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GEN. LEE.—The death of the distinguished leader of the Southern forces in the late war between the States has been the subject of much eloquent memorial, but we recollect to have met with no tribute to the memory of the Great Captain which has more profoundly impressed us than that which was offered by Col. Henry E. Peyton, (whilom of Gen. Lee's military family,) on the occasion of the great Masonic Temple meeting in Baltimore in October, 1870.

Mr. Chairman:—While within the broad limits of civilization men everywhere are turning aside from the everyday pursuits of life to pay voluntary tribute to departed greatness, it is peculiarly fitting that those who bore the relation to the lamented dead which exists between a loved commander and devoted troops, should in a simple yet unmistakable form give expression to the feelings which oppress their hearts. The resolutions which have been read are not only expressive of the sentiments of those assembled, but are the echoes of that veneration and grief which have impressed an entire people, and are finding utterance on every hand, in language of sincere mourning and unaffected eulogy.

The world is honoring itself in thus honoring the memory of one who has won more of its admiration than any great historic name since Washington. But while it follows in the funeral procession—as admirers of the illustrous warrior—we have the proud privilege to stand around his bier as friends and mourners—as brothers in arms—nay, almost as the children of his heart.

Knowing all the splendid elements of his character as we did, the fortitude in adversity; the courage in disaster; the silence under imputation; the sense of justice, which knew neither friendship nor kindred; the tenderness which was like woman's; the grand poise of feeling, which suffered no weak elation in the hour of victory, we turn, like children appalled, from the tomb which is closing upon our hero forever; we feel as men who have lost the light of a great example, and been deprived of a guide and counsellor upon whom we have learned to lean with a confiding and enduring trust.

Mr. Chairman, it would not be appropriate for me to indulge in the language of extended eulogy. A character which needs philosophic analysis, to place the different elements that constitute greatness, and strength, and excellence in their proper and harmonious relations, affords too prolific a theme for an occasion like this, or abilities like mine. This is more appropriately the work of the critic and the historian. We come to mourn, not to praise. We are here to weep, not to review. Our utterances are the leaping words that come unbidden from breaking hearts, not the polished periods that flow from the lips of orators. We need not sir, and have not invoked the accessories of eloquence; the occasion itself is eloquent; the influences and the surroundings of the hour are an inspiration, and may the day never come when the silver tongue of the orator will be necessary to bring mourners to the grave of Robert E. Lee.

Well may we leave to history, whilst mingling our tears with the grief of our people, the duty of portraying to future generations the man who has in our day strengthened our faith in our own race, by the lofty height to which his own great nature so easily bore him.

At another and more suitable time, we may trench upon that province of the historian which speaks of battles and victories and disasters; of the march, the bivouac and the camp; of the personal and thrilling incidents that come crowding in upon the mind in this great military presence. Tempting as are the martial themes, and vivid as they might be wrought, let us follow the example of our great chief, and turn from these to peaceful thoughts. Let us to-night leave Lee the soldier, and contemplate Lee the citizen. Let us draw lessons from a history the noblest, the grandest, the most inspiring the world has ever known. Let us study that wonderful adaptation of a purely military character to the calm imperious duties of exacting peace. Let us recall that peerless fortitude and more than royal dignity which gave to the dark hour of final surrender more of triumph than of defeat. Let us put to heart and impress on those who are to come after that spirit of self abnegation which, in the midst of poverty, refused every benefaction, and with a pathos and power above all earthly eloquence, spoke from the depths of his great soul to a friend, "My countrymen offer me everything but work." Fellow-soldiers, there is no better incident in the life of this great man, fraught as it was with lessons for good, than the simple fact that, whilst he declined lands and houses and stocks and bonds, and taxed the ingenuity of friendship to invent new channels of approach; even with the simplest offerings of love, yet accepted at a trifling salary the first position offered him by which he could make his living by his own hands. These are words and this is an example that should be recorded in letters of gold, to inspire the youth not only of this, but succeeding generations. They elevate their author to an immeasurable height of moral grandeur, until, like the mountain peaks of his own well loved State, he seems to rise to an altitude of virtue which leaves commoner spirits in the clouds beneath. Who knows better than the men I address to-night the Macaria-like sacrifice assumed by our beloved commander—when he formed the high purpose to descend to the level of his altered condition. It was hard for the soldier to be transformed at once into the citizen. It was hard for the great captain of the age who had ridden at the head of victorious armies—a leader at the mention of whose name the world had bowed in awe, to leap from the saddle of his ever-faithful gray (scarcely less famous or less dear than his noble rider, to men who followed his fortunes and fought under his banners) into the dreary and uncongenial duties of the pedagogue's closet. Yet it was done, and done as all things else—done well. How well? Go ask the five hundred students that sat under his teachings, and gathered wisdom in that temple of learning which has grown by his handiwork from small beginnings to its present complete proportions and increasing power. Washington College is a living monument of the tireless energy and ceaseless toil of a mind thought to be trained only for the business of war. It was not an easy thing for men whose hands were used to the grasp of the musket, to suddenly substitute the sickle or the scythe, nor to find in the harvest field the excitements of the battle-field. It was not a pleasant thing for those who were accustomed to command to be themselves commanded, and feel the tyranny which is so often inflicted by the powerful upon the powerless. But these things and worse have been borne in silence by the men of the Lost Cause, who survived the terrors of the conflict. The temptation to repine, if not to rebel, was never greater since men first went to war or failed in battle. But in the midst of their disheartenings, which bordered on despair, the voice of the Great Captain came to his disbanded battalions, and commanded them to suffer and be strong; to learn to labor and to wait; to seek, in the pursuits of civil life, relief from the excitements of war; and, in the fields of its industry, to build again the broken shrines of their household gods. None know better than we the power of these inspiring counsels.—Nor how we turned to that mountain retreat at Lexington, and sought amid the porticos of an ancient college, the word of admonition from those lips which had so often spoken the stern command of battle.

But, Mr. Chairman, that voice is hushed in death. Nothing remains to us but the echoes of its warnings and the wisdom of its teachings. Let us cherish them as a legacy of priceless value. Let us keep before our minds and the minds of our children the lesson of that great life, for, like the fabled Pharos of the East, it will be a light and a guide forever. Let us feel that whilst the tomb has received all that is mortal of this christian soldier, that his spirit still lives, and that no charnel house can confine in its gloomy chambers the glory of a name like his.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.—All eyes have been turned toward Cuba—a sunny isle, the largest of the West India group, some 650 miles long, and its greatest width 107 miles. Lying just within the tropics, its climate is perpetual summer, tempered by cooling sea-breezes. There is one record of snow having fallen in a central town of Cuba in 1856, and hail is not unfrequent; but while the heat is rarely oppressive, the thermometer seldom falls below 60 degrees, except occasionally in the interior. Havana is a special resort for invalids. This important commercial city has outgrown its orginal walls; but for its defense, and that of its harbor, there are half a dozen forts and a citadel. The long and narrow channel which leads

...of ex- All sted ber.

...business at the South West ...ner of Pratt and Light streets, up st Building, and would solicit a continuance the patronage so generously tendered to the firm.

FRANK X. SIMMS,
JNO. L. WELCH.

Feb 8, 1872—tf.

...Ma 32 ...ween ...ceive

...ANK ...f he ...sup- ...trict. ...rs.

Notice

ALL persons indebted to me on [illegible] ...ical account up to the 1st of [illegible] ...uary, 1874, are notified to come forward and settle the same by cash or note without further delay.

Hereafter settlements will be expected the 1st of January and the 1st of [illegible] of each year.

A. J. SPALDING.

Jan 1, 1874—3t.

NOTICE.

THE public are hereby forewa[rned]

Smirkins looked at a painting of a pig and pleasantly asked, "Who is that pig meant for?"

(Written for the Beacon.)

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Come now let's string our cordless lyre,
And raise on high sweet music's fire,
And sing with all th' angelic choir,
The Savior's praise;
For on this day a God is born,
Who is to rule eternal on,
As time in all its course forlorn
Runs ceaselessly.
The sun in golden beams ascends,
And to the morn his beauty lends;
While spangling snow in water blends
Its hoary flakes;
The bells peal forth amid the din
Of ceaseless shouts, and joyful in
Their swelling notes, they sound divine
His holy name;
The churches robed in proudest dress
Exalt His name from East to West,
And praise most high their noblest Guest
Through world and world.
Our strife is o'er and all is peace,
Hope stamps the brow, our hearts' at ease,
Since Christ's great day has brought release
From sin and death.
But still we crucify again,
The God of God, the man of man,
Who died for us in cruel pain
To save our souls.

C.......

DEATH IN THE EYE.

Colonel Bill Borlin was the "generalissimo" of the Texan Lynchers in the early history of that State. He well deserved the title which he had won by many a desperate deed. He possessed such incredible skill in the use of all sorts of murderous weapons, that it might be pronounced virtual suicide to even think of encountering him, so rapid was his motion, so unerring his mortal aim. The terrible cognomen "Death in the eye" told truly the mark at which he always fired—a mark he had never once missed—while such was his astonishing quickness that his antagonists usually fell ere they pulled a trigger. An enemy stood no better chance by resorting to the sword or the bowie-knife against one in whose hands the flash of steel was like lightning—as swift, as mighty to slay—one who appeared to surpass all other men as much in strength as in activity—a giant in stature, a fiend in courage. His biography in itself was more thrilling than a novel, wilder than the wildest romance; and the very first act of his dreadful daring revealed, in all their force and fullness, the two essential elements of his character—the ferocious ardor of his appetite for revenge, and the iron pertinacity of his indomitable will. At the age of twenty he pursued the assassin of his brother all the way from Carolina to Canada, and shot him dead at the dinner-table of a tavern in Quebec; yet such had been the cunning of his previous arrangements for the event, that, aided by numerous relays of swift horses, he effected his escape safely to the South. The achievement cost him ten thousand dollars.

From this time foreward, his life was one long war. Almost every month in the year saw him engaged in some fatal duel—fatal only to others, never hurtful to him—while each week witnessed the occurrence of casual affrays, often as bloody as his more regular combats. He was the Napoleon of the knife and pistol. But the truth of impartial history compels us to record, that this man, so fearful in his deeds, whose right arm reeked with gore to his elbow, was not commonly the aggressor in his countless quarrels. Often the friends of those he had vanquished in fair fight assailed him from motives of revenge. The fame of his prowess provoked the vain jealousy of others. He had acquired the perilous reputation of a matchless hero—the ardent, the desperate, the ambitious would win, if possible, his laurels. Every young Hercules longed to kill the lion, so as to clothe himself in his skin, and thus was Borlin forced to retain an interminable war. It is so in all professions. There can be no peace in high places—storm, hail and thunder must break around the mountain's brow.

This duellist was one of the earliest in eastern Texas, where he became the chief of the Lynching party. In his own county of Harrison, he possessed boundless influence; indeed, he would not suffer a foe to reside within its limits. Hence, he might have openly defied the officers of the law, had such been his pleasure; but his shrewd and far-seeing sagacity adopted a wiser and safer course. After perpetrating any homicide, he invariably submitted his own case to the Grand Jury, sure of a triumphal acquittal by his friends on trial; and thus, should public sentiment ever turn against him in the future, he would be enabled to plead effectual verdicts in bar of all past offences.

At length the time arrived which the Colonel had so long anticipated. A wealthy and intelligent class of citizens began to change the current of opinion in Harrison, so that in the county election the friends of order, by a slight majority, gained their candidate for sheriff. This was a terrible blow to the Lynchers, as it deprived them of their secure vantage ground in packing juries; and to increase their danger, at this unpropitious crisis, a new judge was also appointed. The old faction, however, did not despair. They were still numerous, thoroughly armed, and desperadoes to a man, and determined at the first court, to muster all their strength, so as to control and overawe the proceedings.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the second Monday in September, 1842, the new judge took his seat on the bench.—He was a stranger from the West, whose name alone had transpired, and whose appearance, at first, inspired the desperadoes with hope, and the friends [illegible] with doubt and painful apprehension. Charles Evans was a young man [illegible] ty-two—tall, slender, extremely [illegible] some and dressed with the most [illegible] taste—his fingers flashing with [illegible] his person adorned in the most [illegible] manner. His long hair of a bright [illegible] color waving in curls around his [illegible] and the sweet smile of complacency beaming on his features, gave his [illegible] pect almost ludicrously feminine.

Colonel Bill Borlin gazed on [illegible] rition with ineffable contempt, [illegible] pered to his comrades—"We will [illegible] all our own way, as Houston has sent us a *Miss Nancy!*"

If the Colonel had paid more [illegible] to the man, and less to the [illegible] would, perhaps, have been led to a different conclusion; for there was a strange light in the vivid blue eyes of the stranger—a light that went and came at irregular intervals, like the play of lightning in a Summer cloud, while the corners of his mouth wore a wild, resolute, sneering expression, betokening the opposite of pliancy and fear.

The Grand Jury being called and sworn, the judge commenced his charge, and at the sound of his voice everybody started; for the tones were shrill as a trumpet—stern, ringing, imperious, like the accents of a commander on parade. Having glanced rapidly over the legal definitions and penalties of crime, he proceeded to descant on the responsibility of juries to aid in its suppression. His soul appeared to catch electric fire at the theme—his voice borrowed the rich roll of thunder—his vivid blue eyes literally blazed with that strange light—the wild expression grew terrible on the writhing lips—and his words flew like volleys of burning arrows. He painted the horrors of lawless anarchy till the very heart sickened; he described the beauty of regular government as a vision of heaven realized on earth; and he finally closed with the bold announcement—"I will perform my duty. I will put down Lynching wherever I have the honor of presiding, or I will myself be put in the grave!"

"Then, Miss Nancy, take care of your eyes!" cried a hoarse voice, louder and more menacing than that of the judge.

Every heart save one shuddered. The sentence seemed like a warning from eternity—a revelation, as it were, from the depth of hell.

"Who are you that thus dares to interrupt the business of the court?" exclaimed Judge Evans, with the grave majesty of a king.

"My true name is Colonel Bill Borlin; but most persons call me 'Death in the Eye!'" was the answer.

"But in law you have another name," rejoined Evans, smiling.

"Tell me what it is; but take good care of your eyes!" retorted Borlin, with unspeakable fury.

"It is MURDERER!" said Evans; and the smile on his lips, before pale sunshine, was now a wreath of lurid fire.

"You shall pay dearly for that word within the week!" fairly shouted the duelist, grinding his teeth, like a raging wild beast.

"There is no time like the present," was the calm reply.

"Now!" interrogated Borlin, as if doubting the evidence of his ears.

"Yes, now! if you have the courage to challenge me," said Evans.

"I do challenge you!" thundered Borlin.

"And I accept," answered Evans.

"Name your seconds."

"We will fight without any."

"The terms?" asked Borlin, with signs of astonishment.

"On horseback, in the little prairie west of the village, one half hour from this; each armed with as many pistols and knives as he can procure, or sees fit to carry," said Evans, apparently passionless, as if defending a motion in court.

No one but the chief actors in this extraordinary scene uttered a syllable, or offered to interfere, for all saw that such attempts would be unavailing, perhaps dangerous to the meddler. One half hour afterwards the parties met in the little prairie, which was circular in form and about three hundred yards in diameter.—By tacit consent, both actuated by the same purpose, they assumed their stations in the edge of the timber on opposite sides. Both wore strong belts, literally stiff with knives and pistols. Both were mounted on powerful steeds, but of opposite colors—that of the judge being white as a snow-cloud, while the Colonel's was black and glossy as the wing of a raven. The features of the riders in that race of death presented very different types of expression. The Colonel's brow looked dark as the gloom of a tempest—stern, lowering, awful; but the handsome face of the judge was gay, smiling, joyous—brilliant as the sunbeam that kissed it. The multitude stood around in the grove, speechless, almost terrified with the scene about to open.

Suddenly the Colonel waved a white handkerchief as the signal that he was in the act of starting; and swift as arrows from the bow, terrible as balls from the cannon's mouth, the two horsemen, with pistols cocked and fingers firm on the trigger, shot towards each other. When within fifty steps of his enemy, the Colonel halted with surprising dexterity, and, crying in loud tones, "Now, take care of your eyes!" leveled and fired.

At the instant, the judge urged his horse to an evolution, as if bounding over a wall, and the bullet aimed for his eye struck the silver pommel of his saddle, and glanced off without harm. Continuing his former velocity, he passed the Colonel within three feet, discharging his weapon at the other's bosom, but inflicting only a slight wound; and then both proceeded to the opposite sides of the prairie and renewed their headlong course.—This time neither halted, but passed, almost touching each other, and both fired as they passed, each drawing from his foe a stream of blood. The same charge was repeated with like results half a dozen times, till their firearms were exhausted, save a small pistol in the pocket of the Colonel; and yet both kept their saddle.

The last sweep of all was terrific. The horses were bathed in foam, the riders were covered with blood, and both reeled in their seats; yet they rushed onward madly as ever, while two terrific cries, as they started, warned the appalled spectators that this shock would be final. Some desperate thought seemed to have occurred to [illegible] at the same instant, uttering itself in those wild cries—yells, like nothing earthly but shrieking, savage, demoniac. On they flew—they kept straight onward—they swerved not to the right or left—and they met like the collision of adverse comets. Down went the strong steeds—down the furious riders. Ah! surely this must be the end of all! Not yet. See, the judge rises, tottering slowly to his feet, and his face still wears that indescribable smile, unquenchable by all its blood, unconquerable by all its bruises. The Colonel cannot stand, yet he is not dead—he writhes in his agony like a crushed worm. The judge approaches, crippled, halting, to his enemy—stoops, and plunges the sharp knife into his heart. He is the victor in the field of death. Not yet! Hark! a crack, a roar, a fall—the Colonel musters also his expiring energies—fires his last pistol—and exclaims in tones of hellish triumph—"I told you to take care of your eyes!"

The horrified spectators ran to the spot. The antagonists were both dead, and the right eye of the judge was shot out. The Colonel was "Death in the Eye" to the last.

SOMETHING ABOUT ICELAND.—Iceland has altogether the start of America. We propose to celebrate our nation's centennial in 1876; but meanwhile, from the land of snow and ice, volcanoes and geysers, comes the intelligence that the Icelanders propose to celebrate their millennial in 1874. In 874 Ingolf, a Norwegian chief, planted a small colony on that island, which had been discovered a few years before. In about half a century many thousands of hardy settlers had established themselves on this cold and barren isle. At one time the population numbered no less than 100,000; but the inhabitants have suffered greatly from famines, epidemics, and volcanic casualities, and the number is now reduced to about 60,000. Iceland contains an area of 40,000 square miles, of which the glaciers cover a surface of upward of 4,000 square miles, and there are thirty known volcanoes, of which eight have been active within a century. There are also numerous thermal springs, the principal of which is Great Geyser, in which the water, at a depth of seventy-two feet, is thirty degrees above the boiling point. Water and stones are thrown at intervals from this geyser to a height of 100 feet.

No grain of any kind can be raised in Iceland, but vegetables can be cultivated, and fish and birds are abundant. Forests formerly abounded, but now the island is almost destitute of trees, and the want of fuel is severely felt. The islanders are of the Scandinavian race, and are by no means lacking in intellectual capacity. Although there are but few educational institutions, domestic education is universal, and the people are intelligent. Many of the most valuable works of English literature have been translated into the native tongue, and are read and appreciated by the common people.

THE MOON'S ORBIT.—We commonly regard the moon as a satellite of the earth, and we are taught at school and in our text-books that while the earth travels round the sun, the moon travels round the earth. But in reality this is erroneous, or at least suggestive of error. The moon ought to be regarded as a companion planet, traveling with the earth round the sun. The distinction is not all a fanciful one. The earth is not the body whose force the moon chiefly obeys; she is attracted more than twice as strongly by the sun.

If the motions of earth and moon could be watched from some far distant standpoint, the observed movements would by no means suggest the idea that the moon was circling round the earth; and, in fact, if the earth were concealed from view while her satellite was thus watched, the moon would appear to circuit round the sun in an orbit which could not be distinguished from that which the earth herself pursues.

☞ An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars."—Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him, he said: "You said it in your haste, David. If you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation."

A Chicago man wrote to Agassiz that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and when Agassiz wrote for it the joker said it was the apple of his eye.

It is getting to be a pretty general notion that one reason why so many children get on the wrong track is because the switch is so often misplaced.

A PARISIAN NOVELETTE.

She was only a poor sewing girl—nothing more. Her days were spent in a factory, where, with hundreds of others, she worked early and late to earn the poor pittance that formed her daily bread, and her nights were spent up in a garret, where the noisome smells from the court below and the curses and cries sometimes made her shudder. But she was no heroine. The other girls said she was not even pretty, but her braids of long, fair hair were bright and soft, and her eyes, though her face was pale, were sweet and pure, and in spite of her life, as it was, she was innocent as when long ago her mother had died in the same garret where she now lived. She was not even a Christian—few in Paris are, I believe—and then churches are not for poor people, you know—and when her Sundays came they were such days of rest after her hard, hard week that she was glad to be away from the crowd and rattle and noise, and sit by herself alone.

One day there came to the factory some gentlemen, all friends of the proprietor, who walked through and looked at the machines, how the girls worked them, how nimble their fingers were, and how the clothes were cut—all matter of fact enough to the girls, but curious to them. They all laughed and joked and said something to the girls, and one stopped before her chair and said, "What beautiful hair!" touching just so gently some one of the long golden strands. She blushed very red, and they walked on.

"Her name?"

"Marie," said the proprietor. "Yes, pretty hair, but nothing else, she is only a poor sewing-girl, not even one of the heads of the department; only a very poor girl, Monsieur."

As the stranger walked out there caught in his coat a long thread of hair, which he laughed at, smiled, then loosed slowly, placed it in the rich locket he wore on his chain, and then passed out. He did not return again, but one day passing the Boulevards she heard her name called, "Marie!" A gendarme in uniform stepped up and handed her a card: "Monsieur Henri de Lannes, Marquis de Plaquemine."

She was surprised. Gentlemen do not bother themselves about poor sewing-girls often; and then a Marquis. Who was he? What could it mean?

"He is here, Mam'selle, and wishes to speak to you. Will you go?"

She followed, she did not know why, and when the soldier stopped at a rich saloon, and the door opened, she stepped in and saw the gentleman who spoke at the factory some weeks ago.

Then she burst into tears—"Monsieur, don't, for God's sake, Monsieur. I am only a poor girl, and what can a marquis want with me? For God's sake, don't please;" and she buried her face in her hands.

The long fair hair fell in its two braids down over her shoulders, and as she sank almost on the floor it covered her almost like a cloud.

Monsieur arose; he was an old man, past fifty, his hair was gray and his face was hard, clear-cut, and cold, and his eyes were like steel, just so clear and sharp and cold; he walked to the window of the rich saloon, and then, returning half way, leaned with one hand on a chair and the other tenderly, ever so tenderly for a hard old man, rested just for one moment on her fair hair, and it trembled.

By many strange ways and much blood had Monsieur come to be standing in that place, and then for one moment there seemed to float before him a vision of fair Lorraine, a youth long ago, a face sitting in a cottage, and two long braids of hair, a promise that when he returned, with wealth and fame, she would be his. Years of toil and pain, of success and triumph, and a return to find her married to a churl, and common country peasant, and they both gone to Paris.

Since then Monsieur was known to be a hard man—a very hard man; and when with his legions in Africa 'twas said he was a fierce one; but he was high in court and all praised and honored him

He stood for a moment thus, and then wondered to himself half aloud; "Marie, is that your name?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Your mother's name?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Was she from Basile in Lorraine?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

The hands were removed from the face now and the fair soft eyes were raised wonderously, but the face of Monsieur was hard again, only just in the corners of his mouth, where the curves were, there was a trembling, a vague dream of something to be said, which died with the unspoken.

He took her hand, though tenderly, and as he led her to the door he stopped as she turned and kissed her. Before she looked he was gone.

After that she worked hard as ever in the factory, and though she said nothing she thought often of the great Monsieur, and what it could all mean.

The time came, though, when she was taken ill. It came upon her one day in the street, when she would have fainted and fell but that some one caught her.—She was insensible for a long, long time, but in her sickness she could hear no noise from the court, and when one day she awoke she was lying in a rich room hung with pictures of marvellous beauty. Over the pillow was her fair hair, and her hand was thin and pale, and she was very weak.

Over by the window was the figure of a man—an old man, she thought—half hid in the heavy curtains. As he rose, however, she was so weak that she closed her eyes, and then half sleeping and dreaming, she could feel him standing by the bed. Who it was she did not know, and was too tired and weak to care hardly at all; but one evening, as the sunset streamed into the room, she found on the pillow beside her a picture of a lady that she thought she had once seen—a [illegible] fair lady—a very fair lady—and the long golden hair hung in two braids down over the breast. She was alone and looked at it curiously, and saw underneath inscribed, "Marie de Lisle," "Marie de [illegible]," that was her mother's name, and the poor weak hand wandered up to the pale face, and she wondered what it could mean.

Well, the days passed, and she recovered. It was in mid July, and she must go. Those around the chateau said not; but she could not stay. Somehow her heart would not let her; and so one night when all were sleeping, she arose and wandered away back to Paris.

She did not go back to the factory. He might find her there, and she dreaded him now, somehow, with an indefinite fear of she knew not what; and so, with other poor girls, she worked in the cafes, where there was much talk now of the war.—There was revolutionary talk, too, of what "the reds" would do were the army away, and once in a while when she dared ask, she made timorous inquiries of "Monsieur the Marquis," as she called him, and once when his name was read aloud as the leader of a desperate charge, and only retreated when borne back by soldiers, she shuddered.

This time also passed, and Paris, in "sabots" and "red caps" was in an uproar. Napoleon had surrended. Paris had fallen, and after the enemy left, the city was crazy, wild, mad and furious with blood and fire; but she worked on. What was it all to her, only a poor sewing-girl, except that bread was hard to get, and at that very poor and dear?

But one day she heard there was to be an execution? What was that? Only something she had heard of, never seen; and so in the press of the crowd she hastened to where La Commune waved its red flag, and where the ruined, blackened walls showed where La Commune's vengeance had fallen.

There were three hostages—only three. One a young man, a chasseur, in his rich uniform. He was handsome, all said.—His eyes were bound; he stood against the wall. A crash, a roar, and he fell forward on his face, while his gilt uniform was draggled in the dust.

The second was a priest in his black sombre dress and beads; he looked up once, and then died, as the other before; and the third, he was a general, they said, and had defied the people. There was a press forward to see, and Marie was pushed forward to the foremost rank. She looked. He was a man of over sixty, with white hair and features, clearcut and hard, and very cold then; he stepped up proudly and smiled.

"The Red in command gave the orders, "one," "two"—there was a rush from the foremost rank, a sudden cry, and then a girl's form was seen to be lying in the arms of the hostage, "three, fire," shouted the Red, but somehow, the musket's did'nt roar, and somehow the Sabbottes in the crowd raised a faint cheer which deepened into a roar, and a suggestion was heard to put the Red in his place.

Paris, especially common Paris, is quick of feeling, and when the poor girl explained in her tears that "the general" was dear, very dear to her; that he had saved her life, once when she was very ill.—Aye, more, he was her mother's lover long ago in Lorraine; that she had died while married to another man, and—and—that she loved him. Would they?

She was not fair; she was not pretty even, but her pale golden hair covered him like a halo and cloud, and red Paris, erstwhile furious for his blood, raised him and her on their shoulders, and a wild, furious array marched away down the street to where La Commune sat with closed portals. La Commune was, however, easily got at, and when the wild array burst in with its hostages borne aloft, it was only too happy to grant what was wanted, and when they returned, like a sea going out, the two were landed close together, and he, the great general, the proud marquis, folded her in his arms and kissed her, while the tears stood in his eyes. They were very happy.

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Do you see that couple yonder—that tall gentleman with gray hair, riding behind the Marshal of France? Well, that is Monsieur the Marquis, and that tall lady, with hair like a sunbeam, is his wife.

They are married! Yes, and though the red ashes of La Commune are crushed out dead forever, as they ride on the boulevard many a cap is touched that way, for they are always very kind to Paris in "sabotes," she never forgetting, though she is now Madame the Marchioness, that she was once a poor sewing girl.

☞ Jacob says his patience is nearly exhausted by watching the woman of the period. He met Miss Fuss-and-Feathers lately, on Broadway. She wore a crown of plumes around her head, and long trailing ones down her back; her jacket was girt round and about with feathers. She could not have carried more feathers unless previously tarred. "In fine," quoth Job, who is fond of Scriptural quotations, "she looked as though she had taken up her bed and walked."

☞ Stebbins says: "Elderly people ought to retire early at this season of the year. It is better for their health. Besides, it gives the young folks a better chance."