

# STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

You do very well, my friends, to treat me with some little reverence, for in honoring me you are honoring both France and yourselves. It is not merely an old, grey-moustached officer whom you see eating his omelette or draining his glass, but it is a piece of history, and of the most glorious history which our own or any other country has ever had. In me you see one of the last of these wonderful men, the men who were veterans when they were yet boys who learned to use a sword earlier than a razor, and who during a hundred battles had never once let the enemy see the colour of their knapsacks. For twenty years we were teaching Europe how to fight and even when they had learned their lessons it was only the thermometer, and never the bayonet, which could break the Grand Army down. Berlin, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Moscow—we stabled our horses in them all. Yes, my friends, I say again that you do well to send your children to me with flowers, for these ears have heard the trumpet calls of France, and these eyes have seen her standards in lands where they may never be seen again.

Even now, when I doze in my arm-chair, I can see those great warriors stream before me—the green-jacketed chasseurs, the giant cuirassiers, Poniatowsky's lancers, the white mantled dragons, the nodding bearskins of the horse grenadiers. And then there comes the thick, low rattle of the drums, and through wreaths of dust and smoke I see the line of high bonnets, the row of brown faces, the swing and toss of the long, red plumes amid the sloping lines of steel. And there rides Ney with his red head, and Lefebvre with his bulldog jaw, and Lanoue with his Gascon swagger; and then amidst the gleam of brass and the flaunting feathers I catch a glimpse of him, the man with the pale smile, the rounded shoulders, and the far-off eyes. There is an end of my sleep, my friends, for up I spring from my chair with a cracked voice calling and a silly hand outstretched, so that Madame Titauz has one more laugh at the old fellow who lives among the shadows.

Although I was a full Chief of Brigade when the wars came to an end, and had every hope of soon being made a General Division, it is still rather to my earlier days that I turn when I wish to talk of the glories and the trials of a soldier's life. For you will understand that when an officer has so many men and horses under him, he has his mind full of recruits and remounts, fodder and forages, and quarters, so that even when he is not in the face of the enemy, life is a very serious matter for him. But when he is only a lieutenant or a captain, he has nothing heavier than his spauldets upon his shoulders, so that he can clink his spurs and kiss his girl, thinking of nothing save of enjoying a gallant life. That is the time when he is likely to have adventures, and it is most often at that time that I shall turn in the stories which I may have for you. So it will be to-night when I tell you of my visit to the Castle of Gloom; of the strange mission of Sub-Lieutenant Duroc, and of the horrible affair of the man who was once known as Jean Carabin, and afterwards as the Baron Straubenthal.

You must know, then, that in the February of 1807, immediately after the taking of Danzig, Major Legendre and I were commissioned to bring four hundred remounts from Prussia into Eastern Poland.

The hard weather, and especially the great battle at Eylau, had killed so many of the horses that there was some danger of our battalion of light infantry becoming a battalion of light infantry. We knew, therefore, both the Major and I, that we should be very welcome at the front. We did not advance very rapidly, however, for the snow was deep, the roads detestable, and we had but twenty returning invalids to assist us. Besides, it is impossible, when you have a daily change of forage, and sometimes none at all, to move horses faster than a walk. I am aware that in the story-books the cavalry whisks past at the maddest of gallops; but for my own part, after twelve campaigns, I should be very satisfied to know that my brigade could always walk upon the march and trot in the presence of the enemy. This I say of the Hussars and chasseurs, mark you, so that it is far more the case with cuirassiers or dragons.

For myself I am fond of horses, and to have four hundred of them, of every age and shade and character, all under my own hands, was a very great pleasure to me. They were from Pomerania for the most part, though some were from Normandy and some from Alsace, and it amused me to notice that they differ in character as much as the people of those provinces. We observed also, what I have often proved since that the nature of the conquest light bay full of fancy and nerves, to the hardy chestnut, and from the docile roan to the pig-headed rusty-black. All this has nothing in the world to do with my story, but how is an officer of cavalry to get on with his tale when he finds four hundred horses waiting for him at the outset? It is my habit, you see, to talk of that which interests myself, and so I hope that I may interest you.

We crossed the Vistula opposite Narinenwerder, and had got as far as Riesenberg, when Major Legendre came into my room in the post-house with an open paper in his hand.

"You are to leave me," said he, with despair upon his face.

It was no very great grief to me to do that, for he was, if I may say so, hardly worthy to have such a subaltern. I saluted however, in silence.

"It is an order from General Lasalle," he continued; "you are to proceed to Rossel instantly, and to report yourself at the headquarters of the regiment."

No message could have pleased me better. I was already very well thought of by my superior officers, although I may say that none of them did me justice. It was evident to me, therefore, that this sudden order meant that the regiment was about to see service once more, and that Lasalle

understood how incomplete my squadron would be without me. It is true that it came at an inconvenient moment, for the keeper of the post-house had a daughter—one of those ivory-skinned, black-haired Polish girls—whom I had hoped to have some further talk with. Still, it is not for the pawn to argue when the fingers of the frosty morning air made Ratanplan's great black limbs and the beautiful curves of his back and sides gleam and shimmer with every gambade. As for me, the rattle of boots upon a road, and the jingle of bridle chains which comes with every toss of a saucy head, would even now set my blood dancing through my veins. You may think, then, how I carried myself in my five-and-twentieth year—I, Etienne Gerard, the picked horseman and surest blade in the regiments of Hussars. Blue was our colour in the Tenth—a sky-blue dolman and pelisse with a scarlet front—and it was said of us in the army that we could set a whole population running, the women towards us, and the men away. There were bright eyes in the Riesenberg windows that morning, which seemed to beg me to tarry; but what can a soldier do, save to kiss his hand and shake his bride as he rides upon his way?

It was a black season to ride through the poorest and ugliest country in Europe, but there was a cloudless sky above, and a bright, cold sun, which shimmered on the huge snowfields. My breath reeked into the frosty air, and Ratanplan sent up two feathers of steam from his nostrils, while the icicles drooped from the side iron of his bit. I let him trot to warm his limbs, while for my own part I had too much to think of to give much heed to the cold. To north and south stretched the great plains, mottled over with dark clumps of fir and lighter patches of larch. A few cottages peeped out here and there, but it was only three months since the Grand Army had passed that way, and you know what that meant to a country. The Poles were our friends, it was true, but out of a hundred thousand men, only the Guard had wages, and the rest had to live as best they might. It did not surprise me, therefore, to see no signs of cattle and no smoke in the silent houses. A weal had been left across the country where the great host had passed, and it was said that even the rats were starved wherever the Emperor had led his men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SPANIARDS TREATED CORDIALLY.

Visit of the Warships Evokes an Interesting Remark from the Queen.

The visit of the Italian fleet to Portsmouth, England, last week was followed by the stay of the Spanish squadron at Plymouth, where the Spaniards were treated with the greatest cordiality, in accordance with the Queen's own instructions sent to the authorities of Plymouth. An interesting remark in this connection was made by the Queen during the course of a dinner at Windsor Castle, previous to her Majesty's departure for Osborne.

A guest suggested that the visit of the warships of Spain would have been more interesting if the Spanish and Italian sailors had fraternized at Portsmouth, where, besides, the Spaniards would have been able to see more naval works than they could at Plymouth. Thereupon, the Queen observed quietly that Plymouth Hoe would interest them more. This reference to the historic scene there at the time of the Armada, emphasized by contrasting the historical dispatch sent from Plymouth to the Queen Elizabeth at Windsor 300 years ago with her own kindly message sent that day, instructing the authorities of Plymouth to show the Spanish sailors the warmest hospitality.

It was off Plymouth Hoe (a high rock), it will be remembered, that the British Lord High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, having under him such renowned mariners as Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, assembled the eighty comparatively small and lightly armed vessels, which, on July 21, 1588, (July 31, old style), went out to fight the Spanish Armada, consisting of about 150 large ships, then sweeping up the channel in crescent formation, their line being seven miles long. How the British fleet harassed and broke up the Spanish fleet is a matter of history, only fifty-four shattered warships of King Philip of Spain shattering in reaching Cadiz.

It is worthy of note that this first visit of the Spanish fleet to Plymouth for centuries was made upon the anniversary of the visit of the great Armada to the coast about Plymouth.

## President Faure's Generosity.

President Faure of France, is very interesting anecdotally. During his short career as chief ruler of France he has done many novel and curious things. None is more remarkable, however, than the way he assists some of his poor fellow-citizens with the money he saves as a "deadhead" on French railroads. By French custom the President is entitled to travel free during his official tours, and the railway systems consider it an honor to have him patronize their lines. President Faure accepts this custom gratefully, as he does everything. But when he has returned to the Elysee he instructs his private secretary to sit down and figure exactly what his trip would have cost him if he had paid the regular rate of fare. This sum he takes out of his private purse and hands over to be distributed among the needy railroad employes of the country.

## On Principle.

I think you better accept him, dear. Do you? (doubtfully). Why? Well, you know lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

## RIGHT NAMES OF KINGS.

Family Names of Royalties Which Have Come to be Incorrectly Used.

Not one person out of a thousand, if he had a fair day's start and the privilege of rummaging among encyclopedias, could trace out the real family names of the rulers of Europe.

Mistakes are very frequently made through ignorance, and these mistakes are so frequently quoted they become accepted as facts. The English royal family are known, for example, as Guelphs, the Russian royal family as Romanoffs and the Portuguese kingly house as Braganzas. All of these, it now seems, are wrong.

Queen Victoria was originally Miss Azon, or Miss Azon von Este. She was descended, as were the other members of the houses of Brunswick-Luneburg and Hanover, from Azon, Margrave of Este. The Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, has naturally his father's family name. He is spoken of more correctly than any other royal personages of Europe. Descended from the Wettins, which line was founded in the twelfth century, his actual name is Mr. Albert Edward Wettin.

Likewise the King of Portugal, strictly speaking, has the same family name. He was a grandson of another Prince of Coburg, who married the then Queen of Portugal, and thereby became ruler of that country. Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes from exactly the same stock and is Ferdinand Wettin. A cousin of his, and of the same family name, is the present monarch of Belgium, Leopold II., a prince of Saxe-Coburg, having ascended the Belgian throne in 1831.

Hohenzollern is not the family name of the German line that is now upon the throne. Their true name is Zollern, Thassilon, the first Count of Zollern, having founded the race about 800. In the year 1500 the Zollern family had two male descendants, the Count of Zollern and the Burggrave of Nuremberg. From the latter comes the present royal house of the German Empire. So William II. is William Zollern. The King of Roumania is another representative of this line and has precisely the same name.

The Capets are: The Duke of Orleans, the son of old Count of Paris, Don Carlos and Alfonso XIII., the infant King of Spain. The progenitor was Hugues Capet, the original Count of Paris who ascended the throne of France in 987.

Of Oldenburg, founded by the Count of Oldenburg, who died in 1440, there are many. The chief of those to-day who are entitled to use this family name are Christian IX. of Denmark; George I., King of Greece; the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Ernest, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Nicholas II., Emperor of all the Russias. Emperor Nicholas is a Romanoff only through the female line. Rightly he is an Oldenburg, having descended from Peter III., a member of one of the Holstein branches of that house.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the Queen Regent of Spain and Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, are Ethichons. The original Ethichon was a Duke of Alsace, who lived about the year 614. Humbert, King of Italy, is Mr. Savoia, and Oscar II., of Sweden, Bernadotte. The original of this name was a French general, who was made King of Sweden in 1818, and was called Charles XIV. Pope Leo XIII.'s real name is Joachim Pecci. Alexander I. of Servia has the name of Obrenowitch, and Nicholas I., Prince of Montenegro, is Mr. Niegoch.

## GOOD JOB WELL DONE.

Steamer Taken Out of the Graveyard of the Atlantic Sable Island Sands.

After being embedded for ten months in the sands of Sable Island, the "graveyard of the Atlantic," the British freight-steamship Nerito was taken to New York on Monday under her own steam, preceded and partly guided by the Merritt wrecking steamer J. D. Jones. Saved for a few damaged plates near the keel, her hull was in good condition. She had been stripped of all her joiner work, including the doors of every room except the lavatory, by the beach combers of the island. All of her brass fittings and every pane of glass had been carried away.

The Nerito went aground in a fog in September last. Her crew abandoned her and were taken to Halifax on the steamship Lunenburg. The British steamship Newfoundland came along and stripped her of chain, cable, hawsers, and canvas.

Her owner collected the insurance from the British Lloyds, whose agents decided to save her, as she was worth about \$250,000, and was only three years old. They employed the Merritt Wrecking Company to haul her off.

The steamer J. D. Merritt went to the island in October last, but was prevented by foul weather from doing effective work. In June last the J. D. Jones, in command of Capt. Fred. Sharpe, with a crew of forty men including engineers and stokers, to man the Nerito, went to her and found that she had been forced across two bars by the winter storms and was fast on the beach of the island. Canals were dredged through the two bars, and anchors, attached to four fifteen-inch manilla hawsers were dropped astern of the Nerito. Steam winches, to which the inboard ends of the hawsers were made fast, were set going on the Nerito, and, inch by inch the ship made sternward down the canals through the inner and outer bars. The Merritt assisted in the work by pulling on a heavy hawser made fast to a big bitt on the Nerito. Twenty-one days were spent preparing for the job of hauling and towing the ship into deep water. The actual work of moving the ship was finished in ten days. She was damaged about \$50,000. There are nearly 500 tons of coal in her bunkers. The Merritt Company did the job for \$20,000.

## Useful Member.

Outsider—I hear Jones is a mighty useful man in your club?  
Clubman—Yes, he often helps make up a quorum.

# Heart to Heart

or, Love's Unerring Choice.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"TRUE LOVE, WHICH MAKETH ALL THINGS FOND AND FAIR."

Roger did not let the grass grow under his feet in his endeavors to restore her inheritance to Hilda. A copy of his brother's will, together with a notice of ejectment, was served upon Colonel Deloraine's lawyer a few days after the events recorded in my last chapter. Notwithstanding his surly, morose temper and unfeeling disposition, Reginald Deloraine was an honorable, upright man, and he was no sooner made aware that his brother Mark had bequeathed his property to Hilda than he prepared to quit the Abbey, even offering to restore to the young heiress the revenue which he had expended during his brief tenure of the estates. It is needless to say that this was promptly refused by Roger on behalf of Hilda. The old soldier expressed himself very strongly with regard to his dead brother's conduct. He considered that it was Mark's duty to provide for his daughter, but that he was very wrong to leave the Abbey and estates of Marham to one who had no right to bear the name of the proud race who had so long possessed them.

Colonel Deloraine, who was possessed of an ample fortune, refused to accept the handsome sum of money which Hilda, through her solicitor offered to settle upon him. He never knew the means by which the will had been discovered, inclining to the belief—which Roger forbore to contradict—that it had been discovered among the papers of Nigel Wentworth, after his sudden death.

During the settlement of her affairs by her kind friend, Hilda remained with Mrs. Grey quietly at the old mansion in Park Gardens, and, consequent upon "the law's delay," April was far advanced, and the trees and shrubs in the park were putting on their tender livery of green, before Roger was able to announce to Hilda that all the necessary forms had been gone through and her father's will had been proved, and that she was now at liberty to return to the Abbey as she pleased.

In broken tones she thanked the detective for the kindness and zeal which he had displayed in her cause. "I am thinking of going to Brighton for a few weeks," you know that Mrs. Grey intends to resign her situation here and live with me as my housekeeper," said Hilda to Roger.

"Yes," she told me of her intention," he rejoined. "Well, I know you will make the old lady happy."

Some days after this conversation Hilda was reclining rather listlessly in a low chair, her hands folded in her lap and her exquisite misty eyes fixed on the soft white clouds as they floated over the tender blue of the April sky, when a firm, manly tread sounded on the stone stairs, and Mrs. Grey, opening the door, announced "Mr. Montacute."

The lovers had not met for some days, and now they clasped hands in silence, both hearts being too full for utterance. At last Roger said, sorrowfully, looking down at the fair face of the woman he so devotedly loved:

"It is a ruined man who is speaking to you to-day, Hilda, I received no reply from my aunt when I wrote to tell her of the discovery of your father's will, so I wrote again a few days ago; look here," drawing a letter from his pocket, "here is her answer."

Hilda took the large, square envelope with its elaborate monogram, addressed in Mrs. Palmer's well-known writing, from Roger's hand. It contained her lover's last letter to his aunt with the seal unbroken. Across the envelope were these words:

"Choose between Hilda O'Conner and myself. I still decline to accept Mr. Deloraine's illegitimate daughter as the wife of my heir."  
"How cruel!" exclaimed Hilda, passionately, "how unjust! but her unkindness cannot harm us now, Roger. I have enough for both," looking up in her lover's grave face with fondly conjuring affection.  
"My darling," replied the young man sorrowfully, "do you not see what a gulf is fixed between us; how can I claim your generous promise, now that I am a homeless, penniless man, with no profession or means of earning a living? What a fortune hunter every one would consider me!"  
"It is you who are cruel now," exclaimed Hilda, bursting into tears. "You wished to sacrifice everything for me when I was penniless, as well as nameless, and now you refuse to accept a share in the fortune which is utterly valueless without you. Oh Roger, lifting her wet eyes to her lover's face, "I would rather stand here a beggar to-day than lose your love that is all the world to me; don't leave me; don't leave me; don't leave me, darling!" and here poor Hilda hid her face in her hands and sobbed afresh.

Roger drew her closely to his beating heart, exclaiming:  
"Will my love indeed make you happy?"  
"Be happy, then, dearest; you will at least have the most devoted love that ever woman had to minister to your every wish."  
"Nay, Roger," replied the blushing girl, as she laid her golden head against his shoulder, "not slave, but king."

When Roger returned to his hotel that evening after an interview with Hilda he sat down and wrote a long letter to his kind old friend, Mr. Heathcote, the Vicar of Marham, telling him that Hilda and he were to be married as soon as the settlement could be got ready and begging that the Vicar would see Mrs. Palmer and inform her of her nephew's approaching marriage. He also told the kind old man all the sorrow he had been suffering since his aunt had returned his letters and refused to acknowledge Hilda as his wife.

Mr. Heathcote answered the young man's letter in person, arriving in London about a week before the day fixed upon for the

wedding. He was accompanied by his daughter Maria, and they lost no time in proceeding to the apartments which Roger had taken for Hilda, and where she was staying, attended by her faithful old friend, Mrs. Grey. The meeting between the girls was an April one of smiles and tears, although Maria soon recovered herself sufficiently to take an interest in Hilda's dress and trousseau, which she pronounced to be a very inadequate one for an heiress, and insisted on taking her friend for a round of shopping to supply as far as possible, in so short a time, the deficiency in her toilet. Mr. Heathcote had returned to Marham, leaving Maria with her friend, but had promised to come back to town to perform the marriage ceremony between his young friends. Greatly to Maria's disgust, the wedding was to be a very quiet affair, and the newly married pair would go straight from church to Kyde, where they intended spending a week before proceeding to the Abbey. The wedding day dawned bright and clear, and, attended by the few friends who were present to witness the ceremony, Hilda stood before the altar and pledged her troth to the man so fondly loved, the April sunshine never shone upon a prouder bridegroom or a happier bride than Roger and Hilda as they left the gloomy London church to tread life's pathway together "till death should them part."

A brilliant day in May was drawing to a close; the birds were winging their way home to their nests, while the nightingales were filling the evening air with their exquisite, plaintive melody. The groves and gardens of Marham Abbey were ablaze with rhododendrons and azaleas, while from the surrounding thickets the subtle perfume of lilacs and syringas floated on the breeze. Everything about the old mansion and grounds was in perfect order, for on this day the excited heiress and her husband were expected to arrive. The great gilded iron gates were surmounted with an exquisite arch, composed of evergreens and sweet Spring flowers, and similar arches were to be found spanning the whole length of the village streets, while every cottage showed some token of welcome to the bride and bridegroom. The carriage had been sent to the station to meet Mr. and Mrs. Montacute, and the excited villagers were eagerly watching for its coming. Hilda returned to the home from which she had fled with the bitterness of death in her heart through the gloom and darkness of the Winter midnight! As she bowed her acknowledgments of the respectful greeting which awaited her on every side, her eyes were so full of thankful, happy tears that she could hardly recognize the familiar faces, and Roger, who was anxiously watching her, was thankful when the carriage stopped at the great hall door of the Abbey. The vicar of Marham and Maria stood upon the steps to receive her, and her old friend's kind greeting quite upset the excited girl, and Roger hurried her through the waiting group of servants in the hall and into the library, anxious if possible to avoid "a scene," of which he had all a man's horror. Vain hope! A surprise was in store for both husband and wife of which they little dreamed.

As Roger tenderly led his wife into the cool, flower-scented apartment, striving to calm her agitation by his soothing words, an old lady, who was seated in an easy chair by the window advanced to meet them, and, to his utter surprise, Roger perceived that it was Mrs. Palmer. Drawing the trembling form of his wife closer to his side, the young man was about to speak, but his aunt interrupted him. Holding out her hand, white hands to her nephew, she asked, reproachfully:  
"Did you find it so easy a thing to forget the love of a lifetime, Roger? Kiss me, my boy, and we will let the past bury its dead. I cannot quarrel with you if I would. Forgive me, Hilda, for my pride and harshness. I have heard how nobly you have endured your cruel sorrows. For the future we will be friends, you and I, if only for the sake of our mutual love for Roger." And, with the music of the joy-bells clanging through the room, the young man clasped his earliest friend to his heart.

[THE END.]

## HOW ANTS KILL A SNAKE.

The Insect Battalions Torture It to Death and Then Strip the Skin from the Body.

That ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irresistible evidence, however, that they do, and scientists have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red-brown forest ant of the sort that is the most fatal to the amphibians, and a curious thing about the attack of these tiny creatures on this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food and not on account of any natural antipathy.

When some of the ants catch sight of a snake they arouse the whole community at once. In platoons and battalions the little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippers into its body and eyes at thousands of points at once. So rapidly and concertedly is this done that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It is like a thousand electric needles in him at once. The snake soon becomes exhausted and dies ignominiously.

Then the ants set harder at work, this may seem a strange story, but it is true. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping off the skin and working inside of it. Not until they have carried away everything except the bones and the skin itself do they leave it.

## Of Some Use.

A curious story for a husband is reported from Clerkenwell, near London, where a Mr. Lamb and his wife keep a small shop. For 14 years the firm has avoided paying taxes by the wife's sending the husband to jail to serve out the legal time for unpaid taxes, while she remains at the store attending to business.

## An Interruption.

I trust, the very careful grocer said, I'm glad, the buyer said, I'm sure you ought—  
Hold on—(the grocer grew a trifle red.) I trust that cash you'll pay for what you've bought!