

THOU WHO ART SELFISH, COLD OR PROUD.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH. Thou who art selfish, cold or proud, Behold the glorious sun!

Go to the woods, and hear the birds Sing sweet their merry lays:

Oh, give us a little more of love, And life will seem more bright.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

HIS OLDEST FRIENDS.

Her First Love and Her Second Husband.

CHAPTER I. MAXIME ST. VALLIER

MAXIME ST. VALLIER, the only daughter of one of Napoleon III.'s generals, and modestly offered himself and the possibilities of a journalistic career, which had life and death in its possibilities, all hung to the winds.

"I cannot marry my daughter to possibilities, however brilliant," he said. "I know you have had a brilliant career, and you have taken life at breakneck time, as if it were a waltz at the Mabile."

Maxime knew that Leroux was well enough—her soft, pliable nature, her love of father and mother, her severely religious training at an Ursuline convent—

He went off to Algeria, and in that original society, amidst scenes of fairy-like enchantment, he tried to live down his love, and at least succeeded in finding life endurable and full of inspiration for his pen.

Then, by the unexpected inheritance from an uncle, St. Vallier found himself a landowner of some importance, and furnished with means which justified his taking life exactly as fancy dictated.

many years to come if you will only husband it." This was a sage warning, but it is difficult for a man who has won the fruition of his fondest hopes to remember the shadow on the dial, creeping on with slow, inevitable progress.

It was in the second autumn of St. Vallier's wedded life that a party of these friends arrived at the chateau, intent upon enjoying all the pleasures of the villa, which St. Vallier le Roi could afford—hawking, shooting, hunting, yea, even the village Orpheonists, and the dances at the village fairs.

"There is something very awful in the idea of living for a fortnight in the same house with two such men," said Madame Evremonde, the banker's widow; "one feels one's principles in danger of being gradually undermined."

"What! in a chateau built in the middle of the seventeenth century—a chateau built when men wore long hair, and velvet doublets and cannon sleeves, and point d'Alencon ruffles?"

chateau built when men wore long hair, and velvet doublets and cannon sleeves, and point d'Alencon ruffles? "That cannot be. There must be a ghost. You have not hunted up the family traditions. A house without a ghost story, a family without traditions, would be hardly respectable."

"I said there is no ghost, but I did not say there are no family traditions." "There are no traditions, then?" asked the stout lady.

"There is one that savors of the supernatural, but as I never yet believed in a story of that kind when I heard it told of another man's family, I am not likely to believe in this legend because it is told of my own ancestors."

"The dinner was excellent, the guests were full of vivacity and light airy talk. The dining-hall, with its dark oak paneling, and so long as well as best effort, the guests took the hint and ran off to their various rooms, Madam St. Vallier and her housekeeper going about with them to show them where they were lodged. Lamps were being lighted in the corridors; many wax candles were burning upon toilet tables and mantelpieces.

"Your family tradition," she said; "the moment has come." Maxime bowed a smiling assent. "We'll get rid of the servants first," he murmured in her ear.

"It is in the gloaming somewhere along that wooded road that leads to the home-farm; at least, that is the traditional place. It is seen by the owner of the estate, and in that strange antiquated vehicle he sees a strange set of passengers—the friends he values most, the friends who have gone before."

"He is forewarned of his approaching death. If the legend is to be believed, no man ever long survived the apparition of that vehicle, the passing of those noiseless wheels."

"Joy is being coaxing to do the thing you want to do. It requires less courage to face a gun than to face a laugh."

Keep your troubles to yourself; when you tell them, you are taking up the time of the man who is waiting to tell his. When a fool can really jump three feet, all you have to do is to pat him on the back, and he will break his neck trying to jump ten.

Women's Ways. Many a woman who would make a good wife loses the chance for want of a pretty face. Every old woman says that her pretty daughter looks just like she looked at the same age.

How do you spell what a girl says when she means no? She never says no; she says something that sounds like this: uhn uhm. And when she means yes, she says something that sounds like this: ah, but we don't know if that is the way to spell it.

CURFEW BELL (from the French coupe feu) was revived or introduced in England by William I., 1068. On the ringing of the curfew at eight o'clock in the evening all fires and candles were extinguished under a severe penalty. The curfew was abolished by Henry I., 1100. A so-called curfew bell was rung at West Ham as late as November, 1859.

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