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7

A Son of the Regiment

He Was Adopted From the Battlefield.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the summer of 1870 a lady was sitting on the piazza of a chateau on the eastern border of France, half reclining in an easy chair, her feet on a luxurious rug. A nurse was trundling a baby on the lawn, where the lady could keep her child under her eye.

Suddenly a distant boom broke in upon her peaceful surroundings. In the country at that time in France one did not get news very promptly, but from the capital had come disquieting rumors. This first low growl from the dogs of war spoke volumes. Mme. Cherbolez paled. In a twinkling it was revealed to her that at any moment she might be in the midst of tramping men, or, worse, on a battlefield.

A gardener who was trimming some plants, hearing the sound, stopped and listened.

"What do you think it is, Pierre?" called Madame, knowing only too well without asking.

"I think it is the Prussians, Madame. Last evening I heard at the store that they were advancing—a great army."

"We must prepare to move. Call all the servants, that we may begin packing such articles as we may take away."

The packing commenced, but was never finished. Not an hour had elapsed when two armies began to fire shot and shell at each other, the Cherbolez chateau being midway between them. When the firing began Madame was in the chateau superintending the packing, the nurse was still trundling the baby. Madame never left her home alive, and as for the others, they were shot down or borne down by tramping men.

When the Prussians, after capturing the French capital, marched back to Germany a distant relative of Mme. Cherbolez, or, rather, of her husband, who was killed in the war, Gustav Cherbolez, claimed the estate. It was known that Mme. Cherbolez was dead. Her body had been found in the ruins of old chateau. What had become of the body of her only child no one knew. Caught between two opposing armies, there was no expectation that it had survived. Bodies of dead Frenchmen and Germans had been thrown into trenches dug on the Cherbolez grounds. Quite likely the body of little Armand Cherbolez, who had been her prospective to the property, had been treated like other mangled remains.

Gustav Cherbolez was granted possession of the property by the courts. He repaired the chateau and went there to live. He was a good manager, and in the course of ten or fifteen years had largely increased the value of his estate. When his daughter Fanchette was ready to be introduced to the world as a young lady her parents gave a fete champetre on the grounds of the chateau. On the very spot where little Armand had been trundled, on that summer day when the French and Germans fought, there Mlle. Fanchette danced.

Then came the matter of providing the heiress—for she was an only child and would inherit a fine estate—with a husband. Like all men who have accumulated property by careful management, M. Cherbolez was bent on adding to it by every possible means. Neighbors of his, the De la Tours, possessed wealth, and their only son, Jules, would inherit it. M. Cherbolez visited M. de la Tour and proposed a marriage between their children.

An arrangement was made by which Jules and Fanchette were betrothed. The Cherbolez estate was on the frontier, and French troops were stationed in the neighborhood. Among them was a young lieutenant named Victor Martin. He and Fanchette met at a ball given by the officers of his regiment, and he was afterward invited to the chateau. It was soon after Fanchette's betrothal to young De la Tour that these meetings occurred and resulted in an attachment between her and Victor Martin.

Had it not been for this meeting with the young soldier Fanchette might have married De la Tour without any qualms. But now all was changed. She and he had been brought together at their betrothal, and she had found him much improved. But he was not Victor Martin. Unfortunately for the lovers, Victor had neither family nor fortune. He was a fine fellow and, notwithstanding that in his childhood he had not associated with persons of birth, seemed to be to the manner born. He stood high with his companions in arms, and a bright future was before him. It was understood that he had a claim of some sort on the government, but of this he never spoke, being, it was supposed, sensitive about it. It was known, however, that he received his appointment to the military school at St. Cyr as a recognition of some service or incident.

Fanchette kept the attachment between her and Victor Martin from her parents for awhile because it would avail nothing to reveal it. It gradually became known, but so long as it did not interfere with the marriage that had been arranged for her it was not considered of great importance. Women in France were not expected to get through their girlhood without be-

ing heart touched, and after marriage they might indulge in sentiment so long as it was only sentiment. De la Tour came to know that he had a rival, but it did not trouble him, for he had given his fiancée several rivals already.

When it came to a settlement of the date of the wedding between De la Tour and Fanchette the young man's father called upon his notary to look into the title to the landed property of M. Cherbolez, which consisted almost entirely of a tract of land on which the chateau stood. De la Tour did not care to marry his son to a girl who was heir prospective to this property unless her father's title to it was clear. The notary reported that he had traced the title back for 200 years, and the birth and death of every successive owner had been properly attested except the death of Armand Cherbolez, who had perished on the battlefield at the opening of the Franco-Prussian war. But his client need give himself no concern on this account, for it was impossible that a baby could have survived such an experience. Besides, if the child were alive he would doubtless have been heard from.

De la Tour was not satisfied. While he had no doubt his solicitor was right and while he permitted the wedding preparations to proceed, he found it impossible to divest himself of a fear that at some future time a claimant to the estate would come forward. Of course he would have to establish his claim, but De la Tour did not relish giving his daughter in exchange for a lawsuit. This fear, having got into his head, was keeping him awake nights. He determined to make an effort to discover if Armand Cherbolez was alive. He was aware that by making the matter public he might raise up a fraudulent claimant. Therefore he went to work secretly. He employed a detective agency to investigate the case for him.

At a council held by several detectives it was concluded that if the baby had been taken from the battlefield it had been done either by some one attached to the chateau or by a soldier, French or German. Three detectives were therefore put on the work, one to search among citizens, another to investigate the French army and a third to deal with German military records. The person detailed to examine into the French army soon reported that the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth regiment of the line had adopted a child during the Franco-Prussian war. That child had remained with the regiment, had enlisted in the drum corps and had remained with his foster fathers until he was sixteen years old. Here the records ceased. The corps had so changed that the "son of the regiment" was remembered by none of its present members.

The searcher sought for some of the discharged members of the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth and found in the Hotel des Invalides an old man who said that he was present when, after the battle of Gravelotte, a soldier brought into the regimental lines a baby that had been found lying on its face on the grass at the foot of a tree. Blood was flowing from a wound on its cheek, which appeared to have been caused by a bayonet thrust. It was quite a deep wound, and at the time the soldier left the regiment, which was when the boy was ten years old, its scar remained.

All this was reported to M. De la Tour, and when he had received it he at once made an excuse to put off the wedding. For this he had several reasons. First and foremost, the battle of Gravelotte was fought partly on the Cherbolez estate; second, De la Tour had noticed on Lieutenant Martin's cheek a scar. Third, De la Tour had learned from the young officer himself that he was a foundling, and his name of Martin was not his real name. His real name was not known to him.

One day Fanchette was notified by her father that the match between her and young De la Tour had been broken off. Much surprised, and at the same time delighted, she asked the cause. For reply, her father told her that he desired that she should marry Lieutenant Martin. She flung herself into her father's arms and hugged him.

When Martin came again Fanchette told him that a proposal for her hand would not be unacceptable to her father. Astonished, the young man went at once to M. Cherbolez. As soon as his formal proposal was accepted, he asked:

"Why, monsieur, do you give your daughter to one who has no fortune? Indeed, who does not know his parentage. And now that you know this I am prepared to hear you recall your gift."

"You were found as a baby on the battlefield of Gravelotte, were you not?"

"I was."

"The extreme left wing of the French line at that battle was on these premises."

"That I did not know."

"You were adopted by the One Hundred and Seventy-fourth regiment of the line and received your appointment to the military school of St. Cyr at the united request of the officers of that regiment."

"In this you are correct."

"That scar on your cheek came from a wound that was received shortly before you were picked up on the battlefield."

"So I was told."

"When the battle opened you were being trundled on that lawn off there. Your mother was killed, probably by a shell or cannon ball. In this house, your name is Armand Cherbolez, and you are the rightful heir to this estate. By consenting to your marriage with Fanchette I am enabled to keep this property for her. You are not indebted to me, but to M. de la Tour, who hunted up your record."

Premier Off to England.

Hon. W. H. Hearst and Hon. R. A. Payne are on their way to England to take up with the British Government matters affecting the war and the Canadian soldiers. The Premier also intends to study problems that will arise after the war is over in order that Ontario may continue to do her full share in meeting after-war conditions. The Premier has recently taken over the administration of the Agent-General's office in London, through which much valuable work has been done for the boys from Ontario, looking after the wounded in the hospitals and supplying needy comforts to the men wounded or sick. The Premier also will visit the Ontario Military Hospital at Orpington and see for himself the work that is being carried on and what further can be done. It must be a matter of pride to the people of Ontario to know that the hospital at Orpington is said to be the best equipped and most efficiently organized of all the military hospitals in England. The Premier will also ascertain in what way the money to be raised this year by the mill on the dollar war tax can be used.

Reconciliation Through Literature. Publication of a copious volume in German entitled "Charles Dickens" prompts the Frankfurter Zeitung to say:

"Many people may be filled with astonishment over the appearance of such a volume at this particular moment. But let us not forget that peace will eventually come, that reconciliation will be sought (the Frankfurter does not say by whom!), and that for this purpose mutual belles-lettres will provide a medium which should not be under-estimated."

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The Inwardness.

"Please, ma'am," said the small boy on the doorstep, "ma says kin she bor-rer a can o' mustard."

"Certainly," replied the housewife. "Is mamma going to make a salad?"

"No, ma'am," declared the veracious child, "but pa said she gave him a pain in the neck, an' she wants ter sock a plaster on to him."

Fixing the Reward.

"What do I get for this stunt?" asked the laughing amateur. "You get nothing from me for it as a manager," replied that individual, "but if I were a magistrate as well you'd get sixty days."

Spiteful.

"I thought you told me Ella and Sophy were on good terms."

"Well, aren't they?" "I heard Sophy ask Ella before the whole sociable to stretch a new pair of gloves for her."

Millinery Suggestion.

"These sectional bookcases are fine things. You can start in a small way and add to them as you can afford it." "Good idea. Why doesn't somebody invent a sectional hat for ladies?"

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—Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis. A Massachusetts Woman Writes: Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."

—Mrs. PIERRE COURNOYER, Box 239, Blackstone, Mass.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

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ABOUT GARNISHING

Some of the Sprigs That Make Food Attractive.

THEY APPEAL TO THE EYE.

There Are Two Sorts of Trimming, One For Flavor and One For Decoration—Garnishing Often Turns a Dismissed Dish into a Favorite.

With spring spleeniness upon us, it is well for housewives to bait appetites. Very often a dish may be delicious to taste, but unattractive to the eye, and the eye judges it before the palate does. So make it attractive to the eye if you would have it a successful dish.

There are two sorts of garnishes—those that add flavor as well as decoration and those that are only decorative and do not add flavor. Mushrooms, for instance, served with a ragout of meat, add to both appearance and taste. A bright green leaf under half a muskmelon adds only to appearance. This second class of garnishes need not be served when they are used on the serving dish.

Parsley is perhaps the most useful garnish. In sprigs with cold meat, minced with soup and vegetables and salads, it is always fresh in color and tempting in taste.

Mushrooms are useful because, canned, they always can be kept on hand. And so can peas. A mound of canned peas served in the middle of an Irish stew makes it far daintier than a mound of plain boiled potatoes. Potatoes, however, can be used for garnishing. Scoop raw potatoes with a round scoop and boil them. Serve them with melted butter and parsley for a garnish, or force soft, mashed potatoes through a stiff paper cone and brown in the oven, or fry brown small rounds of potatoes, or use French fried potatoes, and potato garnish is suitable with cold meat.

Green and red peppers, too, can be used to garnish vegetables, meats and salads. An egg salad is much improved if it is dotted with bits of red pepper. Minced green pepper or shredded green pepper adds both taste and looks to potato and cabbage salad.

Beets and carrots can be cut in rings or stars, cooked tender very carefully and then used to garnish substantial meat dishes.

Barberries are one of the purely ornamental garnishes. Holly, too, can be used in season, and bits of evergreen can often be called on to help make a simple dish attractive.

Remember that the garnishing of a dish will often change it from something not liked to a favorite with the family.

BEDROOM SLIPPERS.

Various Nether Comforts That May Also Be Good Looking.

It is possible to have attractive bedroom slippers which match your negligee, or at least are in accord with it. There are endless varieties of "mules" in gay colored silk or satin, edged with silk cord and decorated with tiny rosebuds. This is the kind of work that the expert needlewoman enjoys, but besides such dainty trifles more sensible everyday ones can be bought which do not clash with one's beauty loving ideas.

Kid slippers, with low, comfortable heels, may be bought in pinks, blues and browns. Very similar to them are the felt styles, whose instep is decorated with a cut out design of the felt over a contrasting color.

White kid well covered with a Japanese embossed design are shown. Most luxurious are the slippers of bright quilted satin, whose ribbon rosettes hold a tiny rhinestone.

Made with only a toe covering, but minus the heels attached to "mules," are other models, some covered with white flannel, decorated with a satin bow; others, to be used en route to the bath, are made of checked toweling, the edges bound with corduroy and the sole being very woolly.

NEW SILVERWARE.

Two Pieces Any Housewife Will Welcome in Her Dining Room.

This cake basket, which is sterling, has a new feature in its graceful handle. The pattern is one easily kept



TWO OF A KIND.



bright and clean, matching the casserole, which is of pretty blue ware. For her who enjoys serving meats in the dishes they are cooked in this casserole will make an attractive wedding gift.

Matting.

Rub every two or three months with salt water, lukewarm, and dry quickly with a clean cloth.

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The Crown Prince.

When one comes to study the dissipated life of Germany's Crown Prince one is forced to the conclusion that had he not been born to the purple his lack of brains, his vitiated tastes, his drinking orgies, his erotic nature, his readiness to shed blood, sacrifice life, would, long before the present war, have ostracized him from the society of decent men.

His upbringing was snobbish. At Bonn University his orgies were the wonder of the students, already skilled in every form of dissipation. As a subaltern his escapades became the talk of two continents.

Little Willie's face begins to show signs of evil living. His eyes are sometimes dull and glassy, and sometimes weak and watery. The mouth droops at the corners, and shows that he is easily led along the paths of evil. To shake hands with him gives one the feeling of touching a snake.

The Prince's nature is cruel and callous to a degree. He once made a cruel remark while big-game hunting to a Maharajah whose guest he was. A beater started to enter a dense clump of jungle grass in which a wounded panther had taken refuge. A native officer shouted a warning to the man from the howdah of the next elephant, whereupon the Prince

turned to the Maharajah in impatient protest: "Tell him to let the chap go on, your Highness," he cried. "It is not every day that one can see a man mauled by a leopard."

Animals and Flesh Eating.

Arguing against the eating of meat, an English writer remarks: "Almost any animal can be made to eat flesh. The kangaroo has canine teeth. Horses, oxen and sheep may be taught to eat flesh. Norwegian cows have been known to eat flesh. Goldsmith saw a sheep eat flesh. Spallanzani has shown that a pigeon may be made to live on flesh and an eagle on bread."

Realistic.

"Why is Rosalie weeping so?" "She and Bessie and I were playing at keeping house. Rosalie was the wife, and I was the husband." "I hope you were not cross to her. Husbands and wives should never quarrel, you know." "Oh, we didn't fight. Bessie was our maid, and she quit without giving us notice."

It needs more courage to suffer than to die—Napoleon.

\$1,000.00 REWARD.

For information that will lead to the discovery of whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Bladder Troubles, Special Ailments, and Chronic or Complicated Complaints who cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge St., Toronto. Correspondence invited.

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Matting.

Rub every two or three months with salt water, lukewarm, and dry quickly with a clean cloth.