

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

The winter of 1788 was a terrible one. There was always blowing a wind as bleak and cruel as the spirit of Revolution itself. Now it would whistle shrilly in keen desolation, now mutter long and fiercely as though with stifled rage. Branches were broken sharply from the trees and fell to the ground with a dry rattling sound.

Just past midnight one stormy night a carriage rolled over the road leading to Chateau Polificat in the little village of Croix Daurande, a few miles out of Toulouse. The wind and rain had at last combined to make the road impassable. A sudden gust of wind extinguished the coach lantern.

"Stop, Jean!" cried a voice from within. Jean, obeying, sprang from his seat. He grasped the bridle and murmured coaxing words to the frightened horses as he caressed them.

"Do you not see a light, Jean?" queried the same voice.

"Yes," replied the servant, "very near, in the house of Marguerite. But, Monsieur, she is very poor and her home so humble."

"What matter," said the man's voice. "We shall be better off anywhere than out here in the storm with a wind strong enough to blow the horns off an ox."

With his last word he brushed aside the curtains and stepped to the ground, a man of magnificent physique. In spite of the large bundle in his arms he ran quickly towards the cottage indicated by the coachman from which a faint light was discernible, filtering in unsteady rays through the cracks of the badly joined door.

He rapped imperiously, and in a second a young man, or rather youth, opened the door.

"Monsieur le Marquis! and in our home! Is it possible?" cried the astonished boy.

"Yes," answered the gentleman, as he gently placed his precious burden on a ravelled cane chair, untangling the many wraps until a sweet faced girl was visible.

The ages of the two young people were about the same; but in all else what a difference! The figure of the girl was partly hidden in the long folds of a fur mantle which half fell away from a shining satin gown. Her soft curling hair was covered with a fichu of rare lace which dropped low on her forehead, veiling the dreamy languor of her great dark eyes. Meanwhile, the youth, pale and gaunt, had an air so timid and wretched that it made one unhappy to look at him.

The interior of the house they had sought as shelter was poor, cold and almost naked. A clothes-press, an old table and a cuckoo clock, slowly beating the time, were the principal articles of furniture.

The room ended in an alcove, and there on a wretched bed lay a sick woman, Magaridetta, the peasants called her. A chandelier containing a single candle threw its smoky, wavering light over the miserable interior. The Marquis gazed in astonishment on the misery which surrounded him. The morbid sensitiveness of the boy quickly divined his thought.

"Ah! sir, you see it is not beautiful here, but my mother is a widow and for two years has been bedridden. In guarding the troops I gain scarcely enough to keep us from dying of hunger."

The cold was so intense that the young girl began to shiver. The boy noticed it in a moment and threw an armful of twigs on the gray embers. Instantly they flamed up with a joyous crackling sound, throwing a warm dancing light over the dismal chamber. This sudden illumination awakened the sleeping woman, whose thin, haggard features appeared in the weird, changeable light like a pitiful death mask. She no longer moved than the boy was at her side telling her of the visit which was so great an honor.

"Yes, my poor Margaret, we were surprised on our return from mass by this frightful storm, and obliged to seek shelter here with you."

The invalid had only strength enough to incline her head in response, proud indeed if, only by accident, the Seigneur had sought refuge with her.

The dainty little maid continued warming herself before the dancing firelight.

"What is your name?" asked the Marquis, turning to the lad.

"Francois, my lord."

"And you are a shepherd?"

"Yes, Monsieur; one of your own."

"What does the inspector pay you?"

"That depends. Three sous a day in good season and less when the times are bad."

"Is that all the money you have?"

"We live on that, my mother and me; at least, we keep from dying."

"Ah! the poor people," said the child, involuntarily; but in the sweet cadences of her soft voice there was so much kindness that Francois was deeply touched.

He watched the beautiful face of the young patrician long and thoughtfully, feeling his heart throb with an instinctive sympathy which sometimes comes to us at the sight of one who is to awaken in our lives a lasting, passionate attachment.

The gale had swept past, leaving in its place a voiceless calm. The rain still fell, but in a soft, fine mist—a shadow of the storm.

The Marquis called his coachman, who awaited him at the door-step. After seeing the lanterns lighted he spoke affectionately to his daughter.

"Come! Jeanne, my pet. We can now return with safety to the chateau."

Jeanne quickly enveloped herself in her fur and laces, but before going away she pressed into the poor woman's hand a piece of gold, the first that had ever glittered in the cottage.

On the morrow and for many days following Jeanne de Sicaud, daughter of the Lord of Polificat, came regularly to visit old Magaridetta. From that memorable night she never again lacked either remedies or care. But, exhausted by suffering and privation, she could not rally, and a month later she died in Francois's arms.

What gratitude did the lad vow to Jeanne! But for her his mother would have died in the penury that had wasted her life. Jeanne's sweet care had brought her every luxury. She in turn was touched by the boy's air of sincere gratitude and honesty, and begged her father not to leave him to his old, desolate existence.

The answer was to place him in the Jacobin Convent at Toulouse.

This was deemed an excellent thing for a boy in those days; his rearing and instruction was of the best, and when of age he was permitted to choose between the life of a preacher and that of a lay brother.

The winter following Francois's admission to the convent, Jeanne spent the cold months in Toulouse. Every Sunday she assisted at the High Mass at the Jacobin chapel, where crowds thronged to hear preachers renowned throughout the Province, and to see the offices celebrated there with a pomp unknown in any other city church.

In these ceremonies Francois filled the role of acolyte, carrying the great silver candlesticks and swinging the censer, the fumes of which inundated the chapel with that balmy, caressing odor—campanon to Oriental perfumes.

One day the monk charged with the duty of lighting the candles on the altar, Jeanne, he tempted on the return of the choir.

"Stop, Jean!" cried a voice from within. Jean, obeying, sprang from his seat. He grasped the bridle and murmured coaxing words to the frightened horses as he caressed them.

"Do you not see a light, Jean?" queried the same voice.

"Yes," replied the servant, "very near, in the house of Marguerite. But, Monsieur, she is very poor and her home so humble."

"What matter," said the man's voice. "We shall be better off anywhere than out here in the storm with a wind strong enough to blow the horns off an ox."

With his last word he brushed aside the curtains and stepped to the ground, a man of magnificent physique. In spite of the large bundle in his arms he ran quickly towards the cottage indicated by the coachman from which a faint light was discernible, filtering in unsteady rays through the cracks of the badly joined door.

He rapped imperiously, and in a second a young man, or rather youth, opened the door.

"Monsieur le Marquis! and in our home! Is it possible?" cried the astonished boy.

"Yes," answered the gentleman, as he gently placed his precious burden on a ravelled cane chair, untangling the many wraps until a sweet faced girl was visible.

The ages of the two young people were about the same; but in all else what a difference! The figure of the girl was partly hidden in the long folds of a fur mantle which half fell away from a shining satin gown. Her soft curling hair was covered with a fichu of rare lace which dropped low on her forehead, veiling the dreamy languor of her great dark eyes. Meanwhile, the youth, pale and gaunt, had an air so timid and wretched that it made one unhappy to look at him.

The interior of the house they had sought as shelter was poor, cold and almost naked. A clothes-press, an old table and a cuckoo clock, slowly beating the time, were the principal articles of furniture.

The room ended in an alcove, and there on a wretched bed lay a sick woman, Magaridetta, the peasants called her. A chandelier containing a single candle threw its smoky, wavering light over the miserable interior. The Marquis gazed in astonishment on the misery which surrounded him. The morbid sensitiveness of the boy quickly divined his thought.

"Ah! sir, you see it is not beautiful here, but my mother is a widow and for two years has been bedridden. In guarding the troops I gain scarcely enough to keep us from dying of hunger."

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Reinstated in his chateau at Sicaud he sent for his daughter, whom he had left in Turin.

Francois spent his first leave-of-absence at Sicaud, where he was received with truest cordiality by the old Marquis. Still adding Francois by the hand he said to his daughter: "Thank the captain, Jeanne, for to him you owe both your home and your father."

When at last the Marquis discovered that Jeanne and Francois had long loved each other he gladly consented to their marriage. The wedding day they went to visit the little cottage where poor Jeanne had died.

"Jeanne," said Francois, his face aglow with unutterable happiness. "I shall always love this poor little hovel, for here I first saw and loved my wife." [Translated by May A. Fenton for N. Y. Voice.]

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BENDSORP'S COCOA

is acknowledged to be the finest flavored, purest, most economical and most easily prepared Cocoa in use, and every householder should keep it in their home. For sale by all leading Grocers.

M. F. EACAR, Halifax, N. S., Agent

BORN.

Truro, April 28, to the wife of Dr. McKay, a son.
Bedford, N. S., to the wife of Mr. Mackenzie, a son.
Rockland, April 16, to the wife of Arthur Parish, a son.
Buctoche, April 23, to the wife of A. McNairn, a son.
Chatham, N. B., April 30, to the wife of Fred Neale, a son.
Halifax, April 29, to the wife of Isaac MacDonald, a son.
St. John, May 3, to the wife of Frank B. Carter, a daughter.
Moncton, May 1, to the wife of William Union, a daughter.
Moncton, April 29, to the wife of J. Cook, a daughter.
St. John, May 1, to the wife of William Emerson, a daughter.
Sackville, April 26, to the wife of S. W. Hinton, a daughter.
Digby, April 26, to the wife of H. G. Turnbull, a daughter.
North Sydney, N. S., to the wife of William Moore, a daughter.
Hillsboro, April 24, to the wife of Angus O'Hanley, a daughter.
North Sydney, April 21, to the wife of Thos. Lovell, a daughter.
Halifax, April 17, to the wife of James Chisholm, a daughter.
Waterville, N. S., April 23, to the wife of Gordon Day, a son.
Woodville, N. S., April 20, to the wife of Albert Walton, a son.
Victoria, N. S., April 23, to the wife of Ira D. Parker, a son.
North Kingston, N. S., April 15, to the wife of Henry Kelly, a son.
Albion, N. B., April 23, to the wife of Edward Walton, a son.
Moncton, April 24, to the wife of F. E. Jonah, twin daughters.
New Richmond, April 19, to the wife of J. A. Campbell, a son.
Glasville, N. S., April 30, to the wife of Peter B. Millie, a daughter.
Pugwash, N. S., April 23, to the wife of John McCarthy, a daughter.
South Farmington, N. S., April 16, to the wife of J. B. Brown, a son.
Rosvale, N. B., April 19, to the wife of Edward Stevens, a daughter.
Bridgewater, N. S., April 23, to the wife of James A. McLean, a daughter.
North River, N. S., April 24, to the wife of Oliver Davidson, a daughter.
Bridgewater, April 23, to the wife of Joseph Dauphinee, a daughter.
Montague, N. S., April 22, to the wife of George Montague, a daughter.
Lower Canada, N. S., April 25, to the wife of James Eaton, a son and daughter.

MARRIED.

Havelock, by Rev. John Prince, E. Jonah to Mary Gray.
Truro, April 25, by Rev. A. Geggie, Wm. McKay to Bella McKay.
Moncton, by Rev. H. A. Meahan, Jas. A. Foran to Mary E. Nolan.
Yarmouth, April 26, by Rev. W. H. Hartz, Jacob Ellis to Gertrude Smith.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. E. A. Harris, Nathan Elson to Edith Strum.
Fredericton, April 19, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Charles Parsons to Hettie Price.
Springhill, April 28, by Rev. H. B. Smith, Hugh McKee to Edith Wright.
St. John, April 26, by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Michael E. Lane to Jessie Laidlaw.
St. John, April 26, by Rev. I. N. Parker, William Fleming to Eva Keith.
St. John, April 25, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Allan Smith to Edith McIlroy.
Halifax, April 25, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, George Baillie to Helen Wainman.
Shag Harbour, April 22, by Rev. W. H. Hilday, Jared Smith to Ethel Kendrick.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. Father Kinsella, E. A. Grant to Anna Bellfontain.
La Have, N. S., April 17, by Rev. Geo. Harris, S. E. Mack to Helen McKean.
Bridgewater, April 22, by Rev. F. Simpson, Sanford E. Moore to Fricetta Sarty.
Amherst, April 14, by Rev. James Strothard, Jesse S. Ripley to Susan Coleman.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, Wm. H. Marks to Bessie Hartley.
Truro, April 26, by Rev. A. Logan Geggie, William Wright to Maude McCollum.
Halifax, April 25, by Rev. Father Morarty, Harry G. Pheneey to Minnie White.
Dartmouth, April 26, by Rev. T. C. Millor, George W. Mitchell to Laura Webb.
Halifax, April 27, by Rev. Dr. Currie, Harriet Mackintosh to W. R. McCurdy.
Parsboro, N. S., April 24, by Rev. E. M. Dill, William Dow to Clara Bowden.
Springhill, N. S., April 26, by Rev. H. B. Smith, George Leitch to Edith Taylor.
Woodstock, April 26, by Rev. James Ross, Samuel Nicholson to Jennie C. Dickson.
Berwick, N. S., April 19, by Rev. J. Craig, Richmond Best to Emma Greenwood.
Halifax, April 26, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, Hugh Blackadar to Gertrude Wiswell.
St. Andrews, April 16, by Rev. Canon Ketchum, Harold Stickney to Minnie Odell.
Bedford, N. S., April 26, by Rev. Arthur Tucker, Prescott Johnston to Alice Hare.
St. Stephen, April 22, by Rev. Wm. Penna, Thomas Smith to Nellie Sullivan.
Albert, N. B., April 19, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Laura Kinzie to George Colburn.
Bridgewater, April 26, by Rev. A. C. Swinsburg, Kenneth Wynot to Louise Couser.
Royalton, N. B., April 15, by Rev. A. C. Thompson, David Jewell to Mrs. Estier West.
St. Andrews, April 23, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, William Acheson to Martha Carson.
Richmond, N. B., April 26, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Margaret Nicholson to Robert Scott.
St. John, April 27, by Rev. Geo. M. Campbell, Edward Lassalle to Louise Killifield.
Andover, N. B., April 22, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, Samuel Cunningham to Clara Nichols.
Westville, N. S., April 26, by Rev. Robert Cumming, John S. Murray to Rebecca Williams.
St. Andrews, N. B., April 18, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, George Merritt to Lillian Towers.
New Glasgow, April 25, by Rev. Mr. Raven, Nicholas Williams to Grace McDonald.
Florenceville, N. B., April 24, by Rev. A. A. Hay, David Baker to Melvina Adams.
Snider Mountain, N. B., April 26, by Rev. G. F. Dawson, Clarence Berry to Susie Keirstead.
Campbellton, N. B., April 19, by Rev. J. M. McConnell, John H. Norman to Vinnie S. Keith.

Port Mulgrave, N. S., April 15, by Rev. I. R. Gwillim, Joseph Flemming to Catherine Fleet.
Portantique Mountain, N. S., April 26, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Gladie Corbet to Nancy McLellan.
Clark's Harbor, N. S., April 24, by Rev. T. H. Siddall, John W. Nickerson to Julia E. Crowell.
New Glasgow, April 26, by Rev. Arch. Bowman, Duncan W. McDougall to Henrietta McNaughton.

DIED.

St. John, May 1, James Kern, 74.
Halifax, April 26, John Little, 51.
Halifax, April 28, Ellen Scanlon, 11.
Halifax, April 29, G. A. V. Paw, 80.
St. John, April 30, Ellen Doherty, 70.
Moncton, April 24, Daniel Harris, 56.
Moncton, April 26, Hugh McLean, 60.
Amherst, April 30, Daniel Pugsley, 86.
Shelburne, April 15, William Davis, 56.
St. Stephen, April 26, Roland Higgins, 73.
Aims, N. B., April 22, Hugh McKinley, 97.
Halifax, April 30, Mrs. Harriet Johnson, 80.
Carleton, N. B., April 19, Smith Hilton, 94.
Bayview, N. S., April 19, Wm. McKay, 82.
St. John County, April 28, Michael Kane, 76.
Yarmouth, April 23, James A. Nickerson, 34.
Halifax, April 26, the Rev. George A. Ellis, 40.
Fairville, N. B., April 26 Elizabeth Wilson, 80.
Guys River, N. S., April