

then, is the renowned warrior—Coligny?—Richelieu?—perhaps Marshal Saxe himself."

The fever of enthusiasm passed away, and the unknown sunk again into despondency.

"Yago spoke truly," he continued in a low and mournful tone. "I was soon weary with the vain incense of military fame, and perceiving there was but one thing real and substantial in the world, I purchased, by five years of my existence, the riches I coveted. Yes, young man, it is true, though incredible; I saw my wealth increase beyond my most sanguine desires. Lands, forests, castles, all were mine; even this morning I thought myself—but no matter; you will soon be convinced of the truth—oh, how soon!"

He approached the clock on the chimney, and looked at it with a terrified gaze, then continued, rapidly.

"This morning, on awaking at daybreak, I felt a degree of exhaustion throughout my whole frame that alarmed me. I rang my bell, and Yago answered the summons. "What is the matter?" I exclaimed; "I am faint." "It is but the course of nature," he answered calmly. "Master the hour approaches—it is come." "What hour?" I cried in surprise.

"Do you not divine it?" said Yago, "Heaven allotted as your portion sixty years of existence. You had lived thirty of them when I first became your slave."

"Yago," I cried, "You are jesting with me."

"No, master, no; in five years of life you have expended twenty-five to purchase glory. They became my property, and will be added to the term of my existence."

"That, then," I cried, "was the price I paid for your services?"

"Others have paid dearer," he answered boldly; "for instance, Fabert, whom I served also."

"'Tis false, 'tis false!" I cried vehemently.

"You will find it true, my master," said the black; "You have but half an hour to live."

"Oh, say not so, Yago; you are deceiving me?"

"Calculate yourself," he answered; "thirty-five years that you have actually lived, and twenty-five lost. The account is square. It is my turn now; to every one their own is but justice."

He turned to go, but feeling myself gradually sinking, I exclaimed in despair, "Oh, Yago, Yago! give me but a few hours more."

"They would be deducted from mine," said he "and I know the value of life better than you did. What treasure is equal to two hours of existence?"

A dark cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, and the chill of death was in my veins. With a last effort I gasped out, "Take back the wealth for which I have paid so dear.—Give me but four hours more of life and I resign my lands, my castles, my gold—all, all!"

"You have been a kind master," said he, after a pause; "I wish to do something in gratitude." I felt my courage revive, and ventured to say, "four hours are almost nothing; Yago, Yago, grant me some more in addition, and I resign the literary fame that placed my name so high in the world."

"Four hours of life for such a bagatelle as that!" said the negro, with disdain; "but for your sake I will not refuse your last request."

"Oh! say not my last," said I, emboldened by his compliance; "give me the twelve hours complete—one more day—and let the fame of my battles and victories be forever effaced from the memory of mankind. One day, Yago—one day, and I am willing to resign all else."

"You abuse my good nature," he said, "but I will not refuse. I give you till sunset. Farewell—with the last beam of day I come to fetch you."—And he left me continued the unknown in the accents of despair; and this is the last day I have to remain on earth. He rushed to the window and pointed to the park. "I shall never again behold that lovely sky, that verdant lawn, that silvery stream, never again breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool—fool that I was; the blessings that God lavishes upon all were mine also, and I despised them! Now I know their inestimable value; and I might have enjoyed them for 25 years longer; and in a few hours I must lose them forever! I have squandered my life for a vain chimera—a sterile fame, that has perished even before myself. Look!" he cried, pointing to a group of peasants, who, on their return to labour, filled the air with their joyous songs; "what would I not give to share their labours and poverty? But I have nothing now to hope for—not even labour and poverty." A bright sunbeam at this moment fell upon his pale and distorted features; he grasped my arm convulsively and exclaimed, "Look—look at that glorious sun; and I must leave it forever! Ah! let me not lose a moment of this precious day, to which, for me, alas! there will be no morrow!" Thus saying, he rushed into the park, and disappeared among the foliage of a shady alley.

I threw myself upon the sofa, bewildered and oppressed by all that I had heard and seen. Was it indeed a reality, or was I under the influence of some fantastic dream?—The door was opened by a servant, who announced the Duke of C—

A noble looking personage of about 60 years of age, entered, and cordially taking my hand, apologised for having detained me so long. "He had been compelled," he said, "to attend a consultation of the faculty upon the state of his unfortunate brother."

"He is not in danger, I trust?" said I.

"No," replied the duke, mournfully; "the disease is a mental one. From his youth he suffered the most extravagant ideas of glory and ambition to gain possession of his mind, till his frame weakened by such violent emotions, was attacked by a fever in which his life was despaired of. He recovered, however, but his reason is, I fear, gone forever. The unhappy illusion under which he labours is, that he has but one more day to live."

All was explained.

"Now, my young friend," continued the duke, "let us speak of your future prospects. Towards the end of the month I will be able to accompany you to court."

"I am fully sensible of your kindness, my lord," I replied, "but I have given up all idea of profiting by your generous offer."

"How is this?" exclaimed the duke, "you know not what you do. Good Heavens! such a brilliant career open before you! In ten years"—

"Which would be ten years of a life lost," said I, with a smile.

"Lost?" cried the duke! "would it not be cheaply buying glory, fortune and honours? Come, come, you but jest; you will go with me to Versailles?"

"No, my lord," I replied, in a respectful but firm tone; "I will return to Brittany, where I will ever retain a grateful sense of your lordship's goodness and condescension."

"This is madness—downright madness!" muttered the duke, in a disappointed and angry tone.

"I feel it is sound reason," whispered I, as I thought of all I had seen and heard so lately.

The next morning I was on the road. Oh, with what inexpressible delight I beheld again the sweet sky of Brittany—the trees of my noble park—the turrets of my ancient castle? There I found my beloved mother, my sweet sisters, my faithful vassals; and there I found true happiness, which I have never since quitted. Eight days afterwards I was the husband of Henrietta.—Exchange.

A HEROIC NUN.

(From the Brooklyn Citizen.)

IN the presence of all the French troops guarding the Capital of Tonquin, the Governor-General reverently bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honour on a nun, Mother Mary Teresa, Superioress of the Sisters of Charity in that Empire.

The troops were drawn up in the principal piazza of the city in a square surrounding a platform on which was the Governor-General and his staff. When an aide-de-camp was sent to bring the nun he found her in the hospital consoling a soldier who was having his leg amputated. She refused to leave the bedside until the operation was completed, and then followed the officer to the square, where she was received by the General in person, and led to the platform amid the joyful exclamations of the soldiers.

The General then commanded silence, and in a solemn and impressive tone addressed her as follows:

"Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age you received a wound from a canon-ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field of Balaclava.

"In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front rank on the battle-field of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded it was not because you have not exposed yourself to the shot of gun and cannon and the sabres and lances of the enemy. In 1870 you were taken up in Reischoffen covered with many sabre wounds among a heap of dead cuirassers.

"Such deeds of heroism you have crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge; it did not burst, but it might have done so at any moment and caused new wounds in the bodies of those who were already wounded; but there you were—you took up the grenade in your arms, you smiled upon the wounded, who looked at you with feelings of dismay, not for themselves, but for you, and you carried it away to a distance of eighty metres. On laying it down you noticed that it was going to burst; you threw yourself upon the ground; it burst; you were seen covered with blood, but when persons came to your assistance you rose up smiling, as is your wont, and said, 'that is nothing!' You are scarcely recovered from your wound, and you return to the hospital, whence I have just now summoned you."

During these words of praise the good nun held her head modestly cast down, with her eyes fixed on her crucifix that hung by her side. Then the General made her kneel down, and, drawing his sword, touched her lightly with it on the shoulder three times and pinned the cross of the Legion of Honour on her habit, saying with a quivering voice:

"I put upon you the cross of the brave in the name of the French people and army; no one has gained it by more deeds of heroism nor by a life so completely spent in self-abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and service of your country. Soldiers! present arms!"

The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with loud acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Mary Teresa rose up, her face suffused with blushes, and asked: "General have you finished with me?"

"Yes, said he."

"Well, then, I am going back to my wounded soldiers in the hospital."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."—"Rough on Itch" cures skin humor, ructions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, vy poison, barber's itch.

The Japanese Minister of Marine has decided to give an order to France for the building of seventeen torpedo boats at a cost of three and one half millions of francs.

Marshal MacMahon is about to publish a book on the Battle of Sedan, where the army of France was so lamentably crushed. The ex-president of the Republic has almost finished the writing of his memoirs.

The election to Parliament of Sir. George Trevelyan as the new Liberal member from Glasgow may have a result in the future which is hardly anticipated now. The number of prominent Liberals in the House of Commons is greatly decreased since the defection of Hartington and Goschen and Chamberlain and Henry James, and the downfall of Dilke. When Gladstone passes away there must be a new leader, and after Sir William Harcourt, Trevelyan may flatter himself that the party will look to him. He has been unstable, it is true, and is hardly a man of political genius, but in the dearth of giants smaller men look large.