

MAX O'RELL'S ADVENTURES

Famous Author's Reminiscences of the Franco-German War.

HUMOROUS INCIDENT OF THE COMMUNE

An Observer and Prisoner of War—Death Cry of a College Chum—A Planch of Tobacco as a Life Saver.

At the threshold of these few remarks I should like to be permitted to pay to the French soldier my warm tribute of admiration. He is as easy to lead as a child. His cheerfulness and gay philosophy enable him to endure the greatest hardships without a murmur. All he wants is justice. When he has received his provisions he straightway goes to weigh his meat, his bread, his coffee, his sugar, even his salt. All he wants is his due, and if he finds that he has not received his share he is satisfied and cheerful. A kind word from an officer will make him happy. A cigarette offered to him if he is short of tobacco will make a hero of him.

I remember one day passing a young soldier who was being taken to the hospital. His right hand had been shot off clean. "Cheer up, my boy!" I said to him: "no more fighting for you. They will nurse you and take care of you."

"Ah, lieutenant," he replied, with a look of contentment, "how am I to roll my cigarettes now?"

I put a small box of ready made cigarettes in his breast pocket. I shall never forget the expression of gratitude on his face.

In another instance a devoted orderly was playing his captain, whose leg had just been amputated.

"Don't cry, old fool," said the captain to him, "I am going to keep you, and, in the future, you will only have one boot to clean every morning."

A Devoted Orderly. I had the good luck to start the campaign with a good, devoted orderly, a man about 40 years of age, called Rabier. He was a tailor, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a cook and, in times of need, a man of many resources and unlimited audacity. But for him I should have had to go without food many a day. He was an old African soldier and it was never with him a question of what he could do, but rather of what he could not do. He had a man's devotion to me, and he was one of those kind and devoted men who many times tend me as a kind and skillful nurse would.

When, at night, I had retired under my tent, and was lying on some straw or dry leaves strewn on the ground, with a blanket over me, he would come and, noiselessly in, listen to find out whether I was asleep, then carefully tuck me in before he himself went to lie down under his own tent. With a few pieces of wood he would improvise a bedstead, and my clothes were every day most carefully examined and kept in a state that would have done honor to the best of housewives. An officer has to stand on his dignity more or less. My dear Rabier had no dignity to stand on, and, thanks to that, he many times successfully managed to scheme and get me a dinner when I had lost all hope of getting one.

I remember that one day my regiment stopped for the night in a deserted village which we reached at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. All the officers were assigned to an abandoned farm house. The provisions had not arrived and no one had the slightest idea how soon they would arrive. The private soldiers carried their provisions in the knapsacks. They were sure of their meals. But the officers had to rely on the arrival of the wagons. For two hours we sat in silence, about thirty of us. By 6 o'clock some prepared to lie down on the floor and to sleep and forget the pangs of hunger, when Rabier, radiant, triumphant, smiling from ear to ear, entered and announced that dinner was ready. We looked at each other, speechless and unbelieving. By what miracle could dinner be ready? We repaired to a barn where, to our stupefaction, we saw on the floor, completely rabbits and chickens, filling the place with odoriferous perfumes.

I heard, later on, that Rabier had ridden to a neighboring village and called on the mayor, stating that he was ordered by the general commander of the division to bring provisions for his staff. And he got all he asked for, the mayor even refusing to hear of any payment. Rabier was the hero of the day and none of us had the courage to reprimand him for the manner in which he had obtained that dinner.

Four Rabier! At the battle of Worth he received a bullet which entered his head under the chin and came out between his nose and his right eye. As he was being taken away from the battlefield he signed to me that he wanted to speak. I went to him and placed my ear close to his mouth, when he said in a tone hardly audible: "Who will take care of you while I am away?"

And I thought there were tears in his eyes. I know there were a mine. I never saw him after that. He died in the hospital.

The Death Cry of a Friend. At 12 years of age I struck up a friendship with a young Pole, named Gojeski, who was in the same class with me at school. We became inseparable chums. Year after year we were promoted at the same time. We took our university de-

grees the same day, entered the military school in the same year, and received our commissions in the same regiment.

Short, fair and almost beardless, young Gojeski was called "le petit lieutenant" by the soldiers, who all idolized him. At the battle of Worth (August 5, 1870), after holding our ground from 9 to the morning till 5 in the evening, against masses of German troops exactly six times as numerous as our own, we were ordered to charge the enemy so as to protect the retreat of the bulk of the army corps. A plan of the hill opposite convinced us that we had been commanded to go to certain death. The colonel drew us up in battle line, picked up a Prussian helmet with his sabre, held it high up in the air and said to us: "Forward, boys, and remember that a bullet in the back is as painful as in the chest, and it doesn't look so good."

Down the hill he went like the wind through a shower of bullets and shells. Our colonel was the first to fall dead. Two minutes later about two-thirds of the regiment reached the top of the opposite hill. The Poles, that were not engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand fight—a scene of hellish confusion. And there, amidst the awful din of battle, I heard dear Gojeski's death-cry as he fell from his horse a few yards from me, and I saw a horrible gash on his fair young head. He had paid France for her hospitality to his family.

I fought like a madman, seeing nothing but that dear mutilated face before my eyes. I say "like a madman," for it was not through courage and bravery. In a melee you fight like a madman—like a savage.

When I shed blood for Poland. Poor little Pole, he had died for France. I myself, at the age of 14, had shed some blood for Poland. Yes, at 14.

But listen. In 1863, the Poles tried to shake off the yoke of Russia by force of arms. All young France got excited over the struggle, and subscriptions in aid of the insurgents were started in all the French schools and colleges. I remember collecting a good deal of money in my school, and I found all the boys cheerfully ready to do without sweets or chocolate for a week or so in order to be able to give a franc, 50 centimes, or whatever they could afford, out of their little pocket allowance.

One of the eyes of a French school boy an insurrection is always a righteous cause. However, there was a tall, big boy, who not only refused to give or promise me any money, but who declared that he hoped the Russians would soon exterminate all the Poles. That was more than I could stand. In a moment I had taken off my coat, and advancing toward him with my clenched fists I gave him a determined "Come on!"

He was older and much stronger than I was, and, after a few rounds, I got the worst of it. During the struggle he managed to catch hold of my head under my left arm and tore a piece of flesh off my face. I have still a little scar under my left eye which reminds me that, at 14, I shed my blood for the holy cause of freedom.

My adversary, however, was not allowed to rest on his laurels very long. Every boy who felt strong enough to meet him sent him a challenge, and life was made so miserable for him that, at the end of a fortnight, his parents withdrew him from the school.

A Prisoner of War. I was taken prisoner at the battle of Sedan, and, after spending five months of captivity in the fortress of Metz on the Rhine, I returned to France, and one morning surprised my mother at home. For five months and a half she had had no news and did not know whether I was a prisoner of war or whether I had been killed.

After spending the necessary time assigned than described. I could only spend two days at home, as my regiment was being reorganized in Paris, and I had to join it.

On March 18, 1871, the people of Paris, in possession of all the armament which had been placed in their hands to defend the capital of France against the Germans, decided to make a strange use of their guns. They proclaimed the Commune with the view of killing somebody, their competitors rather than nothing, and the French army, not yet reorganized, and also probably out of habit just lately contracted, retreated to Versailles, leaving Paris at the mercy of the revolutionists.

A disaster at war is not always without its humorous side, and the French army, having enough reputation for bravery to stand a little joke at its own expense, I will here, in a few sentences, tell you of the capture of the Chateau de Becon, of which magnas pars fut. We were some 1,500 braves who took part in it.

On April 10, 1871, we received from Marshal MacMahon the order to attack and capture the Chateau de Becon, on the right bank of the Seine, which castle was occupied by the Communists, who had placed on its terrace two batteries that swept everything on the road from Courboville to Paris. The attack was to take place during the night.

Now, everyone knows that a night attack has absolutely no chance of success unless it is made by old troops, by soldiers known every one to the officers. The French army was only just organized after the disasters of the Franco-German war, and the regiments were quickly reorganized with soldiers just returned from captivity and with young recruits. We did not know the men now under us, and the men had little confidence in officers who had never led them under fire before. We all felt how risky the whole thing was, still we had orders, and ours was not to discuss but to go.

We started at 1 o'clock in the morning, having to march about five miles to reach the chateau. We had no maps, and the rumor spread among the troops that the engineers, who were in front, did not even know where the entrance to the castle was, and that while they would look for it in the pitch dark of the night, the communists would probably have time to annihilate our force on the road which their cannons commanded. There was no confidence in the ranks. The engineers marched in front, followed by the infantry. In the rear we were with the artillery.

We advanced with great caution, the soldiers with guns ready to fire, the officers with swords in their right hands and revolvers in their left.

After marching at a very slow pace for two hours and a half, we heard a great yell from the front, following shots fired from the castle windows. I will not attempt to describe the scene of confusion that ensued, a panic of the worst description. At the rear we shouted "halt!" But to stop in the middle of the night panic-stricken soldiers running away, why, you might as well try to stop with your umbrellas an express when running at the rate of sixty miles an hour. We had to retreat and return to the spot we had left two hours and a half before. Four men were killed and a dozen or so wounded, but every one of the young recruits was sure he had a bullet somewhere.

Leniency of the Marshal. On hearing of our retreat Marshal MacMahon showed himself lenient. He knew what kind of troops we had under us, and did not utter one angry word, but ordered us to be ready to resume the attack at daybreak. We bivouacked on the spot, took coffee and a nap, and at 4 in the morning ordered our men to march, determined now to return dead or victorious.

We told the men, although we knew

nothing about it, that the engineers now had the plan of the castle, and that the capture of the place would be effected without any difficulty, and, to give them more confidence, some artillery went in front of them. There is nothing like the sight of cannon to inspire confidence in infantry soldiers. I have many times heard shouts of joy from the infantry on hearing that the cannons were near and supporting them. "That's all right," they would yell, "the big drum is with us. Now we can play a tune."

The men marched more cheerfully than we expected. Some even began to sing, which is a great sign of confidence in marching French soldiers. We now felt we were on the road to glory. Still we advanced very cautiously. Soon we sighted the castle with its thirty or forty windows facing us. All guns were aimed at those windows to silence them at once. We saw no one appear at the windows. We heard not a sound.

We went on slowly, cautiously, every hand on the trigger. Another big shout started from the front, but a shout of joy. We looked through the glasses and saw the engineers inside the gates of the castle. We told the men that the castle was captured. All hearts felt stout, all keen to go on and take full possession of the place. Still we went on with prudence, as an ambushade might be feared. We were now all of us inside the grounds.

Parties were sent to search every part of the castle; not a soul was seen anywhere. The castle was empty. While we had run away from the castle, toward Versailles in the night the communists, after firing a few shots from the windows, had run away from the castle toward Paris, leaving their two batteries on the terrace. A messenger was dispatched to the marshal to announce that we had taken possession of the Castle of Becon. Nobody was decorated for it, but we were victorious and alive.

How a Little Tobacco Worked. Tragedy was soon to follow this piece of light comedy. On April 14 my regiment received orders to attack the Neuilly bridge, a formidable position held by the communists. We had no cavalry to do the work, so artillery was ordered to send the cannons away and to charge the force occupying the bridge. Forty men, under my command, were chosen. I reviewed my men. One of them looked sulky.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Why, lieutenant," he replied, "we shall never any of us come back; the job is a big one. I should like to have a pipe before going and I have no tobacco."

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "all your pipe and have a smoke. We charge in ten minutes."

I gave him my pouch. He filled his pipe and smoked. He said nothing beyond a "thank you." We started by a by-street and as soon as we appeared on the main road, 400 yards from the bridge, we made a dash. What the Germans had not done some company of mine succeeded in doing. I fell severely wounded. Out of the forty men who started, ten took the bridge, the other thirty fell dead or wounded. I was quickly picked up and taken to a house in safety by one of my men—the one whose pipe I had helped to fill. For such a small service a French soldier will risk his life, and I have always thought I owed mine to my tobacco pouch.

After spending the necessary time assigned than described. I could only spend two days at home, as my regiment was being reorganized in Paris, and I had to join it.

Mr. Gotham—So you are going to settle in the United States? New Arrival from South America—Yes, sir; they've got to drawing things a little too far in South America to suit me. Why, sir, it's not so now that a man can't even get a job at overthrowing a government unless he belongs to the Revolutionists' union, and has paid his fees regularly for six months.—New York Weekly.

Begin at Bed Rock. Health, strength and vigor depend on digestion. Dr. King's New Life Pills makes it perfect or no pay. Only 25c. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

An Omen for Ladies. I sometimes think that never lasts so long. The style as when it starts a bit too strong. That all the Pompadours in the parterre bouate. Some chorus girl began, with Dance and Song.

And this Revival of the Chipmunk low. That his the most of what we yet may wear. Ah, my beloved, try each style you meet; Today breaks no loose ends, you must be wearing it down your back like Marguerite!

For some we one admired, the Very Best That ever a French hand-banded Corsair put on. Where what they used to call Prunella boots. And out on Nightcaps ere they went to rest.

And we that now make fun of Waterfall! They were, and whom the Critic's pen shall praise. Ourselves shall from old dusty Fashion plates Assist our Children in their Costume Balls.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may wear. Before we grow so old that we don't care. Before we have our Hats made all alike, Sans Plumes, sans Wings, sans Chiffon, and—sans Hair!

—Josephine Daskam in Harper's.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE. GURE SICK HEADACHE.

A Reform In Spelling

A SHORT STORY BY PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL.

If that man down stairs stays I shall be obliged to move, I will not have my personal correspondence continually inspected by a stranger. It's an outrage!"

Miss Paula Seyton looked up angrily from her morning mail.

"I should hate to go away," she said reflectively, as she glanced around her cozy domain. "I love these rooms and they are so convenient to the office."

Miss Paula Seyton was an enthusiastic journalist whose friends addressed her as Paul. She had enjoyed the possession of her charming flat in the Arlington until the arrival of one Paul Seaton, who took the apartment below.

Their mail from the first was confused. Letters intended for Paula and addressed simply to Paul Seyton or P. Seyton were sure to find their way into the letter box below. As Mr. Seaton was manuscript reader for a downtown magazine and Paul was doing night work on the Daily Dispatch, it naturally followed that they might have remained in total ignorance of each other but for the letters which persisted in going astray.

On this particular morning the epistolary confusion was more exasperating than ever to Paula. She was unusually tired and she laid down a letter from a tailor with a sigh of vexation.

"I did not order that sack coat with my spring suit, so I suppose that is for him." Taking up the next letter she read: "My dear Paul—Allow me to congratulate you on your unexpected good fortune. (Paula had lately received an increase in salary, so she read on.) "I was not sure at first whether the plum had fallen to you or that plucky little journalist whose name is so like yours, but the verses were unmistakable."

"So he is a poet," Paula mused. "He probably wears his hair in ringlets and goes about reading his poetry to everybody who will listen. I detest poets, and this one above all others."

She laid the letter down as if determined to read no farther, but, seeing her own name mentioned, her curiosity overcame her scruples and she read on.

"By the way, have you met Miss Paula yet? If not, I advise you to do so. A friend of mine who is working on the Dispatch knows her, and says she is charming and not a bit like your description of her. Better cultivate her acquaintance. Yours fraternally, JACK."

"So," she said to herself, "he has actually discussed me with his friends. Perhaps I shall have something to say about his making my acquaintance."

Then her eye danced. "It must be from Haskell. He has been very nice to me of late. I suppose that I ought to take these letters down to Mr. Seaton and ask for mine."

Half way down the stairs she met a man coming up.

"Miss Paula Seyton, I believe," he said, with a smile and a bow.

Paula gave a frigid little nod and looked down at the most eloquent pair of brown eyes that she had ever seen.

"I am your neighbor just below, he said, gently. "I believe these letters were intended for you, although they were addressed simply to Paul Seaton. I am very sorry that I opened them. It was a great impertinence on my part, but you see, I could not decide by the outside that they were not intended for me."

"These are doubtless yours," said Paula stiffly.

"Thank you, yes. It's a great annoyance, isn't it, trying to be friendly."

"I indeed," Paula replied. "I really think that I shall be obliged to move."

His voice disarmed her and she glanced down at the tall figure with a half smile on her face.

"Oh, I hope you won't do that, Miss Seyton," he said, noting the change that had come over her. "I am sure that I can prevent all further trouble by asking my friends to key my letters."

"Key? How?" she asked, with some shiver, for she had a presentiment that he was not all that he seemed.

Why Syrup of Figs is the best family laxative

- It is pure. It is gentle. It is pleasant. It is efficacious. It is not expensive. It is good for children. It is excellent for ladies. It is convenient for business men. It is perfectly safe under all circumstances. It is used by millions of families the world over. It stands highest, as a laxative, with physicians. If you use it you have the best laxative the world produces.

Because Its component parts are all wholesome. It acts gently without unpleasant after-effects. It is wholly free from objectionable substances. It contains the laxative principles of plants. It contains the carminative principles of plants. It contains wholesome aromatic liquids which are agreeable and refreshing to the taste. All are pure. All are delicately blended. All are skillfully and scientifically compounded. Its value is due to our method of manufacture and to the originality and simplicity of the combination. To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine. Manufactured by CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N. Y. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

A Model Electric Railway

In New York State a Long Interurban Line Successfully Uses the Third Rail.

The electric road which has been running between Hudson and Albany in this state for two years or more, says the New York Tribune, is only one of a large number of interurban lines of equal or greater length now in operation in various parts of the United States.

These temporary abodes of the homeless and benighted in this city are, as a rule, as good as can be found elsewhere at the same rate, says the Chicago Tribune, but plans have been recently drawn for a new modest price hotel which, when completed, will not only excel in every particular these houses erected in New York by D. O. Mills, but will be the best in the world for the poor man.

Excepting New York, no city in the country possesses more modest priced hotels and lodging houses than does Chicago, which, in the opinion of those competent to judge, accommodate upward of 40,000 men every night in the year.

This new hotel will be called "The Northern" and will be erected by Miller & McGlavin at 20-22-24 North Clark street. There will be 250 rooms, which will be furnished in a style never before attempted in this or any other country. That is, no other city in the world will have a hotel which will offer to a patron the comfort and conveniences of "The Northern" for the small sum of 20 cents per night. The rooms will be amply large, 12x14, containing a new model metallic bed, with pure wool mattress. A Turkish rug will cover the floor and three solid oak straight back chairs, together with a rocking chair, a commode with mirror attached, pictures and, in fact, everything necessary for a man's comfort will be furnished the patron of this new hotel for the small outlay of 20 cents per night, or \$1.40 per week. There will also be other rooms, larger, with more conveniences, for which \$2 per week will be charged.

This new hotel will be as near perfect as human ingenuity has as yet devised. On the ground floor will be located the business office, library, reading room, reception room and smoking room. In the basement, or subcellar, there will be six bathrooms, which will contain porcelain tubs, each having a shower bath attachment.

His satanic majesty stalked into the chambers of the board of public works. "Gentlemen," he said, "has work commenced on paving Sulphuric Acid boulevard?"

"Your majesty!" exclaimed Beetzehub, "it has been impossible. That assignment of paving stones, we received from the earth on the first of the year is ruined; every block is broken!"

Thus it will be seen that not all the trouble is confined to this mundane sphere. —Baltimore News.

Those Good Intentions. A good woman was dying; a woman who had been a true wife and a loving mother; a woman with but one weakness—a love for gossip.

Although her time on earth was short she was critically watching the attending physician and the nurse, as they talked in subdued whispers of the result which their united skill had been powerless to avert.

In response to the summons of the dying woman her husband approached her and bent low to catch the words which he expected to be words of love. Again she turned her eyes, from which the light was fast fading, upon the doctor and the nurse, and she said faintly: "Do you suppose they are engaged?"

These words were her last.—New York Times.

USE Paracamp FOR CHAPS, FROST BITES, COLD IN THE HEAD, SORE THROAT, SORE CHEST

GUARANTEED TO RELIEVE AND CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c 50c & \$1.00

FINE SHELTER FOR POOR MEN

Duplicates of New York's Model Cheap Hotel to be Erected in Chicago.

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Gold Medal At Pan-American Exposition.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER! The full flavor, the delicious quality, the absolute Purity, of Lowrey's Breakfast Cocoa distinguish it from all others. No "treatment" with alkalis; no adulteration with flour, starch or ground cocoa shells; nothing but the nutritive and digestible product of the choicest Cocoa Beans. Ask Your Dealer for It.

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