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"I should like to see them. Come, gentlemen!"
 All went up the broad staircase leading from the old refectory of the monks to the upper floors where the little garrison lived and fought. As Villacampa's emissary had promised, the firing recommenced, and the soldiers at the loopholes were exchanging shots with the insurgents behind their barricades. Some were cleaning their guns; the hospital patients, who had risen on the colonel's former visit, were still up. It was plain that they expected to be "done for," to use their words, and were preparing.
 "My boys," said the old leader, "this building is undermined, and if we stay in it we will be blown up in among the stars at eight o'clock to-night. Are you ready to try a sortie?"
 "Ready," repeated the soldiers in chorus, including the Polander, to whom Zolnycki translated the words aloud.
 "Many may keep the ground they measure for a grave, but those who break through will go and join General Suchet's army, to carry on war in the open air instead of dying of famine in this vile den of Teruel."
 "Let us march out!" was the single outcry.
 "But the wounded?"
 "We'll carry them among us."
 "I want no carrying," observed Carénac, joining the group of officers, "and with my sword."
 "You can be my aid-de-camp!" interrupted the old colonel. "We will issue in two columns—first, commanded by Captain Fontenay; second by Captain Zolnycki. You, sir," he went on to the engineer captain, "keep by me with the sappers still left to you. The point we make for is the main town gate-way. But what is the matter with you, Captain Fontenay? you are not listening to me."
 For some little while, Fontenay had been greatly troubled to get rid of Tournesol, who had edged up near enough to touch him and venture upon tugging at his sleeve. Repelling him, the captain said loudly:
 "Have done with it! what do you want?"
 Brushing up his courage, Tournesol replied:
 "I have something to tell the colonel and you, captain."
 "Out with it, then!"
 "But not here, captain."
 Fontenay believed that the Spaniard was right in thinking Tournesol inebriated and he was going to rebuke him roughly, but the keener-sighted colonel beckoned him to follow with the orderly to the end of the large room. He guessed that the well-known good soldier had some valuable communication to disclose and he encouraged him.
 "Colonel," he began, "I did not like to speak before the men—because—you know, they are brave enough, and would rather pull hair with these beggars than be blown up, but if they learn there is no risk of that, they might not be so hot about running out to get their heads broken."
 "And I should hesitate to lead them. But what is your drift?"
 "Colonel, I will take my oath that I have no tenderness for my skin and that I am ready to go forth anyway."
 "Not so much talk! finish, dash it all! what is in the wind?"
 "Well, colonel, that Spanish dandy was hoaxing us—"
 "Villacampa's envoy? how's that?"
 "He wanted to deceive us into a surrender to avoid a trip to the moon. It is a hoax arranged by these jokers to terrify us."
 "A hoax? but you must have seen the powder kegs since you accompanied your captain."
 "Well, yes, colonel, I saw some powder kegs—I cannot deny that—I went so far as to count them—two-and-twenty, and full size."
 "Enough to shake over the monastery, and half of the town along with it."
 "Yes, colonel, if they were full."
 "Well, half-full will do the trick."
 "Colonel, they are powder kegs, and not kegs of powder—there is not a grain of powder in them."
 "What do you know about it, man?" roughly challenged Fontenay, exasperated by his subordinate's persistency.
 "Captain, do you not remember the sunny-faced officer getting angry when I touched his old barrels?"
 "He was right," said Fontenay in an ill-temper. "Your place was behind me. Why did you not keep it?"
 "Captain," replied Tournesol without emotion, "on going into the cave, my idea was that the game was a fraud and to make sure I thought to sound the kegs. I did it, too. I tapped with the end of my scabbard—not only one, but every one, and all sounded hollow."
 "You cheated yourself!"
 "That's not possible, captain, for I understand barrels—my father made them. As a farther proof of there being nothing in them, I leaned with my hand upon one beside which I stood, and moved it easily; I could have overturned it if I had pressed a little more heavily, but I was not such a fool! the Spaniard would have seen that I saw through the trick, and we should not have got out of the tunnel alive!"
 "Nonsense!" said Fontenay, unfairly vexed at being in the wrong, and not in-

clined to acknowledge his deception through appearances. "If we were to rely on your report, we should stay here and be blown up."
 "I swear, captain, that I do not cleave to the place. I would rather sally forth if I am slain three steps beyond the door. I have said what I was bound to say. Now I wait for the colonel's orders and yours."
 This was the first time that Tournesol had ventured to be out of his captain's way of thinking, which furnished food for Fontenay's reflection, knowing the Gascon's sagacity and fidelity.
 The colonel could alone cut the knot, and he was very perplexed. He was inclined to believe that Tournesol was right, in which case the sortie would be a crazy act of desperation. It might be risked to try escape from certain death, but if the Spaniards were short of powder—and they did not threaten to use the field guns they boasted of having captured—it was a hundred times better quietly to await the effect of the unrealizable threat.
 The fortified and strongly guarded monastery was impregnable. Although the food would only last six weeks and not four months, as the colonel had bragged to Villacampa's envoy, the state of things would be modified in the former period. News would come from Suchet's army. If destroyed, there would still be time to capitulate; if, on the other hand, it returned victorious, the Teruel garrison would certainly be relieved.
 Consequently, they should play all for all.
 "My dear captain," said the colonel, after his pondering, "I have full confidence in you and do not doubt the conclusions of your verbal report. You told me what you saw and I place great reliance on your views; but nobody is infallible, and I am forced to be extraordinarily well informed. The sortie has as many chances of being successful in an hour or two as now, and I want to examine the Spaniard's position and the obstacles to be overcome before essaying it. From the bell-tower on the roof we can get a bird's-eye view. Come up there with me while my other officers superintend the final preparations, for I have not yet given up your suggestion. It is the lion's counsel but perhaps the sole remaining chance of safety. Get back among your comrades, my lad, and do not say a word about what you have heard."
 This last sentence was addressed to Tournesol who hastened to obey it, and the colonel, after speaking a few words of encouragement to the other two captains on the way by them, entered with Fontenay a spiral staircase leading up to the bell. This was in the middle of the roof, a most perilous post, as it was the target for the Spanish sharpshooters, ambushed in the street and houses. None could show himself there without hearing the bullets sing around him, and more than one look-out man had been hit since the insurgents had become masters of the town, for they aimed accurately.
 "This is odd," remarked the colonel, on entering the kind of cupola; "they have ceased firing, or at least only our fellows are blazing away out of the windows. On whom for I cannot see any one behind the breast-works."
 "They seem to be abandoned," muttered the younger officer, as much astonished as his colonel.
 [TO BE CONTINUED.]
 Some men always prefer hard work to a light job. They would rather hold 150-pound girl than a 15-pound baby.—Binghamton Republican.
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 An interesting and amusing instance of the efficacy of the London-Paris telephone occurred the other day. The Salvation Army was marching from the Royal Exchange playing "La Marseillaise," when an idea struck the members present in the telephone room. The windows and doors were thrown open, and the attendant at the Paris end was asked if he could hear anything. The response (in French) was immediate, "Yes, I can hear a band playing the 'Marseillaise.'" That a band of music playing in London could be plainly distinguished in Paris is, the Electrical Enquirer thinks, a sufficiently striking marvel of the nineteenth century science.
 The man who introduced the first cancelling machine in the New York general postoffice is employed there now, but he has lived to see his machine surpassed. His invention would cancel 4000 in an hour, or less than an average number for a skilled man working by hand. Three or four machines, each a little faster than its predecessor, were introduced in turn and discarded. One was invented that far exceeded the speed of the swiftest hand worker, and it was used until the discovery was made that it sometimes cut through envelopes and damaged their contents. Then the present machine, which cancels 48,000 stamps an hour, was introduced.

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NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT !
 Robert Gallant, of Buctouche, in the County of Kent, hotel-keeper and trader, has assigned all his estate and effects to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed lies at the office of H. H. James, barrister, Buctouche, for inspection and must be executed within sixty days from the date hereof by all parties wishing to participate in the said trust deed.
 Dated this 8th day of April, A. D. 1892.
WM. H. IRVING, TRUSTEE,
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