LUCILLE.

It was getting on towards midnight when I saw a chasseur making in hot haste for the headquarters of our brigade. I feared that perhaps we should have to commence our march again that night, but soon after the picket came round to relieve me, and then I learned that the 39th Foot and the 20th Regiment of Artillery were to march at daybreak, so that we should be in the rear. So long as we didn't march then, I did not care; I threw myself down on the straw, getting as close to the fire as I safely could, and slept as only those who have marched eight leagues on heavy ground can sleep.

The morning of the 1st December broke clear and cold over the snow-covered landscape. The sun shone brightly, and the ground was frozen hard. The 39th were already gone, and the artillery were rumbling along over the road, when we received orders to follow them towards Guillonville and Gommiers, which we learned had been captured by the advance-guard of the Duke of Mecklenburg, chiefly composed of Von der Tann's Bavarians. The artillery had been gone some time, but as we were able to go over the field it was probable that we should arrive about the same time. As we were about to start, General Chanzy and his staff trotted by. He hardly returned our salute, as he was in deep conversation with Admiral Jaurequiberry, who rode a little in advance with him. Sergeant Largemont pointed me out General Michel, who had the chief command of the cavalry of the division; General Bourdillion, who commanded our brigade; and some others whose names I forget. I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing Chanzy, as I never had the chance again. I can see him now, with the fur collar of his coat turned up to his ears, and the worn, thoughtful look on his clear-cut features.

It was noon ere we arrived opposite the villages, but between us and them there was another village named Muzelles, consisting of a small street with a church at the end of it; and it was into these houses that our artillery had commenced to send shell after shell preparatory to our attack on it.

We halted under cover of a wood, from whence we could watch our gunners through the smoke. We had been there about twenty minutes when an aide-de-camp arrived; then we fell in, and marched well under cover of the wood to the right, where we met the 39th. We then learned that they were to lead the attack on the village, so we formed up in their rear. We issued from the wood, the commandant a little in advance, the captains in front of their companies, the subalterns at the sides.

The roar of the guns was now terrific, to which was added the continuous, even growl of the mitrailleuse, which had just been got into position.

The drums beat the pas-de-charge, and we advanced at the double. For the first time in my life I was under fire; and for myself, I was so carried away by excitement that I almost forgot the danger. There was no doubt we had got a tough affair in front of us, for the village was strongly held, every wall was loophoeld, and every window occupied. Our men began to fall rather fast. Among the very first was poor Chalot; but whether he was mortally wounded I do not know, anyway I never saw him again.

Up to this time we had followed the 39th, but when we got within three hundred metres of the village we made a detour to the right, the 39th keeping straight on. We were to attack the houses in the rear. A hollow in the ground rather favored us, and we got into the gardens at the back of the houses before we were under fire again; but then it was terribly severe.

"Allons, mes enfants!" cried Lavallette; "show the devils what you're made of; if we can't get in we will burn them out!"

Several men seized some fagots for this purpose. Suddenly I saw a ladder.

"Ram the door in with this my boys!" I cried.

Bord and several others seized it, and using it as a ram, we charged the door, which at the first shock was smashed in.

I was the first to enter; a bullet, fired from the top of the stairs, passed through my knapsack. I did not know it at the time, but I found it afterwards embedded in a leather notebook. Before the fellow had time to load again, I had hit him, and in another moment I was at the top of the little staircase. A great fairhaired giant rushed at me with his clubbed rifle; I parried the blow with my own, and then closed with him; we remained locked together each trying to hurl the other down the stairs. I felt I was gradually losing ground, when, at the very instant I thought I was falling, there was a most tremnendous crash, followed by a terrific explosion that shook the little house to its very foundations. A shell had burst in the front room, which was full of their men, who were firing on our troops in the street bellow from the windows. These came rushing out on the landing, and in the confusion my adversary and I fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs. For some moments I was stunned, but when I came to my senses I found myself lying in a pool of blood from the body of the Bavarian, who was lying quite dead beside me, having been bayoneted by some of those who had followed me in. I got up and went up stairs, where we found four Germans on the landing holding their guns reversed, a sign of surrender. Sergeant Largemont took their arms from them, and ordered some of our men to guard them. I went into the front room. In the ceiling and in one corner of the floor were immense holes caused by the shell. The walls were blackened, the door hung on one hinge, on the floor lay the body of a German. The poor fellow's head was completely blown away, the brains being spattered on the wall. A month ago these sights would have made me ill, but in war men soon become little better than brutes.

Fighting was still going fiercely in the street below. Sergeant Largemont, Bord and myself commenced firing from the window—that had been barricaded with some bedding and a board across—at those in the opposite houses, and those in their turn were firing at our men in the street, who were trying to force their way into the houses. It was not till we had hit three of them that they noticed where the shots came from.

Suddenly poor Bord fell like a bullock under the axe. I heard the "ping" of the bullet as it whizzed by my ear. I stooped down over him; even at that moment I could not help thinking of his wife and family, of whom he was always talking.

"Where are you hit?" I asked.

But no answer came. The pulse had stopped, and then I saw some blood on his neck. The ball had entered just over the right ear, leaving a small round hole hardly large enough to insert the little finger.

Apart from the houses opposite, which still held out, the village was now in our possession, and as we found it impossible to take them, our men set fire to the neighboring ones, which had the desired effect.

"Come down now," said the sergeant. I followed him, after having first helped myself to some of poor Bord's cartridges.

The German prisoners—who, by the way, were all more or less badly wounded by the shell—were grouped together at the bottom of the stairs, and were being questioned by the lieutenant, whose knowledge of the language seemed very limited, so that I fear he did not learn much.

As I passed through the garden I heard a groan from behind a shrub close to the wall, and to my horror whom should I see but Lavallette on the ground leaning against it. He had evidently been hit as he was climbing over it. I had a little cognac in a flask, and stooped down and gave him some, pouring it down his throat with difficulty, as he was quite unconscious. The spirit, however, revived him for a moment, and he looked up and recognized me. His lips moved faintly. "It's all over with me, mon ami!" he murmured, and then with a convulsive tremor fell back dead. It was as much as I could do to restrain my tears. Seeing Jacquemart, I called him, and with his help and another's we carried the body into a cartshed near, where we laid it beside a dozen others. I was turning away sick at heart when I heard a familiar voice, a voice which made me think I was dreaming—"Henri! Henri!" The next moment I felt a light tap on my shoulder. I turned round; it was Lucille in the uniform of a franc-tireur of the Loire!

"O ciel!" I exclaimed, "is it you, Lu——" her little hand was on my mouth.

"How are you? What a time 'tis since I have seen you! You remember me—Jacques Morot?"

I looked at her with mingled love and anger.

"Ma foi! what new freak is this? O Lucille, how could you be so rash, so foolish?"

"Shall I tell you?" she answered, blushing and holding down her head.

"Yes."

"I have done it because—because I love you—I did not know how much till you were gone; and then—oh, I felt so wretched!"

It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from taking her up and smothering her with kisses.

"O my darling!" I said, "Much as I love you, I wish you had never come."

Just then the bugle sounded.

"I must go," I said.

"You see," she laughed, pointing to the galons on her sleeve, "I'm a sergeant; I'll tell you all about it afterwards. My own men have not the slightest idea who I am, but most of yours might recognize me, so au revoir for the present."

The next moment she was gone. To me it all seemed like a dream.

In the adjoining field I saw our commandant on his black horse talking to General Bourdillon, surrounded by his etats-major.

As we formed up into companies it became apparant how many we had lost. Ours barely numbered seventy. We commenced to march, and when we had gone three hundred or four hundred metres, we halted and took up a position behind a low stone wall. The village of Muzelles was now on our left flank, and somewhat in the rear was Patay. The Germans were in a wood about one thousand metres off. They held, however, a large farm about six hundred metres from us, which we thought we were going to attack. The village of Terminiers was on our right flank.

"Are we going to wait for them?" I heard a lieutenant of another company ask a captain.

"Yes; we shall wait for them here, if there are any of us left to wait," was the answer, and a very comforting one too, I thought.

Lucille and about a dozen franc-tireurs had kept upon our left. Any of our men who had anything to eat took the present opportunity. I had a little biscuit, so I kept that for Lucille, thinking she might not have any. Our company was luckily on the left of the battalion, so I was soon able to get to her. She was laughing with some of her comrades. When I came up she introduced me without the slightest hesitation as an old schoolfellow whom she had not seen for years. To me it seemed quite astounding that any one could not tell that that handsome, bright-eyed young fellow was a girl. "Jacques Morot" was evidently a great favorite, but at last he found an opportunity of talking apart with me.

"I have brought you some biscuit, ma cherie," I said; "it is not much, but it is all I've got."

"O my dear Henri," she laughed, "I've got something better than that—look here," and she took from her haversack part of a tongue, and a German sausage frozen as hard as a brick. "We took these from some German prisoners yesterday. Now," she continued, placing her little gun against the wall—"now we can eat in peace, and I will tell you how I came here."

"Don't talk so loud, dearest," I said.

"You're right," she answered, sotto voce, "Well, you know, when you left I felt so wretched, and I felt so sure that you would be killed, that I did not know what to do with myself. At last I determined to go as a fran-tireur; so the week after you left I went and bought a carbine, an English one— a very good one, too, as I found out yesterday; I cut off my hair, and put on this uniform, which suits me very well, doens't it?"

"Anything would," I answered, taking her hand.

"Well," she continued, cutting up the tongue and eating the biscuit with evident relish, "I put on a large cloak with a hood, and went one night to Blois by rail, where I enlisted. They wanted to know my name; but I told them that was my affair—I had come to fight for France. They think now, because I speak Spanish so fluently, that the name finally gave, Jacques Morot, is a nom de guerre, and that I am a Spanish nobleman. They wished to make me a lieutenant; but a commission was not to my taste—though they call me 'le petit comte.'"

"Ma foi," I roared, "that is very good;" and we both laughed so loud that everybody laughed at us.

I took up her little gun, which was a beautiful weapon of English make.

"Does it kick much?" I asked.

"Not much; I put some wadding in my dress—I mean," she laughed, "in my coat."

"Ah, Jacques Morot, you are as clever as you are beautiful!"

All this time the fighting continued as fiercely as ever on our extreme left, but we privates knew nothing of what was going on; some said that our centre was broken, and that the flank of our division had been driven in; but this was mere conjecture. As for me, I thought of nothing but the beautiful girl beside me, contentedly munching a hard biscuit.

The commandant's horse was being led up and down, he meanwhile smoking a cigarette, 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 threw themselves flat on the ground, but two men were killed by it and about eight more or less wounded, and a large breach 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 a 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 this 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 wood.

"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. Our 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 come 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 beingg—though, as the Prussians invariably shot all franc-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 chassepot mechanically as I went. At that instant I felt a sharp sting in my 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.

—Andrew W. Arnold.

The end.

TUBERCULOSIS.

What the Noted Expert, Dr. Salmon Has to Say About It.

1. Tuberculosis is a germ disease.

2. The germ attacks a great number of animals; e.g., men, cattle, fowls, swine, sheep, cats, dogs, horses, rats, mice, domestic vermin. Even bedbugs have been known to communicate the disease. Each infected animal throws o fgerms capable o fnfecting the others.

3. The germ attacks only diseased or abraded tissue.

4. There are cells within the body whose duty is to fight disease germs.

5. The germ may enter either by inhalation, inoculation or ingestion.

6. Tuberculosis is more prevalent in old than in young cattle.

7. Tuberculosis is not hereditary.

8. The germ can be killed; a, by a temperature of 158 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty minutes; b, by direct sunlight; c, by diffused sunlight.

9. Its virulence depends on the numbers present.

10. In-breeding, poor health, poor ventilation. poor food, lack of sunlight, ar eimportant predisposing causes.

11. There is no more, if as much tuberculosis at the present time than in the past.

12. Tuberculin, in competent hands, is a trustworthy and safe diagnostic agent.

13. Tuberculosis is not a respecter of breeds.

14. That communities have been furnished almost entirely with milk from tuberculous herds, without any appreciable increase in tuberculosis. Others have been furnished milk from healthy herds with no appreciable decrease in tuberculosis.

15. That where fat calves have been inspected, even where a large proportion of their dams and nurses are tuberculous, only in from two to five in 100,000 has the disease been detected.

One conclusion drawn by Dr. Salmon is to the effect that tuberculosis is not hereditary, and he thinks the disease could be bred out of a herd by separating the infected animals and raising the healthy calves according to the Danish method recently described in this paper.

FRUITS AS FOOD.

The Effect Various Fruits Have Upon the Health of Body and Mind.

Dr. Sophie Lepper, the English food specialist, says in speaking of the peculiarities of various foods that—

Blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food; no heat or waste.

Walnuts give nerve or brain food, muscle, heat and waste.

Pine kernels give heat and stay. They serve as a substitute for bread.

Green water-grapes are blood purifying, but of little food value; reject piops and skins.

Blue grapes are feeding and blood purifying; too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

Tomatoes—Higher nerve or brain food and waste; no heat. They are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow skins.

Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food; supply heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

Juicy fruits give more or less the higher nerve or brain, and, some few, muscle food and waste; no heat.

Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

Green figs are excellent food.

Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste; but are bad for the liver.

The great majority of small fresh seed fruits are laxative.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously.

Lemons and tomatoes should not be used daily in cold weather; they have a thinning and cooling effect.

Raisins are stimulating in proportion to their quality.

A peculiar effect of barometric change is seen in the "breathing ground" of limestone districts. If a well in this kind of soil is covered over so that only a small hole is left at the top, and a lighted candle is held near this hole, quite a strong current of air can sometimes be noticed. The "breathings" are irregular and accompany barometric changes, for changes, for the reason that when the pressure on either side of the opening is heavier than that on the other side, a flow sets in from the heavier to the lighter.

HORSESHOES OF PAPER.

It is said that the horses of German cavalry regiments are to be entirely shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved very satisfactory.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

A Few Short Paragraphs Which May Interest You.

There are 27,445 miles of railway in Germany.

In Germany the census is taken every five years.

Scarlet flowers stand drought better than any other.

The Australian dog and the Egyptian shepherd dog never bark.

The came' has the most complicated system of digestive organs.

A house without a woman is like a body without a soul.—Montenegran proverb.

Harmonies in dress are more effective at all times, and in better taste than contrasts.

Bishop Taylor considered three hours and Richard Baxter four hours sleep enough for any man.

The first number of a new paper entitled the German Industrial Advertiser, in the Japanese language, has appeared.

The Chinese condemn criminals to death by preventing sleep. Sufferers last from twelve to twenty days, when death comes to their relief.

The increase in the population of France from 1890 to 1895 was but 124,000, or only an annual average of .07 per cent of its population.

Haller has noted 1,000 cases of centenarians, 62 of from 110 to 120 years; 29 of from 120 to 130, and 15 who had attained from 130 to 140 years.

The oldest paper in France was commenced by Theophrastus Renandot in 1632, during the reign of Louis XIII. It was called the Gazette de France.

The results of the census of 1895 in Germany give a population of 52,244,503, an increase since 1890 of 2,816,027, or 1.14 per cent increase per year.

No man who is intoxicated, or whose breath is even tainted with strong drink is allowed to take his post on a train on the Grand Trunk Railway.

The exports of Germany to the United States during the quarter ending March, 1896, show a decided increase over the exports during the like period of 1895.

The average cost of men-of-war in Nelson's time was only $330,000 for a large 100-gun ship. The Magnificent, one of the latest and finest in the British navy, cost $4,500,000.

All Fools' Day is 200 years old. Brady's Clavis Calendaria, published in 1812, mentions that more than a century previous the almanac designated the first of April as "All Fools' Day."

The word "dun" is said to owe its origin to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff about 1500. He is said to have been so shrewd and dexterous in the collection of dues that his name became proverbial.

Great Britain's new cruiser Talbot, which is to replace the Magicienne on the North American station, will greatly strengthen the fleet, as she is twice the size of the vessel she replaces and has a much more powerful armament.

The word "bumper" has a peculiar origin. When the Roman Catholic church was in the ascendency in England, the health of the pope was usually drunk in a full glass immediately after dinner—an bon pere, to the good father. Hence the word "bumper."

CAPTIVE WILD ANIMALS.

What Some of the More Costly Are Worth —Animals Born in Captivity.

The most costly of wild animals held in captivity is the elephant. A fine African elephant costs from $6,000 to $7,000. A fine Indian elephant would cost about $5,000.

Giraffes cost about the same as the best elephant, about $6,000 or $7,000, but that quotation is really only nominal; it would be difficult to get a giraffe at any price. This is due partly to their increasing scarcity and partly to the difficulty of obtaining them, due to the internal wars of the natives in the giraffe country. Giraffes very rarely breed in captivity.

A fine hippopotamus would probably cost about $3,000.

A good African lion, with a full and perfect mane would cost from $1,000 to $1,500; a fine lioness $800 or $900.

Good Bengal tigers cost about the same.

Camels usually cost from $400 to $500 apiece.

Many wild animals breed in captivity, and the supply of wild animals is now made up to some extent from that source. It is customary to sell or exchange the surplus animals so born.

Wild animals in captivity may finally cease to breed. Wild animals born in captivity are not so likely to be as fine specimens as those born in a wild state, and in succeeding generations they degenerate and become weaker and more susceptible to disease. This stock is improved by adding to it, from time to time, wild animals from their native homes.

A RAILROAD MISSION CAR.

Siberia is sparsely settled, so that the number of established churches is very small, and the car offers a very good solution of the problem of religious instruction and worship. It is transferred from station to station and services according to the Greek ritual are held in it. The interior is very handsome, being decorated with all the rich barbarity and splendor of Russian art. The walls are covered with painted images and are provided with a tabernacle, large candlesticks, etc. Access to the interior of this rolling church is gained in the usual manner. At one end of the car is a chime of bells and the top is surrounded by Greek crosses. They contain an organ, an altar, a font, and seats for quite a congregation.

A BEE'S WEIGHT.

Careful weighing shows that an ordinary bee, not loaded, weighs the five-thousandth part of a pound, so that it takes 5,000 bees to make a pound. But the loaded bee, when he comes in fresh from the fields and flowers, loaded with honey or bee-bread, weighs nearly three times more.