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YOUR CROSS.

lock not to drop the cross you wear, Or lay it down; for if you do Another shall be built for you More difficult and hard to bear.

The cross is always made to fit The back which bears it. Be content; Accept the burden which was sent And strive to make the best of it.

Think not how heavy is your load; Think not how rough the road or long; Look up and say: "Lord, I am strong. And Love makes beautiful the road."

Who tolls in faith and knows not fear Shall live to find his cross some day
Supported all along the way
By angels who are walking near.

—Elia Wheeler Wilcox, in Woman's Hor

OLD UNIFORM

By Francis Coppee.

NE of my desk-mates in the office at the ministry of war was an ex-noncommissioned officer, Henri Vidal. He had lost his left arm in the Italian camto drawing with one pen-stroke a bird in the flourish of his signature.

A good fellow, Vidal; the type of the upright old soldier, hardly 40, with a sprinkling of gray in his blonde imperial-he had been in the Zouaves. We all called him Pere Vidal, more respectfully than familiarly, for we all knew his life of honor and devotion. He lived in a cheap little lodging at Grenelle, where-on the money of his cross, his pension, and his salary-he managed to support his widowed sister and her three children. Three thousand francs for five people! No matter, his redingote, the empty left sleeve caught to the third button, was always brushed take his red ribbon, invariably fresh, that he took it out of his buttonbole whenever he carried a pair of boots or errand.

As at that time I, too, was living in the southern suburb of Paris, I often walked home with Pere Vidal, and I used to make him tell of his campaigns as we passed near the military school, meeting at every step-it was at the close of the empire-the splendid uniforms of the imperial guard, green chasseurs, white lancers, and the dark and magnificent artillery officers, black and gold, a costume worth while getting killed in. Sometimes, on hot evenings, I treated my companion to absinthe; out of economy he never drank. On these occasions the ex-coldier, who had become a sober paterfamilias, and had lost the habit of the parrot, would rise from the table with a touch of heroic drunkenness in his brain, and the rest of the way I was almost certain to hear some tale of war.

One evening - I believe that Pere Vidal had had two glasses of absintheas we walked along the hideous Boulevard de Grenelle, he stopped suddenly before a military old-clothes shopthere are many like it in that quartera dirty, sinister den, showing in its window rusted pistols, bowls full of buttons, and tarnished epaulets; in front were hung, amid sordid rags, a few old officers' uniforms, rain-rotted and sunburned; with the slope-in at the waist and the padded shoulders, they had an almost human aspect.

Vidal, seizing my arm with his right hand and turning his slightly tipsy gaze on me, raised his stump to point out one of the uniforms, an African officer's tunic, with the kilted skirt and the three gold braids making a figure eight on the sleeve.

"Look!" he said; "that's the uniform of my old corps, a captain's tunic."

Drawing nearer, he made out the number engraved on the buttons, and went on with enthusiasm:

"My regiment! The First Zouaves!" Suddenly his hand shook, his face darkened; dropping his eyes, he murmured, in a horror-stricken voice:

"Mon Dieu, what if it were his!" Then brusquely turning the coat about, he showed me in the middle of the back a little round hole, bordered by a black rim-blood, of course-it made one shudder, like the sight of

wound. "A nasty scar," I said to Pere Vidal, who had dropped the garment and was hastening away. And, foreseeing a tale, I added, to spur him on: "It is not usually in the back that bullets the air for an instant-drop his sword

strike captains of the zouaves." He apparently did not hear me; he mumbled to himself: "How could it get there? It's a long way from the battlefield of Melegnano to the boulevard of Grenelle! Oh, yes, I knowthe carrion crows, that follow the army; the strippers of the dead! But why just there, two steps from the military school where the other fellow's regiment is stationed? He must have passed; he must have recognized it.

What a ghost!" "See here, Pere Vidal," said I, violently interested, "stop your muttering, and tell me what the riddled tunic recalls

to you." Except for the two absinthes, I doubt if he would have spoken, for he looked at me timidly, almost suspiciously. Suddenly, with a great effort, he be-

Well, then, here goes for the story; I can trust you; you will tell me frankly, on your honor, if you think my conduct excusable. Where shall I begin? Ah, I can't give you the other man's surname, for he is still living, but I will call him by the name he went under in the regiment-Dry-Jean-and he deserved it, with his 12 drinks at the stroke of noon.

"He was sergeant in the Fourth of the Second, my regiment, a good fighter, but fond of quarrel and drink-all the bad habits of the African soldier; brave as a bayonet, with cold, steelblue eyes and a rough red beard on his tanned cheeks. When I entered the

regiment, Dry-Jean had just reenlisted. He drew his pay and went on a three days' spree. He and two companions of the same kidney rolled through the low quarters of Algiers in a cab, flying a tricolor bearing the words: 'It won't last forever.' It did wind up with a knock-down fight at a Moorish woman's dive. She got a kick that did her up, Dry-Jean a cut on the head from a tringlo that nearly finished him, a fortnight in the guardroom, and the loss of his stripes—the second time he had lost them

"Of well-to-do parents and with some

education, he would have risen to be an

officer long before if it had not been

for his conduct. Eighteen months later he got his stripes back again, thanks to the indulgence of the old African captain who had seen him under fire in Kabylie. Herupon our old captain is promoted chief of battalion, and they send us out a captain of 28, a Corsican named Gentili, just out of school, a cold, ambitious, clever fellow, very exacting, hard on his men, giving you eight days for a speck of rust on your gun or a button off your gaiters; moreover, never having served in Algeria, not tolerating fantasia or the slightest ; paign, but with his remaining hand he' want of discipline. The two took a executed marvels of caligraphy-down hatred to each other from the first; result, the guardroom for Dry-Jean after every drinking bout. When the captain, a blackavised little fellow, as stiff as a bristle, with the mustaches of an angry cat, flung his punishment at Dry-Jean's head, adding, curtly: know you, my man, and I'll bring you to order!' Dry-Jean answered never a word and walked away quietly to do pack-drill. But, all the same, the captain might have come off his high-horse

"Hereupon the emperor declares war against the Austrians, and we are as if for parade; and so seriously did he shipped off to Italy. But let me come at once to the day before the battle of Melegnano-where I left my arm, you know. Our battalion was camped in a trousers or went on any commonplace little village, and before breaking the ranks the captain had made us a speech -rightly enough-to remind us that we were in a friendly country, and that the slightest injury done to the inhabitants would be punished in an exemplary way. During the speech, Dry-Jean, a little shaky on his pins that morning, and for the best of reasonsshrugged his shoulders slightly. Luck-

a bit had he seen the rage that reddened

the sergeant's face as soon as he turned

his head and the hatred that flashed

through his terrible blue eyes.

ily the captain didn't see it. "At mkinight a noise woke me. I sprang from my heap of straw into the farmyard, and in the moonlight I saw a group of comrades and peasants wresting from the arms of Dry-Jean, raging like a lion, a handsome wench, disheveled and half-dressed, who was calling loudly on the Madonna and all the saints. I was hastening to help, when Capt. Gentili arrived. With one look-the little Corsican had a paralyzing way-he cowed the terrifled sergeant; then reassuring the Lombard girl by a few words in Italian, he held up a trembling finger before the scoundrel and said:

" 'Dogs like you deserve to have their brains blown out; as soon as I can see the colonel, you lose your stripes again, this time for good. There's to be fighting to-morrow; try to get killed.'

"Sure enough, at dawn the cannonade awoke us. The column formed, and eyes glittering more ominously-placed himself beside me. The battation moved forward; we were to dislodge the white coats, who, with their cannon, occupied Melegnano. Forward, march! At the second kilometer the Austrians' grapeshot cut down 15 of our company's men. Then our officers, waiting for the order to charge, made us he down in the grainfield, sharp-shooterwise; they remained standing naturally, and our captain wasn't the least straight of the lot. Kneeling in the rye, we kept on firing at the battery, which lay within range. Suddenly some one jogged my elbow. I turned and saw Dry-Jean, who was looking at me, the corner of his lips raised leeringly, lifting his gun.

"'Do you see the captain?' he said,

nodding in that direction. "'Yes, what of it?' said I, glancing

at the officer, 20 paces off. "'He was foolish to speak to me as

he did last night.'

"With a swift, precise gesture, he shouldered his arm and fired. I saw the captain-his body bent backward, his head thrown up, his hands beating

and fall heavily on his back. "'Murderer!' I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm. But he struck me with the butt of his rifle, rolling me over and exclaimed:

"'Fool! prove that I did it!' "I rose in a rage, just as all the sharpshooters rose likewise. Our colonel, bareheaded, on his smoking borse, pointed his saber at the Austrian battery, and shouted:

"'Forward, zouaves! Use your bay-

oneta!" "Could I do likewise than charge with the others? What a famous charge it was, too! Have you ever eeen a high sea dash on a rock? Each company rushed up like a breaker on a reef. Thrice the battery was covered with blue coats and red trousers, and thrice we saw the earthwork reappear with its

cannon jaws, impassable. "But our company, the Fourth, was to snatch the prize. In 20 leaps I reached the redoubt; helping myself with my rifle butt, I crossed the talus. I had only time to see a blonde mustache, a blue cap, and a carbine barrel almost touch me. Then I thought my arm flew off. I dropped my gun, fell dizzily on my side near a gun carriage wheel, and lost consciouspess.

"When I opened my eyes nothing was to be heard but distant musketry. The zonaves, forming a disordered half-circle, were shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!' and brandishing their rifles.

"An old general followed by his staff | wears galloped up. He pulled up his horse, Post.

are drows on

waved his gilded belmet gayly, and "'Bravo, zouaves! You are the first

soldiers in the world!" "I found myself sitting near the wheel, supporting my poor broken paw, when suddenly I remembered Dry-Jean's awful crime. At that very instant he stepped out of the ranks toward the general. He had lost his fez, and from a big gash on his close-shaven head ran a trickle of blood. Leaning on his gun with one hand, with the other be held out an Austrian flag, tattered and dyed red-a flag he bad taken. The general gazed at him admiringly.

"'Hey, there, Bricourt!' turning to one of his staff; 'look at that, if you please. What men!' "Whereupon Dry-Jean, in his canaille

voice, spoke up: "'Quite so, my general. But you know-the First zouaves-there are only enough left for once more!'

I would like to hug you for that! cried the general; 'you'll get the cross, you know:' and still repeating, 'what men!' he said to his aide-de-camp something I didn't understand-I'm no scholar, you know. But I remember it perfectly: 'Worthy of Plutarch, wasn't it, Bricourt?"

"At that very moment the pain was too much for me and I fainted. You know the rest. I've often told you how they sawed off my arm and how I dragged along in delirium for two months in the hospital. In my sleepless hours I used to ask myself if it was my duty to accuse Dry-Jean publiely. But could I prove it? And then I said: 'He's a scoundrel; but he's brave; he killed Capt. Gentili, but he took a flag from the enemy.' Finally, in my convalescence, I learned that as a reward for his courage Dry-Jean had stepped up into the Zouaves of the Guard and had been decorated. Ah! at first it gave me a disgust at my own cross which the colonel had pinned on me in the hospital. Yet Dry-Jean deserved his, too; only his Legion of Honor ought to have served as the bull'seye for the squad detailed to put him

out of existence. "It's all far away now. I never saw him again; he remained in the service and I became a good civilian. But just now, when I saw that uniform with its bullet-hole-God knows how it got there-hanging a stone's throw from the barracks where the murderer is, it seemed to me that the captain, the crime still unpunished, was clamoring for justice."

I did my best to quiet Pere Vidal, assuring him he had acted for the best. Five days later, on reaching the office, Vidal, handing me a paper folded at a certain paragraph, murmured, gravely:

"What did I tell you?" I read: "Another Victim of Intemperance .- Yesterday afternoon, on the Boulevard de Grenelle, a certain Jean Mallet, known as Dry-Jean, sergeant in the zouaves of the Imperial guard, who with two companions had been drinking freely, was seized with delirium tremens while looking at some old uniforms hanging in a secondhand shop. He drew his bayonet and dashed down the street, to the terror of all passers-by. The two privates with him had the who shouted ceaselessly: I am not a mur-derer, I took an Austrian flag at Melegnano!' It seems that the latter statement is true. Mallet was decorated for this feat; his addiction to drink has alone prevented him from rising in the ranks. Mallet was conducted to the military hospital of Gros-Callion, whence he will soon be transferred to Charenton, for it is doubtful if he can

As I returned the paper to Vidal, he looked at me meaningly, and concluded: "Capt. Gentili was a Corsican—he has

avenged himself!"-Translated for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French.

MEXICO'S SIGN LANGUAGE.

Certain Gestures Are Used Which Have a Fixed and Readily Understood Meaning.

Mexico is a land of many tongues; but above the Indian dialects and Spanish there is one universal language, the language of signs. It is the most expressive of all; the Mexican eye and hand are eloquent members. It is capable of infinite variation; its shadings and suggestions are beyond all translation. But there are certain gestures that have a fixed meaning, a signification well understood by every nation and every tribe from Guatemala to

A general upward movement of the body, shoulders shrugged, eyebrows raised, lips pouted and palms outspread, varies in meaning from "I don't know and I don't care" to a most respectful "Really, sir, I do not understand you."

The index finger moved rapidly from right to left, generally before the face, means: "No more," or simply "No." To move the right hand palm outward from the body toward another person means: "Just wait; I'll be even with you yet."

The index finger on the temple, moved with a boring twist, means "He's drunk."

The right hand beld to the lips, three fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, varies from "He drinks" to Have one with me." To move the open hand over the

erence to the idiom "playing the barber," and means "to flatter." All four fingers and the thumb held points together and moved toward the

cheek in imitation of a razor has ref-

mouth means "to eat." The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly. is a familiar salutation. - Modern

His Eyesight Was Defective. "How did he happen to marry her?"

The young woman to whom the question was addressed shrugged her shoulders. It was her boast that she never spoke ill of her friends, and she was determined to live up to that high

"You can see for yourself that he wears goggles," she said. — Chicago

REVIEW.

national Series for March 26. 1890-The Past Quarter.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Select Notes.]
GOLDEN TEXT.—My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.—John 10:27.

Review, by studying this brief chart of the life of Christ, noting the chief events in His life, and then, by means of the heavy black lines and the numbers over against them, note the portions dwelt upon by John.

The subject of the quarter is, the Saviour God has sent us. In these chapters "Jesus revealed Himself to the Jews in every aspect that was likely to win faith."

Note down the qualities we have discovered in these ten chapters which belong to our Saviour adapted to save the world and change its nations into the Kingdom of Heaven. Tell the circumstances by which these qualities became known, and how they were manifested in Jesus.

Recorded in John

Previous existence.		Chap.
Dec _	Birth.	
Nazareth. n. c. 5 to Dec. A. D. 26.	Youth. Visit to Jerusalem.	4
Preparation.	John. Baptism. 2 Temptation.	1
A.D. 27. (Judea.) I. Year of Deginnings.	Pinst Disciples. " Miracle. " Reform. " Discourse. " Tour.	1 1 2 2 3 3 3 4 4 5 5
A. D. 28. (Galilee.) II. Year of Development.	Rpochs of training disciples. Apostles. Principles. Opposition. Parables. Miracles illustrating the gospel.	a 5
A. D. 29. (Galiles, Perca.) III. Vear of Working and Teaching.	Death of the Baptist. Peeding 5,000. Region of Tyre and Sidon. Peast of Tabernacies. Blind Man. Good Shepherd. Transfiguration. Departs for Galilee. Peast of Dedication.	7 7 8 9 9 10
A. D. 30. (Judea, etc.) Three mouths.	Raising of Lazarua, Triumphal entry. Lord's Supper. Trial. Crucifixtou. Resurrection. Ascension.	11 12 13 to 17 18 19 20 21

WORKING OUT SALVATION.

[Optional Lesson.]
THE LESSON.—Phil. 2:12-21.
GOLDEN TEXT.—For it is God which
worketh in you both to will and to do of
His good pleasure.—Phil. 2:13.

Paul wrote to the Philippians from Rome, where he was a prisoner. They had sent money to him by the hands of Ephroditus, and this, his letter of acknowledgment, is warm with gratitude and love. Knowing, however, that among the Philippian Christians there was a tendency toward jealousy and division, he admonished them to have that mind which was in their Lord when he emptied himself of the glories and honor of His Heavenly state that He might come to the help of lost man. The first part of the second chapter of the Epistle sets forth this great fact of Jesus' humiliation, and consequent exaltation, in beautiful terms. Having set before them Jesus Christ as the servant of man, He proceeds to show them in what spirit they should serve.

An African King.

King Lewanika's costume was rather remarkable. On his head he wore a black, broad-brimmed felt hat over a scarlet night cap. A long, bright-blue dressing gown, much embroidered with scarlet braid in Manchester style; a flannel shirt, tweed waistcoat, trousers, and aggressively new yellow boots completed his costume. This was evidently his holiday attire, for on other days his scarlet nightcap was replaced by a blue Tam-o'-Shanter and the dressing gown by a shoddy ulster. We seated ourselves opposite the door looking out on the river, while the rest of my party were grouped in a circle round us. It was not etiquette for any but the king and his interpreter to enter the hut, so Letia and the councillors remained outside while we carried on desultory conversation on the subject of our respective journeys, hunting, etc., enlivened by the gentle tinkling of the piano and the subdued singing of the king's choristers.-Blackwood's Magazine.

Figs and Thistles. Christ is the only teacher who can safely say "Verily. Impatience kicks over the dinner-

pail to get to the supper table. The prayer-meeting promise not put into practice adds a lie to your guilt. College diplomas do not go as tickets

of admission at the pearly gate. If God takes away your flowers it is because they would fade in your hot hands.

Many men put their toys under a good roof and leave themselves out in the min.-Ram's Horn.

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