

# THE ORDEAL

A Story of the War of 1870.

This poem has been dramatized by a leading American film company and the play has caused a great sensation in the United States, the Germans appealing to the federal government in vain to have it condemned.

He was strong, and handsome, and happy, beloved, and loving and young, with eyes that men set their trust in, and the fire of his soul on his tongue.

With mother and sister and sweet heart, his safe, glad days went by, till his country called on her children, to fight and to die.

"Good-bye to mother and sister, good-bye to my sweet sweet heart, I fight for you—my pray for me, we shall not be apart."

The women prayed at the sunrise, they prayed when the skies grew dim; His mother and sister prayed for the cause, his sweetheart prayed for him.

For mother and sister and sweet heart, but most for the true and the right, he now laid down his own life's hopes, and led his men to fight.

Skirmishing, scouting and spying, night-watch, attack and defeat, The resolute, desperate fighting, the hopeless, reluctant retreat;

Ruin, defeat and disaster, capture and loss and despair, And half of his regiment hidden, and only this man knew where.

Prisoner, fast bound, sore wounded, they brought him roughly along, With his body as weak and broken as his spirit was steadfast and strong.

Before the Prussian general, "Where are your men?" he heard, He looked black death in its ugly face, and answered never a word.

"Where is your regiment hidden? Speak, you are pardoned straight, No? We can find dumb dogs their tongues, you spy, you reprobate!"

They dragged his mother and sister into the open hall, "Give up your men, if these women are dear to your heart at all."

He turned his eyes on his sister, and spoke to her silently;

TOUCH OF THE CZARINA. Like a Miracle Cure — Her Daughters Nurses.

Almost in the shadow of the Imperial Palace in Tsarskoye-Selo, the winter home of Emperor Nicholas, there is a low building half hidden behind villas, artificial ruins, and triumphal arches, which is perhaps the most remarkable hospital improvised during the present war.

Soldiers come out not only healed and sound, but with a strange sort of exaltation that one might expect to find in a patient who had been cured by a miracle.

The building was formerly the barracks of the Imperial Guards, but during the absence of the troops it has been converted to the use of the wounded, and is supported by funds at the disposal of the minister of the imperial court. At the special request of the empress, a part of the court hospital where the empress and her two eldest daughters, the grand

she answered his silence with speaking and straight from the heart spoke she:

"If you betray your country, you spit on your father's name; And what is life without honor? What is death if void of shame?"

He looked on the mother who bore him, and her smile was splendid to see; He hid his face with a bitter cry, but never a word spoke he.

"Son of my own—be silent. My days at the best are few, And I shall know how to give them, son of my heart, for you."

He shivered, set teeth, kept silence, with never a plaint or cry; The women were slain before him and he stood and saw them die.

Then they brought his lovely beloved, desire of his heart and eyes; "Say where your men are hidden, or say that your sweetheart dies."

She threw her arms about him, she laid her lips to his cheek; "Speak for my sake, who loves you, Love, for our love's sake, speak."

Long he looked at his sweetheart, his eyes grew tender and wet; "Closely he held her to him, his lips to her lips were set.

"See, I am young, I love you, I am not ready to die; One word makes us happy forever, together, you and I."

Her arms around his neck were clinging, her lips his cold lips caressed; He suddenly flung her from his breast, and folded his arms on his breast.

And still he stood, and his silence like fire, was burning him through; The musketeer spoke once, and were silent, and she was silent too.

They turned to torture him further, if further might be—in vain, He held his peace in that three-fold hall, and he never spoke again.

This is the story of Remya, and now you have heard it through, Pray God He send no trial like this to try the faith of you.

But if His doom be upon you, then may God grant you this, To fight as good a fight as he, and win a crown like his.

duchess Olga and Tatiana, work among the other Red Cross nurses from 10 o'clock every morning till late in the afternoon.

There is nothing either in the nature of their work or in the appearance of their gray gingham uniforms and white, nunlike hoods to distinguish them from the others. They attend lectures on surgical and general nursing with the other student-nurses, dress wounds with their own hands, assist in operations, make the rounds with the medical staff, and participate in the general life of the hospital in all its details.

Their rank is not made the excuse for any escape or respite from the hardships or unpleasantness of the daily routine. At all the most difficult operations her majesty acts as head nurse, handling the operating surgeon his instruments, while the two grand duchesses pass the necessary cloths and bandages.

It has been the desire of the empress that her two daughters work exclusively in the ward for private



SENIOR LIEUTENANT WEDDIGEN, COMMANDER OF GERMAN SUBMARINE U-9.

The most popular man in all Germany, with the possible exception of General Von Hindenburg, is Senior Lieutenant Otto Weddigen, commander of the submarine "U-9", which sank the three British cruisers, *Cressy*, *Abercrombie* and *Hague*. Emperor Franz Joseph, of Austria, has conferred on him the Knight Cross of Leopold Order.

Weddigen, and ladies of the court vie with one another in contributing time and money to improving the conditions which surround the wounded Russian soldiers.

A PRISONER OF UHLANS. American Pressman Sees a Fellow Captive Executed.

Phil Rader, an American newspaperman, who was made a prisoner of Uhlans, has (says the Central News, Paris correspondent) enlisted in the French Flying Corps. Mr. Rader, a native of San Francisco, had intended to accompany Lieutenant Porte in his contemplated transatlantic flight.

Mr. Rader was made a prisoner during the German advance upon Paris, and has given an account of his exciting experiences during his captivity.

Mr. Rader says he espied a cavalry detachment, and ran his car into their midst with a cheery salutation of "Hello, boys." After some seconds of silence one of the cavaliers, in perfect English, asked, "Who are you? Where do you come from?" Mr. Rader's explanations of his movements were cut short by his interrogator's statement, "I suppose you know that we are Germans—Uhlans—and that you are our prisoner!"

After a while the Uhlans colonel, Mr. Rader was taken to St. Quentin and put in chains.

Late at night he was joined by another prisoner, George Wheeler, an American, from Boston.

Early next morning the two Americans were taken before a court of German officers. Wheeler was arrested, and this so enraged him that he cried out, "This is a — of a way to treat an American." An officer standing by told him that if he did not like such treatment he should have stayed at home. Further incensed, Wheeler swung the law, laid him prone. For a few seconds not a word was spoken. Then a command was rapped out in German and Wheeler was unchained from Mr. Rader and led to the other side of the room.

A few more questions were addressed to Mr. Wheeler, and the two were led back to their improvised cells.

Next morning Wheeler was placed against a wall and a firing squad put thirty bullets into him. And to close that ghastly scene Mr. Rader saw Wheeler's body thrown into the shallow grave.

Mr. Rader was led to a waiting motor-car and taken to Valenciennes, where he was led before the general, who, learning that the captive desired nothing more than to return to Paris, made out a pass for him, promising to join Mr. Rader in dinner in Paris very soon.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA PORTS

Benefit By the Opening of the Panama Canal.

That the Canadian Railways operating in Western Canada intend to make use of the new water route placed at their disposal by the completion of the Panama canal, is the opinion of H. E. Mansfield, the United States consul at Vancouver, B.C.

An official report filed at Washington, refers to the great harbor and dock improvements that are being carried out at Prince Rupert. He states that many millions of dollars have already been expended there, so that the harbor facilities may be ample and satisfactory as any on the Pacific coast. Prince Rupert being the western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway tapping the new and rich country of the north.

British Columbia, Mr. Mansfield thinks, will make considerable use of the canal for its European trade. It will be able to ship, without breaking cargoes, to any port of the world, and the almost untouched natural resources of British Columbia, it is said, will find a market abroad for many years to come.

When a young woman shows a deep interest in a rich old man it's a sign that she can make him believe it's the real thing.

Poverty is no crime. Many a man would rather be right than be rich.

### THE VIGIL

(By Henry Newbolt.)  
England! where the sacred flame Burns before the inmost shrine, Where the lips that love thy name Consecrate their hopes and thine, Where the banners of thy dead Weave their shadows overhead, Watch beside thine arms to-night, Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes War shall claim command of all, Thou must hear the roll of drums, Thou must hear the trumpet's call, Now before thy silence rath, Commune with the voice of truth; England! on thy knees to-night, Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid, Hither all thy heroes came, On this altar's steps were laid Gordon's life and Outram's fame, England! if thy will be yet, By their great example set, Here beside thine arms to-night, Pray that God defend the Right.

So shall thou when morning comes Rise to conquer or to fall, Joyful bear the rolling drums, Joyful hear the trumpet's call, Then let Memory tell thy heart: "England! what thou wert, thou art!" Gird thee with thine ancient might, Forth! and God defend the Right!

### SEE LIVES ON.

Empress Carlotta Taken to Wales at Beginning of War.

Inexplicable and pathetic is the mystery of the clouded mind—the death in life that causes physical bodies of men and women to linger on earth when the soul seems to have fled! How grateful to many who die in the midst of happiness at an early age would be the prolongation of existence which in the case of mental alienation seems not a blessing but a curse!

In the range of human history there has been no sadder instance of a mind overcast than that of the Mexican ex-Empress Carlotta, sister of the late King Leopold of Belgium. In 1866, when the fortunes of her ill-fated husband, Maximilian, were waning, she sought to secure help for him by exerting her personal influence in Europe. It was while she was in the midst of a private audience with Pope Pius IX. in the Vatican that her reason suddenly failed. Was it that the horrors closing in upon her fated consort were strained beyond her strength, or had she, as was reported and believed at the time, been fed by treacherous attendants a root which slowly undermines the reason?

She never knew of the expulsion of Maximilian. At times to-day, for she lingers yet, she talks of him as if he were still alive. Usually she is quiet, but when excited her anger and violence know no bounds. She hated the presence of her royal brother Leopold, and on the occasion of his last visit to her kicked flower pots at his head and kicked his ulcerated leg, hurting him so severely that he took to his bed.

For years her place of confinement has been the chateau of Bouchet. On the invasion of Belgium the natural fear of what would happen in case of the solitary overruling the place caused her removal to England, where she now is with her physician and the members of her household, in a beautiful country house in Wales, surrounded by a private park.

Prisoners of War. York Castle, which is being used as a place of detention for prisoners of war in England, is one of the finest of the nation's old buildings. It is well situated for its present purpose, being between the rivers Foss and Ouse. Its walls enclose no fewer than four acres, with space to contain 40,000 persons. The castle dates back certainly from Roman times; possibly from the days of the ancient Britons.

Clifford's Tower, the chief of the existing buildings, was reduced almost to a shell by fire in 1648, but was surrounded by a strong projecting wall, erected in 1336. This tower was the scene of a massacre of Jews in the reign of Richard I., the number put to death being chronicled as 500. The Yorkshire Assizes are held in an outbuilding which dates back to 1777, and the prison, which is not yet a century old, is also within the castle space.

A Famous "Bull" Vindicated. John Morley was dining with Sir George Trevelyan and was chaffing him about a famous "bull" of his uncle, Lord Macaulay. "You remember it—the thunder of the oncoming host—a thousand tongues, a thousand and spears, a thousand feet." "Yes," observed Trevelyan quietly, "a great deal of sport has been made of that supposed blunder of the army with a thousand feet. But my uncle wrote it purposely. It was no slip of the pen. When some one called his attention to it he said: 'My army is moving one step at a time. It is not jumping like a frog.' And when you come to think of it the noise of a thousand men marching is made by a thousand feet."

Love of Knowledge. I solemnly declare that but for the love of knowledge I should consider the life of the meanest hedges and ditcher preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence, for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains—it flames night and day and is immortal and not to be quenched. Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.—Sydney Smith.

Malaria in India. Malaria causes more sickness and deaths than any other single disease in India.

Busy Monte Carlo. The gambling establishment at Monte Carlo has just experienced its most profitable year.

Any poker player will tell you that it is better to be flushed with victory than to be four-flushed out of it.

A man may be slow and sure, but it is different with his watch.

## WOMAN'S BEST MEDICINE

Mrs. Kelly Advises all Women to Take "Fruit-a-Tives"

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Mrs. W. N. KELLY

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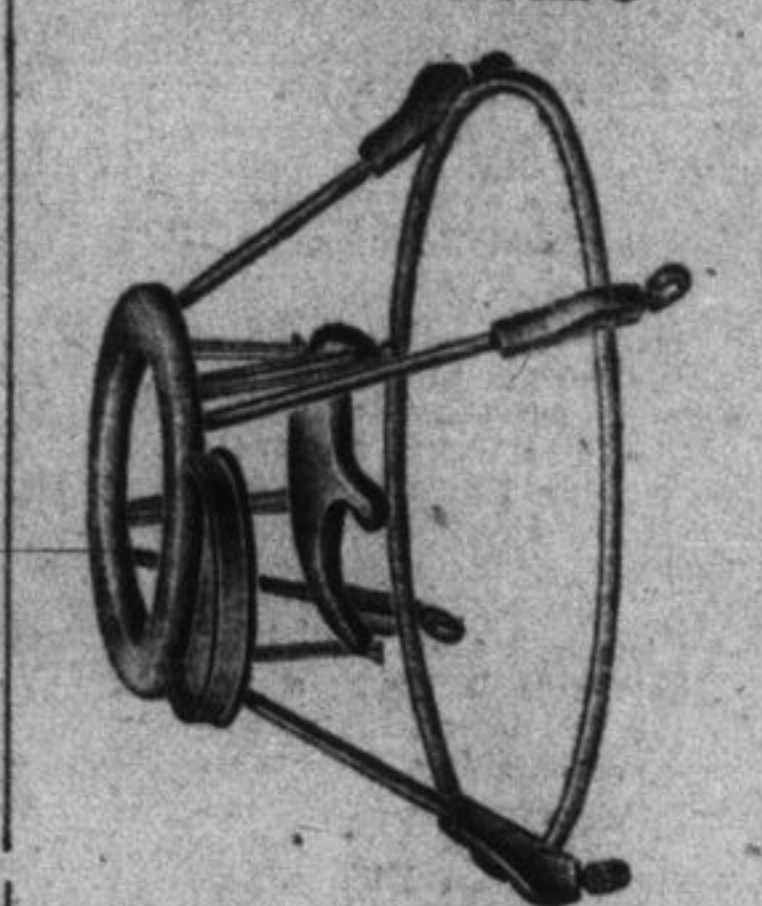
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