INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A Charge that Amazed the World Thirty Years Ago.

It was thirty years ago, on the 25 h of October, that the Earl of Carcigan's light brigade made the famous charge at Balaklava, near S bastopol. A gentleman who was on the staff of an English General, and who witnessed the charge, gives this description of it:

On Oct. 25, 1854, our eyes turned to the heights of Balaklava, on the possession of which depended the very ex stence of the allied forces. On that day the Russians made a desperate attack on our lines, to be as desperately repulsed. Word was sent to headquarters that the enemy, under cover of a Leavy fire tre m the forts, had left Sebastopol in force and was massing h mself so as to threaten the lafety of the heights. I was at once sent with an order for the cavalry and horse artillery to move and be ready to assume the offensive. They had not to wait long. The Turkish lines were

SWEPT AS BY A WHIRLWIND, and with our Mohammedan allies the word was sauve qui peut. The heavy cavalry on the right and the light brigade on the left were advanced, with the artillery in the centre playing a game at long bowls. Meanwhile a Russian battery was osten a tiously moved forward, whose well-served guns promised to be embarrassing.

"Lord Raglen, who did not know the full strength of the foe, saw that this obstacle must be removed; but whether or not he also foresaw the necessity of first looking before the lesp was taken must be forever a mystery. The commanders of the cavalry brigades, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, brothers-in-law, letween whom no love was lost, were waiting the word to engage, Lord Lucan being the senior officer. To them sped Capt. Nolan, a dashing hussar. Saluting the General, he said he bore an order -unwritten-from Lord Raglan that the battery must be silenced and the guns captured. Lord Lucan, a man so cautious as to have earned the nickname 'Lord Look. on,' fearing to expose his small force to any ambushed dangers, asked for more definite orders. With a slightly contemptuous turn of his handsome lip, the aide-de-camp pointed in the direction of the battery and said:

"'You see your enemy, my lord,' "Even the Earl of Cardigan, impetuous as he was, generally speaking, looked at his commander in doubt as to the words. But, owing to the unhappy ennity existing between them,

NEITHER WOULD SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS, and once more Nolan, impatiently waving his sword, which he had fiercely drawn from its scatbard, and pointing it to the artillery, cried: 'Take the guns; these are your orders !'

"The crisis has arrived. No recourse is left but to do as he bids. A cold nod of as sent from Lord Lucan. A profound low from Lord Cardigan 'Light Division, forward charge!' breaks from his lips. An echoing cheer is the reply from 607 throats, as with clarg of scabbard and rattle of bridle and bit, the braying of the trumpet, and the ringing cheer of the 'Heavies,' the Fourth and Thirteenth Lights, the Eighth and Eleventh Hussars, the latter Lord Cardigan's own corps, conspicuous in their cherry colored trousers, and the Seventeenth Lancers, with ranks closed up and squadrons dressed as evenly as if at a march past, trot forward down the slight declivity. At their head ride the gallant Nolan and the dauntless Carci an-even at this supreme mement with a reckless laugh upon his face, as he argues some point of war with his brother hussar.

"The unmasked batteries are already belching forth shot and shell. The trot breaks into a gallop, the gallop into

A FURIOUS, HEADLONG CHARGE,

A'ready Nolan has fallen, cut down by grape shot, the secret of the fatal day dying with him. The serried ranks show frequent gaps as saddle after saddle is emptied. "Close up! Close up! Charge!' is the unceasing cry, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell the opening ranks of the foe disclosed to the dcomed, but indonitable cannon behind them. On through the leader's flashing sabre, their support.

"With a wild cheer and a wilder leap, the cherry clad heroes fly over the guns as lightly as they would over a five barred gate on the hunting field, sabering the gunners as they leap. A beardless boy, not yet 17, holds fast to the colors he has sworn to carry to death or victory, and falls with the cry, 'My mother will hear of this!' on his dying lips, s ill graeping that banner in his hand.

'Far away, clear in front, with his aice hand and on his left-none ahead of lim, raging like a lion, fights, as with a forlorn hope, the leader and commander of the Light Brigade. He bears a charmed life, and his brawny arm is endowed with a power of slaughter that grows mightier every moment from the meat it feeds on. Further and further he dashes on, cleaving his way with his blood-stained sword till he reaches the last of the guns.

"Here, when he sees the end is not yet, but that rank upon rank of cavalry and infantry, with heavy artillery in the rear, stretches out back to the city's utmost bastion, he recognizes how useless it will be further to tempt the fates and fight

ONE AGAINST A THOUSAND. Coolly and calmly, as if in Hyde Park, he takes in the situation at a glance, and gives the word to the trumpeter, to sound first the 'assembly,' then the 'retreat.' A bullet crashes through the boy's hand as he raises the trumpet to his mouth, but, Stoic-like, he makes no sign. Clear rings cut the summons. A dezen only answer the call. Not one, save Lord Cardigan, but is wounded more or less severely, and his clothing shows where lance or sabre or ball had ploughed their way over his unscathed ground behind them.

The enemy, paralyzed by the shock of the charge, and fancying that the whole British army supports the handful of braves, pauses in his murderous work to cheer the 108 surmilitary standpoint, achieved nothing, yet covered with a deathless, fadeless wreath of Bosquet, 'but it was not war.'"

NEWSPAPER FABLES,

The Editor of a Country Paper one day turned on the Office Towel, which was Hanging on its Accustomed Nail, and began a Tirade of Abuse on its Appearance, terming it Dirty, Unfit, Ill-looking, and fit only to be Flung out of the Win-

"While I am compelled to plead guilty to all Charges," humbly Responded the Towel, "You must Remember that your own Hands have helped to Soil me and make me what

MORAL:

Had the Country Editor wiped his Hands on his exchanges the Towel could have Indulged in no Back talk.

A DOMESTIC ROW.

One merning the Washington Hand-Press in a Printing Office suddenly flew its Frisket

and called out in a loud voice : "Hear ye! hear ye! But for me the Banner could not be issued each week !" "Just he. r that !" sneered a Case of Burgeois over by the Window. "Where would

be the Paper but for its type?" "And they never Printed a Paper yet with cut Ink," added the Roller in a Glue and Molasses voice.

"Well, I don't want to Appear Egotistic cal," observed a Bundle of White paper ly ng on the floor, "but if you knew how hard it was for the Editor to raise the Cash to buy me, you'd Imagine I was of some little Account Around here."

"Gentlemen," added the Imposing Stone in marble voice, "I don't claim to own all the corner lots in Town, but if the Chases, Stooting Stick, Mallet. Quo'ns and myself were to go off on a Picnic I'd like to see the Banner go to press-I would !"

The Gordon Jobber, Box Stove and several of the Galleys were getting ready to chip in when the Editer entered and asked the cause of the Row. The matter was explained by the Card Cutter in a Calm and Unbiassed mann r, and the Editor repli-

"Each and every one of you are valued in your Respective Places, and all combined go to help issue the Leading Newspaper of this coun'ry-c'roulation (when a circus agent comes along) 6,000 copies-Wood Received on Subscription, as Heretofore."

MORAL:

And the Shears lay right there in Plain Sight and were not even mentioned.

THE FARMER AND THE EDITOR.

A Farmer who felt in his He rt that this was a cold World and that no one cared for him or his Mechanically slipped a goose Egg into his coat tail pocket and Betook himself to the village and the office of the Gazette, where he Produced the Egg and Swore by the Harn Spoon that it was laid by a pullet. The Astonished and Deligh ted Editor sent out for a Bed-cord to Measure the Length and Diameter of the Egg presented the Farmer with a Year's Subscription, and took Voluminous Notes with a Pencil. The next issue of Gazette contained a full and Thrilling Description of the Egg and the Pullet, and wound up by saying that Farmer Johnson was Honest, Ul right, Eat rprising and Progressive, and that he had the Loveliest Family, tie best Farm and the Fattest Live Stock of any Agriculturist n the State. All of which so Tickled the Firmer that he carried a Grin until the Weather Were the Enamel off his front teeth, and he had no Trouble in Marrying of his Daughters, Selling off his Old Hay, and getting Elected as Supervitor.

MORAL:

If you can't get hold of a Goose Egg, Pumpkin, Squash or a Peck of Turnips will Answer just as well.

Six Hours Without a Memory.

The brain plays odd tricks with us at times, especially when it has been subjected to a sudden shock; and scientific men who think that its various convolutions are few, cannon to right of them, cannon to left | the seats of various faculties of the mind of them, cannon in front of them- and now | derive some confirmation of their theory from the fact that the power of memory broken Russian line pressed the noble army | may fail in part without any failure of inof martyrs, their cr.flamme, their brave | telligence, and may fail in part without being altogether impaired. A notable instance of this last mentioned peculiarity occurred about a dozen years ago. A lad in the country was accused of throwing another into a pond, and he was put on his rial before a bench of magistrates. His elder brother who bore a high character in the village both for conduct and for mental shrewdness, had seen the previous struggle between the lads, and he was called to give evidence. He dec'ared his belief that the fight was perfectly fair throughout, de camp and a few choice spirits on his right | and that the immeration in the pond was an accident. Questioned as to what took place afterward, he could not speak to a sirgle circumstance. 'Did the prisoner attempt to rescue the deceased?" the Chairman asked him. He could not say. "The bench understand that you leaped into the water and recovered the body." "They tell me so," he aid, "but I have no recollection of it." "The constable has told us that you dived twice, brought out the body, and carried it to the parents' house." have not the slightest remembrance. I only know that I was at home in bed at 8 o'clock' -six hours later-"and the last thing l could remember was seeing poor Smith fall over the edge." There could be no doubt that the witness was speaking the truth; and he could have had no object in doing otherwise. The shock which he had received on seeing the fatal result of his brother's quarrel had paralyzed his brain; the memory was interrupted by those few hours, though in all other respects he acted like a man in the full possession of his senses. - [Boston Traveller.

Age Cannot Wither. his wanderings amid the pyramids of obstruct the view. There certainly has flesh. Right about the little band turns, Egypt he stumbled on a mummy which been a tendency displayed in recent marleaving the Loy trumpeter dead on the proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least riages in Philadelphia to dispense with 2,000 years old. In examining it after it was unwrapped he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the questior how long vegetable life could last, and took the root from vivors who returned slowly and sadly to the | the mummy's hand and planted it in a sunplace from which they came, having, from a | ny soil, allowing the rains and dews of | a ball dress, and anybody who has noticed Heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks the root bust forth glory. 'It was magnificent,' said General and blocmed into a most beautiful dahlia. The story is said to be well verified,

An Extraordinary French Murder Case.

Paris is at present stirred to its depths by the revelations made respecting the career of Pel, the poisoner of Montreuil. Pel is now at Mazas, on a charge of having made away with his servant, a woman named Marie Boehmer. He is also charged with having policated his first wife. M. Kuehn, the chief of the investigation department, is | tory : The Canadian Subscription Company, bu i y engaged at Montrevil in fellowing up any clues which may bring the murder of the servant home to the accused. Two boxes which belonged to the missing weman were found to contain a napkin, which bore the imprint of a bloodstaited knife. A large cinner knife las come to light, supposed to be the instrument with which Pel cut the flesh off the bones of his victim before burning it by some of the chemical processes in which he is an adept. It is thought that the victim's rem ins were placed in the closet, as Pel had been observed to make frequent visits there on three successive days in July 'ast. This is somewhat borne out by the fact that when the cess-jools were dra nad to day percions of human intestines were found,

Pel is a clockmaker by trade, and was married in 1880 to a young woman named B ffereau, employed in a shop near the Champs E yssees. Two months after the marriage Pel's wife cied in intense agony. She was hastily builed in the Montmartre Cemetery, but her remains are about to be exhumed by order of the Procureur of the Republic.

A year afterward Pel married a Mile, de Murat, who is still alive. Pel deried that he had been married to his first wife, but M. Kuehn confronted him with his brotherin law, and he then a mitted the marriage.

M. Kuehn has made a minute examination with a microscope of Pel's house at change faddress. Send 6c for new ill. catalogue. Montreu I, and in the interstices of the floor has found living organ sms such as exist orly in putrefying blood. When Pel arrived in M ntreu I from Nanterre, where he ran away from his second wife and his creditors in July last, he was accompanied by the servant Marie Boehmer, who, it is said, was formerly a lay sister in a convent and afterward a milkseller in the Rue St. Denis She entrusted a large share of her savings to the care of Pel, and about three months ago sudderly disappeared.

Pel, in answer to various inquiries, said he had sent her to the hospit. I. The neighbors, however, assert that one night, about the time of Boelmer's disappearance, a great fire was v sible In Pel's house, and that the air around was infected by an offensive odor. In an adjacent sewer some human hair has lately been discovered, and it is in this direction, as well as in the closet, that Kuehn made his principal investigations today. Pel will probably be I rought face to face with his second wife to-morrow.

It is not long since the mother of the al leged poisoner was killed by an electric battery made by her son. Pel is in a very despondent condition at Mazas, and has not partaken of much food during the past two days. A mottom or associate has been placed with him, as it was feared that he was about to commit suicide, and possibly the accused clockmaker may nake some statement to this person. - [London Telegraph.

Effect of Paper and Ink on Eyesight.

The colors of paper and ink, says a writer in the Scientific Monthly, are far m re rosponsible for defective eyesight than crosslights 'r. m opposite windows, light shining directly in the face, insufficient light, or small type. If these were r moved the principal cause of the mischief would still remain, the real root of the evil being the universally used black ink and white paper. These, says the writer in question, are ruining the eyesight of the reading nations. He prgues that the rays of the sun are reflected by a white body, and absorbed by a black one, and that we print our newspapers and books in direct opposition to the plainest correct principles of optical science. A book r newspaper as now printed being read by us, the eyes do not see the letters, which, being black, are non-reflective the outlines of the impressions of the type reach the retina, but they are not received by the spontaneous, direct action of that organ. The white surface of the paper is reflected, but the letters are detected only by a descriminative effort of the optic nerves. This constant labor irritates the nerves, and, when long continued, exhausts their suscep ibility. As proofs, the writer cites the wellknown fact that the human eye cannot long sustain the glare of a white surface without ir jury. The sunlight reflected from fields of snow; unrelieved by the colors of other objec's, or from the white ands of the desert, is, the world over, productive of oph-

thalmia. In accordance with this argument; if colred paper were substituted for white the eyes of all reading people would at once be relieved of a blinding strain-a continuous effort bound to result in permanent weakening of the eyes. Nature and science, says the writer above quoted, tell us that the color of all printing paper should be green. Green grass covers the ground green leaves are on the trees and giein is the color most grateful to the eye.

Green newspapers would be a novelty, but in time we should grow accustemed to tint: green school books would please the children: but green grounds would sadly mar the high art engravings for which a number of American magazines have become noted. And, if our scientific friend is ccrrect in his conclusions, green paper would sadly cripple the trade in eye-glasses and spectacles.

Dispensing with Bridesmaids.

There has been a great deal of talk lately among the fashionables as to whether it is the correct thing for a bride to be attended to the altar by a string of fair bridesn aids, and also if the uncompromising black ccat Lord Lindsay states that in the course of of the usher should be longer permitted to bridesmaids, and several reasons have been given by the brides. A pertinent one is that it is such an expense to a girl to find a handsome dress, which, as a rule, can only be worn on one occasion-at the wedding. A bridesmaid's frock is seldom of any use as the picturesque group of maidens who follow after the ushers would hardly care to see young ladies attired in that fashion on the streets, - [Philadelphia Press-

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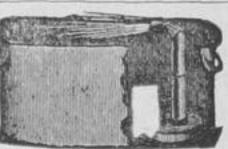
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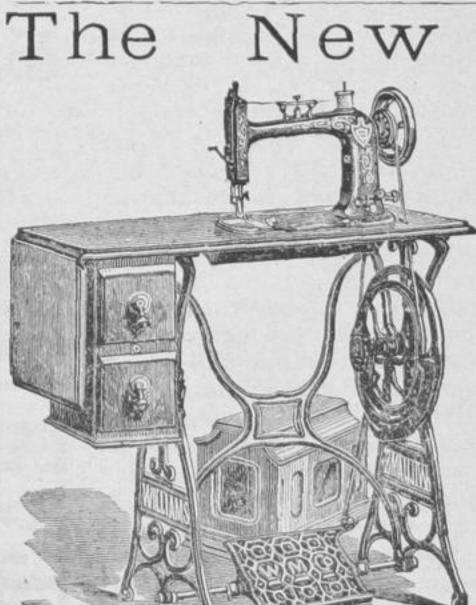


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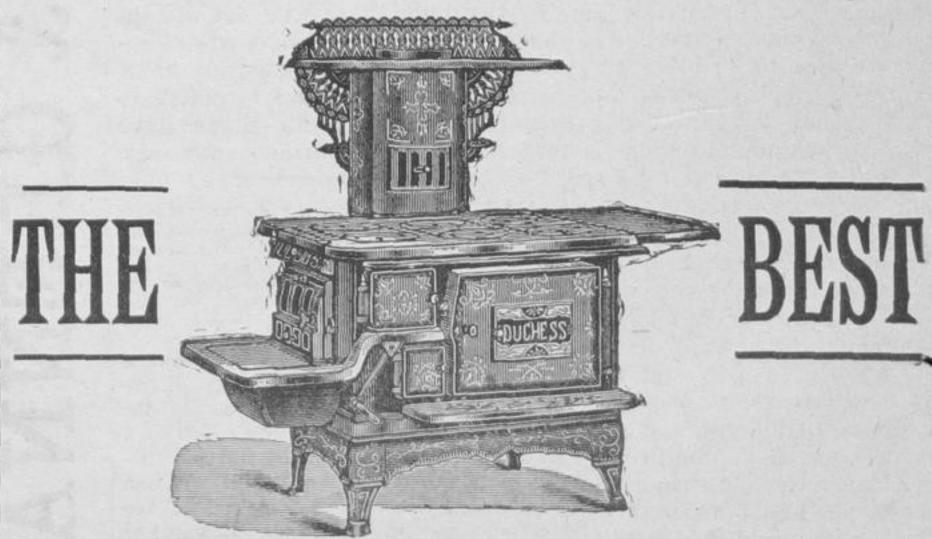
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