

By MARY F. KELLY.

mother's love. Did she not make

"I know but at any rate let him stay this week so that they can spend their Christmas together, poor little lambs," the priest says, with a tremor in his voice that Gabrielle remembers afterwards with gratitude. Then the great door is swung open and he steps out into the street. Mechanically the child watches the tall figure of her friend, 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 waifs, who enjoy once more a father's and

igned that so many people lived in the world, she thinks. As they cross the bridge over the River Seine an exclamation of delight escapes from her. The reflection of thousands of lights from the embankment is thrown on the water and the brilliantly lighted bridges in the distance present a picture more enchanting than any fairy scene her imagination had ever conjured up. After going through miles and miles of brilliantly lighted streets, as it seemed to her, they at length reached the wonderful Great Central Market of Paris

His face was an expression of extreme irritability.

Finally he turned towards her. She rose respectfully. "Sit down," he thundered. The girl obeyed him tremblingly and Pierrot clung to her and hid his face in her skirts.

"Don't you think you are a very wicked girl?" he asked, glaring at her savagely. Poor Gabrielle could not see exactly in what way she was worse than other people, so remained silent.

"Answer me!" he roared.

She started nervously and replied

Suddenly the thought came to her, "What if Pierrot should wake, and climbing out of the manger go out in the street in search of her. The bare possibility of such a misfortune drove her to distraction, and she ran frantically in the direction of the church. Gabrielle never knew whether in her fright she mistook the street, but certain it is in a few minutes, she was hopelessly lost. She became more and more frenzied every moment.

It was suggested she should be removed to the Red Cross hospital, and soon she was made as comfortable as possible 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 headquarters, and the prefect who was a personal friend of the doctor's, came himself to investigate the case. He told the nurse that the cure of Bel-

arranged a brilliant union for her as she became their social position, but she formed an attachment for a young cadet and they were married secretly. When her parents discovered the fact, they were very angry and refused to see her again. I have never heard of her since, but I believe the young man was in every way worthy of her, and she has always wished I could find her and befriend her, if she needed help, but it is too late, the past cannot be recalled, can

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Says Lavoisier, "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 pedagogic history of the century—the popularization of educa-

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No nineteenth century discovery or 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.

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