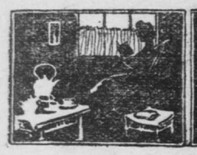


FOR THE FAIR SEX

SOME HOT STATISTICS

BOLD MAN COMPILES FIGURES CONCERNING COURTSHIP

When Proposing, According to This Person, 72 Out of 100 Men Hold the Ladies' Hands, 60 Kiss Them on the Lips, 2 on the Tip of the Nose.

Statistics are proverbially dull, but a recently published exception to this rule makes interesting reading. It gives facts concerning approved methods of courtship in civilized countries. The statistician does not explain how he obtained his information. Neither does he say where he obtained it. Even without this information, however, the figures given are interesting. We quote from data compiled from declarations of love:

"Eighty-one of the 100 men vowed they could not live any longer without the adored one; 72 held the ladies' hands in a tight grip; 60 kissed them on the lips, 10 on the right hand, 2 on the tip of the nose and 1 on the shoulder; 18 were so excited that they could hardly speak; 26 lost their eloquence through certain qualms of conscience; 12 said in deep chest tones, 'Thank God,' and 8 frankly admitted that they were 'inexpressibly happy.'

"By studying the conduct of 100 men whose suits were rejected the statistician obtained the following equally interesting figures: Forty of them rushed in a frenzy out of the room; 21 said that life henceforth had no more value in their eyes, and that they would commit suicide; 14 became suddenly tongue-tied and irrational; 6 calmly resigned themselves to the inevitable; 5 vowed their intention of immediately emigrating to America; 3 tore out some of their hair; 2 bit their lips till the blood came; 1 stuck his hands into his trousers pockets and whistled a popular song, and another looked up toward heaven and began to say the Lord's prayer.

"Of the ladies, 87 per cent knew beforehand that the proposals were about to be made to them.

"Seventy of them sank, as though embarrassed, into the arms of the loved ones, and only four fell gently down on a chair or sofa.

"Fourteen covered their blushing face with their hands; 8 threw their arms passionately around the necks of the men; 2 said, 'Please speak to mamma,' and one sneered."

SOCIAL.

Miss Emma Beebe Nelson, daughter of Judge R. R. Nelson, of St. Paul, and Rev. George Henry Mueller, of Albert Lea, Minn., were married yesterday at noon at Cooperstown, N. Y. The wedding took place in Christ church, and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Starkweather. Both bride and groom were unattended, the bride entering with her father, who gave her to the groom at the altar.

Miss Nelson wore a gown of white satin, en traine, and trimmed with a flounce and bertha of point lace. She wore a point lace veil, the same that her mother wore at her wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Mueller will be at home after July 15 at Albert Lea. Judge Nelson will remove to Albert Lea to reside with his daughter.

* * *

A pretty home wedding took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olund, on Laurel avenue, when Miss Bertha Ekstrom, Mrs. Olund's sister, and Owen Morris were united in marriage. The ceremony took place at 4 o'clock, Rev. C. D. Andrews, of Christ church, officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by about thirty friends and relatives of the young people. Miss Ekstrom was attended by Miss Monkas, maid of honor, and Miss Catherine Mary Morris. The groom was attended by Sidney Watson as best man, and Richard Morris. Adelaide and Florence Olund acted as flower girls.

Miss Ingeborg Olund played the wedding march from "Lohengrin," and the bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Emil Olund. Miss Grace Whitcombe sang the bridal music from Puritani. O. T. Morris also sang. An informal reception followed the ceremony. Mrs. H. D. Brown and Mrs. J. H. Beak presided at the table. They were assisted by Miss Edith Larson, Miss Caesar, Miss Grace Brown and Mrs. A. Best. Among the out-of-town guests were Hon. and Mrs. Peter Nelson, of Red Wing, and Miss Caesar, of Stillwater.

The bride wore a simple gown, made en traine, of white net lace, trimmed. She carried Bride roses. Miss Monk wore a gown of gray etamine and carried American Beauty roses. Miss Morris wore a dainty frock of pink crepe de chine and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. The house was tastefully decorated with roses and ferns and palms. The table decorations were all in white.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris have gone to California and Colorado for a wedding trip, and will be at home after Sept. 1, at 478 Carroll street.

* * *

Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church was the scene of a large wedding last night at the nuptials of Miss Jane Virtue, daughter of Mrs. Jane Virtue, and Charles Clarence Jones. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. J. Kenedy, of Stillwater. Mrs. S. J. Kenedy, the bride's sister, attended her as matron of honor. Miss Louise Stanton, Miss Florence Rood and Miss Jane Matthews were the bridesmaids. Lyle Jones, of Parkersburg, Va., brother of the groom, was the best man, and the following were the ushers: Paul Weed, Howard Wheeler, George Rugg and Reeder Rovig. An informal reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride, on Arundel street. Mr. and Mrs. Jones will spend the summer at White Bear Lake.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES

Mrs. Gilliard, of Dellwood, will entertain the household economics class Thursday, June 26, at her lake home.

St. Paul chapter, D. A. R., celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Bunker hill yesterday by an outing at Lake Minnetonka. Dr. Alexander McGregor delivered the principal address.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church gave a social last evening at the home of Mrs. Walter A. Merrill on Iglehart street.

Mrs. J. N. Mounts, of Lincoln avenue, entertained the members of the S. S. club yesterday afternoon.

The boys of J. M. Smith's Sunday school class of the Central Presbyterian church gave a supper last evening in the parlors of the church in honor of Rev. Robert McLaren, of San Jose, Cal.

St. Paul Chapter No. 24, O. E. S., will give a reception for all members of the O. E. star Friday evening at the home of Mrs. J. G. Robertson, 1902 Feronia avenue.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the House of Hope Church held its last meeting of the season yesterday afternoon in the parlors of the church. Mrs. Archibald McLaren read a paper on "The Political Influence of Mormonism." Mrs. C. J. Backus led the discussion which followed the paper. Mrs. Charles A. Clark presided.

Mrs. Greasa and Mrs. Williams will entertain the St. Luke's Aid Society of St. Paul's Episcopal Church today at an outing at Mrs. William's home at Highwood.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. William R. Ladd and family, of Laurel avenue, left yesterday for Northfield, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. A. C. Beyer and son, of Laurel avenue, returned yesterday from a two months' visit in Chicago.

Mrs. William H. Galbraith and son Ramand, of Laurel avenue, have gone to Forest Lake for the summer.

Mrs. Clausen and family, of Laurel avenue, have gone to Forest Lake for the summer.

Miss Helen and Edith Stevens, of Marshall avenue, will go East today to spend the summer.

Mrs. Frank Noble and her daughter, of Albans street, will go to Marshall, Minn., this week for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Sara Wilson, of St. Anthony avenue, has gone to Herman, Minn., for the summer.

Dr. E. A. Borchardt has removed his office from East Third street and Maria avenue to the Baltimore building, at the corner of East Seventh and Jackson streets. Residence at corner of East Fourth and Bates avenue.

Miss Lena Wilson, of St. Anthony avenue, will leave this week for a two weeks' visit at Detroit Lake, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. DeWitt leave this afternoon for St. Louis, to be gone a month.

Miss Belle Butler, Laurel avenue, has returned from Iowa.

Mrs. S. Simon and Miss Simon, Grand avenue, have gone East.

Miss Mabel Chislett has gone to Chicago for the summer vacation.

Miss Eleanor Funk, Lincoln avenue, has gone to Faribault for a short visit.

Misses Alice and Blanche Thorne, Arundel street, have returned from Chicago.

Miss Alice Monfort will return this week from California, where she has spent several weeks in visiting friends in Los Angeles, Monterey and Pasadena.

Mrs. S. R. Van Sant, of the Aberdeen, has gone to St. Louis for a fortnight's visit.

Mrs. J. B. Darling, of Virginia avenue, has gone to Boston, Mass., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Taylor, Lincoln avenue, are at their country place at Annandale.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Leighton, of Chicago, are guests of Mrs. L. H. Wood, Dayton avenue.

Mrs. William F. Graves, 779 Summit avenue, is expected home tomorrow from California.

Mr and Mrs. D. R. Hevener, and Paul Hevener, East Sixth street, have returned from the coast.

Mrs. F. Jay Haynes and family, Dayton avenue, have gone to Yellowstone Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stickney, Lincoln avenue, are entertaining Mrs. Jones, of Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mrs. C. S. Mellin, Summit avenue, and her guest, Mrs. Livingston, of New York, will leave Saturday for New York.

Aid Society Prospers.

The annual meeting of the Rectors' Aid Society of St. Paul's Episcopal Church was held yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Oliver Dalrymple, on Summit avenue. For years the society has supported the choir of the church, which is one of the best in the city, and this year has raised nearly $1,900, having still several hundred dollars in the treasury.

Mrs. Dalrymple was elected president of the society; Mrs. Horst, vice president; Mrs. William Cumbey, secretary; Mrs. Griffin, assistant secretary; Mrs. H. F. Stevens, treasurer, and Miss Whitney, assistant treasurer.

The society has adjourned until September.

Mrs. Van Sant Going to St. Louis.

Special to The Globe.

WINONA, Minn., June 17.—Mrs. S. R. Van Sant was a passenger on the Diamond Jo steamer Dubuque, which passed down the river this afternoon. She is making the round trip to St. Louis on the boat, in company with Mrs. George P. Wilson, of Minneapolis, and a party of Winona friends.

Aestheticism Foe to Matrimony.

A young lady was asked the question: "Should husbands be abolished or suppressed?" and she said: "By all means they should be suppressed, but by no means should they be abolished."

It is thought, however, that the girl of the period would do well to consider and try to find the cause of the seeming indifference of the average bachelor toward matrimony.

It has been suggested that aestheticism is the cause of the decline in the marriage statistics. But it has been established as a fact that the average bachelor, with an establishment of even the most flat dimensions, is a much better housekeeper than the average girl. He knows fully as much about furniture and draperies and decorations for the table, and is said to keep his room as dainty and sweet and tasteful as any woman.

He can often order a far better dinner than a woman and can generally get along better with the servants.

While he can run an establishment so successfully and get perfect comfort, is it not possible that he thinks it less worth while to marry than the old-fashioned bachelor, who knew nothing of household matters, and relied on women to make his surroundings bright and his home comfortable?

Graduates at St. Michael's.

St. Michael's Catholic school will hold its closing exercises this afternoon and evening in the West side opera house. The programme is as follows:

Trio—Crystalline Caprice.....S. S. Street
Misses E. Villaume, H. Richardson, A. Egan.
Chorus—Crimson Glow..... Root
Piano accompaniment, Misses F. Fitzgerald, M. Tracy.
Le Secret .....
Misses H. Wainwright, F. Lynch, E. Villaume.
Action Song—Winter Lullaby.....
Girls of Fourth Grade.
Trio—March .....Mozart
Misses N. Shanley, M. Grant, F. Fitzgerald.
Hobby Horse Brigade.... Song and Drill
Little Boys.
Vocal Duo—Two Forest Nymphs.. Grover
Misses E. Whaley and G. McNamara.
Broom Drill .....Hardman
Accompanied by M. Tracy.
Recitation ..... Selected
A. Whaley.
Trio Piano—D. Krug Op. 349, No. 3—
Weber, Robin des Bois
Misses F. Fitzgerald, M. Tracy, E. McDonald.
May Pole Dance ..... Hardman
Little Ones, Accompanied by F. Lynch.
Duo—Piano—
Misses N. Shanley and M. Grant.
Pantomime—Holy City ..... Adams
Soloist, E. Tessier.
How the La Rue Stakes Were Lost..
G. McNamara.
Three Part Chorus—Summer Fancies ..... Berwald
Vocal Class.
Recitation ..... Selected
A. Self.
Kinder Symphony .....Haydn
Music Class. Accompanied by F. Fitzgerald and H. Wainwright.
Solo—A Dream of Paradise.....
E. Whaley.
Trio—Oberon .....D. Krug Op.
Misses N. Shanley, G. Griffin, G. McGrorty.
Operetta—Pepin, the Pippin—
Pepin, King of No Man's Land—
J. Morrissey
Plom-Plom, the King's Jester..E. Tessier
Bandits' Chief, Leader of the Silver Whistle Bandits ..... C. O'Brien
Strong i' th' Arm, Commander in Chief of the Royal Forces .....J. Tracy
Ellaline, Sister of King Pepin and Foster Sister to Plom Plom..E. Whaley
Leila, a Gypsy .....G. McNamara
Chorus of Pippins (inhabitants of No Man's Land), maids of honor, morning maidens, gypsy maidens, courtiers, bandits, soldiers.

To Clean Straw Hats.

To clean a white straw hat buy 5 cents' worth of salts of lemon and dissolve it in a pint of boiling water. Then take a soft brush—a nail brush will do nicely—and wash the hat with the liquid, says the Chicago News. When clean, rinse thoroughly in cold water and put in the air to dry.

A sailor hat should be allowed to dry on a board or table, for thus the brim will be kept flat, and, of course, the drying must be in the shade, since wet straw easily becomes sunburnt.

Men's Hats and Elevators.

It is not actually obligatory for a man to remove his hat upon entering an elevator where there are women, inasmuch as an elevator is a public conveyance, just as a train or a street car is a public conveyance; nevertheless, the thoroughly well-bred man generally elects to do it, even though the elevator be in an office building. In a hotel elevator it is obligatory, however, for the reason that a hotel is a dwelling, and no well-bred man ever wears his hat indoors. As to the general rules governing the removal of the hat, it may be said that a man invariably removes his hat in the lobby of a church, a theater, or any place of entertainment, not waiting until he enters the place itself. On the street, or in a store or office, he lifts his hat when bowing or speaking to a lady or when bowing to another man who is accompanied by a lady.

Advice for Engaged Couples.

It is taken as a matter of course that engaged couples should evince a decided inclination for each other's society, but they should never so far forget themselves as to "make love" in public. The world is getting less and less sentimental and more and more matter-of-fact every day, and even engaged couples are expected to maintain their mental balance, at least, in the presence of other people. An engaged girl should avoid making her glance a subject of discussion, either in her own household or among her young friends, and in no case can she be excused for repeating the tender things that he has said or exhibiting the equally tender things that he has written.

THE BEE'S WOOING.

"My sweet Lady Clover
Come, bend your head over,
So bright with the sunshine and dew;
And hear my low humming
At last I am coming
To whisper a secret to you.

"For dear Lady Clover
I am your true lover,
The summer with blossoms is sweet,
But you are the fairest
The daintiest—rarest,
No other with you can compete."

Said fair Lady Clover
"My giddy young lover,
How long have you deemed me so dear?
Pray what was the story
That wild Morning Glory
And Sweet-Briar were blushing to hear?"

Oh, wise Lady Clover!
Ere summer was over
Each blossom in garden and field,
Had heard his low humming,
And watched for his coming,
To lure her, her sweetness to yield.

—Mira Clarke Parsons.

MENU FOR THURSDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Fruit.
Cereal. Cream.
Scrambled eggs on toast.
Drop biscuit. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Corn fritters. Stewed tomatoes.
Fresh fruit. Cake.
Tea.

DINNER.

Cream of asparagus soup.
Marcaroni and cheese.
Baked mushrooms.
Cherry roly poly Foamy sauce.
Coffee.

Glory Is Nothing to Him.

W. Bourke Cockran was asked what he thought of the surrender of the Boers.

"Well, he said, "it reminds me of a feud between an Irishman and a Scotchman. They had many hard battles, and each claimed the victory.

"Sure an' ye'd better give in an' acknowledge loike a man that I've thrashed you," argued Patrick after each encounter.

"'Hoot, man,' was Sandy's invariable rejoinder, 'you could na lick a lad.'

"But Sandy was long-headed, and when Patrick declared he would give $5 if he could make Sandy acknowledge he was beaten, the Scotchman said:

"'Put the siller in my hand, mon, an' I'll surrender. You can ha' a' th' glory if you'll gi' me th' consideration.'"—New York Times.

Sent as Far as Possible.

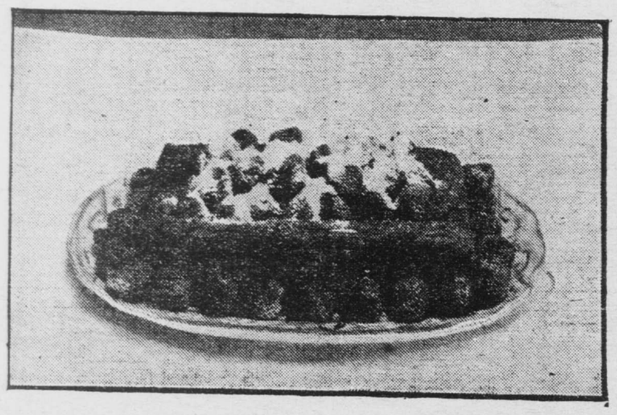
"Why in the world did you ever send that fellow to congress, anyway?"

"Well, you see, we got together and talked him over, and see'in there w'n't nothin' any further away than congress that we could send him to, we 'lowed the best thing we could do was to send him there."—Chicago Record-Herald.

PARISIAN PEIGNOIR.

This dainty imported model reveals madame correctly attired in that sanctuary of the social belle—her dressing room. The negligee is of Honiton over pink taffeta, with the new twisted effect trimming the front.

PRINCESS BERRY LOAF.



Make a brick loaf or sponge cake by the following rule: Beat the yolks of six eggs until light colored, add one and one-half cups of fine granulated sugar and beat until it becomes light. Now add the juice and the grated yellow rind of a lemon. Beat one minute. Beat the whites of six eggs until stiff, then add alternately to the sugar and yolk with one and one-half cups of flour that has been sifted twice before measuring. The flour and white of egg should not be stirred or beaten in, but folded in by carrying the spoon to the bottom of the bowl every time and bringing it up so as to inclose the ingredients, but not to allow the air bubbles in the white of egg to escape. Bake in a square pan in a deep loaf; have the oven moderate, and allow one hour for baking.

When the loaf is cool cut out the center with a sharp knife, leaving a shell. Set the removed portion aside in a pail or cake box, to serve at another time.

Reserve the best of two boxes of strawberries for garnishing and mash the remainder slightly with a cup of sugar, and let stand for half an hour. Fill the cake, cover the top and garnish the sides with whole berries. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve with whipped cream.

—Alice E. Whitaker.

Umbrellas & Parasols
Recovered, Repaired and made to order
CLAUS BROS.,
59 West 7th St.
Lock and Key Fitting

CHICAGO IS EATING HORSE.

Numbers Are Slaughtered and Sold Under Other Names.

They are eating horses in Chicago. A great many butcher shops in that city sell large quantities of horse meat every week, and the people who buy it keep on returning for more, showing that they like it.

Apparently the horse meat in Chicago is being sold under some other name. The existence of this traffic on a large scale only became known to the public authorities recently, and they adopted the usual proceeding of a "committee of investigation."

An official, who is known as "assistant pure food commissioner," R. W. Patterson, at a recent meeting of "council committee on health," brought the subject up. Mr. Patterson flatly charged that horses are killed daily in Chicago and sold there for food. He exhibited a big photograph of a series of sheds near Milwaukee and Talman avenues. In the foreground was a painted sign running:

HORSES BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED. KILLERS WANTED.

Near this was the body of a horse which Commissioner Patterson said had fallen dead to the ground. He pointed out to the aldermen a corral for horses, an ambulance by which he said crippled horses were taken to the place and other objects.

"This photograph was taken," he declared to Secretary Pritchard, "after the health commissioner said he did not know what we were talking about. I did not see any horses slaughtered at this place, it is true, but one night at 12 o'clock I was near the place and saw some horses taken there. At 3 o'clock that morning wagons were driven from the place. I asked the driver what they were going to do with the meat and he said it was to be taken to the city."

"An average of 500 horses are killed in Chicago every month," Mr. Patterson said. "However, the law is such that we cannot get a conviction unless we see the horses killed, put on the wagon, delivered to the dealer, and sold to the public as a substitute for other meat. There are advertisements in the papers showing that killers are wanted and that good prices will be paid for old horses and giving addresses."

"There are a dozen places in Chicago were they kill horses," Ald. Hunter remarked.

Secretary Pritchard grew indignant. He branded as untrue statements attributed to Mr. Patterson that horse meat is sold in Chicago in unlimited quantities and challenged him to prove it. Mr. Patterson did not reply to this statement.

The trouble arose over a communication from Health Commissioner Reynolds asking that reports of the sale of horse meat be investigated. Mayor Harrison transmitted the letter to the committee and Ald. Moertel, Foucek and Dougherty were named to carry on the investigation.—New York Times.

HIS GUN IS BEWITCHED.

Old Negro Is Terrified by Mysterious Explosions.

A story is told of Uncle Washington Harris, one of "Marse Clay's niggers afore de war," who remained on the plantation after he was set free. He was considered a power among the negroes, being somewhat of a local preacher, but he said, "Ise jist a extortioner 'mongst de congregation."

Once when Uncle "Wash" was "extortioning 'mongst de congregation," the Ku Klux came after him, and as the old man hurriedly beat an exit through a window one of the Ku Klux got the tail of his Prince Albert coat, that "Marse Clay" had given him and which the old darkey was very proud of. From that time Uncle "Wash" always carried an old long barrelled shotgun.

The neighbors were in the habit of meeting at night at "Bob" Clay's country store to tell yarns and talk about the crops. Uncle "Wash" and several other old colored men, were always present, sitting on nail kegs a respectful distance behind "de white folks to hear de yarns." On these occasions Uncle "Wash" always left his gun in the rear of the store.

One night "Buck" Allen, who never was tired of playing jokes on the old man, got his gun, and, after drawing the shot from it, loaded it with powder and phosphorous wood as wadding, then another load of powder and more phosphorous wood, repeating this till there was several loads of powder and wood in the gun, ramming down the last charge of powder with an extra long piece of wood. "Buck" dropped a coal on it and went back to his seat.

If phosphorous wood is lighted the fire will eat very slowly through it and act as a fuse. Uncle "Wash" took up his gun and started home, and was several hundred yards from the store when the spark reached the first charge of powder and exploded it, which greatly perplexed the old man, but he attributed it to an accident. When the second explosion occurred he fell on his knees and prayed but when the third came he threw the gun from him into the bushes and ran for dear life. As Uncle "Wash" burst in the front door, to the consternation of his wife, and fell sprawling on the floor, hysterically praying, he heard the last charge explode.

Uncle "Wash" never went back for his gun, and could never be convinced "sperrets" were not in that "ole turkee gun," and that it was not bewitched.—New York Tribune.

TEACHES BANKER LESSON.

Gives Two Guineas and Customer Assumes Bank Is Shaky.

Robert Carrick, one of the richest bankers of Scotland a few generations ago, was as mean as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions toward a new hospital he signed for two guineas, and one of the gentlemen expressing disappointment at the smallness of the amount, he said: "Really, I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who, on seeing the list, cried: "What, Carrick only two guineas?"

When informed of what the banker had said Wilson replied:

"Wait; I will give him a lesson."

Taking his check book he filled in a check for £10,000, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.

Five minutes later the banker appeared, breathless, and asked: "What is the matter, Wilson?"

"Nothing the matter with me," replied Wilson, "but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. Hallo! thinks I, if that's the case there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible."

Carrick took the subscription list, erased the two guineas and substituted 50, on which Wilson immediately tore up his check.—New York Times.

Torture We've All Suffered.

"When will congress adjourn, senator?" a friend asked Senator Hansbrough. "Congress, I think, will die as Pat O'Brien died," he replied. "A friend of Pat's, you know, met another, saying: 'Do you know Pat is convicted of murder, and that they are going to hang him?' 'Arrah, no,' said the other. 'They don't hang murderers any more; they kill them by what they call elocution.'"

A BATH...
Can be made ready in a few minutes
DAY OR NIGHT
With a Gas Water Heater
St. Paul Gas Light Co.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

Can you find Tom and Jack?

Solution for yesterday's puzzle: The owner is in the bush to the right of dog, and the son is in the bush to the left.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

The Story of Henri.

The child lived in an old chateau, built of some soft, gray stone that time had mellowed to exquisitely tender tints. Old poplars rustled drowsily, broad terraces, kissed by the sun, sloped down to a clear brook that loitered through the green fields and the woodlands until it sharply turned towards the village. The child often sat on the bank in moonlight nights and watched the stars, reflected in the stream. Then he would wonder whence it came and whither it would go and wish it would tell its secrets to him instead of to the round, white pebbles in its bed and to the waving blades of grass that bent to listen. But in daytime he would wander noiselessly through the darkened rooms of the chateau. In the picture galiery a ray of sunshine sometimes stole through the barred shutters and danced on the opposite wall. The child thought that the boys and girls in the dark frames must be tired of their fixed positions. Their elders, doubtless, liked the dignified repose but surely little Marie-Eustachie, in the pink brocade, would sometimes long to lay down her rose and the small Charles Louis would gladly take his hand from the sword-hilt he had pressed so long. The child knew the names of all—Tante Amelie had told him—Tante Amelia, who, in her sunny room at the top of the tower, continually mused and prayed. But sometimes she would speak of the saints—their holy lives and blessed martrydoms.

"Are there saints now?" he once asked.

"Oui, mon enfant, holy men of God, driven forth from their flocks, hunted like wild beasts. And a martyred king, the son of Saint Louis."

These stories thrilled him with a mixture of exaltation and awe. He knew they dared not venture to the villa lest evil men should harm them. And in the long days and nights he dreamed of martyrdom, of the short, dreadful wrench from life and its quiet round, then of the celestial joy and the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

* * *

The whole commune was pressing around the door of the blacksmith's forge. Women, holding their babies, were gossiping shrilly, peasants home from a long day's work in the wheat were gathered in small groups, vaguely curious as to the cause that had brought a municipal officer from Strasburg to their peaceful village. Jean Walther, the blacksmith, stood in his doorway; his tall figure in all its awkward strength loomed dark against the red glow of the fire behind him. The Maire was the strongest man for miles around, none but himself could lift the large hammer which he always called "mon fils," and now he towered over the small figure of his visitor.

"Friends," he shouted in his big voice, "the citizen here has something to say to us."

The "citizen here" paused for a moment, then began in a thin, high-pitched tone, that sounded like the echo of the maire's shout. He told of the good fortune the Revolution had brought, the glories of "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," then continued:

"And now that our liberty is won, now that we, a free people, rule a free country, it is out duty to cleanse ourselves of the old stain. Priests, spies, ci-devants, the emissaries of foreign tyrants, all must be exterminated. With sorrow we have heard that you, citizens, are harboring conspirators against the nation. That den of iniquity," he pointed toward the chateau, "that lurking-place of oppressors, holds a dangerous band of plotters, who would bring back the priests who cheated us with lies and the profligates who fatten on the spoils of their fellow men. Will you suffer this crime? Nay, rather shall we fire that accursed house of traitors and drag the evildoers to justice."

There was no answering murmur, much to the orator's surprise. He scorned these simple peasants and their lives of unchanging toil. They had no smoldering sense of injury that a breath could kindle into a flame; the Revolution had abolished the gabelle and torn down the pigeon cote at the chateau; it had no further meaning to them. To some the speaker's denunciation of the priests seemed blasphemy. But gradually their slow minds seized on the fact that they were threatened with some indefinite loss, and they were roused to a state of fear, rage and violent patriotism. Arms were collected, scythes, pitchforks, old muskets from the days of "Malbrook," and Jean Walther, brandishing "mon fils," led the van. Several women marched with the men, but all shrank from a sinister recruit, La Mere Margot, the witch, who rose like a mist from behind a bush and joined their ranks. Someone began "La Marseillaise" and the rest shouted a fierce chorus. Men, drunk with the song and the wild madness, waved torches that shot little fiery stars on the dusty road, where they were trodden out by heavy feet. The mob straggled up a hill and crashed headlong through briers and underbrush to the sleeping brook. The water woke into sudden life, sullen, red ripples stained its surface, strange, distorted shadows seemed to mock their own reflection. Still the peasants pressed on up the terrace, cutting the velvet grass with their sabots. As they approached, the dark mass of the chateau sprang from the shadow and the windows of the front sent back the torches' light. Jean Walther thundered on the door with "Mon Fils."

"What would you?" quavered a voice from above.

"Come down, Suzon," shouted the maire; "we must search the chateau."

"Eh, hurry," called Pierre Dreisler, the carpenter; "this house is the nation's property. The sovereign people would inspect its own."

"Silence," commanded Walther.

The bolts screamed as the door grudgingly opened.

"There are none here," began old Suzon tremulously.

"Stand aside in the name of the nation," cried the man from Strausbourg, pushing past her.

The huddled crowd flocked in, staring stupidly around them. Then, as their wonder lessened, they were ready for pillage. One man flung a mirror to the floor, his friends applauding as it shivered into a thousand fragments. That was the signal. Some prodded the chairs with their pikes, others laughing boisterously, pulled down the tapestry and wrapped themselves in trailing mantles. The women had their arms full of spoil. Old Margot silently passed from group to group; at her approach boasting and wrangling ceased.

"Tiens, mon ami," bawled Dreisler, bringing his fist down on an inlaid table, "this night's work will rejoice the hearts of our friends in Strasbourg."

"The conspirators will escape," cried the municipal officer shrilly. "On, citoyens, forward."

The citizens, enriched with the plunder of the chateau, had small time to waste on conspirators. But, obedience to their maire's orders, they tramped through the empty rooms, rousing unaccustomed echoes. They were seated and their excitement had in some degree cooled.

"Look at Margot," whispered the women; "she's talking to something unholy."

The witch's figure seemed taller, her dry lips were moving feverishly.

At last they came to the picture gallery. The portraits in calm state disdained the strange visitors, their insults and the wounds they inflicted.

"Suzon's right," the invaders growled; "there's no living soul here."

Then, at the upper end of the room, a little figure, vaguely outlined in the moonlight, advanced to meet them. The child had stolen away from the sobbing women, and had come to defend his home, perhaps—his heart beat fast—perhaps to die.

There was a moment's silence. Then, as their fright wore away, the maire, a kindly man, spoke:

"Your name, mon petit?"

"Henri," answered the child steadily. "I will not sacrifice to Jupiter."

A laugh arose, a sign that the tide of feeling had turned.

"Who lives here?" continued the maire.

"Tante Amelie and Suzon. I am ready to die, but they have done no harm."

Jean Walther turned to the man from Strasbuorg.

"Here are your conspirators," he said.

The Margot the witch, coming forward, took the child's hand.

"Thou shalt not die," she crooned I see thy fair life in the years to come and I see thy honored end."

"The child stood still. He was was not to have the glory of martyrdom; he felt small and weak and very tired.

The blacksmith picked him up and carried him to Tante Amelie.

"Le petit and you can live here in peace," he said gruffly; "train him to be a good citizen."

But the child grieved at his own unworthiness.

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