

THE BALEFUL EYE.

A Story of the Paris Commune.

A prominent store in Paris was that of Jean Guileau, baker, a widower with one child, Hortense, just 17 years of age and very beautiful.

Jean wisely took no part in the communistic orgies running riot on the streets immediately subsequent to the Franco-Prussian war; but, with plenty of provisions in his cellar, he philosophically closed the doors and windows, withdrew his sign of business and smoked his pipe contentedly in the seclusive companionship and filial love of Hortense. One so pretty and piquant as she could not be exempt from a besieging of lovers. The two most prominent of these were her father's graduating apprentices, Henri Edouin and Giuseppe—"dark Giuseppe" and "the baleful eye"—the latter was frequently appalled by his intimates, because of the treacherous glance in his hard, black orbs and a lurking smile forever fixed about his lips.

To Henri Hortense had long since given her heart.

It was quite late one night when Henri departed from the embrace of his promised bride. As Hortense retreated through the narrow doorway an unexpected form, like an apparition from the gloom, confronted her.

"Giuseppe!" she cried.

"It is I," he replied calmly.

"Oh, you frightened me! Whence came you so suddenly?"

"From close beside, girl. Ah, thou coquette! A word. I have heard all!"

"A listener—you? Shame!"

"Tell me, is it true, indeed, I need hope no more to win you?"

"You say you have heard all?"

"Yes. I am not deaf."

"And you have seen, too?"

"Yes. I am not blind."

"Much good may it do you, then, for you are answered!"

And with the sharp speech she slammed the door in his face, angry at his having spied upon what was to her a sacred interview.

For many nights after that her dreams were haunted by the baleful eyes of dark Giuseppe, and in her ears continually rang the fearful imprecation she heard him mutter, coupled with the name of Henri Edouin.

The favored lover was greatly surprised a few days later at receipt of a communication from the Versailles government. It was delivered by an entire stranger, who whispered these six ominous words:

"For your eyes only. Be discreet!"

The sealed billet contained this:

Last despatches by balloon acknowledged. Inclosed herewith an order for 500 francs, payable when France is redeemed from her enemies.

Paris. M. EDUIN.

Henri should have destroyed the mysterious scrawl instantly. Instead he stood gazing at it in sheer amazement. He had had nothing whatever to do with the Versailles, though his heart was honestly with those who struggled so nobly to save the country from the doom of a bloody anarchy.

The few moments' stupefaction proved his greatest misfortune.

There was a peremptory tap at the door.

Giuseppe entered, grinning infernally. Behind him "dressed" three ruffians of the national guard.

"Ah, M. Edouin!" he said.

"Oh, is it you, Giuseppe?" replied Henri.

Giuseppe advanced with snaky quickness, and ere Henri could anticipate snatched away the fatal paper. Flourishing it aloft, he cried:

"Away with him! See what I hold—a paper that will have him shot unless I greatly mistake!" And Giuseppe hissed maliciously into his rival's ear: "I am now a trusted spy of the commune. Your death is certain. You will never wed with Hortense Guileau!"

Unfortunate Henri was soon in prison. He fully realized his danger, and it required but little reflection to convince him of the foul trick played by crafty Giuseppe.

The days of his confinement went tediously by, while ever before him loomed the horrid prospect of a violent death. Then Giuseppe confronted his victim and accompanying him—could it be reality?—was Hortense.

"I bring you to a gleam of sunlight, M. Edouin," said the dark browed villain, with grinning sarcasm.

Henri sprang forward to embrace his betrothed, but Giuseppe interposed.

"Hold! I did not bring you here for a love scene. Give ear to me. Minutes for Henri Edouin are valuable. Judgment is to be given in your case within the hour. You know what it will be—death! I come to offer you life."

"You?"

"And pray, why not? I hold the document that is to riddle you with bullets. Say the word and I will destroy it. I will retract my charge as a stupid blunder."

"What word shall I say?"

"Henceforth you will work and fight on the side of the commune. That will save you—if I choose. Giuseppe the spy is quite an-

other person than Giuseppe the baker's apprentice. Money and influence both are mine now. Besides, our prisons are cramping with too many hostages. Exchanges are slow, and we need men. So, come, I have your sworn word?"

"Never!" burst from Henri's lips indignantly.

Throughout Hortense had remained passive. Now she threw herself on her knees, with clasped hands, before the man she so dearly loved.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried passionately. "For me—for your own precious life! Anything for life! Promise! Swear! Here on my knees I beg you, Henri!"

Her voice was broken with wild sobbing; her eyes were brimming with tears. The young man's head dropped, then raised desperately, while his eyes flashed on the treacherous spy.

"So be it, villain Giuseppe! I give my sacred promise as you ask."

The mysterious and convicting letter was instantly torn into fragments. Giuseppe had not boasted vainly. Two days later Henri Edouin was liberated and mounted in the national guard.

For a long time he found no opportunity of seeing Hortense. When at last the lovers did meet, it was to realize the greatest sorrow of their two fond hearts. As the price of saving Henri's life Hortense had solemnly agreed to wed with Giuseppe.

Ever memorable will be the 28th of May, 1871, when the following proclamation appeared:

INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

The army of France came to save you. Paris is delivered. Our soldiers carried, at 4 o'clock, the last positions occupied by the insurgents. Today the struggle is finished. Order, labor and security will now survive.

DE MACMAHON, DUC DE MAGENTA, Marshal of France, Commander-in-Chief.

Crowds and columns of prisoners were being marched to Versailles. The prisoner's camp at Satory was an anomalous picture, even shuddering to contemplate.

A man with baleful eyes and snaky lips approached one of the entrances to the stable pens. The prompt "Qui vive?" halted him.

"Pardon," was the affable, grinning response, "but I am a quartermaster. You have here, by a great mistake, a good cousin of mine who will answer to the name of Henri Edouin. Be so good as to summon him to me. I am not so great a fool as to ask his release just now, but would speak with him if I may."

Villainous Giuseppe, ever treacherous and fearing that Henri might escape to annoy him in the future and jealous to insanity that the man should live to whom Hortense was so avowedly attached, had sought the prisoners' camp with murderous intent. In his bosom he carried a pistol, and with the weapon he was resolved to slay the rival he hated.

His speech at the gate was interrupted by a savage cry.

A bronzed gendarme who was standing near threw aside his musket and, springing forward, gripped the pseudo quartermaster by the throat.

"This wretch lies!" he vociferated excitedly. "He is Giuseppe of the commune, Giuseppe the spy, who ordered 40 of my comrades shot. I alone escaped! I know him well!"

A fierce struggle ensued.

There were a flash, a bang, and the gendarme dropped dead.

But simultaneously a musket butt crashed down through the skull of Giuseppe. The baleful eyes were dimmed forever.

It would be difficult to describe the tearful pleadings of beautiful Hortense before the gentlemen of the military bureau in Rue Satory. She knew and revealed the trick which had placed Henri in Giuseppe's power. She told the story of her heart's sacrifice to save her lover's life and his unwilling yielding to the proposition of his arch enemy. It was an appeal to touch the deepest sympathy of her hearers.

Henri Edouin was forthwith set at liberty.

He and his true Hortense were shortly afterward wedded and when Paris had subsided to comparative quiet old Jean Guileau gave a merry feast to the handsome couple.

Pain in the Back

makes life miserable. Can it be cured? Yes, in one night. Polson's Nerville gives a complete knockout to pain in the back, for it penetrates through the tissues, takes out the soreness and pain, invigorates tired muscles, and makes you feel like a new man. Nerville cures quickly because it is stronger, more penetrating, more highly pain-subduing than any other remedy. Don't suffer another minute, get Nerville quick, and rub it in, for sure as you were born it will cure you. 25c.

The Question of Precedence.

The question about the precedence of the Churches in invitations to State banquets and on other State occasions still agitates ecclesiastical minds. The New Testament is defective in omitting to regulate this matter, and at the same time to make definite provisions for bishops with the proper title. As a neat and simple solution, it is proposed to be guided by the religious census, the head of the church which is most numerous in the

WOMEN WILL TALK.

Can't Blame them for Telling each other about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR WEAK NERVOUS WOMEN.

It's only natural that when a woman finds a remedy which cures her of nervousness and weakness, relieves her pains and aches, puts color in her cheek and vitality in her whole system, she should be anxious to let her suffering sisters know of it.

Mrs. Hannah Holmes, St. James Street, St. John, N.B., relates her experience with this remedy as follows:—"For some years I have been troubled with fluttering of the heart and dizziness, accompanied by a smothering feeling which prevented me from resting. My appetite was poor and I was much run down and debilitated."

"Since I started using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, the smothering feeling has gone, my heart beat is now regular, the fluttering has disappeared, and I have been wonderfully built up through the tonic effect of the pills. I now feel stronger and better than for many years, and cannot say too much in praise of the remedy which restored my long lost health."

Province taking precedence of the rest. The right solution of this, as of all similar questions, is complete separation, real and practical as well as legal, of the Church from the State. The state in this country ought to take no more cognizance of the Church than of the national societies, the Orange lodges, or the Freemasons. Let a Church give its dignitaries the title of lord or any other title which it likes, and which they desire. We shall not object any more than we object to the fancy titles which the fealties give their officers. But we cannot help objecting to any recognition of ecclesiastical rank or title by a Government which has no State Church.

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Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a pleasant and safe Liver Regulator—They stimulate digestion, and counteract the too common error of over-eating

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Never have that tired feeling if you keep your liver active, and Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a liver specific. 25 cent vial contains 100 pills.

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To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

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Just let the child breathe in the soothing vapor of Vapo-Cresolene. It goes right to the spot that's diseased. Relief is immediate, and in a very few days the cure is complete. You can't say the same of any other treatment. For asthma, catarrh, and colds it's equally good.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

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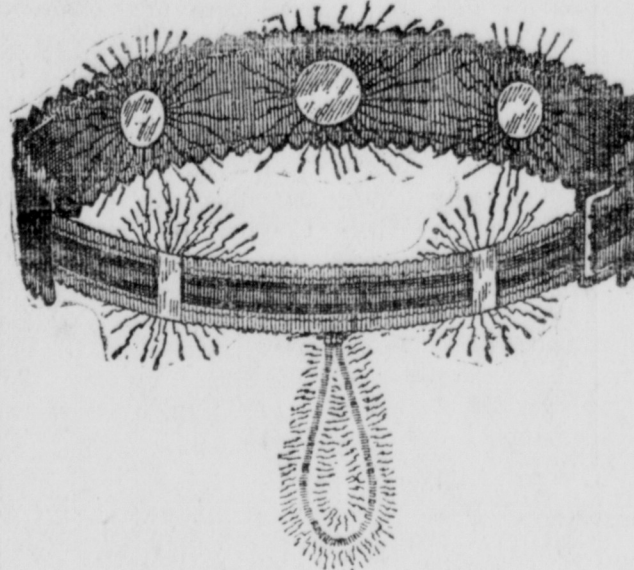
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