider what we should do. The drummer and myself concluded that we were not in a condition to risk the fight. But the Lieutenant insisted upon a fight, not on account of the money he might lose, but on account of his profession. We overruled him and were ready to submit to the robbery when the coach stopped in the brush, two or three hundred yards from the road. One at a time were called and stepped forward, and were sent to the front of the horses. The coach was then plundered of money, jewelry and arms. Each one had hidden a portion of his money and valuables while in the stage. I threw mine in the hay in the bottom of the coach, the drummer tucked his away in the top of the coach, and the Lieutenant put his in his boot. Mine was found; the balance they did not get. The drummer delivered them twenty dollars, the lieutenant five dollars and I twenty-five dollars. They also got the lieutenant's and the drummer's watches, which were left in the coach. While the coach was being robbed we were all guarded, a Winchester bearing on us. The robbers—the two we saw—were men of good address, and executed the robbery skillfully. They attempted no disguise, except the boss, who evidently thought I knew him; to his identity he was surprised. They talked among themselves, from which we learned that another party was to rob the down coach and that they were within supporting distance. When they commenced cutting the mail bags open I made an appeal to them, stating that they would hardly find any money in registered letters going up the country. They cut two, however, and then stopped, putting all the mail back. They talked about the paymaster. A short time after the lights of the down coach came in view. They told us we could get in the coach and not to make any noise or strike a light, and if we did they would fire on us. The down coach tumbled along in a few minutes and we got back on the road and came along. Before we left the boss said: "You may tell the paymaster that you have been back to stay awhile."

The Last Montmorency. Recently the last Montmorency was buried in Paris. He was the last of a line which gave to France, six Constables, twelve Marshals, four Admirals, several Cardinals, Grand-Masters, Ambassadors, etc. The head of the house of Montmorency bore the title of First Baron of France, and the Barons were, in 350, "Grand Feudatories" of the Duchy of France. One Montmorency, in 1120, married a natural daughter of Henry I., of England, and in 1141 the widow of the French King, Louis le Gros. Anthony Montmorency distinguished himself at Bouvines in 1214, and a third fought at Crecy in 1343. Anne, the first Duke, was a great soldier, who, after reducing the army of Charles V., by famine, was called the French Fabius. Francis, who was the fourth Marshal, died at the early age of 49, after having escaped, as if by a miracle, being massacred during the St. Bartholomew. The father of the Montmorency who had just died, had a strange career. He was born in 1757. He served against us in the American War of Independence, and, like many other French noblemen—like Lafayette, Rochambeau, de Noailles, the La Mottes, etc.—he adopted the principles of the Revolution. On the memorable 4th of August, 1793, he was one of the great nobles who voted in favor of the suppression of feudal rights, and in June, the following year, he supported a bill for the abolition of all titles of nobility. He emigrated in 1792, but returned to France on the fall of Robespierre, Napoleon made him a Count on the same day that he made Fouché a Duke. Under the Restoration he became a Royalist once more, and was appointed "first" Aide-de-camp to the Comptrol' Arois (afterward Charles X.), then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then Ambassador to the Congress of Verona; in 1822 he was named Governor of the Duc de Bordeaux (now known as the Comte de Chambord); in 1825 he was elected a member of the Academy; and the year afterward he closed his eventful life. The last Montmorency took no part in politics, and was merely known to a small circle of friends.

Electric Light. The electric light has been steadily gaining in popularity until in the larger European cities it is about to supersede all other illuminants, having by actual experiment proved cheaper and better than anything else, and especially for lighting streets and large public or private edifices, such as churches, theaters, railroad depots, and manufactories. It has the advantage of being inflammable, and hence there is no danger of its setting anything afire; no outlay in coal is needed, and all expense for extensive works are dispensed with; its production is simply and perfectly inoffensive; no noxious or noisome odors are generated to poison the atmosphere, and the quality of light rivals the sun in brilliancy. As cheap light for ocean steamers or even river boats, it is invaluable, shedding a flood of light in every direction in the thickest weather. A correspondent of the London Globe states that the cost of the electric light, including the running of a special steam engine, is only twenty cents per hour, for a light equal to three hundred and fifty gas burners, which is about equal to twelve cents per thousand feet for gas. The exemption from danger of this light has caused a reduction in rates of insurance wherever it has been introduced.

Palatine. The aqueducts to Jerusalem, from Solomon's pools and the "upper level," conducting streams of water to the very highest parts of Mt. Zion, are broken anew. The mountain sides and the valleys are denuded of trees, and the people plant no trees. The very wood that I am using for fuel consists of the roots of trees from near Hebron, planted hundreds of years ago. The olive groves are old, and do not produce so abundantly as younger and more vigorous trees.

The Jews were broken up, and where once were carriage roads are now bridle paths for mules and horses and donkeys. The people are living upon the remains and the ruins of what their fathers planted. Many of them are living in the tombs and caves of the earth. The tomb of St. James, beyond the Kidron, is a magnificent structure. In it I found, the other day, a sleeping party of nine men and women and half a dozen kids. The Silver Valley, a little further down the valley, consists of dwellers in the tombs. The plateau of nearly level ground north and west of Jerusalem, at the head of these brooks, or water torrents called the Gihon, and the Kidron, here called Gihonphal—is covered with the debris of the ruins of a former civilization. Pools now dry, contain broken columns, capitals, arches, Corinthian capitals, and curious mosaic work, sometimes very beautiful, and scarcely exceeded anywhere, in any age of the world. The Frank mountain, where Herod the Great was buried, is now only a mountain. The magnificent structures of former ages have fallen into decay. On every hill top all over Judaea, and the remains of what were once splendid towns and cities. Within sight of Jerusalem, are the sites of five capitals of states, now either deserted ruins or miserable Mohammedan villages. The walls of the ancient cities are broken down, that of Jerusalem only having been rebuilt, its successive recoveries showing its wonderful vitality. Jericho, where Merod the Great died, is a pile of rubbish—sculptured stones lying promiscuously with the broken stones of the once massive walls. I stood on the ruins of Herod's palace close by the fountain of Elisha, and gave, with others, three cheers in honor of the governor of Gilgal (now Jericho), a Nubian as black as an ace of spades, a major in the Turkish army and a good officer, who had conducted us from Gilgal thus far on our way towards Jerusalem. The Jordan valley is a waste, on both

Splendid Masonry. The immense stones used in the erection of the pyramids of Egypt were obtained from the quarries in the Arabian hills, and were carried to the river and over a bridge of boats. They were then brought forward by means of a cause-way, which of itself took ten years to construct, and which is said to have been a fine work; with its polished stones and figures of animals engraved upon them. One hundred thousand men were employed at a time, and these were relieved by the same number at the end of three months. A long time was spent in the leveling off the rock on which the edifice stands, and twenty years for the erection of the pyramids itself. The stones were raised step by step by means of a machine made of short pieces of wood, and last of all, commencing from the top, the stones were cemented together with a layer of cement not thicker than a piece of paper, the strength of which is proved by the age of these enormous memorials.

All that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however to think it again. The Jordan valley is a waste, on both

sides of the river. It is one of the finest tropical countries in the world. It has numerous fountains and ways for irrigation. All the waters of the Jordan may be used for purposes of irrigation, so great is the fall; and the valley is capable of sustaining five millions of souls in comfort, and even in luxury. There are, perhaps, two hundred and fifty thousand in all Palestine. Some of the ancient works of this country still remain, because of their Cyclopean architecture and substantial character. Such are Solomon's pool and the aqueducts which might easily be repaired, and at small cost, comparatively. Some of the tombs which remain were constructed at enormous cost.

They were the works of princely treasures. Such are the tombs of the Judges, fifty-five minutes walk north of Jerusalem; the tombs of the kings (probably the tomb of Queen Helena and her family, converted to Judaism about A. D. 46), thirty-five minutes walk north of Jerusalem, and the tombs of the prophets, so called, on the south-west side of Mt. Olivet, about half way up the side of the mount. The tombs of the judges are on the south side of a road, or valley, whose waters flow to the Mediterranean, and they face Noli Samwell and Ramah to the north, where the judges of Israel lived, and judged Israel. They do not properly belong to Jerusalem. The tombs are evidently older than the tombs of the kings, and the style of the structure is different. I have visited between twenty and thirty of these tombs on the Mediterranean side of the mountain range, but there is one which, on account of its elaborate structure and rich sculpture, is called "The Tomb of the Judges." It has rooms leading into rooms, and stairs leading to rooms below and under the rooms just entered by low, narrow passages, and in the sides of these rooms are crypts, or niches, for the reception of the dead, and places for the illuminating lamps and smoke on the walls—in all, I counted sixty-one resting places for the illustrious dead, of whom not a bone nor a particle of dust remains. Some of these tombs have swinging doors cut out of the rock, and forming a part of it, and others have rolling stones, with grooves, in which the stones, cheese-shaped, may be rolled from side to side, while by its own weight on the declining plane it is restored to its place at the mouth of the sepulchre. There have been various eras of Palestine civilization—that of the Phœnicians, of the Jews, of the Romans, of the Saracens, and of the crusaders; and of each era some monuments remain to this day, but for hundreds of years, since the rule of the Turk, there has been no improvement, but on the contrary, constant deterioration. The earth is cursed for man's sake. The state of the country follows that of the people and depends upon it. The "upper story" of the intellectual house, seems to be wanting.

Wedding Gifts. In different countries different modes exist. Penny weddings in Scotland, of which Willie gave a lively and accurate idea in one of his domestic paintings, are peculiar. Invited guests make contributions in money. One shilling is the general tribute, and half a crown is a princely offering. Out of the sum thus collected the not very costly expenses of the feast were paid, and the surplus went toward buying the furniture.

In the weddings of the poorer classes of Ireland this levying contributions on guests never takes place, for, however poor Paddy may be, his pride revolts from the appearance of poverty on such an occasion. There is a collection, however, to raise a sum for liberally compensating the clerical gentleman who "has tied the knot," and in the house of a rich farmer this swells up to good sums.

In Wales, among the small farmers and traders, the custom prevails to this day of "bidding," not single guests, but whole families to a wedding. That such an event is to come off, both where and when is duly advertised in the local newspaper, with a request that all persons, who in time past have been similarly obliged in that manner, will attend, bringing presents for the bride and groom. Besides this, particular attention is sent to each household on whom the debt-of-wedded folk may have some special claim for former generosity under like circumstances. Presents of all sorts—food, furniture, furs, fuel, table and chamber linen, even sheep, lambs, calves, goats, and ponies—are among the gifts.

In Germany there is the "pay wedding," at which the bride receives her guests with a basin before her, each person depositing a jewel, silver spoon or a piece of money, at the same time apologizing for the donation being so far below value, compared with the dainties of Germany. In some parts of Germany the rule is that the expenses of the marriage feast shall be met by each guest paying for what he eats and drinks—as if he were in a hotel, but not at fair hotel prices. Thus the entertainment sometimes extends over several days, and the young couple often realize a sum out of the profits sufficient to start them fairly in life. From one to three hundred guests are often present throughout these festivities.

Sometimes the flow of presents takes a very different course. In Poland a lady is not regarded as eligible for double-blessedness until she has wrought with her own hands cloth and garments for each of her future lord's friends (groomsman) accompanying him to the altar. In Norway the clergyman has to be propitiated with two or three bladders of mince-meat, made by the hands of the bride, and a bottle or two of brandy. In that country most presents made on wedding occasions take the tangible form, of larder supplies—at least among the peasantry and artisans.

Madame Rhodolle's Ghost Story. "My servant man, Pierrot," said the old lady, "was hired to me with a little villa that I occupied during a year that I spent in Italy. It was a moutly old place enough, and he was a quaint old man, who looked as battered and weather-stained as the statues that hid among the vines and shrubbery in the garden; but liked the seclusion of the spot, and I liked Pierrot, too. He was an Italian, but his mother was Swiss, and he was more faithful than Italian servants generally. He had a peculiarly charming way of waiting, and saw to the comfort of all the guests, at the wish of the party I gave, in the most wonderful manner. Above all, he had a soft step and never slammed the door. I considered him a treasure."

"If I had time I could tell you a thousand stories about Pierrot; but what you want is to hear about my ghost, so we will come at once to the day when I had invited twelve friends to spend the evening at the villa, and when Pierrot came to me in the morning and asked permission to go to Naples to receive a sum of money, which one, who had borrowed of him, was to pay him that day. 'Madame,' he said, 'only for a few hours;' but I listened to the request with horror."

"Pierrot," I said, "I cannot bear to refuse you, but what should I do were you to be detained; it is a long way to Naples, and you know of my party tonight."

"I shall never forget, Madame," he replied. "I shall return in time to prepare the salad and have all as it should be."

"Oh, I hope so, Pierrot," I said. "On my honor, Madame," said Pierrot, "on my faith, whatever happens I will be here in time."

"So I let him go. I knew he would return if it were possible. My only doubt was the possibility. 'The day passed on. I took my midday lunch and siesta, and even when I had had my dinner felt no anxiety about Pierrot's return. But as it grew dusk, and still the figure of the old man did not enter at the gate, my heart sank within me."

"Twenty times, at least, did I send to the kitchen to inquire. Twenty times I received the reply, 'Not yet, Madame.' At last, the truth became manifest. My guests were arriving, and Pierrot was not there. My party would be a failure, with the only being who had made a salad, or properly attended to the rooms, absent from the house. I gave directions as best I could to my other servants, and turned my attention to the duties of the hostess. However, I was in despair; so fancy my joy, when, having postponed the act to the last moment, I raised the bell for refreshments, to see the door open and Pierrot enter as usual, dressed in his old livery and bearing his great tray. He looked tired and pale. Evidently he had made great exertions to be home in time, but never did he wait more elegantly. His light feet made no sound upon the carpet, and he scarcely seemed to need words to understand one's wishes. I was delighted. I smiled upon Pierrot, but he was too well bred to smile back again."

"We had a great deal of music that night and were quite late. As midnight approached I called for more wine. Pierrot entered almost before I had summoned him. He was paler still, and moved more slowly—certainly he was ill; but he gave every guest his glass with his old time grace and then stood quietly behind me awaiting further orders. But quiet as he was every eye was turned upon him, even the musician of the moment looked at him as he tuned his guitar. And suddenly, my little cuckoo clock began to strike the hour of twelve. As its notes sounded, Pierrot shot from behind my chair and went with noiseless steps toward the door. As the twelfth stroke died away he was gone and the door had not opened."

"He passed through it," cried one. "He sank into the floor," cried another. "Bah!" we have all taken too much wine," said a third. "As for me, I sat trembling in my chair as the sound of a horse's feet was heard without, and a rider, who had galloped furiously up to the villa, dismounted and struck some heavy blows with his whip upon the door."

"I hastened forward. There stood one of the armed Italian police. "Madame Rhodolle?" he said. "I bowed. "I bring bad news," said he. "I shall, I fear, greatly agitate you, Madame. You had a servant, one Pierrot?" "I have one, I said, thinking of Pierrot's strange departure from our presence. "Pardon," said the man, "You had one this morning. He is now no more. To-day, in Naples, he collected a sum of money, rather large for a man of his position to possess. He left the city and went upon his homeward way. He did not go far; a rascal followed him; one who knew of the money. As dusk he crept up behind him, stabbed him in the back, and took his purse."

"Poor Pierrot!" I cried, "I know now why he was so pale. He must be suffering!" "No, Madame," said the man. "He suffers no more. Since the hour of sunset he has been lying dead in the hospital. Before he died he cried out suddenly: 'Tell Madame I shall keep my promise.' Perhaps Madame understands?" "I did. At last, I have always thought so. There were thirteen of us together. We all saw Pierrot. We all know how he disappeared. I am as certain as I am of my own existence that it was Pierrot's ghost who returned that night to wait upon us. But if so, it never came again. Pierrot had nothing on his conscience. He had been faithful in the few things that were given to him. He could rest in peace."

Luca Madame Rhodolle ceased talking, and fanned herself. No one dared to hint a doubt that the whole story was true, although every one of her hearers doubted it.

"I shall never forget, Madame," he replied. "I shall return in time to prepare the salad and have all as it should be."

"Oh, I hope so, Pierrot," I said. "On my honor, Madame," said Pierrot, "on my faith, whatever happens I will be here in time."

"So I let him go. I knew he would return if it were possible. My only doubt was the possibility. 'The day passed on. I took my midday lunch and siesta, and even when I had had my dinner felt no anxiety about Pierrot's return. But as it grew dusk, and still the figure of the old man did not enter at the gate, my heart sank within me."

"Twenty times, at least, did I send to the kitchen to inquire. Twenty times I received the reply, 'Not yet, Madame.' At last, the truth became manifest. My guests were arriving, and Pierrot was not there. My party would be a failure, with the only being who had made a salad, or properly attended to the rooms, absent from the house. I gave directions as best I could to my other servants, and turned my attention to the duties of the hostess. However, I was in despair; so fancy my joy, when, having postponed the act to the last moment, I raised the bell for refreshments, to see the door open and Pierrot enter as usual, dressed in his old livery and bearing his great tray. He looked tired and pale. Evidently he had made great exertions to be home in time, but never did he wait more elegantly. His light feet made no sound upon the carpet, and he scarcely seemed to need words to understand one's wishes. I was delighted. I smiled upon Pierrot, but he was too well bred to smile back again."

"We had a great deal of music that night and were quite late. As midnight approached I called for more wine. Pierrot entered almost before I had summoned him. He was paler still, and moved more slowly—certainly he was ill; but he gave every guest his glass with his old time grace and then stood quietly behind me awaiting further orders. But quiet as he was every eye was turned upon him, even the musician of the moment looked at him as he tuned his guitar. And suddenly, my little cuckoo clock began to strike the hour of twelve. As its notes sounded, Pierrot shot from behind my chair and went with noiseless steps toward the door. As the twelfth stroke died away he was gone and the door had not opened."

"He passed through it," cried one. "He sank into the floor," cried another. "Bah!" we have all taken too much wine," said a third. "As for me, I sat trembling in my chair as the sound of a horse's feet was heard without, and a rider, who had galloped furiously up to the villa, dismounted and struck some heavy blows with his whip upon the door."

"I hastened forward. There stood one of the armed Italian police. "Madame Rhodolle?" he said. "I bowed. "I bring bad news," said he. "I shall, I fear, greatly agitate you, Madame. You had a servant, one Pierrot?" "I have one, I said, thinking of Pierrot's strange departure from our presence. "Pardon," said the man, "You had one this morning. He is now no more. To-day, in Naples, he collected a sum of money, rather large for a man of his position to possess. He left the city and went upon his homeward way. He did not go far; a rascal followed him; one who knew of the money. As dusk he crept up behind him, stabbed him in the back, and took his purse."

"Poor Pierrot!" I cried, "I know now why he was so pale. He must be suffering!" "No, Madame," said the man. "He suffers no more. Since the hour of sunset he has been lying dead in the hospital. Before he died he cried out suddenly: 'Tell Madame I shall keep my promise.' Perhaps Madame understands?" "I did. At last, I have always thought so. There were thirteen of us together. We all saw Pierrot. We all know how he disappeared. I am as certain as I am of my own existence that it was Pierrot's ghost who returned that night to wait upon us. But if so, it never came again. Pierrot had nothing on his conscience. He had been faithful in the few things that were given to him. He could rest in peace."