

THE HEAVENLY LADY.

BY G. M. A.

We are told of a land of pure delight,
Where sparkling waters flow,
Where day is never turned to night,
Nor happiness to woe.

Where flowers within that sacred land
Will bloom for evermore,
But from from their great author's hand,
They bloom above the sky.

Where heavenly music never ceases,
Play on the fragrant air,
And where the birds sing sweetest,
They always sing there.

Where wild-birds' notes are sweetest for
There is this land of ours.

Where streams of brooks no more flow
Than drops of dew on flowers.

Where all in golden fields,
With the birds sing sweetest.

And where the birds sing sweetest,
They sing above the sky.

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you do than take the life you have
done so much to curse?" she asked
with a glow in her dark eyes that
alarmed the Count.

"Come with me," he said, stepping
back from the door. "I am foolish to
hurry words with you."

Lola asked to be left alone while she
put on her hat and cloak, and the
Count and the night turnkey withdrew
a few paces and talked in low tones.

Hastily throwing on her hat and
cloak she stooped and whispered:

"Patience Ivan; I must go. Lance
will come back and release me."

She reached her hand and he
pressed it to his lips, but did not utter
a word.

She went out; the turnkey locked
the door behind her and Ivan could
hear the steps of the three receding
down the corridor in the direction of
the prison reception-room.

"It was very uncomfortable here," he
thought. "But Lola stood it and so can
I, till Lance gets an opportunity to
rescue me."

"It is not my work," she replied.

"That's right," he said, with a knowl-
edge laugh, "since that, for I can see
the General recovers he is bound to
help you out. I shall see Madame
Berger and the fair Elizabeth in the
morning. Any message to send?"

"Not by you," she replied.

"And have you no word to send to
Peter?"

"None, save that I wish he and all
like him were under the ice of the
Navy."

"You are angry."

She did not reply, for at that moment
Count Linwold appeared at the door
and motioned for her to follow him.

So far Lola had been wonderfully
cool, but now as she was about to
come face to face with General Paul, her
steps became unsteady and her
lips grew ashen.

When she first read of General Paul's
engagement to Elvira, the daughter of
Count Linwold, Lola felt that she
could strike dead at her feet the man
who had won her heart and cruelly
cast her aside; but now, his companion
had come to the Ozar to see him, and
she had no time to be angry.

She would have had not Count
Linwold touched her arm and said, in
his old voice:

"Miss Pulaski, here is General
Peter."

But another voice thrilled her heart
and restored her to reason.

"Lola, Lola, I am here!"

It was the voice of General Paul,
whom she had not seen since the
moment he had shot her.

Even General Paul himself had
climbed to the Ozar that he loved this
girl, and it was only reasonable to
believe that she knew of his love and
returned it.

The pistol had been placed directly
against General Paul's heart, and fired.

That it would have killed him
instantly cannot be the slightest
doubt, but the force of the bullet was
checked by a portrait, in a case, of the
woman who was supposed to have fired
the pistol.

Suppressing the cry that rose in her
lips, she sprang forward and seized
the General's hand, and then, with a
glance at Lola, she said:

"I have said it, Lola," he replied;
and in the presence of these witnesses, and
before heaven, I reiterate, you are
innocent."

The General insisted with all the
emphasis he was capable of, that it was
a man who fired the shot.

At it was, the bullet struck through
the breast and lodged in the muscles
just above the heart.

The shock would have killed most
men, but the General was young and
strong, and after the bullet was
extracted, he regained consciousness, and
began to rally.

He had a vivid recollection of every-
thing that happened, up to the moment
the shot was fired, but from that time on,
till the bullet was removed from his
breast, all he could remember was
that he had been shot.

He began in a low voice by telling her
of his wound, but then, as he was about
to tell her of his love, he stopped.

"I am glad to hear that—glad to hear
that you are well again," she said.

"I am glad to hear that—glad to hear
that you are well again," he said.

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