

Just Tell Them So.

There's much to do the whole way through. And little use complaining, for the darkest night will change to light.

And the blackest cloud quit raining. If worth you find in weak mankind. Twill do all good to know. That some one thought they noisy enough.

And frankly told them so.

Enough will remain of bitter pain. With all the aid you lend: Some will be sad and others glad. On down to the journey's end. As in the throng you pass along.

With rapid strides or slow, If virtue you see in bond of free. Just stop and tell them so.

There are many cares in home affairs That wear the brain and heart. And many a w'ay 'most every day. In which to bear a part is hard. If you love your wife as you do your life.

It will keep her heart a glow. And make her feel your love is real. To often tell her so.

If on the road you see a load. Some pilgrim downward pressing. A willing hand to help him stand. Will bring you back a blessing.

So in the fight twixt wrong and right That's waging here below. Should praise be said, don't wait till dead. Before you tell them so.

The Two Orphans.

By D'Ennery.

CHAPTER III.

THE OUTCAST.

As Pierre said the Normandy coach had just arrived; but the poor cripple saw at a glance that his chance of earning a few sous was hopeless.

The only passengers that alighted from the rickety old coach were the two young girls whom we have seen in our first chapter.

They alighted in a dazed sort of manner, as if the bustle and din of the great city had confused them, and Henriette, leading Louise by the hand, entered the open space in front of the coach-office.

A bench (which, from the numerous marks of knives and pencils upon it, showed that it served as a resting place for the loungers who always cluster round places of this kind) and talk horsey slang while admiring the noisome brutes that form the establishment of the proprietor) was just outside the office door, and so was to this Henriette and her blind sister.

"Sister Louise," she said, in a low, sweet voice, which told all the love she felt for the afflicted girl.

Henriette looked vaguely round for the relative whom they expected to meet; but a person was to be seen.

She could not repress a feeling of anxiety; but she bravely strove to hide her feelings from Louise.

But the blind girl was anxious as well as Henriette.

"I am surprised that Monsieur Martin is not here to meet us," she said, half to herself.

Henriette's quick ear caught the murmur, and she endeavored to divert her sister's mind.

"Oh, he'll come soon!" she said, reassuringly.

"To occupy the blind girl with other matters than their own condition, she added: "Oh, Louise, Paris is so beautiful! Oh, my poor sister, if you could only see its wonders."

"Tell me what you see. Where are we?" asked Louise, excitedly.

"In an open square at the end of a beautiful bridge," answered Henriette, looking round her, "which has a magnificent statue in the middle."

"That must be the Pont Neuf," said Louise, as she remembered the picture Henriette had called up to her mind.

"Paris used to speak of it," she said.

"And on this side I can see two great towers," continued the beautiful girl, who was thus supplying the place of her sister's sight. "It must be Notre Dame."

"Notre Dame," repeated Louise, sadly as she arose from her seat. "How I wish I could see it. It was on that spot, that I, a helpless infant was left to perish," and as the blind girl thus recalled the thoughts of the past, the tears, unbidden, came to her eyes, and the sight less orbs were turned toward the spot she would see, as if they would burst their filmy veil, and forced by her grief, gaze upon the spot where she had been left to die of cold or starvation.

"It was there your dear father found me. But for him I should have died—perhaps—perhaps that would have been better," she added, in a tone of anguish that was almost wail so much misery was there embodied in her words.

"My darling sister!" exclaimed Henriette, "why do you say that?"

"Because," replied Louise, in the same sad tone, "I should not have lived to become blind and unhappy."

"Louise, do not speak thus!" said Henriette, as she clasped her sister in her arms. "Our dear parents loved us both alike—you were their consolation and happiness, as it was their first grief when Heaven deprived you of your sight."

"Misfortune pursues me, sister," said Louise, refusing to be comforted, "for scarcely had this affliction befallen me when we were left orphans without help or friends."

"No—no, dear Louise," interrupted Henriette, "I am without friends. I hope I have turned all we possessed into money, and we are in this great Paris, where there are skillful doctors who will soon restore my poor Louise's eyes to their old time brightness," and there was in Henriette's voice something which even had the power to cheer her afflicted sister.

"Heaven grant that your hopes may be realized," said Louise, more hopefully. Then thinking of their present situation again, she asked:

"But where can Monsieur Martin be? Why does he not come for us?"

For a moment Henriette had forgotten the forsaken condition in which they were. Alone in Paris, without friends, or even acquaintances, and unless the relative whom they were expecting should come for them, what could they do?

Henriette hardly dared to think of such an alternative, and more to satisfy her sister, than from any expectation of finding him, she proposed to go and look for M. Martin.

As Henriette went to look for M. Martin, a young woman of about twenty years of age entered the open space in front of the cabaret, and stood gazing sadly at the swift-running river.

Her face was that of a woman who had once been beautiful, but who was now pursued by remorse and sorrow. Her garments were scrupulously clean and neat but with no attempt at display, and she was waddled about like one having no aim or purpose save to escape from her own misery.

She stood silent and motionless, as if she were some gaunt figure of wood or stone rather than a woman in whose breast love and hate could wage eternal conflict; so absorbed was she in her bitter thoughts, that her face expressed her feelings as well as words could have done.

Henriette returned to her sister with the information that their relative could not be seen, and just at that moment a burst of laughter and music came from the half open door of the cabaret, which prevented the wanderer from hearing Henriette's approach or her voice.

Among the voices which could be heard from the drinking saloon, Jaques Fréchard's coarse, brutal tones could be distinguished; and as she heard it, the poor woman started as though stung by a viper.

Jaques went toward her quickly, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Yes, it is his voice," she said, as she turned so as to face the doors of the cabaret. "His voice singing and laughing. A drunk and coarse! forget her whose heart you have broken. Enjoy yourself, while the victim of your brutality seeks the only refuge left her—death. The river is near, one plunge and it will all be over. May my dying shrill of despair ring in your ears as a never-ending curse."

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