SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

He paused, and Trudaine again endeavored to speak such words as might show that he was not unworthy of the deadly risk which Lomaque was prepared to encounter. But once more the thief-agent peremptorily and irritably interposed.

"I tell you, for the third time," he said, "I will listen to no expressions of gratitude from you, till I know when I deserve them. It is true that I recollect your father's timely kindness to me—true that I have not forgotten what passed five years since, at your house by the river side. I remember everything, down to what you would consider the veriest trifle—that cup of coffee, for instance, which your sister kept hot for me. I told you then that you would think better of me some day. I know that you do now. But this is not all. You want to glorify me to my face for risking my life for you. I am weary of life. I can't look back to it with pleasure. I am too old to look forward to what is left of it with hope. There was something in that night at your house before the wedding—something in what you said, in what your sister did—which altered me. I have had my days of gloom and self-reproach, from time to time, since then. I have sickened at my slavery, and subjection, and duplicity, and cringing, first under one master, then under another. I have longed to look back at my life, and comfort myself with the sight of some good action, just as a frugal man comforts himself with the sight of his little savings laid by in an old drawer. I can't do this, and I want to do it. The want takes me like a fit, at uncertain intervals—suddenly, under the most incomprehensible influencer. A glance up at the blue sky—starlight over the houses of this great city, when I look out at the night from my garret window—a child's voice coming suddenly, I don't know where from—the piping of my neighbor's linnet in his little cage—now one thing, and then another, wakes up that want in me in a moment. Rascal as I am, those few simple words your sister spoke to the judge went through and through me like a knife. Strange, in a man like me, isn't it? I am amazed at it myself. My life? Bah! I've let it out for hire to be kicked about by rascals from one dirty place to another, like a football! It's my whim to give it a last kick myself, and throw it away decently before it lodges on the dunghill forever. Your sister kept a good cup of coffee hot for me, and I give her a bad life in return. Thank me for it! What folly! Thank me when I have done something useful. Don't thank me for that!"

He snapped his fingers contemptuously as he spoke, and walked away to the outer door to receive the jailer, who returned at that moment.

"Well," inquired the hunchback, "has anybody asked for me?"

"No," said Lomaque; "not a soul has entered the room. What sort of wine did you get?"

"So-so! Good at a pinch, friend—good at a pinch."

"Ah! you should go to my shop and try a certain cask, filled with a particular vintage!"

"What shop? Which vintage?"

"I can't stop to tell you now; but we shall most likely meet again to-day. I expect to be at the prison this afternoon. Shall I ask for you? Good! I won't forget!" With those farewell words he went out, and never so much as looked back at the prisoners before he closed the door behind him.

Trudaine returned to his sister, fearful lest his face should betray what had passed during the extraordinary interview between Lomaque and himself. But whatever change there might be in his expression, Rose did not seem to notice it. She was still strangely inattentive to all outward things. That spirit of resignation, which is the courage of women in all great emergencies, seemed now to be the one animating spirit that fed the flame of life within her.

When her brother sat down by her, she only took his hand gently, and said: "Let us stop together like this, Louis, till the time comes. I am not afraid of it, for I have nothing but you to make me love life, and you, too, are going to die. Do you remember the time when I used to grieve that I never had a child to be some comfort to me? I was thinking a moment ago how horrible it would have been now, if my wish had been granted. It is a blessing for me, in this great misery, that I am childless! Let us talk of old days, Louis, as long as we can—not of my husband, or my marriage—only of the old times, before I was a burden and a trouble to you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day wore on. By ones, twos, and threes at a time, the condemned prisoners came from the tribunal, and collected in the waiting room. At two o'clock all was ready for the calling over of the death-list. It was read and verified by an officer of the court; and then the gaoler took his prisoners back to St. Lazare.

Evening came. The prisoners' meal had been served; the duplicate of the death-list had been read in public at the grate; the cell doors were all locked. From the day of their arrest, Rose and her brother, partly through the influence of a bribe, partly through Lomaque's intercession, had been confined together in one cell; and together they now awaited the dread event of the morrow.

The morning came, and the hot summer sunrise. What life was left in the terror-struck city awoke for the day faintly; and still the suspense of the long night remained unlightened. It was drawing near the hour when the tumbrils were to come for the victims doomed on the day before. Trudaine's ear could detect even the faintest sound in the echoing prison-region outside his cell. Soon, listening near the door, he heard voices disputing on the other side of it. Suddenly the bolts were drawn back, the key turned in the lock, and he found himself standing face to face with the hunchback and one of his subordinate attendants.

"Look!" muttered this last man, sulkily, "there they are, safe in their cell, just as I said; but I tell you again they are not down in the list. What do you mean by bullying me about not chalking their door last night, along with the rest? Catch me doing your work for you again, when you're too drunk to do it yourself!"

"Hold your tongue, and let me have another look at the list!" returned the hunchback, turning away from the cell door, and snatching a slip of paper from the other's hand. "The devil take me if I can make head or tail of it!" he exclaimed, scratching his head, after a careful examination of the list. "I could swear that I read over their names at the grate yesterday afternoon, with my own lips; and yet, look as long as I may, I certainly can't find them written down here. Give us a pinch, friend. Am I awake or dreaming? drunk or sober this morning?"

"Sober, I hope," said a quiet voice at his elbow. "I have just looked in to see how you are after yesterday."

"How I am, Citizen Lomaque? Petrified with astonishment. You yourself took charge of that man and woman for me, in the waiting room, yesterday morning; and as for myself, I could swear to having read their names at the grate yesterday afternoon. Yet this morning there are no such things as these said names to be found in the list. What do you think of that?"

"And what do you think," interrupted the aggrieved subordinate, "of his having the impudence to bully me for being careless in chalking the doors, when he was too drunk to do it himself?—too drunk to know his right hand from his left! If I wasn't the best natured man in the world, I should report him to the head gaoler."

"Quite right of you to excuse him, and quite wrong of him to bully you," said Lomaque, persuasively. "Take my advice," he continued confidentially to the hunchback, "and don't trust too implicitly to that slippery memory of yours, after our little drinking bout yesterday. You could not really have read their names at the grate, you know, or of course they would be down on the list. As for the waiting room at the tribunal, a word in your ear: chief-agents of police know strange secrets. The president of the court condemns and pardons in public; but there is somebody else, with the power of ten thousand presidents, who now and then condemns and pardons in private. You can guess who. I say no more, except that I recommend you to keep your head on your shoulders, by troubling it about nothing but the list there in your hand. Stick to that literally, and nobody can blame you. Make a fuss about mysteries that don't concern you, and——"

Lomaque stopped, and holding his hand edgewise, let it drop significantly over the hunchback's head. The action, and the hints which preceded it, seemed to bewilder the little man more than ever. He stared perplexedly at Lomaque; uttered a word or two of rough apology to his subordinate, and rolling his misshapen head portentously, walked away with the death-list crumpled up nervously in his hand.

"I should like to have a sight of them, and see if they really are the same man and woman whom I looked after yesterday morning in the waiting room," said Lomaque, putting his hand on the cell door, just as the deputy-jailer was about to close it again.

"Look in, by all means," said the man. "No doubt you will find that drunken booby as wrong in what he told you about them as he is about everything else."

Lomaque made use of the privilege granted to him immediately. He saw Trudaine sitting with his sister in the corner of the cell farthest from the door, evidently for the purpose of preventing her from overhearing the conversation outside. There was an unsettled look, however, in her eyes, a slowly heightening color in her cheeks, which showed her to be at least vaguely aware that something unusual had been taking place in the corridor.

Lomaque beckoned to Trudaine to leave her, and whispered to him: "The prescription has worked well. You are safe for to-day. Break the news to your sister, as gently as you can. Danville"—he stopped and listened till he satisfied himself, by the sound of the deputy-gaoler's footsteps, that the man was lounging toward the farther end of the corridor. "Danville," he resumed, "after having mixed with the people outside the grate yesterday, and having heard your names read, was arrested in the evening by secret order from Robespierre, and sent to the Temple. What charge will be laid to him, or when he will be brought to trial, it is impossible to say. I only know that he is arrested. Hush! don't talk now; my friend outside is coming back. Keep quiet—hope everything from the chances and changes of public affairs; and comfort yourself with the thought that you are both safe for to-day."

"And to-morrow?" whispered Trudaine.

"Don't think of to-morrow," returned Lomaque, turning away hurriedly to the door. "Let to-morrow take care of itself."

CHAPTER XIX.

ON a spring morning, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, the public conveyance then running between Chalons-sur-Marne and Paris set down one of its outside passengers at the first post-station beyond Meaux. The traveler, an old man, after looking about him hesitatingly for a moment or two, betook himself to a little inn opposite the post-house known by the sign of the Piebald Horse, and kept by the Widow Duval—a woman who enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the fastest talker and the best maker of gibelotte in the whole locality.

He sat down alone in the inn-parlor and occupied the time, while his hostess had gone to fetch the half-bottle of wine that he ordered, in examining a dirty old card which he extricated from a mass of papers in his pocket book, and which bore written on it these lines:

"When the troubles are over, do not forget those who remember you with eternal gratitude. Stop at the first post-station beyond Meaux, on the high-road to Paris, and ask at the inn for Citizen Maurice, whenever you wish to see us or to hear of us again."

"Pray," inquired Lomaque, putting the card in his pocket when the Widow Duval brought in the wine, "can you inform me whether a person named Maurice lives anywhere in this neighborhood?"

"Can I inform you?" repeated the voluble widow. "Of course I can! Citizen Maurice, and the citoyenne, his amiable sister—who is not to be passed over because you don't mention her, my honest man!—live within ten minutes' walk of my house. A charming cottage, in a charming situation, inhabited by two charming people—so quiet, so retiring, such excellent pay. I supply them with everything—fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables (not that they eat much of anything), wine (which they don't drink half enough of to do them good); in short, I victual the dear little hermitage, and love the two amiable recluses with all my heart. Ah! they have had their troubles, poor people, the sister especially, though they never talk about them. When they first came to live in our neighborhood——"

"I beg pardon, citoyenne, but if you would only be so kind as to direct me——"

"Which is three—no, *four*—no, three years and a half ago—in short, just after the time when that Satan of a man, Robespierre, had his head cut off (and serve him right!) I said to my husband (who was on his last legs then, poor man!) 'She'll die'—meaning the lady. She didn't, though. My fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables and wine, carried her through—always in combination with the anxious care of Citizen Maurice. Yes, yes! let us be tenderly conscientious in giving credit where credit is due; never let us forget that the citizen Maurice contributed something to the cure of the interesting invalid, as well as the victuals and drink from the Piebald Horse. There she is now, the prettiest little woman in the prettiest little cottage——"

"Where? Will you be so obliging as to tell me where?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Small Chip of a Great Block.

Gen. Sherman has a grandson and namesake resident in Boston. William Tecumseh Sherman Thorndike is a very young gentleman, still in kilts, but possessed of a remarkable plainness of speech and not at all inclined to lisp or use any babyish circumlocutions when he marches upon any difficulty. His mind has been the battlefield of a problem evidently of late. He has been assailed in his mind even in his nursery and he put the question to the touch the other day in prompt military fashion, determined to possess himself of an unprejudiced outside opinion, entirely uninfluenced by parental or nurse's notions. He appeared beside his mother, Gen. Sherman's daughter, in her drawing room while a visitor was present and exchanged courtesies of introduction politely with a manner most distinguished for infancy. Sherman sat regarding the visitor in silence for a few moments, then he leaned a little forward and, with the distinctness of a diplomat, enunciated his question:

"Should you be mad with me if you saw me suck my thumb?"—Boston Transcript.

Withering.

From the Plunkville Bugle: "We have it on good authority that the insect which is gradually sapping the vitals of the Clarion under the impression that he is editing it says that he is personally responsible for the remarks he has chosen to make about us. That's where his editorials differ from the groceries he owes for."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cheaper Than Jails.

It will cost over $13,000,000 to buy new sites for the schoolless children of New York. But even at this figure schools are cheaper than jails.

IS DEATH TO WHALES.

ELECTRIC HARPOONS FOR THE WHALING SHIPS.

Capt. Hershell of the Halifax Means to Capture the Leviathans by Means of the Electric Current—Ten Thousand Volts Will Do It.

THAT the field for the application of electricity is practically unlimited is again demonstrated by a seafaring man, who proposes to go out and kill whales with it, remarks the New York World. The salt had so much faith in his scheme that he engaged an electrician to build a dynamo that would generate an alternating current of 10,000 volts. That dynamo he will have rigged up in his ship, and then he will sail away to the north to capture the whale in a fin-de-siecle manner. Capt. Charles W. Hershell, of Halifax, who is owner and commander of the whaling ship Rosalie, is the man who intends to wipe out the customs and traditions of the whaling industry with a small wire and a large dynamo. So, the captain said, when he came to New York this time it was with the determination that he would consult an electrician and get the opinion of an expert on the feasibility of the scheme he had in mind. Capt. Hershell thought of interviewing Tesla, but could not find that gentleman. He did find an electrician, however, who not only thought the plan of electrocuting whales feasible, but built the dynamo and outlined a plan by which it may be done. As to the method of application, the captain explained it as follows: "I am going to place the dynamo on the whaler and not put it in operation until the whaling grounds are reached. On board I will have a big reel of heavily insulated wire. The reel will be placed in the smaller boat, in which we go out to meet the whale. We shall have several thousand feet of wire on the reel. One end will be connected with the dynamo. At the other end, which will be in the smaller boat, will be a hard rubber stick about four feet in length. The wire will run through that stick, so that it may be handled easily and safely. At the end of the stick will be attached a piece of metal 24 inches long and 1 inch in diameter. The point of that needle will be sharp, so as to penetrate the flesh of the whale easily. The hard rubber stick and the big needle will be used just as we use the harpoon today. We'll sight a whale and lower the boat. The reel will be swung into the boat and the dynamo started. The small boat will go out to the whale, the harpooner in his usual position in the bow. When near the big fish—as near as we get in the old way—the harpooner will throw the electric barb. At the time there will be a current of 10,000 volts running through the wire. When the point of the needle strikes the whale a current connection will be formed with the dynamo, and the whale will get the full shock of the high voltage and be dead in the fraction of a second."

Where Bailey Prefers Them.

Congressman Bailey, so the dispatches say, had a flush on his face when Mr. Barrett was in the chair the other day. But Mr. Bailey will doubtless admit a flush in the hand is worth a dozen on the face.—Galveston News.

Since March 1 the Spanish army in Cuba has lost 3,190 men from yellow fever. The loss from desertions also has been unusually heavy.

CATCHING SHARKS.

Some Exciting Fishing That Was Enjoyed Near Hawaii.

Lieut. Coyne and some fifteen members of company E started out on a steam launch a little after 10 a. m. Sunday for the purpose of doing what they could with a certain family of sharks reported to have been seen outside the harbor, says the Pacific Commercial Advertiser. They stocked the launch well, preparatory to an all-day's hunt.

Just outside the harbor unmistakable signs in the shape of several fins were noticed projecting above the surface of the water, and they made the soldiers' hair bristle with excitement. A hook baited with a large piece of pork and attached to a heavy line was thrown overboard. There was a bite and a pull, and before long a good-sized shark was hauled along and filled with rifle and revolver bullets. This was excitement enough, but when, after the line had been thrown over again, another shark was captured in the same manner, the men in the launch could hardly remain in their places.

The line was cast overboard once more, and soon there was a tug that caused a very burning sensation to pass over the hands of the four men who held it. The launch was pulled here and there by what seemed to be a monster twice the size of the others. This seemed to be proved when the shark stuck its fin above water. At this seven or eight bullets pierced the head of the monster, and after a hard fight, during which the launch was in imminent danger of being capsized, the prize was brought alongside and towed with the other two to the Aloha boathouse, where it was found to be 11 feet 8 inches from head to tip of tail, and 53½ inches around its largest part. The largest of the remaining two measured 9 feet 8 inches.

Upon being cut open the large shark proved to have a stomach exceptionally void, which in some degree accounted for the tug given the line. The stomach of a smaller shark was found to contain two hats, one towel and half of the top of a barrel, which one of the soldiers construed as meaning that two native women had gone out in a canoe with a keg of beer, and had been met by the shark, which had devoured one woman, the head of another and tapped the keg in a peculiar manner.

The New Version.

New York Editor—See here! don't you know executions by electricity are the law now?

New Man—Certainly.

"Then, sir, what do you mean by using this old-time, chestnutty, moldy quotation: 'Give a rogue rope enough and he will hang himself?' What do you mean, sir? We are not living in the middle ages."

"What substitute would you suggest?"

"Say, 'Let a rogue go on shocking society and he will get shocked himself.'"—New York Weekly.

Almost Overpowered.

A wild-eyed man, with his mouth out of joint, was found leaning against a lamp post on Fulton street.

"What's the matter with him?" yelled the crowd, as it ran up.

"Give him air," replied the policeman; "he's a stranger, and he tried to say Tchoupitoulas street."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Deception.

"I cannot deceive you," faltered the man accused of killing his wife and children; "I am innocent."

He sobbed aloud, while the sweet young girl with the violets passed to the next cell where was confined the confessed murderer of his great-grandmother.—Detroit Tribune.

ENGLISH PLANT NAMES.

They Recall One Rather Curious Habit of Our Ancestors.

Our ancestors had a curious habit of connecting the names of plants with those of various well-known animals, says Notes and Queries. Our present habits are so different that many moderns are wholly unable to understand this. To them such names as foxglove and harebell seem entirely senseless, and many efforts, more ingenious than well directed, have been made to evade the evidence. Yet it is easily understood. The names are simply childish and such as children would be pleased with. A child only wants a pretty name, and is glad to connect a plant with a more or less familiar animal. This explains the whole matter, and it is the reverse of scientific to deny a fact merely because we dislike or contemn it. This is not the way to understand the workings of the human mind, on which true etymology often throws much unexpected light. It will be understood that I can produce my evidence, but it is tedious from its quantity. I therefore refer readers to the glossary in the third volume of Cockayne's "Anglo-Saxon Leechdoms," where the plant names and references are given in full. Cockayne includes some names, such as crane's bill, which are not found in Anglo-Saxon or middle English but appear in early printed herbals. These I pass over and mention only such as are actually found in Anglo-Saxon or early English. The following are examples: Briddes nest, bird's nest, wild carrot; bridde-tunge, stellaria holostea; kattes-minte, cat-mint; cicena mete, chicken meat, chick-weed; cockes fot, cock's foot, columbine; cocks hedys cock's head, melilot; colts foot, colt's foot; cow-rattle; cualyppe, cu-sloppe, cowslip; cronesanke, crane's shank (polygonum persicaria); crowe-pil, crow-bill (erodium moschatum); crowsope, crow's hope, latherwort; dogfennel; efor-fearn, ever-fern; everboar, paly-pody; eofor-throtu, ever-throat, boar-throat, carline thistle; foxes clate, fox-clote, bur-dock; foxes fot, fox' foot (sparganium simplex); foxes glofa, fox' glove; fugeles leac, fowl's leek; fugeles bean, fowl's bean, vetch; fugeles wise, larkspur; gauk-pintel, cuckoo-pintle (arum maculatum); geaces sure, cuckoo-sorrel; gate-treow, goat-tree, cornel; haran hyge, hare's foot trefoil.

Vivisection.

Statistics show that crime is increasing, and a vast amount of it can be traced to the cruelty of man to animals, and in turn to his fellow man. God has given us the animals to treat kindly, and one day He will require an account of our stewardship.—Rev. H. O. Coddington.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reports, from various parts of the state, speak very highly of the beneficial effects of the Ohio anti-cigarette law, so efficiently introduced and carried.

The British, French and Russian embassies at Constantinople have each received checks for £10,000 as an indemnity for the outrages at Jiddah in May last.

Earnest attempts are being made to elect President Daniel Gilman, of Johns Hopkins university, as superintendent of the Greater New York city school system.

The annual general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church in the United States, was held in Memphis, Tenn., in the same church where the assembly was held thirty years ago.

Important steps have been taken toward a permanent union between the American Federation of Labor and the Knights of Labor, which together control about 2,000,000 organized workingmen.

WOOD-CHOPPER AND SPRINTER.

"Lola, the Chippewa girl," is the greatest woman sprinter of the age, and it is doubtful if more than one or two men are her equals.

Her history is interesting. She has been brought up and trained by Pierre Crowl, a Canadian backwoodsman, who has carried out for her benefit some long-cherished theories of his own.

"Ze mare outrun de horse, ze doe outrun ze stag, vy shall not ze laidee outrun ze man?" he used to say. "I will see it prove some day."

He is now pleasantly engaged in "seeing it prove."

From the time of her adoption by Crowl the girl was practically training. She was given regular and systematic exercise in running, wrestling and other athletic accomplishments, and by the time she was twelve years old became noted in the neighborhood for her feats of endurance. At sixteen she could outrun any man, and could distance any skater in the region famous for its skating. She could fell a giant hemlock as quickly and skillfully as any man in the country, and it is a common saying in the neighborhood that she can "lick her weight in wild cats."

She is now nineteen years old, weighs 117 pounds and is as lithe and active as a panther. She dresses in a combination of male and female attire, consisting of a man flannel shirt and coat, a short skirt reaching to the knees, knickerbockers and leather leggings reaching to the skirt.

N. W. Helm, of Burdickville, who has recently timed her over a 100-yard course, says she does the distance in 9½ seconds with utmost ease, and he is confident that on a fast track she can reduce this by at least half a second. She does the quarter, half, mile five and ten-mile distances in proportionately fast time, and as there is nothing in the Amateur Athletic Union rules to bar women it may be that the crack amateur sprinters of the world will be compelled to bow before a woman shortly before the records of another year are made up.