

honor on the field of battle? Wm. S. Walker, an American like himself, was once president of the republic of Nicaragua, and if he had acted with more discretion, what might have been his possibilities? All these things passed rapidly through the mind of Jean. Visions came to him of a great and prosperous country, of which posterity would speak of him as father; an age of prosperity beside which "The golden days of Elizabeth" paled into insignificance, and a grateful people proclaiming that Jean Sans-delai caused it all.

Well, the sum and substance of it all, a few days found him in Galveston, ready to take passage with a filibustering schooner at the first favorable moment. The expected time soon came, but, cruel fate! The schooner had hardly cleared the harbor when she was overtaken by the revenue cutter and escorted back to the wharf. Well, the case was not prosecuted closely but the ship was placed under surveillance and not allowed to leave port. Jean soon became disgusted, his air castles tumbled as suddenly as those of Alnaschar, he soon ran out of money and accepted a situation as street car conductor; but his insatiate longings, his dissatisfaction with everything grew until he would not work at anything, except with the intention of quitting it at the first opportunity. For many years he shifted around from place to place, from one kind of work to another, until he had been almost over the whole world, had worked at almost all known employments, yet he was never happy, and returned to his native village almost a pauper.

Now a very old man, he worked around for the farmers in the neighborhood, but never staying long at one place, always shifting around, yet he made a good hand, everybody liked him and he made the round of the same places many times. He had made a failure in life. Our success in life is measured by the good that we accomplish; in this, as a whole, Jean had hardly risen above the beast of burden and his death ere long was hardly more noticed.

He had failed in not starting out with a fixed, definite purpose, by not adopting a single line or profession to which everything else must be subordinate. He was brilliant and