NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

A Story With a Moral.

In the spring of 1869 I was induced, for the sake of rest and recreation, to take charge of a young American girl during a tour in Europe. This young girl was Miss Helen St. Clair of Detroit, Michigan. We two were by no means strangers. She had been my pupil since the time when she was the prettiest little creature that ever wore a scarlet hood. I have a little picture, scarlet hood and all, that I would not exchange for the most beautiful one that Greuze ever painted. Not that her face bore any resemblance to the pictures of Greuze. It had neither the sweet simplicity of the girl in "The Broken Pitcher," nor the sentimental graces which he bestows on his court beauties. It was an exceedingly piquant, animated face, never at rest, always kindling, flashing, gleaming, whether with sunlight or lightning. Her movements were quick and darting, like those of a humming-bird. Her enunciation, though perfectly distinct, was marvellously rapid. The same quickness characterized her mental operations. Her conclusions right or wrong, were always instantaneous. Her prompt decisiveness, her talent for mimicry and her witchery of grace and beauty won her a devoted following of school girls, to whom her tastes and opinions were as authoritative as ever were those of Eugenie to the ladies of her court. School-girls, like college-boys, are very apt in nicknames; and Helen's was the "Little Princess," which her pretty, imperious ways made peculiarly appropiate.

I do not know how her parents dared trust her to me for a year beyond the sea, but they did. We set off in high enthusiasm, and Helen was full of mirth and laughter till we were fairly on board the steamer in New York harbor, when she threw herself on her father's breast with a gesture of utter abandonment that would have made the fortune of a debutante on any stage in the world. It was so unlooked-for that we all broke down, and Mr. St. Clair was strongly inclined to take her home with him. But so sudden was she in all her moods that his foot had scarcely touched the shore before she was again radient with anticipation.

I will not linger on the pleasant summer travel, the Rhine majesty, the Alpine glory. September saw us established in the city of cities—Paris. Everywhere we had met throngs of Americans. Neighbors from over the way in our own city greeted us warmly in most unexpected places. But we had not crossed the ocean merely to see our own countrymen. In Paris we were determined to eschew hotels and pensions and to become the inmates of a French home. Everybody told us this would be impossible, but I find nothing so stimulating as the assertion that a thing can't be done. Two weeks of eager inquiry, and we were received into a family which could not have been more to our wish if it had been created expressly for us. It was that of Monsieur Le Fort, a professor in the Medical College, a handsome elderly man with the bit of red ribbon coveted by Frenchmen in his button hole. Madame Le Fort, a charming, graceful woman midway between thirty and forty, and a pretty daughter of seventeen, completed the family. With great satisfaction we took possession of the pretty rooms, all white and gold, that overlooked the Rond Point des Champs Elysees.

My little princess had found a prince in her own country, and considering the laws of attraction, his sudden appearance in Paris ought not to have been a surprise to her. But, to his discomfiture, and even anger, Helen refused to see him. She had bidden him good-bye at home, she said; they would not be married for three years, if they ever were; she was going to devote herself to her music; and she did not wish to see him here. When he had completed his studies and their engagement was announced (it was only a mutual understanding now) there would be time enough to see each other at home. Excellent reasoning! but a fortnight later a tiny hand slipped between my eyes and the *Figaro* a little note on which I read:

"DEAR FRED: I think I should like to say good-bye again.

"Yours, HELEN."

The dark eyes looked half slyly, half coaxingly into mine.

"Well," said I, "Katrine will mail it for you."

The next day I saw for the first time Mr. Frederic Denham. He was tall and slender, with a sallow complexion, rather dull gray eyes and black hair, by no means handsome, but sufficiently well-looking to please a friendly eye. In his manners there was a coldness and reserve which passed for haughtiness. He was said to possess great talents and ambition, and Helen had the fullest belief in his genius and success. No Goethe himself was a greater man in her eyes.

I had frequent opportunities of seeing them together, for, according to French ideas, nothing is more improper than to leave a young man and women a moment by themselves. Was it my fancy that he seemed too much absorbed in himself, too little sensible of the rare good fortune which made him the favored lover of the beautiful Miss St. Clair? It might be so, but others shared it.

"What ail's the American?" asked Madame Le Fort. "Is it possible that he is not in love with that fascinating young creature? Or are all your countrymen so cold and inanimate? Elle est ravissante, adorable! I cannot comprehend it."

"Probably," I replied, "he has too much reserve and delicacy to make a display of his feelings in the presence of strangers."

But I was not satisfied. The more I watched them, the more I perceived a lack of deference to her opinions and respect for her judgment—an irritating assumption of superior wisdom, as if he had worn the visible inscription, "I will accept homage, but not suggestions. Offer insence and be content." Would the little princess be content? I saw symptoms of rebellion.

"Do you think I am a little fool, Madame Flemming? she asked with heightened color and impetuous tone, turning suddenly to me while they were conversing apart one evening.

November came and we were launched on the full tide of Parisian society. Mr. Denham had gone to Germany to complete certain scientific studies, and he left his fair betrothed with a parting injunction not to dance with any foreigner. As well shut her up in a cell! Nowhere is there such a furore for dancing as in Paris. Every family has its weekly reception, and every card of invitation bears in the corner, "On dansera." These receptions are the freest and gayest imaginable. Any person who has the entree of the house comes when he feels inclined. Introductions are not indispensable as with us: any gentleman may ask a lady to dance with him, whether he has been formally presented or not, and it would be an affront to decline except for a previous engagement. The company assemble about ten, and often dance till three or four in the morning. In any one house we see nearly the same people once a week for the whole winter, and such frequent companionship gives a feeling of intimacy. It is surprising how many French men and French women have some special artistic talent, dramatic or musical, and with what ready good-humor each contributes to the entertainment of the rest. In every assembly, with all its sparkle of youth and gayety, there is a back-ground of mature age; but though a card-room is generally open, it never seems to draw many from the salons de danse.

In these salons the little princess entered at once upon her royalty. Her dancing was the poetry of motion. She sang, and the most brilliant men hung over her enraptured. "She was like Adelina Patti," they said, "but of a more perfect and delicate type of beauty. What wonderful eyes, with the long thick lashes veiling Oriental depths of liquid light! How the music trickled from her fingers, and poured from her small throat like the delicious warble of a nightingale! What a loss to art that her position precluded her from singing in the opera! Not Malibran or Grisi ever had triumphs that would equal hers." Eminent painters wished to make a study of her face. Authors who had received the prizes of the Academy for grave historical works sent her adulatory verses. "May I—flirtation—wid you—loavely meess?" asked one of "the immortal forty," displaying his English.

It grew rather annoying. I was importuned with questions, such as "Will you receive proposals of marriage for Miss St. Clair?" "What is her dowry?" "Are you entrusted to find a husband for her abroad?" I was tired of answering, "Miss St. Clair will probably marry in her own country." "Her parents would be very reluctant to consent to any foreign marriage." "I cannot tell what Mr. St. Clair will give his daughter. It is not the custom to give dowries with us, as with you."

One evening we saw at Madame Le Fort's reception a young man so distinguished in appearance that he was known as "le beau Vergniaud." He was six feet in height and well made, with abundant chestnut hair, dark hazel eyes, clearly-cut, regular features, and a complexion needlessly fine for a man. From that time he was invariably present, not only at Madame Le Fort's, but wherever we went.

One day Helen said to me, "I made a silly speech last evening. I was dancing with M. Vergniaud, and we were talking of that charming Madame de Launay. I said, 'I should think she might be happy,' having an elegant house in Paris, a chateau in the country, and such a handsome husband so devoted to her.' And he rejoined instantly, very low, 'My dear Miss St. Clair, can I not give you all this?' It was not fair to take advantage of me in that way."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I laughed it off. I did not think he was in earnest, but he spoke to me again before he went away."

That afternoon Madame Le Fort came into my room with the look of one who had something important to communicate. "I have been wishing to see you," she said. "M. Vergniaud has taken me into his confidence. He has formed a serious attachment to Miss St. Clair, and wishes to make her his wife. It is a splendid alliance," she continued, warming with her theme: "if he had asked for my daughter I would give her to him blindfold. He belongs to one of our old families. You should see his house on the Avenue de Montaigne. Have you never seen him driving with his superb horses in the Bois de Boulogne? He has an estate with a fine old chateau in Touraine, a family inheritance. His character and habits are unexceptionable too," she added by way of parenthesis. "It is not often that you find all that in a man of twenty-six. So handsome besides!"

"True," said I, "but you forgot Mr. Dennam."

"On the contrary, I remember him too well to conceive the possibility of his being a rival to Rene Vergniaud."

"But did you mention him to M. Vergniaud?"

"Yes, and he was greatly disturbed at first, but when I told him that he had no expectation of marrying for two or three years to come, he laughed and said it was of no importance. M. Vergniaud would like to be married in a few weeks, as is the custom with us, but I suppose it will take longer to adjust the preliminaries on account of her parents being across the Atlantic. What dowry has my little jewel?" (The inevitable question, always put with as much simplicity and directness as if one were asking the time of day.)

"I do not know," I replied. "It is so contrary to all our notions. I do not think there is a man in America who in asking a father for the hand of his daughter would inquire how much money he was to have with her. It would be considered an insult."

"Perhaps Mr. St. Clair would prefer to settle an annuity on his daughter. Is that the way the thing is managed in your country?"

"It is not managed at all. A man gives his daughter what he likes, or he gives her nothing but her bridal outfit. It is never a condition of the marrlage.

"How strange all that is! One can hardly believe it in France. We set by a sum of money for Clarice's dowry almost as soon as she was born, and it would be a hard necessity that could compel us to diminish it by a single sou. If you would like it, in a couple of days I can give you an axact inventory of all M. Vergniaud's property and possessions. I could guarantee that it will not vary twenty napoleons from the fact. We do everything so systematically here."

"Thanks! I think it will hardly be necessary. I do not know that Helen likes him particularly."

"Nobody admires that little paragon more than I—I should be frantically in love with her if I were a man—but she had better think twice before rejecting such a *parti* as Rene Vergniaud, especially if she has no dowry. You will surely not permit her to do so without communicating with her father? He will understand her interests better."

"In this case I shall let her do just as she pleases, as her father would if he were here."

Madame Le Fort's look of amazed incredulity was truly comical. What ought I to do? I queried. One the whole, I decided to do the easiest thing—wait.

The next day I was honored with a call from M. Vergniaud. He believed that Madame Le Fort had spoken to me of his profound attachment to the lovely Miss St. Clair—the most passionate, the most devoted. Might he hope for my influence with her father and mother? The matter of dowry was indifferent to him; his income was sufficiently large, and, alas! he had no parents to consult. Would I favor him with Mr. St. Clair's address and a few words of introduction to him? He should be under everlasting obligations to me, and if there was anything he could do to show his gratitude, his appreciation—

I interrupted these protestations: "I doubt if Mr. St. Clair would consent to any marriage which would separate him from his daughter, however advantageous it might be in other respects."

"My dear madame, who asks it? I have no business or profession: we could easily spend a part of every year in America, if it were desirable."

"That would certainly mske it easier, but it will be better to defer writing till we have some intimation of Miss St. Clair.

Is it possible that Helen will be indifferent to this young Antinous? thought I. Poor Mr. Denham would have small chance with me if I were in her place.

An hour later the concierge sent up to me an exquisite bouquet of violets and white camellias, with the card of Rene Vergniaud and a folded note: "If Madame Fleming does not think it improper, will she be so kind as to give these flowers to my beautiful queen?"

M. Vergniaud had asked Madame Le Fort's permission to call on Miss St. Clair. "Certainly not," she replied. "I am astounded at such presumption! But you may call to see me. To-morrow evening we go to the opera, and Wednesday to Madame Perier's, and Thursday is my reception, and Friday we have tickets to *Phedre* at the Francais. Saturday, then: it is the first evening we have free."

We were all assembled in the salon as usual after dinner when M. Vergniaud was announced. The little princess was radiant. She had never been merrier in a school-girl frolic or more ready with gibe and jest and laughter. She sang her best songs, putting her whole soul into them— "Si tu savais comme je l'aime. Rene Vergniaud was so dazed that he came near bidding farewell to his senses for ever. He evidently thought that all this brilliancy was for him, and was in such a rapture of delight that he never noticed Madame Le Fort's repeated glances at the clock, and was only roused by the polite invitation to come again. He was not too disconcerted to make a charming apology, like a true Parisian, and tore himself away.

Late as it was, as soon as we were in our own little parlor I could not forbear saying, "I was surprised at you to-night, Helen. How *could* you run on so? Madame Le Ture there, too! and you know the young French girls never open their lips to say more than 'Oui, monsieur'-'Non, monsieur,' to a gentleman. What will M. Vergniaud think?"

"I don't care what he thinks," flinging herself down on an ottoman with her head in my lap; "but I *do* care what you think, Madame Fleming. Did I behave so very badly? I didn't mean to, but I was resolved he should not get a chance to talk any nonsence to-night; and he *did*, after all. I hate being made love to before a whole room full. I *had* to laugh or else cry." And the little fairy dissolved in a shower of tears, like another Undine.

Another week went by. On Saturday afternoon Helen asked, "Will you be so kind as to take me to the little Protestant church beyond the Arc d'Etoile this evening, Madame Fleming? I should like so much to hear that good M. Bercier."

"So should I. But you have not forgotten that M. Vergniaud will be here."

"I am under no obligation to entertain Madame Le Fort's callers."

"But you know, Helen, that he comes for your sake. It is well for you to consider that the future Madame Vergniaud will have in some respects a more brilliant position than perhaps any man in our country could offer you."

"I know all that, and I don't pretend to say that I should not like it. I am ashamed of being so worldly, but to have a superb establisment and all this charming Parisian society, and give a grand ball whenever I liked, would be just paradise. And to have all in all in my grasp, and not be able to take it, is too aggravating. It is so vexatious that the right man never has the right things."

We went to church. M. Vergniaud called, but recollected an engagement which took him away early. Monday evening he dropped in again just after dinner: "Do not let me derange you in the least, je vous en prie, madame. I come early because I am engaged to three balls to night."

Miss St. Clair could hardly have been more mute and statue-like if she had been born and bred in France, where in the presence of gentlemen young girls silently adhere to their brilliant mothers, whose wit and grace and social tact make the charm of the Parisian salons. Apparently, the French consider that the combined attractions of youthful faces and sprightly conversation would be too much for any man, and mercifully divide the two. And this leaves them helpless before a little American girl, laughing, talking, jesting, teasing, till, bewildered by such a phenomenon, they are swept down so easily that one is reminded of Attila's taunt to the Romans, "The thicker the grass, the quicker it is mowed."

This social etiquette was very irksome to my little firefly, who seemed always opening and shutting her wings. In the course of the evening M. Vergniaud slipped into her hand, unperceived by any of us, a closed envelope with the whisper, "Put it in your pocket. Do not let any one see you."

She opened it deliberately: "M. Vergniaud is so kind as to give me his photograph, Madame Fleming. Do you think it a good likeness?"

The mystery which French people are fond of attaching to harmless trifles is inconceivable. One evening, in the earlier part of our stay in Paris, a cousin of Miss St. Clair's, who was in the same hotel with Mr. Denham, called on us, and when he was taking leave she held out an unsealed note: "Will you give this to Fred? Don't forget it."

Madame Le Fort was thunderstruck: "Is it possible? Send a note to a young gentleman right before Madame Fleming and all of us!"

"Why," said I, "do young people never write notes to each other in France?"

"Not openly like that—little three-cornered notes to slip into the hand while dancing."

"This is the way to fold them," said Clarice, taking up a small sheet of paper. "You see that will just fit into the hollow of the hand, and nobody could ever see it."

"I like our way much better. What is done openly is not half so mischievous."

"Nor half so interesting," rejoined Clarice.

The nimble hours danced on, as they had a trick of doing in Madame Le Fort's salon. "I am afraid you forget the three balls, M. Vergniaud."

"How can you be so cruel, mademoiselle? I shall only make my compliments to the hostess and dance one set at each. I never do more except when I come here."

A few days later I asked Helen, "Have you made up your mind what answer to give M. Vergniaud? He intends to write to your father. He was speaking to me about it again to-day."

"I won't have him writing to my father," she replied with her wonted impetuosity. "I will not have my father worried about nothing. It would be a month before I could set it right."

"He seems to be very much in love with you. He says he shall be in despair, wretched for ever, if you reject him."

"So they all say. I don't believe a word of it, and I can't help it if they are. I can't marry more than one of them, and I don't believe I shall ever marry anybody. I won't be persecuted to death."

The little princess was irritated. Something had evidently gone wrong. It soon came out: "I had a letter from Fred this morning—a very disagreeable letter."

"Indeed! You have not yet answered it, I suppose?"

"No: he will have to write differently from that before he gets any answer from me. I am not going to be lessoned and scolded as if I were a little girl. Father never does it, and I will not submit to it from *him*." After a pause: "He is not so much to blame. It is that odious Mr. Wilkins, who keeps writing to him how much attention I receive, and all that. As if I could help it! Poor old Fred! We have known each other ever since we were children."

That explains it, I thought. "Helen, if you have decided to say no to M. Vergniaud, the sooner you say it the better?"

"I have said it, and he doesn't mind it in the least. I wish you would tell him: you always speak so that people know you are in earnest and can't help believing you."

"Very well, Helen. I will ask Madame Le Fort to tell him that his suit is hopeless, and that he must not annoy you by persisting in it."

Early in February the Belgian Ambassador, M. le comte de Beyens, and Madame la comtesse, kindly took charge of Miss St. Clair to the imperial ball at the Tuileries. She had never looked more charming than in the exquisite costume of pale rose-colored faille, with a floating mist of white tulle, caught here and there by rosebuds that might have grown in Chrimhild's garden. The airy figure, so graceful in every motion, the well-poised head with its flutter of shining curls, the wonderful dark eyes, the perfect eyebrows, the delicious little mouth where love seemed to nestle—when she had vanished "it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." Madame la comtesse congratulated me on her appearance, and afterward on her success. The emperor had distinguished her in a very flattering manner, and Eugenie, looking earnestly at her, said to the comtesse, "Nothing is so beautiful as youth," perhaps beginning to regret her own. No one had made so decided a sensation.

At Madame Le Fort's next reception there was a sudden influx of new guests—a young Belgian baron of old historic name, slim and stiff as a poker, a brisk French viscount, who told me that he had been connected with the embassy at Washington, and had quite fallen in love with our institutions; an Italian chevalier, a Russian prince.

Ugliness has its compensation, thought I. Nobody makes such a fuss over a pretty girl at home (they are not so uncommon); and I will never bring one to Paris again: Thank Heaven we are going to Italy soon.

The piercing Tramontane came down upon us in the Bay of Naples with so fierce a blast that we doubted if we were not in Iceland, and were glad to make our escape to Rome, where we found an asylum in the Hotel de Minerve, not far from the Pantheon. Many of the old palaces and convents of Italy have been transformed into hotels. This was the ancient palace of the princes of Conti. I was so captivated by the superb dining-room that the quality of the dinners made but a faint impression. What! eat in the presence of all those marble goddesses, looking down upon us serene and cold, as if from their thrones on the starry Olympus! Or if I turned my eyes resolutely away from Juno, Ceres and Minerva, they were sure to be soared by the dancing-girls of Pompeii stepping out from the frescoed walls, or inextricably entangled in the lovely garlands of fruit and flowers that wound their mazy way along the borders.

One evening, while we were waiting for one of the endless courses of a table-d hote dinner, my wandering eyes were caught by the most perfect human head I had ever seen. It seemed that of the youthful Lord Byron, so well known in busts and engravings—the same small head with high-forehead and clustering dark-brown curls, the perfectly-moulded chin, the full-ripe beauty of the lips. The eyes were a deep blue, out I thought them black at first, they were so darkly shaded by the thick black lashes. I am convinced that Byron must have had just such eyes, for some of his biographers describe them as black and others as blue. When he rose from the table I saw a slight well-knit figure of exquisite proportions, like the Greek god of love. (Not Cupid with his vulgar arrows, but the true heavenly Eros. I saw him once in the Museum at Naples, and again in the Vatican. Is it Love, or Death, or Immortality? I queried, and then I knew it was the three in one.) I soon learned that the youth whose ideal beauty had impressed me so strongly was the Count Francisco de Alvala of Toledo in Spain. I fancy that his eyes were as easily attracted to beauty as mine, for the next day he was my *vis-a-vis* at table; not for the sake of looking at me, I was well aware, but on account of my beautiful neighbor. However, he sought my acquaintance with the grave courtesy becoming a grandee of Spain, and naturally gained that of Miss St. Clair also.

It is the most natural thing in the world to make acquaintance in Rome. People talk together of the things they have seen or wish to see; they go to the same places by day, and in the evening they meet in the ladies parlor to compare their impressions. The young count never failed to join us in the evening. He had always something to show us—prints of his home in Spain, articles of *virtue* that he had bought, sketches that he had made, for he was a good amateur artist.

A group of young people of different nations generally collected on these occasions, and the conversation often turned on the usages peculiar to their respective countries.

"In Spain I could not greet a lady with a simple good evening," said the count. "I should say, 'Permit the humblest of your servants to lay himself at your feet,' or something like that."

"Why do you not say it to us?" asked a bright-eyed Canadian girl.

"Well, it might be a little awkward if you should happen to take it literally. In Spain it is the merest commonplace."

"If such exaggerated phrases are frittered into commonplaces, and the most impassioned words grow meaningless, what can a Spanish gentleman find to say when his heart is really touched?" I inquired.

"I fancy we should find some very simple words to say it in," said the boy, flushing like a girl. "But I do not know—I have never learned."

"Talk some more," commanded the little princess.

"If a pretty young lady is walking in our streets a mantle is often flung suddenly in her way, and proud and happy is its owner if she deigns to set her dainty foot upon it."

"What do they do that for? Because the streets are so muddy?" inquired an obtuse young woman. But noboby volunteered to enlighten her.

"Cannot we go to Spain?" asked Miss St. Clair. "I should like to see a modern Sir Walter Raleigh."

"If the senorita should appear in our streets they would be strewn with mantles," said the young count gallantly.

"Would you throw down yours for me to step upon?"

"Surely, senorita."

"I'll come, then. It must be of velvet, mind."

"Yes, studded with jewels."

I loved the beautiful youth. His presence was like a poem in my life, and if it ever occurred to me that the familiar intercourse of the young people might not be altogether prudent, I dismissed it with the thought, he is only a boy.

There was to be an illumination of the Coliseum. We were going of course, and Count Alvala begged that I would honor him by making use of his carriage on this occasion. "Thank you, but I have already spoken to Piero to come for us"

"Oh, but we can send him away. You will find my carriage more comfortable, and it will be in every way pleasanter," he urged beseechingly; but my negative was peremptory.

Eight o clock came. Miss St. Clair and I descended to the court of the hotel, but where was Piero? "It is singular. He was never late before, but I am confident that he will be here presently. We have only to wait a little."

The minutes went by, and they were long minutes. It was awkward waiting in so public a place. The count had joined us with his friend, an Italian marquis some thirty years of age, with whom we had a slight acquaintance. The count's handsome equipage was drawn up near us. There was no Piero.

"I really think you had better accept my young friend's carriage. It would be a pity to miss so grand a spectacle," said the marquis.

We entered the carriage. The count wrapped us in a magnificent feather robe, such as the Montezumas wore, for the April nights in Rome are chill, however hot the sunshine. It was strange to see the Forum, ordinarily solitary and desolate, now thronged with an eager multitude on foot and with numerous open carriages, in which were seated ladies in full dress as at the opera with us. Arriving at the Coliseum, we left the carriage and passed through the huge portal. The gloomy arches were obscurely seen in the dusky Roman twilight, when suddenly, as if by magic, every arch and crevice of the gigantic ruin glowed, incarnadined, as if dyed with the blood of the martyrs that had drenched its soil. There were salvos of artillery, bursts of military music and a few vivas from the multitude. A brilliant spectacle, but the tender beauty of moonlight harmonizes better with the solemnity of ruins.

Rapt in the memories that the scene awakened, I paid little attention to the monologue of my Italian friend, when I was suddenly roused by the question, "Did you ever see a prettier couple?"

"Who?" I asked absently.

"There," he rejoined, pointing to the count and Miss St. Clair, who preceded us.

"He is too young," I replied, but the question was asked so significantly that it disturbed me a little, and I resolved to be more cautious than heretofore.

The next morning Piero appeared with his carriage to take us to the Baths of Caracalla. He hoped madame did not lose the illumination. He was wretched to disappoint madame; he begged a thousand pardons. His little boy was taken violently ill; he was forced to go for the doctor; madame was so good.

The truth flashed upon me: "Piero, how much did the count give you to stay away last night?"

A gleam of humor twinkled in his black eyes, but it was speedily quenched: "I do not understand what madame wishes to say."

It happened that a friend and countrywoman at our hotel was taken ill with typhoid fever, and amid the anxieties of her sick room the incipient love affair was almost forgotten. I no longer spent the evenings in the parlor. One day Miss St. Clair showed me a tiny satin bag beautifully embroidered, with a soft silken chain to pass around the neck. "What can it be for?" she asked.

"Why, Helen, it is an amulet. Where did you get it?"

"The count gave it to me. He had the loveliest set of Byzantine mosaics and pearls which he wished to give me; and when I would not accept them he seemed so hurt that I did not like to refuse this trifle. What do you suppose is in it."

"A relic of some saint, without doubt. He thinks it will protect you from fever perhaps."

(*Concluded next week.*)

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N. B.—The Eva English can be chartered for excursions at reasonable rates.

Legal.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 27th day of March, A. D., 1875, made and executed by Paul Paquin and Henrietta Paquin, his wife, of St. Ignace, county of Mackinac, and State of Michigan, to John R. Bailey, of Mackinac, Mackinac county, Michigan, to secure the payment of the sum of sixty ($60) dollars which said mortgage is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said county of Mackinac, in Liber "C" of mortgages on pages 199 and 200, on which mortgage and the note accompanying the same, there is now due and unpaid the sum of sixty ($60) dollars; and interest on the same since the 27th day of March, A. D., 1875, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, together with an attorney fee of fifty ($50) dollars, provided for in said mortgage, should any proceedings be taken to foreclose the same; and no proceedings having been taken either in law or in equity to recover said mortgage, debt or any part thereof: Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided: Notice is hereby given that on TUESDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY, A. D., 1876, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the court house in the village of Mackinac, Mackinac county, State of Michigan, (that being the place for holding the circuit court for said county), there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due upon said note and mortgage, for principal and interest, together with the cost and expenses of sale and the attorney fee provided for in said mortgage; said premises being described as follows, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the township of St. Ignace, county of Mackinac, Michigan, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: The West half of the North West corner, of the North West quarter of the South East quarter, of section two (2), in township forty (30), North of range four (4) West, containing ten acres.

JOHN R. BAILEY, Mortgagee.
Dated Mackinac, October 18th, 1875.
WATTS S. HUMPHREY, Atty. for Mortgagee.
no15 13t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *fieri facias* issued out of, and under the seal of the Circuit Court, for the county of Cheboygan, State of Michigan, to me directed, and delivered against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of George Laperelle, I did on the fifteenth day of June A. D., 1875, levy upon and take all the right, title and interest of the said George Laperelle, of in and to the following described pieces or parcels of land, to-wit: Lot number two (2), and the northwest fractional quarter of section number nineteen (19), in town thirty-seven (37), north of range one (1) west, state of Michigan; all of which I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder as the law directs, at the front door of the Cheboygan county court house, (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the county of Cheboygan is held), on MONDAY THE THIRD DAY OF JANUARY, A. D., 1876, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

GEORGE PAQUETTE, Sheriff.
WATTS S. HUMPHREY, Attorney.
Dated Cheboygan, November 15th, 1875.
no10-7t

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court for the county of Cheboygan, state of Michigan, to me directed and delivered against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of Alexander Marquette, I did, on the 13th day of November, A. D., 1875, levy upon and take all the right, title and interest of the said Alexander Marquette, of, in and to the following described pieces or parcels of land, to-wit: Lot number twenty-eight (28) of M. W. Rorne's addition to the village of Cheboygan, in the state of Michigan, according to recorded plat thereof, all or which I shall expose for sale at public auction or vendue, to the highest bidder, as the law directs, at the front door of the Cheboygan County court house, that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the county of Cheboygan is held, on MONDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF JANUARY, A. D., 1876, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

GEORGE PAQUETTE, Sheriff.
WATTS S. HUMPHREY, Attorney.
Dated Cheboygan, November 17th, 1875.

Legal.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 5th day of May, A. D., 1875, made and executed by Angus McKay of the county of Cheboygan and state of Michigan, to School District number one, in the township of Duncan, Cheboygan county, Michigan, to secure the payment of five hundred and five dollars, which said mortgage is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said county, in Liber "one" of mortgages, on pages 616, 6.7, and 618, on which mortgage there is now due and unpaid the sum of four hundred and forty-two and 71-100ths dollars and interest on the same since August 20th, A. D., 1874, at the rate of ten (10) per cent. per annum, together with an attorney fee of twenty five dollars, provided for in said mortgage should any proceedings be taken to foreclose the same; and no proceedings having been taken either in law or in equity to recover said mortgage, debt, or any part thereof: Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and by virtue of the statute in such case, made and provided: Notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, THE SIXTH DAY OF MARCH, A. D., 1876, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the village of Cheboygan, Cheboygan county, Michigan, (that being the place for holding the Circuit Courtior said county,) there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due upon said mortgage for principal and interest, together with the costs and expenses of sale, and the attorney fee provided for in said mortgage; said premises being described as follows, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land being and lying in the village of Cheboygan, township of Benton, county of Cheboygan, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point four rods from the southeast corner of lot number forty-two (42), southwesterly on the west boundary of Main street, according to Jacob Sammons' recorded plat of the village of Cheboygan; thence running southwesterly on the line of said street twenty-four (24) feet; thence northwesterly at right-angles with said street six (6) rods; thence northeasterly at right-angles two (2) feet; thence northwesterly at right angles six (6) rods; thence northeasterly at right-angles twenty-two (22) feet; thence southeasterly at right angles twelve (12) rods to the place of beginning; and also all the right, title and interest of the party of the first part in lot number forty-one (41) in said village, according to Jacob Sammons' recorded plat thereof, including one two-story building used as a store, situate on the northeast corner of said lot number forty-one (41).

School District No. one of the township of Duncan, Mortgagee.

WATTS S. HUMPHREY, Atty for Mortgagee.
no.2-13t

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 3d day of September, A. D. 1874, made and executed by Hyacinth Chenier of St. Ignace, Mackinac county, Michigan, to John R. Bailey, of Mackinac, Mackinac county, Michigan, to secure the payment of the sum of three hundred and forty-eight and ninety-three 100ths dollars, which said mortgage is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said county of Mackinac in Liber "C" of mortgages on pages 182 and 183, on which mortgage and the notes accompanying the same, there is now due and unpaid, the sum of one hundred and sixteen and 31-100ths dollars, principal, and interest on the same since May 2d 1875 at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and also interest on the remaining sum of $232 62 of principal, since the said 3d day of September, A. D. 1874, at the rate of ten per cent per annum payable annually, together with an attorney fee of $50 provided for in said mortgage should any proceedings be taken to foreclose the same, and no proceedings having been taken either in law or in equity to recover said mortgage, debt or any part thereof: Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided: Notice is hereby given that on TUESDAY, THE ELEVENTH DAY OF JANUARY, A. D. 1876, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the court house in the village of Mackinac, Mackinac county, State of Michigan, (that being the place for holding the circuit court for said county), there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due upon said notes and mortgage, for principal and interest, together with the costs and expences of sale and the attorney fee provided for in said mortgage; said premises being described as follows, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land being lot number five (5), at St. Ignace, county of Michilimackinac, and State of Michigan, agreeably to a plat executed by Isaac Whicher, county surveyor, on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1851, which said plat is recorded in the Register's office for said county, being the same land sold by William Scott and wife to Hyacinth Chenier, May 8, A. D. 1851, and recorded by the Register of Deeds in Liber "E" on pages 225 and 226, May 12th 1851. Also all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated at Point St. Ignace, in the county of Mackinac, and state of Michigan, bounded on the north by lot number five (5), owned by Hyacinth Chenier. West, by public lands, South by public lands and Joseph Letourgeau's lot, and on the East by Lake Huron, being the same land deeded by David Farley and wife to Hyacinth Chenier, May 5th A. D. 1859, and recorded by the Register of Deeds September 3d 1861, in Liber "L" on pages 40 and 41, "Lot no. 6."

JOHN R. BAILEY, Mortgagee.
Dated Mackinac, October 16th, 1875.
W. S. HUMPHREY, Atty. for Mortgagee.
no14-13t

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D., 1875, made and executed by Paul Paquin, and Henrietta Paquin, his wife, of St. Ignace, county of Mackinac, and State of Michigan, to John R. Bailey, of Mackinac, Mackinac county, Michigan, to secure the payment of the sum of one hundred and twenty-five ($125) dollars, which said mortgage is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said county of Mackinac, in Liber "C" of mortgages on pages 197 and 198, on which mortgage and the note accompanying the same there is now due and unpaid, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five ($125) dollars; and interest on the same since the 15th day of February, A. D., 1875, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, together with an attorney fee of fifty ($50) dollars, provided for in said mortgage should any proceedings be taken to foreclose the same; and no proceedings having been taken either in law or in equity to recover said mortgage, debt or any part thereof: Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided: Notice is hereby given that on *TUESDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF JANUARY, A. D.*, 1876 at 12 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the front door of the court house in the village of Mackinac, Mackinac county, State of Michigan, (that being the place for holding the circuit court for said county), there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due upon said note and mortgage, for principal and interest, together with the costs and expenses of sale, and the attorney fee provided for in said mortgage; said premises being described as follows, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land contained, situated, being and lying in the township of St. Ignace, county of Mackinac, State of Michigan, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the shore of Lake Huron between this lot and lot belonging to the said party, of the first part, thence West fourteen chains to public land, thence four chains and forty links North, thence East fourteen chains to the shore of Lake Huron, thence along the shore of Lake Huron four chains and sixty links to the place of beginning; and being lot number eleven (11), as surveyed by Isaac Whicher, March 15 h, 1851, containing six and 39-100ths (6 39-100ths) acres, more or less.

JOHN R. BAILEY, Mortgagee.
Dated Mackinac, October 19th, 1875.
WATTS S. HUMPHREY, Atty. for Mortgagee.
no15-13t

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the 12th day of June, A. D., 1875, made and executed by James N. Riley, and his wife, Ann Riley, of the village and county of Cheboygan, Michigan, to George Truscott, of Buffalo, New York, to secure the payment of twelve hundred dollars ($1,200), which said mortgage is recorded in the Register's office, of the county of Cheboygan, in Liber "G" of mortg