“All is told,” said he at length, standing with his back to the softened glow of the low-burned embers, his head bowed, and evidently waiting a response.

I was never very ready of speech, and especially when any occasion seemed to demand some expression of sympathetic feeling I was most at a loss. I don't know what I said, but I rose and grasped his hand, and must have in some way convinced him of my forgiveness and sympathy, for I can now recall the expression of his eye,—so warm, so grateful, so hopelessly sad. So we parted; the hour was late.

The sun was high in the heavens when I arose, for the events of the evening had driven sleep far from me, and it was not until early dawn was breaking that I fell into a troubled slumber.

On descending to the library where I had listened to the tale I have just related, I found a card addressed to me lying upon the table. The single word "Adieu" was written across its surface.

The Old Story.

O to be far away,—far from this board and fare,
Where the flavor of meals that are long gone by, still hovers and haunts the air;
Where the steak is hard of heart, and the mutton stubborn of will,
And the turkey wreaks a tough revenge on the helpless boarder's skill.

O to be there, not here, whither the cheese has flown,
When the Biddy's back was turned, and it found itself alone.
The maid with the auburn hair, the first of a changing troupe,
Though long time gone from behind my chair, she lingers in the soup.

We dare not turn and flee, but cower beneath the lash,
We slaves of mystery and devotees of hash.
We think of his fate, and sigh, who tempted once too oft
The adamantine pie, and wended his way aloft.

'Twere well if we all might fast, and keep a lifelong Lent,
But with every day's repast we eat and we repent.
The coffee fills my cup; I will no longer stay,
But bravely drink it up and calmly fade away.

The Small Romance of a Small Café.

When General Boulanger arrived at the small town of St. S.—last summer, he might have seen, had not showers of red pinks dazzled his warlike vision, that people, and carriages, and soldiers, and policemen had formed a hollow square in front of the doors—or rather door—from which he was supposed to emerge.

I say hollow square, as having a military sound, and therefore being suitable to the General. But, however it might be called, a square it was. The rabble of dirty men, and women, and children who seemed to have been created for that special hour,—the carriages, with their wretched horses, their drooping heads cruelly bedecked with the red oeillet,—the soldiers in close red lines,—even I myself,—we made the square, in the centre of which strutted a very small officer, and an equally small civilian. Both were faultless in toilet; both curved in their backs and brought out their chests, and gave continual orders to their respective worlds, who had no idea of moving,—which was perhaps the reason why the small gentleman moved so much. Around the carriages ran boys, their hands filled with bunches of red-paper pinks (the General's chosen flower), carelessly stuck on long sticks. The flowers soon fell; the long, dull sticks remained. Draw a moral if you will. But he comes! We strain our eyes,—I mount on the seat,—the band plays,—the ill-looking crowd surges forward. Four stout, tall, fresh-looking men emerge from the depot, each wearing a high silk hat, a floating cravat, and a light overcoat; but which is the General? They struggle into one of the hacks, midst many cries and a deluge of the paper pinks; they wave their hands, they bow to right and left, and they brush the pinks from their manly knees; and the one who lifts his hat the highest, and smiles the oftenest, and brushes with the greatest vigor,—that is Boulanger!

The owner of one of the many cafés which are advantageously placed in front of the sta-