CHRISTMAS. PELAGIE'S

BY ROBERTA BELL.

Waters," in the year 17—, was the little unnoticed out of the room. French village destined to become one day the great city of St. Louis.

The place at that time consisted of a single street running along the bank, well up from the river. Back of this street was price of many oxen. the village common, while here and there, at increasing distances apart, were log cabins, marking the road which led first to the fort and later to the settlement of friendly Indians, several miles away.

The houses along the street fronting the river had mostly a well-kept, thrifty look,

while a few were even pretentious.

One of these excelled all the others in its neatness and air of consequence. It was built of upright poles, the spaces be-timen filled with a mixture of mud or plascoats of whitewash.

In the open door of this cottage, one fine day in the latter part of December, stood a young girl of perhaps sixteen years of age. Her figure slight, yet full of curves, was snugly encased in the dark tightly- are gone home, too. Ten months is a fitting "josey," then worn. Her short long time to be away from friends, and skirt of bright-hued homespun revealed a wives and sweethearts." He gave a long neatly-fitting stocking on the trimmest of little ankles. From her little toes, albeit trowned a little. shod with somewhat clumsy shoes, up to her brilliant brown eyes, she was a model of girlish beauty.

At this moment her white forehead was puckered up, and her face very serious, but when she smiles—ah! you shall see | ly elbowed the boys aside. such a burst of sunshine. All the boys know the dazzling effect of Pelagie's smile, but perhaps Jean Vallot knows it best of

The hand which shaded her eyes as she gazed long and eagerly up and down the river was white and firm, unspoiled as yet by housework.

She has evidently looked in vain, for a little frown of disappointment clouded her artist; he can draw a picture like life itself. face as she dropped her arm and vanished

within the doorway. The room she entered was filled with a merry group of young girls, busy as bees and noisy as humming-birds. A few young room; and perhaps he will get the bean men lounged about the low-ceilinged apart- out of thy Twelith-night cake and be thy ment, some aiding, some hindering their mari." He pinched Fanchette's cheek fair companions. A jolly-looking, fat playfully, which tittle liberty caused her to color painfully and draw back. The homethe kitchen, superintending all, and adding | coming of so many village lads and the arher own work to the preparation for the rival of the stranger filled these simple vilcoming testival. Christmas was only a lage girls with excitement. They made be at Monsieur Guion's house, and while every household made its own special provision for the day, all combined to assist at the fete at the beloved Commandant's.

A storm of lively query and comment greeted Pelagie's return to the house. "My faith, and didst thou see him, Pelagie?" "Thou has looked long enough!" "Ciel! no. I would stand a week at the door to await him were he my sweetheart,"

said another. "Not a glimpse of him, Fanchette. fear he has found a Northern bride, and I shall have to look elsewhere for a partner

at the Twelfth-night dance." "No fear of that," cried a half-dozen

"I hope he has, and will bring her home, that I may dance with her," said a sturdy youth who was weaving Fanchette's apronstrings in and out of the back of her chair. A chorus of approving chuckles from the boys and disapproving greans from the

young girls greeted this remark. "Thou shouldst never dance with her were she my bride," growled a tall, blueeyed tellow of nineteen or so, who was swathed in one of Mere Guion's ample some sweet-scented, fruity substance in a large wooden bowl. A chorus of laughter went up at this-Jean Vallot's warlike scowl and his peaceful occupation were

ludicrously at variance. "Thou art indeed a jealous monster! but not so bad as that!" "And how wouldst thou prevent me?" said the first youngster, tauntingly. as he tied the final knot in Fanchette's apron-

"I would shoot him or knife him who dared to lay a finger on her." Jean touch-

ed his weapon as he spoke, and nodded his head several times. One and all burst into a real of laughter.

With a face like a thunder-cloud the boy stooped to pick up an apple that had rolled from Pelagie's lap on the floor. She also stooped, their heads came together with a soft concussion, their hands touched in reaching for the truit. Their eyes met, and for a moment her face was crimsoned, a spile dimpled her cheek and her eyes danced, and lo! as by magic, the angry look melted out of his face and an air of contentment took its place-and while this happened good Mere Guion shock her head at the others with a reproachful glance, as if she would say: Why torment this poor Jean, when every one knows his

weakness? The hum of voices, the cracking of nuts, the rattle of chopping knives, and the occasional twitter of a caged bird in the room, drowned any sound which might have been

made by a door opening. At this moment a tall shadow fell athwart the white floor. A bronzed figure tollowed on tiptoe, and with a finger warningly laid upon his lips stood in the centre of the room. Only Pelagie, whose back was to the door, and Jean, who was looking at her, failed to perceive the apparition.

Fanchette started up with a tremulous face, but being tied sat suddenly down

Pelagie had just peeled an apple with dainty care, ring after ring of bright red apple-skin curled around her white fingers. shall be an ogre, and eat thee up." She smiled at Jean Vallot, who was turning red and white with jealous fear as to the outcome, and threw it over her shoulder. As she turned to see what shape the curving peel might have taken, a pair of strong, firm hands were placed gently upon her

"It is a V, a V, I tell thee that, Pelagie!" chirped one of her chums in bird-like French. "No, but no!" cried Fanchette, stretching her head and neck to look, "it's a C-vraiment a C-nothing else."

"But guess first who is this? said the owner of the strong hands. "Paul-Paul St. Vrain," she answered, as she struggled to pull them away.

Amid the buzz of greeting which now

On the right bank of the "Father of ensued, Jean Vallot slipped quietly and all

The newcomer was a well-built young fellow of twenty-six, attired in a picturesque and handsome hunting costume, his beaded leggings alone being worth the

In reply to the questions and congratulations which poured upon him from all sides, St. Vrain told of the unusually prosperous voyage he had made. "Oui-yes, friends, instead of the one bateau and five canoes which I took away, I have brought back two bateaux and nine canoes-and the store of fine skins is great. We have had wonderful luck, though we have passed through great dangers. See, a bullet from an Indian's gun took off this little piece of my ear, and as he was about to shoot again ter, and the whole brilliant with successive one of my friends took him off—with another bullet just a little better aimed. A dead Indian and my life saved!

"Where is Edmond Gamache, he? Oh, gone to 'Vide Poche.' He fears his old mother might be dead, and the other boys

"By my faith, girls, I have brought back a famous sweetheart for one of you—if so be one is lucky enough to catch him."

He was immediately surrounded by the bright-eyed maidens, who unceremonious-

Fanchette, who had only now been released by Mere Guion from her bondage, was in the very front. Paul was besieged with questions. "But, yes—one at a time," he remonstrated. "He is English, from New York and from London. Tall? Oh, yes! A good shot, a fine oar. Yes, it was his shot that saved me from that unseen Indian. Brave-oh! and he is an

"His name, didst thou say, Fanchette? His name is Chester Hardie-and thou shalt see him to-night at the dance and shall admit he is the finest fellow in the week off, and the "grand banquet" was to their adieux to the family of the good Commandant, and hied to their respective homes to tell the news-to hear some and perhaps to meet others of the returned traest apparel for the dance which, at one ter had a different thought about the house or another, wound up the toils of nearly every day. In honor of the new arrivals, the dance

would be this night at Veuve St. Vrain's. The young fellows, of course, gathered their hats and accompanied the girls. Paul only remained with Pelagie. He had formerly been so devoted to her as to be considered her suitor, though no definite word had passed between them. His successful voyage had made him feel well able to marry, and it was in his mind to get from her at once a definite promise, and perhaps a definite date for the wedding.

ture of teelings is in the heart of a girl teet was heard until a late hour. of sixteen, what a jumble of thoughts in her mind! In Paul's long absence her village belle and beauty-yet for Paul inkitchen-aprons, and engaged in chopping dividually she cared little, and a wedded life with him looked terribly common-place now that he was here. It would seem so with any one, she fancied. Besides he seemed so assured and so persistent. She might perhaps marry him finally, if he would not tease her so, but some imp of contrariness made her loath to admit even that much.

"How do I know," she said with roguish demureness, "how do I know," I may not meet some one I like better?" "Oh, I will love thee so well I will not

let thee, Pelagie"-kissing her hand-"I know thou wilt marry me, but I want to sissippi. hear thee say so." She shook her head obstinately. "Wilt thou say yes to-morrow? No? Next day?" She still shook his friends and neighbors. And with this her little head with a vehemence that threatened to bring down all those black braids wound so neatly about it. "Then, Christmas day?" Her face was averted, energetically, and now Paul, who had been am doing duty elsewhere. trying to look into her eyes, seized it firmly, and gently held it between his hands. Now, thou canst not shake thy head, and if thou sayest No, I will kiss thy lips until thy breath is all-all gone.'

At this dreadful threat, the eyes sparkled instant, thinking he would inflict the penalty anyhow, but he evidently thought better of it, for he released her with a sigh, saying: "Then it is Yes, on Christmas day, and ma foi-I think I'll marry thee the host. To-night thou shall see him, and

thou must like him for my sake." Pelagie, stroking her braids and settling a

vagrant hair-pin. "And thou shalt see the fine picture he has made of me, and I will ask him to make one of thee, also. What! not one little kiss?" he grumbled, as Pelagie nimbly eluded him. "Well, I can wait until knite. Christmas, but then. oh, I warn thee, I

feeling of disappointment, that he had not taken that kiss, which she had yet no mind to accord him.

ents, reached Veuve St. Vrain's house, the happy young couple passed on, walking on est girl, Chester, and thou Pelagie the guests, young and old, were already as- air, blissful, unharmed, and Jean Vallot bravest boy; thou art worthy of each other, guests, young and old, were already assembled, and many couples were gaily
footing it over the bare white floor, to the
jocund sound of Pere Choiseul's fiddle.

Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night a burst of har
Then arose on the night and the old around the Only when the last breathless couple gave it up did the old man stop and look about mur of prayers, and anon the priest re-told but poorly veiled his hurt. Yet, what do "Ay, it's me," replied Jamie, in a tone of but poorly veiled his hurt. nim as one who had won a secret victory.

All the returned voyageuers crowded about the Guion family, and many were the combearts thrilled with holy fervor. In a displiments paid the old Commandant on the tant, shadowy pew, two hands had somehow first kiss, ere Paul had reached the outer whether or no."

beauty of his daughter Among the last to come up was Paul, who proudly presented his friend. The strangsr was deeply interested in Pelagie, His grey eyes. heavily fringed with black lashes, regarded her earnestly, while his well-cut lips framed pretty courtesies, which might have been addressed to a princess, He had already noted her and decided that he had never seen such dainty loveliness before. He took her hand for the next dance, at Paul's suggestion, and after some rounds he sat with her in a quiet corner. The quiet corner was made by their absorbed interest in each other and by the backs of a noisy jolly set of bourgeois, who were looking at the dancing.

Pelagie had a very queer sensation when

she first met Monsieur Hardie. Her heart had made a great bound, and it had not been beating regular since. When Chester surrendered her to Paul she drew him oneasy task enough—to talk of his friend; and while the good fellow enlarged upon Chester's courage, his kindness, his honor, Pelagie listened with parted lips and beaming eyes. Then again he told the story of how nearly he had been shot by an Indian lurking in a tree, and how it was Chester's sure bullet toat had gone to the Indian's heart at the right moment to save his friend's life, Then Pelagie laughed and clapped her hands, and the old dames nudged each other and whispered, "How glad is that petite Pelagie that her sweetheart has returned." And all were glad with her, for Paul was a universal favorite. All save one. Jean Vallot stood about in corners and doorways, keeping Paul and Pelagie under observance. When Paul was chatting with Fanchette or one of the other girls, then Jean seemed relieved, but if he were with Pelagie, then Jean glared terociously, and nervously fingered the revolver that was thrust in his belt. All this, too, the older people noted and laughed at, until their tears ran.

Every day the young people of the village met in their walks, or at their work, and every evening they assembled at one house to dance and chat. It was a sort of holiday season with these simple folks, and the only work they had on hand was getting ready for Christmas. At such times friendships are easily tormed, and intimacies ripen quickly. All of the villagers grew fond of Chester Hardie, and adopted him as one of themselves. Paul had assumed that he was to receive a tavorable answer from Pelagie on Christmas Day, which was fast approaching; until then he would say nothing more to her of his hopes. Much of the time when he was supposed by the neighborhood to be pushing a successful courtship, he was really listening to the reminiscences of Pere Guion and his wife, while Chester Hardie talked softly to Pelagie as he transferred her exquisite features picture was the delight and wonder tof all who saw it, and was supposed vellers, ere attiring themselves in their gay- to be intended for Paul, though Chesmatter. In the abundance of Paul's gratitude to Hardie and love for him he had procured a costume similar to his own, and this he begged him to wear at once when

he gave it to him on Christmas eve. To this Chester readily consented, and the two laughed heartily at the odd resemblance between them, that was brought out by the similarity of dress. On Christmas eve of course everyone would go to midnight mass—and while all looked forward to it as a great event, they had no intention to forego their usual dance. So fiddles squeaked—there were three this But Pelagie was very coy-what a mix- time-and the steady scuffle and patter of

Presents were exchanged, and good things to eat and drink were passed youthful fancy for him had somewhat faded. around. Outside, lovers, arm in arm, Other admirers had not been lacking. paced up and down in the moonlight. She enjoyed the possession of the village Jean Vallot was nowhere to be seen, but hero as she enjoyed her own position of alas, poor tellow, no one missed him. this confusion Paul entered, very pale and Some stranger had come in hot and dusty, and alter a few words to Paul St. Vrain, had mounted his panting and sweating horse and rode away. With the breaking up of the party, Paul spoke a little while with Chester and disappeared into the darkness on that side of the house that looked toward his own home.

The message brought him had been that there was a rumor that the Keokuks, an untriendly tribe of Indians not many miles distant, were on the warpath, that they infew of the villages up and down the Mis-

object he saddled his horse and set out for heart. the Osage station. To Chester he had briefly hinted of dan-

but her head still moved from side to side Pelagie. "Listen to the mass for me. I

The weather was delicious, soft and spring-like.

Groups of negroes, laughing and chatting, strolled along the moonlit streets. Other groups of silent Indians stood or squatted about waiting for the bell and for and the dimples came out in force, but no | the burst of music which would announce word was spoken. Paul gazed at her an the priest's arrival. Picturesquely-dressed youths and maidens lingered along until the moment should arrive for them to Paul, and he has gotten a little of mine by enter the church.

Pacing slowly along, talking in low, earnest tones, came Pelagie, her hand next minute. Now, Petite, I must go; resting lightly on the fancitul sleeve of her turn?" Chester Hardie will think me but a poor escort's hunting-shirt. Their talk was mostly of common-places, but the air and manner of both conveyed a more interest- he took the hand of Pelagie within his own. "I know I shall not like him," murmured | ing and significant story than did their

> As these two passed a dark spot. flung upon the path by a group of huge trees, a slouching figure detached itself from the himself. gloom, tollowed them a step, while a nervous hand grasped a treshly sharpened The girl hung her head, but she nodded.

lips, "a curse upon Paul St. Vrain and his paratory to setting out after Jean Valiot's As Pelagie watched his figure disappearing in the distance, she felt a little strange wet," thrusting the knife again into his belt. "I will let him go to mass first and-apres | and it was bitter to Paul to see the loveciel. Yes." he smiled cruelly, "he shall light in them Tears rushed to his own. go straight to heaven, and I will go to hell, When Pelagie, accompanied by her par- only I will have Pelagie first." So the a hand of each. "Thou hast won the sweet-



found each other and forgot to separate. room. And while the sweetness of that Out in the deep darkness at the river kiss yet lingered on their lips, the bells brooded silent, unhappy Jean; out in the rang out the joyful Christmas morning. dappled darkness of the forest rode Paul, merrily humming the last waltz-he had danced it with Fanchette, somehow, and brought them, to besiege their parents with not with Pelagie, "more's the pity."

danger threatened the village. "It would all come right som how."

Amid the merry clangor of Christmas bells, the church poured out its throng, and the now really wearied people sought their homes. A slouching shadow had disregard of any unusual event. The dance forest, where elfin kings court princesses pursued Chester Hardie and Pelagie to the | was at Fanchette's house instead of being | in fishy guise, or water babies sit and pout Guion's gate, and as the two lingered for a at the Commandant's, and Fanchette was last word, a knife, sharp and glittering, the belle of the evening and monopolized clove the air, and-but love is quicker than Paul St. Vrain. Chester and Pelagie were dwell? hate-Pelagie's arm interposed, and the missed, but not much, and at nine o'clock cruel knite did not quite reach Chester's the dancers took a recess and trooped over heart, but tore Pelagie's arm instead, and to see Pelagie and Chester married. Atter then buried itselt in Hardie's side. As drinking to the bride's health they trooped and coloring to his sketch book. This Pelagie's piercing scream rang out, Chester back and danced more gaily than ever. put out an arm to shield her, and grasping | And not a few, Fanchette among the numeach other they tell unconscious to the ber, pronounced it the very jolliest Christground.

Jean turned upon his heel and vanished into the nearest shadow. The girl's cry had not only brought out her tather and mother, but also arrested a host of friends, who with much gesticulation and many "Mon Dieus" carried the pair into the

Pelagie soon recovered consciousness, and applied herself teverishly to tend and care for Chester, who still lay pale and Many were the expressions of wonder

that one so beloved as Chester should have been the subject of such an attack, and many were the questions asked-where, above all, was Paul St. Vrain? He was suddenly missed and no one could say where he had gone, Trembling neighbors came in to know if it was true that Paul St. Vrain had been shot by Hardie; while as many more had heard that Paul had himself killed his friend. In the midst of almost breathless. A glass of Mere Guion's good home-made wine was given him, while he listened to the story told by a dozen excited people.

He set his glass upon the dresser, and after a slight pause said-"Jean Vallot." A babel of voices arose. Why had no one thought of it before! "Find Jean at once!" "Send for him,"—He will have fled!"
Paul now told his story—how he had

gone to see if there was danger from the Keokuks; how the Osages had denied that tended swooping down upon the peaceable there was anything in the report; -how, Osages; then coming on, would wipe out a speeding along the road, he had met Jean Vallot, and, reining in his horse, had called out to him a friendly greeting.
"He turned," said Paul," "like a corpse

he was pale enough already, and, without a word, he plunged his knife into his own

"I almost fell off my horse with horror but there he lies, in the road stone-dead ger, and to him had he confi led the care of I galloped in for assistance as fast as I could. Why—why, on earth, did he do this thing?" Chester Hardie took up Pelagie's hand and pressed it to his lips.
"Holy Mother of God!" exclaimed Veuve St. Vrain, "he thought he had slain thee

and it was thy spirit that had arisen to ac-"Yes, that hunting-suit-that new suit of M. Hardie-he took him for thee.' "Just so," said Chester faintly; "the

tellow has long thirsted for your blood, "And so thou has saved my life once

more! What can I ever do for thee in re-Chester fixed his bright burning eyes upon his friend for an instant, then again

The look and action were full of significance to Paul. In his present exalted state he comprehended everything. His face fell, then with a heroic effort he mastered

"Is it really so? Chester, Pelagie?" A clink of glasses came from the adjoining "Non," the figure muttered, with pale room, where the villagers had stopped pre-

"Be it so," he cried bravely. He took

Chubby French children crawled out of

bed to see what the jolly old saint had the christmas greeting, and to clap delight-Paul could not be downcast, even though | ed hands at the falling snow. Merry Christmas for the children. Merry, merry Christmas for the lovers who may be married today! but sad, sad Christmas in the home of | Sea. As the boat is launched to take us Jean Vallot. The usual gaieties of the season went on, however, with philosophic mas yet.

A JOKE WITH RUSKIN.

It Destroys His Love for the Hardrow

So dearly does Ruskin love Nature, and so great is his score of "improvements" on her, that he has always waxed wrathful whenever the railway has penetrated a rural district of England, and has sometimes written a letter to the newspapers in most picturesque language when a quiet district has been profaned in this way

Those who have read his bursts of eloquent rage over the spoiling of Nature by civilization will appreciate the sly humour of an innocent joke which was played on

him by a friend. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn once took posting excursion with him, during which they visited Hardrow Waterfall. After examining it, Mr. Severn was left alone there proached and asked if it were Professor uskin, who had just left him.

very tond of the fall, and is much puzzled to know why the edge of the cliff is not flattered to be associated with so distinworn away by the water, as he expected to find it after so many years."

feet of masonry up there to protect the rock. I'm a native of this place, and know all about it." "I wish," said Mr. Severn, absently, but on mischief intent, as he went on drawing,

"that Mr. Ruskin knew that: he would be so interested." The stranger hurried away. When the sketcher went in to tea he felt that some-

thing was wrong. "You're in for it!" said his wife. "Let us look at the sketch first," said Mr. Ruskin: and luckily it was a very good

By-and-by it came out. The Yorkshireman had caught the professor, and eagerly described the horrible outrage perpetrated on the tall. He had received some very emphatic language in return, whereupon he took off his hat and bowed low.

"But sir," he faltered, "the gentleman up there said I was to tell you, and you would be so interested!"

The professor, suddenly mollified, took off his own hat in turn, and apologized for his reception of the unwelcome news. "But," he added, "I shall never care for Hardrow Waterfall again.

Any Token Appreciated. He was indistinctly conscious that the chrysanthemum on the coat matched her glorious tresses.

Yes, she would be his. He was not "Alfred," she whispered, timidly, as he rose to go; "wont you leave me a token upon which I may look and remember our

With lowered glance she waited. "Dearest," he rejoined, bending his head until his lips touched her brow; "on the morrow I will place upon thy finger a ring.

She smiled in sweet resignation. "Very well," she said bravely; "I subpose a string will answer until then.',

Some years ago there lived in Perth. Scotland, a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One OCEAN WONDERS.

What May Be Seen Down Among [the

In no quarter of the world are the partlyburied ocean wonders more lavishly displayed in all their endless variety than off the north-eastern coast of Terra Australia. within the Great Barrier reef in the Coral ashore (says a traveller) the wonders commence at once. It is surely some fairy on some coral boulder. Or is it a submarine flower garden where the mermaids

Deep down in clear, bright water wondrous shades and colors are seen, at first indistinctly, like a tinted photograph out of focus; then, as the water gets shallower, more and still more distinctly flash the jewel fires, and the picture is complete. Large flat bowls of milk-white coral first attract the eye. Then others, with branching antlers like a fallen deer, only the fairy herd there are lying buried in a huge, confused mass. Some of them are covered with 10,000 sharp pinnacle of a light purply color, each pinnacles having a bright blue eye (or what looks like an eye) at the extremity. There light and feathery branches of fern like coral are blushing a soft pink or pale nasturtium yellow. Here large solid masses of brain coral, round and white, the surface encrusted or engraved with the most delicate lace tracings; and others green and shaped like a coarse moss.

Salvini and Edwin Booth.

From California we returned to New York where I had an offer to play for three weeks with the famous artist, Edwin Booth, to give three performances of "Othello" a week, with Booth as Iago and to sketch, while the others went away to me as Othello. The cities selected were Hawes to order tea. When they were gone New York, Philadelphia and Boston. As a man who had been standing near ap- the managers had to hire the theatres by the week, they proposed that we should give "Hamlet" as a fourth performance, "Yes," sa d Mr. Severn, "it was. He is with Booth as Hamlet and me as the Ghost.

I accepted with the greatest pleasure, guished and sympathetic an artist. I cannot find epithets to characterize those "Oh," said the other, "there are twelve twelve performances! The word "extraordinary" is not enough, nor is "splendid." I will call them "unique," for I do not believe that any similar combination has ever aroused such interest in North America.

To give some idea of it, I will say that the receipts for the twelve performances were \$43,500, an average of \$3,625 a night. In Italy such receipts would be something phenomenal; in America they were very satisfactory.

During this time I came to know Booth. and I found in him every quality that can characterize a gentleman. The affability and modesty of his manners. rendered him justly loved and esteemed, not only by his countrymen, but all who had the fortune to make his acquaintance.—Century.

Sentinels of the Shore.

No, sir said a coastguard the other day, 'it ain't a bad life for a man as is fond of the sea. A bit quiet and uneventful, perhaps, to those used to live in towns, but I dont notice i'. "We get our lodgings free and three and five pence a day pay, and if you're a handy man and can make profit out of your spare time, the job ain't to be despised. "Of course, there ain't many smugglers nowadays; I've never come across one all the time I've been in the service, and our chief job is to look out for ships drifting on the rocks, and to help at wrecks, etc. "We have got our regular beats, just like your town policemen, and, wet or fine, have to turn out at night to patrol the walk along the cliffs, which, as you've perhaps noticed, is whitewashed from end to end to enable us to keep to it in the dark.

"To become a coastguard you must have a thirteen years' good character from the Navy, and that alone will show you that as a body we're pretty well to be depended

His Turn Would Come.

The Raconteur-You don't seem to think that story very funny. The Average Man—Oh, yes I do. The Raconteur—But you didn't laugh. The Average Man—But I will when I tell it to my friends.

Visitor - "And which is the older, him as one who had won a secret victory. the old ever-new story of peace on earth lovers in the first flush of happiness care complete resignation. "Have you fa'en Tommy, you or Wille?" Willie—" We're