

WAS HELD BY HONOR.



ER CY, MARIE, they are hunting me like a wolf!"

The speaker was a fine-looking man in the prime of life, and he bounded into his own home as he uttered the startling exclamation.

"Have there been new arrests, Pierre?" asked his wife, looking up from her work with a terrified expression.

It was a troublesome time in Paris. The new government had just issued a decree that all communists and insurgents found with arms in their possession should be put to death without delay. The terrible edict was being carried out on every hand, and every hour witnessed the untimely fate of many an honest, if misguided, heart.

Pierre Lamont had been among the most zealous workers against the republican party before election, and now that the latter had come into power he was wanted to answer for his rash speeches and intemperate action.

"They have just arrested a dozen at the Heyward and dragged them away like so many sheep to the slaughter. Curse them! It was only the thought of your sake and Henri's I am almost firing into their midst!"

"Hush, Pierre!" cried his frightened wife, who trembled to think what his impetuous nature might bring upon them. "You must not talk like that. Calm your passions until the storm has blown over. In a few days, I dare say, the trouble will be escaped."

"I am not so sure of that, Marie," he replied, showing that her words had not been without their effect. "I am not a coward, you know that, Marie, but for your sake and Henri's I am almost afraid to remain here."

"Do you think they will follow you to your home, my husband?"

"Alas! I know not where I am safe. They may be here any moment, and again it is possible that I am safer here than I would be elsewhere."

"I have a plan, Pierre. Why not let Henri go upon the street and see what he can learn? Our boy is capable of taking care of himself, as you well know."

Though he was not quite 15, and small for his age, little Henri had proved on several occasions that he possessed a man's ready wit and courage, so his father willingly allowed him to start upon his errand, little dreaming of the fearful consequences it was likely to incur.

Whistling merrily to give a show of unconcern, Henri left his home, going swiftly toward the more densely populated portion of the city. Everywhere he went he saw evidence of the reign of excitement. Men were grouped together in earnest conversation at almost every corner, while through the darker streets and alleys crouching figures could be seen stealing away in all directions. He saw several squads of armed soldiers and as he approached the Elysee palace he was startled by the arrest of half a dozen insurgents.

Not wishing to be seen too near such scenes Henri turned off to the left, and was entering the garden, when he was startled by the utterance of his father's name. Concealed from the speaker's gaze by a thick bush, he heard the other describe to an officer his own home, with the added information that his outlawed parent would be found there at that moment.

He heard the officer say that a squad of soldiers would be sent at once to affect his arrest, when he was further startled by the appearance of four fugitives, who were fleeing for their lives. All were armed and they looked like a desperate party; but seeing an officer and his men suddenly stopping their escape, they uttered cries of dismay.

All but one threw up his arms and surrendered after a short resistance. The exception, catching sight of Henri's hiding place, leaped to the spot, and thrusting his weapon into the frightened boy's hands, pushed him out into the pathway of the excited soldiers.

Before he could offer a word of explanation Henri found himself borne

went on boldly, "for it is part of your duty. But I left my mother, promising to return in a few minutes, and if I do not come back she will worry about me. Then, too, I have her watch, which she prizes highly, as it was a present from my father. She is very poor, too, and the watch will be so much for her when I am gone. Now, if you will only let me run home and quiet her a bit and give her watch, I will return just as soon as I can to be shot. I won't be gone over fifteen minutes, monsieur. May I go?"

It is safe to say the grizzled soldier had never seen the equal of this audacious request. He pulled his heavy gray mustache fiercely, and was about to order him back into the lines, when the peculiar gravity of the situation struck him with so much absurdness that he demanded:

"Want to go home to bid your mother good-bye, eh? What proof have I that you will come back to be shot?"

"My word of honor, monsieur," replied the youthful hero, drawing his slight figure up with great dignity. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his words.

"Your word of honor, eh? Well, I must say if it is the equal of your wit and assurance, you have a pretty good stock. Go home, and mind that you are lively about it."

With a joyful exclamation Henri bounded away, and a few minutes later he entered his home, where he found his parents anxiously awaiting him. In a few words he told his father of his peril, when the latter lost no time in fleeing to a place of greater safety. The brave boy then turned to kiss his mother, saying:

"I think I had better go back on the street, that I may keep posted in regard to what is being done. Please take your watch, for I may lose it, or it may be stolen from me."

He could not tell her he was going back to be shot. She would know that all to soon. Bidding her to be of good cheer, he went out of his home with a farewell look at its dear surroundings, and her with her tear-wet eyes.

It had taken Henri longer than he had expected to go home and return to his dismal fate, so he found that the place of execution was temporarily deserted. But upon inquiring of a bystander he was directed to headquarters.

Ten minutes later Col. Beauchamp was surprised in the midst of his rush of terrible business by the appearance of the young communist before him, who, with a military salute, said:

"Here I am, monsieur. I am afraid it took me longer than I expected. But I have comforted mother and given her the watch, and now I am ready to be shot."

For a moment the bluff old soldier was unable to speak or move. He recalled the boy's countenance as belonging to him whom he had considered as set free on account of his youth, and then, in a brusque manner, he cried:

"Get thee hence, you young rascal! Go back to your mother, and never let me catch you in such company again, or even your honor may not save you."

Then, as Henri, showing his first evidence of fright, left the place, and the colonel with a very red face returned to his stern duties, he muttered to his companions, as he waved his hand, "I have the watch, and now I am ready to be shot."

"So they have heroes among them—those wretches!"

I am glad to say that Henri's father escaped, thanks to his timely warning, but when at last the danger was over and the story of the young hero reached his parents' ears, they could not help weeping to think how near he had been to death on that fateful day. If it was not true heroism I do not know what is.

OIL WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Standard and Opposition Represented—Look for Fun.

The oil trade is speculating on the possible connection between the sailing of the Standard Oil Company's agent, F. J. Barstow, for South America and the absence from this country of Lewis Emery—who is supposed to be in South or Central America. Mr. Emery is one of the few men who have successfully fought the Standard, and it is suggested that he may be ready to oppose the company's schemes in the Argentine Republic, says New York World. An American company, known as the Pan-American Investment Company of No. 35 Wall street, has acquired control of the Colombian oil fields on the Gulf of Darien which the bureau of American republics brought to the world's attention. In the street it is not yet known what the influence is back of this company, but it is supposed to be Standard. The oil is found on the shore three days run from the Standard's Cuban refineries. A pipe line of 120 miles would convey the oil from the Darien district on the Atlantic to a good Pacific port just south of Panama. A scientific commission is now on the Gulf of Darien surveying the oil field, and it is understood that the Standard company expects this week a large consignment of samples. The samples which have been received and tested show that the oil ranks with the average of the Pennsylvania district.

Great Merchants' Shabby Desks.

As a rule the head of any large and long-established concern has the shabbiest desk in the room, says Chicago Times-Herald. Business men have a kind of superstition on this point, at least many of them do. They feel like clinging to the old desk, which has witnessed so many of their financial triumphs, and are half inclined to believe, perhaps, that it might break the spell if they should part with these old partners of their joys and sorrows. Henry Clews, in his "Twenty Years in Wall Street," remarks that Jay Gould transacted all his business at a desk "which never ought to have cost over \$25," and everybody knows the story of A. T. Stewart, that when he removed from the old store in which he began his career to the new one which he built later on he insisted on taking along the old apple woman who had been carrying on her small mercantile transactions near his door for so many years and whom he grew to associate with his business success.

Indian Commerce.

The Indian manufactures were confined to the making of canoes, the building of lodges, the weaving of baskets and coarse fabrics, and the making of rude weapons and images.

Royal Families.

Of the twenty-seven royal families of Europe two-thirds are of German origin.

"Noble Aeneas," said Dido, "it grieves

OLD-TIME ROMANCE.



ELUS, king of Tyre, was dead, and Pygmalion, his son, had succeeded to the throne. A new king is sometimes a blessing to a people, and sometimes he is not. This was one of the times when he was not, for Pygmalion had all the qualities that make a sovereign detested, and none that make him loved.

He had a sister, the Princess Dido, who was married to a man of immense wealth, a worthy nobleman of Tyre, named Sichaeus. You might think that a king would be glad to have the friendship and support of a man of that kind, especially in that far-away time, when thrones rested, at best, upon somewhat shaky foundations, but Pygmalion was so puffed up with his own importance and so confident of his power, that he sometimes "lost his head."

He had one passion that subordinated everything else in his nature—the love of gold, and he was in the habit of overriding anything that might stand in the way of acquiring it.

In spite, therefore, of his close relationship to Sichaeus, of the love that he should have felt, but did not, for his beautiful sister, the Princess Dido, he determined to become possessed of the wealth of Sichaeus, and to that end he had him put to death.

But the widowed Dido managed to outwit the avaricious king, her brother, and, knowing quite well that she would follow her husband to the land of shades if she did not put herself beyond the king's reach, she secretly organized a band of followers, men and women, and fled from Tyre, taking with her the riches that Sichaeus had left. She and her followers sailed away in ships.

Dido had all the spirit and ambition of a royal race, and her purpose was to found a city in some new country where she might reign as became the daughter of Belus. Committing herself and her companions, therefore, to the care and protection of the gods, she had her ships pointed toward the distant coast of Africa, and after a prosperous voyage landed at a point opposite to Sicily. The natives received her with many manifestations of friendship, and when she asked them for only so much ground as might be inclosed with a bull's hide, they readily gave their consent.

Their amusement, however, turned to dismay, and then to downright admiration, when they saw how the shrewd princess had interpreted her own proposition.

I don't know who suggested the idea to Dido; perhaps she evolved it out of her own head; but when the natives had consented to her request for as much ground as might be inclosed with a bull's hide, she had the hide cut into very fine strips, and then tied together into a very long string. With this string she and her followers managed to inclose a pretty good-sized piece of ground, upon which they at once built a citadel that was the nucleus of a town.

And that is how the great and powerful city of Carthage was founded, a city that afterward produced Hamcar and Hannibal, two of the greatest soldiers and chieftains of those times; a city that rivaled Rome itself in greatness and power.

One day a great storm swept over the sea off Carthage, and in the midst of it the people could see several vessels struggling with wind and wave. They were some distance from shore, but their tempest-driven course showed that they must soon be wrecked upon the rocks that lay just outside the harbor.

Word of their condition was brought to Queen Dido in her palace, and she gave immediate orders that her people should do what they could to aid the mariners if they should be wrecked.

But suddenly, as if by some supernatural power, the winds subsided, the waves laid their foaming crests down upon the surface of the sea, the face of heaven was swept clear of the dark clouds that had obscured it, and the vessels sailed quietly into port.

The people received the strangers with generous hospitality, and the queen sent a messenger to the leader of the expedition, requesting him to appear before her in the palace. Con-

A GREAT STORM SWEPT OVER THE SEA.

ducted by the messenger, the leader set forth at once to obey the royal command.

"Welcome, noble stranger," said Dido, as the leader came into her presence. "I know not whence you came, but it is enough that you and your people have been storm-driven; all Carthage is subject to your will until such time as you shall have repaired the injury you have sustained. I, myself, am not unacquainted with sorrow, and I have learned to succor the unfortunate. Welcome, therefore, to this good city of Carthage, of which I am queen."

"Most noble queen," said the stranger, a man of heroic form and bearing, "I thank you for your hospitable greeting; may the gods forever bless you and your generous people."

"Know, Queen Dido, that I am Aeneas, one of the chieftains of Troy. That fair city, after ten years of heroic struggle against the valor and strategy of the besieging Greeks, has fallen, and its good people—all except those that came here with me in my ships—have suffered death by spear and sword at the hands of our victorious enemy."

"Yes, queen, Troy is no more; its palaces and its temples are in ashes, and its people are dead. We are the only survivors of the dire calamity, and we seek a spot where, under the good-will and protection of the gods, we may rehabilitate ourselves and, mayhap, find a new city and a new race."

"Noble Aeneas," said Dido, "it grieves

me to hear that Troy is no more. But right worthily did her gallant sons bear themselves in her defense. As long as the world endures shall their praises be sung and their names be honored."

"You say that you and your followers are seeking a new home; rest here! Carthage welcomes all gallant men within her walls! Here there shall be no distinction between Carthaginian and Trojan. Your people shall be my people, and my people shall be yours. Abide in Carthage and find here the fulfillment of your ambition!"

And then the queen ordered a great feast prepared in honor of her guests; rest here! Carthage welcomes all gallant men within her walls! Here there shall be no distinction between Carthaginian and Trojan. Your people shall be my people, and my people shall be yours. Abide in Carthage and find here the fulfillment of your ambition!"

When a man enters congress he must choose one of two things. If he wishes to be courted and feted by Washington society, if he desires the praise of the plutocratic press, if he is looking after fat places for his relations and friends, if a king would be glad to have the friendship and support of a man of that kind, especially in that far-away time, when thrones rested, at best, upon somewhat shaky foundations, but Pygmalion was so puffed up with his own importance and so confident of his power, that he sometimes "lost his head."

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