



### THE LILIES OF HIS LOVE.

The lilies of the love of God—we know them far away.  
Whether it's dreary winter or the meadows of the May!  
He said: "Behold the lilies!—They toil not, neither spin!"  
But he took the little children, and he brought the lilies in.  
When lonely, in a land afar, He went to where the poor  
Were shelterless, and 'gainst the wind He barred the stormy door.  
He did not speak of prophets to make His work complete,  
But smiled upon the Magdalen that bathed with tears His feet.  
"Consider now the lilies!" \* \* \* think, how He gave the tomb  
Its glory and its grandeur—its splendor and its bloom;  
When He came from Death's own darkness—from the valleys of despair,  
With splendid lilies of her love a woman first was there.  
"Consider now the lilies!"—I wonder if, to-day,  
The final message came to me to go from life away.  
Would He not think of the sorrows of this bitter earthly sod  
And take me to His breast as them—the lilies of our God?  
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

### Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN  
"THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS  
KING OF THE SEA

BY  
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY  
Author of "Commodore Paul Jones,"  
"Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

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#### CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

The Breton looked stubbornly at the sailor.  
"You are not my master, Monsieur de Kersaint," he answered.  
"Answer his question, Jean-Renaud," said the marquis sharply.  
The old man stared at the two gentlemen in silence.  
"Answer it to me, then."  
The lips of the old servant remained sealed.

"You dog!" shouted the marquis furiously. "How dare you disobey my orders! And to what end? Your silence proves that some one was here. Who was it? Speak, I command you! On your allegiance, by your faith, by the duty you owe me, I charge you. I wish to know who was here. I will know it! Ten thousand devils!" he roared, exasperated beyond measure at the man's stubborn silence. "Will you speak, or not? As God hears me, if you do not answer immediately, I shall pass my sword through you!"

"That is as monsieur pleases," answered Jean-Renaud sturdily. "Monsieur is a gentleman, and I am only a Breton peasant, but I have my ideas of honor, too. Serving monsieur and his son for 50 years in this house, how could it be otherwise? And my honor bids me be silent. Monsieur may kill me, I am his man, my life is his, but monsieur can not make me speak!"

Furious with rage the marquis shortened his arm and drew back his sword.

"Strike not, de Chabot!" cried de Kersaint interposing, laying his hand upon the other's arm. "What need? 'Tis certain some one is here. The silence of the maid, the acquiescence of this old man to confirm or deny, prove it beyond a doubt. There is no exit from this or the other chamber, if I remember the castle, save by the door through which we came. The man or woman must be there. Let us search. Honor your servant for his ancient fidelity, de Chabot. He would not betray a woman. There is some one here—some one in the room of the woman I love, the woman who is this night plighted to me. Let us search. That door, yonder? What room is that?"

"Monsieur," cried Anne, stepping across to the door, her face aflame. "Tis my bed-chamber. You may not pass within it but over my body."

She had not remembered de Vitre, but she was on fire to protect Grafton. Yet it was a desperate, a hopeless situation. No matter, she would fight for him to the end—they should not harm him.

"Mademoiselle, assure me on the honor of a de Rohan that there is no one there and I withdraw."  
She endeavored to speak, vainly moistening her dry lips, but she could not, so she stood silent and determined between him and the door behind which Grafton, his sword out, his blood up, was in readiness to make a dash for liberty. But his time was not yet.

"Enough, de Kersaint," exclaimed the marquis, "you may not enter those sacred precincts, but I, an old man, grandfather to this wayward child, may go anywhere. Stand aside, Anne—"

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the girl, dropping to her knees before the door. "Mere de Dieu! Help me, have pity upon me!"

"Oh, he is in there, then? A moment, de Kersaint, and you shall have him before your sword," cried the marquis springing forward.  
Grafton thought his hour was come. But no, not yet!

"Search no farther," exclaimed a sharp voice from the other side of the room, as de Vitre, pale as death, threw down the screen and revealed himself. He had heard all, divined all. Anne

loved him not. He would sacrifice himself for her, for her lover, pay back some of the debt he owed to Grafton. "Oh, thank God, thank God!" cried Anne, rising to her feet and shrinking back against the door-frame.  
"Monsieur de Vitre!" the marquis called out, in great surprise.  
"Capt. de Vitre, by heaven, what do you here," demanded de Kersaint, springing forward threateningly.

"Messieurs, I came here as the rightful betrothed of Mademoiselle Rohan, as the man who had received her troth in New France. Resolved to make one more appeal to her, I left the banquet hall to throw myself at her feet."  
"Did you come by the invitation of mademoiselle?" asked de Kersaint.  
"No, monsieur. I came unannounced."  
"You love this man, mademoiselle?"

"Alas! no, Monsieur de Kersaint," answered Anne. "I esteem him. He sought my hand under peculiar circumstances in New France. I consented, subject to the acquiescence of Monsieur le Marquis, and when I told him of it he laughed at me."  
"Twas but a boy and girl affair, de Kersaint, not worth mentioning," answered the marquis.  
"But he came here?"  
"Yes, yes, monsieur," cried Anne. "But without an invitation, and, indeed, unwelcome. The mystery is now over. Retire, gentlemen, I beg of you. This has been too much for me."

The marquis started to speak, when something caught his eye and he stopped as if petrified. Resisting his first impulse to cry out, he slipped around to the table near the screen, and covering it with his person remained silent, his gaze fixed in cold suspicion upon his granddaughter. As for de Kersaint, he would let him fight his own battle; afterward he had other plans. De Kersaint stopped and thought a moment.

"You came," he said at last to de Vitre, who stood pale and haggard with folded arms before him, "without invitation?"  
"I have said so."  
"Unwelcome?"  
"Alas! yes."  
"Mademoiselle did beg him to retire," broke in Jean-Renaud. "I heard her."  
"And monsieur would not go away," added Josette, who had regained her voice.

"Your attentions were not pleasing to mademoiselle, then?"  
"No, monsieur, I fear not."  
"By God, sir!" cried the Frenchman in sudden passion, "you are my executive officer, my trusted subordinate, but if I were not about to sail I would challenge you so that I might pass

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"Thank you, Monsieur de Kersaint, Monsieur le Marquis, Mademoiselle de Rohan, farewell!"

"Nay, Monsieur de Vitre, I can not part from an old friend thus lightly!" exclaimed the girl, stretching out her arm. He seized her hand, dropped on his knees before her, and rested his forehead upon it.

"This for life and honor," he whispered, so that none but she could hear. "Think of me sometimes. Farewell!"  
"Go, monsieur," she said, "and may God bless you! You have the gratitude, the eternal remembrance," she whispered, "of Anne de Rohan."  
"Farewell, mademoiselle," said Kersaint, approaching in his turn, "may God speed the day when I may come to claim you again. De Chabot, goodbye. En avant, de Vitre."

"Jean-Renaud, attend Monsieur de Kersaint," cried the marquis again as they passed out. "Basile, withdraw the servants and wait for me at the end of the passage-way by the staircase."

#### CHAPTER XXVI. GRAFTON WINS AND LOSES.

AS the three men and the servants left the room, with an expression of relief so great that she could not describe it, Anne sank down in the chair by the table. She thought her lover extricated at last from his precarious position. Her emotions during the last few moments, when she feared that the marquis would discover his presence, and then when de Vitre had so nobly interfered in his behalf, had been almost more than she could bear. She forgot for the moment that the marquis had not gone with the others. She had not remarked his suspicious silence, his strange movement, in the excitement of the passing moments.

"Now, Mademoiselle de Rohan," he said harshly, "since this play has been played out and the actors in the little comedy have departed, will you be good enough to explain the situation? Will you tell me who it was that wore Josette's cloak; who listened in the armory; whom you have entertained in this room, whom you conceal in your chamber?"

"What mean you, monsieur?" she faltered, all her terror coming back again. "Monsieur de Vitre—"

"De Vitre is a fool," exclaimed the marquis angrily, "and yet I admire the man. He took it all upon himself like a gallant gentleman."  
"Monsieur de Vitre told nothing but the truth, monsieur."

"Quite so," answered the marquis, with difficulty restraining himself. He was in deadly earnest, with the suppressed fury of his most dangerous moment. "Quite so. I have no doubt he told the truth. It spoke in his eyes. But did he tell it all? You answer not. But what need? Did Monsieur de Vitre leave this hat on the table? I have seen hats like that, mademoiselle, but upon English heads."

"Monsieur," stammered the girl. "No more faltering!" continued the marquis, pacing back and forth before her. "He is here. A lover in your room, an Englishman, and you have betrayed me, betrayed your honor; you—" he used a harsh word from the camps. "Stand aside!"

He laid his hand roughly on her arm. She struggled to bar the way, moaning faintly. The door was thrown open, the hangings dashed apart, and Grafton, sword in hand, sprang into the room. At last!

"Monsieur le Marquis!" he cried, "release mademoiselle! By heaven, no man lays a hand upon her when I am by, not even though he be her father!"

"Captain Grafton!" exclaimed the marquis involuntarily letting go his granddaughter's wrist and falling back in great surprise, "you here, sir?"

"Why not? I love the Countess de Rohan, and presumptuous as I may seem, I dare to affirm that she loves me as well. Indeed, sir, since the moment I held her in my arms five years ago in this very chamber at midnight, and kissed away her tears, I have loved her. The fortune of war brought me wounded to her feet in Canada, sir, and there I found I loved her still; and, what was more, I learned that she had not forgotten me. She left me behind wounded and ill, but I followed her here. Sir, I have come to claim her."

"My God!" faltered the marquis, as if dazed by this sudden development of the situation, "and I trusted her to your honor!" He looked years older at that instant, his face blanched and working. Grafton pitied him.  
"Monsieur, I pledge you that honor that I left her as sweet and innocent a child as when I first knew her."  
"And yet you came from her bed-chamber even now, and you kissed her at midnight?"  
"Twas five years since, sir."  
"Do you love this man, Anne?"  
"More than heaven itself!" she answered, stepping to his side.

"And you came to take her away, sir, like a thief in the night?" sneered the marquis, his color coming back as he mastered his surprise and regained a portion of his self-command.  
"We had gone, sir, a moment since," broke in Grafton ruthlessly, irritated by the sneer, "had we not been interrupted."

"Mon Dieu, 'tis impossible you can love this Englishman, Anne!"  
"An American, sir—"  
"Peace! 'Tis all one. This officer, this enemy of France, this commoner!"  
"Yes," murmured the girl.  
"You love him more than family, than country, than rank, than station, than honor?"

"More than all the world, monsieur."  
"And you were here alone with him at midnight in this tower? He kissed you?"  
"Yes, monsieur, but I was only a child."

"Thank you, Monsieur de Kersaint, Monsieur le Marquis, Mademoiselle de Rohan, farewell!"

"Nay, Monsieur de Vitre, I can not part from an old friend thus lightly!" exclaimed the girl, stretching out her arm. He seized her hand, dropped on his knees before her, and rested his forehead upon it.

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"Jean-Renaud, attend Monsieur de Kersaint," cried the marquis again as they passed out. "Basile, withdraw the servants and wait for me at the end of the passage-way by the staircase."

"You nursed him in sickness in Canada?"

"Yes, monsieur."  
"Were you about to fly with him this evening, as he says?"  
"Yes."

"And he came from your bed-chamber! Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" screamed the old man, passion, despair, wounded pride, quenched ambition, frantic rage in his voice. "The deep dishonor of it! This from my granddaughter, this from a child of my ancient house! An innocence gone, a reputation blasted, a character compromised!"  
"Sdeath, sir!" burst out Grafton. "Speak you thus to your own? She is as pure as an angel from heaven! As I live, were you not her grand-sire, and an old man, I'd strike you down!"

"And I thought her," raged the old man, contemptuously disregarding him, "like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. Monsieur, you have betrayed my trust, you have violated my sacred hospitality, you have compromised my grandchild in the eyes of the world, you have well-nigh ruined my house. You belong to a race I have loathed and hated. This old arm, withered as you see, has used up its strength in striking blows upon your people. I would fain have your life, monsieur," he continued sternly, "but before you die you must cover your actions before God and man, with the sanction, the poor sanction of your dishonorable name."

"Monsieur," cried Grafton in amazement, "what mean you?"  
"Grandfather," interrupted Anne, "I am innocent of everything except loving Monsieur Grafton. That I cannot help. I swear to you that I am—as I was—when you first took me in your arms—except for love."

"By heaven, sir!" exclaimed Grafton, "are you mad? Can you not see?"  
"Silence!" said the old man. "There must be a wedding here to-night. Things are permitted a husband which are denied a lover—wedlock covers all. Mademoiselle de Rohan, you must marry this man."

"Tis the dearest wish of my heart, sir," cried Anne.  
"Monsieur le Marquis," said Philip, bewildered, "what mean you? Do you consent to my suit, then? Heavens! 'Tis impossible!"

"Consent? No, monsieur, I demand of you, nay, I order, I command you, if there is a vestige of honor in you, that you marry this misguided girl, that you rehabilitate her in the eyes of the world."

"The world knows nothing, and there is nothing to know, sir."  
"In my eyes, then."

It was a puzzling situation. Philip longed for nothing so much as to call Anne de Rohan his wife, yet apparently consenting to this ceremony he would be putting some sort of stigma upon her honor or her reputation.

"I can not, monsieur, upon this compulsion," he faltered hesitatingly.  
"Philip!" cried Anne, who saw nothing of what was passing in his mind and who heard only his refusal, his denial of her. "You refuse me? You betray my heart? Ah, that woman in the locket! Oh, mon Dieu, mon grand-pere, kill me, kill me! He loves me not, I am rejected!"

She nearly fainted with the shock and the agony of the moment.  
"Monsieur," said the old marquis, his eyes gleaming with anger and determination, "will you marry this girl? Think well before you refuse, sir. The hand of a de Rohan has been offered twice to no one before. Say No, and I will follow her to death. We may wash out the stain upon our honor in blood, perhaps, if not in marriage."

"Enough!" cried Philip, thinking swiftly of the end to be gained and putting everything else aside. "I take her gladly, joyfully, thankfully; not from any threat of yours, old man, but because I love her, and by giving her my name I will have the right to protect her from further insult even from you."

"Without, there!" called the marquis, stepping to the hall. "Ask Monsieur the Archbishop of Vannes to come hither instantly. He has not yet left the castle. Speak to your prospective wife, monsieur, if you wish while we wait. I can promise you no further opportunities after you are married," continued the old man, turning to the door.

[To Be Continued.]  
Clock for Calculators.  
Dr. W. S. Rainsford is a great salmon fisherman. Nearly every summer he goes salmon fishing among the Canadian rivers, in a wild and remote country where the people are quaint. One day in Canada Dr. Rainsford lunched with an aged farmer. His watch had stopped, and he took it out to set it by the tall hall clock that stood in the corner. But this clock proved, upon investigation, to be three or four hours wrong. "Your clock is wrong, isn't it?" said Dr. Rainsford politely. "Not a bit wrong," replied the farmer. "It's you that don't understand it. When the little hand's straight up, it strikes ten, but the right time's five o'clock. Then," added, "you've nothing to do but calculate."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Real Suffering.  
"Alas!" sighed the young widow. "It is the province of woman to suffer in silence."  
"In silence!" echoed the old bachelor. "Well, that must be suffering, indeed."—Chicago Daily News.

Each in its Place.  
Willie—Pa, is there any difference between a violin and a fiddle?  
Pa—Yes, indeed, my son. If you hear it at a concert or opera it's a violin, but when the man next door plays it, it's a fiddle.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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