# DESERET EVENING NEWS

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I have heard a lot of people say
That life is not worth living,
But some the sun I go my way
Without the least singing.

I don't sit up night after night
To worry o'er the sinner,
Or run and rip around all day
To work its reformation.

I realize that things may run
To serve a different end,
But that's proper on that account
To worry all my days.

Let those who think the world is wrong,
And can't sleep till it righted,
Go at it on the spot. I'm sure
I shall be most delighted.

But as for me, I am content
To take things as I find them.
If they are not to my mind's thoughts,
I simply do not mind them.
—J. Corcoran in New York Sun.

## LA BRETONNE.

One November evening, the eve of St. Catherine's Day, the gate of the Asberive prison turned upon its hinges to allow to pass out a woman of some thirty years, clad in a faded woolen gown and coiffed in a linen cap that framed in a singular fashion a face pale and puffed by that sickly hued fat which develops in prison captives. She was a prisoner whom they had just liberated, and whom her companions of detention called La Bretonne.

Condemned for infanticide, it was essently, day for day, six years ago that the prison van had brought her to the Centrale. Now, in her former garb, and with her small stock of money received from the clerk in her pocket, she found herself free and with her road pass stamped for Langres.

The course for Langres, however, had long since gone. Cowed and awkward, she took her way, stumbling toward the chief inn of the borough, and with trembling voice asked shelter for the night. But the inn was crowded, and the aubergiste, who did not care to harbor "one of those birds from over yonder," counseled her to push on to the cabaret at the far end of the village.

La Bretonne passed on, and more trembling and awkward than ever knocked at the door of that cabaret, which, properly speaking, was but a centre for laborers. The cabaretiere also eyed her askance, scenting doubtless a "discharged" from the Centrale, and finally refused her on the plea that she had no bed to give her.

La Bretonne dared not insist, but with bowed head pursued her way, while at the bottom of her soul rose and grew a dull hatred for that world which thus repulsed her.

She had no other resource than to gain Langres afoot.

Toward the end of November night came quickly. Soon she found herself enveloped in darkness, on a grayish road that ran between two divisions of the forest, and where the north wind whistled fiercely, choked her with dust and pelted her with dead leaves.

After six years of sedentary and recluse life her legs were stiff, the muscles knotted and her feet, accustomed to sabots, pinched and bruised by her new slippers. At the end of a league she felt them blistered and herself exhausted. She dropped upon a pile of stones by the wayside, shivering and asking herself if she was going to be forced to perish of cold and hunger in this black night, under this icy breeze, which from her to the narrow.

All at once, in the solitude of the road, she seemed to hear the drowsy notes of a voice singing. She listened and distinguished the air of one of those careening and monotonous chants with which one soothes young children.

She was not alone, then!

She struggled to her feet, and in the direction from which the voice came, and there, at the turn of a crossroad, perceived a reddish light streaming through the branches. Five minutes later she was before a mud walled hovel, whose roof, covered by squares of sod, leaned against the rock, and whose window had allowed to pass that beckoning ray.

With anxious heart she decided to knock.

The chant ceased instantly and a woman opened the door, a peasant woman no older than La Bretonne herself, but faded and aged by work. Her bodice, torn in places, displayed the skin tanned and dirty; her red hair escaped disheveled from under a soiled stuff cap, and her gray eyes regarded with amazement the stranger whose face had in it something of touching loveliness.

"Good evening!" said she, lifting yet higher the sputtering lamp in her hand; "what do you desire?"

"I am unable to go on," murmured La Bretonne, in a voice broken by a sob; "the city is far, and if you will lodge me for the night you will do me a service. I have money; I will pay you for the trouble."

"Enter," replied the other after a moment's hesitancy; "but why," continued she, in a tone more curious than suspicious, "did you not sleep at Asberive?"

"They would not give me a lodging," lowering her blue eyes and taken with a sudden scruple, "be—because, see you, I came from the Maison Centrale."

"Ah! the Maison Centrale! but no matter—enter—I fear nothing, having known only misery. Moreover, I'e a assurance against turning a Christian from the door on a night like this. I'll give you a bed and a slice of cheese.

And she pulled from the eaves some bundles of dried heather and spread them as a pallet in the corner by the fire.

"Do you live here alone" demanded La Bretonne timidly.

"Yes, with my gaclette, going on seven years now. Oh, I earn our living by working in the wood."

"Your man, then, is dead?"

"Yes," said the other briskly, "the gaclette has no father. Briefly, to each his sorrow! but come, lemon you straw, and two or three potatoes left from supper. It is all I can offer you"—

She was called at the moment by a childish voice coming from a dark nook, separated from the room by a board partition.

"Good night!" repeated she, "the little one cries; I must go, lest sleep you waits!"

And taking up the lamp she passed into the closet, leaving La Bretonne stretched alone in the darkness.

Stretched upon her heather, after she had eaten her supper, she strove to close her eyes, but sleep would not come to her. Through the thin partition she heard the mother still softly talking to the child, whom the arrival of a stranger had wakened, and who did not wish to go to sleep again.

The mother soothed and fondled it with words of endearment that some how strangely disturbed La Bretonne. That outburst of simple tenderness seemed to waken a confused maternal instinct in the soul of that girl condemned in the past for having stifled her new born.

"If things had not gone so badly with me," thought La Bretonne sorrowfully, "it would have been the same age as this little one here."

At that thought and at the sound of that childish voice a sickening shudder seemed to shake her very vitals, something soft and tender to spring up in that seared heart, and an increasing need for the relief of tears.

"But come, come, my little one," the mother cried, "to sleep you must go! And if you are good and do as I say, tomorrow, maybe, I'll take you to the St. Catherine's fair!"

"The fair of little children, maman, the fair of little children, you mean!"

"Yes, my angel, of little children."

"And the day when the good St. Catherine brings playthings to the ladies, maman!"

"Sometimes—yes."

"Then why doesn't she bring playthings to our house, maman?"

"We live too far away, perhaps, and then—we are too poor."

"She brings them only to rich ladies, then, maman? But why, maman, why, I say? I should love to see playthings!"

"Eh, bien! some day you may, if you are very good—tonight, perhaps, if you are wise and go to sleep soon."

"I will, then, maman; I will right away, so she can bring them tomorrow."

The little voice ceased; there was a long silence; then a long breath, even and light!

The child slept at last—the mother also.

La Bretonne only did not sleep! An emotion at once poignant and tender tore at her heart and she thought more than ever of that little one whom they said she had killed. This lasted till dawn.

Mother and child still slept, but La Bretonne was up and out, gliding hurried and furtively in the direction of Asberive and slackening her pace only when the first houses of the village came in sight.

Soon she had reached and was traversing its only street, walking slowly now and scanning with all her eyes the signs of the shops. One at last seemed to fix her attention. She knocked at the shutter and presently it opened. A mercer's shop apparently, but also with some toys and playthings in the window—poor, pitiful trifles, a pasteboard doll, a Noah's ark, a woolly, stiff legged little sheep.

To the astonishment of the merchant La Bretonne purchased them all, paid and went out. She had resumed the road to the hovel in the wood, when suddenly a hand fell heavily upon her shoulder, and she was face to face with a brigadier of gendarmerie.

The unhappy one had forgotten that it was forbidden to liberated prisoners to loiter in the neighborhood of the Maison Centrale.

"Instead of vagabondizing here, you should already be at Langres," said the brigadier gruffly. "Come, march! be off with you! To the road, to the road, I say!"

She sought to explain. Pains lost. At once a passing cart was pressed into service, La Bretonne bundled into it and in charge of a gendarme once more on route for Langres.

The cart pulled laboriously over the frozen ruts. The poor La Bretonne clutched with a heartbroken air her bundle of playthings in her freezing fingers.

All at once, at a turn of the road, she recognized the cross path that led through the wood. Her heart leaped and she besought the gendarme to stop only one moment. She had a commission for La Florinette, the woman that lived just there!

She supplicated with so much fervor that the gendarme, a good man at least, allowed himself to be persuaded. They stopped, tied the horse to a tree and ascended the pathway.

Before the door La Florinette bowed the unhappy wretch into the required fagots. On seeing her visitors return, accompanied by a gendarme, she dwelt open mouthed and with arms hanging.

"Hist!" said La Bretonne, "hist! the little one—does it sleep still?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then, here, these playthings; by them, on the bed and bid her St. Catherine brought them. I returned to Asberive for them, but it seems I had rights to do so, and they are taking me now to Langres."

"Holy Mother of God!" cried the amazed La Florinette.

"Hist! be still, I say!"

And drawing near the bed herself, followed always by her escort, La Bretonne scattered upon the coverlet the doll, the Noah's ark and the stiff legged woolly and scarcewhat grimy little lamb, from the bare arm of the child till it clasped the latter, then turned with a smile.

"Now," said she, addressing the gendarme, vigorously rubbing his eyes with the cuff of his jacket—the frost, it seemed, had gotten into them—"I am ready; we can go!"—Translated from the French of Theuriet by E. C. Wagner for Short Stories.

The Philippine Islanders smoke cigars a foot in length. The Burmese native delight in loosely rolled cigars from six to eighteen inches long.

### Some Buffons.

Great Actor (impersonating Iago)—But he wise fellows from me my good name— (Improvise pause.)

Hated Rival (making a scowl)—Well, he it drove like a hot potato—

### COULDN'T DRAW HIS OWN MONEY.

**His Signature Had Changed a Good Deal During Intervening Years.**

The conversation turned upon early struggles in life. All of them had had to work hard for their fortunes, but each of them had managed to start a bank account in his first days of earning money and to add to it from time to time.

"And the only time in my life," said one of them, "that I had money and yet did not have it, was when I had worked long enough and hard enough to feel that I was justified in making what to me was considerable of an investment. Years before this I had begun a modest little account in the —— Savings bank. When I first made my deposits they were not big and they were not frequent, but I kept on making them month by month and year by year, and in time they began to count for something.

"I had never allowed myself the luxury of withdrawing a single cent from that bank, not even when I felt that it would be one of the keenest pleasures in the world to swagger up and draw from a big bank some of my own money and spend it. I had reached the limit which I had set for myself in that bank, and had ceased to deposit there. I was perfectly content to let my money remain there.

"But the time came when I was to make my investment. I looked over all my assets, got ready to turn them into cash, and found that I should have to go to my first savings bank. I hated to do it then. But I marched down and presented myself at the window. I hadn't been there for a long time. I had grown up. I had added to my face a beard, and I was as far from being the boy who had formerly been there as a man well could be. The first thing I was asked to do was to write my signature. I wrote it as I had learned to write it in the recent years, with a slap dash rush.

"The teller looked at me scrutinizingly, and then asked me to write it again. I dashed off another. He went off a second time and came back with a little deprecating smile.

"'The signatures are not the same,' he said.

"'But, great Scott! I'm the same,' I said.

"'But how do I know that? he said, with his provoking smile.

"'You don't expect, do you,' I jerked out impatiently, for I wanted that money and wanted it quickly, 'that I'd write the same hand now as I wrote when I was fourteen years old and made my first deposit?'

"'No,' he said, still smiling.

"'Well, I'm in a hurry for that money,' I said curtly. 'I've got to use it right away, and I'd like it right away.'

"'I'm very sure,' he said, 'that you are the man, from the story you tell, but how do I know it? I can't let a man have money when I do not know him, and when his signature does not agree with the one we have.'

"'What in the world am I to do?' I said.

"'You will have to be identified.'

"'But I haven't time.'

"'You will have to make it or else sign like your old signature—your old one,' he added with a smile, 'is a good deal better than the one you write now.'

"But I had to hurry out and find some one who could identify me before I could draw the money which I myself had deposited. When I had drawn it my boyish signature was shown to me. It was round and clear, but a little trembling, and when I looked at it for the first time in a good many years, a rush of memories came over me, and I recalled how I had felt on the first day that I had ever gone into a bank to open an account for myself."—New York Tribune.

### The Eyes of the Stuck Ox.

The skull of the bull mask ox is remarkable for the development of the eye orbits, which project sufficiently beyond the plane of the frontal bones to compensate for the interruption the horns would otherwise make in the range of vision. The musk ox, however, does not seem to rely greatly on keenness of sight, far less on acuteness of hearing, for the ears are of small dimensions and are completely covered by the heavy growth of fur above them. The organs of scent are evidently more highly developed, and they escape of the hunter his greatest cunning.—H. T. Martin in Popular Science Monthly.

### No Further Incentive.

Opulent Father-in-law—What ails you, George? Since you have been married you seem to have lost all your ambition.

George—Well, you see, sir, I reached the height of my ambition when I became your son-in-law.—Life.


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