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CHAPTER I.

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The day was drawing to a close in the little town of Belmont. Here and there on the roofs and trees were patches of snow that had held their own in splte of the sun's soft wooing. The air was chisp and frosty and an almost solemn stillness reigned. Then the sound of children singing rang out on the clear air. How full of melody it was, speaking of innocense and peace. Surely the praises of these little ones would mount up to the throne above and win for them a special blessing from Him who had promised to be a Father to the fatherless, for it was the little orphans at the Home who were making such sweet music.

At an upper window sat one of the inmates, a girl of about twelve years fltful slumber. of age. She was certainly not a pretty child and the severe outlines of her close fitting black dress lent an air of elfish angularity to her slim form . Her hair and eyes were black and the face the arm. Beside him is her mother making a little coat for Pierrot of blue was one that arrested a person's atten-tion by the firmness of the tightly closed lips. Looks as if she might have temper, one would exclaim, and then for hours afterwards, those plercing hand. eyes would haunt you and make you wonder how she looked when she Suddenly her mother stoops and kisses her and says. "Gabrielle, you must It was only six months since smiled. little Gabrielle Duval and her two year old brother Pierre (or Pierrot as she always called him) came to the home, and although she was not unhappy there, occasionally she would withdraw herself as now, to the window at the end of the corridor to think of her brow and a great calm takes possession dear mother and of the events that had followed each other in such rapid succession during the last three years so there is no time to lose. Of course of her young life.

Adrian Duval, her father, was a soldier and she well remembered him and the merry games they had together. He would teach her to fense and some times let her think she had won the mim. Then she recalled the exic contest. citement of the beginning of the war, when he had gone out, not to play at fighting, but to lead men into the field to conquer or to die. How her mother had wept during those days, and she had loved to sit at her feet and comfort her. Then came the news that the enemy was coming to the very walls of their capital and one night her father had carried her in his arms away from their home to a place of safety and she had seen him no more. She knew he had given his life in his effort to defend his beloved city of Paris from the Prussian invaders. Her mother had bravely tried to battle on her side against most trying curcumstances, for sake of her child, but after the birth of the little brother, who was all Gabrielle held dear on earth now, she too had slowly faded away. Then it was that Monsieur le Cure

mother's love. But her little Pierrot. | Then the wagon stopped, and the boy assisted Gabrielle and her brother to Did she not make a solemn promise to her mother that she would never leave

alight. "O, what shall I do? What shall The scene was one of the strangest she had ever witnessed. All around her I do?" she moans. Just then the supper bell rings. She goes to the little cot where the baby form is already in rewere piles of vegetables and fruits. Here a heap of red apples that looked like a miniature mountain, there a After taking one long look at huge mass of potatoes, and here again a im, she descends to the great dining She makes a pretense of eating. hillock of green and red cabbages And then the chattering and noise there but a lump in her throat seems to prewas! Crowds of men talking together vent her swallowing. She is thankful when the bell is rung for bed. It ap-pears hours to her before the last busy and trying to make a good bargain Women with their gay colored shawly and every conceivable kind of headtongue is silenced, but finally a great Here was a buxom Normande quiet reigns over the sleepers. She has with her stiffly starched white cap, and drawn the baby's cot close up to her here again a peasant from sunny bed, and she holds one little hand firmtany with her close fitting embroidered grasped in here, as if she feared hood and her baby in a shawl on her back, and the clatter of the wooder he would be parted from her in his sleep. After tossing to and fro for an hour or mere, she, too, falls into a shoes on the ground, which is paved with little round stones worn smooth with the pressure of millions of feet. Gabrielle took the baby in her arms Then a beautiful vision is opened to her view. She is in a lovely garden. Seated on a bench is

and wandered from place to place filled her father, just as she used to see him. wonder at the strange world with in his fine uniform with gold straps on around her. After strolling about for nearly an hour they came to the meat market. This is an immense building cloth with gold stripes, just like his, and similar to the fruit market and ad there in the pathway is the baby boy joining it. Here were immense num with his father's three-cornered hat on bers of carcasses of bullocks and sheep his head and his fother's sword in his and pigs. At one end was the live poul-try market. Little Pierrot laughed and They are all so happy together. crowed at the sight of the chickens and turkeys. Some of the birds were decornever leave Pierrot." The kiss seems to ated with bright colored ribbons, and waken her, for she finds herself in the a card to call attention to the fact that whitewashed room, and the grey dawn they were prize birds. One of the women was highly amused at the is breaking. For a moment she feels dazed and then the dreadful scene of baby's mirth and took the ribbons off the previous day comes to her mind. one of the birds and tied them around Still she feels her mother's kiss on her his neck and told him he was a little prize turkey too, and then she carried of her. No, she must not let him be taken him around to see the other women from her, that is certain. There are and they all laughed and kissed him only two days now before Christmas, and tied more ribbons on his arms. Gabrielle was full of happiness to see they must leave the Home. Where shall they go? Her mother had many dear friends in Paris, but she does not him admired and did not notice that the booths were being closed and the market becoming deserted. They hurried on know where to find them. Suddenly but were soon confronted by a po She remembers man in gorgeous livery. He told her that her mother has told her that in in a rough tone to be off home. It was the great city they employ little girls high time she and the child were in She will When she had recovered a little bed. take the baby to Paris and work to from her fright, she ran quickly out ovide for them both. Quick as thought of the market. Looking back she saw she rises and dresses herself. Then with the man coming again.

trembling eagerness she slips the shoes 'O where shall I go? What shall I and stockings and clothes on her little do?" she cried. Just then she came brother, and enveloping him in her mother's big shawl, she takes him still sleeping in her arms. Down the stairs upon a wagon like the one in which they had made their journey and the thought occurred to her that she would find the hoy and perhaps he would let nd the boy

meekly, "No, sir; I don't think I am so very wicked." "O, you do not? You don't think stealing anything of a crime? Rather an ac-complishment, eh?" he sneered. She felt the blood rising to her cheeks,

as she rose and facing him, she said firmly, "I am no thief, sir." "Well," he replied, angrily; "we are going to see about that. You dare move and I will have you arrested immedi-ately. Anyway I am going to have you searched." Gabrielle was too dumbfounded to reply or move, and was hardly conscious

that he had left the room and the lady had entered. The door closed and a hand was laid gently on her arm, and a gentle voice said to her, "Don't be frightened, my dear. You shall tell me all about it, and Mr. Rosenthal will not be hard with you.'

The soft voice acted like a charm on poor child's pent up feel-She sank on the floor sobbed hysterically. The the ings. kind lady unfastened her dress and smoothed her dark tresses and by degrees she became more compos "I knew you were not a thief," she said soothingly.

no, madame," sobbed the girl, °O. hor grief breaking out anew at the mere suggestion, and then between her sobs she told that wanted to get work, and she was afraid to ask because everyone was so busy. The simplicity and quiet dignity of the child's replies convinced the lady entirely of her innocence, and finding that she still trembled as if with cold, she made her sit by the fire, and procurred some warm wine and cake for her. Gabrielle was very thankful for all her goodness and more than once felt as if she would like to make a confidant of her, but the terrible fear that they would be sent back to the Home deterred her. Instead she asked where the factories were to be found, and was directed to Montmartre, as that part of the city is called, where most of them are situated.

After awhile the man returned, and explained to her that they had been robbed very often of late, and were always on the lookout for dishonest persons, and expressed sorrow at the false accusation, and seemed anxious that she should not mention the affair to anyone, which she readily promised. He then shook hands with her, and she was relieved to see him put on his hat and leave the room. When she had recovered her self-possession, her kind friend conducted them out of the store, and imprinting a kiss upon their fore-heads, with a smile bade them good-

The children started once more on their travels, and after walking for nearly an hour they came to the river and crossed one of the bridges. O what a contrast to the scene of last night! It was now about four o'clock, and as the air grew colder, a mist arose from the water. The snow had melted under the feet of hundreds of pedestrians and the pavement was covered with thick black mud. As the horses dashed over the bridge, their feet splashed the mud in all directions. Gabrielle gazed down on the flowing river, but that too was dark and forbidding. She shuddered as she looked at it. The strain of all her excitement was

beginning to tell upon her and in spite of her efforts her tears flowed continuously. She tried to pray, but it seemed hopeless to imagine her petitions

could be heard with such a terrible noise going on all around her. As the daylight drew to a close, the baby was restless and cried incessantly. exhausted she At last thoroughly went on to one of the less frequented streets. Sitting on a doorstep she took him on her lap and sang softly to him hoping he would go to sleep. He seemed to enjoy the music so she patiently continued song after song until she received inspiration from the sound of her own voice, and something akin to hope filled her heart once more. As she was thus engaged a lady passing slipped two sous into her hand. This seemed almost a gift from heaven, and she told Pierrot he should have some nice milk, if he would be a good boy and stop crying.

She ran on moaning and wringing her hands. Several times sympathetic people seeing her distress tried to detain her and render her some ince, but she would wrench herself away with a pitcous cry and hurry on. She passed many churches, and saw the people going in with their floral offerings, but it was not the one she was O mother, mother! she seeking. moaned, and then the thought of her utter loneliness and desolation came over her with overwhelming force and she sank down on the ground and knew

no more.

CHAPTER III.

It was nearly midnight and a fashionable congregation had assembled in the little church of St. Joseph. Two young girls in white dresses stood at the door and received the donations that were offered by the worshipers, for the poor Naturally it was a hard task for them to preserve the rigid silence that de-corum demanded, and they conversed with each other in a low tone as dif-ferent people passed, dropping courtesies to those who by their liberal contributions earned a greater degree of

respect. One of the largest donors was Madame Francols, a widow lady. She was a woman of more than medium height and her face bore traces of extreme sorrow. She walked down the church with a dignified step that recalled the old days when France held court and noble lords and ladles prac-ticed the art of gallantry. "Bah!" said a woman with a red handkerchlef tled turban-like round her l.ead, who stood at the door, "I hate her, the proud aristeerat.

"O, Mother Grosse, don't say that," pleaded one of the girls, "Sh has suffered so much." "Well," "She replied the other, "1 am glad She has had nothing but sugar of 11. pluins since she was born." "It is only right she should suffer like the rest of

Yes, that's true, but don't you think for that very reason, her trials are all the harder to bear now? It seems to me we grow accustomed to grief, like everything else, and cease to feel things so keenly. I think Madame Francols is an angel," added the girl with warmth.

"So are her husband and son," an swered the older woman, dryly, Yes, she never mentions them.

sew for her, and if we chance to speak of the war, she will always change the subject, but they say she sends lovely flowers every day to place on their graves.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of more contributors, and soon the service commenced.

Although St. Joseph's church was one of the smallest in the city, it had gained the reputation for having the finest music, and tonight the crowd of worshippers was so great that there was barely standing room. As the supreme moment arrived and the hour of midnight sounded, a great stillness cuine over the kneeling congregation, broken only by the tinkling of the little silver bells as the priest raised the sacred emblems in his hands and blessed the people

Suddenly the shrill cry of a child broke upon the air, and all eyes were turned towards the alcove whence it came

Wonderful, astonishing truly. Those near enough saw something they will never forget. There in the manger the cols to the Cure. cradle of the infant Jesus, was a real live baby, sitting up and rubbing his eyes sleepily with his little fists. From his neck and arms hung gay colored ribbons and the more simple of the people thought that the Lord Himself had again assumed this humble guise to visit them this night. The whole congregation was agitated, but the pries turned towards them with his hands upraised and they knelt once more. Then Madame Francois, who was sit-

mont was in great trouble over the disappearance of two children from the Orphan's Home in that district, and the description given of one of them was about the same as they gave of their little patient. He appeared much interested and went up to see the child. She lay tossing on the bed, and mut-tering incoherently. The officer turned her face to the light and this aroused her. She clung to his arm crying: "O give me back Pierrot.

"That's it," he said and addressing her he asked if her name was Garbrielle Duval. She did not seem to understand but when he asked if Pierrot was her brother, she sobbed and begged him to take her to him. He sat down beside her, and told her that he did not know where he was, but he would find him for her if she would calm herself and tell him where she lost him. By questioning her closely, he gained the principal facts of the case, and as-

sured her, he would not fall to be successful in uniting them once more. This promise brought great comfort to the poor child and the nurse was soon rewarded in seeing her in a good

Early the next morning the Cure prosented himself at the hospital. It was not difficult to see that the poor priest had suffered great anxiety, and when he came to the bed on which Gabrielle was lying, his emotion prevented his speaking. The news he brought was the only medicine that would cure the poor child. He told her that the morning papers had a report of the baby found in the manger, and that he was sure there would be no difficulty in tracing him now. The Prefect of Police was using every means possible to discover his whereabouts, and it would not be many hours before she could have the brother for whom she had

suffered to much, again in her arms. Gabrielle lay on the bed and held one of his hands. She had unlimited faith in his power to do anything he pro-She told him of the conversation she had overheard, and he assured her that if they returned to the Home, he would see that they were never separated again. He also told of poor Madame Legre's fright when she discovered their flight. They had traced them to the market place and she had

come with him to Paris to try to find them When night was upon them and they

still had no trace of the fugitives, she had gone to the police headquarters and railed at them for their lack of success, and was only subdued upon being threatened with arrest if she did not instantly leave the place. They had then gone to their hotel to await resuits, where the good lady had spent the night, in prayer and supplication for their safety. When she heard that Gabrielle was found she had gone off to unite her efforts with the police in find-ing Pierrot. He did not know if she would be allowed in the official headquarters again, he added laughingly. Even Gabrielle could not help smiling at the picture he drew of the poor ma tron, but the child's restlessness increased as the time passed and she begged her friend to go himself and find her brother, and she would pray for his success the while. As he descended the stairs he came upon a little procession mounting to Gabrielle's room. There was the Prefect and Madame Legre and a lady whom he ...d not know, with the lost boy in her arms. The Prefect introduced Madame Fran-

On account of Gabrielle's nervous Madame Legre, who scatter roses at condition, it was considered best that their feet. She stoops and kisses her the priest only should enter with the aby, but the lady would not hear of it. She had found him and she would give him back herself, she said. All agreed and she softly entered the dormitory. The child sat up in bed and gazed on her in wonder, as she approached. She could scarcely believe her senses and thought it must be some delusion, or perhaps the virgin mother, with her babe as she had seen in pictures, but when her brother held out his arms to come to her, she sprang up and folded him to her bosom. She laughed and cried and kissed him, till Madame her Francois, feared she would exhaust herself again. She begged her to be calm and rest herself on the bed. At the sound of her voice, Gabrielle fell at her feet, and kissed her hands and the edge of her skirts. Madame Francois was completely overcome, and clasping them both in her arms, wept with them for joy. The other patients also expressed their delight that the baby had been found. Madame Francois then left the children to themselves. After awhile she returned, and told Gabrielle that she proposed to take them both to her home to live with her, as she had no children of her own. She had a right to Pierrot, she said, laughing, since she had found him. He seemed to agree with her for he put his arms around her neck and laid his soft little cheek against hers. Madame Legre came and assisted to carry Gabrielle to the carriage, which was waiting for them. When the carriage stopped at Madame Francols' mansion Gabrielle could hardly realize that this was to be her future home. It all seemed like a fairy ale. The child had a natural love for the beautiful, and her sensitive nature could keenly appreciate the refinement and elegance of her surroundings. Monsieur le Cure had accompanied them at the lady's request. She felt that they would be more at home in the presence of their old friend. She invited him to dine with them, and had it served in Gabrielle's room as she insisted that the child must take an entire rest for two or three days at east The poor girl was only too happy to lie still and watch Pierrot, who had al-ready formed a violent attachment for his new friend. After dinner they sat round the cozy fire, and Gabrielle re-counted some of her terrible experience of the previous days. Madame Francois would not let her dwell on such thoughts, however, as they felt she had already suffered too much. Monsieur le Cure listened to the recital with horror. At last he re-marked, sadly, "It is good that our heavenly Father takes better care of His she children, than we do of those under

smilling. said places me in the position of legal guardian to these young lives, and I places me shall endeavor to discharge my sacred trust as faithfully as possible. Monsieur e Cure was delighted to leave the children in their aunt's tender care, and it was with a light heart he re-turned to Beimont that Christmas night, and imparted the news of the children's good fortune to Madame Legre, and the inmates of the Orphan's

TEN YEARS LATER.

It was Christmas eve and Paris was a) excitment over the marriage of the lovely and accomplished Gabrielle Duval, niece of the wealthy widow Fran. cois to Alexander de la Mar, the distinguished son of an American millionaire. The ceremony is to take place in the little church of St. Joseph. The event is the sensation of the hour, and the subject of comment on all sides. It is so strange that she should have chosen that church, when they could surely have had the privilege of pl'shting their troth in the historic cathedral Notre Dame. It is evening and the wedding bells ring out blithely on the crisp, fros.y air. The church is crowd. ed to its utmost capacity, and it is with difficulty that the ushers can preserve a path down the aisle for the bridal party when they shall come. The audience is a most unusual one, Men and women and even children from the factories of Montmartre in their

working attire are standing side by side with some of the aristocratic and exclusive society of the capital. The joyous strains of the wedding march announce the arrival of the brid. al party. Who could have recognized in the beautiful woman before them the ungainly little Gabrielle of ten ye

She enters on the arm of her fatherin-law and an exclamation of admiration breaks from the assembly.

As she passes down the aisle smiles and bows to her many friends, in recognition of the kindly looks and good wishes, expressed by them... Cries of "Isn't she lovely?" and "God bless echoed from all sides. By her her." special request the ceremony is formed by the Bishop of Marseilles, late curate of Belmont.

Madame Francois is escorted by nephew, Pierrot Duval, a handsome by of twelve. She has not greatly changed, but the hard lines have vanished from her mouth, and she smiles more ofter that she used to. She looks radiantly happy tonight, as she gazes with pride on her niece and the noble man at her side. After the ceremony Gabrielle leads her husband to the little altar of the nativity. Extending one hand to him, and the other to her brother, they kneel down silently side by side Madame Francois joins them with tears in her eyes, and thus at the crowning moment of her life, Gabrielle offers the gratitude of her heart to the good Father who blessed them so wonderfully

that other terrible Christmas Eve As she turns to leave the church she met by three little ssed in white, who beautiful rug at their dressed unrol their feet They are requested to walk on this, and are told that it has all been woven by the children of the carpet factories of Montmartre as a token of love to their beloved "Angel Gabrielle." It is with difficulty that she restrains her emotion at this unexpected greeting. At the door they are met by the children of the Belmont Orphan's Home headed by

the good parish priest, who had been the friend of the poor widow in her affliction, took the little orphans to the

kindly shelter of the home. Madame Legre, the matron, had taken them under her hospitatble roof and set them down to run with the rest, as she termed it. She was a good woman, but having never known herself, the joys of motherhood she had a fixed idea that these many little souls in her care had plenty of good food at regular hours, and went to bed when the Angelus rang at night, they would thrive young chickens. If one of them was sick, then she was all anxiety and never begrudged rising from her warm ed in the coldest night to minister to their slightest need, but once well again they could just run with the rest.

But Cabrielle whose heart was filled with an intense longing for love, could not find in her the friend she needed The matron thought so much. her proud, and imagined she ridiculed her manners and speech. Thus an imperceptible barrier had grown up between them and on Pierrot was concentrated every thought and purpose of the child's being, and they seemed to live in a world apart from the other children of the house, And yet Madame Le. gre was almost worshipped by the rest, and a contented, merry little crowd they were, for she was too busy with her numerous duties and prayers to trouble them with many dont's.

In the afternoon when her work was finished the little ones would crowd round her and read their daily portion and learn some lesson in spelling or a little piece to recite to Monsieur le Cure when he should come on Saturday to inspect the school. She in the meantime would take her rosary from her pocket and repeat to herself a few Ave Maria's. Soon her head would begin to nod and the children would look shyly at each other and giggle under their breath. Then the beads would drop on the floor and with her chin resting on her breast the good lady was sure to sleep an hour at least, the children knew. O the fun they had then. One would softly creep to the door and the rest followed, on into the big dining hall, jumping over the forms and ta bles and waking the echoes with oyous shouts. After a while they would hear the matron's heavy footfail and in an instant they were all seated at the long table as demurely as little Saints. When she entered she would shake her fist at the little culprits ,but they only laughed and cried out: "But, Madame, it was your fault for you went to sleep, and we are so hungry. O, we do want our supper! And away would go the older ones to help bring in the huge plates of bread and butter, and the jugs of sweet, warm milk, and before the meal was over some of the little tired heads were resting on the table almost too sleepy to take part in the evening prayer.

To Gabrielle the great event of the week was the Saturday visit of the good priest who had known her mother. uld always ask for the children and when they came he would place his hand upon her head and say in his way, that he was glad the matron had such a good report to make of her, and what a fine boy her brothr was growing.

Tonight, seated at the window, she hears him speaking to someone on the stairs. She strains her ears to catch the sound of his loved voice. Suddenly her heart seems to stand still. Do her cars deceive her? Can she believe her senses? "Cabrielle would never con-sent to it," she hears him say.

"But it will be such a splendid op-portunity for the little fellow. Madame is rich and will let him share equally everything with her own boy," the other .

she had suffered. Finally he turned towards her. She Suddenly the thought came to her, hristmas together, poor little lambs. the bridge over the River Seine an exthe priest says, with a tremor in his clamation of delight escapes from her. rose respectfully. "Sit down," he thun-"What if Pierrot should wake, and climbing out of the manger go out in the street in search of her. The bare voice that Gabrielle remembers after-wards with gratitude. Then the great from the embankment is thrown on the dered. The girl obeyed him tremblingly and Pierrot clung to her and hid his door is swung open and he steps out into the street. Mechanically the child watches the tail figure of her friend, into the street into the tail figure of her friend, watches the tail figure of her friend, possibility of such a misfortune drove face in her skirts. "Don't you think you are a very wickher to distraction, and she ran frantically in the direction of the church. ed girl?" he asked, glaring at her savagely. Poor Gabrielle could not see watches the tail figure of her friehd, till he is lost to view. Then the whole situation breaks upon her. She knows that sometimes kind people open their hospitable doors to these little wails, who enjoy once more a father's and derful Great Central Market of Paris, fright she mistook the street, but cer-tain it is in a few minutes, she was exactly in what way she was worse than other people, so remained slient. "Answer me!" he roared. hopelessly lost. She became more She started nervously and replied and more frenzied every moment.

creeps. How the boards do creak. someone is following her, But Surely no, she quietly unlocks the kitchen door and slips out into the open street. The frosty morning air fans her burning cheeks. Soon Pierrot begins to awaken. He claps his little hands with glee to be out so early. He is going to Paris, she tells him. It is only twenty-five miles, and he can walk some of the way. He agrees only too readily to everything and she wraps the shawl tightly around

an idea strikes her.

like her in the factories.

his little body so that he can run, for her arms are already aching with her heavy load. She is too full of anxiety trouble much about physical needs. but Pierrot says he is hungry and wants for the night, his breakfast. She had not thought of They are now nearing the outthat. skirts of the town and there stands a little inn called the Travellers Rest with a number of wagons standleg outside. On the edge of the road is a large barrel and a cheery faced woman with a red handkerchief tied round her head is throwing the sweepings of the bar room into it. The little boy's quick eyes catch sight of part of a bun the dust. "Cake," he cried, and holds out his hands to reach it. With a little quiver in her voice Gabrielle asks, "Please Madame may I have that piece

of bread for the baby "Goodness, child." replies the woman sharply, "Haven't you had your break-fast yet? Here, wait a bit. Don't eat that dry stuff," and soon she brings out a couple of fresh buttered rolls and a tin mug of hot coffee

"Come on inside and eat it," she says, looking suspiciously at the little pair but Garbrielle is too much afraid of ing questioned and sent back to the Home, so they drink the coffee and taking the bread, she thanks the kind lady and resumes her journey.

The sun is beginning to shine upon them now, and the air becomes a little warmer. The roads too, are crisp and hard, and the exercise has brought a bright glow to the girl's pale cheeks. She feels full of hope. After awhile thy come to cross roads and a sign post indicates one to be the road to St. Denis and the other to Paris. Pierrot here refuses to walk any further, and she herself is so tired that she is giad to sit down and rest. She woners if she will ever be able to go so far for her feet are already numb and swolien. But she will not lose heart, she tells herself. Suppose they say their morning prayers, and ask their Father in heaven to take them safely Paris. She makes her brother kneel her lap and put his hands together, and repeat the words after her. Then she feels more comforted for she thinks that even the angels must like to hear Pierrot pray, and that God Himself would not refuse him his desires,

Soon she hears the sound of wheels and sees one of the covered wagons that was standing by the inn, coming along the road. What if that were going to She rises with difficulty and Paris. alls to the driver to halt. He is only a boy of about seventeen. In reply to er question he tells her he is going to the city as far as the Great Central Market. O, yes, he will take them, certainly. Clearing a space at the back f the wagon he lifts them both in, eyeing them curiously the while. Although sitting upon a load of potatoes and cheets in not the downlest of couches, Gabrielle is full of gratitude and be-gins to think that their troubles are ver.

The wind is cold but the boy has ulled down the canvas tightly around them, and the rumbling of the wheels makes her drowsy. Soon she and her recious baby are in a sound slumber. the boy looks in at them occasionally. "Can't make them out," he soliloquises, "They're rum 'uns," with which characteristic summary he promptly dismisses them from his thoughts.

It is getting dark before the tired sleepers again awake and the wagon is then entering the great city. Gabrielle looks for the bread they had saved from breakfast. Although it is not much, it satisfles them.

tent that it stood out on each side like view the varied scenes as they pass along. Gubrielle could never have imtwo little sword points she thought. "I know, but at any rate lei him stay agined that so many people lived in this face wore an expression of extreme this week so that they can spend their the world, she thinks. As they cross irritability. proud spirit rebelled at the humiliation

With them sleep there again. brother in her arms, she ran quickly on through the now deserted market Again she heard footsteps and crouched down behind one of the booths. A policeman passed quite close, but did not see them. Another wagon was standing near. She crept softly up to it. Finding it empty she lifted the baby in, and quickly following pulled the canvas round with a sigh of intense relief. She then found that the driver had left his warm rug and wrapping this around them both she proceeded to make things as comfortable as possible

CHAPTER II.

It was late next morning before the children awoke. With considerable timidity Gabrielle climbed out of the wagon fearing always that the policeman was after them. On looking around she espied her friend of the previous day, the boy who drove them to the city. She felt so lonely that she would like to have spoken to him if only for companionship sake, but he was surrounded by a crowd of men and boys, who stared rudely at them as they approached and he did not appear to recognize them. The question now presented itself as to how she, a merhild should provide for herself and her brother. She would try to find the factories of which her mother had spoken Outside the market Gabrielle found that considerable snow had fallen during the night. A dim mist hung over the city and the streets presented a forforn and muddy appearance. How-ever, cuddling Pierrot fondly to her she pressed bravely on. The stores were all decorated with their Christmas gaily novelties and the baby took great delight in watching the mechanical toys displayed in the windows.

Gabrielle had but a dim idea of what a factory might be, but she went into a store and asked if they wanted help such as she could give. The clerk eyed them suspiciously and told her to be off 'owards noon the crowds on the streets came denser, and the people pushed the children as they strolled along. Gabrielle grew more and more sick at heart. Her courage seemed to be fail-ing her, and she was lame from so much unusual exercise. On the corner of the street where she stood was an mense store, in fact the famous Bon Marche of Paris. They went inside but she could not find courage to address herself to any of the stylish looking clerks. They seemed so full of business, and remembering the rebuff she had received before, she waited near a counter on which were displayed some delicate lace goods. Once more she es sayed to speak to one of the ladies and stepped forward, but her fear overcame her, and she trembled from head to foot. In her excitement she forgot Pierrot, who was busily engaged in an exploring expedition on his own account. His little head was only on a vel with the counter, so holding on the edge, he stood on tiptoe to obtain a better view of the pretty things. In so doing he pulled one of the article off the table. Gabrielle turning just then, saw him and also that the lady was watching them very suspiciously She picked up the handkerchief and re placed it, and taking her brother in her arms, was hastening out of the tore, when she heard a stern voice be hind her command her to come back Poor Gabrielle, terror stricken, started to run, but a cry of "stop thief" was aised, and a strong hand laid on her shoulder, and she was forced to re-turn. The customers crowded round, but the floor manager requested her to step into a small room in the rear. He ordered her to sit down and then turned to answer a question that was addressed to him by one of the clerks This gave the child a little time to compose herself, and also to take a look at the gentleman, who was a very tall man, thin and middle-aged with gray

They soon found a creamery and were much refreshed by their warm drink. Opposite the dairy was a church, and Gabrielle saw that it was illuminated as if for a special service. Then she remembered that it was Christmas Eve and mass would be said at midnight. They crossed the road and went in.

The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. They walked around and admired the fine paintings. Pausing with an exclamation of delight they entered an alcove near the main altar. It had been arranged to symbolize the nativity of our Savior. In a bower of evergreens and flowers stood a manger in which was laid a large wax doll to represent the infant Jesus. On one side stood the figure of His mother Mary and on the other of her husband Joseph. There was also an ox and three kneeling figures which Gabrielle told her brother were three wise kings from the East, who had come to offer rich gifts to the babe and His mother.

Plerrot was too much interested in the scene to be induced to leave, so Gabrielle sat down and taking him on her knee, she told him the story of the shepherds in the fields who heard the angels singing and the wonderful star that guided them to the place where the little baby was lying in a manger, just like the one before them. He listened contentedly for awhile, but soon the little tired eyelids closed and his head rested heavily on her arm. While he lay peacefully sleeping she recalled the stirring events of the last two days. How would it all end she wondered. She thought of the two sous the lady had given her, and smiled at being mistaken for a beggar, but was she anything else anyhow? If she could not find work, they would surely have to beg. She remembered the women and children she had seen singing on the streets and that her mother had often given her money for them. She would go out and sing, and earn money for their needs. She felt impatient of delay and was anxlous to commence at once. But what could she do with the baby? She looked at the waxen figure in the wood-en manger. How cosy it looked. The idea came to her to take the doll out and put her brother in instead. She gently laid him on the downy pillows and covered him up with the silken

How beautiful he looked she quilt. thought, and bent over and kissed his rosy cheeks. There was no one in the church but a man who was too much engrossed in his prayers to notice her as she went out. The crowd was dense now and as the

people passed she could hear snatches of conversation showing how happy they were in anticipation of their Chritmas joys. She thought if she were fortunate enough to gain more than would suffice them for their immediate wants, she would buy something for Plerrot. Everyone was laden with Christmas presents, and she smiled as in imagination, see saw some of the little girls and boys who would be made happy next day. How her mother and she had loved to plan a surprise for her father at this time of

the year. She stood at the edge of the pavement, and commenced to sing but she could hardly make her voice heard as she raised it again and again. All her. were too busy with their own affairs to notice the poor little singer, and passed on unheedingly. It was a bit-ter disappointment to her and her

ting near, rose and taking the child her arms calmly resumed her place with him in her lap, and his crying soon ceased as he nestled to st. Another woman stand-near, took in the whole breast situation at a glance, and although she was very much shocked at the sacri-lege that had been committed she replaced the wax baby in the manger

with a reverent air. At last the service terminated and the people crowded around to see the miracle, but everything was as usual. There lay the figure, and no amount of persuasion would elicit from it the slightest sign of life, "and yet we heard it cry," said some, and others affirmed they had seen it sitting up, and that its face was lovely beyond description. Then as the story grew, some said that it had a halo round its head, and others that the figures of Mary and

her husband had moved also. No notice was taken of Madame Francols, as she sat with her new found treasure folded to her bosom Her heart yearned toward the little waif, tears were streaming from her eyes, and a sensation of peace such as she had never known, since her great sorrow, was in her heart. She gazed on the lovely little head and he grew more and more dear to her every

ment. She took the baby hand in her palm and the little fingers closed unconsciously on hers. She feared each moment that his mother would come to claim him. How could she have left him? That was her query. Who would have dared to place her child in such a place? She knew the veneration in which these sacred emblems were held. She could not account for it, but was content to enjoy the delicious pleas ure of the moment. In her imagination she saw herself a bride and a happy young mother. Again she viewed her handsome soldier husband and lived over the happy days that were passed At last she woke from her reverie and found herself alone in the church No one had come to take her precious burden from her, so wrapping him in her cloak she rose to leave. The priest too, was on his way out, and to him she confided the mysterious secret. He agreed with her that no better plan could be adopted than the one proposed which was that the little one should be hers unless claimed by his parents.

With a sensation almost of exultation she stepped into her carriage, and was soon rolling swiftly towards he home. The more she looked at the child, the more unaccountable to herself were her feelings. It was as if she had known this little face with it wealth of golden curls, all her life. What could it mean? Like an ignis fatuus, the recollection seemed with her, and then again it was gone. He smiled in his sleep. It was as familiar to her as her own face in the glass. A

most remarkable coincidence, certainly There was no happier woman in al Paris that night than the proud Madame Francois, as she laid down beside the baby in her luxurious room and she felt that God Himself had sent one of His children to comfort her lonely heart in the loss of her own son.

CHAPTER IV.

We must now return to poor Gabrielle. It was not long before a crowd had gathered around the prostrate form, and every effort was made to bring her back to consciousness.. The nearest doctor was sent for, and she was carried into his house, After awhile she recovered a little, and looked wildly at the sympathetic faces around

"Pierrot," she cried, "O where

our care. "O, well;" said Madame Francols, "all's well that ends well."

"I thought last night I had gained on-ly a little son, but I find I am doubly blessed in having received a dear little daughter also, and she kissed the child affectionately. She then questioned the priest as to the children's parentage, and was told that their father's name was Adrian Duval, and that he had died during the war.

Madame Francois grew agitated as he talked, and he thinking it proceeded from his reference to the war that had caused her, so much sorrow, hastened to change the subject. She seemed to ignore his next remark, and then asked abruptly: "Was the mother's maiden name

Francois?" "I do not know," replied the priest. 'I was only acquainted with her after her husband's death. She was always very reticent, for some reason about her family affairs. I do know, however,

that her mother was an American lady, and Pierrot here resembles his mother very much." "That is it," said Madame Francols, very much agitated, "I knew that child's face was familiar to me, and I could not recollect having seen him before. Madame Duval was my niece and I was much attached to her when

hair and eyes and a gray moustache. married an American lady and their youngest daughter Gabrielle, caused permanently by a steel point which Pierrot?" and relapsed into a dazed condition again. The doctor pro-nounced her to be suffering from ex-treme nervous exhaustion and feared brain fever.
It was suggested she should be re-moved to the Red Cross hospital, and spossible in one of the spacious wards, and a kind nurse was devoting herself to ease the little sufferer.
The matter was reported to the police her sus in every way worthy of her, and I have always wished I could find her an personal friend of the doctor's, came himself to investigate the case. He told the nurse that the cure of Bei-Pulling aside the canvas they can the latter was waxed to such an ex-

old friend and tells the children that they shall all come and spend New Year's Day with her in her new home Outside the crowd extends almost across the street, and cheer loudly as they descend the steps, and it is amid a shower of flowers and rice that the happy pair drive off. Gabrielle turns to her husband and nestling close to him she says "How happy I am, dearest. Every desire of my heart seems now to be accomplished. My only wish is to give to some of those whose needs are so great, a portion of those blessings I have myself received in such abundance." FRANKIE.

EDUCATION.

Says Lavasseur, "The nineteenth century is the first which has systematized and generalized the education of the people for the value of education itself." That is, in truth, the cardinal event the pedagogole history of the century-the popularization of education.

Before its dawn the children of the poor were practically debarred from the advantages of even rudimentary schooling. The charity school was only a staccato phenomenon in the largest cities. Its very name, in its suggestion of social stigma, is symbolical of the wide difference between itself and the modern free school. Moreover, the charity school was a private endowment,

while free school is paid for, owned and utilized by the people of the State. That is is one of the greatest duties of the State to promote the morality. intelligence and well-being of its zitizens by offering them the opportunities of instruction in youth is a modern con-

ceptioin. Education, once extended as an occasional alms, is now claimed as a universal right. Enlightened governments recognize that the illiterate can-not become good citizens, and that

mental development leads to moral and physical improvement. Bavaria is entitled to the credit of

the first general system of public schools, says the New York Herald, and to the passage of the first law for comto the passage of the first hav to compulsory education. This was so early as 1802. But if the United States we not the leader in the movement, it he made the most progress. Today educ-tion is free in primary and gramma schools in all the States, and in high

States have free universities.

ACOUSTICS.

No nineteenth century discovery of theoretical principles in the study of sound and sound waves is of more universal interest or more startling in itself than the practical application of those principles made by Thomas A.

Edison in the phonograph. More than a century ago the world was made aware that all sounds, including the infinitely varied modulations of the human voice, were due to successive air waves, set up by various vibrating substances. But before Edison's time it had never been conceived possible by any mechanical means to reproduce these complex vibrations so exactly as to cause the words of the original speaker to be again heard, quite intelligibly and with all their tones and modulations, at any distant time, or, place. Not, the phonograph

time or place. Yet the phonograph has performed this miracle. The basic principle, like that of the telephone, is a diaphragm set vibrating by the voice, but the vibrations, instead of being reproduced at a distance