

THE DRUMMER'S CHOICE.

BY GEORGE MEYER. The drummer's first choice was a freckled-face widow. A pigeon-toed victim of vines. He chose her to spite a competing gay ditto. Who thought she could make him right in. In course of a year Mrs. Drummer expired. And said indeed was his distress: But even of good things a man will get tired. And so he was wont to digress. He longed for a second wife through the whole summer. Through thunder-storms, drizzles, and rain. And now that 'twas winter, the poor widowed Drummer. Had longings that were just the same. This time his wife must have a very pretty dimple. Adorning each cheek with a smile. On whose lovely face there grew never a pimple. Denoting her stomach's bad bile.

these fields, all of which were so vividly described by Armand as making up the delicious landscape lying between Yvetot and Bosc-Mesnil. Above all had the frivolous Parisian been touched by his comrade's description of a certain pond near the spacious farm buildings, which the moon silvered like a huge shield of Achilles the night he parted with the fair maiden, Bosc-Mesnil, and beneath that glorious firmament the lovers had stood, with wide borders of flowers between them and the water, and exchanged vows that only death could possibly release them from.

trained eye of a soldier to see that he was mortally wounded, but his mind was perfectly clear, and he welcomed his comrade with a smile, saying, as with a great effort he held out his hand to him: "Ah, Andre, I'm glad you have come. I have something to say to you before it's all over. Those villainous Celestians, they thought my heart wasn't heavy enough, so they've laid an ounce or so of cold lead very near it." Boulanger, who had thrown himself upon his knees and was holding his comrade's chilly hand clasped between both of his, turned his face away to hide the tears which, in spite of his efforts to remain calm, were trickling down his cheeks.

The girl of his choice, whether studded or lengthy. Must never for once have been mad. Her earthly design must be shapely and strength. She must not be given to gad. The maiden must know how to darn his old stocking. And tucking sow onto his shirt, he must not be prone to break chairs with their rocking. And must not be given to flirt. She must be so good that, when he from the club-room. Came dizzily home in the night. She'd not break his head with the poker or scrub his face with the towel. But think her dear hubby all right. She must be well able to cook a good dinner. And brew him a cup of good tea. She must not be like other women, a sinner. But all that an angel should be. The drummer became but a shadowy mortal. His widowed brain all on a whirl. So anxious was he to reach married life's portal. But could not find just the right girl. His ideal angel grew into a fancy. Which fancy grew into a dog's jaw. He feared inexperienced girls were too chancy. So married his mother-in-law.

Not to the hot-headed and reckless Boulanger. Nothing seemed to afford him any pleasure. In one of those engagements the cry went up that Lieutenant Boulanger had been captured. This meant death by horrible torture. At sight of his comrade in the hands of the enemy, and dragged senseless and bleeding over rocks and across arroyos, even thought of death. In one of those powerful enough to restrain Guillot from making a desperate attempt to save his friend.

"Never mind, Andre," whispered Guillot. "It has happened just as I wanted it. If my own goods. I had nothing to live for. "What! has Madeleine proved false to you?" gasped Boulanger. "Oh, the vile creature!" "No, no, Andre," replied Guillot; "don't let me say that. Don't breathe a word against Madeleine. I can not believe that she was false to me. They have deceived her. Dumontier, I am sure, has done it all. Read—read what they write to me." And the young officer drew the fatal letter from his breast and handed it to his comrade. For an instant, as his gaze fell upon the crimson stains which in one place seemed to have

MADELEINE. A Love Record.

BY GEORGES OHNET. (The English Adaptation by Philippe Prevost.)

CHAPTER II. Andre Boulanger had graduated from the military academy in the same class with Guillot and had been assigned to the same regiment, and no hand grasped Armand's with more cordiality than did his upon the return of his classmate from the old town of Yvetot.

Calling upon those of his men who were willing to make up a forlorn hope to follow him, Guillot dashed off in pursuit of his friend. He quickly resolved that, if it ever came to the test, he would lay his life down to keep a shadow from resting on the fair fields of Bosc-Mesnil. A whole year had now elapsed since Guillot had sniffed the fragrance of the flowering shrubs and blossoming fruit trees of Bosc-Mesnil. Madeleine had reached him with pleasing regularity. But now the intervals between them became noticeably lengthened and the warmth of their tone, too, was perceptibly lowered. Guillot was distressed, and it required all of Boulanger's helpfulness to keep him from breaking down completely.

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As every other of his frame was attuned to bravery, the news that his regiment had been ordered to Tonquin was extremely pleasing to him, and almost the first word he uttered, after entreating Guillot in a vigorous embrace, was: "Ah, but Armand, my boy, isn't this superb? To think that in less than sixty days we are to smell gunpowder on a real battlefield. Ha, ha, ha, it's almost too good to be true. But hearken, comrade, do you know what I'm going to do? Every Celestial I kill I'm going to cut off his head and take it home with me as a trophy. Look you, I'll want ten francs to a wisp of straw that you've fallen in love with some country beauty." "There can be no wager on a certainty," replied Guillot quietly. "You've struck it, Andre. I have fallen in love; my more, I'm engaged to be married to one of the sweetest women that ever drew breath—an angel, a perfect angel."

One morning the bugle call and long roll of the drums announced that the enemy was about to attack. In deep silence the long lines of French troops took up their position, while from the hills of Lang-Song the hoarse-toned trumpet of the Chinese belated forth, discordantly, and puffs of blue smoke floated lazily away in the clear morning air. Now and then a battery belched forth its shot and shell and they went whistling over the heads of the French with weird musical ring.

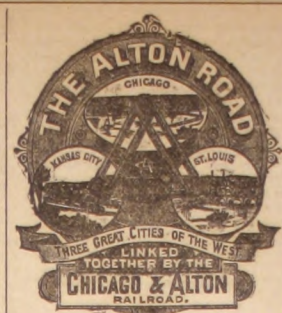
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Why, Mon Dieu, Guillot, what's the matter?" inquired Andre. "You look so changed, you're not the same jolly fellow you used to be. Look you, I'll want ten francs to a wisp of straw that you've fallen in love with some country beauty." "There can be no wager on a certainty," replied Guillot quietly. "You've struck it, Andre. I have fallen in love; my more, I'm engaged to be married to one of the sweetest women that ever drew breath—an angel, a perfect angel."

"You mean the letter?" answered Guillot, with a vacant stare in his eyes. "Oh, 've not opened it yet; I have it here. It's not from Madeleine. I don't know the handwriting." Boulanger's heart rose into his throat, but he managed to pull himself together. "Come, come, Armand," he cried out in as cheery a tone as possible. "Courage, comrade. Why, it may bring you the very best of news. Open it and read it, for things are going to be pretty lively in a half hour or so." Guillot drew the letter forth, and with trembling hands broke the seal. A piteous expression of suffering came over his face as he read the letter. His lips moved, but the storm of battle had already burst upon the French lines and no one heard what he said. Before Boulanger could get a word from him the bugle sounded an advance, and the comrades were separated. As Boulanger took up his position he caught one more glance of Guillot's face. It had changed its expression completely. A demoniac look was upon it. The lips quivered, and the eyes were fixed upon the enemy's advancing lines. All the world seemed dead to the young officer, and he faced the furious fire of the Celestians as if it depended upon him alone to stem that wild onset.

Dissemination of Turley. The powers of Europe have parceled out Africa among themselves, leaving little that is of any value even to the natives. Africa's permission was not asked for this dissemination. A like fate befell Turkey on Thanksgiving Day. It was cut to pieces, carved in the most approved way, and devoured by appetites as ravenous as that of a cannibal at the prospect of a roast missionary. Benjamin Franklin was wise when he recommended the turkey as our national bird, in place of the rooster eagle which was chosen. Yet in the selection of an ornithological emblem little wisdom was exercised. But, as a statesman once remarked to his son, "You have no idea with how little wisdom this world is governed." The turkey knows but little, and his chief characteristic is voracity; he struts inordinately and gobbles furiously when annoyed, and in these respects he resembles many of the larger number, we think, than the robber eagle which is dreaded by all other birds.—Eclairage.

Chicago & Alton Time Table. MAIN LINE. TRAINS NORTH. No. 1, Mail... 8:55 P M. No. 5, Atlantic Express... 10:25 A M. No. 7, Kansas City Express... 4:47 A M. No. 9, Dwight-Streator Accommodation... 7:10 A M. No. 11, Local freight... 11:30 P M. No. 13, Freight... 9:50 P M. TRAINS SOUTH. No. 2, Mail... 11:50 A M. No. 4, Lightning Express... 11:50 P M. No. 6, Pacific Express... 2:33 P M. No. 8, Dwight-Streator Accommodation... 7:46 P M. No. 10, Freight... 3:15 A M. No. 12, Local Freight... 11:10 A M. Train No. 8 is divided at Bloomington, part goes to St. Louis and part to Kansas City. Passengers holding tickets will be allowed to ride on the following freight trains only: No. 31 and No. 33, and No. 15 and 35, between Dwight and Bloomington. Trains 5, 7, and 8 daily; all other trains daily except Sunday. DWIGHT BRANCH. WEST. No. 9, Accommodation... 7:10 A M. No. 12, Mail, arrives... 10:20 A M. No. 17, Freight... 9:30 P M. EAST. No. 10, Accommodation... 7:46 P M. No. 12, Mail, departs... 4:50 P M. No. 13, Freight... 9:50 P M. Passengers holding tickets will be allowed to ride on freight trains 127 and 128. All trains on the Dwight branch daily except Sunday. Coupon tickets on sale at all points at lowest rates and baggage checked through to destination. HOWARD RUEY, Agent. JAS. CHARLTON, Gen'l. Passenger Act.



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