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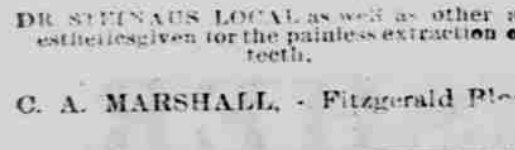
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VICTORS.

Not to the brave upon the battlefield
Alone the palms of victory belong;
Nor only to the great of earth the song
Of praise and psalm should the singer sing.
Greater the souls that, single handed, wield
The battle-axe against the hosts of wrong.
Unknown, unnoted in life's reckless throng,
And only in God's day to stand revealed.
How many such, in patient, humble guise,
Beside us walk their brief appointed way.
Nobly enduring, worthiest to shine
As fixed stars in Fame's eternal skies!
For these, for these I reverently lay
On their dear dust this little leaf of mine.
—Overland Monthly

THE CARLYON TRAGEDY.

Just the two men composed the family
at Carlyon Hall, and a gay, wild life
they led. Not that they were much to
admire, or that they would inclined them
to the same course. Truth to tell, there
was little sympathetic feeling lost be-
tween the two Carlyons.

The elder man gave his select dinners
and champagne suppers to his cliques,
while Ralph, his son, scorned the com-
pany for a score of miles about with choice
spots of his own.

The Hall itself was a patched up pile
of rambling masonry. The Carlyons for
three generations back had proved a
splendid race, and their once ample
patrimony had dwindled down to a few
barren acres, with a village of miserable
houses, which yielded the sole income of
the present proprietor. Still he could
boast a long descent, and we all know
how far an illustrious pedigree will go
toward propping up a falling house.

This was the state of affairs when Mrs.
Mondeville came down from town with
a half dozen servants at her back, and
pretty Bertha Mondeville, her very re-
luctant companion.
Bertha was the lady's youngest daugh-
ter, and, besides the generous portion of
Mondeville property destined to fall to
her share, had good prospects of an in-
heritance from a certain wizened, eccen-
tric woman who had stood godmother to
her at her christening, eighteen years
before.

With such expectations, and possessed
of natural attractions which drew hosts
of sighing lovers to her feet, it was cer-
tainly reprehensible in her to give pre-
ference to one far beneath her in the so-
cial scale. At least so reasoned her lady
mother. But Bertha was wilful, and
universal restrictions went for naught.
She had given her heart and promised
her hand to Henry Bernard, the strug-
gling artist, who as yet was quite un-
known to both fame and fortune. He
was sanguine, though, and Bertha no
less so. She reposed the utmost confi-
dence in his genius and ultimate success,
while he toiled with renewed energy for
his triumph, yet knowing that her im-
pugnacity was involved in the result of
his effort.

But here Mrs. Mondeville interposed.
Her wrath fell heavily upon her
daughter's perverse head, until impeded
beyond bounds, she had recourse to ex-
treme measures to break off the proposed
unhappiness. Henry Bernard was for-
sidden the house, and Bertha was placed
under strict espionage for the time.

The Carlyons were distant relatives of
the family, and Mrs. Mondeville fixed
upon the hall as a secure and retired
apartment for her wayward child. So
hither they had come, fast upon the
track of the courteous little note of
warning that announced them.

The hall had been put in hurried order
for the reception of the ladies. The re-
mains of plate were duly polished; the
frayed damask and fine linen (evidences
of decaying gentility) taken from the
drawers. Carlyon cleared his domicile
of bachelor guests, and met them with
the courtesy ease which distinguishes
gentle blood, no matter how much
washed upon by adverse circumstances.
Ralph, who was in the habit of being
absent for days together, knew nothing
of the proposed advent, and surprised
himself not a little by coming home to
find such an unprecedented party estab-
lished there.

Mrs. Mondeville endured a week in
the dreary, solitary place, and then went
home, leaving Bertha and a blue-eyed
maid to the hospitable charge of the
Carlyons.
It was not a pleasant duty for the lat-
ter to assume, and for a time they re-
quested the necessary suspension of their
reckless pleasures. Not that either re-
formed, even temporarily, but the hall
could no longer be thrown open to boon
comrades and nightly orgies. They
clung to their customary habits, but un-
used to the trouble of concealment,
chafed against the bondage which com-
mon courtesy imposed upon them.

This state of things did not continue
long, however. Bertha's cheery young
presence brought a flood of sunshine into
the dreary old house, such as it had not
known for years. The grim, dark rooms
held attractions for their inmates which
they had not hitherto possessed.

Certainly, in removing her daughter
from the influence of one lover, Mrs.
Mondeville had not meant to subject
her to the importunities of two. Carlyon,
drawn perhaps by visions of the
purple dowry destined for, and Ralph—
blasphemy as he was—actually touched with
an approximation to noble sentiment,
were both soon numbered among her de-
voted.

Bertha's position was becoming ex-
tremely unpleasant. A note smuggled
out despite the watchfulness of the maid
brought no response from Henry Ber-
nard. Her mother remained unmoved
by her urgent entreaties for a speedy
return, and meantime the two Carlyons
urged their individual suits with per-
sistent ardor.

Ralph, impulsive and passionate, could
wait to take no politic moves in pro-
cessing his wooing. His very earnestness
would have pleaded powerfully for him
had not the girl's heart and mind been
filled with other love and other thoughts.
He came in upon her suddenly one after-
noon when he knew her to be alone.
"It's the old, old story, Bertha, that I
want to tell you," he said. "I suppose
I am not worthy of you, for I've been a
wild blade in my time, but I will make
myself better when you give me the

dear assurance I am waiting for. Bertha,
love, come to me."
His dark face, handsome despite the
lines dissipation had left upon it, grew
tender. His eyes looked down in hers
with eager, impassioned light. Bertha's
heart throbbled pityingly as she realized
the pain her words must inflict upon
him.

"Oh, Ralph, I had hoped you might
not subject me to this test! It would be
cruel to give you false hope, for I can
never be more than your earnest friend.
Forget that you have ever cared for me,
and bestow your love on some one who
will make you happier than I ever
could."

"Bertha! Bertha! You can't mean
to leave me in utter despair? I will wait
and work, and prove myself a better
man than I have yet been. Only tell me
that there is a chance of winning you at
last!"

"It never can be, Ralph! Because—
because I love another!"

The still, white rage which settled
down upon his face frightened her more
than if he had broken out in angry
words.

"I shall not give you up, neverthe-
less," he said, with quiet intensity.
"Give me a little hope and an equal
chance, and I will try for your love by
fair means; but by measures foul or fair,
no other man shall ever ever take you
from me!"

With that he returned, leaving her ab-
ruptly as he had come, and his quick
steps gave back a sharp ring from the
paved walk without. At a little dis-
tance he encountered the elder Carlyon,
who accosted him, timing his leisurely
pace to the other's hasty strides.

"Easy, my son! I have some informa-
tion which it may be best to impart at
once. I happened to overhear your con-
versation of a moment ago—by the way,
you should never make love near open
windows—and am gratified to know that
Bertha holds such an important place in
your estimation."

"Ah!" Ralph waited, knowing that
something more lay behind that suave
address.

"Yes, but I must warn you against your
own impetuous nature, which may lead
you to extremes. As she said, it is quite
impossible for her to regard your suit
with favor."

"May I ask why?"
"Simply because I intend to marry her
myself!"

"By heaven, you shall not!"
The elder Carlyon drooped his eyelids,
a trick of his when angered.

"Did you ever know me to relinquish
a purpose?"

"Or me to fail in making good my
words? I would kill any man ere he
should thwart me or brave me by flaunt-
ing his preference."

Each read indomitable resolution in
the other's face. The gauntlet was cast
between them, and hereafter only bitter
enmity could mark their mutual rela-
tion.

A week wore heavily away. Then
Ralph disappeared, went no one knew
whither, and Bertha awoke to a con-
sciousness that she was no better than a
prisoner in the old hall. The maid had
been bribed to co-operate with the elder
Carlyon, and he himself announced his
purpose with a quiet steadiness of man-
ner which would admit of no gainsaying.

With his ruthless will crushing down
all obstacles in his way, and no com-
munication with her friends permitted,
save such as he dictated, Bertha felt that
her opposition must give way before the
cruel forces he brought to bear upon her.

At last he gained his purpose. How
he accomplished it himself and the maid
best knew. But the clergyman was
waiting at the church, and Bertha,
worn to a shadow of her former cheery
self, with her face scarce less white than
the bridal robes she wore, went trem-
blingly down the worn eastern stairs to
go and be wedded to the man she both
loved and feared. Carlyon met her
with a triumphant smile upon his face,
but the words of gratulation he was
about to utter never left his lips.

A man, with haggard face, bloodless
lips drawn away from his glittering
teeth, and dishevelled hair streaming
about his neck, rushed up the length of
the passage and grappled with him. It
was Ralph, who had been confined all
this time in one of the vault-like cellars
beneath the old hall, and had escaped
now to wreak insane fury upon his jeal-
ous jailer. There was an inherent mad-
ness in the Carlyon blood, and these
weeks of solitude and mental torture had
brought the curse upon the younger man.

A struggle ensued that was fearful to
witness. Bertha crouched upon the
stairs, with rigid, blanched face, and
eyes never wavering from the horrible
spectacle. Servants ran screaming, all
was chaos for a moment, and then awful
quietude fell upon the hall.
There was a crushed, bleeding, sense-
less mass upon the floor; and the mad-
man, his rage appeased, unresistingly
submitted to the bonds which were
placed upon him. The elder Carlyon
went to answer for his sins before an
eternal tribunal; his son dragged out a
living death in a lunatic asylum.

But Bertha, sorely tried, found peace
at last. Shocked beyond measure by the
frightful tragedy which had been en-
acted, and appalled by the peril her
daughter had passed, Mrs. Mondeville
recalled Henry Bernard from the fruit-
less quest he was pursuing. It is need-
less to say that Bertha's letter never
reached him, and that Mrs. Mondeville
had sent him as far as possible from the
actual track. But the young people
could freely forgive all past injuries in
the happiness which was theirs at last.
—New York World.

Well to Know.
Not all may know that a hot iron-
poker, if nothing better—run around
window glass will loosen the putty, when
it may be easily scraped and the broken
pane removed. The new pane may be
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convenient to know when one becomes
the family "handy man," or one's own,
as is sometimes the case.—Good House-
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