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THE VALLEY SHADOWS.

The shadows in the valley,
They gather grim and gray,
We needs must pass their darkness through,
It waits on every way;
But from the heights descending,
O soul, be brave and strong,
And make the valley shadows ring
Into the hilltop song!

The shadows in the valley,
They gather grim and gray,
But all their darkened roads go straight
From mountain brim to brim;
And now the heights ascending,
The way behind you long,
How steadfast sounds your faithful chant,
The valley's hilltop song!

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

"The Duel."

By ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

I did not want to fight my Cousin Gaston at all. To begin with, I, Renee Lavallere, had a reputation as a swordsman which many Frenchmen envied. My skill with the steel was such that it was no uncommon thing to see the phrase in the newspapers, "A Lavallere of Swordsmen." But apart from this, my cousin Gaston was my junior by ten years; he was but a youngster of 25, gay-hearted and fair-haired, as befitting youth. I had a great affection, brimming almost on love, for the boy, and more especially I loved him for the hot fire of youth that burnt within him.

Yet here he had called me out to a duel. His seconds had visited me formally. There was De Courcel, always sporting for a fight, and Dr. Lamar-dine, who loved to see his name in the papers, if only as second to a duel.

Why? Oh, over some ridiculous case squabble, and a jest over a worthless maiden with yellow hair; her name was Mariette; and for her wretched sake, as fine a fellow as my cousin Gaston was raking his life's insults me.

For the sake I had to do there came to me a creature, whose name was De Courcel.

"Beg me in the name of the Holy Mother not to cross swords with him because she was his affianced wife, and because she loved him with a purer love than that of Mariette, I could only shrug my shoulders.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "nobody is more averse from the encounter than I, for it, too, love the boy. But men! he has insulted me publicly, and I can do no more. Our seconds are now in negotiation, and the process-verbaux are being drawn up."

"You will not fight him?" she implored. "He is so young and handsome, and headstrong."

"I do not wish to fight him," I replied. "He is far weaker than I am. But—the newspapers have heard that Renee Lavallere is about to fight; they are printing paragraphs about me, and—it is too late to retract."

"Promise me you will not hurt him," she begged.

"I will try not to," I answered.

She kissed my hand.

Cousin Gaston was to place the hands

like one mad, until the blood flowed from my finger-tips. The sun beat down upon me, and still I scraped away, bending to my work and trying not to flinch as the cruel flints pricked my flesh and made fresh wounds. An hour passed, and I was grasping handfuls of earth and flinging them about me in a frenzied eagerness. "He must be buried before sunset," said a voice, "or his blood shall stain your life." I fell to with renewed energies, digging deeper and deeper into the earth with my hands, and at the end of three hours I had only scraped a small hole, about a foot in depth. The sun dropped lower. A chill came over me. "I can never do it," I sobbed. "O God, forgive me!"

"Murdered! Go on," said the voice. Then, whimpering in pain, I went on all fours and tore like one distracted at the ground. I felt that a madness was overwhelming me. The sun dropped low toward the horizon, and I saw that I could never dig the grave in time to save my soul, I flung myself forward on the ground, and sobbed convulsively in despair.

"O God, forgive me!" I shrieked. The sun dropped lower, and vanished in blood-colored clouds.

I opened my eyes and stared vaguely around me. The train of thought in my brain stopped and started abruptly upon a new track. I saw Tolin peering anxiously at me, and, miracle of miracles, my cousin Gaston holding me tenderly by the arm. The sun was shining, and I was being supported on some one's knee. "A slight prick on the arm," said Dr. Lamar-dine. "Curious that it should have made him faint."—Daily Chronicle.

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me you ton was pressing me I battling my retreat before his mad onslaught. I followed with his stick half up, scanning our sword arms with the narrow eyes of his, to see if one of us were touched; a mere sword prick on the wrist or forearm would suffice to terminate the duel. The sun was golden on Gaston's fair hair; his face flushed with the excitement, his eyes were intensely bright, as though in triumph. I pointed my sword to heart, and then—it seemed I lunged forward—the sun went me, there was a hiss of voices.

I was standing over Gaston had dropped back into the air seconds; the scarlet blot on his shirt, a little above the heart, sword was on the sand. I sun seemed to go out as my whom I loved, twisted his body in a

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I flung my sword aside, and pushed through the crowd that surrounded my cousin. I caught his lifeless hand, and kissed it, with the foolish idea that I might be able to kiss him back to life again. They bore him into the little waiting room and covered him with a sheet. The crowd drifted silently away, and I entered the room and flung myself at the foot of the couch where Gaston was lying. A hand touched my shoulder, and I looked up. It was De Courcel. His voice was husky as he spoke: "You could not help it, mon ami. He rushed on your point." I covered my face with my hands, and De Courcel stole away, too. How long I was there I do not know, but suddenly I heard the silken noise of a woman's skirt, and I turned and saw Louise Desterre.

It seemed that she knew of Gaston's death. How she knew I did not trouble to guess. Perhaps she had been waiting outside the dueling place. Her face was white, drawn and terrible, as she pushed me roughly aside, and threw herself upon the dead body, entreining her fingers in the fair hair

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THE WORKMEN OF PARIS A VISIT TO THE QUARTERS WHERE THEY LIVE.

Sane and Lively Intelligence of the Parisian Working and Middle Classes.—The Value of Environment in Developing Skilled Artisans.—Attitude of the Common People Towards the Roman Catholic Church.

Every day of last week I drove 20 miles or so through the working-class quarters of Paris and its suburbs. I have seen hundreds of thousands of Parisian faces at windows or by the side of our carriages, kind, amused, a little skeptical at first, but toward the end of the week genuinely enthusiastic. With regard to those things which directly concern my work on the education committee, I have been taken, under the wise and helpful guidance of M. Louis May, round schools of various types, technical, secondary, and elementary, as well as those State factories of Sevres pottery and Gobelins tapestry which continue into today the artistic traditions of the French crafts.

Throughout our whole visit I have received, whether at the great hall given to 16,000 guests at the Hotel de Ville, or in the street, or in the schools, an overmastering impression of the sane and lively intelligence of the Parisian working and middle classes. The people seem to be poorer and worse housed than in London. Even in the new quarters outside the fortifications, they seem to live in crowded tenement buildings rather than in the comfortable, ugly, two-story

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found "Collectiviste possibilite" a useful term. When this was done we used to plunge at once, as far as my French allowed, into the heart of things.

One felt the intense reality of the present French love of peace, not only as a shield behind which modern civilization may develop, but as the satisfaction of a moral need, and its relation to that sensitiveness for national and individual dignity which makes even the suspicion that he is being treated with unfeeling insolence an agony to every Frenchman. Here and elsewhere, as one learned the way in which men looked on life and the motives from which they apparently acted, one was reminded of the "morality tinged with emotion" of Matthew Arnold's definition; and when an educated agnostic schoolmaster spoke to me of his opinions as "ma religion" there seemed nothing incongruous in the word.

This religion, if it is one, is boldly introduced into the schools. I had accepted the criticism so often made of the "moral instruction" and "civic training" which appear on the French time-tables, and are represented by so many text books, that it was trite, tasteless—a weariness to teacher and taught. This time I was given by a friend a copy of "ten school commandments" which I was told were much used for the purpose of moral instruction. The name and the number were to our notions aggressively anticlerical, but the interest in the document lay in its positive and not in its negative qualities.

Live instruction; it is the bread of the mind.

Honor honorable people, respect rights of all, and do not injure to any one.



Watering Chicks.

The best way I find to water little chicks is to fill a flat tin nearly full of pebbles, and pour in water. The chicks drink in the little pools between the pebbles and are kept from getting in the water with their feet.

To be successful with little chickens you must keep them dry and warm.

When the Cow is Choked.

Cows will often get choked with a small potato or other hard substance in food. To relieve them, take of fine cut chewing tobacco enough to make a ball the size of a hen's egg; dampen it with molasses so it adheres closely, lift up the cow's head, pull the tongue forward and crowd the ball as far down the throat as possible. In a short time it will cause sickness and vomiting and obstruction will be thrown out.

Made Fertile

ORVILLE BROWN.

Now, Orville Brown, he's just moved here from Millerstown, an' he don't give a cent for all us folks, 'cause we're not like those where he use to live. Why yesterday at school, he got a whippin' when he broke a rule, an' nen he talked a awful lot about th' smallness of our school. "Ink 'n' Whippin's," snickered Orville Brown, "is twice as hard at Millerstown."

Us boys, we tried to show him 'round, but nothin' at we took him to Was half as good as Millerstown; Our town hall isn't half as new As theirs down there, an' our Main street Ain't half as wide; an' our town pump Don't lift you clean up off your feet Each time you make the handle jump. "Th' town pump there," says Orville Brown, "is twice as dry as Millerstown."

We showed him where th' cellar is Where our new op'ra house will be, But he just blinked those eyes o' his— "They're twice as deep at home," says he.

An' nen we showed th' Perkins twins— One of 'em's Lucy, one is Lou— They look as 'like as two bright pins; An' Orville Brown he says: "Just two 'n' Three in a set at Millerstown."

No nothin' we could show him beat Th' things they have in Millerstown, An' Freckles Andrews says: "You meet Me back of Johnson's, Orville Brown," An' Freckles Andrews met him there An' blacked his eye an' boned his nose An' fore out almost half his hair— An' nen—nen, what do you suppose! "I've often been," says Orville Brown, "Whipped twice as bad in Millerstown!"

—Chicago Tribune.



when he would have fought for Louise Desterre. Truly, we in France have odd ideas of love. The day of the duel drew nigh, and I tried in vain to effect a reconciliation between my hot-headed cousin and myself. His mother—my aunt—who lived in La Vendee, endeavored to induce me to abandon the meeting, but I could do nothing. To refuse to fight now would be to acknowledge myself a coward. I had been insulted, and there was but one course open to me, as a Frenchman.

I took down my foil and played fancifully with it before the long mirror in my room.

The sun was yellow in the blue sky on the morning when I came to the Grand Rue, the dueling place of Paris, to meet my Cousin Gaston. He was there before me, in his white shirt, slightly open at the neck, one hand upon his hip and the other waving to and fro as he gesticulated in conversation with friends. I went into the little waiting room and tested my sword. Tolin was there; good, honest Tolin, who was a friend of both of us at school. "Armand," he said, "don't hurt the lad; just play with him. It won't hurt your reputation if you don't wound him. Enfin, you are not a maitre d'armes!"

"My dear Tolin," I replied, "if Gaston came to me and offered me his hand I would kiss his cheek." Whereat Tolin rushed off to communicate my words to my seconds, who in turn com-

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