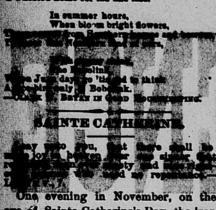


Down in the grave, Where I cautiously pass com sight in mat and mass d home for lad and lass.



eve of Sainte Catherine's Day, the iron gate of the prison at Auberive rolled back on its hinges and gave a passage to a woman of about thirty years of age. She was dressed in a faded woolen gown and wore on her head a white linen cap, adjusted in a strange fashion round her pale features, whose wan expression betrayed long detention and meagre fare. Her fellow prisoners had nicknamed her the Bretonne, no doubt because she was a native of Brittany. Condemned for the heinous crime of infanticide, she had been brought to the House of Detention in a prison van exactly six years age and had just been After getting back her old clothes

and receiving at the greffe or registry the ridiculous small sum of money set aside for her by the prison authorities in return for six long years unremitting hard labor, she was now at last once more free, with her passport signed for Langres. The coach, however, for this latter place has already left. Timid and awkward, she directed her faltering steps towards the nearest inn and with a tremplous voice inquired if she could be accommodated for the night. The inn was crowded with customers, and the inn-keeper, who little cared to house "birds of that feather," advised her to push on to the wine shop at the other end of the village.

The Bretonne, more awkward and

timid than before, went on her way and knocked at the door of the wine shop, a mere pot house for navies. The publican's wife eyed her mistrustfully from head to foot, and guessing that she had just left the Centrale, or prison, sent her off with the excuse that she did not take in lodgers. Not daring to insist, the poor woman turned away with drooping head, while a feeling of anger rose in her heart against those who thus drove her from

their door. She had only one thing left to do and that was to reach Langres on foot. Night, however, sets in early towards the close of November, so that darkness soon, overtook the wayfarer on the dusty road that extended far away through the lonesome wood and the north wind blew keen among the swaying trees, scattering large heaps of dead leaves by the way. During the six long years she had spent in solitary confinement the Bretonne had lost the habit of walking. Her joints were as if knotted and her feet, unused to any but wooden shoes, were cramped in the leather ones she Lad on. Aftergetting over a league or so of ground her heels were sorely blistered and she felt already tired out. She sank down on a heap of stones, shaddering at the thought that she might have to die of cold and hunger in so dark a night and with such a nipping blast that chilled her to the bone. Suddenly, along the solitary road and in the pauses of the cold north wind, she thought she heard the drawling tones of somebody singing in the distance. She listened eagerly and was soon convinced that she caught the sound of one of those dear, monotonous snatches of nursery rhymes with which children are nursed to sleep. Rising to her feet she went in the direction of the voice and at the turn of a cross-road beheld a red light glimmering through the branches. Five minutes after she reached a clay-built hovel, the roof of which, covered with clods, leaned way back to against a rock, and whose only window gave passage to a flickering ray. With anxious heart she resolved to knock at the door. As soon as she had done so the singing ceased and a peasant woman came to the threshold.

She was of about the same age as the Bretonne, but worn and wasted with field labor. Her short gown, which was rent in places, showed her dark, sun-burnt skin; her reddish hair fell in disorder from underneath a little doth cap and her gray eyes looked with astonishment at the stranger, whose face had, in fact, something unusual in its

pay you for your trouble."

."Come in," said the peasant without much hesitation; "but," she added, more out of curiosity than from any mistrust, "why didn't you stop at Auberive?"

.,They wouldn't take me in," answered, and casting down her blue eyes, the Bretonne as from a sense of duty, added: "Because, you see I've just left the Centrale, and that doesnt'

give people confidence,"

"Ah! well come in all the same, "Ah! well come in all the same, I've little to fear anyway, never hay-ins anything had not been anyway, never hay-ins anything had not been anything of his had been in some went to a steel and brought in several arms of dry heath, which are spread in a corner near the sammay-place.

"You live alone here?" ventured to sak the Brotonne.

"Yes, with my little girl, who is near upon seven. I earn for both of us by working in the wood."

"Your 'man' is dead, then?"

"Your man is dead, then?"
"I never had one," bluntly rejoined
La Fleuriotte, "the poor girl has no
father. Well, you know, we all have
our troubles. There's your bed now,
sad here are two or three potatoes
which were left from supper. Tis all I
have to offer you."
She was interrupted by a childish
value which came from a plant, parti-

voice, which came from a plank parti-tion forming a kind of dark closet in

one of the corners of the place.
"Good night!" added La Fleuriotte, "I'll be looking after the little one, who's getting scared. Try to sleep well!

She took the lamp and sought the adjoining closet, leaving the Bretonne in the dark.

The latter had stretched herself on the sweet heather. After eating her frugal meal she tried to close her eyes, but sleep would not come to her tired lids. Through the partition boards she heard La Fleuriotte chatting in a low voice to her little one, who had been wakened by the arrival of the stranger and would not go to sleep again. Le Fleuriotte fondled and coaxed and kissed her darling with endearing words, the artless expression of which moved the poor Bretonne in an unwonted manner. It summoned up a confused maternal instinct still slumbering in the breast of one who had been condemned for stifling her new-born babe. She was alive to the fact that, if things "had not turned out badly," her own little one would now be about as old as that little girl.

A motherly yearning rose in her beating heart. Her feelings, so long chilled, were roused to their inmost depths by this haunting thought and the sound of that sweet childish voice; a melting softness spread throughout from her being and she had a good mind to tism. give way to tears.

"Now, my darling," said La Fleuriotte "go to sleep like a good girl, and if you do I'll take you to-morrow to Sainte Catherine's Fair."

little girls, isn't it mamma?'

"Yes, my dear." "Is it true that on that day Sainte

Catherine brings pretty toys to child-

"Yes, sometimes."

"Why, then, doesn't she ever bring some to me, mamma?" "Because we live so far away, and then again we are too poor."

"Then she only brings toys to the rich, does she? Why? I should like to have some too."

"Well, some day, if you are good girl and go to sleep, she may perhaps bring you some also."

"Oh, then I'll go to sleep right off, so she may bring me some to-morrow." A stillness followed. Then the soft, gentle breathing of both mother and child showed that they had fallen asleep together.

But the Bretonne could not close her eyes. A feeling at once poignant and tender clutched her at the heart, and more than ever before at any time of her life she thought of the defenseless. harmless little creature she had ruthlessly strangled.

This dread, remorseful feeling lasted until the first streak of dawn. At break of day La Fleuriotte and her child were still fast locked in each oth-

er's arms.

The Bretonne noiselessly crept out of the hovel, and making the best of her way back to Auberive, slackened her steps only when she reached the first houses of the small place. She slowly walked up the only street in the village, intently gazing at the sign-boards over each shor

At last one of these signs arrested her attention. She knocked at the shutters and the door was soon opened. It was one of those little country stores where, besides a variety of haberdashery wares, cheap second hand toye may be bought, cardboard dolls, bloch's arks and bas-lambs. The amazement of the woman who kept the store was unbounded when she saw the Bretonne

pillid expression.

"Good evening," said the peasant woman rating the lamp she held in her hind; "what to you want?"

"I am ready to drop and can go no further," murmured the Bretonne with a common of the started, and, further," murmured the Bretonne with the started of the s s sigh of deep anguish, "the town is herself face to face with a corporal of vet far off, and if you'd let me put up gendarmes.

The wastehed woman had formotten do her share.

that all liberated convicts were forbidden to remain in the precints of the Central House of Detention

"Instead of vagabondizing round "Instead of Vagaboutians here, you ought to have also in the Langres," said the military man in gruff voice, "Come, be of She wanted to explain, but it was a said that a said the said to be a said to be said t

no use. A cart was put into reaches she had to get up into it, as went the horses, under escort the gendarmes.

The cart jolted mercilessly

The cart joited mercilessly shar the frozen road. The poor Bretoma, with a half-broken heart, clutched her little parcet of playthings in her branched ingers. Soon, at a turn in the road she discovered the path which entered the word.

Her heart learns, and she becought the gendarms to stop for a minute. She had a commission, she set, for La Flestriotte, a woman who lived there, close by. She hamper, and feeling, that the gendarms, who, after all, was a good-natured fellow, allowed himself to be awayed by her entreaties.

The cart was stopped, the horse was tied to a tree, the gendarms and his

The cart was stopped, the horse was tied to a tree, the gendarme and his prisoner got down and they went up the path that led to the hovel in the wood.

Le Fleuriotte was busy chopping wood in front of her door. When she looked up and caught sight of the woman whom she had housed on the previous evening in the hands of a genvious evening in the hands of a gendarme she stood with mouth wide open.

like one petrified.
"Hush!" ajaculated the Bretonne, as she put her finger to her lips. "Is the little one still asleep?"

"Carry these toys softly to her bed-side and tell her that Sainte Catharine sent them to her. I went back to Au-berive to fetch them, but it seems I had no right to do so, and I am being taken on to Langres.'

"Holy mother of God!" exclaimed La Fleuriotte. "Hush!

They all drew near the bed where

the child lay. The Bretonne took the carboard dolls, Nosh's arks and bas-lambs, scattered them gently over the coverlet, kissed the thin, naked arm of the yet slumbering child, and then, turning to-wards the gendarme, who quickly brushed a tear from his eye, quietly

"Now, we can go on our way."

Chances In China.

China has all the natural resources for a great and powerful nation-second to none-climate, soil, mineral resourcees of every kind in rich abundance. copious streams and teeming millions of easily governed people-now cursed from end to end by bigoted conserva-

Napoleon prophesied sore things for Europe should China once be taught. her real strength. But it is hardly possible in fact or logic that Europe's "Sainte Catherine is the festival for thrift is to be based on Asiatic ignorance. If it is, then it were high time that the theory were exploded. China ought to be a nobler, better country than she is. With iron mines and coalnone better in the world-she buys old scraps of every sort from European junk shops, and freights it here to hammer out its nails, bolts and wagon tires and tools, and such other small-way iron needs as must be filled. With mines of gold and silver full of richest ores, it coins no money, save its dirty copper "cash"—one hundred for ten cents—a dollar five pounds weight. With wealth enough and resources of almost every sort, but brains, it totes its coals and goods long stretches upon the backs of brute and human animals—degrading men and women to the state of beasts of burden!

With abundant means and credit it has no national banking system and leaves such affairs in the hands of foreigners at seapofts, or individuals at other points, yet in the St. Petersburg museum you may see a bank note of the Imperial Bank of China issued, as its date shows, 3,344 years ago, showing as far as can be shown that China was the first country of the world to have a national bank of issue. Not only this antique, but many others you may find here and there in China and in other parts, show that this country has long been shiking from a lofty point of supe-riority to one of degradation. In days of old her internal improvements in ex-cellent roads, superior stone and marble and suspension bridges; vast networks of canals, which connected with her many rivers, gave ready ways for easy transportation; natural defenses, yet the wonder of the world; paper, printing, gunpowder, German silver, sugar, tea and many other things she gave useven though its proselyting priests, no doubt, discovered America and peopled much of its western shores! Old its surely is; great in light and enterprise it surely, too, has been—cast down it trade in the control of the control truly is to-day-a great and lumbering hulk for all to come and pick at. [Hon. II. N. Richardson in American Rural Home.

The 300 young women of Wellesly College do the housework of the college on the cooperative plan. It takes each m forty-five minutes a day to

IN A MICA MINE.

One of the finest mica (sometimes H. about two miles from Rumney Depot, on the line of the Boston, Lowell and Montreal Rathouth.

A cool, bracing breeze aftered the

sudding maples, as we, rested from our early climb, again set forth to reach this industrial Mecca. Half way up the steep incline we found the siry ome of the teamster, a jolly Frenchman, perched on a broad, mossy boul-der, with its cellar open to the day. But this humble domicile commanded n unrivaled view of Franconia's misty in unrivaled view of Franconia's masty canges. Nearer by could be seen the magazine articles the Generals (and their crown of Moosilauke, the Black, and the Waterville Mountains, and seemingly at our feet, Loon Lake, a perfect gem, reminding those who have been abroad of the lochs for which Scotland is famous. Still our aspirations lead us skyward, and soon we have reached the scene that has pleased first place, it requires a great deal of have reached the scene that has pleased so many with its novelty. A speedy ntroduction to the overseer followed, and then we were shown an animated sight. Looking down two pits, each some thirty-five feet deep, their sides bright with layers of almost pure mica, embedded between rocks of feldspar toilers. Some, on temporary stagings of rough boards, half-way up the pit, were wirlding six-pound hammers, striking in regular succession the narstriking in regular succession the narrow-headed and glistening drills, held by their mates, and sinking deep but narrow cavities for the reception of the blast; some were grouped with pick and shovel in the openings below, some were pumping water that had trickled from above, and here and there were go to the parties pushing the leaded care to the parties pushing the loaded cars to the dump—and all were hardy, bronzed-looking, yet intelligent help.

The mica lies in weins, averaging from

foot to 5 feet in thickness, and is often blown out in blocks, or peices, weighing from 20 to 40 pound. This is broken into suitable shape for carriage in large baskets, and after being partially cleaned, is borne to the cutting shop. This is a long, commodious building. with a wide, stationary bench running the length of both sides, having shelves above. Some 5 feet apart are placed steel shears, having a foot and a half blade and long handle fixed to each bench, and manned by as many strongarmed, busy workmen, of whom fifteen are here employed. On the shelves before each cutter are ranged the bard, wood patterns by which the mica is cut into various sizes. The proper pattern with the mica beneath is held in one one hand, while with the other each man rapidly plies the sharp shears. The day's work is piled up before them in square compartments, and put into pound packages, ranging in size from 2x3; inches to 8x10 inches. It is used mostly in stoves and ranges, but it is al-

so cut for door and electric lights.

At one end of this building sat two men splitting the layers of mica brought from the mine with implements resembling oyster knives. Falling into conversation with them we learned that they daily find specimens strongly rewere shown pieces that closely counterfeited the form of elephants, rabbits, mules, &c. One of the employers in the finishing shop showed us a mica woman, wearing a seventeenth century bonnet, and another had a speecimen that had appropriately been named "The Old man of the Mountain." We also saw some curious pieces which, by contact with iron rust, had impressions closely resembling leaves, mosses and ferns; salmone-colored mica from Canada, and some very beautiful iridis-cent specimens from North Carolina.

In the company's office, on the Brook road, we we were shown a huge sheet of mica two feet long and one and a half wide, almost as clear as crystal. and a six-sided prism of nearly pure beryl, weighing ninety pounds, both of which were found in the "Valencia" two years ago. It is a singular fact that platfaum, one of the hardest ores known will melt in a vessel made of mica. duct, but water in time will injure it. The layers may also be split thinner than a wafer, and often reflect all the colors of the rainbow. We toolga peep into the smithy, and saw in the glowing coals of the forge a dozen or more drills of as many different sizes, at red heat,

Descending to the finishing shop, at the foot of the mountains, we were ush-ered into a large light room on the ground floor, which was thickly carpeted with the imperfect layers of mica cast aside by the female help. None of the mice from this mine, however, is thrown away, for even the refuse is ground up, mixed with oil, and used as lubricant. In this room, ranged on stools, with trays upon the benches before them to receive the different to the stools. fore them, to receive the different pieces,

ed dexterously split and cleaned the and dexterously split and cleaned the shining substance. In the store-room we saw small boxes, in form and size wrongly called isingless) mines in this such as usually contain a dosen farmers is located on Fletcher Mountains on hold a thousand dollars take in the little township of Groton; worth of mice. One hundred pounds is usually put in a box. All the marketable product of the mine is shipped to Utica. X Y .. wheneo is is sold to the

Privates in the Army.

A Southern Soldier, in the Wash ington Capitol, scores a pretty point in the following:

The war is over. The true sign of this is that another is wanted right now at its the own injerery land each twenty or thirty years. Another and more pleasing sign is that in their first place, it requires a great deal of journalistic enterprise to find a private. In the second place, I don't see how a private can have any recollections of the war. I was a private in the campaign of 1862 through Northern Virginia and Maryland, and in every fight, and I must say that I never saw what was going on or what were the results until I was told of it afterward or saw it in a paper. I was three days couldn't comprehend why we hadn't tried a fight first. Fighting, as we generally were, with a long line over miles of front in woods for the most part, and over hills and valleys, I don't believe that a private ever saw more than a small part of a battle (except at Fredericksburg) or knew a skirmish from a general engagement, or a re-connoissance from an attack.

Fragments of Thoughtful Irony. If you would be generous there is not time enough to be unjust.

Learn glibly the titles of many books so you can discuss literature intelligent-

Could we rightly interpret all the lessons of life we might be able to largely mitigate our miseries.

Life is so small a thing that it were the height of folly to unnecessarily increase its frictions.

Philosophize how we will, the melancholy fact remains that life is an aggregation of mistakes.

So many dealers in cheap essays have pawed over the Woman Question that it has become shelf-worn.

I wonder if it really is so difficult to convince even the worst among us that we cannot afford to flippantly judge any that live!

I am just beginning to be aware of

the extreme desirability of inviting as sembling animals, utensils, &c., and little attention to myself as the exigencies of life will allow. We need no unusual power of vision

to discern the white-clad figure of Truth floundering in the bogs that skirt the highways of life. The Phase of the Girl Question which has given me sharpest concern is the manifest fact of The Girl's large ac-

quaintance with Life at 10 years old. The conclusions of persons who are so intemperate as to make sweeping assertions concerning human affairs are not a safe criterion by which to meas-

Girls, treat with merited contempt the prudes who tell you that promiscuous round-dancing is a battle from which you emerge with your "vanity triumphant and your delicacy in rags."

When to Stop.

If you can trust yourself to cease when you are really and heartily tired, when rest is refreshment-but too many women work just to finish this or that, long after fatigue has set in. Their bodies may not feel much more tired than they were an hour or two earlier. of as many different sizes, at red heat, while many other implements used in the mines were strewn around waiting their turn to be sharpened or repaired. About fifty hands are employed in or around this mine.

Descending to the finishing shop, at least word irritate us, and when we least word irritate us, and when we but instead of bheerful physical fatigue. finally cease, it is not to rest with cheerful talk or reading, and a delicious sense of work done and repose earned, but we sink down too tired to rest, feeling completely worn out, ill and ready to cry rather than laugh. We may seem to get over ence such abuse as this, or two or three times, but by decrees this nervous irritability will be-come, not a rare experience consequent on rare fatigue, but will follow even sat a dezen young women, each holding a small knife of the pattern used by shoemakers, with which they rapidly and worn out long before life's prima.