WITH THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ONLY AMERICAN SURVIVOR OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

Jeremiah Ryan of Chicago, was in the Famous Charge at Balaklava—He Gives a Spirited Description of the Famous Battle.

One of the "noble six hundred," the only American survivor of the band who "came through the jaws of death, back from the mouth of hell," lives in Chicago, and last week won a verdict of one thousand dollars from the City of Chicago for injuries due to a defective sidewalk.

Jeremiah Ryan is the name of the survivor of the Light Brigade. While he himself is unknown, the exploits of the six hundred are familiar to everyone who has been a schoolboy at any time during the last forty years. Most of them recited Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and everybody has certainly heard it declaimed a dozen times. To print it would be ridiculous, for nearly everybody knows it by heart and can tell how the gallant little band was led to death through the mistake of a leader who himself died while on his fool's errand.

Four days before last Christmas Ryan celebrated his sixty-second birthday. This would make him nineteen years of age at the time when with his comrades he charged the whole Russian army. A man must be twenty-one before he can enlist in the British army. But when the war in the Crimea broke out Ryan, like other young Irishmen and Britishers, was anxious to go to the front and do some fighting.

A recruiting station was opened at Limerick, for the Fourth Light Dragoons, an English regiment, which, like most of the others, included a good many Irishmen in its ranks. Ryan was only nineteen, but he and some other youths of his age declared that they were twenty-one, and so were allowed to enlist.

RIGORS OF RUSSIAN WINTER

When the regiment left for the Crimean peninsula, all of the men thought that they would have an easy time of it, and that the Russians would be easily beaten. But those in charge at home had made no proper provision for the health and comfort of the soldiers. The hardships endured were frightful. Cholera broke out, and thousands of men died from the disease. The men, unused to cold, were forced to sleep in tents in the open air during a Russian winter. Often the wind would tear the tents from their pegs and leave the soldiers without even that much covering, and this in spite of the fact that the intensity of the cold was so great that no one might dare to touch any metal substance in the open air without the penalty of leaving his skin behind him.

Many battles were fought during that time. Those that were won by the English were due to the pluck and courage of the men: The battles were fought without any really definite plan. Those in command merely let the soldiers fight purposelessly whenever they could, and trusted to the effect of the single battle.

The battle of Balaklava, fought Oct. 25, 1854, was one of this nature, and it was in this that the most disastrous blunder of all, "the charge of the Light Brigade," was made.

"After the battle of Alma," said Ryan, "we marched to Balaklava and occupied the heights with ease. This was south of Sebastopol, and had a port that would enable us to keep a constant communication between our armies and fleets. We had a long and hard march over the snow, which was thick on the ground, but as hard as a rock, and not much worse on my horse's feet than would be the asphalt pavements. Preparations were made for an attack on Sebastopol. The attempt began on Oct. 17, but it failed, although we fought hard, but the ships could not get near enough to make their guns effective.

BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

"The battle of Balaklava was brought on by the Russians on Oct. 25, when they tried to drive us from the heights we occupied. It was a good, hot fight, and the cavalry did most of the fighting on our side, and as I was in the cavalry I got my share. I remember the charge of the Light Brigade best, although it did not seem much at the time. This Light Brigade consisted of 607 men. They were picked from the various regiments, all young and energetic men and good fighters. There were 118 men from the Fourth Light Dragoons, 104 of the Eighth Hussars, 130 of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, and 145 of the Seventeenth Lancers. I was among those from the Fourth Light Dragoons.

"In his poem Tennyson, with the license of a poet, makes it appear that we all knew we were going to certain death. As a matter of fact, we knew nothing of the kind. We did not have the slightest idea what we were going to do. We merely obeyed orders, and had no thought that we were about to charge the whole of the Russian army. There had been a heavy fall of dense, damp snow, and the ground was hard. Under Captain Nolan we charged in two lines at quick pace. We did not know where we were going, and the enemy, being behind a bluff, were not in sight. We had not gone more than twelve hundred yards before the whole line of the Russians opened a flood of smoke and flame upon us from the mouths of thirty cannon. Then we could not have fallen back if we wanted to. Men and horses fell under the fire. One-third of us fell to the ground dead or dying. Another third of the men were wounded. The horses, well trained, huddled together and carried us onward toward the Russians. Another battery opened fire upon us, and to the oblique fire by the cannon was joined a volley of musketry from the Russian infantry.

CHARGE OF THE BRIGADE.

"With sabers drawn we kept on toward the Russian guns. We could not fight much, for we were huddled close together in a solid mass for our protection. The men in the middle of the ranks dared not draw their sabers, for they could not tell friend from foe. Those on the outside fought and cut down the Russians in our way. Then the order was given to return, and we retreated as best we could. Some of the horses broke with their riders and carried them back to our lines. Slowly we fought our way back surrounded by Russian infantry and soldiers.

"But while we were fighting to regain our own lines the Russian gunners returned to their guns, and angry that we had only just ridden over them, and thinking of nothing but revenge, they fired at the mass of fighting soldiers, and this time they killed more Russians than Englishmen, for there were more Russians than Englishmen in front of the guns. Meanwhile the Eighth Hussars and the heavy brigade came to our rescue and helped us cover our retreat.

"A wretched lot we were when we returned. They made heroes of the survivors, but the dead and dying were left where they fell. There were 607 of us when we followed Captain Nolan in the charge. Of these 198 came back, and some of these received wounds from which they died shortly afterward. I myself received two cuts in the hand and another just above the end of my sock. But these were light wounds, and I escaped much better than most of the men. There were not more than a dozen who came through that charge unscathed.

HOW THE MEN FELT.

"We did not know what was going to happen when we went into the charge. But we were rather sore about it when we returned, though those who got through were too happy that they had escaped to make much fuss about it. It has been written of as a great expedition, and so I suppose it was. But we do not deserve any great credit for bravery. Almost any man would have done the same. We were all daredevil fellows caring little for our lives and fond of the excitement of battle. And then, when the band plays, and everybody cheers and yells you are so carried away by the excitement that you think of nothing but the joy of fighting. It is great sport. Better than any other in the world.

"Afterward we heard much about it, when the world sung our praises. Some Frenchman said that our exploit was 'magnificent, but it was not war.' It seems that it had been the intention of Lord Raglan, our general, that the cavalry should aid in regaining the heights surmounted by the redoubts taken by the Turks, or in default of this to prevent the Russians from carrying off the guns at those points. He had no intention of having this work done by 600 men. The Light Brigade was to have been only a part of the forces. But Captain Nolan, who carried the message, did not understand it, nor did the lieutenant general, Lord Lucan. The Earl of Cardigan put the order into execution and Captain Nolan himself led us and died with my other comrades for his own mistake, or that of others.

AFTER THE GREAT CHARGE.

"We remained in the field and fought other battles until the armistice of September, 1856. The cold was the worst foe with which we had to contented. The Russians used to say that their best generals were General January and General February. Many a man who had laid down to sleep on the cold ground never got up, and I had one of my legs frozen."

Ryan came to New York from England in 1856, and for eighteen years was with the Adams Express Company in that city. Then he moved to Chicago, where he has since lived. He was injured January 4, 1897, by a fall caused by a defective sidewalk at Oakley and Austin avenues, and was confined for several months in the county hospital with a broken kneecap. As a result of his injuries he has been unable to pursue his business, which has lately been that of a pedlar.

A FAIR COMPLEXION.

A smooth, delicate complexion, is the greatest of all charms of personal appearance, and it should be the ambition of every woman to preserve a lovely skin if she has it, and if not to cultivate the art of getting it.

First of all never wash in hard water when a little borax will soften hard water, and make the skin soft and delicate. Avoid hard water as a pestilence, as it thickens the skin and makes it sallow. An old and much used recipe by persons with exquisite complexions is as follows: Powdered borax, one-quarter ounce; glycerine, one-half ounce,; elder-flower water, eight ounces; benzoin, one quarter ounce; vaseline, one quarter ounce. Apply after washing, and it will make the skin soft and fine.

For chapped hands use equal parts of lemon juice and glycerine, a small quantity of borax, and sweeten the whole with triple extract of violets.

An old lady seventy-five years old, who still retains her pink cheeks and soft baby complexion, says that she kept up her habit of putting a little powdered borax in the face water since she was a girl. She said it was as much to benefit the eyes and strengthen them as for the complexion, but she believes that it helped the latter, and she requires her granddaughters to use it.

RESOURCES OF CANADA.

RICH IN WATER POWER, MINERALS AND AGRICULTURE.

The Dominion Seen Through English Eyes—Second Letter of Mr. Ernest E. Williams, the London Mail Correspondent.

The following is the second letter on Canada, written by Ernest E. Williams for the London Mail:

Canada's arrested development is showing unmistakable signs of renewed vitality in every branch of industry. Perhaps "renewed vitality" is scarcely the right term.

The position is not that Canada has had a cycle of progress, succeeded by a period of stagnation, but rather that her life has not yet really begun; The years of her history are as the first minutes in a new born infant's life, when animation is almost in suspense.

Canada's birth-throes have been long, and faint hearts may have wondered whether she would ever live at all to take her place among the nations. While the United States was growing with abnormal rapidity; while newer provinces of Britain's Empire were shooting ahead, the Dominion lay dormant. Her vast mineral wealth was not only not exploited; no one took the trouble even to attempt to measure it. Her water power—the greatest of any country's— still spends itself in lonely rivers, silent, save for the roar of the falls.

Here and there, the hum of a mill hard by tells that science and industry are tapping, in a puny fashion, the illimitable store of electric power which lies behind the mist veil spread over the rushing waters; but the instances of advantage being taken of this power, though a high compliment to the enterprise of the few Canadians concerned, are merely microscopic when scaled to the dimensions of

THE POWER AVAILABLE

I had heard much of late concerning the industrial possibilities of Canada's water power, but I did not grasp the thing till I came out here, and began actually to look on the cataracts rushing away to waste, and listened to their roar, which seemed as the angry voice of this wonderful, neglected country. And yet I have seen so little of it. I have shot the Lachine Rapids, as is the custom of visitors to Montreal; I have looked at the Chaudiere Falls in Ottawa; I have been rowed to the foot of thirteen waterfalls, all within three-and-a-half-miles of each other, and about an hour's train journey from the capital, and all containing in their rapids an immense electrical power.

The great Lachine Rapids light Montreal, and provide the motive force for its street cars; the Chaudiere waters do the same for Ottawa, besides supplying saw and other mills, but both are only called upon to give a tiny part of their energy; while the waters which roll to waste at the Chats Rapids are not at present called upon for any human service. And these specimens of Canada's water power are repeated over an enormous area in Ontario and Quebec. Supposing Canada to be ten times as thickly populated as it is, and presuming also the satisfactory accomplishment of the experiments towards transmitting electric power long distances without too great loss of energy, every town could be lit, and all its street cars run, every mill and factory set humming, every house lit and heated, nay, every railway train could be run, by the force which lies in the rapid currents of Canada's waterways. That, at any rate is the deliberate

OPINION OF ELECTRICIANS

who have traveled in the Dominion.

From this cause alone Canada's future greatness should be assured. For just as the industrial greatness of the nineteenth century has largely laid with the nations which had the greatest stores of coal in their countries, so, with the passing from steam to electricity, there seems little reason to doubt that the greatness of the twentieth century will lie, caeteris peribus, within the reach of those communities, which possess the most abundant water power. And no country in the world is so richly endowed with torrents as is Canada.

With Canada, also, the other necessary ingredients of industrial greatness, so far as Nature's provision is concerned, are fully equal. The men and the money are to seek; but the rest are present. A French King once described Canada as "a few acres of snow." A more silly libel could scarce be uttered. The "few acres" applied to a country as big as all Europe is hardly even funny in its foolishness. The reference to snow had the viciously libelous character of the half-truth. Canada is covered with snow for half—or, rather, less than half—the year; but not only is the snow an aid, instead of a hindrance, to locomotion, but it is also an aid to the productivity of the soil. Particularly is this so in the case of cultivated fields which have been manured in the autumn. As the frost loosens its grip on the land in the spring, and the snow melts, the moisture soaks the manure, and carries it down into the receptive soil, so fertilizing it much more efficiently than if the land had remained bare during the winter.

But the winter comes so early, and the spring arrives so late, is the objection sometimes uttered in the old country. The objection is true enough in a measure, judging the times and the seasons by British standards, and particularly when the comparison is applied to the lands in the Dominion which lie northerly and remote from the seaboard. But the

OBJECTION LOSES ANY FORCE

it may otherwise have had, in face of the fact that in Canada vegetation grows and ripens so rapidly in the spring and summer that the leeway is more than overtaken. Here is an opposite illustration related to me the other day. A farmer in Scotland sowed his corn in the spring, then left to visit his brother in Canada, helped him in his sowing, stayed with him during the summer, helped him to harvest, and then returned to Scotland in time to harvest his own grain.

on Canada's adaptibility to agriculture on Canada's adaptability to agriculture. Contempt has given way to respectful wonder. The quality of Manitoba wheat holds the world's record, and its "No. 1 hard," is a by-word of admiration. Indeed, when the vast rich plains of that province shall become completely settled, the position of other wheat exporting countries will become little short of critical.

With such quality and quantity arrayed against them, all the land and currency reforms which the brains of busy politicians can devise will fail to minister Yankee farmers to the sweet sleep they owned in the days when Manitoba was the roving home of Indians. As to the quantity of grain at present produced, the 1897 figures are not yet obtainable, but every newspaper reader knows how Canada's prolific wheat crops this year have gone far to pull up the shortage in the world's crop, and mitigate the danger of a bread famine.

In 1895 there were in Manitoba alone 1,140,276 acres of wheat, yielding 31,775,038 bushels. In 1896 the progress of the previous year was smartly arrested, the total produce being only 14,371,806 bushels, but this alarming fall is explained in part by the reduction in sowing to 999,598 acres consequent on a glut in the market, but chiefly by the unfavorable character of the season, the yield being

ONLY 14.33 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

as against 27.86 bushels in 1895. There were also big drops in the production of oats and barley; but these set-backs to Canada's agricultural progress, as the 1897 harvest shows, are but a temporary ebb, without significance, in a tide which is bound to flow for many years.

But it is not only in wheat that Canada threatens the rest of the world. In live stock, and dead meat, and ham, and bacon, in dairy produce and in fruit, she is steadily forging to the front, and with her unmeasurable resources in each of these departments, she is obviously destined to take a leading part in the world's productions.

Considering that Canada has only just begun her development in any of these directions, statistics of her achievements are woefully misleading unless read with a full recollection of the fact that work hitherto accomplished is little better than the experimental efforts of pioneers; but, with this fact in view, a few figures will not, perhaps, be without value and interest.

The bacon exported from Canada in 1896 was valued at 3,802,135 dols.; hams, at 579,833 dols., and other sorts of meat at 990,222 dols. The butter sent away reached a total value of 1,052,089 dols., an increase of 354,613 dols., on the previous year. Apples were exported to the value of 1,484,445 dols., and pears accounted for 1,299,491 dols. These are but samples, and do not include the chief export of all—cheese. The value of the Canadian cheese export in 1896 was no less than 13,956,571 dols. The growth of this industry in Canada is a truly marvelous instance of what energy and a steady determination to produce an article of uniform excellence can achieve. Canadian Cheddar is not equal to the best Cheddar, but it has become the equal of all but the best, and the superior of much of the cheese made in England. And withal

IT IS CHEAPER.

The cheese factory industry in Canada dates back to 1863. Two years later there were ten factories at work. In the following year there were seventy-two. In 1890 there were 1,585.

The dairy industries, like all others in this country, have been greatly aided by the Provincial and Dominion Governments. The theories of the Manchester school of political economists find little favor here; and the statesman who advanced the doctrine that the whole duty of the State was to efface itself in industrial matters would promptly, in American parlance, be buried so deep that you would never find him. No party would dare to bring forward the principle of Governmental inaction which is still the established faith of the mother country. No one would ever want to bring forward such a principle. The idea is foreign to the initial conception of national organization held by all Canadians irrespective of party. No State assistance is ever regarded as impertinent or misapplied; no State money grants are ever attacked as wasteful or harmful, when the object is the furtherance of Canada's industrial development. And the result of the State-aid policy is seen in the steady progress everywhere observable, despite the meagre flow of capital into the country.

There is danger, of course, in putting into the hands of politicians in office the power of paying out public funds for the aid of private enterprise; but the power has not been applied either to base or to foolish uses. Even the perilous policy of granting export bounties to encourage infant industries has been safely carried out, and has succeeded in its aim without landing the country in the economic bog, wherein, for example, European beet-sugar countries now find themselves. The thing is kept well in hand in Canada, and when, as in the case of cheese, the bounty has served its purpose it is wathdrawn.

PALERMO PALACE SECRET.

PRINCESS CARINI FOUR YEARS PRISONER IN HER OWN HOME.

Shut Up in a Closet with Her Blind Daughter by Her Steward-Lover and Starved—Sicilian Ingenuity Applied to Fortune Hunting—Curious Light on South Italian Life.

Palermo, the most wideawake and important city in Sicily, has just been startled by the discovery that it was possible for two well-known women of noble family to be kept close prisoners for four years in their own palace on one of the principal streets of the town without any one knowing it. A reputable lawyer recently informed the police authorities that the Princess Carini, a member of the highest aristocracy of Sicily, was kept prisoner with her blind 20-year-old daughter in her villa in the Via della Liberta by her steward, Giovanni Cannella. A large force of police and carbineers was sent to the villa to make sure that no one escaped; at the door the porter told them that the Princess was travelling abroad. They passed him and were stopped by Cannella's mother, who told them they could not enter the house in the Princess's absence. They arrested her, broke in the doors, and after a long search found the two women in a dark closet, nearly naked, half frozen and starving. Cannella, his family and all the servants were arrested, the remarkable story of the Princess was verified, and the police are now hunting for the accomplices in the crime.

Maria La Grua, Principessa Carini has had plenty of excitement during the course of her life. In her youth she was a

NOTED SOCIETY BEAUTY.

and at 18 married the Marchese Artale di Bollato e Sant' Onofrio. After some years of married life her husband surprised her with a lover, secured a judicial separation with the custody of his children, but left to her the youngest child, a little girl born blind, of whom he denied that he was the father. This was about twenty years ago. The Princess led a fast life after that, taking one lover after another, losing her money at Monte Carlo and estranging all her relatives by open scandal; even Palermo society had to give her up. When the cholera epidemic broke out in Sicily in 1885, however, the Princess Carini volunteered as a nurse and spent months in the hospitals of Palermo tending the sick.

In 1892 her mother died, leaving her an estate that yields an income of $10,000 a year. The Princess, by that time a middle-aged woman fell in love with Cannella, then a clerk earning $2 a week, and a married man, though she did not know it. She made him her steward at a high salary and set up a strange sort of a household, such as are not uncommon, however, in southern Europe. The Princess, with her daughter, occupied rooms on the ground floor of one wing of the palace, the steward with his family, rooms in the opposite wing, and they took their meals together. Cannella then prepared his plan to obtain possession of the whole of the Princess's fortune. Little by little he removed all of the old servants and put in their places creatures of his own. He maltreated the Princess and her daughter, forbade their appearing at the windows or on the balconies, and spread the story that they had gone abroad. When he found the statement accepted by whatever persons inquired for the Princess, his usage of the women grew harsher, he deprived them of clothes, of fuel, and of food, so that they were forced to beg for bread from the gardener and such servants as they saw from time to time. His intention was apparently to drive them mad or to

KILL THEM SLOWLY.

The unfortunate women were completely in his power. The Princess, half out of her mind, signed every paper that he directed her to sign. Cannella meanwhile lived in fine style, kept a carriage, but showed himself to be a careful administrator of the property which he intended should be his. So matters went on for four years. At last Cannella drew up a will for the Princess to sign by which everything was bequeathed to him. That roused the Princess; through all her adventures she had shown a passionate fondness for her helpless daughter, and when the will was signed, if they were not both suppressed her child would be left at Cannella's mercy. She refused to do his bidding, and, working on the gardener's feelings, induced him to take a letter to the lawyer, who called in the police.

As this affair occurred in Sicily, the Italian newspapers attribute it to the workings of the Mafia. This seems very unlikely. Cannella's accomplices arrested so far are members of his own family and dependents of his; those sought for are the persons to whom he intrusted his stealings. The scheme, Machiavellian in its simplicity, was carried out with the strict attention to business that marks the Italian lower classes, and could have been foiled at any time had the Princess Carini roused herself to action as she did at the end.

ACTIVE VOLCANOES.

Over on the other continent there are seven volcanoes in operation.