

LUCILLE.

A Tale of The Franco-German War.
[CONCLUDED]

The commandant's horse was being led up and down, he meanwhile smoking a cigaret, while he looked at a large plan which another officer was holding.

Suddenly there was a flash on a hill about fifteen hundred metres from us, a dull report, a whizzing, shrieking noise in the air, as a shell passed over our heads and burst in an orchard about one hundred metres in our rear. It is a peculiarity of a shell that, though one may hear it coming, it is impossible to know where it will fall—it may be at your feet, or five hundred metres to the rear.

"This is the beginning of the game," remarked a corporal of my company.

"Sacre bleu! they're getting the range a little better," said Lucille, her bright eyes glistening with excitement as a shell burst about thirty metres from us with a fearful explosion—without, however, doing any harm, as there was the wall between us.

The commandant had now mounted his horse, knowing that these shells were probably to cover the advance against us. He sat motionless some little time, scanning the woods opposite with his field-glasses; then, shutting them up with a snap, he put them in their case and gave the order to "Fall in."

Though we could see nothing, we took up our position behind the wall.

Lucille was about twelve paces from me, and I resolved, as soon as ever the attack commenced, to get next to her. Just then a shell came crashing into the wall not ten yards from me; all who could throw themselves flat on the ground, but two men were killed by it and about eight more or less wounded, and a large breach was made in the wall.

"Why the deuce don't our guns begin?" said Sergeant Largemont.

"All right," said another; "there they go!" as one of our shells fell right through the roof of a barn at the side of the farm, which was half-way between us and the wood.

For some quarter of an hour we remained passive while the artillery duel was being carried on over our heads. It appeared to me that we were getting the best of it; for, although our guns were of smaller calibre, and could hardly reach theirs still we succeeded in demolishing and finally setting fire to the farm. The Germans had just commenced to evacuate it, when large reinforcements issued from the woods.

"Now, mes enfants, the fun is going to begin," said the sergeant; "they don't reckon on that, though," and he pointed to a mitrailleuse behind the wall on our right, which up to that time we had not noticed. The sappers commenced to knock down part of the wall just in front of it.

Up to within five hundred metres the Germans, or rather Bavarians, had advanced in columns, but now they broke into open order, and at the same time opened fire on us. The "rip-ping" of the bullets was continuous, but luckily most of them went over our heads. Then we commenced firing.

"Steady, mes enfants!" said the old commandant, behind us, as he rode slowly up and down—"steady; fire low, and aim sure."

In spite of the wall many of our men were hit, and I turned almost faint as I thought of the danger Lucille was running. Taking advantage of the firing and confusion, I left my place and got next to her.

"I am certain I have hit three," she said.

I said nothing, but continued firing, bringing down a man almost every time. But, for all the heavy fire, the Germans continued to advance. Then we heard for the first time the welcome, mechanical growl peculiar to the mitrailleuse. An officer on a brown horse, who was leading them, was one of the first to fall. Still they came on till they were not more than a hundred metres from us. Above the roar of the battle, and even growl of the mitrailleuse, could be heard the shouts of their officers, the piteous cries of the wounded, the oaths and curses of the men.

But at last our fire was too strong. The mitrailleuse seemed to mow them down. They wavered, and finally broke.

"Ah, if we only had some cavalry!" said a franc-tireur, wiping the perspiration from his face.

Who gave the order I know not, but with a cry of exultation our men scrambled over the wall in pursuit.

"Don't give the devils time to rally, or any quarter, either," said another franc-tireur, who seemed more like a fiend than a human being—though, as the Prussians invariably shot all franco-tireurs, there was perhaps some reason for his hate.

I helped Lucille over the wall, and followed the others. Every now and again some of our men would fall, as the Germans turned, fired, and retreated again.

The horse of the commandant had been hit, and the poor maddened beast got the bit in his mouth and was tearing wildly towards me. I succeeded in stopping it, and hardly waiting for the thanks of my commanding officer, I hurried after Lucille, loading my chasspot mechanically as I went. At that instant I felt a sharp sting in my left leg just above the knee. I was aware I was hit, but

almost at the very same moment, above the noise of the firing, I heard a piercing shriek. I knew it was Lucille. In spite of the excruciating pain, I ran to her, feeling sick with apprehension.

She was on her back, writhing on the ground, in her agony tearing open her coat.

"O, my darling!" I cried, kneeling down beside her. "speak, speak, where is it?" She tried to speak, but the bloody foam on her lips showed that the bullet had passed through the lungs. With an effort she raised herself on her elbow, the crimson blood rushed in torrents from her mouth, and then, with one convulsive tremor, she fell flat on her face, dead, as white and cold as the snow around her. I could not realize it. I threw myself on the corpse; on her white breast, through her open tunic, I saw, tied by a piece of brown silk, the little silver locket I had given her.

"Lucille! Lucille!" I cried, kissing her marble forehead, "speak! speak! it is Henri, your own Henri!"

But the cold lips did not move.

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A Few Words to Girls.

Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be there are eight things it should contain, viz: a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. Those are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico, but with a ribbon, or some bit of ornament, you have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that invariably comes with being well dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged dirty dress, with hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbor comes in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand the decent apparel of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know no one will see you but yourself.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

To be beautiful we must have pure blood and a clear skin. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS purifies the blood and makes the skin bright and clear. It cures all skin and blood diseases. Witness the following: "I had scrofula on my face for some time, and could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. One bottle healed me and left no scars. It is the greatest blood purifier in existence."

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The Canadian Militia.

A London cable to a New York daily paper says that in the event of trouble in the far east the Canadian militia have an opportunity of covering themselves with glory. The War Department and the Admiralty have between them drawn up a scheme whereby a battalion of this militia will be hurried to Hong Kong from Vancouver the moment war seems imminent. They would reach China long before any force from England could get there, and it is thought their co-operation would boom the Imperial unity idea. Presumably the views of the Dominion Government had been ascertained beforehand, and some steps have been taken to find out whether the gallant militiamen would be willing to follow glory to the cannon's mouth.

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A 14-year-old boy went into his mother's presence with one eye black, his lips swollen and a rugged scratch across his cheek the blood from which he had wiped off with his shirt sleeve.

"Nicodemus!" cried the parent, as he crawled in, "have you been fighting again?"

"No," he sullenly grunted.

"Then what on earth ails your face?"

"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.

"Well, suppose she is, what's that to do with your disfigured face?"

"I saw Jim just now," answered the boy.

"an' he looked awfully sad and lonely."

"I didn't know what to do to make him happy again, an' feeling sorry for him I just went up an' let him hit me five times."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother.

"Help him?" echoed the boy in a surprised tone. "Of course it did. Don't you think it'd make me feel better to whack a fellow who had licked me every week for a year?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Yorkville Fire Station
Toronto, March 3rd, 1897.

Dear Sirs,—Having used Dr. Chase's Pills for Costiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble.

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Correct Comment.

Rastus—"Brederdin," once mor I says to yoh, "Put not your trust in kings."

Sambo—"Right yoh is, chile; aces are better."

His Usual Reward.

Uriah—"When I wuz ter town I went ter see that feller who says he kin cure the ter-baccar habit, an' he gimme this here powder, which he sez will make me smoke less.

Ruth—"It must be good, Uriah,—I've seen a heap in the papers about that smokeless powder."

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which will net you more than 3 per c. besides carrying Life Insurance with it and the non-forfeiture provisions of the Policy admit of paid-up and extended Insurance after two years and a Cash Value or a loan after 5 years.

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