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THE FRENCH SENTRY.

The enemy had retreated at last, before the French masters of the position. The sergeant took your away, after placing a sentry, Claude Lantgne, as sentry, on an embrasure, under shelter of a cottage, which had been half down by fire projectiles.

Night was coming on, and in the drooping gloom the young soldier felt half fearfully at the wintry landscape. Each object was a huge, weird shadow, which his simple peasant fancy transformed into a fantastic opening, and he trembling recalled the ghost legends heard in childhood, the women crossing themselves, the men clock-ticking and drawing nearer the glowing hearth, while the wind howled mournfully. Above him the sky grew more and more opaque, yet a star peeping in blackness, and the bleak north wind pressed the branches close of the branches, as they softly rustled against each other.

The sentry clasped his musket firmly and stood motionless, paralyzed with vague terror and absorbed much with one idea. His thoughts were so busy with the memory of his home and of days whereon, after all his hunting and hard ship, to be long away, that he half forgot his duty of keeping watch.

Suddenly a creaking sound close to his footsteps near him. Startled from his reverie, Claude shook himself, cocked his gun and looked about him anxiously with eye and ear and every member on the alert, remembering that his comrades were asleep and that they trusted to him to awaken them in case of danger. The noise continued, with a sound like scrambling like a death rattle; then faint, hoarse cry of agony arose from the ruined walls of the house. Claude peering in at the doorway, struck a match and saw lying in a corner on a heap of rubbish and held down by the fragments of the shattered roof the dark outline of a human form.

A bit of candle and charcoal to be lying near and Claude lighted this and crept softly toward the corner; in the dim light he discovered a soldier, one of the enemy, who had evidently been struck down by the falling joists, for a beam lay across his chest. The young Frenchman uttered an exclamation of pleasure over him, and drew him half (breathlessly) the other man based at him with haggard eyes. Claude was silenced and drew back; it was indeed an enemy, but a wounded one, and the sentry lowered his musket, which in struck the frozen ground with a sharp, clacking sound.

"Let him die," he muttered, but a shocking voice exclaimed imploringly:

"Drink!"

"You want a drink! Very likely," retorted the young trooper, laying his hand on the cutlass, which, before leaving his place as sentry, he had filled with warm coffee, gratefully scented with brandy. "Very proper for me to warm an enemy's stomach at the expense of a Frenchman's!"

He laughed sneeringly, and as if in defiance of the wounded man's entreaty opened the cutlass and put to his lips. But the first drop seemed to choke him; after all, the wounded German was a fellow man! Claude leaned his gun against the wall, stooped over the sufferer, lifted off the heavy beam and knelt down, held the cutlass over the gaping mouth. The man raised his hands eagerly to grasp the treasure.

"None of that," cried Claude; "give me your paws, or not a drop shall you have. The creature thinks I would be willing to drink after his heavy lips!"

The wounded man understood, for he had lived in France before the war, and made a movement as if to turn away from the loss of dignity which accompanied Claude's words, but his Frenchmen made him change his mind. I opened his mouth and the other poured into it a stream of warm coffee from the cutlass, then, standing upright of a bumper as his own share and pocked out of the cabin to sudden joy at the thought of being deserted by his pack.

"That was a hard tug," said Claude between his teeth.

* * * * * * *

At the end of half an hour, partly the purpose of learning how the wounded man was getting on and partly to shield himself from the cutting wind which lashed his face, the young sentry again entered the cottage.

The poor German, still tormented with fever, stretched out his hand for the cup, and filled with joy, Claude lavished his future expectations, he quickly detected the great true his lips and handed it to the sufferer. As he went out again four armed men stood before him, and before he had time to give the alarm he was plucked and a prisoner. Much of Claude's fancies resulted about humiliation by the deep snow, now apparently, and a body of men came to a halt. Their captain, a fantastic, called the prisoner into the room and addressed him in French, but Claude knew no reply.

"Answer me, sneak," said the officer after a pause, "or your life will be cleared by a hundred bullets from your body. Who is the coward, the traitor, stationed? The young soldier was mute.

"Speak, man, speak, the alternative is death," for an unknown voice accompanied "Stupid!" Do anyone the reports turned and saw the man lying in the corner, recognized him as one of his own men who had been left for dead, and turned here compassionate the prisoner for help to him.

"Very well, I will spare his life," said the officer, "but we must take him with us. Bind and fetchers, bind the prisoner! Let the traitor's cowardice be a lesson to you, and if ever you stand sentry in the rear, remember that the French."

Claude Lantgne was in despair. He was deserted his post, and failed to give the alarm, and consequently the scoundrels were about to be surprised and massacred. What could he do? What could he do to save them?

He pondered along quickly, replied for a minute at permitting that the capture were taking the wrong direction, but the captain's own discovered history and escaped the snare. The time thus wore on the night wind the little band of Frenchmen would be easily captured—all was lost!

Suddenly, the prisoner trembled and fell, and as his guardians stopped to lift him up again his fingers clutched the trigger guard of Mother's musket. The man stumbled at the moment that Claude hung on, and in spite of his hands bound pressed upon the trigger. The ball fell on the trigger. The mass passed like with a hypnotic and Claude, mentally wounded, for the last relief, mechanically made another attempt and the ball went off. A bullet just wheeled through the darkness, and with all his remaining strength he shouted:

"To arms!"

Then, pierced through the body, he reeled and stiffened, falling the snow.

But the report and thirty men heard. The French, aroused, attacked the enemy; their main guard came up, and after a short engagement the Germans, feeling themselves surrounded, laid down their arms.

* * * * * * *

Claude Lantgne was lying in an ambulance when the guardians of the peace came up, bringing him the statement of the brave, the cross of the Legion of Honor. The young man, however, made a well gesture as he endeavored.

"No, no, you do not know how it was!"

"I know you are a brave man," replied the general.

"Ah, my God!" sighed Claude, "must I preserve my own dishonor? Sir, I did. I deserved most mortal honors of the cross." And humbly, in a voice broken by sobs, he confessed his momentary desertion from his post, adding in conclusion:

"The whole conquest might have been destroyed through my fault, yet I could not help giving that miserable German."

"His comrades made but a poor return for your compassion," said the officer.

"They warned me. I knew what to expect," Claude answered sadly, "and I am happy, for I die for France. Think in one time I shall be."

"Give me your hand, my brave fellow," cried the general. "You have more than obtained. I am proud to commend such a man as you!" and stooping he laid the medal on Claude's breast and gave him the accolade. The soldier's face was illuminated as he grasped the medal in his hot hands, and gasping for breath he murmured:

"This is for my mother. Will you send it to her?"

And on rendering the general's promise the conscript smiled and died.—From the French of Georges de Lys.

If She Only Knew.

The wife of a cabinet minister went out of town for a day or two, one week before she was to hold a big official reception. When she came back she found a letter in which were a young lady and apparently her aunt, for invitation being much mooted by the young lady, who, I am sorry to say, did not scruple to utter audible expressions of annoyance at the invasion of her privacy, and altogether tried to make things as awkward and uncomfortable as possible for the cabinet minister's unhappy wife.

The latter, however, settled down behind her own paper till she was roused by the sound of her own name. "Are you going to Mrs.——'s reception?" the young lady was asking her aunt. Yes, the aunt was going. Whereupon the latter invited her aunt to accompany her to her dress to go, too, and for the rest of the journey talked over every possibility of getting an invitation from the cabinet minister's wife, who was all the time sitting opposite to her.—London Spectator.

Heavy Ancient Saddles.

In Montfaucon's engraving of the pillar of Theodosius, the covering upon which the rider sits seems to have a pommel in front of it, and the extremity of a saddle tree in the rear. That the saddle was in use in 385 is determined by an edict of that date issued by the Emperor Theodosius, forbidding riders of post horses to use saddles of more than sixty pounds in weight. The saddles of that day seem to have been fortress affairs compared with the light, yet strong and compact saddles now in use.—Detroit Free Press.

The newest fad among rich people is to have a homeless hotel. Filled with all the appurtenances of a luxurious modern home, and then cruise in this boat up and down the shores of river and sea. It is the only way in which one can be exclusive any more.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash and shuffler. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Dispatch, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I took August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dare not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 84 Jones St., Allegheny City, Pa. Second, South D. King.

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