

A VOLUNTEER.

"General, you seem preoccupied, sad, quiet when with me. Can it be from lack of interest?"

Thus spoke the pretty Countess Alvis Zelinska in a soft tone of reproach, accompanied by the most gracious of smiles, to a French officer sitting by her side.

This young officer was the brave Calvinic, an Auvergnese highlander, who, before his thirteenth year, had won already upon the battle-field his epaulets as a general of cavalry.

They happened to be alone in a vast salon at one of the old palaces in Warsaw, the home of the countess, who had been left a widow at 22. A large fire burned in the enormous fireplace of rose marble, upon the pediment of which the arms of Zelinska were finely sculptured.

The month of January, 1807, the time of this story, was remarkable on account of its severity. It is well known that Napoleon, after the battle of Jena and the overthrow of Prussia, conceived the gigantic idea of a continental blockade, and instead of enjoying in peace his triumphs and his glory wished to impose by force on all Europe the effective execution of his projects against England. For that he resolved to pursue the remnant of the Prussian troops to their last intrenchment and to go to meet the Russian army, which was still intact and under the command of General Benningsen.

"You are still mute, general," continued the countess. "Have I lost your confidence?"

"Pardon me," replied Calvinic. "You must excuse me for being dreamy and preoccupied. You know the emperor has withdrawn from me the command of my brigade for a month because I expressed too frankly my opinion of his indifference to the sad condition of your unhappy country. The emperor has punished me severely, and here I am far from my brave soldiers. I was quite happy in my disgrace, since it gave me the pleasure of being received by you, in the midst of the most glorious representatives of Polish nobility, as an ally, as a friend. You, the energetic and enthusiastic patriot, have kept up my spirits, have permitted me the pleasure of seeing you, of confiding in you my cares and dreams, of admiring you, of love!"

"Ah, general!" "Yes, I was going to say of loving you. But am I worthy of expressing such a sentiment when I ought to make a strange confession? You see me sad and preoccupied because there is in me a violent combat. I am happy, intensely happy, yet at the same time, in spite of the charm which chains me to your side, I would like to be elsewhere. The inaction to which I am condemned crushes me. I curse the severity of my sovereign. I would like this instant to mount a horse, cross Warsaw and rejoin the army, which means to leave you, to flee from your beautiful eyes, in order to see, face to face, the horrible mustaches of the Cossacks of Benningsen."

"You are always frank, general. However, I admit this unforeseen declaration has surprised me a little. After 15 days of repose you become dull and disconsolate. You are homesick for camps and battles. My salon seems to you less attractive than your tent in the midst of the snow."

"Permit me to explain. I heard yesterday that the work of concentration goes on rapidly; that the Russians are going to be forced to accept battle. My blood boils at the news. 'They are going to fight,' I reflect. 'My brothers in arms are going into danger and honor. I wish to share their lot.' However, when I think of you I am cowardly. I restrain my feelings. Thus you see me here near you, as usual. But I feel that my conduct merits reproach. If you esteem me, you cannot blame me for this indecision which tortures me. You cannot advise me to remain inactive, in the midst of luxury and comfort, in a rich palace, when the dragoons whom I commanded yesterday, camping now in the snow, now marching in the mud or crossing the Vistula by the bridge of boats, are going one more to brave the dangers of war for the glory of France and perhaps for the liberty of Poland."

The countess remained standing before the general, listening eagerly to his words and expressing by her passionate looks the admiration which this martial ardor inspired in her.

"I love you thus," said she; "no matter how much I may miss you, I feel, alas! that you ought to go. I thank you for having given me a day. A day is much in these troubled times. Yes, general, go—where duty calls you, resume the command of your troops, and return victorious."

"Thanks, countess. You understand me. After leaving you I wish to render myself worthy of your noble friendship. But see to what an extreme an implacable will has reduced me. I have no right to resume my arms and rank. To go to the emperor, to implore his pardon, to seek to resignate myself in his favor, would be a bold and useless step. The emperor has no time for audiences,

and then ought I to deny my sentiment for Poland—to retract the words which I spoke so freely? Oh, no! Today less than ever. Therefore I am forced to seek a way of resuming the service without being recognized by my superiors. I have reflected for some time, and when you reproached me for my silence I was just making a definite resolution. I will present myself to the outposts as a Poland countryman desirous of fighting for his country."

"Why, general, do you wish to enlist as a simple soldier? You will have to obey, instead of command, to march in the first ranks, to struggle hand to hand with the enemy! It is to certain death you voluntarily run. Oh! What have I done—I, who have rather encouraged you in your resolution; I, who admire you only to lose you? I was wrong. I was misled by blind patriotism. Renounce your projects! It is your duty to execute scrupulously the orders of the emperor."

"No, countess, my duty is to be where the French are exposing their lives—to brave the dangers that they run."

"Even breaking your word?" "I do not violate my oath since I enlist as a volunteer."

"You are immovable. Do therefore as you wish. My best wishes accompany you, and I will pray for you. God grant that your temerity may not be punished! Think of me sometimes."

She extended her hand, which he kissed passionately, while she turned aside her head to conceal the great tears which glistened like diamonds in her eyes.

Feb. 8, 1807, at daybreak, the French and Russian armies met. The troops of Benningsen covered the mountain tops in front of the little town of Eylau. The emperor relied upon this village, the cemetery of which he occupied with the guard. The vast plain which separated the two camps was gloomy and desolate. A white shroud of snow recently fallen entirely covered the hard ground. The sky was gray and gloomy. The rays of the sun could not penetrate the thick, frosty atmosphere.

Upon the left, a little back of Eylau, was massed the cavalry of Murat. In the first rank, among the dragoons of General Grouchy, was a simple cavalier, sword in hand, without a distinctive mark, without a decoration, but superb in his martial and determined bearing. It was Calvinic.

After the scene which we have described the general lost no time. Having dressed himself in the clothes of a countryman and crossed the plains of Lithuania, he presented himself for enlistment to the first colonel of dragoons whom he met.

Thanks to his disguise, he was not recognized, and he was soon able to put on the green tunic with its yellow cuffs and to take his place in the midst of his new companions, wearing, like them, the white breeches, the regulation boots and the helmet with an ornamental plume of black.

The battle was in progress all the morning. About 11 o'clock the snow fell in large flakes, blinding the eyes of the French, who began to waver. The emperor believed that his good luck had forsaken him. He saw that a superhuman effort must be made. Calling Murat, he said:

"Well, are you going to allow these men to devour us? March forward with all your cavalry!"

At the order Murat started like a flash and drew up his 80 squadrons in line of battle, placing ahead the dragoons of Grouchy. Calvinic's heart beat fast. At last he was going to fight as a simple soldier; to devote himself obscurely, lost in numbers; to sacrifice his life, without hope of recompense, for the love and glory of his country. His thoughts transported him to the salon of the palace at Warsaw where he had said adieu to the Countess Zelinska. It seemed to him that he could still hear her voice, could see her smile. Thus encouraged, it was with joy that he threw himself against the regiments of Cossacks who with their sabers were cutting down the army of Augereau.

The snow ceased, and one could contemplate in all its horror this immense plain covered with the dead, the dying and the wounded, the blood making horrible spots on the white uniforms of the French soldiers. The meeting of the two bodies of cavalry was terrible. Calvinic, showing an impetuosity and an assurance which astonished his comrades, struck most formidable blows, overthrowing all obstacles. The Cossacks were soon dispersed or rendered unfit for battle. Then the Russians, in order to delay the victorious cavaliers, hurled against their bullets and shot into the melee without caring for their own.

Grouchy fell, his horse having been pierced by a ball. Calvinic dashed in, released his general, who happily was not wounded, and gave him his own horse. Then bestriding a horse without a master he rushed again into the fight. At this moment Murat and his 80 squadrons, horsemen, dragoons, cuirassiers, charged at full gallop into the Russian infantry.

After a long resistance and several assaults they yielded, fleeing from all sides terrified, bloody and seeking a refuge in the neighboring woods. Calvinic, in the midst of this frightful confusion, fought with an audacity which nothing could stop. Each

blow struck, overthrew and killed. His right arm was injured by a ball, but he seized his sabre in his left hand and continued his course until the sound of the clarion forbade his further action. The work of this cavalier, perhaps the most astonishing in the history of the empire, decided the victory.

The next day the emperor, in order to honor in some special manner the heroic squadrons of Murat, wished to survey the front of this admirable company of horsemen. Grave and somber, after a victory so hotly disputed, he passed at a slow gallop before the soldiers, saluting the flag lowered before him. Arriving opposite the eighth regiment of dragoons, he slackened his pace and said to Grouchy, who followed him: "Who is that cavalier in the first rank, who holds his sword in the left hand? He strangely resembles Calvinic."

"He is a Polish volunteer," responded Grouchy. "He was engaged several days ago and has fought like a lion. I saw him at work, and I do not know of one more worthy a reward."

The emperor approached the pretended Poleander.

"Well, my brave fellow," said he, "I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon your courage. One of my generals, Calvinic, recently took the liberty of criticising my actions. I have deposed him. You may replace him. I shall have then at the head of my dragoons an officer worthy of them, whom I consider a compatriot and a friend."

He resumed his course, followed by his escort of superbly uniformed generals.

The days which followed this battle were employed in removing the dead to the shore of the Vistula near Warsaw. They were transported on sledges across the vast plains, followed by flocks of crows. Some, whom the guard would not permit to be moved, remained in the convent of Eylau, now transformed into a hospital.

Among them was General Calvinic, who was very ill with a fever. He had abandoned his strength. After having fought all day, his arm in a sling, he was still at his post of honor, but at night, when the excitement of the struggle and the emotion of triumph were somewhat calmed, his wound, which had reopened, caused him violent pain. Fever set in. The surgeons thought amputation would be necessary, but knowing that the ball had not remained in the flesh and that the bone was not injured they decided to wait a few days.

Happily, a woman watched near him. A young and beautiful Polish girl, wearing the graceful costume of the peasants of Ukraine, had presented herself to the outposts, saying that she sought her brother, a volunteer in the cavalry of Murat. The Countess Zelinska, for it was she, had had a presentiment of the result of the battle, and following her feminine instincts she sought among the wounded for her lover.

After a day of vain search, worn out and anxious, almost desperate, she conceived the idea of seeking shelter in the convent of the Benedictines. Seeing that it was occupied by the wounded French, she still had strength enough to search the large halls. Asking explanations, giving details, she finally discovered the little room where upon a camp bed was extended, not her brother, as she said, but her whom she loved more dearly than a brother, since she had witnessed his chivalry and patriotism.

The countess was not recognized by Calvinic. Delirium had robbed him of his reason. This condition lasted for several days, during which his devoted nurse watched over him constantly. Finally the fever abated, and the surgeons declared that if he avoided all imprudence recovery was certain.

One morning Calvinic, while taking some nourishment, regarded with attention the young woman who served him with so much devotion. He thought that he recognized her features, but her dress puzzled him. He feared that it was a dream or a hallucination. However, hearing her speak, he trembled and remembered the sweet interviews at the bedside in the palace of Warsaw. He made an effort to collect his confused ideas, and raising himself upon his couch called feebly:

"Alvis!" The countess, unable to repress an instinctive movement, turned toward the sick man. She approached him; their eyes met. They regarded each other a long time without speaking, but this mute language told the story, and joy radiated from their faces.

"How came you here?" asked Calvinic. "It is you who have cared for me like an angel from heaven! It is you who have saved me! Let me repeat to you that word which you stopped upon my lips the day of my departure. Let me tell you that I love you!"

He extended his thin, pale hand, which Alvis took in hers.

"General," responded she, "my conduct is a confession that your words do not try to deny. My life belongs to you. I am ready to follow you wherever chance leads you. Your name shall be my name, and your country my country." Romance.

Getting Out of Practice. Larry and Richard are brothers, so it goes without saying the harmony prevailing in the trundle bed they share is not exactly that popularly attributed to "birds in their little nests." Larry was spending a week away from home, and the other night Richard, who totters under the weight of eight years of existence, was overheard bitterly lamenting Larry's absence. "So you want your brother home, dear?" said mamma, rejoicing at his tardy exhibition of fraternal affection. "I should think I did," was the small brother's reply. "Why, my muscles will all get stiffer in anything."—Philadelphia Times.



Sir Edwin—Shall we take the High road home, dear—mean Lady Angelina? Lady Angelina—No. I should prefer the Bridal path, I think.—Judy.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

Advertisement for 'OUT OF THE FRYING PAN' featuring Cottolene cooking oil. Text describes its benefits for frying and shortening purposes, and lists various local businesses and professionals.

Advertisement for 'DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP' for coughs, colds, and croup. Includes an illustration of a child and text describing the product's effectiveness.

Advertisement for 'UNION PACIFIC THROUGH TICKETS' to Salt Lake, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, and St. Louis.

Advertisement for 'SALT LAKE, TO DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND ALL EASTERN CITIES.' Promoting 3 1/2 days to Chicago.

Advertisement for 'P. J. LARSEN & CO., Manufacturer of Wagons, Carriages, and Repairing a Specialty.' Located at 45 State Street.

Advertisement for 'CHAS. WOLZ, Proprietor of the GERMAN MARKET' at 304 Commercial St., Salem. Also mentions 'BURTON BROTHERS' and 'MOTTAT CHEMICAL CO.'

Advertisement for 'BALD HEADS!' featuring 'SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER'. Includes an illustration of a man's head and text describing the product's benefits for hair growth.

Advertisement for 'T. J. KRESS, HOUSE PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, Natural Wood Finishing, Cor. 30th and Chemeketa Street.' Also 'Geo. Fendrich, CASH MARKET' at 136 State Street.

Advertisement for 'J. E. MURPHY, Fresh News-Papers-Fruits-and Candies. J. L. BENNETT & SON, P. O. Block.' Also 'T. W. THORNBURG, The Upholsterer' at 179 Commercial St.

Advertisement for 'J. H. HAAS, THE WATCHMAKER' at 215 1/2 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon. Also 'Smith Premier Typewriter' and 'W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE NOT NIP'.

Advertisement for 'ST. PAUL'S ACADEMY' in St. Paul, Marion County, Oregon. Offers stenography and typewriting instruction.

Advertisement for 'MONEY TO LOAN' and 'FEAR & FORD, Conservatory of Music' at Room 12, Bush Bank block.

Advertisement for 'Hair Death' treatment, claiming to remove hair forever. Includes contact information for W. L. DOUGLAS.

Advertisement for 'Northern Pacific Railroad' and 'ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO' routes. Promotes dining cars and sleeping cars.

Advertisement for 'TOURIST Sleeping Cars' and 'MOTTAT CHEMICAL CO.' at 179 Commercial St., Portland, Ore.

Advertisement for 'W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE NOT NIP' with a list of prices for various shoe styles.

Advertisement for 'ST. PAUL'S ACADEMY' and 'MONEY TO LOAN' services.

Advertisement for 'Hair Death' treatment and 'W. L. DOUGLAS' shoes.

Advertisement for 'Northern Pacific Railroad' and 'ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO' routes.

Advertisement for 'TOURIST Sleeping Cars' and 'MOTTAT CHEMICAL CO.'

Advertisement for 'Electric Lights On Meter System' by 'Salem Light and Power Company'.

Advertisement for 'T. W. THORNBURG, The Upholsterer' at 179 Commercial St.

Advertisement for 'The Yauquina Route' and 'OREGON PACIFIC R. R.' with a detailed schedule of trains between Portland and Albany.

Advertisement for 'East and South VIA THE SHASTA ROUTE' by the Southern Pacific Company.

Advertisement for 'Dining Cars on Ogden Route' and 'PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS'.

Advertisement for 'Second Class Sleeping Cars' and 'West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis.'

Advertisement for 'WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES' and 'MOTTAT CHEMICAL CO.' at 179 Commercial St., Portland, Ore.