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THE PARTING.

What shall I say to you, love, for farewell?
What can I give you for magical spell?
Is there a language that holds in its heart
Anything sweeter for lovers apart?
Than the dear words of the old German strain,
"Till we shall meet again—Auf Wiedersehen!"
Sweet it may be, yet it cannot express
All my deep longing to help and to bless,
Yet in the language of France I may find
Sweeter and truer and dearer than all
Foreign love phrases of cottage or hall
Rings the old song that we breathe, you and I,
When night would sever us—"Sweetheart,
Goodnight, my friend—Adieu, mon ami!"
Cold and unfeeling it seemeth to me,
Yet I would fain that my farewell should be
In the one language that truly can prove
All that the heart feels of passion or love:
Soft as the musical riddle of love,
Bippies the parting, "Goodnight—Addio!"
Ah, there is nothing, my own that can reach
Deep to the soul like our plain English speech,
Sweeter and truer and dearer than all
Foreign love phrases of cottage or hall
Rings the old song that we breathe, you and I,
When night would sever us—"Sweetheart,
Goodnight!"
"Sweetheart, goodbye—God be with you, sweetheart."
Is the farewell that I say from my heart,
Soothing my fears in their fluttering pain
With the words of the tender refrain
Faded as a prayer, through a tremulous sigh,
"Goodnight, sweetheart, dearest sweetheart,
Goodnight!"
—Helen Channing in Harper's Bazar.

THE BIT OF BREAD.

The young Duke de Hardmont found himself at Aix, in Savoy, whither, for the benefit of the waters, he had sent his famous mare, Perichole, because she had been coughing since a child she caught at the Derby. The duke was finishing his breakfast, when glancing carelessly at the newspaper he read in it the news of the disaster of Reichshoffen.
He finished his glass of Chartreuse, put his napkin on the table of the restaurant, ordered his valet to pack up his things and two hours afterward took the express for Paris and hastened to the recruiting office to enlist in a regiment of the line.
One may have led from nineteen to twenty-five the enervating life of a swell, one may have become demoralized in racing stables and the boudoirs of actresses, still there are circumstances where it is impossible to forget that Enguerrand de Hardmont died of the plague at Tunis on the same day as St. Louis; that Jean de Hardmont commanded the "Grandes Compagnies" under Du Guesclin and that Francois Henri de Hardmont died charging at Fontenoi with the royal household. In spite of his life of dissipation, the young duke, when he learned that a battle had been lost by the French on French soil, felt the blood mount to his cheeks and felt the horrible sensation of having received a blow.
This explains how, in the beginning of November, 1870, on returning to Paris with his regiment, which formed part of Vinoy's corps, Henri de Hardmont, private in the third company of the second battalion and member of the Jockey club, was in the grand guard with his company in front of the redoubt of Hautes Bruyeres, a hastily fortified post, which was protected by the cannon of the fort of Piche.
It was a wretched looking spot; a road bordered by stunted trees that looked like broom handles, and all cut up with muddy ruts crossed the mangy fields of the suburb, and by the side of the road was an abandoned wine shop where the soldiers had established their post. Here there had been a combat a few days before; the musketry fire had cut in two some of the roadside poplars and all of them bore the white scars of rifle balls. As to the house, it would make you shiver to look at it. The roof had been crushed by a shell, and the walls, of a wine less color, seemed to be plastered with blood. The empty casks under their network of black twigs, the upset shuffles board, the swing through whose mouldy cords the wind had whistled, the bullet scarred signboard—all recalled, with cruel irony, the popular amusements of bygone Sundays. And over all this stretched

a villainous winter sky in which rolled heavy, leaden colored clouds—a low, angry, hateful sky.
At the door of the wine shop the young duke stood motionless with his chapeaut slung over his shoulder, his cap over his eyes and his numb hands in the pockets of his red pantaloons, shivering under his sheepskin. He had abandoned himself to gloomy thoughts—this soldier of defeat—and looked with a dull eye on the line of hills lost in the mist, from which at every minute there shot out with a loud report the white puff of smoke from a Krupp gun.
All at once it struck him he was hungry.
He knelt on one knee and took from his haversack, that lay near him against the wall, a big piece of commissariat bread; then, as he had lost his knife, he bit it and ate it slowly.
After a few mouthfuls, however, he had enough of it; the bread was hard and had a bitter taste. Nor would there be any fresh bread until it was served out next day, and that only in case the commissariat should be in good humor. Well! It was sometimes pretty rough, was this life of a soldier, and then—lo and behold!—he began to think of what he used to call his hygienic breakfasts, when on the morning after a too heating supper he sat at the window on the ground floor of the Cafe Anglais and ordered—the merest trifles—a cutlet and scrambled eggs aux pointes d'asperges, while the waiter, knowing his habits, placed on the table cloth and uncorked with care a fine bottle of old Leoville, lying softly in its wicker basket. Confound it all! Those were good old times and he would never get used to this bread of affliction.
In a moment of impatience the young man flung the rest of his bread into the mud.
At this very instant a soldier came out of the wine shop; he stopped, picked up the piece of bread, walked a few steps off, wiped it on his sleeve and began to devour it greedily.
Henri de Hardmont was already ashamed of his action and looked with pity upon the poor devil who showed such a good appetite. He was a great, tall, ungainly lad, with feverish eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder blades stuck out under the folds of his well worn cloak.
"You are pretty hungry, comrade," said De Hardmont, approaching the soldier.
"You may see that," replied the other with his mouth full.
"I beg your pardon, then; if I had known that it could have done you any good I would not have flung away my bread."
"No harm done," said the soldier; "I am not so easily put off my appetite."
"No matter," said the duke; "I did what was wrong and regret it. But I do not want you to carry away a bad impression of me, and as I have some old cognac in my flask, by Jove, we'll nip together."
The man had finished eating. The duke and he took a mouthful of brandy—acquaintanceship was formed.
"And your name?" said the soldier.
"Hardmont," replied the duke, suppressing his title, "And yours?"
"Jean Victor. I have only just been sent back to the company. I am just out of the hospital. I was wounded at Chatillon. Ah! it is a comfortable place, is the hospital; there the doctor gives you excellent horse soup. But I had only a scratch; the major signed my discharge, and so much the worse, I begin again to die of hunger. For you may believe me or not, comrade, I have been hungry all my life, just as I am now."
The declaration was appalling, uttered as it was to a voluptuary who had just detected himself regretting

the cookery of the Cafe Anglais, and the Duke de Hardmont looked at his companion with an air of terrified astonishment. The soldier wore a sad smile, which disclosed his teeth, the teeth of a wolf, the teeth of a starving man, so white in that clay colored face, and as if he understood that an explanation was expected, he said:
"Look here. Let us walk up and down on the road to warm our feet, and I will tell you things of which I am sure you have never heard."
"My name is Jean Victor—simply Jean Victor—for I was a foundling, and my only happy recollections are those of my early childhood in the hospice. Our little beds in the dormitory had white curtains. We used to play in the garden under the big trees, and there was a good sister, quite young, pale as a wax candle—she was going off in consumption—whose pet I was, and I liked better to walk with her than to play with the other children, because she drew me close to her as she laid on my brow her thin, burning hand.
"But when I was twelve, after my first communion, nothing but want! The trustees apprenticed me to a chairmender in the Faubourg St. Jacques. It is not a trade, you know, and no one can make a living at it. And so it was there that I began to suffer from hunger. The old master and his wife (who was afterward murdered) were terrible misers; the very loaf of which they cut you a thin little slice at meal times was kept under lock and key the rest of the day, and in the evening at supper you should have seen the mistress, with her black cap, sighing and groaning at every dip of the ladle into the soup tureen. There were two other apprentice lads from the Blind asylum, and they were less unhappy; they had no more than I, but they at least did not see the reproachful looks of the wicked old woman when she held out my plate. But just here was the trouble; I already had a fierce appetite. Was that my fault, I say?
"I passed the three years of apprenticeship ravenous all the time. Three years! The business could be learned in a month, but the trustees could not know everything, and never suspect that people make money out of the children. Ah! you are astonished to see me pick bread out of the mud! Why, I am used to it; I have picked many a crust out of the ash barrel, and when they were too dry I would let them soak all night in my water basin.
"To be honest about it, however, I had sometimes streaks of luck; I would light on bits of bread nibbled at one end, such as the boys pull out of their bags and throw on the footpath when they come out of school. I made it a point always to pass that way when I went on errands.
"And then, when my apprenticeship was ended, I had only a trade which, as I told you, would not keep a man in food. Oh, I have tried other trades; I am not afraid to work, look you. I have worked for the masons, been a shop boy, sweeper; what do I know besides? Bah! sometimes there was no work; other times I lost my place. In short I never had enough to eat. Ah! confound it; what a rage I have often been in when passing a bakery! Fortunately for me at these times I always remembered the good sister in the hospice, who so often told me to be honest, and believed I felt on my brow the warmth of her little hand.
"At last, at eighteen, I enlisted. You know as well as I, the private soldier has just about enough. Now it's almost fit to make one laugh—here comes siege and famine. You see I did not lie to you a moment ago when I told you that I had always, always, been hungry!"
The young duke was a good hearted man, and in listening to this terrible complaint uttered by a fellow man, by a soldier whom his uniform made his equal, he felt deeply moved. It

was lucky for his reputation as a phlegmatic swell that the evening breeze dried a couple of tears that began to dim his eyes.
"Jean Victor," he said, "if we both of us survive this frightful war, we shall meet again, and I hope to be of service to you. But just now, as there is no other baker at the advanced posts but the commissary sergeant, and as my ration of bread is twice too large for my small appetite—it is agreed, is it not?—we will go shares like good comrades."
The clasp of the hand which the two men interchanged was firm and warm; then as night was falling, and as they had been harassed by night duty and alarms, they returned to the room in the wine shop, where a dozen soldiers were lying on the straw spread floor. Here, flinging themselves down side by side, they fell into a deep sleep.
Toward midnight Jean Victor awoke, most probably being hungry. The wind had swept away the clouds, and a moonbeam, entering the room by a hole in the roof, lit up the blond and charming head of the young duke, sleeping like an Endymion. Still touched by the kindness of his comrade, Jean Victor was looking at him with simple minded admiration, when the sergeant of the platoon opened the door and called the five men who had to relieve the advanced pickets. The duke was one of the five, but did not wake when his name was called.
"Hardmont, get up," repeated the sergeant.
"If you will be good enough, sergeant," said Jean Victor rising, "I will take his place. He sleeps so soundly—and he is my comrade."
"As you like."
When the five men had gone the snoring recommenced.
But half an hour after shots in close succession and very near at hand broke the silence of the night. In an instant every man was on his feet. The soldiers came out of the wine shop, marching warily with hand on trigger and looking out ahead on the road which was whitened by the moon.
"Why, what time is it?" asked the duke.
"I was to be on guard to-night," some one replied, "Jean Victor has gone in your place." At that instant they saw a soldier who came running on the road.
"Well," they asked, when he stopped quite out of breath.
"The Prussians are attacking—we must fall back on the redoubt."
"And your comrades?"
"They are coming. There is only that poor Jean Victor, who was"—
"What?" cried the duke.
"Killed instantly; shot through the head. He hadn't time to utter a syllable."
One night last week, about 2 o'clock in the morning, the Duke de Hardmont was issued from the club with his neighbor, the Count de Saunles. He had just lost some hundreds of louis and felt a little out of sorts.
"If you would like, Andre," he said to his companion, "we will go home afire. I want some fresh air."
"Just as you like, my friend, although the sidewalk is pretty bad."
Accordingly they sent their coupe home, turned up their coat collars and went down toward the Madeleine.
All at once the duke's boot struck against an object which rolled away before him. It was a great crust of bread, all covered with mud.
Then, to his amazement, M. de Saunles saw the Duke de Hardmont pick up the piece of bread, wipe it carefully with his embroidered handkerchief and place it on a bench in the boulevard under a gas lamp.
"What are you doing there?" said the count, bursting into laughter.
"Are you mad?"
"It is in memory of a poor man who died for me," replied the duke, whose voice trembled slightly. "Do not laugh, my friend, you will disoblige me."—Translated from the French of Francois Coppee for Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Poison of Rattlesnakes.
"Out of a thousand people bitten by rattlesnakes," said E. D. Bourne, of Palm Springs, the other day, "I am sure that not fifty ever really recover. So far as I know, and I have posted myself thoroughly upon the subject for over twenty years on the desert and in Arizona and Texas, there is no known cure for rattlesnake poison, in spite of the fact that many people have said that they were cured by whisky. You may depend on it that when a man says he was cured of a rattlesnake bite, though not necessarily a liar, he is at least laboring under a misapprehension of the facts.
"There is a small snake similar to the rattlesnake in appearance whose poison is not so venomous, and negroes bitten by it place time upon the spot or else drink enough whisky to counteract the poison. Whisky, if taken in a large quantity, goes directly into the blood and counteracts the poison of the snake. But the regular Arizona rattler, from five to seven feet in length, is a deadly customer to meet. It does not give any warning, but strikes the moment it is disturbed, and it can strike an object almost twice as far distant as it is long."—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.
Plagiarists.
The success of Henry Mackenzie's sentimental novel, "The Man of Feeling," was very great. Eccles, a young Bath clergyman, availing himself of the circumstance that the author's name was very little known, transcribed the whole work, with emendations, corrections, smears and smudges, and on the strength of this manufactured copy gave himself out to be the author, and adhered to his pretension with so much pertinacity that Mackenzie's publishers were compelled to adopt legal measures to vindicate his claim. In our time we have seen a similar fraud attempted with regard to "Adam Bede."—Gentleman's Magazine.
An Elephant Story.
An elephant train was on its way from Lucknow to Setapore, and one elephant becoming lame knelt down and refused to go on. The elephant next in the column stopped of its own accord, and when driven on turned back and began without instructions to remove some part of the load. Instances of aid rendered by birds to others in distress may also be found, showing that the instinct of sympathy exists and takes form in action when the causes of the sufferings are such that the fellow bird can understand and see its way to remedy.—London Spectator.
Too Independent.
"What! fell down stairs! How did it happen?"
"Why, you see, I started to go down and my wife said, 'Be careful, John,' and I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman—and so down I went."—London Tit-Bits.

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