

ENGAGED!

The lips are still in the driving mist, Striving to keep his shadow in sight.

He, hurrying off to catch the train, Hopes that his people will like the match.

LOST HIS BEARD.

"Rezonville! Gravelotte! Montrotout! What a long time ago it all seems—half a lifetime, monsieur!"

"You want an anecdote of our troop, monsieur? Well, you shall have one. You may take it that we were picked men.

"A good creature, that Marie. We were devoted to her to a man, but she reserved her smiles for Leon, and, if I must say what I think, the inmost recesses of her heart for monsieur le docteur.

"Poor Marie! M. Vendome thought nothing of her.

"Cambert hated Leon and would often say while stroking his thick, black beard: 'This young cockerel crows too loud, monsieur. We must cut his comb for him.'

"There are plenty of Prussian combs for cutting, Corporal Cambert," our sergeant would reply. "Let us carve them, my friend, before we practice on each other. Who knows?"

"Ah, well, the campaign was in its infancy then, and France, like a bride who decks herself for her nuptials, had gone out to espouse the god of war, little dreaming what the children of her marriage bed would be.

"The doctor, with a gasping sob, turned to us as we drew toward the door of the hut. 'I loved the youth,' he said. 'I find that I have loved our sister. It is well that you should go—she wishes it—but courage, my brothers, the time has not yet come to say of our brave comrade in arms—may the soul of the faithful departed rest in peace.'

"Well, monsieur, my arm was taken off and I did well enough. They extracted that bullet from young Leon's body, and the doctor kept it. A bit of German lead, of course, but made precious by a countrywoman's blood. They moved us to the house of a wealthy patriot, and she lay in the temporary ward among the men, but separated by a screen. My bed was next to it.

"Cambert came to visit us, clean shaven, and not half so fierce and grim without his mustache. When he left, he was weeping like a child.

"One day I heard Marie Emmanuel talking to the patient behind the screen, and then I heard the voice of Leontine St. Paul.

"How shall I face my comrades," she said; "how meet them, now I no longer dare to wear the dress in which they knew me?"

"And the vivandiere answered: 'Meet them, dear friend, as the wife of our brave surgeon. He loves you—I have said it. Surely such women as you were meant to be the mothers of our future heroes.'

"Oh, he married," said the old soldier. "He has sons and daughters. Perhaps he married Marie Emmanuel. I have seen his daughter. She is very like Marie."—Cora Langlois in New York Journal.

Must Have Been a Loose Screw. For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full, it was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate. With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realized that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness he could have almost wept with joy.

"How did it ever happen, darling, that such a bright, shining angel as yourself fell in love with a dull, stupid fellow like me?"

"Goodness knows," she murmured absently. "I must have a screw loose somewhere."—Pearson's Weekly.

OH FOR SOMETHING TO READ!

And it's oh for a Bible or saving tract, A history, novel or two.

This slave is my only friend. Like friendship, too, it is brittle and thin; Once broken, hard to mend.

THE RAINBOW'S LUCK

BY C. D. LEWIS.

During the palmy days of the whaling fleet no craft sailing out of any port was referred to as often as the bark Rainbow.

The ship Wanderer went whaling from the port of Bristol, commanded by Captain Joseph Watkins. She was out 18 months and never took a whale.

On the second day after leaving port the bark came across a dead whale floating about which yielded 80 barrels of oil. On the fifth day, just as the decks had been cleared up, she came upon the scene of a fight between five whales and seven or eight of that species of fish known as the killer, which is the mortal enemy of the leviathan and the only known one he has in any sea.

The lucky voyage of the Rainbow created much talk, and when Captain Watkins was ready to set sail again he had to turn sailors away by the hundred. This time the crew was shipped on shares, and no man had reason to regret it.

When the Rainbow had completed her third voyage, Captain Watkins determined to remain ashore. There were so many men who wanted to buy the lucky ship that she was put up at auction.

Three months after she arrived home on her third cruise the Rainbow went to sea again. Up to this time I had never seen the bark, but had heard all about her a dozen times over from men aboard of our whaling ship, the Nancy Lee of Marblehead.

Just as she was ready to leave us, however, two large whales spouted water within a half mile of the ships. They were a quarter of a mile apart, and while we lowered for one the bark took the other. We had but little trouble in killing our prey, which was a female and good for 70 barrels of oil.

Every Boat Was Taken. Barnes Turner—Every seat was taken at our last performance.

Roscoe de Hamme—I heard about it. I was told that the audience carried off the benches as the only way of getting any return for their money.—Indianapolis Journal.

it with a blow of his flukes. Two men were killed by this blow.

Two weeks later, just as we had scrubbed our decks, and while we were under easy sail to the south of St. Helena, we lowered for a school of whales and got two. There were 12 in the school, and 10 went off to the southwest. We were making our captures fast to the ship when the Rainbow came down on us from the south.

As I was third mate of the Nancy Lee, I had an opportunity to hear of the feeling which prevailed aboard the bark. Her crew were on the verge of mutiny, and Captain Travers had become alarmed for his own safety.

There were those aboard of the Rainbow who said it was the same whale which had killed two men and smashed a boat to the north of St. Helena. Be that as it may, he had a harpoon sticking in him and was badly tangled up in a whale line.

The men demanded that the Rainbow be headed for Bristol, and two hours later she laid her course for that port and left us. Never did a more disgruntled crew reach port.

We came about, and two days later sighted the Rainbow again. Neither craft had sighted a spout, but at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as they lay within a quarter of a mile of each other, a whale broke water within a cable's length of the bark.

We in the Nancy Lee had meanwhile transhipped 1,400 barrels of oil and worked our way down to Cape Horn and 300 miles south of it. We were cruising east and west, taking a whale occasionally, when the Rainbow came down on us for the third time.

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