

**"Think of Ease But Work On."**

If your blood is impure you may "work on" but you cannot even "think of ease." The blood is the greatest sustainer of the body and when you make it pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the perfect health in which even hard work becomes ease.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappears

Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Woman's hair usually begins to grow gray when she is about 35.

**Turkey Oil.**  
A healing antiseptic for cuts, burns and wounds.

Necessity has shattered many an idol by driving men to work.

**Compound Locomotives.**

A dozen or more of the 45 compound freight locomotives, recently ordered for use on the southwestern division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, are in service and are giving splendid satisfaction. On the Mississippi division they have increased the train haul 40 per cent over the old line. When the grade reductions are completed the improvement will be even more noticeable. The compound ten wheel passenger engines have developed unexpected pulling power and unusual speed.

In a hamlet on the banks of the River Ayr one of her majesty's inspectors was examining a class on Scottish history and wishing to elicit the fact of James V's quarrel with his queen, Mary of Lorraine, asked the question: "Why was Mary, Queen of Scots, born at Linlithgow?" when up started a little fellow and shouts, "Because her mother was there."—Tid-Bits.

**Frailless Starch.**  
Is rapidly becoming the style starch. It saves labor, saves money and makes collars and cuffs look like new. All grocers sell it; large package 10c.

The world is but a fleeting show to which all are admitted free—but it sometimes costs a lot to get out.

**CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.**

**GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.**

After the Greatest Battle in the World's History—Napoleon West Turns of Service—When He Saw His Army Starved—Retained His Presence of Mind.

In Darkness.  
I will be still.  
The shrou drawing sigh  
Thall startle from my lips no coward cry:  
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread  
Fulfill.

I will be still.  
For, ah! I know,  
Though suffering hours delay,  
Yet to eternity they pass away,  
Carrying something onward as they go,  
Outlasting me.

Yes, something won:  
The harvest of our tears,  
Something unfaded, plucked from fading  
years;  
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,  
From sorrow won.

The agony  
So hopeless now of balm  
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and  
calm  
As that wherewith the stars look down  
on thee,  
Gethsemane.  
—Florence Earle Coates.

After Waterloo.  
Until 11 o'clock at night the emperor had marched with the last battalions of grenadiers that still supported the retreat. Accompanied by Commandant Bertrand, several officers and a dozen red lancers and chasseurs of the guard, he reached Quatre-Bras at 1 o'clock in the morning, vainly hoping to find there the Division Girard, which had been ordered to that point.

The emperor dismounted in a glade of the forest of Bossu, near Fivonac fire, kindled by some grenadiers of the guard. A wounded officer, fleeing along the road, recognized the emperor by the freight. He was standing erect, his arms folded upon his breast, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed in the direction of Waterloo. There were no tidings from Grouchy, who, they feared, must be in danger. The emperor ordered Soult to advise him of the retreat of the army, and direct him to retire upon the lower Sambre. Soldiers of every branch of the service were running along the forest, and the fields. Commandant Baudouin, on horseback among the fugitives, saw the little group of the imperial staff and joined it. The emperor asked if he had not met some army corps not entirely disorganized. Baudouin replying that not far from Quatre-Bras he had passed the red lancers still marching in order under Col. Jacquemont. "Go instantly," said the emperor, "and order him to stop at Quatre-Bras. It is late, and the enemy finding this point occupied, will probably halt." Baudouin started at a gallop, but fire opening upon him from the first houses at the cross roads he returned to the emperor who entered him to withdraw, "since he had no longer any support." As he spoke he saw that Napoleon was silently weeping for his shattered army. In his gloomy fate, pallid as wax, there was no life except these tears.

But the emperor, who the emperor retained his presence of mind. The Girard Division not appearing, he concluded that his orders had miscarried. If ignorant of the defeat, it was in danger of being surprised and captured by the enemy. He ordered Baudouin to return to the field, and to bring the division on the right bank of the Sambre. Then, yielding to necessity, he set out for Charleroi, where he arrived at five in the morning to find only the maddest confusion. The single bridge across the Sambre had given: way under the pressure of escaping French troops. The streets were choked with fugitives and encumbered with the broken and pillaged vehicles of the hospital trains and the commissariat. A false alarm that the Prussians had attacked the town had destroyed all the bridges. The citizens and the soldiers had rifled the military stores, and the paymaster had bravely but vainly endeavored to save. The coach containing the military portfolio had been stopped; but the Duc de Bassano was able to destroy the most important papers. To restore order was impossible. The emperor wrote two letters, which no one obeyed, the emperor pursued his way on horseback to Philippeville, where he was joined by the Duc de Bassano and other officers, and again by Marshal Soult.

His first efforts were to rally the troops. Orders were dispatched to certain commandants to take charge of such detachments and stragglers as they could collect, supply them with food and arms, and direct them to specified places of rendezvous. A new order was sent to Marshal Grouchy, to retire upon Philippeville or Givry. Then the emperor wrote two letters to his brother Joseph, the one carefully relating the result of the battle, the other a private letter, disguising nothing of the great disaster, announcing his immediate return to Paris. The second letter closed with these words: "All is not lost. By uniting my forces, all reserves, the National Guard, I shall have three hundred thousand men to oppose to the enemy. But I must be aided, not hampered. I believe that the deputies will feel it to their duty to unite with me in order to save France."

The direct route from Philippeville to Paris was unavailable on account of the bodies of Prussian cavalry overrunning the country. At Rocroi, on the circuitous route he chose, the Prussians were aware of the great disaster, swarmed to see and salute the emperor. Their acclamations awakened him in his carriage. At Metziers, the want of fresh horses delayed the imperial party from half past ten until midnight. When at last they got off the soldiers of the garrison shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" until the last carriage had passed the gates.

The next evening at Laon, Faubourg de Vaux, the emperor alighted in the courtyard of the post house. Through the wide open door they could see him from the street, waiting up and down, his head bent, his arms outstretched, his breast. There was a quantity of straw scattered in the court upon which the stables opened. One of the bystanders said, in a low tone: "See Job on his dung-hill." Napoleon seemed so depressed, the scene was so impressive, even to the rustic mind, that they dared not acclaim him. He went timid, half-stifled shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" came from the crowd. The emperor stopped and raised his hat.

A detachment of the National Guard arrived to form the guard of honor. The emperor made every provision for rallying his scattered forces. Then, after midnight, without waiting for Marshal Soult, whom he had left with orders at Philippeville, he resumed his hurried journey to Paris, where his enemies were conspiring and

where his greatest danger lay. Without soldiers, and without cannon, he could not face the enemy on the field. The emperor, however, was as competent as himself to collect and reorganize the stragglers. From Paris, with Davoust and Carnot, he hoped to forward to Laon all available troops, all stores of provisions and arms; with the co-operation of the Chambers, to recruit levies of men and supplies and in three or four days return to take command.

It has been charged that Napoleon "abandoned his army," as in Egypt and Russia. Alas! Napoleon had no longer an army. He knew nothing of Grouchy, with the divisions of Vandamme and Girard, but believed him to be in great peril. Of the 74,000 combatants of Waterloo, possibly 40,000 might have escaped across the Sambre, but more than three-fourths of these men were scattered from Cambrai to Rocroi, making their way homeward, singly or in small groups. The emperor left Laon for Paris, the 29th of June, he had 2,500 soldiers assembled at Philippeville, and about 6,000 at Avesnes. This was the army.

A Brave Man.  
"That is one of the bravest men I ever knew," said Gen. Foscara, pointing out his inspector-general, Arthur C. Ducat. "I saw him coolly face almost certain death, to perform a duty. He was on the same duty had fallen before his eyes, and he had to run the gauntlet of a thousand muskets, but he did it!"

The words were spoken to James R. Gilmore, while on a visit to "Old Rosey's" army at Murfreesborough, who records them in his "Personal Recollections of the War."

Gen. Foscara referred to Ducat's behavior at the battle of Iuka. The inspector-general had observed that a regiment of Gen. Stanley's division was about to be overwhelmed by a much larger force of the enemy.

"Ride on and warn Stanley at once," said Foscara. Ducat reported the danger. An acre or two and swept with bullets lay between him and the menaced regiment. Ducat glanced at it and said:

"General, I have a wife and children."

"You knew that when you came here," answered Foscara coolly.

"I'll go, sir," said Ducat, moving his horse forward.

"Stay a moment. We must make sure of this," said the general, beginning to write dispatches, the paper resting on the pommel of his saddle. He wrote three; gave one to each of three aides, and sent them off, at intervals of about sixty yards, over the bullet swept field. Then he looked at Ducat, who had seen every one of the orders fall lifeless, or desperately wounded. Without a word, he plunged into the fire, ran the gauntlet in safety, got to Stanley, and excited the regiment, but his horse was torn by Minie balls, and his horse received a mortal wound.

Ex-Soldiers Colonizing.  
Several thousand American regular soldiers are to be mustered out in Porto Rico and Cuba in the next few weeks, says a Washington correspondent. The United States Government will receive their extra pay, orders for passage home on government transports, and the mileage from the port to the places where they enlisted. It will be optional with them to return to the United States.

These soldiers will be turned loose on the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, which they will elect to remain where they are discharged the government has no means of judging. Discharges are now being granted to regulars who enlisted for the war at the rate of about 100 a day in Cuba. Many of these discharged men are apparently in no haste to return to this country, and there are so many of them now in Havana that they cause uneasiness among the Cuban police. So far these Americans have behaved remarkably well. They have given as little trouble as a like number of recently discharged soldiers might be expected to give in any city.

A growth of disposition on the part of these soldiers to settle the islands is being observed with much interest from Washington. It has a bearing on the question of assimilation of the Porto Ricans and the Cubans by the United States.

A Curious Swiss Custom.  
The tenacity with which Europeans cling to ancient ways is seen in a curious custom which prevails at the present day in Basel, a Swiss city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants. Horses being very expensive in Switzerland, the middle class class are very careful to buy, and when a young man becomes engaged to be married he levies on one of his rich neighbors for a span. Though he may not know the rich man even by sight, he notifies him that he wishes his carriage and footman to call at his home at a specified time, and then uses the conveyance to call with his fiancée upon everybody of their acquaintance. At the marriage the same thing takes place again. It is expected that the groom will give a tip of from \$2 to \$4 to each coachman so employed.

The Land of Ducks.  
There are more ducks in the Chinese empire, says an authority than in all the world outside of it. They are kept up by the Celestials on every farm, on the private roads, on the public roads, on the streets of cities, and on all the lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country. Every Chinese household has a batch of them. There are innumerable hatchling establishments all through the empire, many of which are said to turn out about 50,000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked duck, and ducks' eggs, constitute two of the most common and important articles of diet in China.

Steady the Art of Advertising.  
Professor James Bryce in a recent address at University College, Liverpool, suggested that the students should take a systematic training in what he denominated "the art and mystery of advertising."

At His Head.  
He—"What do you want, wife named Stone before he was married?" She—"Yes, and it was a very suitable name." He—"What do you mean?" She—"Oh, nothing! Only she threw herself at his feet."

The famous expression, "Don't shoot until you can see the whites of their eyes," has been supplanted out in the Philippines by a new phrase. According to one of the members of the Twentieth Kansas regiment the customary order prior to attacks upon the Filipinos is "Don't shoot until you can see the lights on their cigarettes!"

**Stones for the German Army.**

Julius Goldschmidt, consul general of the United States in Germany, concerning the horses that are used by the German army, says:

The following report concerning horses for the German army is based on information received from officers and from an experienced veterinary surgeon who has for years superintended the purchase of horses for one of the German army corps. The so-called "remonte" horse markets, public and private, take place in the months of April to September in the parts of Germany where horses are plentiful, mostly in East and West Prussia, occasionally in Posen, Hanover, Holstein, and Mecklenberg, and, rarely, in the Alsace and the Rhine provinces. Private remonte markets are allowed to horse breeders, who have for years furnished a large and superior quota of animals for the army, and who can offer lots of from 20 to 30 good horses. Such private markets may even be held on the grounds of the horse breeders and occur mostly in East and West Prussia. In Lithuania proper there are more private than public markets.

The buying is done by five army commissariats, consisting each of one presiding officer, one to two assistant officers, and veterinary surgeons. The horses purchased are generally three years old, in exceptional cases four years. The former remain one year at the remonte depots before they are turned over to the regular service. There are no fixed rules as to the weight of the horses, and the quality is not weighed in such places it is on account of scientific food experiments or private interests. But it is safe to say that full-breasted, compactly-built horses are used. They will average in weight about as follows:

Light horses, 1,100 to 1,200 pounds, artillery, saddle horses 900 to 1,000 pounds, cuirassier horses 1,000 to 1,100 pounds, Ulan horses 900 to 1,000 pounds, hussar and dragon horses 800 to 900 pounds.

The common run of horses for the remonte is bought from \$30 to \$100, while the heavier horses for artillery run from \$140 to \$160, and the best horses, which are used for the Kurassier Garde regiments, are seldom bought under \$200. This applies to the remonte commissariat's work, and, as a rule, riders and Prussian horse breeders are not allowed to buy English blooded stock at fair prices. The best Prussian horse brings from \$225 to \$340. These are all however bought at an age of from 5 to 6 years and well trained, since the Prussian horse is hardly fit for use before its sixteenth birthday. English and Irish horses, which are largely bought in Hamburg, are, owing to the richer nourishment they receive on their native pastures when young, fit for use at the age of four to five years, and are less nervous, shy and excitable than the Prussian horse. The Irish horse is the easiest to ride under all circumstances, the early wholesome nourishment giving it a calmer and more docile temper. I have reason to believe that under the name of Irish stock many American bred horses are sold in Germany, and the description given of them closely resembles that of the American horse. It would be well for the American horse breeders or horse dealers to correspond with large firms in Hamburg, such as the "English Stall" or the "Old Stall," before entering largely in the shipping business.

Alfalfa and Corn for Hogs—The farmers of the corn belt can get a good pointer on pig feeding from the alfalfa belt. I have seen a pig that was fattened Sept. 1, 1898, and weighed 200 lbs. at the time of which was alfalfa hay, which is as large as any pig I can find in the corn belt fattened in June, July or August. The pupals of King Corn and Queen Alfalfa are announced to take place on my farm at an early date. The alfalfa farm at alfalfa is the best hay for hogs in winter. This cutting is done late in the fall and is raked immediately and shocked, thus curing with-out very much sun. The leaves and all are saved in a succulent condition, thus making a feed that is relished by the pigs.—Homestead.

Why Fresh Bones Make Eggs—The different parts of ordinary market bones upon analysis were found to contain in abundance the ingredients which go to make up the growing chick, and in wonderfully close proportion, the different parts of the complete egg. The lean meat and gristle from the white of the egg, and about sixteen per cent of the yolk. The marrow and other fat of the bones constitute the remainder of the yolk. The lime phosphates in the bone yield all the necessary lime salts for the shell, and the requisite phosphates for the interior of the egg.—A. C. Pickering, in Farm and Home.

Deep Plowing Profitable.—Land that is plowed endures the droughts better than shallow plowed land, as there is a greater absorption of moisture. In other words, the deeper the soil is plowed the greater the capacity for holding water. To prevent loss of this moisture the top soil should be cultivated so as to simply loosen it, which prevents evaporation and at the same time keeps the weeds down. The water in the soil soaks at the surface, and this shows the greater the amount of loose dirt over the surface, which is effected by cultivation.—Ex.

Oleo Productions in Pennsylvania.—The butter trade of Philadelphia has taken up the prosecution of the oleo dealers who have already secured the violation of both the state and national law, and propose to push the suits to a conclusion. In the investigation fifty retail dealers have been found selling the stuff without even the formal of a government license. In every case they were selling oleo as butter.—Ex.

Ask what is left when the combustible part of a feeding stuff is burned away. It consists chiefly of lime, magnesia, potash, soda, iron, chlorine, and carbonic sulphuric, and phosphoric acids, and is used largely in making bones for the soil, and in case the food is stored up in the animal's body; the rest is voided in the urine and manure.

Organic nitrogen is nitrogen in combination with other elements either as vegetable or animal matter. The more valuable sources are dried blood, dried meat, tankage, dried fish, and cotton seed meal.

Brush the udder and surrounding parts and wipe them with a clean, damp cloth or sponge.

There should be more brooms worn out in the poultry yard than there are.

It is good to water alkali-laced lime in the yard the evening after a rain. The windows of Persian houses, as a rule, are not visible from the street.

Never excite the cows by abuse of any kind.

**Mr. Thompson Hires of Buffalo.**

It may be interesting to note the following statement of mileage of the new York Central, leased and operated lines, which shows the total miles of track east of Buffalo as 6,114.81.

It is, of course, generally known that some of the western lines have a greater mileage, but they track run through a number of sparsely settled states, while the trackage of the New York Central and leased lines is all in the densely populated States of New York and Pennsylvania, accommodating, by its numerous trains, millions of passengers each year.

Here is the mileage of the New York Central leased and operated lines:

New York Central and branches	10,195
New York & Putnam	1,211
Spartanburg & Fort Morris	6.96
New York & Hudson	1,211
Troy & Greenbush	1,211
Mohawk & Malone and branches	1,211
Albany & Schenectady	1,211
Albany & Saratoga	1,211
Gouverneur & Oswegatchie	1,211
New Jersey Junction	4.30
Valley Forge	1,211
Beech Creek and branches	1,211
Valley Forge	1,211
Syracuse, Geneva & Corning	1,211
Albany & Schenectady	1,211
Fall Brook and branches	1,211
Pine Creek	1,211
Tioga Hollow	1,211
St. Lawrence & Adirondack	1,211
Terminal Railway of Buffalo	1,211
Total	2,662.80
Miles of leased lines	1,662.80
Miles of siding	1,662.80
Total	6,114.81

Buffalo Express, April 6, 1899.

"When Col. Richard L. Dodge," says the Kansas City Journal, "was in command of one of the southern Kansas forts many years ago, he was astonished one day to receive a delegation of Indians who complained to him of the quality of the soap issued to them by the government. Thinking it would be impossible to make soap too bad for an Indian, Dodge investigated, with the result of finding that the Indians had been eating their soap allowance and didn't like the taste."

Lots of girls are single not from choice, but because they were born so.

**HOME duties to many women seem more important than health.**

No matter how ill they feel, they drag themselves through the daily tasks and pile up trouble. This is heroic but a penalty has to be paid.

A woman in New Matamoras, Ohio, Mrs. ISABELL BRADFIELD, tells in the following letter how she fought with disease of the feminine organs until finally forced to take to her bed. She says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write to you to tell you that I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think there is no medicine in the world like it. I suffered for nine years, and sometimes for twelve weeks at a time I could not stand on my feet. I had female troubles of all kinds; backache, and headache all the time. Seven different doctors treated me. Some said I would have to go to the hospital and have an operation performed. But oh! how thankful I am that I did not, that I tried your Vegetable Compound instead. I cannot say too much in its praise, nor thank you enough for what you have done for me. I want you to publish this in all the papers for the good of other sufferers."

The wives and mothers of America are given to overwork. Let them be wise in time and at the first indication of female trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. This advice is promptly given without charge.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ailments is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, advising and helping by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

**WOMAN'S DEVOTION TO HOME**



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**Golden Wedding**

of Miss Popular Esteem and Mr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Fifty years of happiness, fifty years of doing good. The only Sarsaparilla in the world that ever celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and is doing it today with no signs of decay. Its mission is to cure and to help. No wonder it has fifty happy years back of it.

Get a bottle today of

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

[which made Sarsaparilla famous]

All Druggists Sell Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

**KILL THEM**

Those pestiferous destroyers, the Ditcher's Fly Killer, not only kills the pest but prevents reproduction. A sheet will kill a quart.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer, FRED. L. DENNIS, 125 1/2 St. Albans, Vt.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**

**Cabcarets**

REGULATE THE

A Keenutian says water-proof coats are all right for stomachs.

Selling Inventions.

The pace that kills is often a "fixed" running race.

All inventors having inventions for sale should write to Sues & Co., Patent Lawyers, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb., for their free pamphlet on Patent Property, which sets forth the best methods of selling patents.

If it wasn't for the grip the cable roads would be doomed.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

How men can keep their good resolution and a dairy at the same time.

A Guaranteed Cure.

Most difficult to cure—Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, etc. are guaranteed cured in any case of money refunded. Druggists, 25c. per bottle.

Still water may run deep, but some men who talk but little think still less.

Coe's Cough Relief.

George W. Harvey, editor of the Omaha World-Herald states that for years he suffered untold agony from stomach trouble and indigestion. Three of the most noted physicians failed to relieve him and death stared him in the face. He was induced against his will to take Dr. Kay's Renovator and was relieved of his old symptoms, could eat anything and became a well man. Dr. Kay's Renovator is sold by druggists for 25c and \$1.00. Sent prepaid on receipt of price by Dr. R. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Write our physicians for free advice on your case.

The best is the cheapest, but the cheapest isn't always the best.

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Nay, though the night my deadliest dread  
Fulfill.

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For, ah! I know,  
Though suffering hours delay,  
Yet to eternity they pass away,  
Carrying something onward as they go,  
Outlasting me.

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The harvest of our tears,  
Something unfaded, plucked from fading  
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Something to blossom on beyond the sun,  
From sorrow won.

The agony  
So hopeless now of balm  
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and  
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**GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.**

After the Greatest Battle in the World's History—Napoleon West Turns of Service—When He Saw His Army Starved—Retained His Presence of Mind.

In Darkness.  
I will be still.  
The shrou drawing sigh  
Thall startle from my lips no coward cry:  
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread  
Fulfill.

I will be still.  
For, ah! I know,  
Though suffering hours delay,  
Yet to eternity they pass away,  
Carrying something onward as they go,  
Outlasting me.

Yes, something won:  
The harvest of our tears,  
Something unfaded, plucked from fading  
years;  
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,  
From sorrow won.

The agony  
So hopeless now of balm  
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and  
calm  
As that wherewith the stars look down  
on thee,  
Gethsemane.  
—Florence Earle Coates.

After Waterloo.  
Until 11 o'clock at night the emperor had marched with the last battalions of grenadiers that still supported the retreat. Accompanied by Commandant Bertrand, several officers and a dozen red lancers and chasseurs of the guard, he reached Quatre-Bras at 1 o'clock in the morning, vainly hoping to find there the Division Girard, which had been ordered to that point.

The emperor dismounted in a glade of the forest of Bossu, near Fivonac fire, kindled by some grenadiers of the guard. A wounded officer, fleeing along the road, recognized the emperor by the freight. He was standing erect, his arms folded upon his breast, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed in the direction of Waterloo. There were no tidings from Grouchy, who, they feared, must be in danger. The emperor ordered Soult to advise him of the retreat of the army, and direct him to retire upon the lower Sambre. Soldiers of every branch of the service were running along the forest, and the fields. Commandant Baudouin, on horseback among the fugitives, saw the little group of the imperial staff and joined it. The emperor asked if he had not met some army corps not entirely disorganized. Baudouin replying that not far from Quatre-Bras he had passed the red lancers still marching in order under Col. Jacquemont. "Go instantly," said the emperor, "and order him to stop at Quatre-Bras. It is late, and the enemy finding this point occupied, will probably halt." Baudouin started at a gallop, but fire opening upon him from the first houses at the cross roads he returned to the emperor who entered him to withdraw, "since he had no longer any support." As he spoke he saw that Napoleon was silently weeping for his shattered army. In his gloomy fate, pallid as wax, there was no life except these tears.

But the emperor, who the emperor retained his presence of mind. The Girard Division not appearing, he concluded that his orders had miscarried. If ignorant of the defeat, it was in danger of being surprised and captured by the enemy. He ordered Baudouin to return to the field, and to bring the division on the right bank of the Sambre. Then, yielding to necessity, he set out for Charleroi, where he arrived at five in the morning to find only the maddest confusion. The single bridge across the Sambre had given: way under the pressure of escaping French troops. The streets were choked with fugitives and encumbered with the broken and pillaged vehicles of the hospital trains and the commissariat. A false alarm that the Prussians had attacked the town had destroyed all the bridges. The citizens and the soldiers had rifled the military stores, and the paymaster had bravely but vainly endeavored to save. The coach containing the military portfolio had been stopped; but the Duc de Bassano was able to destroy the most important papers. To restore order was impossible. The emperor wrote two letters, which no one obeyed, the emperor pursued his way on horseback to Philippeville, where he was joined by the Duc de Bassano and other officers, and again by Marshal Soult.

His first efforts were to rally the troops. Orders were dispatched to certain commandants to take charge of such detachments and stragglers as they could collect, supply them with food and arms, and direct them to specified places of rendezvous. A new order was sent to Marshal Grouchy, to retire upon Philippeville or Givry. Then the emperor wrote two letters to his brother Joseph, the one carefully relating the result of the battle, the other a private letter, disguising nothing of the great disaster, announcing his immediate return to Paris. The second letter closed with these words: "All is not lost. By uniting my forces, all reserves, the National Guard, I shall have three hundred thousand men to oppose to the enemy. But I must be aided, not hampered. I believe that the deputies will feel it to their duty to unite with me in order to save France."

The direct route from Philippeville to Paris was unavailable on account of the bodies of Prussian cavalry overrunning the country. At Rocroi, on the circuitous route he chose, the Prussians were aware of the great disaster, swarmed to see and salute the emperor. Their acclamations awakened him in his carriage. At Metziers, the want of fresh horses delayed the imperial party from half past ten until midnight. When at last they got off the soldiers of the garrison shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" until the last carriage had passed the gates.

The next evening at Laon, Faubourg de Vaux, the emperor alighted in the courtyard of the post house. Through the wide open door they could see him from the street, waiting up and down, his head bent, his arms outstretched, his breast. There was a quantity of straw scattered in the court upon which the stables opened. One of the bystanders said, in a low tone: "See Job on his dung-hill." Napoleon seemed so depressed, the scene was so impressive, even to the rustic mind, that they dared not acclaim him. He went timid, half-stifled shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" came from the crowd. The emperor stopped and raised his hat.

A detachment of the National Guard arrived to form the guard of honor. The emperor made every provision for rallying his scattered forces. Then, after midnight, without waiting for Marshal Soult, whom he had left with orders at Philippeville, he resumed his hurried journey to Paris, where his enemies were conspiring and

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