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it will depend upon yourself alone about winning another grade in Spain. This is the advice I give you, my dear fellow-countryman, and I read in Marguerite's eyes that she will approve your following it."

"I will start in a week," said Paul, electrified by a glance from the young lady.

"Nay, nay, that would be too soon. You must first find your restoration. But I see that I have clearly appreciated you, and I am proud of you. I armed you as a knight at la Malmaison, and you have handsomely won your spurs. Now, when you have the right to repose, you still prefer glory! Marguerite's father died on the field of honor. She can only marry a brave man. I shall be happy to unite you."

The girl was silent, but her eyes spoke, and Fontenay read in them that she agreed with her protectress.

"Allow me to add," proceeded the latter, after a pause, "that you may write to each other while awaiting the wedding-day. Marguerite will give me news of you, as she will not leave me. She will accompany me to the watering-place, if I go there, and return with me to Saint Cloud, where I pass the summer, until the Emperor returns."

"M. de Prégny is one of my faithful servants. I shall often see him and we will speak about you, as we have always done since your departure. Through him I knew of your adventures in that dreadful Spanish land, and your efforts to recover Marguerite's property. You did not succeed, and I hope, like her, that you will not again risk your life to wrest that from the villain who despoiled her. That would be paying too dear for it, and Marguerite may dispense with it for I undertake to endower her. But I am in the belief that M. de Prégny has not told me all the story."

"All I know, your majesty," replied the auditor. "In December, I spent a morning with Paul at Chamartin and one hour here on the day of his arrival in Paris. There was no time to relate the entire story of the dangers he escaped."

"Atrocious warfare, is it not?" inquired Josephine.

"Yes, indeed, your majesty! and yet," added Fontenay, to lead up to a question he had strong desire to put to his betrothed, "I have witnessed some touching scenes. There was one above all, when we entered Saragossa, just after the capitulation. The priests were insufficient to pray for the dead placed in open biers around the Virgen del Pilar Cathedral. Kneeling women were lamenting. This was not war, and I was profoundly affected. I forgot that the dead that they wept over had fallen fighting against us in defense of their country—I only thought of the grief of these mothers, widows and orphans, and I wished to relieve them—"

"You have a noble heart!" exclaimed the Empress with tears in her eyes. "Marguerite also has wept for a father slain on the field of battle," she observed, "and I am sure that at Saragossa you thought of her."

"Everywhere! but the sight under my eyes there," went on Paul, looking at the girl, "perturbed me more from one of the mourners resembling her in every feature. I could have mistaken her for Mile de Gavre, although she was a little older, and I would like to know if there is any link of parentage between them."

"I have no relatives now in Spain," replied Marguerite.

"You are forgetting that one remains, my dear Marguerite," said Josephine; "this cousin-german of your mother, who seized upon your ready money—this Blas de Montalvan, your enemy and ours."

"I have been told so, I have never seen him."

"None of us have seen him, save your betrothed, Captain Fontenay, whom the scoundrel has twice attempted to murder. But, after his first attempt in Malmaison Park, I have seen information collected for the Duke d'Otranto about this odious character, and I clearly remember it all. He is a count, and performed high functions in the court of King Carlos IV.; he married a lady as noble as himself; she died, leaving a daughter who married an officer—a colonel, I believe, who served in Spain in the Walloon Guards! he was fifteen years older than his wife."

"The dead man whom I saw in his coffin at Saragossa, wore a foreign uniform," remarked Fontenay.

"That widow may be your cousin, my dear Marguerite," concluded the Empress; "but what does it matter? You are half French through your father and you will become wholly so by your marriage. I hope that Paul will never again find this Count de Montalvan on his path. I confess that his daughter does not interest me; I can only pity her and wish her father should bring her no evil fortune."

The noble lady could not speak more nobly, and Fontenay regretted having mentioned this episode of his sojourn in Spain, for he perceived that he had chagrined Marguerite, far from flattered by this resemblance with the daughter of an enemy of France and the Emperor.

"Farewell, my dear Paul," resumed Josephine, "or, rather, may we soon meet again! I endeavor to encourage you upon your future; my own is sombre. God grant that it may brighten! Pray for me; Marguerite and I will pray for you!"

The good Empress stopped for her voice failing her. She held out her hand to the young captain who respectfully kissed it, and to conceal her tears, she departed, leaning on the arm of her reader, who did not try to conceal her own.

An Empress must not be escorted to the door as one would a lady not of title, and

one must not offer her a chair when she enters. Josephine had remained standing and the American had not committed the fault indicated. He did not commit that of accompanying her down the narrow stairway up which she had condescended to mount to see him. The intelligent Tournesol guarded the door in the street.

From having lived a great deal in the palace, George de Prégny was versed in etiquette, and he had not made an improper step. He did not seem at ease over the consequences of this excursion beyond the palace.

"I hope she will not have to repent having come here," he muttered. "She will have been spied upon and her enemies may use this visit to calumniate her. I was forewarned, and I tried to turn her aside from it, but she is so kind that she was fixed upon showing you this token of interest."

"Happily," exclaimed Paul, "I should have died of pining and disquietude, and she resuscitated me. Oh, now I can go away easy in assurance of my wedding Marguerite! I have won two steps in Spain, and mean to gain the cross this time! 'Return a captain and decorated,' the Empress said to me at la Malmaison, as you may remember; the project shall be fulfilled, and there will be no need of my reminding her of the promise."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Cure for Chapped Hands.**  
DEAR SIRS,—I think it is a privilege to recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, etc. I recommend it to all.  
Mrs. GEO. WARD, Josephine, Ont.

**A Fable About the Pansy.**  
A pretty fable about the pansy is current among children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the father, with two chairs. To find the father, one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised, and his feet in a bathtub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

**Swift's Eight-Tailed Comet.**  
Would you get out of your snug beds at three o'clock in the morning to see a comet with eight tails?  
Would you if you knew you would not only see a comet with eight tails but with the queerest kind of an extra tail which seems tied fast to the end of the eight by a hard knot and goes shooting off into space at a sharp angle, as if it wished to have as little as possible to do with its fellow tails?  
Would you if you were told that this freak of a comet had never before been visible to the eyes of man and will never be seen by them again for all ages to come?  
Then get up to-morrow morning, but do not expect too much. The eight tails and the little side show tail are not visible to the naked eye, nor is the comet such a big fellow as you might imagine. Still with a pair of good opera glasses you will have no difficulty in distinguishing several of the tails and your imagination can surely do the rest. Stand on some high place where you can get a clean sweep to eastward and look in that direction until you locate the constellation Pegasus, which you will readily recognize by its four bright stars the highest above the horizon shines near Swift's comet.  
Astronomers are deeply perplexed by the presence of the little secondary tail, the like of which has never been seen or heard of before, which shows that the novelties in comets are not yet exhausted, although the world has already seen many of them.—N. Y. Herald.

**A Voice From Scotland.**  
DEAR SIRS,—I highly recommend Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cured my daughter of a cough she had been bothered with since childhood. She is now twelve years old.  
Mrs. M. FAIRCHILD, Scotland, Ont.

**Only Man Ever Killed by a Meteor.**  
To the writer's certain knowledge there is but one case on record where a human being has been killed by an aerolite or fall of meteoric stone. The fatality mentioned occurred in Whetstone township, Crawford county, O., in 1875, and is recorded in the Bucyrus Journal as follows:  
"As David Misenthaler, the famous stockman of Whetstone township, was driving his cows to the barn about daylight this morning, he was struck by an aerolite and instantly killed. \* \* \* It appears as if the stone had come down from a direction a little west of south, striking the man just under or on the right shoulder, passing obliquely through him from the right shoulder to just above the left hip, burying the greater portion of his body under itself in the soft earth. The stone is about the size of a wooden water bucket, and appears to be composed of pyrites of iron."—Philadelphia Press.

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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.  
H. H. JAMES, SOLICITOR.

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