

HEROINE AND MARTYR.

The French army has lost the day! For the last three hours the soldiers crossed the village of Chaille. The retreat had commenced. Cannon, baggage, infantry, cavalry, all were mixed together. The officers tried no more to bring order and regularity among their men, or to stop the disaster.

Toward the evening the retreat had become a helter skelter, the vanquished decreased in number, a few cavalry men, and then—nothing.

But in the last rays of the sun the people of the village saw a dozen of soldiers coming on the road. From time to time they turned around and fired shots at the enemy.

Far off, a black spot, then two, then twenty, then 100, detached themselves on the line of the majestic trees.

Those black spots were the Germans! Arriving in the village, that dozen of soldiers forming the rear guard was what was left of the rear guard of the army of La Loire; they stopped.

The captain who commanded them had chosen a good position between two big houses.

"Hurry up, boys," said he to his men; "we will erect a barricade here. It shall not be said that those sarkant enters have entered this village as in a church. Burst open the doors, if it is necessary, and once more hurry up."

That captain had the tone firm, and his face expressed anger and determination; his men, old African zouaves and Turcos, enraged fighters, were not apertions in the art of building barricades. In less than a quarter of an hour the street was made impassable by cars of manure, mattresses, doors, shutters; in fact, everything bulky was employed for that purpose.

The captain, who had picked up a gun on the battlefield, was reloading it when a tall man with a pale face approached him.

"Excuse me, captain; are you the officer in command?"

"Yes."

"Believe me, sir, I would defend this village against an enemy twenty times—100 times—more numerous than you are; you shall not be successful, of course, and you will cause our village to be set on fire by the Germans."

The captain looked at his interlocutor with an immense expression of disgust.

"What do you say? Will you go away mighty quick, or else I shall send you to—"

And the captain took the man by the neck and was in a way to strangle him when a tall old man with white hair emerged from a house near by.

"Let him go, captain; he is not worth the strangulation; my name is Pierre and I am a vine dresser," said the old man, addressing the officer. Then, turning to the coward, he said: "Go to your home, monsieur le mayor; if you are unwilling to do your duty, at least do not prevent others to accomplish it. You see, captain, that mayor is a monster from the city, sent to us by the imperial government; all his fortune is in this village, in which he owns several buildings, and if the Germans set them on fire he shall be ruined. I am myself in the same case; if my cabin is destroyed I do not know what will remain for my granddaughter Jacqueline. But what do you want, sir? France, our country, before anything."

The captain was touched, and removing his cap he said to the patriot:

"You are a brave man, and God bless you."

And an old soldier, replied the vine dresser, straightening himself; "there is my Cross of the Legion of Honor given to me by the emperor himself, the great Napoleon! Now, captain, if you have a gun to lend me I will show you that I know how to handle it."

At this moment lively musketry was heard from the other side of the barricade. The Germans were coming.

The village was deserted by its inhabitants, women, children, cripples and old people had departed, taking with them everything they could carry.

The old bedded men were in the army.

The battle began; the bullets whistled in the air and flattened themselves against the walls. The French held the place well, and Papa Pierre, the vine dresser, bareheaded, his hair to the wind, fired his gun bravely, while his granddaughter, perched on the fireplace after each discharge.

Suddenly a bombshell burst at ten yards from the barricade.

"Save me, D. D.," exclaimed the captain, "they have shot me now, in ten minutes we will have it all over!"

He had not time to end his phrase when a second projectile, passing through the roof of the shelter, covered him and his soldiers with dirt; happily no one was wounded, except Jacqueline had uttered a cry. The emotion was too much for the young girl—she fainted.

"You must retire, captain," said Papa Pierre to the officer; "but I will remain here. I have some cartridges left; I shall fire them off. Go!"

"Never!" exclaimed the captain. "We shall die here."

"I tell you to retire; you are responsible before God and before the country for the life of your men. To remain here is simply madness and not bravery. How can you defend this village with guns against cannons, with twelve men against 500?"

"It is better to die on French soil in fighting than in a German prison."

"But you will not be taken. Leave immediately that barricade that you cannot hold any longer. Turn on the right when you reach the end of the village, and take a refuge in the forest."

"And you?"

"I am too old to walk."

"We shall carry you."

"No, thanks; in this village I was born; in this village I want to die. Besides that, I could not let Jacqueline to you, captain. Have you any children yourself?"

"Four."

"Then I am tranquil on her fate. Adieu, captain! Adieu, soldiers, my young comrades, and vive la France!"

II.

The Germans advanced. The firing had decreased on the French side; all at once it ceased completely. Papa Pierre had no more cartridges left.

He opened his door, entered his cabin, threw a glance on the likeness of his granddaughter, then on a wooden crucifix and awaited the enemy.

One by one the Germans climbed over the barricade.

"Ah! there he is, the old devil," exclaimed

a six foot corporal; "I was sure of seeing him firing at us."

That corporal, Hermann by name, had been a workman in the village of Chaille for years, and he knew every inhabitant intimately. A colonel, pushing his way through his soldiers, said to Papa Pierre:

"Show your hands, man."

The old man showed his hands. They were black with powder.

"Kill him," yelled the officer.

Hermann thrust his bayonet in the breast of the old man. A moment Papa Pierre staggered on his legs, then fell face downward.

The brave patriot, the valiant soldier was dead.

"Quick—bring some straw!" cried the officer. Let us burn that village as we did Baselle. That will teach a lesson to those rascals of Frenchmen!"

III.

Hermann had not left the house; he lighted a candle and descended into the cellar.

Ah! ha! He was to get a good drink of Papa Pierre's wine. The old scoundrel; so it was he who had resisted his comrades so long and killed not a few of them. He had no regret for having assassinated a defenseless enemy, the man who protected his home. Had he not refused him the hand of his granddaughter and promised it to Francois, a soldier in the Third zouaves? In regard to him Hermann had joined the German army—as he was in duty bound to do, being a German—and he had always wished for a thing, which was to return in the village where he had found hospitality and work, when he was in need of both, to settle his account with Papa Pierre, the vine dresser.

And his wish had been granted.

He was in the middle of his joyful reflections when he heard somebody calling, "Hermann, Hermann!" He recognized the voice of Jacqueline, who, regaining her senses, had refused to follow the captain and his men, and had returned in search of her grandfather from the top of the ladder conducting to the cellar. She was looking inside, and she saw the assassin corporal, whom she knew well.

"Hermann, in the name of God, did you see my grandfather?"

"Well, yes, I did. Now, will you be my wife?" asked he, drinking from a bottle that he had taken in the cellar.

"Oh, Hermann, tell me where he is."

"Where he is? My dear and handsome Frenchwoman, if they have not changed his resting place he is there on the floor near the table, where I stretched him with my bayonet."

He tried to climb up the ladder, loaded with blood.

"Oh, miserable wretch!" exclaimed Jacqueline.

Quicker than the wind, at the moment when the head of the German appeared at the level of the floor, she took him by his long beard and threw him back in the cellar. Then she shut the heavy trap door, put across the iron bar that was used to fasten it and went out.

"Who is that woman?" said the colonel.

"Arrest her and let us go."

The incident began. From the four corners of the village the German scouts advanced towards the hearth.

While they were about 200 yards from the village they stopped and a first sergeant read the roll call.

All answered their names but one—Hermann!

"Where is that brute?" asked an officer.

Man answered that they had seen him in the vine dresser's house.

"Bring her here," commanded the colonel. When Jacqueline stood before that officer he said to her in French:

"Do you know where is a corporal who remained in your house?"

She answered no.

"Ten volunteers here! To that girl and lead your comrades."

The muskets were loaded.

"Aim!" ordered the officer.

"Will you speak now, Frenchwoman?" Jacqueline threw a glance at the village on fire. The cabin of her dear and beloved grandfather was a heap of ashes.

But she did not answer him. May God grant me to live long enough to avenge her.—Translated for the New York Graphic from the French by Guard S. Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad.

How Chile Financed Peru.

Everywhere one goes in Santiago and other cities in Chile are to be seen the ornaments of which Peru was so miserably plundered—statues and fountains, ornamental street lamps, benches of carved stone in the parks and the Alameda, and almost everything that beautifies the streets. Transported which were sent up to Callao with troops brought back cargoes of guns, pistols, furniture, books and articles of household decoration, stolen from the homes of the Peruvians. Lamp posts torn up by the roots, pretty iron fences and images from the cemeteries, altar equipments of silver from the churches, statuary from the parks and streets, and everything that the hands of thieves and vandals could reach, were stolen. Clocks were taken from the steeples of the churches, one of which now goes time to the market place of Santiago, and even offices of the saints were lifted from the altars and stripped of the embrocades and jewels they had received from their devotees.

In the courtyard of the postoffice at Santiago are two statues of marble which cause the American tourist to start in surprise, for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln stand like unexpected ghosts before him. Their presence is not announced in any of the guide books, which is accounted for by the fact that they, like almost everything else of the kind in Chile, were brought from Peru.—William Elmer Curtis in Harper's Magazine.

Irish Families in Chile.

Many of the leading men of Chile are and have been of Irish descent. Barney O'Higgins was the liberator—the George Washington of the republic, and Patrick Lynch was the foremost soldier of Chile in the late war. The O'Learys and McGarrys and other Chilian-Irish families are prominent in politics and war and trade. There is a sympathetic bond between the shamrock and the condor, and nowhere in South America does the Irish emigrant so prosperously thrive.—Harper's Magazine.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

PROGRESS IN SURGERY DURING THE LAST DECADE.

Contagious and Infectious Diseases. Cases Lost from Blood Poison—Tumors and Gunshot Wounds—The Need of Higher Medical Education.

Apropos of the interest manifested by the general public in the proceedings of the international medical congress recently held in Washington, the following comprehensive remarks by a prominent New York physician, concerning the progress made in medical science during the last ten years, are not untimely: "Progress in the science of medicine during the past ten years has been perhaps as great as during any previous half century of its history. Formerly, medicine was a system of almost pure empiricism. Its knowledge consisted of a large collection of undigested observations. But in recent years much has been done toward laying a scientific foundation for the study of medicine. Most of this progress is due to advances in our knowledge of the nature and causes of disease. This is especially true of contagious and infectious diseases. Here the study of micro-organisms and bacteria in their relations to disease has done much to advance medicine. This has placed in our hands the power to absolutely restrict the spread of epidemic diseases. It has become now only a question of the application of well-known principles. And I may add, that it is especially in the prevention, rather than the cure of diseases, that in the future medicine is to find its highest usefulness."

ADVANCES IN SURGERY.

"It is the knowledge of the relation of micro-organisms to disease that has rendered possible the great advances made in surgery. There is scarcely anything to-day impossible in surgical science. Some idea of this may be gained from a comparison of the results in surgery a few years ago with those of today. Ten years ago three-fourths of all the cases of major amputation were lost from blood poison. Today death from this cause after a surgical operation is almost unknown, and when it occurs can only be attributed to almost criminal carelessness or ignorance. In abdominal surgery greater advances have been made than in perhaps in any other branch. As regards the removal of tumors a writer of a few years ago said: 'I regard a recovery after such an operation as almost a miracle, and to be considered in the light of an escape rather than a recovery to be expected.' Today some prominent English surgeons in a series of cases numbering from 1,000 to 2,000 have had 98 and 97 per cent. of recoveries."

"Recently wonderful success has attended operations for gunshot wounds perforating the abdomen where many operations have been made in the past. In a number of instances portions of the intestines have been removed or from eight to twelve openings have been closed after opening the abdominal cavity and complete recovery has ensued. A writer of a few years ago has been seen recently. A specimen of the brain has been removed and examined. The same has been done in the case of the brain in several cases of the skull removed and the tumor cut out."

OUR MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

"Speaking of medical education, the physician said: 'In the condition of our medical schools, and in the general standard of medical education, great advances are still to be made. In the past our medical schools have been almost without exception practically barren institutions, without endowment, and supported entirely by the fees received from their students. In this country all kinds of educational institutions—elementary medical schools, and perhaps law schools, have been abundantly endowed; but medical colleges have been left to work out their own future as best they might. This seems strange, since there are so many who seem so near to all causes of the people as the physicians. I suggest that the cause of it lies with the physicians themselves. There is no philanthropic question that, if properly presented, would appeal so strongly to the reason of an intelligent man as the endowment of medical schools. The difficulty is that many doctors are not loyal to their schools or to their profession. After graduation their energies are devoted, not to the advancement of the science of medicine or the elevation of medical education, but to acquiring a competency. For medicine in the abstract they care not at all. They would be very chary about giving any information that would advance scientific medicine, if at the same time it would advance any other medical man to a more profitable practice. A few generous gifts to medical schools would have made more of them. Twenty-five years hence our medical colleges, I believe, will be as finely endowed as the literary colleges are to-day. The result will be to place the standard of medical education, and we shall have a profession all of whose practitioners are broad, better educated, intelligent men.'—J. L. H. in New York Commercial Advertiser.

Shaved by a Drunken Barber.

"I have had many experiences," said a Buffalo man the other night, "but I don't think I ever had a more amusing one than I had when I was shaved by a drunken barber. Now you know I drink occasionally; in fact in this night whisky and I not only were introduced and shook hands, but repeatedly washed lips. I was far from being heavily sober when I went into the shop, and it was not until I was in the chair that I saw the barber was drunk. I thought I would make the best of it. He jammed the brush in my mouth and mired the latter about my eyes, but that was not much. Finally he began to shave. He placed his hands on my face like a clamp and took great care to place the razor properly, and then pulled away like a steam engine. This lasted about five minutes, and when he got through I was sober. I have it about a good bit and had many strange experiences, but I never want another like that."—Buffalo News.

Wilson Washington, of New Haven, Conn., who recently purchased the Antonio Otis grant of 161,000 acres of land situated in San Miguel county, New Mexico, is said to be the largest landed proprietor in the world. He owns in fee 1,200,000 acres, about 300,000 acres more than are claimed by the Duke of Westminster.—Chicago Herald.

TECHNICALITIES OF THE STAGE.

A Stage Carpenter Talks of the Nomenclature of Stage Setting.

"It sometimes happens that an actor or an actress has to go into a strange theatre, interview the master carpenter, and tell him how the stage should be set for the play in which he or she appears. As a rule, in five minutes their ignorance is displayed. The terms are simple enough and a very little experience would make any one familiar with them."

"Take the stage itself. An ordinary stock theater has three 'center traps.' These are arranged in the middle of the stage, one opposite each entrance, as the spaces between the wings are called. Then there are two 'quarter traps'—small, square apertures on the extreme right and left; and two or three 'sinks,' which are the long, narrow hinged traps stretching across the stage and intended for the raising or lowering of scenes. The stage is covered with 'cloths,' divided into the 'green baize,' the 'carpet' and the 'ground cloth,' or canvas painted to represent grass, or tile pavement, or what not. The 'wings,' to which I have referred, are the narrow scenes at the side of the stage, one projecting in advance of the other. They are classified as 'wood wings,' 'garden wings,' 'architectural wings' and 'water wings,' the latter consisting of sea scenes representing just sky and water. The 'tormentors' are the wings placed close to the proscenium arch, which form a sort of a frame to the painted canvases hanging horizontally over the stage and matching the wings. There are 'sky borders,' 'foliage borders,' 'drapery borders,' and 'arch borders,' the latter being, as the name implies, cut out in the form of an arch to give apparent concavity to the sky.

"Scenes are divided into 'flats,' which are run on from each side of the stage, meeting in the middle; 'backings,' which are seen through doorways or window openings, and 'drops,' which are simply painted canvases hung on a roller. Then there are 'set pieces,' which are small portions of a scene disposed about the stage, such as 'set rocks,' in the form of a bluff or large boulder; 'tail rocks,' a piece slanting down to nothing and representing small rocks and foliage, and 'ground rows,' showing grass or low, creeping foliage. 'Cut woods' are scenes showing trees and shrubs, and cut out so as to show the 'drop' or 'backing' behind. 'Set trees' are single trees cut out of flat canvases, or in some cases built up to represent a natural tree trunk. 'Set waters' are strips painted to represent waves. The constructive part of the stage includes the stage proper; the 'flies,' which are the galleries at the sides above the stage from which the scenery is worked; the rigging loft, which is above the flies; and the 'bridge,' which runs across the back of the stage. The 'grooves' are the guides in which the flats and wings run, while the paint frame is generally placed at the back of the stage and consists of a bridge in front of which the scene to be painted is raised or lowered by pulleys.

"As to lights they include 'footlights,' the 'border-lights,' which are rows of gas jets overhead, the 'bunch lights,' a collection of burners mounted on a movable stand so as to be readily moved about, 'ground lights,' placed just clear of the stage, and 'strip lights,' or movable gas jets, intended to be hung on hooks at any desirable height and easily stripped' or taken down. These are only a few of the technical terms in use behind the scenes, but they include, I think, the more important definitions.—Stage Carpenter Gossman in New York Tribune.

The Dressing of Store Windows.

I know of nothing that shows a greater diversity of taste than the dressing of store windows on Main street. Some seem possessed with the idea that it is absolutely necessary to get a sample of every article in the store and crowd every thing into the window. Others throw two or three articles into a case, push it into a window and leave it there till it gets hidden from view by accumulations of dust. Others again dress their windows skillfully and then pile up and hang goods outside until no person can see what is inside. Some place a few things effectively arranged in the window and change them frequently, thereby giving passers by something new to see every time they pass. A well dressed window is the next best thing to a good newspaper advertisement, and its importance is recognized by successful business men.—Buffalo News.

A Popular Ornament.

Elsie Bee in The Jeweler's Circular says: "One of the most popular ornaments worn today in the finer goods is the pendant. No gem is considered too rare to set in this form. The star is a popular model in these pendants. Quite a new idea is the heart shaped pendant, the outer edge of the heart being formed of diamonds, while inside swings a diamond of larger size. Less expensive than the one just described, but exceedingly effective, is a pendant, having for its center a heart shaped moonstone set round with brilliant diamonds. Pendants, when set with exceedingly rare gems, are often worn on a simple gold neck chain, which serves the practical purpose of holding the costly trinket in place without in the least detracting from the principal ornament. Pendants are also worn on gold chains set at intervals with diamonds; also from strings of pearls or gold beads, while very simple neck chains are much worn. Magnificent necklaces are also in order."

Duties of a Reporter.

"Some people have peculiar ideas about the functions of a newspaper and the duties of a reporter," remarked one of a crowd of quill pushers at the Central station. "What's the matter now?" came from the chorus of scribes. "I wrote a little personal note about a business man who had invented a certain machine, and one of his employes who saw it said to me, 'Why don't you come around and interview Mr. — about his business?' I think you could write a column about it. I know it would please him and it would help him, as trade is dull just now." "Will you do it?" asked one of the reporters. "Yes, when I want my immediate discharge. Think of writing up a column advertisement for a man in the local columns. The city editor would have a fit."—Philadelphia Call.

GEN. BUTLER'S ADVICE.

A FEW FINANCIAL RULES FOR A YOUNG MAN TO FOLLOW.

Nothing so safe for an investment as Improved Real Estate—A Hint of General's Experience—Marry a prudent, Saving Girl.

I think that more young men fail in investment of what they earn, or receive in any other way to acquire property, temptations to speculation are so great the desire to become suddenly rich is so strong that I believe eight out of ten, if not more young men are wrecked at the very beginning.

When a young man has a very little, let him buy some property, a preference, however small, according to his own improved real estate that is paying. He had better buy it when sold at a discount under a judicial sale, paying in cash, can give him notes for the balance, sums coming due at frequently recurring intervals, secured by a mortgage on the property, and then use all his extra income paying up those notes. It is always a discount your own note, and if it comes a little too fast, as soon as he gets things, paid his friends will add him he is putting his money where it is not to be lost, and where the property is care of the interest, and in a very short he will find that he has got a very able investment. He will become interested in it, save his money to meet his needs he will directly come into a considerable session of property, and hardly know how it came to him. That is, he will have a motive for saving, and will get the most that saving and will not be tempted into speculations.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Nothing is so safe for an investment as proved real estate. Nothing is likely in value faster. In the last fifty years out of all the merchants and tradesmen who have failed, and gone out of business, so far as the stock has been wiped out. In the last years all the improved real estate, on average, has paid its interest and quadrupled in value. If a young man can give him anything to start his world, he had better invest it in real estate and let it accumulate, and earn him and he will be richer than if he had his business. Jay Gould is said to have bought from a mouse trap seller to become an millionaire. Assuming that to be true, he is one of 60,000,000 of people, and if any man thinks that he is going to imitate Gould, there are 60,000,000 of chances that he won't succeed.

The rule I would lay down for a young man is never to do a mean thing for money, prudent and saving of your money, is fatal to have no interest account against you, unless you have an account greater interest account running in your favor. Work diligently and you are a competency in your old age, and as possible, if you can find a saving girl who has been brought up by a man who knows how to take care of a house, a wife of her, and she will aid and assist you.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I claim no originality in this advice, will relate you an incident in my experience to illustrate it. In my early career in my profession, I had a small bank, the Lowell Bank, at the head of which Mr. James G. Carnegy, the bank was across the hall from my office. I stepped the bank to deposit a little money in my case, and Mr. Carnegy said to me, "don't you invest your money?" "No," I said, "I have nothing to invest." "No," he says, "you have quite a little money, and I see that your young folks come with your checks, and occasionally borrow with you. Now, you had better invest it." "How can I invest it?" "Invest real estate." "I know nothing about real estate."

"Go to the first auction and buy property. You cannot be much better off, because you will have to give more than somebody else will be willing to pay for it, save your money, often pay your notes as they become due, that the property is improved, but that the rent will keep you from losing count, and when you get any other investment in the same way, and if you press upon you a little faster than you think, why, we will, when we find that you are doing with your money, don't you give you a little more time, and you can pay it up. This will necessitate a collection of your bills, for I know the world rather work and earn \$100 the man for it, unless you have a pencil in it. You have not even asked for a bill that we owe you in the last, shows me that you do not properly your dues." I followed the advice, bought a number of pieces of property, Lowell that came to me in that way, only say that I wish I had been wiser to have continued this course through. I do not think I need to extend my suggestions any further, because if you won't mind these he won't any one cannot suggest any better ones.—F. Butler in New York Sun.

Senator Ingalls, while on his way to delphia to take prominent part in the liberation of the constitution's centennial, seen by a reporter, to whom, in a question as to the object of his visit, he replied a learned dissertation on Said the president pro tem of the States senate:

"I think a man looks better shaved. Every man should shave, and to a barber's shop, but shave. No gentleman should go to a barber. It is a great waste of time and costs fifteen cents—doesn't it—when you get a barber to soap cups and which is repugnant to men of letters. I always shave myself. As for regular toilet every morning it doesn't cost more than a cent. That that happy sense of having had a gentleman shave it is over. Take my advice, and shave yourself."—New Evening Post Interview.

PATENTS

Agents, and Trade Mark