

TYROTOXICON: the mysterious poison which in some way generat...

White husbands are fashionable just at present among the Indian maidens in Washington State...

The recognition of Budapest as a capital and place of royal residence by the Austrian Emperor deprives Vienna of the honor of being the sole capital...

A very brotherly and commendable custom, the New York Post remarks, is that of the San Francisco carpenters, who build homes for one another without charging the owner for their labor...

Yellow Dust Storm. Prof. Milne, of Tokio, records a dense storm of yellow dust which suddenly covered the decks of a vessel ninety-five miles from Nagasaki, Japan...

The tortoise once beat the hare; but the hare is not so sleepy nowadays. If they had happened since.—Pock.

JUDGER NOT. BY NINETTE M. LOWATER. Through whose veins the life-blood flows...

Twixt Life and Death

—OR— UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE.

A Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XIV. BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

DAYLIGHT came and found the wounded man still lying and lying in a heavy sleep...

Early in the morning Dr. Huet appeared at the chateau and went up to the bedside. He saw at a glance that the crisis was past...

"You have something to communicate to me," said the Frenchman, seating himself by the bed.

"Ah, monsieur," returned the German officer, "it is not of myself that I wish to speak but of her whom God sent to me in my extremity."

"Mlle. de Gavrolles? Yes, you are right; you owe your life to her."

"More than my life, monsieur," cried the other in a voice choked with tears.

"Not before she had saved my miserable life. Not before she had snatched me from death, though she knew that I of all men was the most undeserving!"

"Come, come," said the Doctor, good-humoredly; "of course we know you are a German, one of the enemies of France."

"Monsieur, listen. Do you know—have you heard—that she has lost her father?"

"No!" cried the Doctor, starting in amazement. "The Chevalier? He is not dead?"

"Woful beyond measure, in its utter misery and self-reproach, was the look upon the German's face as he replied: 'Yes, monsieur. I killed him!'"

"It is well for you," he exclaimed, when the other had finished, "that I do not know this before. I reproach myself now that you were not suffered to die like a dog."

"My life is nothing, monsieur," returned the sick man, with a groan. "I set no store by it. God knows, save for the sake of those whom I have left at home. It would have been better, perhaps, if I had died last night."

"But Dr. Huet stayed to hear no more, with a cry, almost an imprecation, he rushed from the room. In the lobby he came face to face with the old dame."

young mistress? I have just been to her room, and I have found her lying there like one distracted. I am sure she has not slept all night, and she talks so strangely."

Greatly excited, Huet accompanied the woman to the chamber, and there, stretched upon the bed, her face, worn with weeping, her hair disheveled and still moist and cold with the melted snow...

"It is cerebral fever," he cried. "Look, she is quite unconscious. Poor child, poor child! It is fortunate that I came here."

Returning to the chamber, the Doctor found the poor girl lying with the same fixed look and uttering the same very moan. Clad in her white night-dress, with her silken hair falling around her face and setting it in a golden frame, she looked strangely beautiful.

"Heavenly powers!" he murmured to himself. "What fatality! The man who killed her father and the father's heart-broken child, both lying under the same roof—his roof—and under my care. It makes my head swim to think of it. Well, with God's help I will save her if I can."

Fortunately the good Doctor had both skill and experience; and, moreover, the information he had received enabled him to determine the character of the girl's ailment.

He walked back to the chamber where he had left the wounded man, who, as he entered, looked up wildly and exclaimed: "Monsieur, have you seen her? For pity's sake, tell me of her! The thought of what she must suffer is wringing my heart."

"She is unconscious," replied Huet, between his set teeth, frowning and drawing back from the other's outstretched hands.

"Giving a great sob, the German turned his face away and covered it with his trembling hands."

While these things were taking place at the chateau, the surrounding district continued in a panic of excitement, owing to the near presence of the victorious Germans. A little experience, however, showed the country people that the ferocity of the enemy was, to say the least, exaggerated.

Two days after the wounded officer of Ulmans had been carried into the Chateau of Grandpre a small company of cavalry, headed by an officer, rode up the avenue toward the chateau. The officer, dismounting, walked up the steps to the door and knocked. After a delay of some minutes the door was opened by old Hubert.

"What may monsieur please to want?" asked the old man, quaking in every limb.

"Certainly, monsieur," answered Hubert. "Will you be good enough to enter? And will you please to step softly, as my poor young mistress is very ill!"

"He is alive, of course?" muttered the officer, halting on the threshold.

"Yes, monsieur."

"On receiving this reply the officer beckoned and another German, also in uniform, leaped from the saddle and ran up to his side."

"Yes, he is here. Come with me, Borgfeldt; you may be wanted."

With obsequious timidity Hubert led the way up-stairs into the sick man's room. He was lying in bed, propped up with pillows, and reading a book. One glance at the book showed its religious character.

"Hartmann, old fellow!" cried the officer, with outstretched hands, "this is, indeed, fortunate. We had given you up for dead."

guard over the patient and attend to his wife. In the afternoon the ambulance arrived and Hartmann was assisted down. It was an open vehicle with a canvas awning, rudely adapted for the purpose and strewn thickly with straw...

"Monsieur," he said, "I am going away with a heavy heart. All my thought and care now is for Mlle. de Gavrolles. Should she ever speak of me, should she ever hear to think of one so unworthy—tell her that I shall never forget her, never cease to pray for her and to bless her. May God comfort her, monsieur, and watch over her, now and forever!"

Huet made no reply. The cart moved slowly away, driven by a soldier in uniform, and a mounted soldier in uniform on either side. Down the long bleak avenue, through the wintry woods, went the little procession. Here and there the snow was so deep that progress was difficult, and it was necessary for the soldiers to alight and free the wheels.

Hartmann lay looking on the desolate scene, his heart full of a kindred desolation. His thoughts were wandering back to the sick-room where the martyred girl was lying.

They had traveled some distance through the woods, and could see the open country close at hand, when the driver came to a full stop. Blocking the narrow road was a traveling carriage, one of the wheels of which had loosened and was lying deeply imbedded in the snow.

The driver was on foot, now examining the carriage, now gesticulating wildly to the soldiers as they approached.

"Seated in the carriage, with his face turned away from Hartmann, was a tall gentleman in military undress, carrying his arm in a sling."

With angry exclamations in their native tongue, the German soldiers rode up to the carriage, and seemed commanding him to clear the way. He answered them with a volley in French, not a word of which they understood and pointed to the wheel.

"What is the matter?" asked Hartmann, addressing the driver of his own vehicle.

"An accident, Herr Captain," replied the man, saluting. "The carriage has broken down."

"At this moment the strange gentleman, leaning on a stick or cane, alighted from the carriage. The light fell upon his pale face and close-cropped hair."

Hartmann started and raised himself upon his pillow. Something in the face seemed familiar. He looked and looked again. Saints of heaven, could it be possible? Trembling violently, he called to the driver of the ambulance:

"Quick! go to that gentleman! Demand his name and whether he is going!"

The man leaped down, and joining the group at the side of the carriage, addressed the stranger. Then he came back to Hartmann, and said saluting:

"His name, Herr Captain, is the Chevalier de Gavrolles, and he is returning in valid to his home yonder at the chateau."

Had an angel from heaven alighted upon his path, bringing some happy message from another world, Hartmann could not have felt a wider rapture or a more wondering awe. A cry broke from his lips; his eyes swam with sudden tears. Oh, the goodness of God! the greatness and marvel of His ways! The world brightened as if with morning sunshine. Earth and heaven seemed radiant with some holy light.

"Ask him to come this way. Entreat Heaven's savior to him. Quick, for Heaven's sake!"

The man obeyed and again walked over to the carriage, where the coachman, assisted by the soldiers, was busy attempting to mend the wheel. Then, after a minute, the gentleman, leaning on his crutch and partly supported by the soldier in undress, made his way laboriously to the side of the ambulance.

Hartmann leaned over with trembling, outstretched hands, while the other looked up at him in surprise.

She rose up in bed with a wild cry and seized Huet's arm. "Lives! lives!" she cried. "No, he is dead! He killed him! Monsieur, for pity's sake, tell me! What have you heard?"

"Who was this stealing into the chamber—a tall, gray man, with a face full of eager love and rapture, and eyes full of blinding tears?"

"Was he dreaming still, or was it the spirit of her father? No, not dreaming, and no spirit. He came close to her, he hunted over her."

"Blanche, my darling, do you not know me? It is I—your father."

"Father!" she cried; and, opening her arms to embrace him, fell swooning upon his breast.

"My child, my child!" he sobbed. "I have killed her."

"No, old friend," said the good Doctor, brushing away a tear from his own cheek. "Joy does not kill so easily; she will recover."

CHAPTER XVI. CONCLUSION. Meantime, while the events were proceeding at the chateau, Houzel, the fosterer, had conducted himself more like a madman than a rational being.

As the enemy came nearer, overrunning the district, Houzel was among the foremost in resistance until, on the very day of the Chevalier's return, he was caught lurking in the woods near the village, after having just fired from the bushes at some others of the enemy. Dragged from his hiding-place, struggling like a wild beast, and loudly proclaiming his treacherous deed, he was given a short shrift. He died fearlessly and defiantly, and as he fell the last word on his lips was the name of his mistress.

Two years had passed away, when, on the first day of the new year, a little party was gathered together in the Chateau of Grandpre. At the head of the table sat the Chevalier de Gavrolles, still partly crippled by his wounds, but otherwise well and strong. Facing him was his daughter Blanche, a little paler and sadder than of old, but as beautiful as ever.

On his left sat worthy Dr. Huet and the little curé, and on his right with eyes ever fixed on Blanche in tender respect and affection, the German officer of Ulmans, in plain civilian dinner costume, like any ordinary gentleman.

The Chevalier had his glass charged, and was in the act of giving a toast. "The old year has gone out in peace; may the new year bring further forgiveness and reconciliation. Peace for France! Peace for the world!"

"Amen to that!" said Hartmann. "The old landmarks change," proceeded the Chevalier, smiling. "Who would ever have prophesied that a savage Teuton would ever be welcome in the Chateau of Grandpre? Yet Blanche will have it so, it seems."

"No, father," cried Blanche, blushing; "it was you yourself that wrote to Germany and brought an enemy back."

"Under medical advice," interrupted Huet. "Certainly I did not want to have another funeral; and as mademoiselle was so delicate, I prescribed the only remedy."

A merry peal of laughter went round the table.

"I am a Teuton no longer," exclaimed the German. "I find my nationality where I found my life—in the Chateau of Grandpre."

Here the little curé broke in: "That's all very well; but if there should be another war, what then?"

"In any case," said Hartmann, "I am invalided forever. No more fighting for me. I shall remain at the fireside with my darling nurse; and if ever the nations begin quarreling again, I shall say—"

GREAT FEDERATION. All the Railroad Labor Associations to Combine.

THE CONVENTION AT WILKESBARRE. Engineers, Firemen, Switchmen, Telegraph Operators to Unite in a Near Future. Western Men a Union Consolidation Proposed.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 1.—As a result of the convention yesterday of representatives of the Brotherhood of Firemen, Brotherhood of Firemen, Brotherhood of Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association and the Order of Railway Telegraphers and Ladies' Auxiliary, it is a certainty that these orders will in a time be merged into one federation, making the strongest association of men ever organized.

The largest delegations were from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. The west was represented.

The morning session was secret and in the afternoon a public meeting held, at which 6,000 people were present. Master Workman Powerfully delivered a 30 minute speech. He said it was the duty of railroaders to unite under one head. It is said that the scheme was favorably received by all who were present in a very large measure. The engineers in the West are almost a unit for consolidation.

There is some opposition among the engineers in the East, who do not like the brokenness of telegraphers having authority with their employers, but the situation of the Eastern men, it is said, will overcome without difficulty.

The session was harmonious. Address were made by C. W. Wilson of Philadelphia, N. J., Grand Chairman of the American Committee of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen on the Reading; C. H. Wilkins of Chicago, Assistant Grand Chairman of the Railroad Conductors Association; A. B. McMahon of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Order of Railway Telegraphers.

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