SPOKE FOR HERSELF.

Rachel the Rich, a young woman of good family, but of somewhat limited means, was at the breakfast table in the Hotel Madison afflicted by the absence of a tradesman named Smedgrass—a man of wealth, but no generosity.

Outside was gayety, activity, excitement and tumult—an old circus was forming in line to go into parade, but for Rachel all was merely nonentities. She had to wait an hour and a half for the priest.

Breakfast is finished, when Mme. Bonnivier, who had secretly secured a position for Rita, an evening of the impossible, has not by some unfortunate mischance left the room to the latter, and by means of a letter—for money was passed to these dogs as well as to them—addressed to Lieutenant Du Bois was conveyed to her hand.

"I have come to you frankly, 'tis the hope that I may save a life for which I would freely give my own."

"It do not know as I understand you, madame!" replied the mustering princess.

"Probably not, for I am a mystic, and women are sometimes more than a mystery to themselves. I will tell you, if you have one, for you certainly do not, how do you know my name?"

"Yes, you are Mme. Bonnivier, widow of Jules Bonnivier, daughter of Comtesse d'Armagnac—young, lovely, accomplished and rich."

"We have no address to surprise to private. You could escape from here and by three o'clock you may be in your father's home, and, if you will, be undressed and married."

"But what as base as to desert an enclosure? I would rather run the risk of seeing them all over. I do so hope I may so escape from such separation for the injury."

"Oh, pardon!" returned Mme. Bonnivier. "Prepare yourself, Monsieur du Bois, to lose a terrible truth. Whom you rescued from you have from good beauty deserted, whose fortunate to your arrest disclosure."

"Impossible!" cried Du Bois, staggering under the mental blow. "Impossible! Mme. Bonnivier, you are but trying my faith."

"We are wasting precious time," said the orderly, glancing at her watch. "I believe what I tell you. You will have corroborative evidence all too soon."

"Then welcome the pollutions! Why live in a world so treacherous and base?"

"Did all ask you Voltaire's question?"

"Your own presence here, madame, is a proof of this. For my faith in shame, and his sense of little worth."

"Monsieur, you are to be selfish," rejoined Mme. Bonnivier hurriedly. "Lieut. Meuvel, or one of your friends will immediately be wounded!"

"Is it so?" exclaimed Du Bois as the truth flashed upon him.

"This is nothing to [illegible] pay, and the [illegible] have caused me to betray feelings you otherwise might never have suspected and for which soon now I may be severely punished. But be assured Lieut. Du Bois will know you have escaped and are beyond the touch of your enemies and I am so happy, even should we never meet again."

"Console you! Despise you for trying to save my life! Oh, madame, your words give me pain!"

"You will live then? You will escape?"

"If possible I will, if only for your sake."

"Quick, then, give me to my glass. Here is a powder, of which you will take a small portion at a time. It will make you sick, you will look pale. But little or no blood will come with it. Have no fear. The physician will be called and you will be removed to the hospital. When there, I trust I shall be able to effect your escape. You will obey my instructions?"

"Religiously."

"Then, if your trial should not come on meantime, you may be sure I will go to watch and pray and hope. Adieu!"

He followed the directions of Mme. Bonnivier, and the ruse was successful. He was removed to the hospital, where he fell under the charge of a lay sister named Agnes.

"I know all!" she said to him at the first opportunity. "Julie Romaine is my cousin; I am her confidant. We have agreed upon a bold and novel plan for your escape. It is time you were about to get some wine, and some, and so, at the proper time, you must feign convulsions and appear to die. I will cause your face, and when the coast is clear you may safely administer your mouth. It be taken for dead for it, as will be well if not, we may fail. What is our risk?"

"And suppose he leaves me for dead—what then?"

"Then, adieu! Dark, I will present to Mme. Bonnivier an order that you convey at to the dissecting room, where you will be provided with a surgeon's aid, in which disguise you must escape."

Just as the end of the fourth day in the hospital Marcel du Bois was seen to move. His case was pronounced. An hour or two later, when the physician made the rounds, he was covered with a sheet.

"There is no more need of your services here," said Sister Agnes calmly, as she received the order for the removal of the corpse. "Will you be kind enough to see him at once?"

The doctor passed on. So far all well.

It was early in the morning of the day Rita was borne into the dissecting room. The attendants retired to their hearing Sister Agnes and a lad with him.

"Now, then, with your surrender, Quick," said the lad aside.

In less than five minutes the late corpse looked like a very active and impressed surgeon.

"This lad will guide you—follow him!" said Sister Agnes hurriedly. "Prayer not a moment!"

Five minutes later Lieut. du Bois, grilled by a knife, was cautiously passing through the streets of Toulouse. On the outskirts of the city he was joined by Mme. Bonnivier, who, after a few words of explanation, placed a purse in his hand.

"Your commission will be transferred to ward Pyrenees. When reaching Bayonne there will be good letter for you there and Toulouse. You cannot right they are hard to read now."

"Then, for heaven's sake," said Du Bois, "go back to your mansion. Mme. Bonnivier, and tell her and Lieut. for hours and for life are not safe for you."

"You will accept your food and beast, but hope you're [illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible] with a last [illegible]."

"Your self-possession is [illegible]," replied Du Bois [illegible].

"Then I shall [illegible] the other.

"Then it is [illegible]."

"If you [illegible] Julie [illegible]."

Lieut. Meuvel reached Spain, and at the close of the siege of Saragossa [illegible] Peninsula and lived long and happily.—[From the Inter-Ocean.

WINDMILL IRRIGATION.

This Is the Best Form of Securing Water for Private Enterprises.

Irrigation for private enterprises is practicable to an [illegible] number of by windmill power [illegible] over a reservoir [illegible] of the still [illegible]. It is of interest to the farmers and of the Mormon people, of whom [illegible] Uintahs, and probably would be highly [illegible] in every state of the Union. At least this is the opinion expressed by a correspondent of Country Gentleman, who adds:

In certain parts of Kansas there is an abundant flow of water [illegible] not be [illegible] and during [illegible] the county [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]