WOMEN ON THE WARPATH.

ANGELS AND DEMONS OF THE CAMP AND BATTLE-FIELD.

An English War Correspondent's Recollections—The Petroleuse of the Seige of Paris—An Incident of the Carlist War—Heroism of the Red Cross Women.

The amount of material which preceding ages have supplied with reference to "Women on the Warpath"—from Helen of Troy and Edith, who searched in the glimpses of an October moon for the dead body of Harold, even to martyred Joan of Arc, and innumerable heroines of more recent date—might well occupy far more space than is at my command; hence it is I have elected to devote this pen and pencil sketch to such women on the warpath as I have personally met when representing the Illustrated London News and other papers at the front.

The very word Petroleuse sends a thrill of horror through those who can recall the atrocities she committed in the second siege of Paris, as described by eye-witnesses, among whom I, at the time, found myself. Fortified with absinthe to a condition of reckless daring, and well supplied with petroleum, she sallied forth from her squalid attic or cabaret at Belville, Clinchy, or some other equally disreputable suburb as night closed in, leaving in her trail

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

on every side in that city of ruined palaces, which the Germans in their attack and occupation had so considerately spared. It was, indeed, a grim sight to see her hurrying over the debris, prying and peering into such houses as were still standing, for the most convenient means by which to fire them, and thus add to the rack and ruin around about, a feeling equaled alone by the grim satisfaction of seeing, as I did, some 700 of these abandoned wretches after the troops had retaken the city, securely caged, awaiting Cayenne or execution, in the Orangerie at Versailles; surely, the fair sex, even in the reign of terror, could not have appeared to more hideous disadvantage than these women of Paris in the second seige; though it never must be forgotten that the highest, as well as the lowest motives actuated French women of all grades at that time, and that Sisters of Charity, Vivandieres, and others who then came to the fore, justified one's adding to the old proverb, "Le monde est le livre des femme"—specially France. It it, in fact, quite a relief to refer to the heroines I, over and over again, came across during that, my first campaign, amongst whom I may mention the daughter of a man of independent means, who not only handed over his entire wealth towards war expenses, but also took up arms with his three sons, all of whom died in the service of their country, while (yet in her teens) the dead patriot's remaining child took a situation at a cafe chantant at Havre, where, with the tri-color wrapper about her, she furthered the cause by nightly singing—sad at heart as she was—patriotic songs to the enthusiastic soldiery; amongst whome, by the way, was a young Franc-tireur, whose youthful, well-defined features and slim contour were remarked by every one, till it was afterwards discovered and laid low by a bullet, that this graceful warrior was also a woman; nor was it by any means an isolated case during the Franco-Prussian campaign, in which many women were to be thus found on the warpath.

Taking events in the order in which they happened, I recall a romantic incident which I witnessed during the battle of Behobea, in the Spanish (Carlist) war of 1874. One woman alone had remained in that

HOTLY SHELLED VILLAGE

of Behobea, the others having escaped across the frontier river, the Biddasoa, into France. Maraqueta—for such was her name—loved, not wisely but too well, a young Carlist soldier, whom she had almost unmanned by determining thus to remain with him. She was at last persuaded to take up a comparatively safe position on the balcony of a house situated near a barricade, which, with others, her lover stoutly defended as our Republican troops swept the streets from end to end with bayonet and firebrand. Rally upon rally ensued round about that barricade, till, before her very eyes, he was shot dead—Maraqueta herself, almost at the same moment, receiving two wounds, a ball penetrating both the wrist of her clasped hands. Great as the general excitement was, she was seen to fall by a young officer of our side; but alas! the house was already in flames, and the broad staircase, as he anxiously looked through the open door, was seemingly enveloped in a sheet of fire. A woman's life, however, was in the balance, and, to be laconic, only a few moments had elapsed before, scorched, but undaunted, this brilliant soldier, returning rushed past me with his bleeding, but still breathing, burden, who was soon being tenderly cared for by the Red Cross doctors; her mind, however, had given way, and I heard when last in Spain that the once beautiful and much-loved Maraqueta had become a raving lunatic.

I have seen, too, in this same campaign, women actually supplying skirmishers while fighting with rancia (a cheap native wine), apparently dodging the bullets as they rushed from man to man. Times out of number, too, have I also seen them tending the wounded out in the open, quite regardless of self, in the hail of lead with which brutalized troops greeted them, and by which in many cases they were sent to their last account, while engaged in this final act of heroism.

Prior to the Servian war I met with an amusing experience in connection with two tribes of gypsies, with one of which I was then encamped (taking sketches of gypsy life) near Semlin, in Hungary. Now, it came about that a feud which had long smoldered among them suddenly took the form of a free fight with

KNIVES AND BLUDGEONS,

while I was in their midst, necessitating the calling out of the garrison at Semlin. After a short but sharp encounter and much bloodshed, they succeeded in bringing it to a close, at the same time taking back to the town many prisoners, among whom were myself and a young gypsy Amazon, who had been at the forefront with the bravest in the recent struggle; and, strange as it may seem, she and I were, in the confusion, placed in "durance" (anything but "vile") together; indeed, in the most eloquent of languages—that of the eye—we soon found ourselves on the best of terms, and when my presence among those gypsies had been explained, and my release ordered, I was utterly miserable at being thus separated from my charming fellow-prisoner, that beautiful brunette.

In Servia I was much with the English Red Cross Sisters and doctors, who, as they always do, distinguished themselves brilliantly in their self-sacrificing devotion to the sick and wounded. I am here reminded how on one occasion, when bringing from Semendria to Belgrade seventeen mained soldiers, I effected the journey partly in a sort of tumble-down steam barge and partly in requisitioned wagons. It was in the small hours we arrived at the Belgrade hospital, yet those Red Cross nurses, already nearly worn out with fatigue, were indefatigable in their ministrations to my contingent of wounded, working throughout the whole night to alleviate the pain of the sufferers, among whom may be mentioned in this connection Mrs. White (now Lady White), the charming wife of the then representative of the British Government in Belgrade, who was always first and foremost in the good cause of charity.

As an instance of the ruling passion being strong in death, I may mention the fact that only two of my charges died; one on the barge during the journey, the other in the hospital. When the case of the latter was found to be hopeless, he was told by Mrs. White (who speaks Servian) that if he had any special wish it should, if possible, be complied with. For some time he was silent, then, with a bright smile, he looked up into her anxiously sympathetic face and said, "apples." I at once rushed out and returned with several; he seized them with nervous energy, and commenced devouring one ravenously, dying, in fact, in the effort, before he could finish it.

Foremost amongst distinguished women on the war-path was

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

("Carmen Sylva.") My first acquaintance with this most fascinating sovereign was at her Red Cross Hospital at Bucharest. Conigsby, the Times correspondent, who was with me at the time, had just left Philipopolis, where Lady Strangford was also devoting her best energies to the succor of the wounded. "Tell me," said her Majesty (then Princess Elizabeth) in excellent English, "how many beds has Lady Strangford in her hospital?" "Forty-eight, your Majesty." "Then tell her Ladyship, when next you see her, Mr. Conigsby, that I have fifty-four." Her womanly pride raised her above her social station. "Carmen Sylva" was six to the good; there was a merry twinkle in that royal eye.

A romance worth remembering took place while I was at Plevna, which curiously affected the destinies of a certain tiny damsel, who was found left behind in a shattered Bulgarian hut by the advancing Russian troops. At the end of the war this little waif was tenderly cared for and educated by the officers and men of of the regiment which had found her, developing eventually into a very lovely and accomplished girl, who only a few years since married a dashing young Lieutenant of that same corps which had been instrumental in saving her life.

Surely fact is stranger than fiction. Here is yet another instance of a Russian cavalry officer who, having just married, was about to start on his honeymoon when, war being declared, he was ordered instanter to the front, whither, in defiance of military permission, which could never have been accorded, his young wife, circumventing an enormous number of difficulties, succeeded in following him; and where, on several occasions, I saw her riding round the lines, often drawing fire from the Turkish rifle pits. She somehow managed to remain, nevertheless, throughout the greater part of the siege, much, as her young husband told me, to his own discomfiture, his anxiety for her safety almost eclipsing his sense of duty. Non sibi sed patriae; not for himself was it that he grieved, but for his country.

There was, by the way, an old female cook, who, after the flight of its landlord, completely

RAN A LARGE HOTEL

during the shelling of Georgivo by the Turks, this leathery, antique, but plucky personage confining herself chiefly to the cellars of the establishment, where she cooked and otherwise supplied the wants of such officers and correspondents—amongst whom were the specials of the Times, Daily Telegraph, Daily News, Scotsman, etc.,—who were content to take pot luck in passing under a desultory shell fire. Nor was the poor old soul selfish in this matter, her one hope, by exorbitant charges, being to benefit her only son—the apple of her eye—a sort of half-dazed, galvanized impulse, who in terrible trepidation played the part of waiter, shuddering at everything which resembled the most distant detonation of a shell.

Then there is that other woman to be found on the warpath who follows in the wake of carnage, one who concerns herself rather with the dead than the living, whose hopes and aims in life may be summed up in the one word—pelf—as represented by epaulettes and gold lace, with an occasional watch or signet ring thrown in; indeed, I have, with reference to signet rings, a grewsome memory, which dates back to '77. It was the night after the battle of Zevin, in Asia Minor; one of my native followers had purchased from one of these hags of the battle-field a massive gold ring with a Russian monogram upon it, and was now anxious that I should become, at an advanced price the proud possessor of this souvenir of the recent fight, adding that, if I had any doubt about its genuineness, the goldseeker who had appropriated it would with pleasure supply the finger of the dead man from whom it had been taken. I was, however, in this case (even with the finger thrown in), not to be tempted, although (minus that dead man's digit) a fellow correspondent at once acquired the relic.

I could ramble on for hours concerning the Rosicrucians of all nations whom I have come across on the warpath, amongst whom

CONSPICUOUS FOR THEIR DARING

were the ladies of the Russian Red Cross during the war of 1877. Nor are individual acts of heroism on the part of such representative women as Mrs. Grimwood (fresh in all our memories), or of Mrs. Zohrab, the wife of the then Consul General at Erzeroum, to be forgotten. Apart from many personal remembrances of the latter's solicitude for myself when laid low with fever at that place, the bravery of herself and daughters during the siege was at the time known throughout the length and breadth of Asia Minor, since on many occasions these ladies were in most imminent danger while ministering to the wants of the wounded who fell at the front in and round Erzeroum.

Once warmed to my theme, memory overflows with reminiscences of woman's work at the front, but there are editorial limits I may not overstep; suffice it to say, then, the incidents which I (pardon the necessary first person singular) thus briefly relate, and the illustrations which accompany them, being absolutely true, I am afforded much satisfaction in paying this small tribute—as a war artist—to the self-sacrificing courage and endurance of women on the warpath.

"I TELL ALL MY FRIENDS."

A Lady of Shelburne, Ont., Permanently Cured of Indigestion After Using Two Bottles of South American Nervine—Glad to Let Everyone Know It,

MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH.

With indigestion it is not only that one suffers all imaginable torments, physical and mental, but more, perhaps, than anything else, an impaired digestion is the forerunner of countless ailments that in their course lead to the most serious consequences. Let the stomach get out of order and it may be said the whole system is diseased. When the digestive organs fail in their important functional duties, head and heart, mind and body are sick. These were the feelings of Mrs. Galbraith, wife of Mr. A. V. Galbraith, the well-known jeweller of Shelburne, Ont., before she had learned of the beneficent results to be gained by the use of South American Nervine Tonic. In so many words she said: "Life was becoming unbearable. I was so cranky I was really ashamed of myself. Nothing that I ate would agree with me; now it does not matter what I eat. I take enjoyment out of all my meals." Here are Mrs. Galbraith's words of testimony to South American Nervine, given over her own signature:

"Shelburne, Ont., March 27, 1894.

"I was for considerable time a sufferer from indigestion, experiencing all the misery and annoyance so common to this complaint. South American Nervine was recommended to me as a safe and effective remedy for all such cases. I used only two bottles, and am pleased to testify that these fully cured me, and I have had no indication of a return of the trouble since. I never fail to recommend the Nervine to all my friends troubled with indigestion or nervousness.

"MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH."

The testimony of this lady, given freely and voluntarily out of a full heart because of the benefits she experienced in her own person, have an echo in thousands of hearts all over the country. South American Nervine must cure, because it operates at once on the nerve centres. These nerve centres are the source from which emanates the life fluid that keeps all organs of the body in proper repair. Keep these nerve centres sound and disease is unknown. There is no trick in the business. Everything is very simple and common sense like. South American Nervine strengthens the digestive organs, tones up the liver, enriches the blood, is peculiarly efficacious in building up shattered and nervous constitutions. It never fails to give relief in one day.

One Oyster Enough for a Meal.

Pliny mentions that according to the historians of Alexander's expedition oysters a foot in diameter were found in the Indian seas, and Sir James E. Tennent was unexpectedly able to corroborate the correctness of his statement, for at Kottiar near Trincomalee, enormous specimens o edible oysters were brought to the resthouse. One measured more than eleven inches in length by half as many in width. But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in south Australia, which are the largest edible oysters in the world. They are as large as a dinner plate and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his habitation so well that he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide to have one oyster fried in butter or eggs and breadcrumbs set before you, but it is a very pleasant experience, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial even in that land of luxuries.

Gold Mining at Sudbury.

A despatch from Sudbury, says:— It is understood here that the Creighton Gold Mining Company are about to start active operations again on their property some twenty miles west of here. After the mine closed down an expert mining engineer advised exploring with a diamond drill some 400 yards west of the shaft, and at a depth of about 200 feet a vein of quartz was struck indicating a total width of over twenty feet and showing several very rich specimens of free gold. It is understood that a meeting of the directors has been held at Ottawa and action taken to prove conclusively the extent of the ore body. Gold mining has been inactive in this locality recently, and it is thought that this discovery will arouse interest among owners of properties in the Vermillion River valley, as it is thought that the same vein which runs through the Creighton property extends throughout the whole valley.

A Masked Marauder.

A despatch from Toronto says:—Last Sunday evening the family of Mr. James Brown, 439 Bathurst street, was thrown into a state of consternation by the appearance of three masked men, who rang the bell, and, when the summons was answered by one of the ladies of the house, forced their way in and demanded money, at the same time presenting revolvers at the frightened inmates. Upon Mr. Brown's appearance, however, they decamped without securing any booty. Since then the police have been hunting for the miscreants, and on Sunday evening Detective Davis arrested Henry Adams, a mild, inoffensive-looking man, but an old penitentiary bird, nevertheless, on suspicion of being one of the trio. Adams refused to give any address, but in spite of this the authorities are hopeful of securing his companions, against whom they believe they have a strong case.

Natural Gas Explosion.

A despatch from Anderson says:—The most destructive natural gas explosion in the history of the Indiana gas belt occurred here on Wednesday morning. A business block on the Court House square was blown over in the central part of the city. Fire followed the explosion, which was like an earthquake, and the debris began burning fiercely. The loss on the building and contents is total, and will reach $400,000. The fronts of all business houses in the neighborhood of the explosion were demolished, paved streets ripped open and telephone cables torn down.

CARL DUNDER.

The fat police sergeant was chasing an overgrown cockroach out of the top drawer of his desk and whacking at it with a wooden ruler as the insect skated and dodged about, when a long drawn sigh caused him to look up. Some one had opened the door and softly advanced to the desk. It was Mr. Dunder. The sergeant looked at him for a few seconds to make sure and then said:—

"Oh! It's you, is it?"

"Yes, sergeant," sighed Mr. Dunder, "her vhas me. I vhas on my way to see dot undertaker, und I call in to see you. Oxcuse my tears, but I vhas a sorrowful man—werry sorrowful!"

"What's the matter?" asked the officer as he made a blow at the cockroach and broke the insect's left leg.

"You know dot I got oudt of der saloon peesness und inwent a comic almanac. She vhas a comic un i a sadt almanac. Some times dose shokes make me laugh till I fall down, and sometimes dose sadt pieces make me—me—"

"Yes, I see. You have invented something very sorrowful, Mr. Dunder, and are deeply affected. Sit down and get a brace for your feet and choke back your emotions."

Mr. Dunder sat down and wiped the tears from his eyes and sighed and gasped, and after a couple of minutes, during which the officer clipped the roach over the left ear and upset the ink bottle at the same time, he got up and said:—

"Sergeant, I vhas afraidt dot Mrs. Dunder vhas a deadt womans before night, und my son Shake vhas no better ash a corpse!"

"Is that possible? What can have happened?"

"I inwent some sadt pieces und read 'em to Shake und der oldt womans, und dey weep und sob und vhas almost gone oop. Listen to me vhile I read:—

"'When vhas a rooster not a rooster? Vhen she vhas a crowing.'

"'Vhen vhas a person like a window? Vhen he vhas full of collic.'

"'Vhy doan' Cain's brudder shtrike him back? Because he vhasn't Abel.'"

"Hold on, Mr. Dunder!" interrupted the sergeant, as the cockroach made a jump to the floor and got away under the baseboard. Don't read any more until I laugh. By George! but—ha!—ha!—ha! you have struck it this time—struck it rich! Ho!—ho!—ho!"

"Sergeant," said Mr. Dunder, as he stepped back in surprise, "vhas you laughing?"

"Of course I am! I haven't been so tickled over a joke in five years—ha!—ha!—ha!"

"But I doan' read you some shokes! All dose vhas sadt and pathetic. I inwent dose things to make you weep."

"Weep! Why, you tickle me almost to death! Read me some more, Mr. Dunder. I've been feeling dumpy for a month or two, and a good laugh will do me good. Select something even more sad—something with sobs in it."

"Vnell, by Sheorge!—but I doan' see how she vhas!" gasped Mr. Dunder, as he looked up from his manuscript to the sergeant and back. "Vhen I read you some shokes, you weep; vhen I read you some pathos, you laugh. Heweffer, I vhill read you sorre more. Listen:—

"'Vhen vhas a bank note like a singer? Vhen its a tenner.'

"'Vhen vhas a cow like a drunkard sent to Central prison? Vhen she vhas dehorned.'

"You will excuse me, sergeant," said Mr. Dunder, as he pocketed his manuscript with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "but I can't read you no more. It vhas too affecting. It vhas oafer twenty y'ars before I feel like dis. Vhas you laughing?"

"Yes, I can't help it—ha! ha! ha! Why didn't you teel me before that you had jokes in your comic almanac?"

"But I did! I come down here more ash seex times und read you some shokes."

"I—I don't remember—ha! ha! ha! Well, of all the good things I've heard and read in the last ten years these take the cake! Were Mrs. Dunder and Jake tickled over them?"

"Teeckled! Sergeant, I doan' understand how she vhas. Didn't I tell you dot Shake und her oldt womans vhas all swelled oop und most dea it mit grief?"

"But what about—ha! ha! ha!"

"Vhy, aboudt dose sadt pieces I read you. You know dot ole man on Milk Street, who sharpens knives? Vhell, I goes by his place and reads dot pathos to him, und for twenty-four hours he doan' shtop weeping."

"Don't eh? Ha! ha! ha! If you have any more good things, don't keep 'em back. Well, well, but who'd have thought you were so funny!"

"Sergeant," said Mr. Dunder, after a long look over his desk, "maype I vhas all mistooken. Vhen I inwents a shoke, maype she vhas no shoke at all, but something dot makes you feel badt?"

"I think so."

"Und vhen I inwents a piece to weep oafer, dot vhas a shoke to make you laugh, eh?"

"That's it—ha! ha! ha!"

"Vhell, I doan' believe her! You vhas no frendt of mine. Vhen I weep, you laugh, und vhen I was teekled almost to death, you vhas almost crying. It vhas shelousy. Eaferpody vhas asking who dot Carl Dunder vhas, and dot makes you madt. Sergeant!"

"Yes—ha! ha! ha! I wish you had time to read some more of those jokes."

"Sergeant, go by some grass, und doan' you forget her! If my whole family dies und dot almanac busts oop, I doan' come and see you no more. Ha! Good day! Ha! ha! I go! Ha, ha, ha! I vhas gone!"

"ENGLISH JACK" IS DYING.

The Strange Life of New Hampshire's Live Frog and Snake Eater, Who is Known to All White Mountain Tourists.

"English Jack," the quaintest character in New Hampshire, is dying at his hermit home in the wilderness on the side of Mount Millard, near the Crawford House, in the White Mountains. He is well known to the summer visitors, for whom for a small sum he has eaten alive many frogs and snakes. He has been exhibited in museums in this specialty many times. Part of his diet for years has been frogs, snakes and many other things that most men avoid. He is a well-educated man, a good scholar, a great reader and a fluent and interesting talker.

The romantic story of this man's strange life has more than ordinary interest. His name is John A. Vialls. It is related that years ago a homeless boy in the city of London, he found a little girl wandering in the streets. She had lost her way, and it was with great difficulty that he was able to find her home and take her to it. Her father was grateful for the boy's kind deed and took a great liking for him. Being a sea captain, he took the boy to sea and, step by step, the street waif rose in his chosen profession. An affection grew up between him and the girl whom he had found, and finally the wedding day was fixed. He returned home, only to find that his intended bride was dead.

Then followed for him many years of wanderings in every clime, of fighting in China and India, where he saw service in the army of Sir Colin Campbell. At last he found his way to the White Mountains, where for more than twenty years he has made his home in a cabin. Here he has seemed to be perfectly contented. He loved children and nature. He never did harm to any one, and very often he has been able to help people. Many times has the old man searched for and found parties lost in the wilds of the mountains.

It is said that "Jack" has a generous sum of money laid away. Summer visitors to his lonely hut have often made him cash presents for the sake of inspecting his queer little mountain cabin and to hear him talk of his strange life, and these gifts have been hoarded with a miser's love and secrecy. He lived principally on the game he shot and trapped.

A Lack of Excitement.

Ethel—She would have married him were it not for one thing.

Marie—What was that?

Ethel—He had no bad habits for her to break him of.

BEYOND EXPLANATION.

AN AWFUL STORY OF VENGEANCE TOLD BY A DOCTOR.

A Dying Man's Declaration of Revenge Carried out Years After His Death—A Theory as to Soul Transmigration—A Strange and Bloody Mafia Story.

In one of the clubs of a large city a few nights ago a number of professional men of more or less prominence were grouped around a table when the subject of spiritualism was brought up, and, after some discussion, that was changed to the subject of the transmigration of souls. During the discussion Dr. Pascal, who is known as a close student of, if not an actual believer in the supernatural, was asked if he had ever witnessed an actual occurrence in real life that would furnish a substantial basis for the belief in the theory that the soul of one who has gone before controls the actions of a living being. In reply to that question Dr. Pascal said:

"I do not speak as a believer in the theory that the soul, if such a substance exists, is transmitted from man to man, nor do I proclaim myself a skeptic. We all know that in matters relating to man, where reality ends faith must begin, else we are disbelievers in the traditions and teachings of ages, which are commonly called Christianity. Yet I doubt not that in the experience of every man here there has occurred some incident, some matter of fact, that could not be explained to his satisfaction unless he accept as a truth that our real life is in some way coupled with an invisible existence that we know not of. In my professional experience I recall one such incident, and, as it relates directly to the subject under discussion, I will tell you the story. I shall relate the facts. The reality, the mystery, or the explanation I leave to you.

"Thirty years ago I began the practice of my profession in the French quarter of New Orleans. I was a very young man then, and as I was working alone, my practice grew slowly. At a late hour one night I was aroused by a policeman to attend a man who had been found dangerously wounded near my office and lodging. I found the patient suffering from

NUMEROUS STAB WOUNDS,

and a hurried examination, made by the light of a lantern, convinced me that his condition was very serious. My office was close at hand, and the nearest hospital or police station some distance away, so I suggested that the wounded man be taken to my office, where I could bind up his wounds and stop the flow of blood. That was done, and a closer examination revealed the fact that he was fatally hurt, and could live but a few minutes.

"The man was a swarthy-faced Frenchman or Creole, apparently 60 years old. In removing some of his clothing I found a long bladed stilletto of peculiar design. The blade was stained with blood, and I at once guessed that the man had been engaged in a fight to the death and had attempted to conceal his knife. It was plain that his wounds were not self inflicted. The police tried to get from him the name of his assailant and the cause of the fight, but to all their questions he only shook his head. I questioned him with no better success until I told him that he was fatally hurt and could live but a little while.

"'Are you sure Doctor?' he cried, in broken English, at the same time springing up from the couch where he was lying. I assured him that I could not be mistaken, that his minutes were numbered. Again he struggled to get up, but I held him firmly, which was easy enough to do, as he was very weak.

"'Send them away; I have something to tell you,' he said, looking toward the policemen. I asked the officers to leave the room and remain within call. When the door closed behind them the wounded man asked me to give him his stiletto. When I hesitated he smiled feebly and said he meant no harm. I gave it to him, but watched him closely. He stroked

THE BLOOD-STAINED BLADE

as a child would play with a favorite toy. In the Creole jargon he talked to the murderous-looking weapon for a moment. 'Thirteen! thirteen!' he muttered, counting some irregular notches in the bone handle of the stiletto. 'Thirteen—an unlucky number—and there was only one more. Only one more, and there is just room enough for another notch. One more and the record would have been complete—the blood of a Raynal avenged.'

"'But I was too old, too old! My arm was weak! Thirteen gone—but one lives! My work is not finished. I can't die! I won't die! Doctor, you must not let me die!'

"Again he struggled to get up. There was a gleam of murderous hatred in his black eyes as he clutched the bloody knife in his right hand and gazed at the sharp blade. I tried to quiet him, but told him I could not save his life. His strength was going fast, and he soon realized that his end was near. He turned and looked at me intensely for a moment with eyes on which the seal of death was already visible.

"'Doctor, can I trust you?' he asked in a whisper.

"I told him he could.

"'Then take this and keep it; mind you keep it!' he said, placing the stiletto in my hand. 'It is the weapon of a Corsican's vengeance. My name is Jean Raynal. I was borne in Corsica. In me lives the soul of vengeance. A Raynal was murdered once and the soul of the murdered man lived again in his son, and lived only for vengeance.

THE MURDERER WAS KILLED.

Others of his families have died. We have followed them to the ends of the earth. Thirteen dead; but one remained. To-night I met him and tried to finish the work. I am old—he was stronger than I. The work is not yet done. The soul of a Raynal will live. Keep that—keep the weapon of our vengeance. Some day the work will be finished.' The old man pressed the weapon into my hand. He was gasping for breath and I knew the end was near. I tried to get him to tell me the name of his enemy but he would not.

"'Keep that! Guard it for me and some day you may know all.'

"With his right hand still grasping the handle of the blood-stained knife the old Corsican died with the story of his vendetta unrevealed.

"The police investigated the case, but no clew to the mystery of Jean Raynal's death was ever discovered. In fact, they were unable to learn much about the dead man. He had been a cobbler by trade, and had lived in New Orleans two or three years. In that time he had worked in almost every shop in the city, never staying long in one place.

"He always lived alone, and, as he had no friends, it was impossible to learn anything of his history. I kept the stiletto as I had promised. For years it hung on the wall in my office, dark red spots showing where human blood had

STAINED THE BLADE.

Sometimes I stopped to look at it, and recalled the dying words of the old Corsican 'Some day the work will be finished.' Twenty-two years had passed since Jean Raynal, the old Corsican cobbler died in my office. Fortune had dealt kindly with me. I had built up a large and profitable practice had moved into a fashionable quarter in another part of the city, but the curious old Corsican stiletto still formed the centre of a group of curios that hung on the wall of my office. One day a well dressed young man, evidently a Frenchman, called at my office, and I treated him for some trivial complaint. He was a stranger to me, and mentioned the fact that he had arrived in the city only the day before. I asked who sent him to me for treatment. He answered promptly that no one sent him; it was chance merely that caused him to stop at my office after passing half a dozen others in the same street. I had never seen the man before, but there was something about his face or in his voice that reminded me of some one or something I had known in the past. Who or what it was I tried in vain to recall. The young man was taking his leave when he caught sight of my collection of curios on the wall. The Raynal stiletto attracted his attention at once. He asked me many questions about it, and I told him the history of the weapon. His interest was visibly increased and

HE WANTED TO PURCHASE IT,

but I declined to sell. He said he was making a collection of weapons with histories, and would pay me any price I might name for the old stiletto. As the man talked he kept his eyes fixed on the weapon, and the feeling that there was something familiar in his face or voice was growing on me all the time. But I could not trace the resemblance, whatever it was. My chance patient was evidently sorely disappointed when I refused to sell him the old stiletto. He called the next day to report that my treatment had benefited him, and again he tried to buy the weapon. Again I refused to part with it. The stranger called once more for medicine. That time he did not repeat his offer to buy my favorite curio, but I noticed that he looked at it again and again, with a peculiar expression in his eyes. His health was very much improved, and before leaving that day he paid his bill. I did not see him again.

"A week after the last visit of the young Frenchman my office was broken open one night by a person, evidently a novice in burglary, for it was a bungling job. Only one article was stolen. That was the old Corsican stiletto. I offered a liberal reward for its return without question, but no one came to claim the reward, and I had despaired of seeing the weapon again, when the city was startled by a mysterious midnight assassination. Armand Duval, an aged restaurant keeper, well known in the French quarter, was found

MURDERED IN THE STREET

near his home. The crime had been committed after midnight, and the assassin, in his haste to get away, left the weapon with which he had committed the crime lying on the ground by the body of his victim.

"I read in the newspapers a description of the knife used. It was a stiletto, and, from the description, I recognized the weapon stolen from my office. I had little trouble in proving my original ownership of the fatal knife, and the theft, and in time I recovered my property. When I examined it I found fourteen notches on the handle. There were only thirteen when it was stolen from me. Then, like a flash, my memory cleared, and I knew that the mysterious young Frenchman in some way resembled Jean Raynal, the old Corsican who died with his work of vengeance incomplete. Then I recalled the dying words of the old Corsican, 'The soul of a Raynal will live. Some day the work will be finished.'

"To me it was evident that the work was finished. The soul of the Corsican vendetta did not die with Jean Raymal."

WOLSELEY'S PLUCK.

The Bravery of Lord Wolseley, Then Captain in the Crimean War.

On the 31st of August, about 12.30 a.m., a small party of Russians made an attack on our extreme right advanced works. There was no covering party at hand, "and the working party fell back in confusion before one-third of their numbers, in spite of repeated attempts of Capt. Wolseley to rally them." The Russians destroyed about fifty yards of the sap, and then fell back 200 yards into the Dockyard Ravine, whence they kept up an incessant fire. The Gervais Battery, from the other side of the ravine, played on the head of the sap, and in a short time we had twelve casualties out of sixty-five men. When the Russians retired Capt. Wolseley got some sappers to work to repair damages, but this was difficult, as they had to labor under a shower of bullets, round shot, and shells, and the work progressed only by Capt. Wolseley and a Sergeant, Royal Engineers, working at the head of the sap.

Wolseley was on his knees, holding the front gabion, into which a Sergeant, working also in a kneeling position, threw earth over his Captain's shoulder. The gabion was half filled, when it was struck in the centre by a round shot from the Gervais Battery. Wolseley was terribly wounded, and, indeed, the Sergeant pulled his body back without ceremony, intending to bury it in camp, when he found the life of his officer was not extinct. Besides grave injuries in the upper face, a large stone from the gabion was driven through the cheek and jaw to the neck, where it lodged; the right wrist was smashed, and a serious wound inflicted on the shin. Strange to say, he did duty, after a rapid temporary recovery, till the armies embarked, the shin wound becoming more serious later, when the bone began to exfoliate.

The Last Straw.

Mrs. Knickerbock-Van Avnoo—Do you mean to say that all is lost?

Mr. Knicker-Van Avnoo—Every dollar. Nothing can be saved. We must give up this fine house.

No matter. We will have less care.

We must give up our horses.

I can walk.

And our servants.

I will do the work myself.

And—our hyphen.

Then she fainted.

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A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. George Robb, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

Young Van Marks (in a melancholy tone)—"Oh, I suppose I shouldn't brood, but fortune seems reluctant to smile on me." Harry Gray—"Well, never mind, old fellow; she will when she sees some of your work."

Stark's Powders, each package of which contains two preparations, one in a round wooden-box, the cover of which forms a measure for one dose, an immediate relief for Sick Headache and Stomach, also Neuralgia, and all kinds of nervous pains, and another in capsules (from ¼ to ⅓ of one in an ordinary dose) which acts on the Bowels, Liver and Stomach, forming a never failing perfect treatment for all Head and Stomach complaints. They do not, as most pills and so many other medicines do, lose their effect or produce after constipation, and are nice to take. 25 cents a box, at all medicine dealers.

Men may, for broken wood or glass
Some strong cement invoke;
But there is no cement, alas!
To help a man who is broke.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by McFarlane & Co.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Canton, Mo., Apr. 3, '92.
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We call the special attention of Post masters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arreages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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W. J. CONNOR, Pastor.
Sabbath Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School and Bible class at 9:30 a.m. Church Wardens, W. B. Vollet and T. M. Whitmore.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
REV. A. G. JANSEN, Pastor.
Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.

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Sunday Services, morning at 11 a. m. Sabbath School and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Preaching at 7 p. m. Week evening Service—Thursday evening, regular prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Young Peoples Union on Monday evening at 8. p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.
J. C. POMEROY, Pastor.
Service every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.

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Durham Services—11 a. m. first Sunday of every month. Glenelg Services—9 a. m. first Sunday of every month, 10:30 a. m. third Sunday of every month.

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE. Thomas Lauder, Registrar. John A. Munro, Deputy-Registrar. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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DURHAM LODGE NO. 306 OF A. F. & A. M. Night of Meeting, Tuesday on or before full moon of each month. Visiting brethern welcome. Thos. Brown, W. M. Geo. Russell, Sec.

GREY LODGE NO. 169 I.O.O.F. Night of Meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting brethern welcomed. W. B. Vollet Sec.

DURHAM L. O. L. NO. 632. Night of Meeting, on Thursday or before full moon in each month. Wm. A Anderson, Sec.

SONS OF SCOTLAND, BEN NEVIS CAMP NO. 45, meets in S. of S. Hall, Friday on or before full moon. George Binnie, Chief, Geo. Russel, Sec.

SAUGEEN TENT, K.O.T.M., No. 154, meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month. Thos. Brown, Com. F C. Hamilton, R. K.

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Priceville—Monday before Durham
Hanover—Monday before Durham.
Mount Forest—Third Wednesday in each month.
Guelph—First Wedesday in each month
Harriston—Friday before the Guelph Fair
Drayton—Saturday before Guelph.
Elora—The day before Guelph.
Douglas—Monday before Elora Fair.
Hamilton—Crystrl Palace Grounds, th day after Guelph.
Listowel—First Friday in each month.
Fergus—Thursday following Mount Forest
Markdale—Saturday before Orangeville
Orangeville—Second Thursday in each month.
Flesherton—Monday before Orangeville
Dundalk—Tuesday before Orangeville
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What have you done with the property?
Rented it to a man who plays a bass horn.

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