

SAVED FROM THE ENEMY.

I WAS just 16 years old. It was in the January of 1871. The French town in which I lived was besieged by the Prussians. For two months the enemy had held our little garrison blockaded like a fox in its hole. It was a terrible winter. It snowed incessantly. Cold and hunger were harder to contend with than the enemy himself, and the fever thinned our ranks faster than his bullets.

In order to warm our blood from time to time we made little sorties; but it was labor in vain, for we were inclosed in a circle of fire. Those who fell suffered no more, and those who survived continued to deceive themselves with the hope of escape. In our home there remained but my mother and me. My father was sergeant and color-bearer in one of the companies which the citizens had formed from the first moment of the invasion.

One morning he came home, having fought through the entire night, and, embracing my mother, inquired for me. My mother replied that I was at the military school, where he had entered me. Just then I came in with my drum on my back and my drumsticks thrust through my shoulder belt, happy to be alive in spite of the misery of the time, and whistling like a blackbird. My father fixed his eyes on me.

"Tell me, my son, if you have not already learned something of the art of war?"

"I felt very proud, and answered: 'I believe so, my father.'"

In fact, I knew there was no one who could teach me how to better handle a drum.

"Let me see how you can beat your drum," said my father. "Very well. Now beat for a charge."

I beat my drum so furiously that under the inspiring call I felt that I could lead an assault on the bells of the cathedral tower.

"Well done!" said my father; "that is first-rate."

Then he said nothing more until my mother had gone to her chamber, when he drew me closer to him, and said, gently:

"Listen, my son; the enemy has killed many of our men, and, besides, 100 men, at least, are wounded. The drummer of our company has two bullets in his breast. We must have another. In this hour every one ought to be willing to do his whole duty—wilt thou take his place?"

My heart filled my throat and choked my answer. I do not know that this was from pleasure, but it certainly was not from fear.

The day passed. That night, while my mother slept, my father, with his gun on his shoulder, and I with my drum on my back, set out for the camp. Thus I became a soldier.

For one month all went smoothly. This did not prevent me, however, from bringing down with my father's gun a brigand Prussian who showed his head at the corner of the woods. I had a steadier aim than the old soldiers even, and the man I drew on was a dead man.

One morning at daybreak the captain, who had collected his men on the parade ground near the old gate of St. Claude, called to my father, who was drilling his men.

"Sergt. Bigorne," he said, "the enemy presses us each day more closely; if this continues, in eight days he will be within our walls. This must not be. To-night the commandant has ordered a sortie in order to re-enforce the troops at Luneville, who hold the country in the enemy's rear. Your division is to be the advance guard, sergeant. It is the question to pass the enemy or die in the attempt."

"So be it," answered the father; "we will go."

And we went. This was a dreadful day. The enemy had been informed, and received us with a volley of grape-shot. However, we held out firmly until evening, so firmly that not one of us heard the order for retreat, and when night fell we were encircled by the enemy, with no hope of escape. All the same, these civic guards, shopkeepers as they were, did not know when they were beaten, and when a comrade fell they simply fought for two.

Of our own section only two were left. I counted for nothing, being so slender that I think I must have passed between their bullets. My father had received a saber wound in the shoulder, but I could see him still bearing aloft the flag above the smoke of the battle.

Our fire slackened; the ammunition had given out; the end had come. The word straggled me yet when I think of it—we were forced to surrender.

Two hours later they imprisoned us in a farmhouse that the fires of war had spared. A Prussian field marshal, followed by his chief of staff, dismounted for a look at his prisoners.

His men showed in their eyes the pleasure our capture gave them; but their white uniforms, blackened with powder and the marks of our saber

thrusts, showed the evil we had done them.

The field marshal ordered the wounded to be attended to, and, stepping in front of my father, demanded the flag. My father, whose hands we saw were empty, declared he did not know where it was. The field marshal turned to the officer of the post and said:

"Very well, if he does not remember by to-morrow morning, shoot him."

When they had relieved us of our arms, and placed us under guard, my father, who watched the sentinel from the corner of his eye, told us that he had hidden the flag; that, seeing the day was going against us, he had torn it from its standard, wrenched the eagle from its perch, flung it into a ditch, while he had concealed the precious silk, riddled with balls, under his coat.

My father was a simple man, the descendant of peasants, a son of the soil; but in speaking to us of these things the man seemed to expand and become exalted with the words he uttered.

He told us this fragment of silk was sacred, that the wind that swelled its folds was the breath of the nation, and that it moved in the midst of us on the march as the image of our country.

Then he thrust it into my bosom, not wishing it to be found on him when he should be shot next day. I felt suddenly that I had become a man.

In the evening the Prussians sent a flag of truce asking a suspension of hostilities that each might bury its dead, and asked one of our number to act as guide to our lines. An old comrade, who knew the country well, offered to conduct the officer, when it was discovered that no one had a bandage



"IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY, YOU ARE NOT MY SON."

for the eyes of the bearer of the flag of truce.

A sudden idea struck me. It was running a great risk, but it was worth the trial.

"If you wish, I will bandage the eyes of the officer with my handkerchief," I said. I produced the flag, the red and blue stripes of which I had folded inside, leaving the white alone visible.

My father instantly understood my ruse, and explained in patois to the guide that he was to remove the bandage, and while the preliminaries were in progress deliver it safely into the hands of our troops.

The lantern gave but a feeble light, and no doubt Providence favored us, for the thing passed, and the officer mounted his horse, and with his eyes bandaged, followed the lead of the guide.

We could but accompany in thought the enemy, who carried back himself the flag within the lines of our own army. The time passed. We heard in the night the cathedral clock strike the hours. At last we heard the sentinel's challenge. The flag of truce had returned. I rushed to the guide.

"The flag is saved!" I cried.

"Yes, but we are lost," he answered.

In few words he explained that the officer had discovered too late the ruse, and had returned furious. In fact, he came accompanied by a superior officer, and pointed out to him the man who had conducted the flag of truce.

"Order out the platoon of execution," commanded the officer; "this man shall be shot."

"It was not he, captain," I said, advancing in front of him; "it was I alone who conceived the idea of this thing."

"Excuse me, officer," interposed my father. "The commander of a detachment is responsible for the acts of his men, is he not? I had given an order; my men could only obey it."

"What is your name?" the officer demanded.

"Sergt. Bigorne," answered my father.

"Very well, sergeant, you will be shot immediately."

"All right, captain; it is war. I only ask the favor to be shot by my comrades. Return them their arms, and I will be responsible for them."

The old officer looked at my father

with his little gray eyes a moment; then he said:

"Agreed."

I strove to draw my father aside; I must speak to him. Did they mean to make me shoot my own father? It was impossible. My father embraced me, and, handing me my gun, pushed me back into the ranks.

"Silence!" he said. "You cannot speak under arms. In the presence of the enemy you are not my son. You are only a soldier. I am your chief. Obey!"

They gave us the cartridges taken from our wounded. My father counted fifteen paces from the walls of the farmhouse and ordered us in line. Then, in a solemn voice, with uplifted hand, he went through the details of the exercise.

"Take aim!" he cried.

The gun dropped from my hands. I rushed to my father and fell sobbing into his arms. He tenderly whispered:

"My son, these raw recruits fire badly; they will only mangle me. Thou hast a sure aim. I count on thee. Wilt thou promise?"

I saw the dawn whiten behind the city, above the roof where my mother slept. Without doubt my father read my thoughts, for, taking my head in his hands, he said: "For thy mother's sake." Then he placed himself against the wall, while the foreign officers stood with bared heads.

"Attention!" commanded my father. Then he went through the exercise slowly, ordering the drill as calmly as though he were on parade. At last he cried "Fire!"

I fired.—Spare Moments.

LAW AS INTERPRETED,

Marriage on the high seas, where there is no law regulating the matter, entered into by persons who went there with the avowed purpose of evading the laws of their residence, is held, in *Norman vs. Norman* (Cal.), 42 L. R. A. 343, to be invalid.

The right to shoot at a person who is merely running away from an officer to escape from arrest for a misdemeanor, is denied in *Brown vs. Weaver* (Miss.), 42 L. R. A. 423, and, if the officer does shoot wrongfully, it is held to be an official act covered by his bond.

A statute which, although expressed in general terms, enumerates restrictions which constitute identification, rather than classification, and is applicable only to a single highway improvement, is held, in *re Henneberger* (N. Y.), 42 L. R. A. 132, to be in violation of a constitutional provision against local laws.

To picket the premises of a person boycotted, in order to intercept his teamsters or to prevent persons going there to trade, is held unlawful in *Beck vs. Railway Teamsters' Protective Union* (Mich.), 42 L. R. A. 407, on the ground that it is an act of intimidation and an unreasonable interference with the right of free trade.

Surprised.

An old clergyman who had held a cure in a remote country district for the greater part of his life had occasion, relates a contemporary, to consult his bishop on a certain matter, and, in answer to his letter, received an invitation to the palace, where he would have to stay all night. For forty or fifty years he had practically led the life of a recluse, and it was after much cogitation that he decided to take the journey to the farther end of the diocese, where the bishop lived. He arrived just in time for 5 o'clock tea, a meal to which he was a complete stranger. After tea the bishop asked him to accompany him to evensong. When they returned to the house the bishop, remarking that it was quite time they went upstairs, lighted a candle, and showed his guest to his room. It was then just 7 o'clock; the old clergyman thought it was rather early to retire, but, admiring the bishop for such simple habits, he prepared for bed. He had just put out the light and lain down to sleep, wishing he had eaten a little more tea, when a booming noise rang through the house. Quick as thought he sprang from his bed, and, shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice, rushed out on to the landing just in time to meet the bishop, with some other guests, going down to dinner.

How He Gets His Money Back.

Wyseman—I make it a rule never to ask a gentleman to return money he has borrowed of me.

Pratt—Then how do you manage to get it?

Wyseman—Oh, after I wait a reasonable time, if he fails to pay up, I conclude that he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Flags for British Warships.

All the flags for British ships of war, except the royal standards, are made in the government dockyards; and the enormous number required may be judged from the fact that in the color loft at Chatham alone about 18,000 flags are made in a year.

There are different kinds of bad luck. It is said of one woman that she is unlucky because her ornery husband hangs on to life, and of another woman that she has had bad luck because she has buried two good husbands.

One seldom hears life referred to as being a lottery except by men who have drawn blanks.

PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Astronomers Say the Moon Is Getting Ready to Fall.

It is not likely to happen just yet awhile, but many astronomers are prepared for the fall of the moon at a distant date.

It is probable that eventually the moon will be drawn well within the sphere of attraction of the earth. At present she is just far enough off to be kept in tow, so to speak, and to whirl round and round us as well as spin herself.

But when the inevitable time comes, and she is drawn far into the attraction radius, she is likely to be pulled right down and fall onto the earth, for her attraction is, of course, much weaker than ours. She is in more danger of this at one time than another, and the danger is increasing gradually but surely. It may be 10,000 or 15,000 years yet, but when she does fall there will certainly be a terrific bump, and the whole system of the earth will be badly jolted.

It is calculated that, taking the most dangerous epoch of the year into consideration and her consequent position, she is likely to fall on the northeastern part of Europe, and will entirely wipe Russia and Germany from the map. Tidal waves and all sorts of horrors will occur, and the fallen moon will probably break up. The entire climate of the world will be altered, and England will probably be more or less improved, according to the scientists.

DEAN OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

The Late Rev. James O. Murray Was Deeply Loved by the Students.

Rev. James Ormsbee Murray, D. D., LL. D., dean of the faculty of Princeton University, who died recently, was widely known as an educator and as a writer. Dr. Murray was born in Camden, S. C., in 1827, was graduated from Brown University in 1850 and from



REV. J. O. MURRAY.

Andover Theological Seminary in 1854. He filled pastorates in South Danvers and Cambridgeport, Mass., and in 1865 became associate pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, in New York. In 1874 he was called to fill the Holmes chair at Princeton, and in 1886 was chosen dean of the faculty. Dr. Murray was deeply loved by the Princeton students for his kindness and justice, and he was easily the most popular member of the faculty. He was the editor and compiler of the church hymnal, "The Sacrifice of Praise."

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

The retail grocers of the country are having an object lesson in the value of advertising which they do not thoroughly enjoy, says the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Republican. The manufacturers of a certain variety of soda biscuit are now expending a large sum of money in advertising this particular product of their cracker factories. Their skillfully prepared announcements appear in all the newspapers and stare you in the face from all the bill boards in the country. As a result of this enterprise, everybody is calling for this particular kind of soda biscuit. The profit to the retailer is very small. The manufacturer is making him pay for the advertisement. But for the grocer there is no help. In vain he tells his customers "that something else is just as good," they will not have it that way. They want what they have read about and as the article in question is meritorious in itself, and the advertising process is continued, the demand is increasing all the time. The men who say it doesn't pay to advertise have been given a vivid object lesson. It does pay to advertise.

Success Rewarded Her Pertinacity.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, the veteran animal painter, often tells with a smile of the time when, laden with several pounds of modeling clay and her lunch of bread, she tramped miles into the country in search of subjects.

The best of everything is always put on the company's plate at dinner, and the company always passes it on

The Evolution of the Steamship.

When it seemed that the limit had about been reached with wrought iron as the main reliance of the designer, mild steel had been so perfected as to enable progress to be maintained. The large boilers necessary to withstand the high pressures and furnish the power for high speeds would have been impossible but for mild steel, and the same thing is true of the moving parts of the engine. It may be noted also that workmanship had improved, and the use of anti-friction metals for bearings, combined with this improved workmanship, enabled the high rotational speeds to be carried out with safety and reliability.

The machinery of Wampanoag, designed in 1865, was so heavy that only 3.24 i. h. p. per ton of machinery was obtained. The San Francisco, one of the earliest of the modern cruisers of the United States navy in which advantage was taken of all the factors for reduction of weight, obtained 10.63 i. h. p. per ton of machinery.—Commodore G. W. Melville, U. S. N., in *Engineering Magazine*.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Every girl likes to think she is full of moods.

Whom the gods destroy they first invite to dinner.

It takes a woman to invent a way of going to the devil respectably.

A girl's idea of a trousseau is to have real lace and two dozen of everything.

When a woman tries to explain how she came to a conclusion it reminds you of a tadpole explaining why his tail fell off.—*New York Press.*

"I," said the orator, "am an American of the good old stock, rooted deep in the soil—" "The only stock I ever heard of that rooted deep in the soil," said the farmer in the audience, "was hogs."

Some men escape the traps of others only to get caught in their own.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

Daughters Should be Carefully Guided in Early Womanhood.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

The following letter from Miss MARY F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa., shows what neglect will do, and tells how Mrs. Pinkham helped her:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity."

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