



CHAPTER XV—(Continued.)

She had not long to wait before she caught sight of Cherubine toiling along in the hot sunshine with a great basket on her head. She was singing merrily as she came, and from time to time raised and sniffed a great bunch of flowers, smiling with satisfaction, and then she began singing again.

She was in perfect ignorance of the presence of any one else till she was abreast of the clump of thick foliage where Genie was standing, and then she started so violently that she disarranged her flowers by clapping both hands to her basket, which nearly fell.

"You, Genie?" she said. "You frightened me."

"I want to talk to you."

"Yes," said Cherubine, beginning to look uneasy, and trying to hide her perturbation with a curious laugh.

"You have stopped away from us," said Genie, sternly. "Why?"

"Oh, been so busy with young missus," she said, hastily, "but coming again soon."

The mulatto girl fixed her with her eyes, and said in a low whisper:

"The serpent grows angry with his children who do not come; and if they stay away too much they grow sick and die."

"Oh, I come soon," cried Cherubine, trembling visibly now, and her black shiny skin seemed to turn dull and strange, as white rings appeared round the pupils of her dark eyes. "You tell him I'm not going to stay away any more."

"Take care then," said the mulatto girl, keeping her eyes fixed on the trembling woman. "You have not been since the two new white brothers came to us."

"No, no, not once," said Cherubine, trembling, "but I come next time."

"Yes. When did you see him last?"

"Yesterday," said Cherubine eagerly. "Where?"

"He came to Nousie's."

"I thought so," said Genie, in a low voice. Then added, "How many times has he been?"

Cherubine balanced her basket carefully on her head, and counted rapidly on her fingers.

"Eight times."

"What for?"

Cherubine smiled, then looked horrified. "Don't look at me like that," she said, hastily, as she tried to take her eyes off her questioner, but stared at her again as if fascinated.

"I am not looking at you," said Genie, slowly. "It is the serpent looking out of my eyes. He is everywhere. He is asking with his lips why Etienne Saintone comes to Nousie's house."

"I—I don't know," said Cherubine, shuddering, and the rings about her pupils grew more defined.

"Mind what you are saying," said Genie, sternly.

"I only think," said Cherubine, hurriedly. "I think he falls in love with little missus. An' it's very dreadful," she said, in a whispering tone, as she stood shivering in the hot sunshine, and watching Genie, who as soon as she had spoken turned suddenly, and went up the narrow path taken by her black companion.

"Wish sometimes I never went to You-doux. Frightens me."

For the next few minutes as she continued her journey back, the flowers seemed to have lost their sweetness, and she remained perfectly mute, but with the natural expression of her face, all was forgotten again in a short time, and she reached the house singing, to go straight to the window of Aube's room, call her by name, and laughing merrily she thrust in the bunch of flowers, which she had taken with her, and then went into the room behind the veranda, where, in the dim light, she saw her mistress hastily put away a handkerchief, and on going closer with her basket, which she now held under her arm, she said, sharply:

"What misadventure about?" the sight of Nousie's red eyes completely chased away all thoughts of her late encounter.

"Oh, I don't know," said Nousie, sadly. "I'm not happy, Cherub."

"Nousie ought to be happy, then," cried the woman. "Got lots of money, big house, and Beauty once again."

"But she is not happy," cried Nousie, passionately. "Oh, Cherub, it is killing me to see her look so quiet and sad."

"Ah, nonsense!" cried Cherubine sharply. "She laughed just now when I took her flowers."

"Laughed?" cried Nousie, eager. Then, with a sigh, "she only tries to smile when I take her anything."

She looked wistfully at her faithful old servant, for the revelation was coming fast with its pain, enlightenment, and the making clear to her of complications of which she had never dreamed.

Cherubine looked at her wonderingly, for she could not comprehend her mistress' trouble, and setting it down to one of her old fits of sadness, such as had often come to her since the terrible day when she had seen her husband shoot down before her eyes, the woman took her basket into the house as horses' hoofs were heard, a shadow was cast across the veranda, and Saintone dismounted, threw his bridle across a hook, and entered the place.

Nousie looked at him sharply, as at a fresh source of trouble at a time when her spirit was very low, but the young man came up to her with so smiling and friendly a look that she was disarmed.

cause you think of that You-doux business. I tell you that, I got you to take me up that I might join them solely to help me in my election. You must not think about that. And yet," he said, with a peculiar look, "I might say to you, do think about it, for I want your help."

"No," she cried lastly, "am not one of them. I am their friend, and I help them and they trust me, but I do not belong."

"They think you do, and treat you as one of them," said Saintone, dryly, "but I am not going to put pressure on you in that way. Nousie—Madame Dulau, if you like—I believe my father and your husband were friends once."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Ah, yes; I've heard they became enemies, but what of that. They would have made it up again, so what is that to us. Let me speak plainly. I love Madame Dulau. My mother has tried again and again to make us all friends, but without avail. Now I have come myself; first of all as her messenger, to ask if she still carried the carriage for Madame Dulau this afternoon."

"She would not come," said Nousie, quietly.

"You have not asked her. I am not going to press my suit. I'll be as patient as you like, but let her come. The packet came in this morning and we are to have the Captain and a few friends. It would be cheerful and pleasant for her, and she would meet some of her best people. You tell her for me?"

Nousie's hand contracted, and she shook her head.

"Ah, but you are hard," he cried. "You are jealous of her. You think I am going to take her from you, but listen, Nousie; she is the dearest, sweetest lady I ever saw. Are you going to keep her among these blacks, and condemn her to such a life as this?"

She gave him an agonized look, for he had struck the chord which thrilled through her, and she stood there suffering she felt that his words were right, and, growing weaker beneath the pressure put upon her, she withdrew her hand to stand with bowed knit, thinking:

"Ought she not to forget the past and accept her fate? She knew now that by her own act she had raised Aube far above her, and with her heart bleeding in its agony she acknowledged that she was dragging her child down."

"You do not speak," said Saintone.

"I was thinking," she replied, dreamily. "You say Madame Saintone sent you?"

"Yes," he cried, eagerly.

"I will ask her."

"No, no, let me ask her; let me plead to her, cried Saintone, fearing to lose the slight hold he had gained.

"No! I will ask her myself. You need not fear," she added, with a sad smile. "She shall go if she likes. I will be fair."

She left the buffet, and went thoughtfully into Aube's room, the place that she had shared with her, and pressing her lips together she tried to force down the agony within her, she closed the door behind her.

Aube had started to her feet and was looking pale and strange.

"He has come again, my dearest," said Nousie, softly. "He says he loves you, and that he will marry you."

"What shall I say for this afternoon. What shall I say?"

"That I will not go," said Aube, firmly.

"Stop," said Nousie now, fighting down her exultation as she struggled, as she said herself that her child might be happy.

"He said to me what I have just begun to think, that I had made you a lady, and asked me if I was going to keep you down to such a home as this, here among these wretched people. Aube, darling, I feel as if I could not lose you, but would I let you be best for you to go among these people?"

"No," said Aube, firmly. "I will not leave you—I will not go."

Nousie's fingers worked, and her lips trembled, but she mastered herself again.

"What misadventure about?" the sight of Nousie's red eyes completely chased away all thoughts of her late encounter.

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fore hurrying out to where Saintone was impatiently waiting.

He stared as she came toward him, erect and proud-looking, and as if some sudden change had taken place in the brief time they parted.

"Ah," he cried, joyously, "she will come?"

"No," Monsieur Saintone, said Nousie, firmly. "My child refuses, and asks you and your mother to leave us in peace."

"No," she cried lastly, "am not one of them. I am their friend, and I help them and they trust me, but I do not belong."

"It is not true," he said. "You have been setting her against me. I'll speak to her myself."

He made for the door, but Nousie intercepted—at bay now to spare her child.

But her manner changed, and it seemed to Saintone no longer Nousie, the keeper of the cabaret, but Madame Dulau, wife of his father's old friend, who said firmly, and with a dignity of mien which startled him:

"Stop, sir!"

"You shall have it from her own lips," she went through the door, leaving him padding the room, and in a minute she came back, leading Aube, no longer the shrinking, timid girl, but calm and self-possessed, and looking more beautiful in his eyes than ever.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Aube," he cried, as he stepped forward and tried to take her hand.

"You wished to hear from me," said Aube, gravely, "the words my mother said. Let me then say, monsieur, that I thank Madame Saintone for her kindness, that I cannot accept her invitations, and that all you wish is impossible."

"No!" he cried, hotly, "it is not impossible."

"Impossible," repeated Aube, and she turned from him to whisper, as she clung to her mother's arm: "No one must ever come between us now."

And the door was darkened as a man appeared dark against the sunshine which hindered him for a moment from seeing the group before him.

"Is this Madame Dulau's?" he said, sharply.

Aube uttered a wild cry, while Saintone's eyes half closed, and his lips tightened, as he looked from one to the other, saying beneath his breath:

"Who is this?"

(To be continued.)

A FATAL MISTAKE.

It Was Made by a Profane Frenchman in His Leave-Taking.

A citizen of France who has an inveterate habit of confounding everything which is said to him, and has been endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of our vernacular, was about leaving his boarding-house for a more comfortable quarter. All the little mysteries of his wardrobe, including his last nether garment and umbrella, had been packed up, when he bethought himself of the unpleasant duty now devolving upon him, that of bidding "ze folks" good-by.

After shaking his fellow-boarders cordially by the hand, and wishing them, with incessant bowing, "ze verree best success in ze viri," and "ze benediction du chief," he retired in search of his "dear landlady," to give her also his blessing. He met her at the staircase, and advancing, hat in hand, with a thousand scrapes, commenced his speech: "Ah! madame, I'm going to leave you. You have been verree amiable to me, madame; I will never forget you for zat. If in my country I would ask zee Government to give you a pension, madame. The good lady put down her head and blushed modestly, while our Frenchman proceeded: "Well, I must go; you know in zeese life it is full of pain and trouble. If I got adopted ze viri vich Lamartine made in his poeise, zen zere should be no more pain. Adieu, madame, adieu! perhaps forever."

Thereupon the Frenchman was making his exit, when he was suddenly called back by his landlady, who interjectedly inquired: "Why, Mr. C—, you have forgotten your latch-key."

Mr. C— appeared amazed, apparently not understanding his interrogator. "Yes," continued Mrs. M—, "you know it is the rule for all boarders to give me their latch keys."

"Oh, madame!" interrupted the Frenchman with enthusiasm, "I will give you not one—not one, but zousandz!" And applying the action to the word, he sprang toward Mrs. M—, and embracing her lightly in his arms, kissed her most heroically.

The frightened Mrs. M—, recovering herself, at length cried out: "The key! Mr. C—, the key!" Frenchy, looking confused, confounded, ejaculates with heavy sighs: "Oh, madame! I zot you ax me for one kees, an' I give it to you. Vat a fatale mistake!"—Scottish American.

Novel Punishment.

For some time F. W. Wheeler, of Bay City, Mich., has missed various articles from his ship yards, and, detecting the culprit, called him into the office. Confronted with the proofs of his guilt, the man confessed.

"I will give you the choice of two things," said Mr. Wheeler. "One is to accept the punishment of justice for your crime; the other to shoulder your box of tools and march out of the yards through the shops, with me walking behind you. When you are asked why you are discharged, you are to confess as you have done here."

"I can't do that," said the man.

"Then you will have to stand trial."

The other offered to pay back all he had taken.

"No, you cannot do that," was the reply. "You would only impoverish your family. I want to spare your wife and little ones. I offer you this chance for their sake."

The man finally agreed, but the tool chest was found too heavy for him to carry.

"Empty out the tools and carry the chest."

The order was obeyed. The chest was shouldered and the two men marched through the yards past the gangs of workmen, who cast curious glances at them.

"What are you discharged for?" asked the foreman.

"For stealing," was the reply.

The workmen upheld this unique method of punishment, applauding that spirit which sought to protect the wife and children. The humiliation seemed the sharpest punishment and the man was free to go and honestly strive to redeem himself, if he saw fit.

A hat is "pounded" or smoothed by means of a machine which polishes the whole surface finely and smoothly with emery paper. Formerly this process was done by hand, the workmen using pumice stone for this purpose.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A RULE TO REMEMBER.
Tommy Bob counted with fingers and thumbs

To find out the time when Thanksgiving day comes.

Then laughing he said, "I forgot to remember 'Tis always on Thursday—the last in November."

SOME INDIAN DOGS.

Kickapoo Indians are very fond of dogs, both alive and fricasseed. Around their teepees, or wigwags, or Queen Annes, or whatever they call their abodes, there are always half a dozen wolfish dogs.

An Indian dog hates a white man as far as he can smell him, and that is saying a good deal.

When a white man, driving through the Kickapoo country, sees a dog by the roadside, his natural impulse is to whistle in a friendly way, for somehow in a wilderness of prairie or forest a dog is a comfortable sight.

But the instant a whistle to an Indian dog he turns his tail and is out of sight quicker than if he had been kicked. An Indian never whistles to his dog when he wants his beast to come to him; he places his tongue against his teeth and hisses.

The colored population of Oklahoma have almost as many dogs as the Indians. Dogs live in the black-jack sand hills are dog rich. These dogs have a deep-rooted aversion for the white man also.

When an old colored cotton planter comes to town some of the dogs are sure to follow, and when the old man walks uptown the dog stays right between his feet, like a country dog under a wagon.

And whenever a white man comes within snapping distance the dog gets busy.

TWO LITTLE KNIGHTS.

There are two knights of the ancient and illustrious order of the Golden Fleece who are under ten years of age. One is the nine-year-old King of Spain, while the other is the eight-year-old Duke of Braganza, the Crown Prince of Portugal.

It seems that the King of Spain is always grand master of the eight Spanish orders of knighthood, the principal of which is that of the Golden Fleece—Toison de Oro, as they call it in Spanish.

Two years ago the baby king, with due pomp and ceremony, presented the decoration of the order to his young cousin, the Duke of Braganza. The decoration consists of the royal arms, which includes, besides the arms of Castile, Leon, Grenada and the lilies of the royal house of Bourbon the arms of Austria, Sicily, Saxony and Brabant. Surrounding the whole is a representation of the Golden Fleece, with the motto, "Ante feret quam flamma micet."

The order of the Golden Fleece is one of the oldest in existence, having been founded in the fifteenth century, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, at the City of Bruges, as a compliment to that town, no small portion of whose prosperity arose from its woolen trade.

Indeed, so prosperous had the city become by this means, and such was the magnificence of the Flemish court, that no European monarch could equal or approach it.

When the wife of Philip the Fair of France visited Bruges she exclaimed: "There are hundreds here who have more the air of a queen than myself."

Ships of every nation took in and discharged their cargoes at the quays; the warehouses were filled with bales of wool from England and with silk from Prussia, and the argosies of Genoa and Venice came laden with the produce of the east.

In founding an order, therefore, in this city it seemed that a most suitable name was the classical one of the Golden Fleece; so suggestive, too, as it is of chivalric and valorous deeds.

The Arcadian fleet, as every boy and girl who has studied mythology knows, was made up of a band of heroes commanded by Jason, who sailed in the good ship Argo from Thessaly to the farther shore of the Black Sea in quest of the Golden Fleece, which was there guarded by a dragon in a grove sacred to Mars.

Many and great were the dangers encountered on the way, and valorous and brave were the deeds of the members of the expedition before they finally reached the fleece and Jason became master of the fleece.

WISE CREATURES.

When marvelous stories about the sagacity of animals are once started, there is always sure to be an amateur naturalist waiting in ambush who has discovered what he considers to be proofs of amazing intelligence in some creature not usually associated with the idea of mental development.

The London Spectator has been the means from time to time of unearthing several good tales of clever dogs and cats, and the assertion has been hazarded by one of its correspondents that the dispositions of animals are as varied as those of human beings.

That different dogs have different temperaments may be demonstrated by any body who will try to put the first twelve stray dogs that he meets when he takes his next stroll abroad. It has not, however, hitherto been understood that spiders are also endowed with dispositions showing much variety. This is a mistake, as anybody knows who takes "teasing spiders."

A correspondent confesses that members of the family have very different methods of treating the state of an enemy. If a small piece of leaf be thrown into a nice newly-made web, it appears that one spider with a hasty temper will at once rush right at the object and eject it, thereby doing real damage to its own fly-trap; another "of a more reflective turn of mind," will come quietly a short distance, look at the obstruction for a minute, and then thoughtfully retire.

Some spiders, too, when found in the centre of their webs, will dart away and hide, while others will remain where they are, "trembling so as to violently shake the web, these last are called "highly nervous insects" by their historian; but it may be, perhaps, open to some question whether trembling is not the result of anger quite as much as fear.

Nervousness is hardly the kind of failing which a spider ought to be rashly accused of. He never drinks tea, or sits up late, or subscribes to a circulating library, so that we have a right to expect that his nerves will be in faultless condition. In any case, he must show pity to flies before he can hope to secure much sympathy from the hove which modern conditions of life may play with his nervous organization.

Telephones for Railroad Passengers.

A telephone attachment for railroad use has been introduced which will greatly increase the safety of railroad travel. At present the device is designed only for communication between the conductors and the nearest station, but the intention is to so modify it that it can be used by passengers traveling on express trains.

By this arrangement the telephone can be called into requisition by the

train dispatcher in addition to the telegraph, dispatching wires, while, on the other hand, the dispatcher can be called by any station or block along the line in a second. An ingenious part of the equipment is what is called a hanging set, which is to be carried in every baggage car and caboose. Should the train come to a standstill through a block, a wreck of any other interruption, the hanging set, consisting of spliced rods with a cross-arm at the top, is dropped on two wires on the pole-line alongside the track. This gives as perfect connection as if the telephone were in a private office, and it will work along every foot of a railway line. In case of a wreck the telephone is instantly available, the dispatcher is called and orders are sent direct to the spot in return.

Badger Dog for His Pet.

At the foot of the middle bluff of the Sweet Grass Hills in Montana lives a miner named Byron Banner. He is practically a recluse, seldom associating with any neighbors or even talking to them. He works his claim all alone, and no one knows whether he is rich or poor.

Like most recluses he has his pet, but Banner's pet is so uncommon, even unnatural that it deserves to be put on record. This pet, says the Duplicator Acantha, is a badger-dog.

The animal is small and has the feet and legs of a badger while the body resembles a dog.

Its claws have to be trimmed every few months, as they grow out of all proportion to the foot. When it walks it has the peculiar waddle of the badger. Its bark is somewhat similar to that of the lapdog. It will bite savagely when teased, but is otherwise perfectly docile.

A cross between a wolf or coyote and a dog is not uncommon, nor is it so much of a freak, since they belong to the same family. But a cross between different families, as the dog and badger, is something for naturalists and evolutionists to think about.

A Telescopio Lifeboat.

Robert Chambers, Dumbarton, the inventor of a well-known and widely adopted form of collapsible lifeboat, is introducing a new type, which he calls the "telescopio" lifeboat.

The distinctive feature of the boat is that it has a movable keel extending for two-thirds the length of the craft. It is formed of a steel plate, and can be lowered by rack and pinion to a depth of 5 feet in the case of a 40-foot boat. To the bottom edge of this keel is secured by angle iron a flat plate, equal in width to one-third the beams. Thus the keel takes the form of an inverted T, being 5 feet or 6 feet deep, with flanges of 3 feet. When in normal position these flanges lie close up against the boat, but when in a sea the keel is lowered, the idea being that the weight of water on either flange will prevent the boat capsizing in any condition. Again, cavities are made in the bottom of the boat, in which there are wheels mounted on a bearing connected to a wormshaft, so that when running ashore the wheels can be lowered by the turning of the shaft. This obviates the necessity for a carriage, which requires the maneuvering of the boat into an exact position, not always easy of attainment in the wash of a heavy sea.

The Luscious Necker.

Sausages are a great institution in Germany; the variety is bewildering. People who eat them say that many of these German sausages are delicious. There are shops where hardly anything else is sold. One can buy them hot, all ready to serve, or they may be cooked at home. These hot sausages are boiled or steamed, not fried. Several kinds are boiled, but the blood sausages are the ones that are most frequently served in this manner. In the sausage shops one always finds a large nickle-plated steamer on the counter, where the sausages are kept hot; also cooked meats. There are shops wholly devoted to cooked meats, and here one can purchase any kind of poultry or butchers' meats ready for the table.

As a rule these meats are of good quality and cost much less than in France.

Cleverly Trapped.

A barber who kept a cigar store at one end of his shop found that a goodly portion of his stock disappeared during the night. He watched without avail; as long as his eyes were upon them the cigars were safe. As a last resort he brought a camera just before dark, focused it on the cigar stand, and so connected it electrically with the door. The show case was pulled a magnetism light would be flashed and a picture taken. The next day the cigars were unmolested, but in the camera there was a clearly defined picture of two boys who lived in the neighborhood, one in the act of opening the case and the other preparing to receive the booty. The flash had scared them, and they fled off; but they were at once arrested and sent to prison.

An electrician has designed an apparatus by which he says he can circumvent the knavish tricks of the smartest thief, and that between the electric light and the infinite variety of electrical detective and alarm appliances now devised the cracksmen's occupation is virtually gone.

The Danger of Bread.

A Boston dentist tells the following story: Within the past year he has had come to him for professional treatment four Swedish girls. The teeth in each of these young women were really crumbling away.

And why? In their native country, where the Swedish bread is baked at intervals during the year and hung on poles to dry and harden, the teeth had their proper exercise. But when these girls became subject to "American civilization," and were obliged to eat the pap and pastry in homes where more time is devoted to catering to the taste than to finding out the needs and requirements of the body, the masticating of food was no longer a necessity, and the teeth, finding they were of no more service, decided to take themselves out of the way.

Timidity of Fish.

The timidity of fish afforded one of many interesting discussions at a recent reunion of the Piscatorial Society. It was remarked that big-gun practice on the sea coast, while it would cause lobsters, of sheer fright, to cast one of their claws, would drive millions of fish into other waters.

Stories About Fishes.

"Yes, I observed many curious things about fish when I was on the Indian river," remarked Colonel Wardwell a few days ago.

"Fish, as a rule, are very shy, and yet they frequently become so tame that they can almost be picked out of the water, and they seem to know people, just as a cat or a dog does. Some of the sea 'cats' became so tame around my place that they would actually eat out of my hand. I had a board running from the house out over the water, and I used frequently to go out on this board to clean fish, throwing the cleanings into the water. These 'cats' would swim up as fearlessly as could be, and on several occasions they pulled the fish that I was cleaning out of my hand. The fish evidently knew me, however, because when a stranger went out on the board they would not come near him, but would swim around at a distance, as though they were afraid."

"The eel is ordinarily a very shy creature, and I do not remember ever having seen more than two or three in Indian river. I had an oyster bed forty or fifty yards from my house, and I went out there one day for the purpose of getting a basket of oysters. To my surprise an eel came swimming up to me, and all the time that I was getting the oysters it swam around my legs and rubbed against them much as a kitten would. I waded back to my house, and the eel followed me. I found that I did not have enough oysters, and so I went back again. The eel was still there and followed me across and back again. Now, I had never seen the eel before, and never saw it again