

THE PARTING HOUR.

It has come, the hour of parting—
Only a moment more
Shall I feel the trembling kisses
Of lips that I adore.

A GASCON ROMANCE.

All the inhabitants of Salignacq, in Gascony, well knew what a hateful rivalry there was between the two millers of the commune—Castagnet, the owner of the Upper Mill, and Labarthe, the proprietor of the Lower Mill.

Castagnet, the owner of the Upper Mill, was rich; Labarthe of the Lower Mill was poor. The Upper Mill had the prettiest maid of the mill in the canton; but the Lower Mill possessed the handsomest donkey in the district.

The miller laid down his gun. Great heavens! he thought, what an idea! To marry Hercules!

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But Castagnet, with his gun loaded, set out toward the Lower Mill.
"Papa!" implored Yanette, "don't do that! We can come to some understanding perhaps."

"How!"
"—If—this donkey came to live with us!"
"You know very well that he would not stay here."

"Oh—but—but—if," stammered Yanette, lowering her eyes, and growing as red as a ripening cherry.

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a great event happened at the Upper Mill. The bride dared to assert that there had been a blunder in the delivery of the man for a husband.

"That fellow!" exclaimed Castagnet, "a youngster like that! A beardless boy! After all," he concluded, "for my own part, provided I have a donkey!"

But it was now the turn of Labarthe, who entered in a fine rage.
"—Cade-ton! The donkey will remain at home with him. Let him get Never!"

"It was a trap, then!" shouted Castagnet, bounding up. "Miserable fellow."

Labarthe understood his son's thoughtlessness. He tried to deny it. Some neighbors had run in. There was but one way to prove his good faith: give his younger son and his donkey to his rival.

Labarthe, who he was going to leave forever, and he counted up to nine with his hoof. Now, just at the moment when he was setting out for the Upper Mill, the young sponse felt the paternal hand laying heavy on his back.

"Listen," said Labarthe, in an agitated voice.
He drew the son toward the stable.
"—My son, I am an honest man, as you know. I made great sacrifices for you.

Castagnet felt a cold sweat start on his temples. What! the good donkey, that he had ridden so much when he was general! the good donkey that had carried Yanette! the unforgettable friend that had brought their love to light!

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MOST NOBLE MARQUIS.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN VISITING HIS IRISH ESTATE.

His Persistent Yod for Soiled Linen—Saubling a Guest—Servants and Synophants. Surliness and Ill Breeding—Asleep at the Breakfast Table.

One of the most remarkable sights I ever witnessed was a most noble marquis at breakfast in a Dublin hotel. The nobleman had run over from England to attend to some suits and evictions on one of his Irish estates.

The estate in question extended over thirty miles of good farm land. A landlord here is a landlord, indeed. This particular nobleman had achieved great prominence during his stay by the singular and persistent fact that he displayed for soiled linen.

He came into the coffee room one morning with a rather an irresolute step and an eye that wavered behind his single glass. His attire was shabby and his shirt all that it was held up to be.

"Good morning, good morning," he said. "How is it? You find yourself this morning? Good? Eh? Very cold, though—good morning."

He held his hand out to be shaken, but the marquis pretended not to see it. The Frenchman then pushed the hand almost under the marquis's nose.

The marquis again put out his left snappishly, and after the dragoon had shaken hands with all the others he too sank into his chair. The nobleman is traveling here under one of his minor titles of Lord Merris.

Presently two of the liveried servants of the marquis hurried in with the breakfast. The three guests waited until the host was served and well under way before they touched their food.

He did not say a word until he had finished his chop, and then he broke into a story of the member of parliament with:
"—Ah—wear low shoes now al-to-gethew."

SEEKING CASTAWAYS.

A BRITISH VESSEL'S MISSION TO THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

The Forlorn Inhabitants Who Occupied the Solitary House and Who Refused to Leave—Provisions Left for Shipwrecked Mariners by the British Government.

One hundred and eighty miles to the south of the most southern point of New Zealand are the Auckland Islands. Look on the map and you will find them easily. They are situated in latitude 51 degs. 30 min. south of the equator, and longitude 166 degs. 15 min. east of Greenwich.

People who live inside of the home circle all their lives in the populated districts of the world, and who mingle hourly with their fellow beings, can only faintly understand the utter desolation which surrounds this remote little group of islands.

One of the stormiest regions in the world lies between the South Pacific and the Antarctic, and so many wrecks were reported to have taken place at Enderby island, which is one of the Auckland group, that in 1878 the British government sent a vessel to search for any castaways that might be found on the islands.

This harbor is formed by several islands, of which Enderby is the northern part. The excursions to the adjacent islands, Enderby and another; but first they visited the cairn, near which they had anchored; and not far off they found a house, which at that time was occupied by a man and his wife.

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