

pretty woman like this running the risk of getting her neck broken for the sake of a dirty robber."

"Grenadier," said the sergeant, "we are not in the Pike-club of Paris—no eloquence!" He turned towards the woman: "And your husband, madame? What is he at? What has become of him?"

"There hasn't anything become of him, because they killed him."

"Where did that happen?"

"In the hedge."

"When?"

"Three days ago."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"How? You do not know who killed your husband?"

"No."

"Was it a Blue? Was it a White?"

"It was a bullet."

"Three days ago?"

"Yes."

"In what direction?"

"Towards Ernée. My husband fell. That is all!"

"And what have you been doing since your husband was killed?"

"I bear away my children."

"Where are you taking them?"

"Straight ahead."

"Where do you sleep?"

"On the ground."

"What do you eat?"

"Nothing."

The sergeant made that military grimace which makes the moustache touch the nose. "Nothing?"

"That is to say, sloes and dried berries left from last year, myrtle seeds, and fern shoots."

"Faith! you might as well say nothing."

The eldest of the children, who seemed to understand, said, "I am hungry."

The sergeant took a bit of regulation bread from his pocket, and handed it to the mother. She broke the bread into two fragments, and gave them to the children, who ate with avidity.

"She has kept none for herself," grumbled the sergeant.

"Because she is not hungry," said a soldier.

"Because she is a mother," said the sergeant.

The children interrupted the dialogue. "I want to drink," cried one. "I want to drink," repeated the other.

"Is there no brook in this devil's wood?" asked the sergeant.

The vivandière took the brass cup which hung at her belt beside her hand-bell, turned the cock of the can she carried slung over her shoulder, poured a few drops into the cup, and held it to the children's lips in turn.

The first drank and made a grimace. The second drank and spat it out.

"Nevertheless it is good," said the vivandière.

"It is some of the old cut-throat?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, and the best; but these are peasants." And she wiped her cup.

The sergeant resumed—"And so, madame, you are trying to escape?"

"There is nothing else left for me to do!"

"Across fields—going whichever way chance directs?"

"I run with all my might—then I walk—then I fall."

"Poor villager!" said the vivandière.

"The people fight," stammered the woman. "They are shooting all around me. I do not know what it is they wish. They killed my husband; that is all I understand."

The sergeant grounded the butt of his musket till the earth rang, and cried, "What a beast of a war—in the hangman's name!"

The woman continued: "Last night we slept in an émousse."

"All four?"

"All four."

"Slept?"

"Slept."

"Then," said the sergeant, "you slept standing." He turned towards the soldiers: "Comrades, what these savages call an émousse is an old hollow tree-trunk that a man may fit himself into as if it was a sheath. But what would you? We cannot all be Parisians."

"Slept in a hollow tree?" exclaimed the vivandière. "And with three children!"

"And," added the sergeant, "when the little ones howled, it must have been odd to anybody passing by and seeing nothing whatever, to hear a tree cry, 'Papa! mamma!'"

"Luckily it is summer," sighed the woman. She looked down upon the ground in silent resignation, her eyes filled with the bewilderment of wretchedness. The soldiers made a silent circle round this group of misery. A widow, three orphans; flight, abandonment, solitude, war muttering around

the horizon, hunger, thirst, no other nourishment than the herbs of the field, no other roof than that of heaven.

The sergeant approached the woman and fixed his eyes on the sucking baby. The little one left the breast, turned its head gently, gazing with its beautiful blue orbs into the formidable hairy face, bristling and wild, which bent towards it, and began to smile.

The sergeant raised himself, and they saw a great tear roll down his cheek and cling like a pearl to the end of his moustache. He lifted his voice:

"Comrades, from all this I conclude that the regiment is going to become a father. Is it agreed? We adopt these three children?"

"Hurrah for the Republic!" chorused the grenadiers.

"It is decided!" said the sergeant. He stretched his two hands above the mother and her babes. "Behold the children of the battalion of the *Bonnet Rouge*!"

The vivandière leaped for joy. "Three heads under one bonnet!" cried she. Then she burst into sobs, embraced the poor widow wildly, and said to her, "What a rogue the little girl looks already!"

"Vive la République!" repeated the soldiers.

And the sergeant said to the mother, "Come citizenship!"

(To be continued.)

ODDITIES.

What was Joan of Arc made of? She was Maid of Orleans. "He handed his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage," is the latest Western obituary notice.

An experienced old gentleman says that all that is necessary in the enjoyment of love or sausage is confidence.

The Western women have in a great degree stopped praying in public and are making up their summer clothes.

The *Westminster Review* says: "We once heard a grocer say he liked the *Saturday Review* best of all newspapers, because a page of it held exactly a pound of sugar."

The *Church Union* styles "hot and hotter" the fact that the First Unitarian Church of Baltimore has had for its pastors, in the order named, the Rev. Messrs. Furniss, Bellows, Sparks, Blazup, and Burnon.

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

The *Christian Union* gives a wise answer to an anxious inquirer, who wishes to know whether a man can love his second wife as well as the first, viz., "That depends on what sort of a wife the first was, and what kind of life the second leads him."

A Western paper says dealers in butter classify it as woo grease, cart grease, soapgrease, variegated, tassellated cow grease, boarding-house breakfast, inferior tub, common tub, medium roll, good roll, and gilt-edge roll. The terms are strictly technical.

A poet was asked by a friend if he did not spend too much money in advertising. "No," was the reply, "advertisements are absolutely necessary. Even Divine worship (*le bon Dieu*) needs to be advertised. Else what is the meaning of church bells?"

One French deputy recently upbraided another on his political mobility of character, and was challenged. The challenge was declined, the deputy alleging that since Don Quixote tilted with the windmill, it was unfair to invite any one to a duel with a weathercock.

"Boy," said a traveller to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh y-a-a-s," replied the youth, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and 'twixt sue and I we've about got the dog so he don't."

A lawyer in Bucyrus, Ohio, stated at a temperance meeting that, having seen his father killed by the carelessness of a drunken man, he took a solemn oath never to drink again. "Since that time," he continued, "I have never broken that oath, at least not very much."

There is always left in England a man who fought at Waterloo; America will always retain a negro who was Washington's body-servant; and France is sure likewise to have its sailor who shot at Nelson at Trafalgar, even though "the last" has just died at Valenciennes in his eighty-ninth year.

"Dad, if I were to see a duck on the wing, and were to shoot it, would you lick me?" "Oh no, my son; it would show that you are a good marksman, and I would be proud of you." "Well then, dad, I peppered our old Muscovy duck as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."

A gentleman riding on horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" he asked; "a herd of cattle would starve to death on that land."

"An' sure, yer honor," replied Pat, "wasn't I fencin' it in to kape the poor bastes out av it?"

A young clergyman—unmarried, of course—made the un-

guarded remark that young ladies nowadays can make nice cake, but can not make good bread. A few days after he made this statement he received fourteen loaves of bread, with the compliments of fourteen young ladies of his congregation. We have no doubt the bread was good.

When the celebrated French chemist, Orfila, was on one occasion a witness at a trial for poisoning, he was asked by the president if he could state the quantity of arsenic required to kill a fly. "Certainly, M. le Président," replied the expert; "but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition, and habit of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DOMINION.—Col. Skinner has been returned for North Oxford.—The first train passed over the Kingston and Pembroke.—A large fire occurred last week at Kingston Penitentiary.

UNITED STATES.—It is stated that Ben Butler will be appointed Minister at Vienna in the place of John Jay.—Search for missing bodies have been abandoned at the scene of the Massachusetts flood.—The New York stage drivers have struck for an increase of wages.—Henri Rochefort is on his way to New York, where a grand reception will be given him by the French societies.—Appeals are being made for additional aid for the sufferers by the Louisiana and Massachusetts disasters.—The vote of the Council on the case of Professor Swing, of Chicago, stood 15 for and 45 against conviction. The Professor has since withdrawn from the Presbyterian Church.—The Legislative Committee on examination of the Northampton reservoir elicited the fact that the foundation had not been built four feet below the bottom of the reservoir, and that the wall was forty feet narrower than the contract specified.—A committee appointed by the Arkansas Legislature to investigate the conduct of Clayton and Dorsey, declares them guilty of bribery and corruption, and unless they resign the United States Senate will be requested to expel them.—The marriage of the President's daughter and Mr. Sartoris took place at the White House on Thursday. The bridal couple sailed for Europe on Saturday.—The Senate has passed Sumner's Civil Rights Bill.—The Washington Committee of Ways and Means appointed to enquire into the Sanborn contracts have presented a report to the House stating that Sanborn has been guilty of gross fraud, and recommending the recovery by the Secretary of the Treasury of any moneys improperly taken by him.—A Boston despatch states that the Cunard Company—in consequence of the high rates of freight on Western products to Boston—contemplate transferring their Boston and Liverpool line of steamers to New York.—The amendatory tariff bill now before the Committee of Ways and Means classes all materials of which silk is the chief component as silk; changes the duty on still wines in cases from \$2.00 to \$1.50, and fixes the duty on manufactured steel at two cents a pound, without regard to classification, which is a slight reduction. Hops pay ten cents instead of five cents, and sugar-beet seeds are made free. Changes are made in about twenty articles, more for simplification of the law than for any effect they may have on receipts.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Czar left England for home last week.—Prince Arthur has been created Duke of Connaught.—It is stated that the Queen will visit Russia in the fall.

FRANCE.—Further combinations for the formation of a Ministry having failed, President MacMahon decided to form one himself. The following is the *personnel* of the new Cabinet: Gen. Cluseret, Minister of War and Vice-President of the Council; Duke DeCazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Fourton, Minister of the Interior; Magne, Minister of Finance; Eugene Cailloix, Minister of Public Works; Louis Grivart, Commissaire; Viscount DeCumont, Minister of Public Instruction; Adrian Tailhand, Minister of Justice; Marquis of Montagnac, Minister of Marine.

SPAIN.—Several skirmishes between the Republicans and the Carlists took place last week in the neighbourhood of Bilbao. The Carlists attacked and were repulsed with heavy loss. Thirty Carlists were captured. The Republicans lost 100 killed and wounded. Despatches from Santander represent the Carlist raid in that vicinity as a formidable movement. Some two thousand five hundred Insurgents have surprised and surrounded a detachment of volunteers near the city. The Republicans at last accounts held out and relief had been sent there. A fight took place in the Province of Tarragona lately between a force of Republicans and a body of Carlists, resulting in the defeat of the latter. The Insurgents lost 80 killed and many wounded. The casualties on the Republican side were 5 killed and 90 wounded. A body of Carlists in Catalonia, numbering 20, were also defeated by the National troops, with the loss of 21 killed and 14 prisoners.

ITALY.—The Italian Ministry has resigned owing to the defeat of the Minister of Justice. The King, however, refused to accept the resignation.

RUSSIA.—All Polish exiles, with the exception of one or two assassins are to be allowed to return to their native land.

GERMANY.—The Prussian Diet was prorogued last week.

The Schubert Vocal Quartet Club of New York will make a tour of the watering-places this summer.

A. BELANGER, Furniture Dealer,



Begs to inform the public that he has just completed vast improvements to his establishment, and takes this occasion to invite his customers and the public to visit (even though they do not intend to buy.) his assortment of Furniture of the best finish and latest styles, also his fine collection of small fancy goods too numerous to mention. The whole at prices to defy competition.

276 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, 8-18-124-576

Advertisement for Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens, featuring a logo of a lion and the text 'Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.'

Advertisement for Red River Country, Hudson's Bay & North West Territories, accompanied by a map. Includes contact information for Russell, C.E. and Desbarats, Montreal.

Advertisement for eye care, 'Agents Wanted', and 'Avoid Quacks'. Includes an illustration of an eye and text about restoring sight and curing eye diseases.

Advertisement for Travellers' Directory, listing hotels and proprietors in Ottawa, Quebec, Stratford, Ontario, and Toronto.