

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.

"And not two sparrows sold for a farthing?"
Last night afar I heard a bluebird singing.
The south wind woke and brought the brook's flow.
And near our gate, its tale of summer bringing.
Leaned a first violet by a bank of snow.
I stooped, and would have plucked the tender
frstling.
And borne it home, a trophy of the year,
When to my breast as from the gentle nursing
Came a low voice in words distinctly clear.
For I o'er worldly losses sore was grieving,
And Hope and Faith had wandered from my
side.
So that I walked in shadows, half believing
There was no God, no Heaven, no glorified.

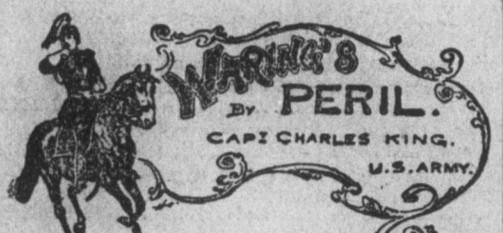
It was the story of birds homeward flying.
Of flowers which toll not, nor their garments
spin:
A sweet calm voice upon the soft wind sighing,
Saying: "O man, hast thou forgotten Him,

"Who on the hillsides, in whose lessons blended
The tale of nature with His wayside talk,
The sparrow's value which His Father tended,
The lilles bending on the fragile stalk.

"And still the bluebird, through the dark clouds
steering,
Calls from afar, though wild the tempest
blow,
And the fair violet, its carol hearing,
Smiles and awakens, fearing not the snow.

"Hast thou less faith than nature's tender
bushings,
Who raise their faces to the spring's first
breath?
Read then the story of these tender firstlings,
Nor fear the conflict of thy life or death."

—E. C. Goodwin, in N. Y. Observer.



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VII.—CONTINUED.

Then Bonelli could hear sounds of alteration in the room, and Mr. Doyle's voice, very angry, and the strange gentleman came out, and one of the men who'd been waiting said he had a cab, if that would answer, and he'd fetch it right off, and by the time he got back it was raining hard again, and he took his cab in under the shed where the carriage had been, and a couple of soldiers from the barracks then came in, wet and cold, and begged for a drink, and Bonelli knew one of them, called Dawson, and trusted him, as he often had done before. When Dawson heard Lieut. Doyle's drunken voice he said there'd be trouble getting him home, and he'd better fetch Mrs. Doyle, and while he was gone Lascelles came out, excited, and threw down a twenty-dollar bill and ordered more Krug and some brandy, and there was still loud talk, and when Bonelli carried in the bottles Doyle was sitting back in a chair, held down by the other officer, who was laughing at him, but, nevertheless, had a knife in hand—a long, sharp, two-edged knife—and Doyle was calling him names, and was very drunk, and soon after they all went out into the rear court, and Doyle made more noise, and the cab drove away around the corner, going down the leye through the pouring rain, one man on the box with the driver. That was the last he saw. Then Mrs. Doyle came in mad, and demanded her husband, and they found him reeling about the dark court, swearing and muttering, and Dawson and she took him off between them. This must have been before eleven o'clock; and that was absolutely all he knew.

Then Mr. Allerton had told his story again, without throwing the faintest light on the proceedings, and the hack-driver was found, and frankly and fully told his: that Lascelles and another gentleman hired him about eight o'clock to drive them down to the former's place, which they said was several squares above the barracks. He said that he would have to charge them eight dollars such a night anywhere below the old cotton-press, where the pavement ended. But then they had delayed starting nearly an hour, and took another gentleman with them, and that when driven by the storm to shelter at the Pelican saloon, three squares below where the pavement ended, and he asked for his money, saying he dare go no farther in the darkness and the flood, the Frenchman wouldn't pay, because he hadn't taken them all the way. He pointed out that he had to bring another gentleman and had to wait a long time, and demanded his eight dollars. The other gentleman, whom he found to be one of the officers at the barracks, slipped a bill into his hand and said it was all he had left, and if it wasn't enough he'd pay him the next time he came to town. But the others were very angry, and called him an Irish thief, and then the big soldier in uniform said he wouldn't have a man abused because he was Irish, and Lieut. Waring, as he understood the name of this other officer to be, told him, the witness, to "slip out and say no more, that he'd fix it all right, and that was the last he saw of the party, but he heard loud words and the sound of a scuffle as he drove away."

And Mme. d'Herville had given her testimony, which, translated, was to this effect: She had known the deceased these twenty years. He had been in the employ of her lamented husband, who died of the fever in '55, and monsieur had succeeded to the business, and made money, and owned property in town, besides the old family residence on the levee below. He was wedded to Emilie only a little while before the war, and lived at home all through, but business languished then, they had to contribute much, and his younger brother, M. Philippe, had cost him a great deal. Philippe was an officer in the zouaves raised in 1861 among the French Creoles, and marched with them to Columbus, and was wounded, and came home to be nursed, and Emilie took care of him for weeks and months, and then he went back to the war and fought bravely, and was shot again, and brought home, and this time M. Lascelles did not want to have him

down at the house; he said it cost too much to get the doctors down there; so he came under Madame's roof, and she was very fond of the boy, and Emilie would come sometimes and play and sing for him. When the war was over M. Lascelles gave him money to go to Mexico with Maximilian, and when the French were recalled many deserted and came over to New Orleans, and M. Lascelles was making very little money now, and had sold his town property, and he borrowed money of her to help, as he said, Philippe again, who came to visit him, and he was often worried by Philippe's letters begging for money. Seven thousand dollars now he owed her, and only last week had asked for more. Philippe was in Key West to buy an interest in some cigar business. M. Lascelles said if he could raise three thousand to reach Philippe this week they would all make money, but Emilie begged her not to, she was afraid it would all go. And on the very day before he was found dead he came to see her in the afternoon on Rampart street, and Emilie had told her of Mr. Waring's kindness to her and to Nin Nin, and she never could have got up after being dragged into the mud by that drunken cabman, "and she begged me to explain the matter to her husband, who was a little vexed with her because of Mr. Waring." But he spoke only about the money, and did not reply about Mr. Waring, except that he would see him and make proper acknowledgment of his civility. He seemed to think only of the money, and said Philippe had written again and must have help, and he was angry at Emilie because she would not urge with him, and Emilie wept, and he went away in anger, saying he had business to detain him in town until morning, when he would expect her to be ready to return with him.

Much of this testimony was evoked by pointed queries of the officials, who seemed somewhat familiar with Lascelles' business and family affairs, and who then declared that they must question the stricken widow. Harsh and unfeeling as this may have seemed, there were probably reasons which atoned for it. She came in on the arm of the old family physician, looking like a drooping flower, with little Nin Nin clinging to her hand. She was so shocked and stunned that she could barely answer the questions put to her with all courtesy and gentleness of manner. No, she had never heard of any quarrel between M. Lascelles and his younger brother. Yes, Philippe had been nursed by her through his

mistress would remain in town over night rather than attempt to come down. He had slept soundly, as negroes will, despite the gale and the roar of the rain that drowned all other noise. It was late the next morning when his mother called him. The old mammy was frightened to see the front gate open, the deep water in the streets, and the muddy footprints on the veranda. She called Alphonse, who found that his master must have come in during the night, after all, for the lamp was taken from the hall table, the library door was closed and locked, so was the front door, also barred within, which it had not been when he went to bed. He tapped at the library, got no answer, so tiptoed to his master's bedroom; it was empty and undisturbed. Neither had madame nor Mlle. Nin Nin been to their rooms. Then he was troubled, and then the soldiers came and called him out into the rain. They could tell the rest.

Cram's story is already told, and he could add nothing. The officials tried to draw the batterymen out as to the relations existing between Lieut. Waring and madame, but got badly "bluffed." Cram said he had never seen anything in the faintest degree worthy of comment. Had he heard anything? Yes, but nothing worthy of consideration, much less of repetition. Had he not loaned Mr. Waring his team and carriage to drive madame to town that morning? No. How did he get it then? Took it! Was Mr. Waring in the habit of helping himself to the property of his brother officers? Yes, whenever he felt like it, for they never objected. The legal official thought such spirit of camaraderie in the light artillery must make life at the barracks something almost poetic, to which Cram responded: "Oh, at times absolutely idyllic." And the tilt ended with the civil functionary ruffled, and this was bad for the battery. Cram never had any policy whatsoever.

Lieut. Doyle was the next witness summoned, and a more God-forsaken-looking fellow never sat in a shell jacket. Still in arrest, physically, at the beck of old Braxton, and similarly hampered, intellectually, at the will of bold John Barleycorn, Mr. Doyle came before the civil authorities only upon formal subpoena served at post headquarters. The post surgeon had straightened him up during the day, but was utterly perplexed at his condition. Mrs. Doyle's appearance in the neighborhood some weeks before had been the signal for a series of sprees



"BE READY TO TELL THE STORY I GIVE YE."

wounds. She was fond of Philippe, but not so fond as was her husband. M. Lascelles would do anything for Philippe, deny himself anything almost. Asked if M. Lascelles had not given some reason for his objection to Philippe's being nursed at his house when he came home the second time, she was embarrassed and distressed. She said Philippe was an impulsive boy, fancied himself in love with his brother's wife, and Armand saw something of this, and at last upbraided him, but very gently. There was no quarrel at all. Was there anyone whom M. Lascelles had been angered with on her account? She knew of none, but blushed, and blushed painfully. Had the deceased not recently objected to the attentions paid her by other gentlemen? There was a murmur of reproof among the hearers, but madame answered unflinchingly, though with painful blushes and tears. M. Lascelles had said nothing of disapproval until very recently; *au contraire*, he had much liked Mr. Waring. He was the only one of the officers at the barracks whom he had ever invited to the house, and he talked with him a great deal; had never, even to her, spoken of a quarrel with him, because Mr. Waring had been so polite to her, until within a week or two; then—yes, he certainly had. Of her husband's business affairs, his papers, etc., she knew little. He always had certain moneys, though not large sums, with all his papers, in the drawers of his cabinet, and that they should be in so disturbed a state was not unusual. They were all in order, closed and locked, when he started for town the morning of that fatal day, but he often left them open and in disorder, only then locking his library door. When she left for town two hours after him, the library door was open, also the side-window. She could throw no light on the tragedy. She had no idea who the stranger could be. She had not seen Philippe for nearly a year, and believed him to be at Key West.

Alphonse, the colored boy, was so terrified by the tragedy and by his detention under the same roof with the murdered man that his evidence was only dragged from him. Nobody suspected the poor fellow of complicity in the crime, yet he seemed to consider himself as on trial. He swore he had entered the library only once during the afternoon or evening, and that was to close the shutters when the storm broke. He left a lamp burning low in the hall, according to custom, though he felt sure his master and

the effect that when the coroner was through with him the post commander would take hold again, so the colonel depressed more than the cocktail stimulated, and, as luck would have it, almost the first person to meet him inside the gloomy inclosure was his wife, and her few whispered words only added to his misery.

The water still lay in pools about the premises, and the police had allowed certain of his neighbors to stream in and stare at the white walls and shaded windows, but only a favored few penetrated the hallway and rooms where the investigation was being held. Doyle shook like one with the palsy as he ascended the little flight of steps and passed into the open doorway, still accompanied by "Little Pills." People looked at him with marked curiosity. He was questioned, questioned, cross-questioned, but the result was only a hopeless tangle. He really added nothing to the testimony of the hack driver and Bonelli. In abject remorse and misery he begged them to understand he was drunk when he joined the party, got drunker, dimly remembered there was a quarrel, but he had no cause to quarrel with anyone—and that was all; he never knew how he got home. He covered his face in his shaking hands at last, and seemed on the verge of a fit of crying.

But then came sensation.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WANTED IT BRIEF.

The Marriage Ceremony of a Young New York Newspaper Man.

A New York Presbyterian minister has given a curious account of his first marriage ceremony. The groom, a friend of the minister, was a young newspaper man. On the afternoon of the wedding day he called upon the clergyman. "I suppose it does not make any difference to you what form you use?" the young man said. "Not the slightest," answered the clergyman.

"Well," said the prospective bridegroom, "I have looked over a number of services, and have picked out the Dutch Reformed because it is the shortest. But even that is much too long. You preachers can't be expected to know anything about boiling things down. I have brought you a Dutch Reformed prayerbook, and you will see that I have knocked out all that I think unnecessary."

"With that," says the minister, "he left me, and I opened the book at the marriage service. It was a network of black lines. That young man, so used to cutting copy, had actually edited the marriage service, and had knocked out, as he expressed it, at least two-thirds of it.

"It shocked me at first to see a prayerbook so mutilated, but in the evening I followed copy like a faithful compositor, and the whole ceremony did not take more than three minutes. He was delighted, but the bride had a little bone to pick with me.

"She had had a hand in the editing, I mean, for in the promise to 'love, honor and obey,' the word obey had been marked out. But in the excitement of the moment I left it in.

"Doy you know," the clergyman continued, "that young man taught me a lesson about using gorgeous lithographed marriage certificates. I bought the handsomest one I could find and carried it with me, filled out and ready. When I handed it to him he looked at it and smiled.

"'Nonsense,' said he, 'do you think I'm an art store?' and he tore a blank leaf from a book on the parlor table and wrote upon it these words with his stylograph:

"This certifies that at Flushing, L. I., on Tuesday, the 18th day of March, 1872, I united John Smith and Abigail Jones in the bonds of matrimony."

"I signed it, and the deed was done."

—N. Y. Sun.

A WICKED DOG.

It Would Not Acknowledge Its Master When Sober.

on the Irishman's part that had on two occasions so prostrated him that Dr. Potts, an acting assistant surgeon, had been called in to prescribe for him, and, thanks to the vigorous constitution of his patient, had pulled him out in a few hours. But this time "Pills the Less" had found Doyle in a state bordering on terror, even when assured that the quantity of his potions had not warranted an approach to tremens. The post surgeon had been called in, too, and "Pills the Pitiless," as he was termed, thanks to his unfailing prescription of quinine and blue mass in the shape and size of buckshot, having no previous acquaintance, in Doyle, with these attacks, pooh-poohed the case, administered bromides and adminton in due proportion, and went off about more important business. Dr. Potts, however, stood by his big patient, wondering what should cause him to start in such terror at every step upon the stair without, and striving to bring sleep to eyes that had not closed the livelong night nor all the balmy, beautiful day. Once he asked if Doyle wished to send for his wife, and was startled at the vehemency of the reply: "For God's sake, no!" and, shuddering, Doyle had hidden his face and turned away. Potts got him to eat something towards noon, and Doyle begged for more drink, but was refused. He was sober, yet shattered, when Mr. Drake suddenly appeared just about stable-call and bade him repair at once to the presence of the commanding officer. Then Potts had to give him a drink, or he would never have got there. With the aid of a servant he was dressed, and, accompanied by the doctor, reached the office. Braxton looked him over coldly.

"Mr. Doyle," said he, "the civil authorities have made requisition for—" But he had got no further when Doyle staggered, and but for the doctor's help might have fallen.

"For God's sake, colonel, it isn't true! Sure I know nothing of it at all, sir. Indade, indade, I was blind drunk, colonel. Sure they'd swear a man's life away, sir, just because he was the one—he was the one that—" "Be silent, sir! You are not accused, that I know of. It is as a witness you are needed. Is he in condition to testify, doctor?"

"He is well enough, sir, to tell what he knows, but he claims to know nothing." And this, too, Doyle eagerly seconded, but was sent along in the ambulance, with the doctor to keep him out of mischief, and a parting shot to

A Strange Operation.
A little boy whose father never uses a razor was much amazed and interested on the morning after his arrival at his uncle's house to see that gentleman shaving.

"Why, Uncle Fred!" he exclaimed, after watching the operation for a few moments. "I don't see what makes you wash your face with that little broom, and wipe it off with a knife. Papa doesn't!"—Youth's Companion.

Her Hope Realized.

Pugilist's Mother—And how did Jack come out?

Pugilist's Father—He won the bat-

tle, of course.

Pugilist's Mother—There! I always knew Jack was born to be an actor.—Puck.

TURKS believe that women have no souls.

SILVER IN THE BIBLE.

The Silver Discussion Has Put Some People to Searching the Scriptures.

The Express has received the following rather curious communication:

In the ninth chapter of II. Chronicles, 20th verse, please read:

"And all the drinking vessels of King Solomon were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver; it was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon."

Also in the 27th verse: "And the king made silver in Jerusalem as stones."

The object of the above is not clear, but it is perhaps an attempt to show that in the days of Solomon silver was accounted of little worth. The writer of the communication, if he holds this idea, is very much mistaken. The money of the Hebrews was chiefly, or almost entirely, silver. The passages above quoted were designed to illustrate the royal magnificence of Solomon, and not to discredit silver. The Bible has many references to the uses of silver as money. Here are some of them from the Old Testament:

Gen. 23, 15: "The land is worth four hundred shekels."

Gen. 13, 2: "And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold."

Ex. 38, 23: "And the silver of them that were numbered of the congregation was a hundred talents."

Lev. 5, 15: "He shall bring for his trespass * * * a ram without blemish with thy estimation by shekels of silver after the shekel of the sanctuary."

Lev. 27, 3: "Thy estimation shall be fifty shekels of silver."

Deut. 22, 19: "And they shall amerce him in a hundred shekels of silver."

Josh. 7, 21: "I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment and two hundred shekels of silver."

Judges 17, 2: "The eleven hundred shekels of silver."

I. Kings 20, 39: "Then shall thy life be for his life, or else thou shalt pay a talent of silver."

II. Kings 5, 22: "Give them, I pray you, a talent of silver."

I. Kings 16, 24: "And he bought the hill of Shemer for two talents of silver."

II. Kings 15, 20: "Menahem exacted the money of Israel, even of all the mighty men of wealth, of each man fifty shekels of silver."

Neh. 5, 15: "Bread and wine, besides forty shekels of silver."

Jeremiah 32, 9: "And I bought the field of Hanameel, * * * and weighed him the money, even seventeen shekels of silver."

I. Chron. 19, 6: "The children of Ammon sent a thousand talents of silver to hire them chariots and horsemen."

I. Chron. 22, 14: "A thousand talents of silver."

I. Chron. 19, 4: "Seyen thousand talents of refined silver."

II. Chron. 25, 6: "He hired also 100,000 mighty men of valor out of Israel for a hundred talents of silver."