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THE BOND OF FLESH.

Weird Tale of Life from the Tyrolese Mountains.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

He soon contrived to murmur in my ear: "I would not hesitate. Olaf Aveling is ready whenever you are. Better take what risk there is than go on, like this, in anxiety and self-torment."

"Very well," I answered, "tell him, if you see him before I do, that I am willing it shall be to-morrow night."

And to-morrow night it was. But before then I had a long talk with Linda. To some of this Conrad listened, and I thought that he did so with a hungry eagerness, varied by suspicious glances at myself. The poor fellow seemed to have some distressing doubt of my own continued love for him. I well knew that this was at the root of all his uneasiness. It refreshed me wonderfully when he at length yielded either to my will power or his own weariness and lapsed into a feverish yet decided slumber.

I promptly addressed Linda then with these direct and tremulous words:

"You have shown me that you care for me. I—I can only speak in whispers like this, or he will hear. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly, drooping her eyes.

"Oh, Linda," I pursued, "how much do you really care for me?"

"I, Victor?" she faltered; "why, I'm your fond, devoted sister. Have I not said this to you more than once?"

"It has meant nothing to me, Linda. I—I love you in another way from that. You must have seen?"

"Victor, what are you saying?"

"Then you think me madly foolish?"

"Oh, yes, yes; why not?"

"You mean—because of him?"

"Conrad—yes."

"But listen, Linda. If I were freed from him, what then?"

"Freed from Conrad? Oh, you can't be serious—you can't."

"But I am. There is a possibility of our separation. Aveling has told you nothing of it?"

"No, no," she answered, in consternation and affright. "Victor, you don't dream that such a thing could be accomplished?"

I controlled my yearning to tell her the real truth.

"It certainly might be accomplished, Linda." And here I seized her hand, raining soft and soundless kisses upon it. "If it were, Linda, what then?"

"What then?" she repeated, bewilderedly, letting me retain her hand. Then, on a sudden, precipitately rising, she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me full on the lips. Afterward, like a flash, she glided from my sight.

I felt, with great, fierce, intoxicating thrills that I had had my answer. And such an answer! It nerved me for untold bodily agony to come.

That night, after Conrad and I had retired, I knew that the operation would occur. For some time my brother lay sleepless at my side, and plied me with questions.

"Why are you so wakeful, Victor?" he queried.

"I, Conrad?" came my response. "It is you who are wakeful. You know I do not sleep as readily as yourself."

"But you're excited. Your heart is beating fast. Why is that?"

"You only imagine, Conrad."

"No, no; I feel it beat. I feel it all through my frame. Why do I feel your heart beat like this, Victor? Why? Why?"

"You do not, Conrad," I strove to say calmly, "you only fancy it."

"Fancy it! Pah! You're unhappy about something. Ah, I know—I know," and his voice became tearful. "You're sorry we're joined together. You—you want to have us cut apart. Am I not right, Victor?"

"No," I said, steadying my voice as best I could. "No, indeed. There, are you satisfied?"

"I—I can't be."

"What puts such strange thoughts into your mind, Conrad?" I urged, reproachfully. Meanwhile I was using all my hypnotic power to induce sleep in him, for I knew that Aveling and his fellow physicians must now be waiting not far away, ready to appear at the instant that I should sound a peal from the small bell on the wall just above my pillow.

SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT MY NECK.

"Yes, yes," persisted Conrad, with wild plaintiveness, "I am right! I am right!" Here he gave a dreadful shudder. "But I'll never consent to an operation, Victor, never!" And now he embraced me as if in suppliant alarm. "If I did, you might recover, but I would die."

"No, Victor."

"Yes, that is what they've all said—all except Dr. Aveling, and he wants to make himself famous at any price. It's not that I'm so afraid to die, Victor—not that I even fear dying at all."

"No, Conrad?"

"But it's leaving you. Ah, if we could both go together. Then I should not care in the least."

I turned, feeling like a Judas, and kissed him on the brow. "We probably will go together," I said, "when our times comes," and I meant what I said, though in a sense wholly different from that in which he doubtless took my painful words.

It seemed an eternity before he fell asleep. I was remorseful, and yet burningly bent on carrying out my project. Somehow I already hated myself for the very force of determination which controlled me.

Conscience, however, kept applying to its hurt one sovereign lenitive. Had not Aveling assurred me that our chances of life would be equal? I reposed all my self-justification on that sole assurance. For the rest, my love of Linda made action, consent, acquiescence almost fatally easy.

When poor Conrad slept, and I was at last confident that he did so, I sounded the bell.

Aveling entered very softly. In no time I had assisted him to place the sponge of ether at Conrad's nostrils. The light in the room was still dim. But I could see Aveling's face perfectly. It was calm, and perhaps a little paler than usual.

"You're excited," he said, with his hand on my pulse.

"Oh, naturally," I answered. "Is everything ready?"

"Everything."

"The other physicians are waiting in the next room?"

"Yes, and the work must necessarily be brief. You will have no suffering. Would you care to see Schreiner for a moment?"

"Does he desire it?" I asked.

"He does and does not. He is unnerved, and——"

"Very well; don't let us meet, then. He might unnerve me." I gave a faint, broken laugh now. "It is so horrid to take that drug. Could I not go through the thing without it?"

"No, no!" refused Aveling, "don't dream of it. All hope of safety lies in your perfect quietude and unconsciousness."

"Very well," I said. Just then the breathing of Conrad at my side grew sterterous, and a languor, whose cause I could not but know, stole through my veins.

In another moment I felt a sponge touch my own nostrils. Then there came a struggle against the heavy, asphyxiating vapors of the anæsthetic.

I FELT A SPONGE.

And just before I quite lost all count of things I have a clear recollection of seeing the lights of the room turned up to their fullest extent and several male figures troping in through an open door.

That was all. * * * Immediately after I became unconscious Conrad and I must have been lifted from our bed into the adjacent room and placed on an operating table prepared to receive us.

CHAPTER III.

I remember nothing until a period which must have been two or three hours later. And then, as it now recurs to me, I was so weak and yet thoroughly peaceful that I had no desire to use my memory at all. This was no doubt a result of the great blood-loss which I had sustained. Afterward came a blank.

I learned, later, that this blank lasted for nearly five days. The nurses watching me twice decided that I had ceased to live. Then vitality flickered back into a vague semblance of its old sway.

What I first clearly recall is refusing to drink a certain potion put by the nurse to my lips, and saying with vehemence that I had already eaten and drank more than was good for me. At this time my watchers were afraid that I might die of starvation, since the injections of nourishment on which I had been living had begun to fail of their nutritive office.

But from that hour, straight along, I began to recuperate. Once started, my bodily recovery was rapid. Not so, however, my mental recovery. For a good while I saw Conrad at my side, though he was no longer there. For a good while I spoke to him and thought that he returned my answers. The realization that we had been separated in a bodily way crept upon me with drowsy slowness. At last I inquired of my nurse:

"Where is my brother?"

"We thought it best, sir," came the glib reply, "that you should be kept apart while you're both so ill."

"Then he is alive?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Thank God! And has he suffered?"

"Suffered? Oh, no, sir; not at all."

I heard myself heave a strong, grateful sigh just as I sank into a sleep which those few sentences made one of exhaustion.

But a little later I rallied most appreciably. Still too weak too leave my bed, I could yet hold converse with two or three doctors who visited me. The absence of Aveling became a source of surprise, and I soon inquired for him.

"He has been called away," said one of the doctors.

"Yes—to Paris, I believe," strusk in another; and then I saw them exchange a quick, peculiar smile—a smile which I was destined presently to understand.

"Where is my dear old friend, Oscar Schreiner?" I next questioned. "Why does he not come to me—he of all others?"

"We thought you were not strong enough yet," I was answered.

"Not strong enough?" I returned, almost mockingly; "why, that is really absurd. Let him come at once."

But they refused, and three good days had passed before Oscar appeared at my bed-side. He was very grave of demeanor, and looked somewhat haggard. After a little while, during which he held my hand and stroked it with fondness, he broke to me the tidings that Conrad had died (wholly without pain and still unconscious) on the evening of the operation.

"Dead! Conrad dead!" I cried, and swooned completely away.

More days passed before I learned news equally harrowing, in a way even far more so. Desiring most earnestly to see Linda, I was told that I could not, for the reason that she had become Mrs. Olaf Aveling, and was on her wedding tour with her new-married husband.

Then the whole hateful truth burst upon me. Trembling with passionate revolt and disgust, I rose from the great arm-chair in which I was seated, and shook my clenched hand at Oscar.

"Olaf Aveling wanted to perform that operation," I cried, "because he believed it would kill me also."

"Victor!" exclaimed Oscar Schreiner, shocked and horrified, "how can you denounce as a murderer the man who has given you your liberty?"

"Liberty!" I echoed, with a scornful sneer. "What is my liberty worth, now that Linda is lost to me—Linda whom I loved with my whole soul?"

Oscar visibly shuddered and raised one repelling hand.

"I had no dream that you cared for her like this," he began, "until Aveling himself told me."

"And then," I shouted, "you forced her to marry that treacherous devil!"

"I persuaded her——"

"You forced her," I struck in. "Yes, you must have forced her, for she loved me, she loved me. I had seen it; I had felt it through every fiber of my life!"

"But, Victor, listen. It seemed such a sacrilege for her to marry you, after Conrad's death. Forgive me if I thought this, but——"

"You consented, however, that she should marry the assassin of my brother."

"Oh, Victor! Think! If he had wished to kill you, might he not have done so?"

I broke into a laugh of bitter irony. "No. He was watched by those other doctors. And you yourself have told me that I was only saved by a miracle."

"Victor, Victor," sighed my listener. "Remember that you are not yet well—that excitement like this may reopen your wound!"

"I'll reopen it myself," now rang from my lips. And with reckless hands I tore from my side the bandages which clung to it. A great flow of blood followed, and for days I was once more prostrated. I wanted to die, and even prayed for death. But health asserted itself in obstinate refusal of my prayer. Within another month I had completely recovered, and as soon as regained strength permitted I departed from Oscar Schreiner's house.

Almost immediately I went back to my native town among the Tyrolese mountains, and have lived there in solitude and retirement ever since. I am an old man now, and the story of the severed bond of flesh has become half-forgotten. It gave Olaf Aveling a great surgical reputation, however, and he has grown rich in consequence.

Hundreds of times, in my regret and repentance at the death of poor Conrad, I have felt like taking my own life. But that is all past now; I am in a measure quite at peace. Past, too, are the wildly vengeful impulses to seek out Olaf Aveling and end his life by a retributive blow of hate. I comprehend the utter failure of my new existence, yet strive to convince myself that it is a penance justly inflicted for having presumed to tamper with the decrees of an inscrutable destiny.

Often do I bless the mighty hills which englird me, and often it seems to me that they have somehow taught me noble and wholesome lessons. I watch their grandeur for hours, and learn

"I'LL REOPEN IT MYSELF."

from it (or, perhaps, only fancy that I learn) the sacred wisdom of patience.

THE END.

The Hop-Pickers.

A chronicler of the past and present records, in the New York Evening Post, the degeneracy of the business of hop-picking in the interior of New York State. In his boyhood all the young men and women who were in need of money or out of health repaired to the country annually, picked hops for the farmers, shared the meals of their wives and daughters, and returned home with a nest-egg of $25 or so. The earning were very acceptable to the poorer workers, and to the others they meant some extra fineries or a trip to New York. The occupation was regarded as proper and desirable, and moreover, the day often ended with a country dance or some other innocent amusement. But the introduction of the city hop-pickers has spoiled this bucolic picture. The chronicler says of them: "The pickers are gathered indiscriminately and are composed of an indolent class of men and women, who do not care to labor industriously for the money they would earn, but go rather for the 'good time' there is in it. Drinking and revelry, an absence of all decency, brawls, midnight marauding, and an occasional murder are the results of their annual visit to the hop-field. It follows that decent and industrious country people have been driven from a good occupation."

IF it takes forty-five days fast to cure dyspepsia, as seems to be the opinion of a man in New Jersey, it is not strange that so many people have it. The better way is to live properly so the dyspepsia cannot get a lodgment.

RELIGIOUS CORNER.

RELIGION AND REFORM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The Living Present—Jesus It's Me—By Our Own Deeds We Must Reckon—The Holy Communion—One of the Very Best Ways.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;

A hope for me and a hope for you.
All the past things are past and over.
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday's now is a past forever;
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot reveal them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and of sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

Jesus, It's Me.

At a religious meeting in the south of London, a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for; she wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the gentleman conducting the meeting: "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please, but do not mention my name?"

In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed, and there was silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said, "O, Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name to be known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!" There was a perfect silence, and away in the back of the meeting a little girl rose, and a little voice said, "Please, it's me, Jesus; it is me!" She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me."

By Our Own Deeds.

You have individualities that may be eccentricities, says the Philadelphia Methodist, but they need not be; they may be your points of strength. Your efficiency may depend upon them. Do the work to which you are adapted. Make a distinct impression in the sphere of your activities. Be in league with others, for sometimes you will be unable to do much alone, but be sure to do something. To vote to do something, or for others to do something, is frequently all that is done. We shall not be judged by the deeds of the organization of which we are a part, but according to the deeds that are distinctly chargeable to us.

The Holy Communion.

No one has lived the inner life without seasons of early passions when the romance of Jesus had captured the soul without experiencing seasons of later declension when the greenery of spring grew gray in the city dust. It is in such hours of coldness and weariness we ought to reinforce our souls with the sacrament of the bread and wine. As one makes a journey to some country kirkyard where the dust of his departed is lying, and cleanses away the moss that has filled up the letters of his mother's name, so do we in the holy communion again assure ourselves of a love so amazing that it passes knowledge, but so utterly divine that it must be true.—Ian Maclaren.

One of the Best Ways.

One of the best ways to be loved in a community is to seek its welfare by refusing to hear and retail gossip, by fair, kind, generous and helpful action, by showing respect for others' opinions, by expressing one's own in a polite but firm way, and by discharging duty with courtesy, considerateness and fidelity. More than anyone else, the wife should have the grace of silence—the crowning household blessing. She should know how to hold her peace. She should know when to refrain from speaking, even though her words be those of affection and endearment.

Self-Respect.

Many people are accused of thinking too highly of themselves, but the fact is that the majority do not respect and reverence themselves enough. Even in the most secret place we should scorn to do anything that would make us less able to respect ourselves. We should be like Socrates, who used to say that there was one man of whom he was terribly afraid, and that was Socrates. Few men and perhaps no woman, pass a glass or mirror, or even a well-polished door handle, without looking at themselves in it. This would not be a bad habit if they would reason in this way: "If I am handsome I must take care that my character corresponds; if ugly, let me be all glorious within, so that I may compensate for the plainness of my features.

Evil Speaking.

1. I will speak no unkind or harsh word of anyone.

2. I will repeat no unkind remarks I hear of anyone, and discourage others, as much as possible, from saying unkind things.

3. I will judge my neighbors leniently, remembering that my own faults are probably far greater.

4. I will never say one thing to others, and yet think quite differently; this is hypocrisy. "Deceive not with thy lips."

5. I will make no injurious remarks on the failings of others, remembering these words, "Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

6. I will put the best construction on the motives and actions of all my neighbors.—Presbyterian Review.

How to Bear Great Sorrows.

Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow—overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so, no one ever does that, at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the full narrows and narrows before our eyes and we land safe on the opposite shore.—D. M. Craik.

How We Can Work Best.

Everybody can do something to help on the work of the church, and most of us can do some things for which we do not yet perceive our own fitness. Tastes, circumstances, natural advantages and evident opportunities suggest how we can work best, but even those who are not aware of any particular call of duty will soon become interested and useful when once fairly set at work. Where there is such a willing and zealous purpose the fruits of true spiritual enterprise soon appear.

Can Never Die.

Our souls can never die,
Tho' in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.

The Highest Pitch.

To be patient under a heavy cross is no small praise; to be contented is more; but to be cheerful is the highest pitch of Christian fortitude.

Gems of Thought.

Books are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferrules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if, investigating, you interrogate them they conceal nothing; if you mistake them they never grumble; if you are ignorant they cannot laugh at you.—Richard de Barry.

God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.
—R. Browninz.

It is not thy works which are almost as infinitely little and the greatest no greater than the least; but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.—Carlyle.

Life differs from the play only in this,—it has no plot, all is vague, desultory, unconnected until the curtain drops with the mystery unsolved.—Lytton.

Life is a festival only for the wise; seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a rugged and dangerous look.—Emerson.

It is not explanations which survive but the things which are explained, not theories but the things about which we theorize.—A. J. Balfour.

Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good nature.—Addison.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it is a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil.—Thos. Fuller.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving.

Love not pleasure, love God. This is the everlasting yea, wherein all contradiction is solved.—Carlyle.

It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions.—Huxley.

Little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty.—Eliot.

He who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—Ruskin.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.—Whately.

One crowded hour of glorious life, is worth an age without a name.—Scott.

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors.—Hanley.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.—Bishop T. Wilson.

Renunciation remains a sorrow, but a sorrow borne willingly.—Eliot.

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.—Proverbs.

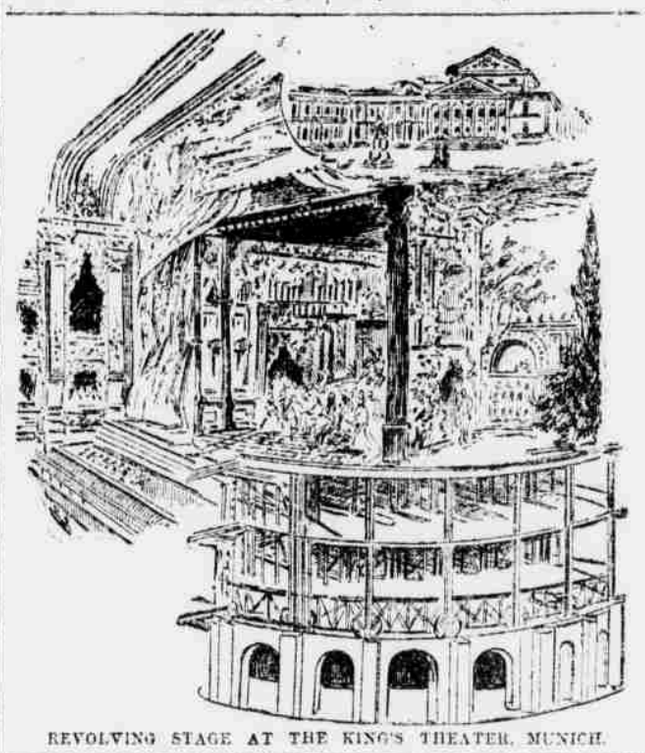
RAPID SCENE SHIFTING.

The Latest Mechanical Effects in a European Theater.

It is a remarkable fact that when an audience has become interested in the plot and progress of a play the interruptions necessary for the change of scenery seem to be much longer than they really are. A wait of five minutes is amply sufficient to send the impatient male American out "to see a man" and set the ladies' fans in active motion. In France the scenes are changed almost instantly.

The French system is distinguished by the use of masts upon carriages running in grooves or slots in the stage, the scenery being adjusted to the movable mast so as to be rolled on to its exact position. One scene is attached to its masts while another is being played. At the close of the scene the tableau de nouages, or cloud curtain, is used. This consists of two curtains painted as clouds, one descending, the other ascending from a slot in the stage, after the ancient Roman method. The moment the bottom curtain has risen sufficiently to hide the audience the employes beneath the stage run off the carriages of the past scene and on the new. This is so quick that it is done by the time the ascending and descending curtains have met, and their course is immediately reversed, disclosing the new scene, in the space of a few seconds. The English and American method of quick changes is clumsy compared to it.

The most recent, and in more than one sense revolutionary, is the invention of Karl Lautenschlage, the master machinist of the Residenz-Hof Theater, Munich. The entire stage is a turntable, such, indeed, as we may see at any locomotive shed on the railway. The proscenium opening, about 35 feet, dominates one-fourth of the periphery, and the stage can be arranged to hold from one to four scenes according to desire. The motive power used is electricity. The stage was used for the first time last May in a production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The accompanying illustration shows the entire arrangement, one side of the proscenium being supposed to be cut away, showing the garden scene ready to swing round into position as soon as the ballroom scene is finished.



REVOLVING STAGE AT THE KING'S THEATER, MUNICH.

Another method is that in use in the theater at Budapest and some others in Europe, where scenes can be set to come up through slots in the stage, while the previous scene is sinking through similar openings.

QUEER KIND OF BUNNIES.

They Inhabit the Lonely Farallone Islands.

A peculiar rabbit inhabits the Farallone islands. The material difference is that the bunnies of the islands eat raw fish and crabs, and have no special desire for green things. However, they do eat greens when they happen to find some. When the rabbits are eating the fish they look very much as they do when they are eating cabbage, and nibble it in the same way. They do not seem to be in the least particular as to the condition of the fish they are eating, and will make a meal off one that has lain on the rocks a week just as soon as from one that has just been washed ashore. It is interesting to know that the rabbits that live on the Farallones have contracted their present mode of living within the last thirty years, as they are the descendants of tame rabbits that were brought there by the first lighthouse-keepers. They are not as pretty as their ancestors. In fact, they have become very lean and haggard looking, and have much the appearance of a half-starved coyote. But the fact that they have adapted themselves to their new condition is only another example to show that there is some foundation for the Darwinian theory.

RABBIT EATING A CRAB.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly says that when she was a child of twelve she knew Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, then a charming old lady of ninety-five, overflowing with reminiscences. One was of a great gathering of the Indians of eastern New York, at Saratoga, which was then only a log fort. The chiefs and greatest warriors of the Six Nations, dressed in barbaric pomp, but with peace on their faces, stood waiting the approach of a small group of whites—one or two officers in full uniform and a tall, commanding man, in the prime of life, leading by the hand a slim girl of thirteen.

The tallman was Gen. Philip Schuyler, whom the Indians honored as they did no other white man; and they had met to offer him a tribute of devotion. At a sign from the great chief, their ranks parted to admit Gen. Schuyler, who advanced into the open space still leading his little daughter. There, with many ceremonies, the child was formally adopted by the Six Nations, the chiefs ending the sacred rite by laying their hands upon her head, and giving her an Indian name, meaning "One of us." And Mrs. Hamilton was the little maid.

One day this old lady was talking about men of hardly strength, and she told an incident which must have happened soon after her marriage, for she was at the time in headquarters with her husband. Gen. Washington was writing in his office, a room on the second floor of a farm house. The farmer's wife, who was washing clothes, suddenly discovered that the shed roof was on fire. She rushed screaming into the house and Washington came bounding down the stairs, picked up one of the large wash tubs full of suds, ran upstairs with it, got out on the roof and emptied it on the blaze; then he ran for another tub and still another before he succeeded in putting out the fire.

One night Mrs. Hamilton seemed sad and absent-minded, and would not go into the parlor where there were visitors, but sat near the fire and played backgammon for a while. When the game was done, she leaned back in her chair a long time with closed eyes, as if lost to all around her. Presently the silence was broken by the murmured words:

"I am so tired; it is so long. I want to see Hamilton!"

What thoughts must have come to her from the past! For she had grief beyond the usual lot of women. Her oldest son, Philip, fell in a duel before his father met a similar fate; and the oldest daughter, a lovely young creature, was so shocked by her brother's cruel death that she became insane. Though she lived to be an old woman, it was as an inmate of a private asylum.

A Fatal Omelette.

Ignorance of cooking is not often the direct cause of a man's death, but such an instance is related by Miss Edith Lichel, in a recent volume entitled, "The Story of Two Salons." In the time of the French Revolution, one Monsieur Condorcet, upon whose head, as an aristocrat, a price was set, sought refuge with a friend, Monsieur Suard, who bade him return at nightfall, when means of escape would be provided.

Unhappily Condorcet, being unable to exist without tobacco, went into a tavern to buy some. Still prostrate from fatigue, he thought he would take advantage of this opportunity to get some dinner, and ordered an omelette.

"How many eggs do you wish to be used?" inquired the landlord, who had been eying him suspiciously. The innocent Condorcet was at his wits' ends; he reflected on the size of the ordinary omelette.

"Twelve," he boldly replied.

His fate was sealed; none but an aristocrat could be so ignorant or so extravagant. He was arrested and led away to prison, from which he never emerged.

Bacon—That lawyer you recommended is not a man of his word. Egbert—Why not? "He told me I could talk freely to him, and look at the bill he's sent me!"—Yonkers Statesman.