WAR'S OWN FIERCE FACE.

A BATTLE PICTURE BY FORBES.

Archibald Forbes in the "Nineteenth Century" Paints Scenes in Stirring Campaigns.

The Zulu war was my last campaign, and during it the cost of necessarily copious telegraphing bore hard on newspapers. Writhing under the expenditure, newspaper managers of reactionary tendency were heard to bewail that Benjamin Franklin had ever been invented, a regret which most of their correspondents have, I am sure, over and over again shared in. I had not reached South Africa when there occurred that ghastly misfortune, the massacre of Isandlwanda. But I was of the first party which visited that fatal field, and the spectacle which it presented I can never forget. A thousand corpses had been lying there in rain and sun for four long months. In the precipitous ravine at the base of the slope, stretching down from the crest on which stood the abandoned waggons, dead men lay thick — mere bones with toughened discoloured skin like leather covering the skletons and clinging tight to them, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly dismembered, mere heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces with their blackened features and beards blanched by rain and sun. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced by ghastly tokens of dead men the fitful line of flight. It was like a long string with knots in it, the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead, where, as it seemed, little groups had gathered to make a hopeless gallant stand, and so die fighting.

ISANDULA'S AWFUL FIELD.

Here the slaughtered dead lay very thick, so that the string became a broad belt. On the bare ground on the crest itself among the waggons the dead were less thick; but on the slope beyond, on which from the crest we looked down on the scene, was the saddest and more full of weird desolation than anything I had ever gazed upon. There was nothing of the stark blood-curdling horror of a fresh battle field. Nothing of all that makes the scene of a yesterday's battle so sickeningly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature. Bran had grown luxuriantly, sprouting from seed scattered from the waggon loads and falling on soil fertilized by the life blood of the brave men whose poor remains were visible in the interval of the maize stems. As one strayed aimlessly about one stumbled in the long grass over skeletons that rattled to the touch. It was the miserablest work wandering about the desolate camp amid the sour odor of stale death and gathering mournful relics—letters from home, photographs of loved ones, blood stained books and other sad souvenirs.

HERE DIED THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The poor Prince Imperial I had met occasionally at home, but came to know him with some degree of intimacy in the early days of the Zululand campaign. He was a young man of great brightness and active sympathy, full of aptitude for military study, and with a keen sense of duty and discipline. He was fond in the intervals, of gossiping with me about the events of the Franco-German war, and he told me some very interesting stories regarding the early days of that struggle, which had so changed the future of his young life. On the voyage to South Africa, as I have heard, he had expressed the wish that he might be wounded by an assegai stab at close quarters with a Zulu. Poor fellow, he was covered with assegai stabs from head to foot when I saw him lying stone dead on the blood-stained sward by the Ityotyosi river. We found him lying on his back stripped, his head so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sward, the right arm stretched out, the left bent inwards towards the thigh. The face, whose features were in nowise distorted, but wore a faint smile that somewhat parted the lips, was stained with blood from a cut on the chin. On the trunk were a score or more of assegai wounds; most were superficial stabs, but there were two deep wounds on the side, one in the throat and one destroying an eye and penetrating the head. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. His slayers left the little gold chain which was clasped around his neck and on which were strung a locket containing a miniature of his mother and another enclosing a relic. The relic was that fragment of the true cross which was given by Pope Leo III. to Charlemagne on his coronation, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs have since worn as a talisman.

LAST HEIR OF A SPLENDID NAME.

Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent awed, and with bared heads, looked down on the untimely dead. An officer detached the necklet and placed it in an envelope with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair, for transmission to his poor mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we then stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a blanket, was placed on danceshafts and on this extemporized bier it was borne by officers up the slope to the ambulance that was in waiting. It was miserable death truly for him who had once been the son of France. It was strange that it should have happened to me to have stood by the first gun fired by the Germans from the Heights of Saarbruck on that August morning of 1870, when the Prince Imperial received what his father grandiloquently styled the boy's "baptism of fire," and to stand thus by the corpse of him untimely slain in the obscure corner of a remote continent. I have seen the Emperor, his father, at the pinnacle of his Imperial power; I saw him in the hour of his bitter humiliation after the defeat of Sedan; I saw him lying dead in the corridor of Camden place, and witnessed his coffin laid down in the little chapel under the elms of Chiselhurst. And now I had lived to see his only son lying dead in a grassy hollow of Zululand, pierced to death by assegai stabs. It has been my lot to gaze on many dead, who have died of wounds at the hands of an enemy; but never have I stood by death with profounder emotion than when I looked down that mournful morning on the corpse of the last heir of a splendid name.

BRITISH CHARGE AT ULUNDI.

The time had come. Buller's men having done their work galloped back into the shelter of the square till their time should come again. And lo! as they cleared the front, a living concentric wave of Zulus was inclosed. On the slope towards Nodwengo the shells were crashing into the black masses that were rushing forward to the encounter. Into the hordes in front the gatlings with their measured volleys, were raining pitiless showers of death. Le-Grice and Harness were pouring shell into the thickets of black forms showing on the left and rear. But those Zulus could die—ay, they could dare and die with a valour and devotion unsurpassed by the soldiery of any age and of any nationality. They went down in numbers, but numbers stood up and sped swiftly and steadily on. The sharper din of the musketry for the intervals between the hoarse roar of the cannon and the scream of the speeding shells. Still the Zulus would not stay the whirlwind of their converging attack. They fired and rushed on again. There were those who had feared lest the sudden confront with the fierce Zulu rush should try the nerves of our beardless lads; but the British soldier was true to his manly traditions when he found himself in the open and saw his enemy face to face in the daylight. For half an hour the square stood grim and purposeful doggedly pouring the sleet of death from every face. There was scarce any sound of human speech, save the quiet injunctions of the officers—"fire low, men; get your aim; no wildness." The Zulus could not get to close quarters simply because of the sheer weight of our fire. The cannister tore through them like a harrow through weeds; the rocket ravaged their zigzag path through the masses. One rush came within a few yards but it was their last effort. Their noble ardour could not endure in the place of the appliances of civilized warfare. They began to waver. The time for the cavalry had at length come, Lord Chelmsford caught the moment. Drury Lowe was sitting on his charger watching with ears and eyes intent for the word. It came tersely, "Off with you." Infantry made a gap for the lancers and gave them too a cheer as they galloped out into the open, knees well into saddles, right hand with a firm grip of the lances, down at the engage. Drury Lowe collected his chestnut into a canter and glancing over his shoulder gave the command "at a gallop," "front form troops" and then "front form line." You may swear there was no dallying over these evolutions; just one pull to make good the cohesion, and then with an eager quiver in his voice, "Now for it my lads, charge." The Zulus strove to gain the rough ground, but the lancers were upon them and among them before they could clear the long grass of the plain. It did one good to see the glorious old "white weapon" reassert once again its pristine prestige.

A CAREER OF CRIME.

The Sad Case of a Returned Convict.

A remarkable story of a returned convict's career was related in the Liverpool Police Court on Saturday, when Thos. Williams (70) was charged with failing to report himself. He appeared to be in a terribly feeble condition, and had to be almost lifted into the dock. The prisoner, who had undergone terms of penal servitude, had been a great trouble to the police for thirty years past. In May last prisoner was found on the pavement outside a tailor's shop which had several times been broken into. He had climbed to a window on the second floor, and fallen thence to the ground. His thigh and left arm was broken, and several ribs fractured. He was removed to the infirmary, but behaved so violently that the doctor and nurses insisted on his removal to the workhouse hospital. He refused to stay there, and was therefore brought before the stipendiary. He was ordered to be sent back to complete his sentence, which expires next August.

Interments in Westminster Abbey.

Long before the period of the Reformation the church was not only a royal burying place and the scene of every coronation, but also became the place appointed for royal weddings and christenings, Te Deums for victories, and national pageants. It was not until the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Edward VI. that a marked increase took place in the number of non-royal interments. In the reign of Elizabeth there was a great development in this respect, and the chapels round the east end of the church were no longer used as places of worship, but became simply receptacles of tombs and monuments. Effigies of the illustrious dead rapidly multiplied, and mural tablets also began to appear. But though the stream was widened, the burials were almost entirely those of families who were either connected with royalty by relationship or had prominently served the sovereign in the council chamber, at court, or in the administration of the law.

The Reformation brought about an enormous change; but for some generations the honor of interment in the Abbey had been confined mainly to great statesmen, lawyers, soldiers and their families. Soon there came the dawn of other claims to that distinction. It is true that the year 1400 had been marked by the burial of Chaucer in the Abbey; but, singularly enough, this was not in recognition of his claim as a poet. It was due rather to the positions he held under Richard II., among others that of "clerk of the royal works"; to his residence at the time of his death in close contiguity to the old church; and not least to his connection through his wife Philippa, with the Lancastrian line. Edmund Spenser, in 1599, was the first poet to whom the crowning honor of interment in the Abbey was conceded as an express tribute to his poetic fame. Like Chaucer, he died near the church, and the Earl of Essex undertook to pay the expenses of his funeral. The commencement of the civil war marked a new period in the history of the Abbey. It was henceforth more distinctly and consciously recognized as a place of burial or commemoration, an exceptional honor which might be attained by distinguished merit. Both the Protector and Parliament were imbued with what may be called the more modern sense of the value of such commemoration.—[Chamber's Journal.

There are people who dress their bodies in the height of fashion and let their minds go in rags.

A good many preachers try so hard to feed a few giraffes in their flocks that they let the sheep and lambs starve to death.

1st Old Wife—"I doot Jenny it'll be a bad day for your excursion the morn." 2d Old Wife—"I'll jist trust tae Providence." 1st Old Wife—"Aweel, if no, jist tak' your umbrella."

SHOOTING A MAN-EATER.

An Englishman's Awful Position.

A quiet, gentlemanly, but very modest and reticent Englishman who was staying at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Chicago a few days ago was talking with a friend who owns a ranch in Montana and "swapping" some experiences when the question of the ferocity of various animals came up. The Englishman had traveled over the entire known world, and he said he would award the palm to the tiger. In the course of his conversation, he told of an episode in his life that was quite interesting.

It seems that during a short stay in Java he had, with a friend, attended a regular tiger-killing in an inland town, at which he was much disappointed. This tiger-killing is quite an affair. Having secured quite a number of the animals, which are kept caged, the day of the killing becomes quite a holiday, in which the authorities appear in state, flags are waved and a great time generally is had. The cages are inside a hollow square, formed by thousands of natives with spears, and when the tiger is let out he finds himself inside the four walls of sharp spears, and of course cannot break through or jump out, and so is slaughtered. This is their idea of "sport."

Mr. Denham, the Englishman referred to had gone to the exhibition with a certain M. Moreau from Southern France, and they were supremely disgusted. "These tigers," said Mr. Denham in telling of it, "are generally kept in cages for several days, and lose much of their ferocity, and of the ten that we butchered only one showed any spirit whatever."

The one I referred to was a magnificent specimen, and appeared to be absolutely fearless; but when he ran against a dozen sharp spears, and saw there was no way of breaking the ranks of

THAT TERRIBLE HOLLOW SQUARE,

he jumped back several feet with a howl of rage and stood lashing his sides and looking all around him. The hollow of the square was perhaps fifty yards across, and the wall of men forming it was perhaps twenty or thirty feet through. This tiger had been saved for the last, because it was thought he would furnish some sport, and suddenly, with the quick, catlike movement characterizing his kind, there was a streak along the ground through this open space, and a flash through the air, and the tawny beast made his last effort for liberty. We heard him howl as he landed on the spears of the outer ranks, and we heard the huzzas of victory followed by wails for several savages that he had evidently killed, and we turned away and began our preparations for a return to the coast.

Instead of returning as we had come M. Moreau suggested that we get a couple of guides, and walk to the little station of Kel, where we could take the train to Blittar. We secured two guides, and in order to lose no time started at once. One of our guides asked if it was true that the "man eater" (the royal tiger) had escaped; the other guide informed him that it had sprung over, but had been caught in the spears of the outer ranks and killed.

Towards dusk we came in sight of a lovely stream of water fringed with trees (we had been crossing a small, sandy desert for the past few hours), and hastened to reach a point where our guides told us was an excellent place for camping. First we took a delightful bath in the stream, which was very wide and shallow here, and were preparing to eat a light supper, when we heard a noise, and looking up saw a large number of

ARMED SAVAGES

coming towards us with their long, swinging trot. We glanced at our guides, and were at once informed that they were friends and kindred, and upon their arrival learned that the "man-eater" had really escaped when we supposed he was killed, and they were on his trail with orders from their ruler to kill him if they could not capture him.

There were fifty savages in the party, and they had already made up their minds to make no effort to capture him, as he had killed seven men in escaping, but to kill him at the first opportunity. Consequently, as soon as they had refreshed themselves with a bath, they crossed the stream, and went right along on his trail, while we followed more leisurely.

We had gone but a very short distance, however, when we heard a great noise, and running forward saw for the first time the full fury of a wounded tiger.

The savages had come upon him in a clump of bushes in the middle of a large open clearing, and had intended surrounding him to prevent his escape, but there was no necessity for that, for he seemed as anxious for fight as they. As a result, they had hardly begun to separate when he was upon them in a perfect fury.

I never saw such execution in my life. The band of savages were picked men, and were active, vigilant and brave. But the tiger's movements were like flashes of lightning. He would spring at one man, knock him down and crash another in his jaws at the same instant. And while a crowd of the savages would be upon him instantly with their spears, he would shake them off and leap for another victim on the outskirts of the crowd. This was in progress when we came up, and

WE STOOD IN AMAZEMENT

for a moment watching it, and trying to see how we could help. We at once saw that we must take our chances of hitting a native, so, grasping our rifles and getting them ready, we separated slightly and got within shooting distance. M. Moreau got the first shot, and with a howl of rage and pain the tiger rushed a few feet toward him and then made one of those magnificently beautiful leaps through the air at his victim. I was entirely prepared for a shot, and I saw at once that the only chance to save my friend from fatal wounds or instant death was to try a shot "on the fly," so when the tiger rose for his leap I followed him with my rifle barrel and let drive.

I have always been proud of that shot. It went through and through, immediately behind the animal's shoulder, and when he fell right where Moreau had been, he fell out without a quiver.

After it was all over, and Moreau and I had congratulated each other (for his shot had been a beauty, too—right between the animal's eyes, and its glancing had alone prevented its being fatal), we watched the natives gather themselves together and count their loss. Out of the entire number in the fight there were seventeen seriously (and some of them fatally) wounded, and eleven killed outright.

And I don't believe that any one who ever saw a tiger thoroughly enraged will dispute me when I say that it surpasses in ferocity any beast in creation.

BY HIS OWN HAND.

Boulanger Suicides at His Mistress' Grave.

ONCE THE IDOL OF THE FRENCH NATION.

Broken in Health and Fortune, Seeks Ignoble Death.

On Wednesday last Gen. Boulanger committed suicide at the tomb of his late mistress, Madame de Bonnemain.

The suicide in Brussels, took place about noon. He stood alone by the grave of his mistress for some time, appearing to be deeply affected by sorrowful recollections. An attendant, who had respectfully remained at some distance, suddenly heard a sharp report. Hastening to the spot he found Boulanger lying dead upon the ground with a revolver clenched in his right hand. A hasty examination of the body showed that he had placed the weapon to his right ear and fired. The deed has caused intense excitement among the followers of the dead general both here and in Paris. The police, who are now in possession of the suicide's lodgings, have not yet announced whether he left any statement. It is known his position, both financial and political had been getting blacker and blacker of late.

THE FUTURE HELD OUT NO HOPE

to him, and his remaining friends became as cold as they had once been warm when it was seen that the once famous soldier was no longer necessary to the welfare of France. Of these things he was conscious and they preyed on his mind. To this is to be added the morbid love or infatuation which he felt for the late Mde. de Bonnemain, to whom he was undoubtedly greatly attached, as evidenced by his renouncing what might have been an important political career in order to fly with her from France.

It is an open question as to what would have happened in France had the general chosen to face imprisonment and a possible political upheaval. Revelations made by M. Laguerre, the well-known Boulangist member of the Chamber of Commerce, subsequent to Boulanger's flight, show he had held relations with the Count de Paris and with Prince Jerome Napolean, and that the Duchess d'Uzes, one of the most ambitious and active members of the Royalist party, had spent 3,000,000 francs in advancing Boulanger's cause. Lord Randolph Churchill, the Marquis de Brentil and the son-in-law of the Duchess d'Uzes, the Duc de Leimes, were also at one time warmly interested in General Boulanger's fortunes.

MADAME DE BONNEMAIN

accompanied the general to England after his flight from France, and early in July last she was dangerously ill in Brussels, suffering from consumption. A Paris physician went expressly to treat her by a new system consisting of inoculating the patient with the germs of phthisis with gayacol. In spite of the efforts made to save her she died on July 7.

Madame de Bonnemain, at the height of Boulanger's career, two or three years ago, lived in the Rue de Beeri, Paris, where she was continually visited by the general. Spies kept track of their movements and discovered that they were very intimate. Madame Boulanger was informed of the facts, but refused to apply for a divorce. It was greatly through Madame de Bonnemain's favor that Boulanger was able to carry on his political intrigues, for she had inherited $1,500,000, all of which she devoted to his cause.

WHAT THE WORKMEN SAW.

One of the four men working in the cemetery at Ixelles, one mile south of this city, where Boulanger committed suicide, said he noticed the latter when he entered the cemetery gates at about 11.30 o'clock, looked sad and pale. Boulanger at once proceeded to the grave of Mme. de Bonnemain, which is near where the men were working, but which was hidden from their view. About three-quarters of an hour after the general had passed the men were startled by the loud report of a revolver, and rushing to the grave found Boulanger lying beside it. He was dead. His hand was tightly grasping a revolver. The ball had entered his temple and had passed through his head. The body was taken to Boulanger's late residence.

Boulanger came here from London a few months ago. Recently he had not occupied his residence in the Avenue Louise, but owing to reduced means had been compelled to live in a small hotel. The general's friends say he has been inconsolable since the death of Mme. de Bonnemain. He had aged perceptibly and grown much thinner.

STUNG BY WASPS.

An Extraordinary Experience in a German Village.

A man in Konigs Wasterhausen, a village near Berlin, was a few days ago (writes a Berlin correspondent) terribly stung by wasps, whose nest he had unknowingly disturbed. An old pump stands near his cottage which is no longer used. Last Wednesday he thought he would just see whether it was possible to still pump water out of it. He moved the handle, and in doing so disturbed a wasp's nest which had been built inside the pump. The insects attacked him furiously and he fled down the road. The wasps followed him and stung him persistently. A cart was coming along the road in which sat a peasant, his wife, and the driver. The man, in his desperation, ran several times round the cart, hoping that the wasps would leave him and attack the horses. This they certainly did, but a goodly number still stuck to him, till at last he threw himself into some thick bushes, and rolled over and over in them until he had freed himself from the enraged insects. With his face terribly swollen, and nearly blind, he hurried to the nearest inn, where raw meat and wet clay were laid upon the swollen parts. In the meanwhile the peasant's horses, maddened by the vicious insects, bolted. The peasant and the driver were thrown out of the cart, and the wife lay at full length at the bottom, the wasps stinging her as well as the horses. It took some time to catch the horses and then to kill and drive off the rest of the wasps. Happily the occupants of the cart were not much hurt.

The Teacher.

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seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

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"GOD SAVE THE CZAR."

A Short History of the Hymn Which is Disturbing European Politics.

The Russian national hymn, which has played such an abnormally large part in European politics recently, is very young, considering the gray antiquity of the country to which it belongs. When Czar Nicholas' with his composer, violinist, General, and Adjutant, Alexis Fredorowitch Lwow, appeared in Berlin and Vienna in 1833, the bands of the local garrisons were constrained to greet him with their own national airs, for painstaking research had failed to discover a melody essentially and imperially Russian. Nicholas was considerably abashed when his attention was called to this state of affairs, and his first order upon his return to St. Petersburg was that Lwow should prepare a Russian anthem. The result was the glorious melody of "God Save the Czar," which even Russian radicals and subjects of the three allied powers acknowledge has not been surpassed in purely patriotic music. The words of the hymn were written by Shukowsky.

The anthem was first rendered before the Czar on Nov. 23, 1833. It was made the national Russian hymn by the decree of the following Dec. 4. Lwow received from Nicholas, in recognition of the composition, a snuff box set with diamonds and the right to carry on his family coat of arms the words: "God save the Czar."

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

Singular.

A 14-year-old boy at school wrote this sentence in an exercise: "Ten men and four woman." His teacher pointed out to him the sentence with the remark:

"Is it possible that you do not know, after all these years at school, that the plural of woman is women?"

The boy scratched his head in a somewhat disconcerted way.

"Anywav," he said, "I've often heard my father say that woman is a singular reature!"

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