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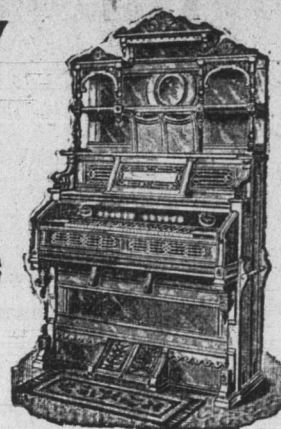
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N. B. Owing to increased travel make application for through sleeping car berths, from St. Louis, at least three days in advance. Ample berths (or free chair cars) will be provided to St. Louis.

"AND YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

One evening as the sun went down Among the golden hills, And silent shadows, soft and brown, Crept over vales and hills, I watched the dusky but a-wing Dip down the dusky lea, Harkening, heard a maiden sing, "And you'll remember me."

"When other lips and other hearts" Came drifting through the trees, "In language whose excess imparts" Was borne upon the breeze, Ah, love is sweet, and hope is strong, And life's a summer seal, A woman's soul is in her song, "And you'll remember me."

Still rippling from the throbbing throat, With joy akin to pain, There seemed a tear in every note, A sob in every strain, Soft as the twilight shadows creep Across the listless lea, The singer sang her love to sleep With, "You'll remember me."

—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

AUNT HERISSON.

Two young men, mounted on valuable steeds, burst into laughter as they left the Vichy road to take the one through the forest.

They certainly lacked generosity, but Cyrille, the maid of Mlle. de Saint-Juirs, made an odd figure, mounted on the stiff old mare Leda, riding behind her mistress. Her silhouette was that of a warlike woman.

The young men rode past her into the forest, laughing and joking.

Mlle. de Saint-Juirs overheard their silly banter. She turned her horse around and waited. She was handsome. The ride, the brisk air and also the indignation had beautified her complexion and given brilliancy to her blue eyes. Her nostrils palpitated like the heart of a wounded bird. She bit her lip and stood up in her stirrup, all trembling with anger.

The young men approached her a little abashed. One of them opened his mouth, but had not time to speak before a young man rode up behind them and gave their horses two vigorous cuts with a whip. Being fine animals, they tore down the road on a gallop, resisting the efforts of their chagrined riders to stop them.

"Now, cousin," said the young man, saluting her, "let us return." And the ride back to the chateau was a happy one, for George de Sernay and his cousin Mlle. de Saint-Juirs were engaged, and neither doubted that the little incident was ended, not knowing how much sadness it would cause them.

The parents of the young cousin lived in a veritable chateau, but like Cyrille and Leda it had seen better days. The gardens were dilapidated, but the interior of the castle was still very beautiful. Mme. de Saint-Juirs had died when her daughter Marcelle was 3 years old. Her sister Herisson had cared for the child as though she had been her own. Mlle. Herisson had never cared to marry. She was very pious. She was continually in a discussion with M. de Saint-Juirs because years before he fought a duel in the garden behind the chateau, and she looked upon him as a criminal.

When Marcelle was 20, her aunt tried to induce her not to marry, but all influence was useless. Marcelle, after overcoming Aunt Herisson's numerous objections, was affianced to her cousin, George de Sernay, an amiable and brave young gentleman.

The day after the ride George was seated at a table in the Casino of Vichy when two young men approached him.

"Pardon, but were you not yesterday on horseback in the forest?"

"I was, monsieur."

"We were also, my friend and I."

"That does not interest me."

"But it interests us."

"Well, you two converse about it and leave me in peace."

"If I am not mistaken, you were the protector of the stout servant?"

"Whom you insulted. You were the impertinent person who?"

"I do not receive personal lessons, monsieur."

"It is a pity," said George, "for you need them."

"You are an insolent person."

George raised his arm, but controlled himself and said between his teeth:

"Consider yourself challenged, monsieur."

Cards were exchanged, the seconds conferred, swords were chosen and the encounter to be the next day. George demanded that it should not be made public. He spent the night in writing to his parents and his fiancée.

It was his first duel, and he was a little afraid. The next morning at the rendezvous he found the places marked off and the referee holding the swords by the points. He presented them to the duelists, and drawing back quickly said, "Proceed, gentlemen."

George heard a bird sing joyously near him. He thought of Marcelle and advanced.

His adversary stood still, held his sword out straight and simply warded off each blow George gave without any attempt at retaliation.

George nearly laughed.

"Halt," said the referee. They took the first position again. Three times they went through the little farce until George lost patience and resolved to finish it.

He threw himself on his adversary, whose sword's point cut deep into his hand. For a few minutes it was a fist fight; then some one separated the combatants. Although George was bleeding badly, he wished to continue, but his friends would not allow it. The seconds and his adversary were pale as death, and all the rest except George gave a sigh of relief.

In the evening two days later the family were assembled in the salon of the chateau. Aunt Herisson read the newspaper. M. de Saint-Juirs and his daughter were making out a list for the invitations to the soiree following the betrothal. George was drinking a cup of tea. To explain his wound and his arm being in a sling—Aunt Herisson had already eyed it suspiciously—he

told that he had fallen from the top of a long flight of stone steps. His wound was made the pretext for a thousand little attentions from his gentle fiancée.

Marcelle put the sugar in his tea, stirred it, and I believe had her aunt's back been turned she would have tasted it for him, the rogue!

Suddenly as Aunt Herisson read she became very pale and trembled with emotion. She held the paper close to her lamp and then dashed it on the floor.

"What is it?" asked M. de Saint-Juirs.

"It is, monsieur, that I do not wish an assassin in my house." And turning to George, "Go immediately, never to return!"

M. de Saint-Juirs took up the paper and read aloud the paragraph of yesterday's duel and of George receiving a wound.

Profound silence followed.

Aunt Herisson watched George and said at last angrily:

"Do you deny it, monsieur?"

"No, madame."

"Then I have told you what to do."

Marcelle commenced to sob.

"Marcelle, go to your room!"

"It is not possible," said George in a voice that was choked by tears.

"Go!"

Marcelle went to her lover's side, and with a tranquil courage said in a hollow voice:

"George, we must say goodbye. I love you and will never love any one but you. Embrace me."

The aunt was surprised at this audacity—to see an assassin embrace her niece before her eyes.

Marcelle threw a last look at her lover and reached the door as her father's voice said:

"Stay, Marcelle!" The aunt turned to her brother-in-law.

"I swear to you this man shall not marry my niece."

"I would let you know this house is mine, not yours."

"Very well," said the aunt; "it is for me to leave."

Then he said to George: "Be a good fellow. Go now and return tomorrow, and I will arrange everything."

George was about to leave when Marcelle reopened the scene and raised her voice to defend him.

"If he had killed the other man, I could understand, but when he is the wounded one and you call him an assassin it is very hard!"

"I have sworn," repeated the aunt, "and I will never consent to this marriage."

M. de Saint-Juirs, knowing her obstinacy, then said: "Very well. You will not stay here."

"So let it be."

But, now Marcelle spoke: "If, my aunt, you will stay, I will not marry without your consent. You replace my mother and have given me all the kind attentions of a mother. Though I will never cease to love George, I will not disobey you."

"But it is all wrong," said M. de Saint-Juirs.

"No, papa, it is my duty." And the young girl broke down and hastened to her room, where she gave away to tears.

George went to Paris.

Marcelle little by little lost her color, her animation, her life. She was failing rapidly, and it worried Aunt Herisson. She confided in the good old cure, and the result was that Marcelle was surprised the next morning by a loving letter from George. They were now to be allowed to correspond under cover of M. Barbon, in Vichy.

The letters came with perfect regularity each month, but with no postmark. Marcelle discussed this point with Cyrille, who watched one night to see how the letter reached Marcelle's table in the little blue salon. She saw Mlle. Herisson herself put it there. This was made known to M. de Saint-Juirs, who arranged a little counterplot.

The next month when Mlle. Herisson opened the door of the little blue salon to carry in the letter she saw M. de Saint-Juirs, George de Sernay and Marcelle, who was half laughing, half crying.

The young people dropped before her on their knees, kissed her hands and said:

"Your heart has melted toward us. Now do no more and take our two heads in your hands and bless us."

"Yet I had sworn, you rogues," said Aunt Herisson.

"God will not reproach you for breaking your word."—Translated From the French For Cincinnati Post.

As Others See Us.

The cablegrams announce that Colonel Cody, who will be remembered in London, has been returned as mayor of Nebraska. No better selection could have been made. Colonel Cody was the friend of a man named Boone, who discovered Kentucky in 1869. After marrying the granddaughter of a distinguished gentleman, known as Sitting Bullfrog Cody was twice governor of Chicago and at one time was mayor of the Arkansas legislature. He also served in the Confederate army under Ben Butler, who so gallantly defended New Orleans against General Longstreet. The province of Detroit rewarded him for his military services by sending him to congress, where he introduced a bill for the relief of the citizens of Buffalo. It was in this that he got his name Buffalo Bill. While Mr. Cody has a large ranch in St. Louis, he finds time for literature and writes for The Atlantic Monthly, a newspaper edited by Mark Twain and Uncle Thomas Cabin, a gentleman who made fame by his negro dialect sketches. —London Globe.

A Riddle.

Mudge—I'm in a peck of trouble, Yabsley—What's the matter?
Mudge—Why—er—you know, I have been paying some attention to old Stock-anland's eldest daughter. I've got an invitation to poker with him tonight, and I don't know whether he'll get mad if I beat him or think I have no business capacity if I let him beat me.—Indianapolis Journal.

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