Colonel appeared on the balcony, with his helmet, his long sabre, all his glorious old cuirassier's uniform. There he was, standing behind the railing, astonished at finding the streets so still and so empty, the blinds of the houses closed, Paris gloomy as a pest-house; strange flags—white with red crosses—on every hand, and no one to meet the soldiers. For a moment he thought he had been deceived. No; behind the Arc de Triomphe there was a confused uproar; a black line advanced in the increasing light; then little by little the spears on the helmets shone, the drums began to beat, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, kept time to by the heavy tread of the ranks, by the noise of the sabres, sounded Schubert's triumphal march.

"Then in the mournful silence a frightful cry re-echoed, 'To arms! to arms! the Prussians!' and the uhlans of the van-guard could see above them on the balcony a tall old man throw up his arms, totter, and fall stiffly. This time Colonel Jouve was dead.

A SONG OF MARCH.

Down the street rude March winds blustered;  
Through bare boughs blew clouds of snow;  
Dainty Mag, whose ringlets clustered  
O'er bright eyes that flashed below,  
Sped along, all unattended,  
While my lonely way I wended  
Where the pavements icier grow.

Quick my heart beat, as I spied her  
Rest her tiny hand for aid  
On the ancient elm beside her.  
Swift I stepped to her and said,  
"Lean on me, sweet maid, forever,  
And 'twill be my fond endeavor  
Firm to stand through storm and shade."

In a trice she looked up, smiling:  
"Prove thyself, dear sir," she cried;  
"Prove that thou art not beguiling;  
Walk just this once by my side.  
Should it seem that thou art able  
Now to walk with footsteps stable,  
I will to thee my heart confide."

Well, we both went down together,  
Pretty Margaret and I.  
Now, through fair and stormy weather,  
When we go down town to buy  
Frills and feathers, furs and laces,  
I let Mag select the places  
Where she walks,—and you know why!  
—Dartmouth Lit.