

THE AMERICAN MEATMARK
A round of oars in the water,
A ripple of laughter sweet,
And the sound of voices, whose voices are cheering
To us their very best.
"Oh, brother, why so tardy?
The wind is blowing low,
And the tide of Emanuah is low,
At least a mile below."

But the boatman's face is grave,
There's an ugly cloud in the west,
"We're bound to have a hard time crossing
And continue their song and rest.
But the little dark clouds widen,
And the wind's a mile away,
While the wind's o'er the silent lake
In silence fades again."

"Oh, brother! I see the storm—
Turn back, turn back, pray!"
But the boatman's face is grave,
There's a touch of angry gray.
"There's a touch of angry gray,
The wind's a mile away,
And the angry waves dash on.
Out to the very shore."

One life saved—how pitiful!
For the shore is far away,
And the boatman's face is grave,
And darkness follows day.

Boat, oh, no darkness covers—
Another boatman's home—
The boatman has gone—
His boat will bring the tempest,
With me no stormy sea,
And the boatman's face is grave,
With him no tempest.

WILLIAMSBURG, Ohio.

Twixt Life and Death — UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER I. THE GATHERING STORM.

It was a sunny Sabbath afternoon of October, 1870, when the Chevalier de Gerville and his only daughter Blanche, a beautiful young girl between seven and ten years of age, attended service in the Chapel of Our Lady, in the little village of Etreux, situated some twelve English miles from the resort town of Horne in Normandy.

There was a scanty congregation, consisting for the most part of peasant women, who, during the religious ceremony, whispered much among themselves and otherwise paid little attention to the services. The organ of Father Andre, the curé, The services over, all seemed greatly relieved and passed away into the open air to find the churchyard thronged with eager groups of villagers who were eagerly discussing and just communicated by telegraph from the next town.

The Chevalier and his daughter were almost the last to leave. As they lingered in the porch they were joined by Father Andre, who saluted them with friendly regards.

Such was now, one day earlier and the little girl offered a striking contrast, for the former—a tall, well-built, military man of forty-five, with erect, military carriage and a face still preserving much of the freshness of youth; while the latter, a slender, pale girl, who was in the church with a heart that dropped beneath his shoulder and hair frayed over with silver rine.

"Bad news, Chevalier!" cried Father Andre, nodding nervously at the group in the churchyard. "You have heard of the war?"

"Yes, Father," was the reply. "The Germans are rapidly advancing and we seem to be on the horns of a dire straits."

He spoke so grievedly that the Chevalier and his daughter were moved to a silent sympathy.

"It is different—it is widely different," said the Chevalier.

"Sewed decoration and misery far and wide," interjected the Chevalier.

"He is a great soldier, a courageous soldier."

"A great soldier, braved, but a little man, Father. We are reaping now what he sowed before we were born."

Father Andre, perceiving suddenly, that the Chevalier was in danger, his countenance changed, he forced a smile and a sigh.

"Ah but I know—every one knows—you are a man of peace. From the first you have said we were in the wrong. Well, it may be possible, but our folly, it were we, that explained the war."

"Yes, Father. Now it is a foolish affair. The country is in danger, Chevalier. All true men are seeking to the standard of our beloved France. I swear to you, if I were a few years younger, and did not want to leave this world, I would fight for the French army."

"Once more the Chevalier glared testily at his daughter, and his countenance grew troubled with some inner pain."

"Will you die with me to-night, Father Andre?" he asked. "I have something very particular to tell you."

"I am not frightened," answered Blanche, with a gentle smile. "Only I was thinking how terrible it was. Why can not we love one another, and remain at peace?"

Guiding the churchyard, the Chevalier and his daughter took a path which led by a circuitous route to the summit of the hill.

On the very summit of the cliff, to the right of Etreux, looking seaward, stands the tiny chapel of Notre Dame de la Gare (Our Lady of Safety), the door of which is open day and night, and the altar of which is hung with a sort of rude votive offering made by the fishermen and those who have fished in the harbor, and presently entering the little chapel, stood for a few moments in meditation.

Over the star hung a redo-picture representing the Virgin Mary, the head of which was covered with a cloth, and the eyes were closed, and the hands were clasped in prayer.

"Good night, mother," said the Chevalier and his daughter took a path which led by a circuitous route to the summit of the hill.

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Over the star hung a redo-picture representing the Virgin Mary, the head of which was covered with a cloth, and the eyes were closed, and the hands were clasped in prayer.

"Good night, mother," said the Chevalier and his daughter took a path which led by a circuitous route to the summit of the hill.

The old woman looked at him from head to foot, then at the fair girl at his side.

"My son is not a soldier," she answered, "I am not frightened."

"Well, it is the same thing. There are perils on the land as well as on the ocean, and just now were perils. Where is your son at present?"

"At the front," was the reply, "the old woman only knew that he lived still."

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