

## VOL II.

## A TURN OF THE WHEEL. BY NAX VANDUL WINDS.

A few years ago, abicicle rider. was no common thing in Providere -. who name wheeling by the golden autions into her head. A suck man tined for the church ? fields and vineyards it is a monuter. should be better employed " Mercury.

"Qu' c'est qu' ca?' the peasants he priest awid him. asked each other, staring after the glittering wonder which seemed to them like a nineteenth century Pe- sudden heres teheliious feeling he gasus. One look at the strange could not understand "Such a nun?" Brian arged eagerly. chariot, and one much longer at the pretty gil-such a wonderfully shapely legs propalled the wheels so vent !" deftly and swiftly. Its was pleasy

ant to look upon: for his even were the priest said suddenly. "Yes, I am from New York," brown and merry; his smiles came quickly and he knew enough French Brian replied, and wondered at the bur you are too young and too fair to toss a gay salutation here and peculiar look that swept over the to bury yourself in a convent. The there. "Pardicul" he cried, pushing back think I'd better send any word to you not share the lot of other wo

a broad brimmed peasant's hat, for my peoples?" which he had traded his own blue polo by the way. "When one is in had gone. France ono must exclaim in French.

There were some dull days after wife and mother. I suppose I must ask these Provens cals what they say when it gets so that-days when he looked in vain confoundedly hot. Heavens' How for a glimpse of Fanchon, and when as he spoke. hungry I am getting! I could even his heart beat strangely as he heard eat black bread and cheese. What her singing below in the garden. me, monsieur,' she cried in agitated a treat it would be to sit down un- Pere Turbault, and an old toothless tones. It is very wrong,' der those hop vines and-by dow-; bousehold witch they called Nanou, came in and out and sat with him seizing the little hand that rested woat a pretty girl!"

This exclamation burst forth when a little girl who was eating had a vicked desire to throw his me, I will say more. I have seen stopped her sticky occupation. cap, which was always crooked. sprang up from the vineshaded steps of a little stone cottage, and shrieked: "Fanchon! Fanchon! simself impatiently on his rampled up-" Quick! Do come, please! Look at pillow. I wonder how much longer this funny man!

young girl's figure appeared - a fig. ning to hate it.\* It is wicked I know, of Pere Thiabault was standing be- you. off of an old Watteau fan---voung, fair, smiling. It was Fanchon This priest prays over there much lon- chon !' he cried, his blazing eyes said Brian, impatiently. baalt who had the nucanacious trick ger. I have lost my temper long fixed upon the girl's trembling 'You are an American-

in priestly robes, who looked at and the vineyards, Nanon and the tarts she baked, little Marie and hum with stern disapproval. the tarts she ate, and all the while "You are not to talk." said the he was failing more deeply and new comet cu fly. 'You are ill. Be-+ 1 s you must not say an h things hopeles ly in love with this charmto my niece. She is going to join ing Provencal.

he Sisterhood of the Blessed Vir-'Is it really true, madem deelle ?' Brian Biar was perhaps the first gin, and I cannot have you putting he asked, finally, that you are des-A c'oud driftel over the bright, Brian had nothing to say. He was, lovely face, and Fachon's eyes

weak and the stern, hard face of full "', My uncle says so, monsieur," she "What a pity " he thought with a replied.

"But you don't want to be

"It is not what we wish that is "You are an American I believe " be far happier if -"

Bosh !' cried Brian, savagely. -1 beg your pardon, mademoiselle; priest's thin, worn face. "Do you world must go ou, and why may

men ? You were born to make some . There was no reply, and when he man happy with your love. There turned his head, Pere Thisbanlt is no lot in the world that would

'But I will say so,' said Brian,

between the doctor's vists, till Brian on the bed beside him, 'If you will let take a shy at Nanon's black silk could love you-nay, Fanchon, I do come.' love you! Hear me! I am rich. Let "This is beastly," be said, tossing me make you my wife, and give

Never !' burst a stern voice that 1 am to be kept here? I have looked made Fanchon spring up in terror,

but I shall turn Pagan if that old tween them. Shame upon you, Fan-

'I am going away. This is my fault, and I cannot stay here any longer.' coming back, uncle. I have sent him against it now." He went down-stairs, groping his away.'

LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEB. 15, 1889.

way, surprised at his own feableness. Fanchon was standing in the get abou he learned in the village he happy, she whisper d and left the church of the Ann inclusion. In door-way, and he saw that she had that the young American had them to their juy pack d up his bicycle and had taken been weeping.

"Oh !" she cried, in alarm, 'you are the train to Paris. not able to go about,' "Bien bont' said the priest, grimly.

'On, yes,' he said, lightly, 'I am 'Franchon must go to the Blessed against his side. quite well; but thou,' he added, Virgin, I will see Sister Agnes tos dropping into the tender second morros.'

person, thou art unhappy, little A week passed by Pere Thibault one, I have gotten thee into a sad had said nothing further to Fran- bles ings. scrape, I am atraid." chon about her conduct toward the

She did not answer, for her tears detes'ed American; but Sister Age seddenly welled up again and she nes came back and forth at the cothandsome, clean shaven youth whose pretty girl to be shut up in a con- best f r us. My nucle says the world could not speak. Brian was like oth- tage and Fanchon knew that she is very wicked, and that I shall er men, and the sight of a woman was being disposed of.

weeping, especially this one, was 'Marie,' she said, sadly to the quite too much for him. He put his vintuor's child who was wont to arms around her and drew her head spend her holidays at the cottage. down on his shoulder. "thou wilt not have thy Fanchon to "Dost thon love me a little, dar come and see much longer.

ling f he whispered. 'My heart is 'Don't go away, dear sister, thine, Fanchon. No one can take it ried the child flinging her arms from thee if thou carest to keep it.' about Fanchon's neck. 'Stay with 'No, no !' she cried, hurriedly me. I love thee.'

Fanchon caught the child to her withdrawing berself from his emsuit you so well as that of a happy brace. 'Hush ! I must not listen to heart, and her tears tell upon the little one's sunny hair. A gentle thee. Thou must go away. I will Fanchon's color came and went never forget thee-never, never ! hand touched her on the shoulder. 'Dry thy tears, child,' said Sister but-' She burst into lears, and 'You must not say such things to then, flinging herse'f upon his Agues. 'Thy sorrows will soor be at breast, she sobbad: "God torgive an end. In the Holy Church there s no grief. 'I'o-morrow, I will take me but I do love thee !' Bram's arms clasped the trembs thee to a haven of rest '

'But I don't want to be a nun ! ling little form to his heart. Fanchon butst forth. "I don't "Come with me, Fauchon !" he want to leave this beautiful world cried, joyously. Be my wile. I have marmalade out of a tart, suddenly boots at the old priest's head, and you only a few times; but I know I a home where thou shalt be wels ind shut myself up in a convent, I hate it! I detest the dark

corridors and the gloomy cells and 'No, no !' she said again, with--and everything! I love the fields drawing from his embrace. 'My and the birds and the flowers. uncle is old and lonely. He loved don't want to l-ave them." my father as he loved his own soul-

At this outbreak of passion S s-My lather was killed in your war Then, in the arched doorway, a at that crucifix so long I am begin- and the next moment the irate form 1 and my nucle can never forgive ter Agnes' face grew grave. With a wave of her hand she dismissed "But what had I to do with that?" Marie and turned to Fanchon.

'Unhappy child!' she said sternly. 197." Thy heart is full of a less holy love

"Gone,' she replied. 'He is not marry and-I have nothing to sa **Today** in Nazareth

DIXIES SIX CENTS

disappointment.

in such a hurry?"

idiwe 3

ittle buver.

"And He says. 'Come I li go to

State Librario

'G d's will be done' said the American Garden.

sister, and, stooping h kissed F n. One of the bast views of the city When Pere Thibanit was able to chon's forehead. I hope you may is to be had from the composite of "Do you think you can be happy to the distance is the heav of the hill said Brian looking down into her to which Jesus was fed by the eus raged multitule who attempted to

"I am. Function replied nestling throw him from it. A mod-10 house in the foreground brings to A few days atterward, at the close of the matin service. Pere mind of the time when they upcay-

Thibault married them, and Brian ered a roof and let down the b-d brought away his bride, with many where the stek and the palsy iny This must be very much the same

kind of a house as that historical one at Capernaum. There is the

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A short time ago a pale faced proublar roof and there are outside little girl walked burriedly into a stairs leading to the root . The book store in Annasburg and said Eastern bouseholder makes biscouf to the man serving at the counter: serve for more than a protection Please, sir, I want a book that's from the weather 11 is the place, got Suffer little children to come the quiet place of the dweller, and anto Me in it; and how much is it, somatimes it becomes his somether sit! and I am in a great hurry." residence. As a rule if is not very The shopman bent down and heavy or strong. Rafters are the wa dusted his spectacles. "And sup- across from wall to wall say a yard pose I haven't the book you want, apart, then the whole space is you what then myldear?' ered with twigs such as we saw the

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; 1 women selling in the market. Ou want it sof" and the little voice these the slender llmbs of the trags trembled at their being a chance of are thrown and thickly costed with mortar. Lust a thick spred of ear b

The kind shop nan took the is thrown on rolled to a level, and hin hand of his small customer in oftentimes sown with grass seed his own. "Will you be so very sad Thus by care many of the roots bes without the book? and why are you come as smooth and soft as a mas chine mown lawn Theymay be easily.

broken up and everythit g linwered "Well, sir, you see, 1 went to juside from above. By some such chool one Sunday, when Mrs. West process the four bearets of the poor who takes care of me was away and palsed man managed to entist he teacher read a'wut a good Shepard attention of the great physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard who said those word-; and about a to understand it all when view ng a beautiful place where he takes such a house as this one at No2 of care of his children and I want to go reth. It would not be difficult for there. I'm so tired of being where four men to carry a lame triesd in a hammock by the outer startway an there is no body to care for a lit h to the roof, and breaking through girl like me,only Mcs. West, who let him downinto the appriment says I'd better be dead than or court below. Not far from the same house in a natiow street is a little chapel erected opon the site of Joseph's carpenter shop Over the altar is a pic ure r pren i

ago, and I feel I shall lose my wits | form. You-the bride of the church! of posing like a bisque statuette iu if they keep me here much longer." her flowered chintz skirt and fresh A knock at the door interruped man you have not known a fortmuslin draperies, with a white ker Fus amiable soliloguy. chief tucked around her metty

"There comes that Macbethin race who murdered your father! neck some fulls of swiss needle witch with my dinner." he reflec ed. And you,' he went on, holding out work half hiding her round arms. "Come in !" and almost becoming cap couldelish-

The door opened, but it was Fanly perched on her soft brown hair. chon who carried the tray. Of course, Brian stared, and that

was his undoing, for bump ! went his machine against a stone; and face quite radiant, "I am so glad to from the doors of death. Begone, see you. Do sit down and talk to disobedient girl! Get down on your just when he might have wished me I am dying of enuni. Nauon is knees and pray for forgiveness. go. most to make an impression he took a terrible header into the road, and so stupid, and your uncle is so Silence! Not a word! Go !! pious, that they drive me frantic a cloud of dust enveloped his prosetween them. trate form.

Fanchon smiled sedately as she Thibault expected Brian to fa'l on Fanchon screamed, but she stood gaite still till little Marie cried in sat the tray down.

terror. "Oh, oh! He is villed Fanchon, he monsteur ?" she said, demurely. "Since you came-yes! No, no!" is killed!

Brian remembered afterwards the Don't go-please don't. Sot down the anery priest. vision of a fair and lovely face ben- here. Where did you get those ding over him and a little hand wip. violets you are wearing? Just give said, in a voice that was strong and to Fanchon. ing something wet out of his eyes. a smell of them. Oh, you don't know Could it have been blood? He did how I lie here and long for the green not know and in a moment it had fields and the birds and flowers. You all gone from a dream. The first love flowers, don't you ??

to marry her.' Fanchon took the bunch of violets thing that came back to bis memory was a cool little room with white from her breast and held them out priest, vehemently. She shall marry walls against which >n ebony cruci- to him.

fix hung in bold relief. Brian turned his head and a soft step them to you." she said, with a pro- that robbed me of my brother Amglided to his bedside. voking little near. "Be wouldn't brose, my only brother, whom I

He has gone to see Mere Brissac-

her !" and Fauchon crossed herself

'And what is Navon doing ?'

that's a blessing in disguise-that

I won't eat a monthful if you don't.'

'Oh, you are bad !' said Fanchon

"What has happened to me?" he allow n? asked raising himself on his cloow Brian seized the flowers and nursus her babe ? Yes ! You killed with a painful sense of weakness. pressed them to his lips.

"You have been ill-very ill," was "You are very good," he said, as the gentle reply in clear and beanti- gratefully as though she had saved child ! But you shall not ! I swore ful French. "Lie down, please. The his life. doctor says you are not to lift your "Very bad, I'm afraid," she said, cross my threshold, but the devil bead for several days." sighing. When my uncle comes sent yon. You found a shelter in

Brian turned inquiringly and saw home he will be very cross at Nanon my home only to abuse the kindhis Watteau sheperdess. for letting me bring you your din. uess that aided you. Out with you,

"Ob, I remember," he said sink uer. ing back on the pillows with a sigh. "Where has he gone !"

"It was you who upset me." "I monstear!" she cried in star: She is dying, poor soul! God save

tled tones. "I was looking at you,"

Brian devoutly. replied.

"You were standing in the door- Poor Nanon ! She has a toothway, and I was thinking how pret- ache. Oh, it is frightful.? ty you were, when my wheel caught -I did not knowshe had any teeth and over I went. So you see it left to ache,' Brian observed. 'Well, was your fault, mademoiselle."

"Yes, but-" she began blushing toothache. No; you must sit down. prettily.

"Fanchou !" called a low, even voice from the next room. "Nanon yielding with a little laugh, and wants you down stairs, child.'

"Yes, unciel" she said quickly, together. Brian heard all about the charge comfortable. and Brian suddenly found her place chickens and the pigeons, the bees by his side taken by a tall old man and the rabbits, the flower-garden

will never forgive you You listen to words of love from a go away and forg-t me." 'I'll be hanged it I will!" said idels of this world. night, and he one of that accursed Brian, in vigorous English.

"What sayest thou? Fanch n asked, gently. one thin hand that trembled with 'I said I wouldn't.' 'But I can never marry thee.

rage as he turned noon Brian, 'You repay me thus for taking you into First of all, I am wedded to the obey my uncle. Provencels who disobey live accursed. Thou must

This one idea she repeated again Poor Fanchon stole away fremand again, till Brian real z-d that bling with fear, and, perhaps, Pere he could not persuade her; yet he lingered on the cottage steps. The sin was setting, and a mellow light his knees then and there, praying "I hope you are teeling better, for mercy; but he did not. Fauchon fell on the grass near them, which was sudded with white star-eyed had no sooner quitted the room than he sprang out of bed and confronted flowers. On the ground lay Brian's jacket, which he had tossed there

'Hear me, Pere Thiabault,' he indifferently as he stood and talked

'Do not make me any more up clear with excitement, but not happy that I am,' she said at length. heated with anger 'It is my turn to speak. I love your niece, and I wish 'You are not able to go far, I know; strange, yet oddly like the tall old but the inn is just below, and there

"That you never shall! cried the you can stay till you are stronger." 'You seem determined to get rid

to man, and you least of all! Was of me,' Brian said, jealously. \*I am "Don't tell Pere Thibault I gave it not the cursed war in America going-since you wish it. I d re and God bless you both ! He has say you will soon forget me 'Dost thou think so unkind of

> nursed in these arms, as a mother me?' she said, in gentla reproof. 'Did I say I would never forget He is here! him there amongst you, and now thee?"

you wish to tak . from me his only 'Did'st thou mean it?' he asked, looking up into her eyes: 'If thou I do not understand. once that no American should ever wilt promise me that, there may be some hope yet.'

> 'l promise you.' she said, softly. 'You wilt not marry anyone else, Francon?'

1 say ! B gone, monster, ingrate ! 'No-never!'

The infuriated mau's anger rose higher and higher as he spoke, till suddenly a strange, burely audible cry, balf-gurgle, half-sbriek, burst from his lips, and he fell across the bid in a horrible attack of epilepsy. It was a dreadful sight. Briau

would not let Fanchon into the room, and old Nanou, who sent for the doctor, was walking up and down, moaning distractedly. When the doctor came, Brian was dressed, asking for ber.

he had vacated. "You are not fit to be up,' said the culty he could utter any words at they were soon chatting there gaily doctor, when he had made his new all.

Brian shrugged his shoulders,

and said. laconically : on Fanchon's face.

than love of pa'ure's beauties. Pray You must to God for purity. Seek not the

> 'i do not ask for much,' said Fanchon in a broken voice. I ask only for what God meant every woman to have. You cannot crush any such thoughts out of my heart; for 1 do

love him-ob. I do love him with all "Oh!" cried Brian, eagerly, his my house and nursing you back Church, and then I will never diss my heart, and, if I may not be his wif , I shall die !

> As she sprke her voice trembled and she stretched out her arms entreatingly. The nun opened her lips to utter a pions rebuke, but they closed again in silence, for some one came down the garden-walk to the ittle summer house, and the hopvines parted before a strong, manly hand. and serve Him.

'Fanchon, my darling! said Brian Blair. 'I have come back to thee.' The nun turned away, for in a

moment they were in each other's arms, and Pere Thibault was coming rapidly toward them with a strange gentleman by his side- may be sir, before I see Him?" priest on whose face shone a look Sister Agnes had never seen there bafore.

Franchon! he said in a clear ringing voice, Embrace the lover, er Ambrose. He was not killed in

Brian to embrace her father. Tell me! she wh spered faintly.

he had a shop there and the name made me think of you. I asked

with a resolute step, he turned and This bullet affected his reason. For went away. Poor Franchon's heart ten years his mind was gone. Then the end of the year "Drxie's cents, ' was at her his as she saw him a great surgeon extracted the ball as they were called, was found to mount his bicycle and wheel away, and bis reason was restored. He be sufficient to send out a mission-'if he should fall again !' she returned home, but his brother was ary to China to bring stranger sheep thought, and then she resumed her was dead and he could find no to the Good Shepard .- Episcopal

womanly occupation of crying. Nan- trace of his family. After searching Record. on found her so engaged when she for years he cave up all hope and came to say that Pere Thibault was settled down in Paris where I found

him. "God bless you for it,' said Fan-The priest was still lying on chon sofily and she kissed her new-Brian's bed, and it was with diffi- found father with tender joy

> his cassook steeve. 'Sister Agnes," he said in an altered tone. I am afraid you have to give perfect satisfaction, or mony refun- Fil never drink another drops

signs, and his eyes rested uneasily lost your young proselyte. chon's father is willing she should M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

'My cough's geiting so b d now. Mary and Joseph Instruction ir, and I want to know all about and finding that he know mereling H in before I d e; it 'id be so strange they. Another painting types is a to see Him and not know Him. Be- the lad Jesus assisting his faile a odes, if Mrs. West knew I was here work. It contains no agressive and the carpenter's shop, but there we she'd take away the six cents I've enough of them in the shops close saved running messages, to buy the by. The web-saw, the glue spit book with so I am in a hurry to get the plane, and the hammer are the principal tools used in suchshops all sotved."

"But why are you in such a hur-

without the modern improvents Yet The book-seller wiped his glasses whatever the P.Istine carpenter very vigorously this time, and liftproduces is from the fragant redar ing a book from off a shelf he said; of L-bannon or from the eccentri-I'll find the words you want, my cally knotted and gnarled officettle g tl; come and listen." Then wood. The operation of bargaining and waiting for is no less tematkahe read the words of the loving Sav ble. The low r branch is, covered, or (Luke 18: 16)-get your bibles protected and held in lay sequenty and find the objec, children-and during the storms of winter a form old her this Good Shepard had got a beauty of development never at tained without it, and the weight of a home all light and rest and love, snow upon them for so long a tine prepared for those who love Him. bends them into fixed and graceful droops beyond anything done by

"Oh, how lovely" was the half- nurserymen with their favorite reathless exclamation of the eager weeping tees.

A TRUE STORY.

Hum. How long do you think it "Papa, can you please give we fifty cents for my spring hat? Most "Not long, perhaps," said the all of the academy girls have shopkeeper, turning away his head. theirs."

"You shall keep the six cent, and "No, May; I can't spate the mous come here every day, while I read

you some out of this Book " The above request was made by Thanking him' the small child a six een year old matden as she brought back thy father, my broths hurried away. To morrow came, was preparing for school one five the war; but taken prisoner, and another morrow, and many spring morning. The relu-a'cime kept a long while in the South. See! days passed. But the little girl from the parent in a curtindefferent never came to hear about Jesus tone. The disappointed girl want The bewildered girl turned from again. One day a loud voiced, un- to school. The father started for tidy woman ran into the shop, 89y- nis place of besiness. On his way ng, "Dixie's dead ! She died ram- thither he met a triend and being 'I found thy father in Paris,' said bling aboutsome good shepard, and hail fellow well met he invited him Brian holding her hand tightly in she said you was to have these six into Mac's for a drink. As usual there his own It was the merest chance cents for the mission box at school, were others there and the was As I don't like to keep dead men's that could not spare his durghter que tions and learned he had been money, here it is, ' and she ran out fifty cents for a hat treated the in the American Rebellion, was tak of the shop. The coats went into crowd. When about to leave he en prisoner and shot in the box, and when the story of laid a half dollar on the courter the head by a sentinel at Libby Dixie was told so many followed which just paid for the drinks.

Just then the s loot keepers daughtar entered and going behind the bar, said:

"Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat."

"All right," says the dealer and taking up the half dollar from the counterhe haods it over to the girl who departs smilin.

May's father seem daz d walked out alone, and said to him-elf: 1 ter chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and had to bring my fifty cents hear for The old priest wiped bis eyes on all skin eruptions, and positively cures the rumsellers daughter tobus a Files, or no pay required. It is guaranteed hat with, after tefusing in own. Fan- ded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. And he kept his pledge .- Philas

delphia Methodist-

-BUKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE-The best Salve in the world for Ccuts

bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tet-

He took her hand in his, and, bending over her,kissed her. Then,

and Pere Thibault lay on the bed