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BEVERLEY BELLS.

Hark! Hark!
Beverley Bells are ringing,
Are ringing o'er the sea,
Their clear tones fill the twilight cell
With changing melody.
There's a white face at a window,
There's a sad heart in the world
Is that a bride by the gray Grande,
Clad in a wedding gown?
Ring, Bells of Beverley,
Ring on as ye ring then;
There is no mirth in Heaven or earth,
No truth in the hearts of men!

Hark! Hark!
Beverley Bells are ringing,
Over their square and street;
Twas years ago they rang last on,
And Oh, the dream was sweet!
He is not dead, but faithless—
She dressed her gown in white,
Though her heart may break for his false sake,
He will not come again!
Ring, Bells of Beverley,
Ring on as ye ring then;
There is no mirth in heaven or earth,
No truth in the hearts of men!

Hush! Hush!
Beverley Bells are dying
Upon the still night air
There's a figure at the threshold,
There's a footfall on the stair,
Repentant, relenting, yearning
For the love of days gone by,
He has come at last to redeem the past—
Why makes he so light?
Ring, Bells of Beverley,
For a broken spirit grieved,
For a weary heart that has found its rest,
And a soul at peace at last!

—Clifton Bingham in London Theater.

MME. DERLINE.

Prince Agenor was literally beside himself on Friday, April 19, 1889, at the opera during the second act of "Gigaro." The prince hurried from box to box, and his enthusiasm kept growing.

"That blond! Ah! That blond! She's an ideal, that blond! Look at that blond! Do you know that blond?"

At last he found Palmer, the banker.

"The name, the name of that blond in the Sainte-Mesmes box!"

"Mme. Derline."

"Is there a M. Derline?"

"Assuredly—a notary—my notary—the Sainte-Mesmes' notary. And if you you want to see Mme. Derline closer come to my house to the ball next Thursday. She will be there."

After the opera, when people were going out, the prince took a position at the foot of the grand staircase. He had entrapped two of his friends.

"Come," he said to them. "I want to show you the most beautiful woman in Paris."

Just as he said that there was standing within two paces of the prince an alert young man attached to one of the morning newspapers, a newspaper widely read. This young man had a sharp ear. He caught as it flew the expression of Prince Agenor, whose high position in society he knew. He managed to avoid meeting the prince, but when Mme. Derline was about to pass the young reporter was clever enough to overhear, without losing a single word, the conversation of the three brilliant noblemen.

Mme. Derline arose the next morning at 6 o'clock. Her maid came in, placed a salver on a little table, lit a big fire in the open grate and withdrew. There were on the salver a cup of chocolate and a newspaper—the same thing every morning.

Mme. Derline touched the rim of the cup to her lips and burned herself. So she had to wait awhile. She put down the cup, took the paper, unfolded it, and rapidly, with a look, ran through the six columns on the first page. At the bottom, at the very bottom of the sixth column, she found these lines:

"Last night there was a very brilliant representation of 'Sigurd' at the opera. Many of the most distinguished women of fashion were there—the handsome Duchesse de Montaglon, the pretty Comtesse Verdinière de Larlac, the admirable Marquise de Muriel and the piquant Baronces de Myrvoia.

"We have to announce a new star that has suddenly come to shine in the Parisian constellation. The house was in ecstacies over a blond with sad eyes, with eyes like steel, and whose shoulders—ah! what shoulders! Those shoulders were the event of the evening. On all sides people were asking: 'Who is she? 'Who is she? 'To whom belong those divine shoulders?'

"To whom? We know, and our readers will thank us for telling them the name of this marvelous beauty—it is Mme. Derline."

Her name! She had read her name! She grew dizzy. Her eyes crossed each other. All the letters of the alphabet seemed to dance like mad in the newspaper. After awhile they grew quieter, stepped and got back into their places. She managed to find it again—her name—and took up her reading:

"It is Mme. Derline, the wife of one of the most esteemed and richest notaries of Paris. The Prince de Sevrac, whose word carries authority in these matters, said last night to every one he met, 'That is the most beautiful woman in Paris.' We are entirely of that opinion."

She finished reading, and a sudden anxiety seized her.

"Edward! What will Edward say?"

Edward was her husband. She had never in her life called any other man than her husband by his first name. He was loved, this notary, and almost at the moment she asked herself what Edward would say Edward hurriedly opened the door.

"Why do those newspaper men meddle in what doesn't concern them? This is an outrage! Your name! Look at it there; your name in this paper!"

Mme. Derline very smoothly and gently set about bringing this rebel to reason.

"Why this rage, this great vexation? They accuse you of being the handsomest of the most beautiful woman in Paris. Is that, then, so horrible, a misfortune so frightful?"

Reduced to obedience, M. Derline went down stairs to his office to make money for the most beautiful woman in Paris.

A very wise and a very timely occupation, because seriously had Mme. Derline been left alone when a thought came into her head that would rid the notary's strong box of a very pretty bundle of bank notes.

It seemed to her that her new position imposed new duties upon her. She could not present herself at the Palmers' ball without a new dress and one from a celebrated hand. So she ordered her carriage in the afternoon and positively gave her coachman the address of M. Arthur, one of the most illustrious dressmakers in Paris.

"Oh, madame, a ball dress—a splendid gown for Thursday," said that august dignitary. "I don't dare make such a promise, because I could not fulfill it. There are responsibilities to which I never expose myself."

Two tears, two little tears, glistened on the edge of her lashes. M. Arthur felt himself moved. A woman, a pretty woman, weeping there before him. Never had such homage been paid to his genius.

"Mon Dieu, madame, I am anxious to make the effort—a very simple dress"—

"Oh, no, not simple; on the contrary very striking—brilliant in the highest degree. Two of my friends are your customers" (she told him their names) "and I, I am Mme. Derline"—

"Mme. Derline! You are Mme. Derline!"

It was theatrical, absolutely Great final.

Mme. Derline returned the next day and the next after that, and every day until the eve of the famous Thursday, and every time she went back, with waiting her turn to try on her gown, she entered dresses, very plain, but never fashions costing 700 to 800 francs.

Nor was that all. The day of the first visit to M. Arthur, when Mme. Derline walked out of the fine place she was grieved, absolutely grieved at the sight of her corpe. It has seen her mother in law's corpe and had rolled around the streets of Paris for fifteen years.

Mme. Derline only entered this shocking corpe to be driven to a very illustrious carriage maker's.

That night, adroitly seizing the psychological moment, she explained to M. Derline that she had seen a certain little black corpe, lined with deep blue satin, that would divinely frame her new gowns.

The corpe was bought next day by M. Derline, who himself began to realize the extent of his new duties. But next day he saw it was impossible to harness to that pretty toy of a corpe the old horse that drew the old carriage, and equally impossible to put on the box the old coachman who drove the old horse.

That is why on Thursday, April 25, at 10:30 p. m., a very handsome sorrel mare, driven by a very correct English coachman, drew M. and Mme. Derline to the Palmers' house. Nevertheless, yet one thing was lacking—a little green by the English coachman's side. But one must use a certain discretion. The most beautiful woman in Paris proposed to wait for ten days before asking for the little groom.

While she ascended the staircase at the Palmers' she distinctly heard the repeated little blows of her heartbeats. She entered, and for the first minute she enjoyed the delicious sensation of success. Yes, decidedly all went well. She was in the way of having all Paris at her feet. And sure of herself, more confident, more courageous, more rash, she advanced, leaning on M. Palmer's arm, who introduced her on the way to counts, marquises and dukes.

Palmer suddenly said to her:

"I am anxious to present to you one of your greatest admirers, who the other night at the opera could talk of nothing else but your beauty—the Prince de Nerins."

Mme. Derline was not to see the Prince de Nerins that night. Nevertheless he had counted surely on going to Palmer's house and presiding at the apotheosis of his notary's wife. But he dined at his club and permitted himself to be persuaded to go to a first performance at a small theater. They played an operetta set in the classic mold. The principal character was a young queen, who was always escorted by four regulation ladies of honor.

Three of these young ladies were well known to first nighters as having figured in a good many finales of operettas and in not a few processions of fairies. But the fourth—oh, the fourth! She was new, a magnificent brunette of the most surprising beauty. When the audience was leaving, Prince de Nerins said to every one who would listen to him:

"That brunette! Hein? That brunette! There's nothing like her in any other theater. She's the most beautiful woman in Paris. The most beautiful."

The next morning Mme. Derline found in the fashionable intelligence of her newspaper ten lines about the Palmers' ball. The marchioness, the countess and the duchesses who were there were named, but of her, Mme. Derline, not a word—not one word.

And to make it worse, he who wrote about the theatrical performance indled in enthusiastic terms the beauty of the ideal lady of honor and said: "Moreover, the Prince de Nerins declared that incontestably Mlle. Mirenla was the most beautiful woman in Paris."

Mme. Derline threw the paper in the fire. She did not wish her husband to know that she was no longer the most beautiful woman in Paris.

Nevertheless she held on to the great dressmaker and the English coachman, but she has never dared to ask for the little groom.—Translated from the French of Ludovic Halevy for the New York World.

Subject to Visiting Pastors.

Ministers who accept an invitation to occupy a pulpit for a Sunday or two during a pastor's vacation have a right to expect that their compensation shall be commensurate with the ability of the church. When the pastor receives two or three thousand a year it is hardly fair to put "the supply" off with a ten dollar bill. We have known of ministers who, having accepted an urgent invitation to occupy a pulpit, have not received a sum that they would offer to the brother who has provided for them at home during their absence, and they were out of pocket their traveling expenses.—Watchman.

Little Golden Locks—Is that better than pears? Mrs. Locks (sharply)—Yes. Little G. L.—Staying at the children again? Mrs. L.—Yes. Little G. L. (thoughtfully)—Say, mamma, don't you think you had better send him one of your "At home" cards!—Boston Budget.

SHOWED HIS NERVE.

The Marquis De Mores Not Intimidated by a Crowd of Cowboys.

"Did you ever hear how the Marquis de Mores winged two bad men in Cheyenne?" said Jack Frazier, of Council Bluffs.

"No."

"Well, it is not much of a story, but it is an illustration of a man's nerve and quick thought. I was in the cattle business in 1883, and Le Caron accompanied with De Mores in leaved in the month of May. He was a very polite man, but rather inclined to be offish, as we say in the west. About a month after that I met him at Berlow's ranch, about twenty five miles from Cheyenne. He was mounted on a vicious bronche, and appeared to have a good deal of trouble to keep his seat.

"A couple of cowboys were whooping and howling in front of Berlow's shanty when the marquis drove up. Their ponies were tethered and they were running foot races and for reason on earth yelling like Comanches in a war dance. They began to guy the marquis on his horse mandship. He made no reply, but kept on talking to me. Finding he could not be provoked that way one cowboy, nicknamed 'Broadback Morgan,' because of his unusually broad shoulders, began to show the French man how to ride.

"His companion followed his example, and in a couple of minutes they were circling around the marquis firing off their Winchesters and using the most insulting language. Whether the marquis understood what they meant I don't know. At all events, he rolled a cigarette and lighted it. 'Drop that, you tenderfoot,' roared Morris, pulling up his mustang with a jerk; 'drop that, or I'll clip it out of your mouth.' At the same moment he lifted his Winchester.

"De Mores turned half way in his saddle, took a deep inspiration and blew out a cloud of smoke. As it cleared away the cowboy took deliberate aim and fired. The cigarette was sent flying in fragments. Before I scarcely knew what had happened De Mores had drawn his long barreled French revolver from his belt and pulled the trigger. The Winchester dropped out of Morris' hands. He had been shot through both wrists. The bowl he let out could have been heard a quarter of a mile. The other cowboy was then on De Mores' flank. As soon as he saw him pull his gun he grabbed his rifle, but had not time to raise it before the marquis fired a second time, just as his bronche gave a lunge and a bark. The man tumbled off with a bullet in his shoulder. It might have been meant for the head for all I know."

"What did De Mores do then?"

"He rolled another cigarette, lighted it and continued the conversation."—Colorado Sun.

Alpine Emotions.

There is a mysterious roar among the hills which you take for an avalanche. It is a Swiss who fires a gun and charges fifty centimes for the echo. If you round another corner you have a musical wall, caught up and repeated in a dozen delicate gradations by the stony walls which lean you in. It is the voice of an Loreley, but the tune played by a sturdy vagabond on the Alpine horn. You are hustled into an ice cavern, two francs. A yodel is set up at your elbow, two francs. You decend a ladder in a lonely, inaccessible spot, two francs. You ask for a glass of water at a pretty pastoral chalet on a slope of tender grass, fifty centimes. You want to visit a glacier. Behold the Swiss flag flying over a turnstile, and a toll of fifty centimes. As you emerge a group of elderly women surround you, fifty centimes, and you have a yodel that would wake the seven sleepers.

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