

The Family Circle

DROPPING A KIND WORD.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness—just a flash and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave,
Till you scarce believe a volume of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness—in a minute you forget;
But here's gladness still a-swelling, and there's joy a-circling yet,
And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard,
Over miles and miles of water—just by dropping a kind word.

PAID BOTH HIS DEBTS.

A party of noblemen were amusing themselves shooting near Dijon, France. After a shot by the Marquis of Tours, aimed at something seen indistinctly in a thicket, a human cry was heard.

The party rushed to the point whence it proceeded and found a young girl of sixteen lying on the ground bleeding from a bullet wound in her side. From the opposite direction a man came hurrying, and when he saw what had happened he took the girl up in his arms, and, shaking his fist at the huntsmen, cursed them for what had been done.

'Is it thus that you overrun our peaceful fields, you nobles who never toil, but feed on what we common people produce? And, not content with wasting the fruits of our toil, you ruthlessly shoot our children without taking the trouble to discover that they are not birds. Wait, messieurs! The day will come when we will crush you under our heels!'

'It was an accident,' replied the Marquis. 'Here; take this,' throwing him a golden louis. 'Were it not for your threats, I would make it ten times as much. Come, messieurs. Let us go on.'

The party proceeded on their way, but had not gone a dozen yards before the coin was sent spinning past the ear of the marquis. One gentleman, a young fellow of twenty, remained behind. Kneeling beside the girl, he stanchd the blood with his cambric handkerchief, then said to her father:

'Let us carry her to her home. I am a student in the Paris School of Medicine. I will see what I can do for her.'

Henri Duriac did not leave the home of Antoine Garnier until the daughter, Lizette, was out of danger. Indeed, he alone saved her life. Three weeks had elapsed when the young doctor said to Garnier:

'The crisis has passed. Any physician can now attend to the dressing of the wound.'

'Doctor,' replied the father, 'why have you taken this trouble? You are a noble.'

'Yes, but I am a man.'

'You have given me the life of my daughter. Some day I may repay you.'

'I do not need money, and I trust that I may never need your assistance,' replied the young surgeon.

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Eighteen years later came the reign of terror. Henri Duriac, now Count Duriac, was about to be arrested, but succeeded in escaping across the border. Count Duriac had been married, and his wife and her daughter, Louise, were about to follow him when they received a warning not to attempt to do so.

Mme. Duriac, though beloved by all the province in which she lived, was at last arrested, and with her daughter taken to the conciergerie in Paris.

One day they were led out to be tried. For what? For being of noble birth. A man sat behind a rude table ready to act as judge and jury and send prisoners to the guillotine. Mme. Duriac and Louise sat waiting their turn, watching the people who were pronounced 'traitors to France' marched away to die. A portly man, who showed by his dress and bearing that he was an aristocrat, stood before this self-constituted tribunal.

'Your name?' asked the judge.

'I am the Marquis of Tours.'

The judge flushed.

'Do you remember, marquis, hunting for birds and shooting a maiden?'

The marquis paled, but said nothing.

'Traitor to France!' said the judge. 'Take him away!'

'Next!'

'These,' said a gendarme, 'are the Countess Duriac and her daughter.'

The judge started. 'Madame,' he said, 'you are accused of being a traitor to France. What is your defence?'

'I make no defence. Defence would be useless.'

'H'm!' said the judge. 'Take these women to the little jail in Rue St. Jacques and bring them here to-morrow for sentence. The executioner is too busy to-day to attend to them.'

That night a muffled figure appeared before the little jail in Rue St. Jacques and presented an order for Mme. and Louise Duriac. Throwing a mantle over each to conceal her features and especially her attire of a gentlewoman, he led them through some of the narrow streets of Paris. Stopping suddenly beside a carriage and opening the door, he bade them enter. Not doubting for a moment that they were going to the guillotine, they obeyed, and their conductor mounted the box beside the coachman, and they were driven beyond the barrier. Stopping now and again for fresh horses, they travelled until at last they heard the splashing of waves. Then they were put into a boat.

'Take this letter to Count Duriac, madame,' said their conductor, 'and tell him that the man who gave it to you may soon be executed as a traitor to France.'

The prisoners were rowed to an English vessel standing off the coast, and in an hour were sailing for England. Once on board Mme. Duriac opened the letter to her husband and read:

'Count—Eighteen years ago a fiend shot my daughter, and a noble saved her for me. I have sent the fiend to the guillotine, and I send the noble two lives for the one he gave me.'

A NOBLE RIVAL.

We have very few anecdotes of the great Raphael. The young, sad-faced painter of Madonnas is associated for the most part with his incomparable masterpieces, and not with sprightly happenings over which we can laugh or chat. There is, however, one incident in his life of which you may care to hear.

Before he had completed the frescoes in the chapels of Santa Maria della Pace he received five hundred scudi. When the last of the series was done, he informed the treasurer that there was more money due him.

'I think you have had enough,' said the treasurer.

'But I haven't.'

'You can't have any more.'

'But if some good judge should say I had earned more?'

'Then I would give it. Appoint your own judge, and let him be one that knows what a painting is.'

'No; you yourself shall appoint the judge,' said Raphael.

Here was the treasurer's opportunity. Michael Angelo, he reasoned, was jealous of Raphael, and would put a low estimate on his work.

'I choose Michael Angelo,' he said.

'Very well,' answered Raphael.

Together the treasurer and the great sculptor went