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### MOTHER'S REST.

She has gone to her rest, her beautiful rest,  
Given by God, in the realms of the blest;  
Not rest for one brief day,  
But rest that lasts for aye;  
Not rest for fiercer strife,  
But rest her very life.  
Rest, rest, eternal rest;  
God's gift unto the blest!

Rest for her suffering, much needed rest;  
Child-like rest on her dear Saviour's breast.  
Rest for her troubled heart,  
Pierced oft by sorrow's dart;  
Rest for her weary feet,  
Treading the golden street;  
Rest for her dear, dear hands;  
Rest, rest, beyond death's strands!

Gone to her rest, her well-earned rest;  
Rest with the Lord, in the realms of the blest.

Measures her heart's love,  
Still ours in realms above;  
Mute, now, the music sweet  
Of her ne'er tiring feet;  
Countless the kind deeds done  
By her, now sainted one.

Gone to her rest, her heavenly rest,  
The rest of the pure, in the realms of the blest.

O how that mother love  
Receives reward above!  
O how her gentle ways  
Showed forth her Master's praise!  
O how her tender prayers  
Banished earth's countless cares!

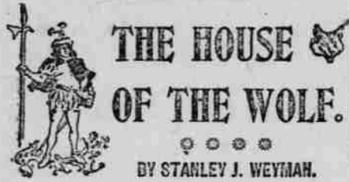
Gone to her rest, her beautiful rest,  
Making more bright the realms of the blest;

Her soul, for Heaven most meet,  
Makes Heaven the more complete.  
Heaven's joys for one like her,  
True, quiet worshiper,  
Heeding the Spirit's call,  
Praising by serving all.

Gone to her rest, to that Christ-like rest,  
Prepared for God's own, in the realms of the blest.

Rest, mother, rest for aye;  
Rest till the golden day  
When, all our conflicts o'er,  
Safe on that peaceful shore,  
May we all rest with thee  
Throughout eternity.

—Alice May Douglas, in Pacific Banner.



## THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

### CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

But the vidame was not one to accept any man's statement. "Thank you; I think I will see for myself," he answered, coolly. "Madame," he continued, speaking to Mme. de Pavannes as he passed her, "permit me."

He did not look at her, or see her emotion, or I think he must have divined our presence. And happily the others did not suspect her of knowing more than they did. He crossed the floor at his leisure, and sauntered to the window watched by them with impatience. He drew aside the curtain, and tried each of the bars, and peered through the opening, both up and down. An oath and an expression of wonder escaped him. The bars were standing, and firm and strong; and it did not occur to him that we could have passed between them. I am afraid to say how few inches they were apart.

As he turned he cast a casual glance at the bed—at us; and hesitated. He had the candle in his hand, having taken it to the window the better to examine the bars; and it obscured his sight. He did not see us. The three crouching forms, the strained white faces, the starting eyes, that lurked in the shadow of the curtain escaped him. The wild beating of our hearts did not reach his ears. And it was well for him that it was so. If he had come up to the bed I think we should have killed him, I know that we should have tried. All the blood in me had gone to my head, and I saw him through a haze—larger than life. The exact spot near the buckle of his cloak where I would strike him, downwards and inwards, an inch above the collar-bone—this only I saw clearly. I could not have missed it. But he turned away, his face darkening, and went back to the group near the door, and never knew the risk he had run.

### CHAPTER VI. MADAME'S FRIGHT.

And we breathed again. The agony of suspense, which Beziers' pause had created, passed away. But the night already seemed to us a week of nights. An age of experience, an æon of adventures cut us off—as we lay shivering behind the curtain—from Caylus and its life. Paris had proved itself more treacherous than we had ever expected to find it. Everything and everyone shifted, and wore one face one minute and one another. We had come to save Pavannes' life at the risk of our own; we found him to be a villain! Here was Mirepoix owning himself a treacherous wretch, a conspirator against a woman; we sympathized with him. The priest had come upon a work of charity and rescue; we loathed the sound of his voice, and shrank from him, we knew not why, seeming only to read a dark secret, a gloomy threat in each doubtful word he uttered. He was the strangest enigma of all. Why did we fear him? Why did Mme. de Pavannes, who apparently had known him before, shudder at

the touch of his hand? Why did his shadow come even between her and her sister, and estrange them, so that from the moment Pavannes' wife saw him standing by Diane's side, she forgot that the latter had come to save, and looked on her in doubt and sorrow, almost with repugnance.

We left the vidame going back to the fireplace. He stooped to set down the candle by the hearth. "They are not here," he said, as he straightened himself again, and looked curiously at his companions. He had apparently been too much taken up with the pursuit to notice them before. "That is certain, so I have the less time to lose," he continued. "But I would—yes, my dear coadjutor, I certainly would like to know before I go what you are doing here. Mirepoix—Mirepoix is an honest man. I did not expect to find you in his house. And two ladies? Two! My dear lady," he continued, addressing her in a whimsical tone, "do not start at the sound of your own name! It would take a hundred hoods to hide your eyes or bleach your lips to the common color; I should have known you at once, had I looked at you. And your companion? Pheugh!"

He broke off, whistling softly. It was clear that he recognized Mme. de Pavannes, and recognized her with astonishment. The bed creaked as I craned my neck to see what would follow. Even the priest seemed to think that some explanation was necessary, for he did not wait to be questioned. "Mme. de Pavannes," he said, in a dry, husky voice, and without looking up, "was spirited hither yesterday, and detained against her will by this good man, who will have to answer for it. Mme. d'O discovered her whereabouts, and asked me to escort her here without loss of time to enforce her sister's release."

"And her restoration to her distracted husband?"

"Just so," the priest assented, acquiring confidence, I thought. "And madame desires to go?"

"Surely! Why not?"

"Well," the vidame drawled, his manner such as to bring the blood to Mme. de Pavannes' cheek, "it depends on the person who—to use your phrase, M. le Coadjuteur—spirited her hither."

"And that," madame herself retorted, raising her head, while her voice quivered with indignation and anger, "was the abbess of the Ursulines. Your suspicions are base, worthy of you and unworthy of me, M. le Vidame! Diane!" she continued, sharply, taking her sister's arm, and casting a disdainful glance at Beziers, "let us go. I want to be with my husband. I am stifled in this room."

"We are going, little one," Diane murmured, reassuringly. But I noticed that the speaker's animation, which had been as a soul to her beauty when she entered the room, was gone. A strange stillness—was it fear of the vidame?—had taken its place.

"The abbess of the Ursulines?" Beziers continued, thoughtfully. "She brought you here, did she?" There was surprise, genuine surprise, in his voice. "A good soul, and I think I have heard a friend of yours. Umph!"

"A very dear friend," madame answered, stiffly. "Now, Diane!"

"A dear friend! And she spirited you hither yesterday!" commented the vidame, with the air of one solving an anagram. "And Mirepoix detained you; respectable Mirepoix, who is said to have a well-filled stocking under his pallet, and stands well with the bourgeoisie. He is in the plot. Then at a very late hour, your affectionate sister, and my good friend the coadjutor, enter to save you. From what?"

No one spoke. The priest looked down, his cheek livid with anger.

"From what?" Beziers continued, with grim playfulness. "There is the mystery. From the clutches of this profligate Mirepoix, I suppose. From the dangerous Mirepoix. Upon my honor," with a sudden ring of resolution in his tone, "I think you are safer here; I think you had better stay where you are, madame, until morning! And risk Mirepoix!"

"Oh, no! no!" madame cried, vehemently.

"Oh, yes! yes!" he replied. "What do you say, coadjutor? Do you not think so?"

The priest looked down sullenly. His voice shook as he murmured, in answer: "Madame will please herself. She has a character, M. le Vidame. But if she prefer to stay here—well!"

"Oh, she has a character, has she?" rejoined the giant, his eyes twinkling with evil mirth, "and she should go home with you, and my old friend, Mme. d'O, to save it! That is it, is it? No, no," he continued, when he had had his silent laugh out, "Mme. de Pavannes will do very very well here—very well here until morning. We have work to do. Come. Let us go and do it."

"Do you mean it?" said the priest, starting and looking up with a subtle challenge—almost a threat—in his tone. "Yes, I do."

Their eyes met; and seeing their looks, I chuckled, nudging Croisette. No fear of them discovering us now. I recalled the old proverb which says that when thieves fall out, honest men come by their own, and speculated on the chance of the priest freeing us once for all from M. de Beziers.

But the two were ill-matched. The vidame could have taken up the other

with one hand and dashed his head on the floor. And it did not end there. I doubt if in craft the priest was his equal. Behind a frank brutality Beziers—unless his reputation belied him—concealed an Italian intellect. Under a cynical recklessness he veiled a rare cunning and a constant suspicion; enjoying in that respect a combination of apparently opposing qualities, which I have known no other man to possess in an equal degree, unless it might be his late majesty, Henry the Great. A child would have suspected the priest; a veteran might have been taken in by the vidame.

And indeed the priest's eyes presently sank. "Our bargain is to go for nothing," he muttered, sullenly.

"I know of no bargain," quoth the vidame. "And I have no time to lose, splitting hairs here. Set it down to what you like. Say it is a whim of mine, a fad, a caprice. Only understand that Mme. de Pavannes stays. We go. And," he added this, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, "though I would not willingly use compulsion to a lady, I think Mme. d'O had better come too."

"You speak masterfully," the priest said with a sneer, forgetting the tone he had himself used a few minutes before to Mirepoix.

"Just so. I have 40 horsemen over the way," was the dry answer. "For the moment, I am master of the legions, Coadjutor."

"That is true," Mme. d'O said; so softly that I started. She had scarcely spoken since Beziers' entrance. As she spoke now, she shook back the hood from her face and disclosed the chestnut hair clinging about her temples—deep blots of color on the abnormal whiteness of her skin. "That is true, M. de Beziers," she said. "You have the legions. You have the power. But you will not use it, I think, against an old friend. You will not do us this hurt when I— But listen."

He would not. In the very middle of her appeal he cut her short—brute that he was! "No, madame!" he burst out violently, disregarding the beautiful face, the supplicating glance that might have moved a stone, "that is just what I will not do. I will not listen! We know one another. Is not that enough?"

She looked at him fixedly. He returned her gaze, not smiling now, but eyeing her with a curious watchfulness.

And after a long pause she turned from him. "Very well," she said softly, and drew a deep, quivering breath, the sound of which reached us. "Then let us go." And without—strangest thing of all—bestowing a word or look on her sister, who was weeping bitterly in a chair, she turned to the door and led the way out, a shrug of her shoulders the last thing I marked.

The poor lady heard her departing step, however, and sprang up. It dawned upon her that she was being deserted. "Diane! Diane!" she cried distractedly—and I had to put my hand on Croisette to keep him quiet, there was such fear and pain in her tone—"I will go! I will not be left behind in this dreadful place! Do you hear? Come back to me, Diane!"

It made my blood run wildly. But Diane did not come back. Strange! And Beziers too was unmoved. He stood between the poor woman and the door, and by a gesture bid Mirepoix and the priest pass out before him. "Madame," he said—and his voice, stern and hard as ever, expressed no jot of compassion for her, rather such an impatient contempt as a pulling child



might elicit—"you are safe here. And here you will stop! Weep if you please," he added cynically, "you will have fewer tears to shed to-morrow."

His last words—they certainly were odd ones—arrested her attention. She checked her sobs, being frightened, I think, and looked up at him. Perhaps he had spoken with this in view, for while she still stood at gaze, her hands pressed to her bosom, he slipped quickly out and closed the door behind him. I heard a muttering for an instant outside, and then the tramp of feet descending the stairs. They were gone, and we were still undiscovered.

For madame, she had clean forgotten our presence—of that I am sure—and the chance of escape we might afford. On finding herself alone she gazed a short time in alarmed silence at the door, and then ran to the window and peered out, still trembling, terrified, silent. So she remained awhile.

She had not noticed that Beziers on going out had omitted to lock the door behind him. I had. But I was unwilling to move hastily. Some one might return to see to it before the vidame left the house. And, besides, the door was not over strong, and if

locked would be no obstacle to the three of us when we had only Mirepoix to deal with. So I kept the others where they were by a nudge and a pinch, and held my breath a moment, straining my ears to catch the closing of the door below. I did not hear that. But I did catch a sound that otherwise might have escaped me, but which now riveted my eyes to the door of our room. Some one in the silence, which followed the trampling on the stairs, had cautiously laid a hand on the latch.

The light in the room was dim. Mirepoix had taken one of the candles with him, and the other wanted snuffing. I could not see whether the latch moved; whether or not it was rising. But watching intently, I made out that the door was being opened—slowly, noiselessly. I saw some one enter—a furtive gliding shadow.

For a moment I felt nervous—then I recognized the dark hooded figure. It was only Mme. d'O. Brave woman! She had evaded the vidame and slipped to the rescue. Ha, ha! We would defeat the vidame yet! Things were going better!

But then something in her manner—as she stood holding the door and peering into the room—something in her bearing startled and frightened me. As she came forward her movements were so stealthy that her footsteps made no sound. Her dark shadow, moving ahead of her across the floor, was not more silent than she. An undefined desire to make a noise, to give the alarm, seized me.

Half way across the floor she stopped to listen, and looked around, startled herself, I think, by the silence. She could not see her sister, whose figure was blurred by the outlines of the curtain; and no doubt she was puzzled to think what had become of her. The suspense which I felt, but did not understand, was so great that at last I moved, and the bed creaked.

In a moment her face was turned our way, and she glided forwards, her features still hidden by the hood of her cloak. She was close to us now, bending over us. She raised her hand to her head—to shade her eyes, as she looked more closely, I supposed, and I was wondering whether she saw us—whether she took the shapelessness in the shadow of the curtain for her sister, or could not make it out—I was thinking how we could best apprise her of our presence without alarming her—when Croisette dashed my thoughts to the winds! Croisette, with a tremendous whoop and a crash, bounded over me on to the floor!

She uttered a gasping cry—a cry of intense, awful fear. I have the sound in my ears even now. With that she staggered back, clutching the air. I heard the metallic clang and ring of something falling on the floor. I heard an answering cry of alarm from the window; and then Mme. de Pavannes ran forward and caught her in her arms.

It was strange to find the room lately so silent become at once alive with whispering forms, as we came hastily to light. I cursed Croisette for his folly, and was immeasurably angry with him, but I had no time to waste words on him then. I hurried to the door to guard it. I opened it a hand's breadth and listened. All was quiet below; the house still. I took the key out of the lock and put it in my pocket and went back. Marie and Croisette were standing a little apart from Mme. de Pavannes, who, hanging over her sister, was by turns bathing her face and explaining our presence.

In a very few minutes Mme. d'O seemed to recover, and sat up. The first shock of deadly terror had passed, but she was still pale. She still trembled and shrank from meeting our eyes, though I saw her, when our attention was apparently directed elsewhere, glance at one and another of us with a strange intentness, a shuddering curiosity. No wonder, I thought. She must have had a terrible fright—one that might have killed a more timid woman!

"What on earth did you do that for?" I asked Croisette, presently, my anger certainly not decreasing the more I looked at her beautiful face. "You might have killed her!"

In charity I supposed his nerves had failed him, for he could not even now give me a straightforward answer. His only reply was: "Let us get away from this horrible house!" and this he kept repeating, with a shudder, as he moved restlessly to and fro.

"With all my heart!" I answered, looking at him with some contempt. "That is exactly what we are going to do!"

But all the same his words reminded me of something which in the excitement of the scene I had momentarily forgotten, and that was our duty. Pavannes must be saved, though not for Kit; rather to answer to us for his sins. But he must be saved! And now that the road was open, every minute lost was reproach to us. "Yes," I added, roughly, my thoughts turned to a more rugged channel, "you are right. This is no time for nursing. We must be going. Mme. de Pavannes," I went on, addressing myself to her, "you know the way home from here—to your house?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried.

"That is well," I answered. "Then we will start. Your sister is sufficiently recovered now, I think. And we will not risk any further delay."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### AN ELEPHANT A DEFENDANT.

Accused of Murdering a Man and Acquitted After a Legal Trial.

An elephant accused of murder has been exonerated by a coroner's jury. The occasion was the inquest on the body of a man who had been killed by the animal. It took place in London and is probably the most remarkable event in natural history on record.

The elephant is of Asiatic birth, is known as Charley, and is the star performer in Sanger's circus. He held that position before the tragedy in which he recently became involved, and will continue to do so, thanks to a jury of liberal-minded Englishmen.

Charley is an animal of phenomenal sagacity and dexterity. He can stand on pegs with the ease and grace of a first-class acrobat. It is a pleasing sight to behold him standing on two pegs with two feet and holding the other two gingerly in the air. For an animal of the elephant's build this is quite remarkable. Charley also stands on his hind legs and waves his forelegs in the air. He waltzes with much grace and takes part in any kind of procession with admirable precision.

He has been in the business for 31 years and knows much more about it than the average keeper. It is said that he is as highly educated as an elephant can be. Having so much education and experience, Charley exacts a considerable amount of respect from keepers. He regards only a first-class elephant trainer as his superior.

For more than a year Charley had a keeper who beat him cruelly. About a year ago the man was discharged from the circus. Recently he was reengaged to work in another department.

He visited the elephant's quarters the other day to speak to the keeper. Charley was eating his supper when he saw his old enemy. He immediately seized the man with his trunk, pushed him against the wall and crushed him to death.

Sanger, the owner of the circus, was the great witness in Charley's favor at the inquest. He said he was the kindest elephant ever known. He added:

"Elephants do not forget injuries or kindnesses. I remember several remarkable instances. On one occasion, when I had been separated from an elephant for two years, the elephant, on seeing me, seized me round the waist with his trunk and would not let me go until he had hugged and caressed me for a long time. Tears of pleasure ran down the brute's cheeks."

"Some years ago a nephew of mine, a child of three, was playing around Charley and climbing up his legs. Charley gently resented this, but the child continued. Charley then took the child up, shook him gently and put him down some yards away."

Others testified to the good character of Charley and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death without blaming the elephant.

There are persons experienced with elephants who will not agree with this decision. They hold the views expressed in Charles Reade's exciting story of an elephant trainer's life, "Jack of all Trades."

Chief among these views is that the elephant is the most cunningly malignant animal in existence. Charles Reade's elephant was always on the lookout to smash a man. He was so clever that he would knock a knot out of a partition with his trunk and kneeling down peer through the hole to see what was going on in the next room.

Those who hold the theory of elephant perversity say that the only way to keep the animal in subjection is to thrash him unmercifully. A pitchfork is often used. A punishment which the elephant fears very much is beating on the soles of the feet, which are in him extremely sensitive.

According to this view of the elephant's character, the homicide committed by Charley was willful murder, and should have been punished by death.

The enemies of the elephant explain that, while he was in the custody of this keeper he never dared to attack, because the man was always on the alert, knowing the evil character of the beast. But, when the elephant was in another man's care, the old keeper naturally forgot his precautions and the animal took a cowardly advantage of this and killed him.—N. Y. Journal.

**The Knowledge of Life.**  
Few men know how to live. We grow up at random, carrying into mature life the merely animal methods and motives which we had as little children. And it does not occur to us that all this must be changed; that much of it must be reversed; that life is the finest of the fine arts; that it has to be learned with life-long patience, and that the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Leisure Hours.

**He Knew the Freak.**  
Jenks—No fool like an old fool. Now look at that woman over there in that freak bicycle rig. See her?  
Wilks—Yes, I see her.  
"Well, ain't she a sight? What a fool her husband must be to let her loose in such a costume!"  
"I know he is."  
"Know him, do you?"  
"Oh, yes; I'm him."—N. Y. Journal.

—We have noticed that quite often the ones who are in the biggest hurry when they go to the barber shop have the least to do.