

He went to the garden seat near by and drew her to his knee. How lovingly she threw her arms about his neck and patted his cheek with her tiny hands! Ah, how she would feel when they found him lying dead in the garden! One might easily see that her loving little heart was wholly given over to him. 'Twould be a pity to break that little heart, yet even then the pistol was turned full upon him.

And while she prattled on, and he listened, and I watched the two, a sudden tumult arose outside the garden. There were hoarse cries, and the trampling of many feet, and into the garden (the gate of which the porter had left open) all covered with foam and dust, and with the froth driveling from his savage jaws, dashed a huge, shaggy brute, and rushed up the path towards those two on the seat.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, and put her quickly behind him, facing the maddened beast empty handed as he was.

"For her sake!" I muttered, and rising from the covert I fired the first barrel of the pistol. The brute sprang high into the air, and then fell back to the dust, dead.

While the people crowded in, I escaped. There was still a little money in my

purse, and I left Paris and hastened to Havre, there to take passage for America. I crept about the dark streets at night until I could find an opportunity to embark from my native land, and there Pulaski found me.

I knew he would come; I had seen it in his cruel eyes when he left me that day in the room behind the tobacconist's. I had not been a traitor, but the child had shielded *him* with her innocence.

Pulaski sprang upon me in a lonely place—perhaps he had been dogging me for days; I know not.

"I have found you," he said, in his deep, rumbling voice. "Traitor! You were the chosen messenger of death; you drew the lot; why did you not keep your oath?"

I could say naught.

"Self accused, you die by *my* hand!" he hissed, and I saw the flash of the steel above my head; but I had the pistol still.

"One barrel for *him*," I shouted, "*this* for you!"

I fired, and as I ran from the spot I looked back and saw his huge body sway forward, and fall, a dead thing, upon the pavement.

Then I came to America. I am an old man now; but can I ever forget?

A BLOODLESS BATTLE.

A host of happy children on the strand,
In summer's sunshine, hold high jubilee;
They form in battle line and, hand in hand,
With laughing shrieks they charge upon the sea.

A countless multitude with shining dress
And shining arms tossed high in frantic glee,
With diamonds sparkling in each curling tress,
Come rushing forth to meet them from the sea.

They fight their merry battle, hand to hand;
In turn they bravely charge and quailing flee—
The laughing, shouting children of the land,
The dancing, sparkling billows of the sea.

Edward Payson Jackson.

FAVORITES OF THE PARIS STAGE.

The actors and actresses to whom Paris owes its rank as the theatrical capital of the world—Hading, Rejane, Reichemberg, the Coquelins, Got, and their many compeers.

By Arthur Hornblow

FOR more than three hundred years France has led the world in matters artistic, and in no branch of art has she excelled more than in her school of actors. Ever since Molière, manager, playwright, actor, convulsed the court of Versailles with his immortal comedies, and was instrumental in causing the theater to be regarded as an institution

having its proper place in the community, and the profession of the actor as an honorable calling, Paris has been looked upon by the outside world as the Mecca of the stage.

Certainly in no other city in the world have the theater and its arts flourished as they have in the French capital. In New York, in London, in Berlin, in



Mme. Segond Weber.