

BALLAD OF CHANCES LOST.

They came too late or else arrived too soon—
These opportunities the god's provde,
We were too slow to grasp them, spurned the
noon.

In some queer fashion we have let them
slide,
Now lay we in the race while men deride,
Still only trusting that our look will moult;
But we must creep where we had hoped to stride.

And struggle somehow onward to the end,
II.

Here's Janna's lament an outing missed in
June;
See the stocks whose values since have multiplied;
Brown hands the college years he played but
fool.

And White, the girl he might have made
his bride;
And some with sorrows much more dignified
Meet all the while 'gainst cruel odds con-
fend;

Have souls with cares and griefs they try to
hide,
Who struggle somehow onward to the end,
III.

Many thoughts that ring a doleful time,
So many reasons one's poor self to chide,
No wonder hopeless mortals sit and crouch
The sad old dirge: "If we had only tried,
We might have gained on time and sailed with
tide."

And reached the port with strength and days
to spend;
Now lost and feeble, must we choke our pride
And struggle somehow onward to the end.
"EVEN."

Close to whom, successful joys denied,
Experience comes a tardy, testy friend,
Take heart, take heed, with patience for your
griefs,
And struggle somehow onward to the end.

SISTER GABRIELLE.

A Reminiscence of Max O'Rell During
the Franco-Prussian War

BY HIS WIFE.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke
out I was a young girl, and the awful
news of the commencement of hostilities
made a profound impression upon me.
When, four years later, I met and mar-
ried my husband, it was one of my great
delights to get him to tell me "all about
the war." Of the many reminiscences
of his soldier days, none, perhaps, inter-
ested me more than the story of a sweet
nurse who nursed him in St. Malo Hospi-
tal. This is the story just as I heard it
for the first time many years ago. I
hope it will not lose too much by not
being told in French, as it was then given
to me.

We were sitting by the bridge of Neu-
illy, near the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris.
"There," said my husband, "is just
about the spot where I was knocked
over. We were fast getting the better
of the Communards, and my men were
warning to the work in grand style,
when the piece of spent shell hit me, and
some of the fellows carried me off to the
hospital. I remember being puzzled
that there should be relatively no pain in
a wound of that sort; but the pain came
soon enough when the fever set in. The
doctor of the Versailles Hospital was a
rough specimen, as army doctors often
are—in France, at any rate—and you may
fancy that the groans and moans of the
other wounded were not soothing either.
One day the doctor told me I should soon
be able to be removed to a country hospi-
tal. That was after I had been under
his treatment for six weeks.

"The sights, sounds and smell of the
place had grown so sickening to me that
I think I could have kissed him when he
talked of sending me to St. Malo. He
came in one morning, and, in his brusque
way, said, as he probed the wound for
bits of shattered bone:

"We shall be able to pack you off in
a few days. You would like to get
transferred to St. Malo, would you not?
You come from that part of the country,
don't you? The air will suit you."

"He was a brute, but he had awfully
good cigars, and he used to make me
smoke one when he was going to have
an extra go at my wound. I suppose he
hoped the goodness might prove infec-
tious. I used to call him strings of bad
names while he was digging away at his
work on my arm. Somehow it relieved
me, and, truth to tell, he took it all in
good part.

"In a few days, then, I saw the last of
him, and he, of me; and glad enough was
I to find myself in the clean, quiet, sun-
drenched hospital in the dear old Breton
town. There I had a room to myself, as
each officer had; and to lie there in that
sweet, sunny room and hear no groans
but my own was almost like being in
heaven. The daily cleanings of the
wound, still pretty painful, were recom-
mended under the hands of another sur-
geon, who proved to be a very good fel-
low. He and I struck up quite a friend-
ship after a while.

"Well, life was, if not exactly rosy, at
any rate once more worth living. The
brightness and calm were very sweet
after the horrors of the Versailles hospi-
tal, and a serenity filled the air, like an
echo of organ tones brought in by the
nuns from chapel.

"The nun who attended to me was an
angel. Don't be jealous. I was there
in St. Malo three months. Before one
month had passed I had grown to love
her as I should have loved my sister, if
she had lived. I loved the sound of her
voice, and the touch of her soft, gentle
hands. I would have gone through the
surgeon's probings without a groan, if
she might have attended the operation.
But Dr. Nadaud always said that the
wards. But Dr. Nadaud always said that the

himself. Sister Gabrielle—that was
what they called her—would come direct-
ly he had done with me, and would try
the bandages to make sure they were not
hurting, arrange the pillows afresh, and
smooth out the wrinkles in the counter-
pane, and my brow at the same time
sympathizing with me all the while in
the sweetest fashion possible. Her voice
was a great part of her charm: very low,
and yet the clearest voice in the world.
She had a way of looking at one all the
time, too, with a gaze that was almost
like mother's caress, and that wrapped
one around with a delicious feeling of
security and well being. Sometimes she
would sit and talk with me about the
battles, and lead me into chats about my
mother, who was ill herself at this time,
and not able to come and see me.

"How old was Sister Gabrielle?" Oh,
I suppose she must have been about
twenty-four or five then. She had the
Norman blue eyes, and a fair complexion,
which the white wrappings about her
face seemed to brighten and irradiate. Is
it the white lawn, or is it a beauty that
the self-denying life lends to them,
which makes the faces of so many of
those women look so lovely? I called
Sister Gabrielle an angel just now, but
you must not fancy there was any cold
saintliness about her; in fact, it was her
very ready sympathy with all my ac-
counts of my young life in the outer
world that drew my heart towards her.

It was her very womanliness that
set me wondering who she could have
been, and what had led her to shut her-
self away from the world. There was
little to do, lying there in bed week
after week, and hundreds of times as I
looked at that sweet woman moving
about the room, I pictured her without
the coil, and said to myself that if she
were not then a beloved wife, with a
husband's protecting arm around her,
and children climbing about her knees,
it was not because the love that should
have led to this had been wanting, but
certainly because some marring chance
had prevented the realization of
such happiness. It amused me to make
a pretty history to myself, with Sister
Gabrielle for the heroine. A woman
with a voice like hers, and such a smile,
was bound to have loved deeply. Some-
times, when she was not speaking, her
eyes had a sad, far-away look. I can
only compare it to the look of an emi-
grant who was toiling a hot, dusty high
road to embark for a new country, might
turn and give to the dear spot that he
had said a long good-bye to. But that
look never lasted more than a minute on
Sister Gabrielle's face. It was as if the
traveler settled his burden afresh on his
shoulders, and with fresh, vigorous reso-
lution, stepped on into the long expanse
of road that went stretching away to the
horizon.

"One day I could not help it. I
broke into one of these little raptures
of hers.

"My sister," I said, "sweet and beau-
tiful as you are, how is it that you never
married?"

"With lifted finger, as one speaks to a
too daring child, she said only: "Sssh!"
"Then with the movement of the emi-
grant readjusting his knapsack, she
added: "Alons! half past ten! Dr. Na-
daud will be here before we are ready
for him."

"From that day Sister Gabrielle avoid-
ed sitting by my bedside. She watched
over me just as tenderly as before; but
our talks were shorter, and I never ven-
tured to repeat my question as you may
imagine. Nevertheless, lying there
through the long days, it was impossible
not to go on wondering what had sent
this beautiful woman into the quiet life
where I found her.

"One day I discovered that Dr. Na-
daud came from the same town as her-
self, and I felt at once to questioning
him about her. All that I could elicit
from him was that her name in the
world had been Jeanne D'Alcours, and
that she came of a good old Norman
titled family. I did not learn much by
that; it was not necessary to hear that she
was noble, for she had the stamp of no-
bility in every line and in every pose of
her body. For a talkative fellow, I
thought Nadaud had remarkably little to
say about his former townsman; and,
after gently sounding him once or twice
on the subject, I came to the conclusion
that it was useless to look to him for en-
lightenment, but I also came to the con-
clusion that Sister Gabrielle had a history.

"August came. I had been three
months in St. Malo Hospital, and now
the time for leaving had arrived.
It was early morning. A fiacre stood
at the gate, with my luggage upon it,
and Sister Gabrielle had come to the
doorway which led into the courtyard to
see me off. Early as it was, the sun was
already well on his day's journey, and
perhaps it was the strong glare from the
white wall that made her shade her eyes
so persistently with her left hand while
we were saying "Good-bye." As for my
own eyes, there was something the mat-
ter with them, too, for the landscape, or
so much of it as I could see from the St.
Malo hospital door way, had taken on a
strange, blurred look since I saw it from
the window ten minutes before.

"Adieu, mon lieutenant! Adieu!"
cried Sister Gabrielle, in a voice meant
to be very cheery.

"Adieu ma sœur! May I come to see
you and the old place, if ever I find my-
self in these latitudes again?"

"Yes, yes, that is it: come back and
see who is in your little bed under the
window. Take care of the arm! touch-
ing the sling that held it, 'Dr. Nadaud
will expect a letter from you in copper-
plate style before another month is over.
Alons! We will say, Au revoir, then,
not Adieu. Bon voyage, mon lieutenant,
bon voyage!"

"Another handgrip, and I made my
way to the cab, feeling a strange intoxi-
cated sensation at being once more on
my legs in the open air after such a long
seclusion between the blankets. Away we
each other.

rattled down the steep stone paved street,
past the queer old high houses that, as
the window shutters were swung back,
seemed to open their eyes and wake up
with a spirited relish for another day's
bustle and work. Very different, my
dear, to the lazy drawing up of roller
blind in England is the swinging open of
a pair of French persiennes. Whiffs of
new bread and freshly ground coffee
floated out from the open doorways of
the baker, and the earliest risers of St.
Malo, and presently the pungent, invig-
orating odor of the sea made itself smelt
in spite of the mixed odors of the street.
It was new life to be out in the open air
again; and I was going to see my moth-
er. But I could not forget Sister
Gabrielle."

Several years passed before my hus-
band saw again the old steep streets of
St. Malo. These years brought great
changes to him. His right arm being
no longer capable of using a sword, he
retired from the army, took to journal-
ism, and eventually accepted an engage-
ment in London. In the English capital
he made his home, marrying and settling
down to a quasi-English life, which
possessed great interest for him from the
first.

One summer (six years after the war)
we began to make a yearly journey to a
town on the borders of Brittany, and
always landed at St. Malo to take train
for our destination. Trains ran there
only twice a day, and so there was gen-
erally time enough to climb the dirty,
picturesque street to the hospital and see
sweet Sister Gabrielle, whose face would
light up at sight of her old patient, and
whose voice had still the same sympa-
thetic charm. When the now English-
looking traveler presented himself, it
was always the Mother Superior who
came to him in the bare, cool room re-
served for visitors. And then Sister
Gabrielle would arrive with a sweet grave
smile playing about her beautiful mouth,
and there would be long talks about all
that he had been doing; of the pleasant
free life in England, of the English wife
he had married, and of Bebe, a regular
little Norman, whom he had promised to
bring and show her some day. But that
day never came.

One hot August morning, just seven
years after he had left the hospital with
his arm in a sling, my husband pulled at
the clanging bell, and asked to see Sister
Gabrielle. He was ushered into the
shady waiting-room, and stood drinking
in the perfume of the roses that clam-
bered about the open window. Presently
the Mother's step approached, but when
she saw him she had no longer in her
voice the cheery notes with which she
used to greet him, nor did she offer to
send Sister Gabrielle to him.

In a few sad words she told him his
sweet nurse was dead, that she had died
as she had lived, beloved by all who
were privileged to be near her. There
was no positive disease, the doctor had
said, but some shock or grief of years
before must have undermined her health,
and the life of self-sacrifice she led had
not been calculated to lengthen the frail
strand of her life. Gently and without
struggle it had snapped, and she had
drooped and died with the early violets.

Touched and saddened, our traveller
turned down the steep street to the lower
town. More than ever he wondered
what had been the history of the brave
beautiful woman who had nursed him
seven years before.

Turning the corner of the Place Cha-
teaubriand, he ran against a man.
"Pardon, monsieur!"

"Pardon, monsieur!"
The exclamations were simultaneous.
Looking up the two men recognized
each other.

"Ah, my dear Doctor!" exclaimed my
husband.

"Sapristi, my dear lieutenant! What
are you doing in St. Malo?"

The young man having properly ac-
counted for his presence in the old
Breton town, and made known to Dr.
Nadaud how glad he was to see him
again, the two went off together to
lunch at the Hotel de Bretagne, where
M. Blout ("Max O'Rell") had left his
luggage.

Having refreshed themselves with a
light French déjeuner, the doctor and his
former patient strolled out of the long
dining-room into the central courtyard of
the hotel, which the sun had not yet
made too warm; and there, installing
themselves at a little round table, under
a huge laurel, they smoked and sipped
their coffee.

"I will tell you all I know," said the
doctor, in reply to a question from his
companion. "It seemed almost a breach
of confidence to tell you Sister Gabrielle's
story while she lived, for I knew that
she had come away out of the world on
purpose to work unknown, and to bury
all that remained of Jeanne D'Alcours."

When she first—
all pleased to see me; no doubt because
my presence reminded her of Caen, and
of the scenes that she had turned her back
upon forever."

"Well," continued Dr. Nadaud, "the
D'Alcours had lived for generations in
a fine old house on the Boulevard de
l'Est, and it was there that Jeanne was
born. Next door lived their sister and her
husband, M. Leconte, the chief notary of
the town, and a man well considered by
all classes of his townsmen. It is the
old story of affection knotted together in
the skipping rope, and proving to be as
unending as the circle of the hoop. My
sister had a girl and a boy. The three
children played together, walked out
with their nurses together, and were
hardly ever separated, until the time
came for Raoul to go to Paris to school.
The boy was fourteen when they parted;
Jeanne was only eleven; but the two
children's love had so grown with their
growth that before the day of parting
came, they had made a solemn little com-
pact never to forget each other.

"Eight years had passed, during
which Jeanne and Raoul saw little of
each other.

"The first time the boy came home he
seemed to Jeanne no longer a boy, and
the shyness which sprang up between
them then deepened with each succeed-
ing year.

"The boy was allowed to choose his
profession, and he chose that of sur-
gery. News reached Jeanne from time
to time, through his sister, of the prom-
ising young student who, it was said,
bid fair to win for himself a great name
some day.

"At the age of twenty two Raoul left
Paris. His parents, who were growing
old, wished their son near them; and
steps were taken to establish him in a
practice in Caen.

"Time passed on, and Raoul had been
six months in partnership with old Dr.
Grevin, whom he was eventually to suc-
ceed, when Mme. D'Alcours fell ill of in-
flammation of the lungs, and so it hap-
pened that the two young people often
met beside the sickbed, for the elder
partner was not always able to attend
the patient, and his young aide was
called upon to take his place.

"By the time that Mme. D'Alcours was
well again, both the young people knew
that the old love of their childhood had
smouldered in their hearts through all
the years of separation, and was ready
to burst into flame at a touch. But no
word was spoken.

"It was Raoul's fond hope to be one
day in a position to ask for Jeanne as his
wife, but he knew that by speaking be-
fore he was in that position he would
only destroy all chance of being listened
to by her parents.

"The touch that should stir the flame
soon came.

"One day in the summer following, a
hasty summons from Mme. D'Alcours
took Dr. Grevin to Jeanne's bedside, and
a few moments' examination showed him
that the poor girl had taken diphtheria.
After giving directions as to the treat-
ment to be followed, he said he would
return late in the evening, or would send
M. Leconte.

"It was Raoul who came.

"With horror he saw that the case was
already grave, and a great pang went
through him as he spoke to Mme. D'Al-
cours of the possibility of its being nec-
essary to perform tracheotomy in the
morning. When morning came, in fact,
all next day, Jeanne hoped with a deep,
longing, passionate hope.

"The day after, however, it was evi-
dent that nothing could save the girl but
the operation, and was quickly decided
to try the last chance.

"The rest is soon told. In that su-
preme moment, as Raoul made ready for
the work, the two young people told all
their hearts' secret to each other in one
long greeting of the eyes, that was a
"Hail" and a "Farewell!"

"The operation was successful.
"All went well with Jeanne, and in
two days she was declared out of dan-
ger."

"But Raoul, unmindful of everything
except Jeanne's danger, had not been
careful for himself, and had received
some of the subtle poison from her
throat."

In the cemetery of Caen, high up where
the sun first strikes, can be seen a grave-
stone with the inscription:—

GI-GIT

RAOUL LECONTE.
Decede le 18 Juillet, 1879.

And this is why Sister Gabrielle's path
to heaven led through the wards of a
hospital.

A Well-Traveled Letter.

A Rockville man about nine months
ago received a letter from his brother,
employed on a steamship running out of
Bombay, India, asking him to send a
United States \$5 gold piece, which he
wanted to wear as a watch charm. He
obtained the coin, enclosed it between
two pieces of heavy cardboard, put it in
a letter and registered it. Last May the
letter started on its way, and Friday it
returned to the Rockville office. The
envelope presented a remarkable appear-
ance, and is a great curiosity, having
traveled over 50,000 miles. The letter
went to the dead letter office at Bombay,
and the coin had disappeared, having
probably worn its way out of the letter.
The letter went to various points in the
East, as well as England and the Con-
tinent, in search of the person to whom
it was addressed. Every stoppage is
registered on the letter, which is covered
with marks and writings in all colors.
The letter was returned by Postmaster
Randall to the man who sent it, and al-
though the coin is missing, he considers
the letter of more value than when he
sent it. [Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.]

Water as a Disinfectant.

The impurities that are found in water
are gathered from coming in contact with
live and dead organisms at the bottom of
ponds, rivers and springs. They are held
in the water for long periods, and it is
hard work to separate them from it. But
in addition to this, water absorbs impu-
rities from the air, which are also held
in solution. For this reason water may
be called the great disinfectant of nature.
It gathers and holds in it the impurities
of the earth and air. It can be used as a
disinfectant in the sick room, or in the
living chambers. Pure, fresh, cold water
is a powerful absorbent, drawing to and
absorbing all sorts of impurities that
float in the air. If a pan or bowl of fresh
cold water is placed near the bed of a
sick person it will absorb ninety per cent.
of the foul germs that may be breathed
from the sick one. But the water needs
to be changed often. It absorbs injurious
vapors in the room, and moistens the air,
so that sleep is made easier and better.
Drinking water consequently should
never stand uncovered for any length of
time in the living room. [Yankee
Dodge]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

There are 60,000 telephones in Lon-
don.

Austria announces an electric loco-
motive which is to travel 125 miles an
hour.

Mercury expands and contracts more
than any metal and is therefore gener-
ally used in thermometers.

For damp climates a telephone wire
of an aluminum bronze core, with a
copper bronze envelope, is recom-
mended.

For a light brick for interior use ex-
periments are to be made with a mix-
ture of clay, sand and sawdust, first
molding the brick, then burning the
sawdust out.

Scientists find that the earth is
twenty-one million years old by ex-
amining the strata or layers of trees
and animals formed in rocks and in
the great beds of coal, which were
vast forests at one time.

Coal loses considerable both in
weight and quality of exposure to the
weather. According to a German ex-
perimenter, anthracite and cannel
suffer least, but ordinary bituminous
coal depreciates nearly one-third in
weight and nearly one-half in gas-
making quality after a long exposure.

An ordinary photograph may be
made luminous in the dark by a very
simple process. Take white mount,
coat it with starch paste, and sprinkle
the paste with luminous powder.
This done, make the silver print as
transparent as possible, by coating the
back with castor oil, and affix it to the
mount. The effect is said to be quite
satisfactory.

The reduced rainfall in Southern
Peru is, according to A. E. Douglass
of the Harvard Observatory at Are-
quipa, due to the rapid elevation of
the ridge of the Andes in recent geol-
ogic times. Remains of an enormous
glacial system have been found, and
the only condition necessary for the
production of glaciers in this day is
heavy precipitation.

Certain varieties of the oyster are
very sensitive to extreme cold and the
recent severe frost so seriously threat-
ened the 50,000,000 oysters stored for
the winter in the ponds at Hayling
Island, that for several days a steam
engine was employed to keep the ponds
thawed and supplied with water, and
large coal and coke fires were kept
burning night and day upon the
banks.

It seems rather incredible to speak
of the candle power of the search
lights as in the millions and hundreds
of millions, but this is warranted by
facts. The lamp itself does not give
a very high candle power when mea-
sured in any one direction, but when a
magnifying lens is used, which col-
lects all the light, as it were, and
throws it in one direction, the intensity
of the light is enormously increased.

A High-Priced Pianist.

The time of Paderewski, the famous
pianist, seems to hang heavily on his
hands. He spends many idle hours,
for instance, playing pool at the Wind-
sor Hotel. A millionaire society man,
who frequently met the pianist there,
invited him to an afternoon tea, which
the wealthy man's wife was to give
the next day. The pianist rather
coldly referred his in ended host to his
agent at Chickering Hall. When the
agent was seen the first question he
asked was: "I suppose Mrs. V. will
expect Paderewski to play?"

"I suppose so."

"Then M. Paderewski will accept
your invitation as an engagement?"

"Oh, very well, if you prefer to put
it that way," returned the millionaire.
"What are the terms?"

"Three thousand dollars for one
piece, and Mr. Paderewski will con-
sent to a single encore!"

The terms were not accepted. It
appears that M. Paderewski is really
making so much money that he does
not abate his terms one iota, even
when tea and New York's most ex-
clusive society are thrown in. [New
York Press.]

One View of Forgery.

"Did you write James Skidmore's
name on this note?" said the Judge to
a prisoner accused of forgery.

"It's like to know, Judge," replied
the culprit, "if Jim Skidmore has a
copyright on the letters as happens
to form his name?" [Savannah
Press.]