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FAMOUS GENERALS.

Men Who Have Won Their Way Upward From the Ranks.

Although the modern records of the British Army contain only one notable instance of a General who has won his way upward from the ranks—to wit, the famous and gallant Hector Macdonald—in foreign armies it is by no means rare to encounter such promotions.

General Murat, whose name will always be associated with the monumental figure of Napoleon I., began life as a shop-boy to a Parisian haberdasher. Joining the army as a private soldier, he distinguished himself by various deeds of gallantry, and finally rose to be Marshal of France, whilst at a subsequent date his Imperial master conferred upon him the title of King of Naples.

Again, General Bernadotte, another striking figure of the Napoleonic age, made his first appearance as a soldier as a private in one of the German regiments raised by the British East India Company. In recognition of his great and abiding services Napoleon not only promoted him to the grade of generalship, but later on gave him the kingdom of Sweden. The present ruler of that country is a descendant of the heroic commander.

Perhaps, however, one of the most extraordinary military careers of the First Empire was that of

GENERAL AUGEREAU.

Previous to the Revolution of 1789 this famous soldier was merely a sergeant in the French army. Owing to a quarrel with a superior he fled the country and attached himself to a Russian legion, but on the rise of Napoleon he returned to his native hand and fought under the latter's victorious banner. Step by step he rose from his lowly position, and in the fulness of time received the baton which is the insignia of a Marshal of France. It was of Augereau that Buonaparte was thinking when he uttered the famous dictum that every soldier carried a "Marshal's baton in his knapsack."

The great commander Andre Massena was originally a simple private in the Sardinian army. By his heroic behavior during the siege of Genoa he preserved France from invasion by the Austrians, and gave Buonaparte time to defeat them at Marengo. In recognition of this mighty aid Napoleon promoted the humble Sardinian to the highest rank in his army, and conferred upon him the title of Duke of Rivoli.

Again, General Lannes, a prominent figure in the latter part of the Napoleonic career, was the son of a journeyman dyer in Gascony. Marshal Ney, who carried out the notable retreat of the starving army from Borodino, was a cooper's son, and rose from the ranks to be his great master's best-loved General.

Jawson—How did your automobile journey turn out? Dawson—Beautifully! Although I ran over two pedestrians and three bicycles and knocked two waggons into a ditch, my motor was not at all injured, and I arrived just on time.

Mrs. Nubbins—My husband is a perfect brute. Friend—You amaze me. Mrs. Nubbins—Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard—and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.

A Man's Heroism

Story of the Rescue of Seal Hunters Lost in an Ice Pack.

When we had come to anchor in Trinity bay and all the sails were safely stowed, the captain of our yacht proposed that we should go ashore and see the celebrated Comeau fils.

Bob, my companion asked, "Celebrated for what?"

"Oh! for several things," replied the captain. "He is a most extraordinary man in his many acquirements and knowledge. Born and brought up on this coast, he has passed all his life here, with the exception of the three years his father was able to send him to school, but those three years he made use of to lay the foundation of a wonderful store of practical knowledge. His schooling, as I have said, was but the foundation; by reading and observation he had added to it in a marvellous way.

From his early training and the life of every one on the coast, it would go without saying that he knows how to shoot, but he is more than a good shot he is a "deadly" shot. Anything he aims his gun at that is within shooting distance is dead. As a salmon fisher, no crack angler who visits these rivers can hope to compete with him.

"As a linguist he can speak, read and write in French, English, Latin and Indian; besides this, he can talk rapidly in the dumb alphabet. He holds the position of telegraph operator at Trinity, also of postmaster and fishery overseer, and besides, when anything goes wrong with the lines for 200 miles east or west, the department immediately wires him to go and fix them up.

"He has more than a fair knowledge of medicine for one who derived all his insight from reading alone. Last summer there was an epidemic of measles all along the coast among both whites and Indians. Here with a population of 150, two-thirds of whom were down, Comeau, who attended them, did not lose one patient, while at Bersimis, where the department sent a full-fledged M.D., there were 39 burials out of a population of 450.

"You may be sure the poor people all along the coast love him."

So the boat was lowered away, and the captain, Bob and I rowed ashore to see this paragon. From the outside look of the place I could see the man was one of good taste and orderly. The knock at the door was answered by Comeau himself. The captain was personally acquainted with him and introduced us before we entered. I must say I was disappointed. One always is when he has pictured a person in his mind's eye and finds that in reality he is quite a different kind of person.

I had looked for Comeau to be a large man and a boisterous one from his position of superiority over others. On the contrary, I found him below the medium, a quiet, low-voiced man, reserved almost to shyness. I saw at once he was a great observer, one who would make deductions from specks invisible to ordinary people; or, in other words, he could put two and two together and dovetail them better than most men.

We were ushered into a large, clean, airy room, in the middle of which sat a very good-looking lady in a roomy rocker, with a child on each knee. If Comeau himself is reserved and not inclined to talk, his wife can do enough for both. She excused herself for not rising when her husband introduced us. Nodding down at her babies, she said: "You see, I am fixed." One could see she is a proud mother—they were twins; this she told us before we were seated, and she further informed us that they were the only twins on the Labrador. So she is celebrated also.

When we got fairly settled in Comeau's den, the conversation naturally drifted into hunting and fishing. Bob made some inquiries about the pools on the Trinity. To make his explanations clear, Comeau pulled out a drawer of photographic views of the river. In rummaging these over, he cast aside a gold medal. "Excuse me," I said, reaching over and taking up the medal. On it I read engraved:

"Presented to N. A. Comeau by the R. H. S. for Bravery in Saving Life."

Upon my asking him to recount the circumstances, he blushed and looked quite confused, and said: "Oh! it was nothing worth speaking of, but I suppose people talked so much about it that they gave me that token. It was nothing more than any man would have done," and this was all we could get from him unless we carried persistency to an ungentlemanly degree.

After having spent a very pleasant hour we returned on board, and the captain told us the story that the hero himself would not.

Two years before, one day in January, Comeau arrived home from the back country to find that two men had that day while seal hunting off shore been driven off the coast toward the ice pack in the gulf. One of the men was Comeau's own brother-in-law and the other a half-breed. In spite of the supplications of his wife and the persuasions of the other individuals of the place, Comeau set about preparations to follow them out to sea. He asked no one to accompany him.

The wind all the afternoon had been steadily off shore and was now moderately calm. He took with him some restoratives, provisions, a lantern, a couple of blankets, his rifle and ammunition and what else useful he could think of in his hurry. The ice pack was then about 10 miles off the land, and he reasoned the men must be on the ice, if large and strong enough, or in among it if in small cakes, the latter being much more dangerous.

From Trinity to Matane in a direct line the distance is 45 miles, and to push out in a frail, wooden canoe alone and the darkness coming on in the black gulf in mid-winter required a brave man with extraordinary nerve to dare it, and this Comeau did.

Three minutes after pushing out from the beach, canoe and man were swallowed up in the darkness. The next the people of Trinity heard of him was a telegraphic message on the second day after. It read: "Matane. All three alive. Joseph, hands frozen; Simon, both feet frozen badly."

This message was to his family, but the Matane people sent a much longer one to the government giving the facts, describing the hardships these men had come through, and a special train was sent down with the best surgeon from Quebec. On the surgeon's arrival at Matane a consultation was held with the country practitioner, when it was decided that the man, Joseph, would have to lose two fingers on each hand and Simon both feet.

The amputation was successfully carried out next day, and shortly after, when Comeau saw both men well on to recovery, he started for his home, not, however, by the way he had come, but up to Quebec by the south shore and down the north shore from Quebec, a distance of nearly 700 miles. The last 100 he made on snowshoes.

The captain told us that the description of this very venturesome trip he had heard from Comeau's own brother as the elder one had described it in the heart of his family. He had reached the ice pack, to the best of his judgment, about 15 miles from the land, and had remained on his oars and hallooed once or twice without receiving an answer. He suddenly bethought himself of the lantern. This he lit and laffed to the blade of one of the oars, and erected it aloft. Immediately a faint cry was heard to the eastward, and he lowered his light and pulled away in the direction whence the call appeared to come. After rowing for a short time the lantern was waved again above and this time an answering shout came from close at hand.

The two poor fellows were some distance in the pack, and had got on the largest cake they could find. They were sitting there helpless, holding on each by one hand to the rough surface on the ice, and with the other to their canoe to keep it from being washed off.

By the aid of the lantern held aloft, Comeau saw there was a much larger cake of ice some distance farther in the pack. To this they made their way with laborious trouble. Pushing one canoe as far ahead among the ice as possible, they would all three get into this, shove the other in advance in the same way, and so repeating the process till they reached the solid field. Once safely on this, for the meantime, secure place, food was partaken of and daylight waited for.

Soon, however, the intense cold began to make itself felt, and drowsiness was first taking hold of the two men, and their great wish was to be left alone and allowed to sleep. This Comeau knew if indulged meant death, and it took all his efforts to keep them awake and moving about. Once, while attending to the half-breed, his brother-in-law dropped down and was fast asleep in an instant. Comeau boxed him, kicked him, without having the desired effect of rousing him from his stupor. At last he bethought him of what an old Indian had done to him under somewhat similar circumstances. He caught the man's nose between the thumb and finger and tweaked it severely. This brought him to his feet and mad to fight.

Day was now breaking and they could see the south shore at a computed distance of 10 miles. Comeau also saw that the ice pack was drifting steadily east, and this, if they remained on the ice, would carry them past Cap Chat, the most northern point of the south coast, and this meant death to a certainty.

A rapid train of thought went through Comeau's brain. He decided that if saved they were to be, it must be by passing over that 10 miles of moving, grinding ice. He forced some food on the others. They abandoned the roll of blankets, which had been of no use to them, and started, using the canoes sea-saw fashion, as they had done the night before. They left the cake of ice upon which they had passed the night at 8 a.m., and only got ashore at the extreme point of Cap Chat at daylight next morning. At times they would come across narrow lanes of water, but these lanes always ran at right angles to the direction in which they were going. Several times, when stopping upon what was considered a strong piece of ice, one of the party would be immersed in the cold, cruel water, and be rescued with great trouble and danger to the others.

What a picture of heart-felt prayer offering it must have been to have seen those men kneeling on the ice-bound shore, pouring out their thanks to the ever-watchful Almighty who had brought them safely through such danger.

Bob, who had taken down the captain's narrative in shorthand, gave me his notes and I give the story of adventure and heroism to the public.

THE PRINTS OF FINGERS.

Not Always Reliable as Means of Identification.

The constancy of human finger prints has chiefly been discussed in connection with the identification of criminals. Assuming that the evidence of finger prints is to be admissible in criminal proceedings, it will be not only necessary to prove that in the case of the same man the finger prints remain unaltered, but that no two persons have identical finger prints. Where is the evidence of this?

There are probably 1,500,000,000 men and women on the earth. Can we suppose that no two of these have identical finger prints? Nor, indeed, is this all. We may be comparing the finger prints of a living man with those of one who has been dead for years past, and the doctrine of heredity might lead us to expect to find similar finger prints in the case of parents and children and of different children of the same parents. It is at all events, certain that if this finger print system were once introduced into our courts of justice there would be any amount of wrangling as to whether they were identical or only similar— experts contradicting each other and involving the whole subject in confusion.

Moreover, professional criminals would probably soon find some mode of altering their finger prints. No doubt if the person who committed a crime—a murder, for example—has left the imprint of his finger on anything it may prove an important clew; but the same thing may be said of the imprint of his boots or shoes. But a clue is one thing and a proof is another thing.

Let me point out another difficulty. In a country where there are a large number of criminals whose finger prints are collected the number of these will soon be very large. How long would it take to examine this collection in order to find out whether any of them correspond accurately with the finger prints of the man who is now accused? The task would I think, be a hopeless one.

That finger prints may be important in the detection of crime whenever a criminal has left the print of his fingers behind him, I do not dispute, but without much stronger evidence than we now possess that no two persons have undistinguishable finger prints such evidence ought never to be permitted to outweigh what appeared to be a tolerably satisfactory alibi.

The Home.

SALADS AND SANDWICHES.

Hindoo Salad.—Arrange four slices of tomato on a bed of shredded lettuce. Pile some shave celery on two of the slices and on the other two some finely cut water cress. Garnish with small pieces of tomato and serve with French dressing.

Tomato and Cucumber Salad.—Arrange alternate slices of tomato and cucumber until six slices have been piled one on top of another, arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with strips of red and green peppers. Remove seeds from peppers and parboil one minute before using.

Monte Carlo Salad.—Remove pulp from grape fruit, add an equal amount of finely chopped celery and apple cut in small pieces. Mix with mayonnaise, mask with mayonnaise and garnish with cooked carrot cut in shapes and truffles.

Pepper and Grape Fruit Salad.—Remove the tops from six green peppers, take out the seeds and refill with grape fruit pulp, finely cut celery and English walnut meats. Use one-half as much celery as grape fruit, three halves of walnut meats and if liked one half teaspoon of finely chopped green pepper to fill each pepper. Arrange on chicory or lettuce leaves and serve with green mayonnaise.

Green Mayonnaise.—Mix one teaspoon each of mustard, salt and powdered sugar, add a few grains of cayenne, the yolks of two eggs and one-half teaspoon of vinegar. Add very gradually one and one-half cups of olive oil and as the mixture thickens dilute with vinegar and lemon juice, adding in all two tablespoons. To one-half of this amount add one-quarter cup of heavy cream beaten stiff and color green with color paste.

French Dressing.—Mix three-quarters teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon of paprika, two tablespoons of lemon juice and four tablespoons of olive oil.

Nolsette Sandwiches.—Scald one-half cup of milk, add one-half cup of boiling water, and when lukewarm, three-quarters of a yeast cake dissolved in three tablespoons of luke-warm water, one-half tablespoon each of lard and butter, two tablespoons of molasses, one cup of nut meats, one-half cup of white flour and enough entire wheat flour to knead. Make and bake the same as ordinary bread. Let the loaf stand 24 hours then slice as thinly as possible and put currant jelly or orange marmalade between. Cut in fancy shapes if liked.

German Sandwiches.—Spread slices of zweiback thinly with jelly or marmalade and sprinkle with finely cut English walnut meats.

Zweiback.—Cool one-half cup of scalded milk until lukewarm, add two yeast cakes, one-half teaspoon of stock and one cup of flour; cover and let rise until very light, then add one-quarter cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of butter, three unbeaten eggs and flour enough to knead. Shape like finger rolls and place on buttered sheet in rows two inches apart. Let rise again and bake 20 minutes. Cool and slice.

HANGING WALL PAPER.

As it is hard to find a professional paper hanger to go into the country, many women do their own papering. The professional hanger in my childhood was a woman, and she went about town and country doing the paper hanging, writes a correspondent. The houses were low studded to what the modern ones are, making the work much easier. I learned from this lady how to paper rooms, and have formerly papered some of my own rooms with a sister's help. An amateur should select patterns that match readily. The cheaper papers put on easiest.

Trim from the rolls the widest margins. All the rolls needed should be trimmed before beginning the job. Make the paste the day before, using three quarts water, half cup sugar and a little glue dissolved in the water. Wet two pints flour to paste and stir into the water when it boils. Mix thoroughly and remove at once from the fire, as cooking spoils the sticking quality. Place a long board on two tables. Place a roll of paper on it and cut into the desired lengths, making sure the figures match. This is done by placing the first piece cut on top of the roll, the figure on the same figure below. Turn all the pieces cut face downward on the board, leaving the margin of each a little beyond the edge of the other.

Take a paste brush and apply the paste evenly to the uppermost piece. Catch the bottom part way up, making the piece shorter to handle. Begin at some door and work from left to right. Hold the top of the piece in your fingers, and by the aid of a stepladder stick the piece to the top of the side of the room; or as far up as will be covered by a border. The latest is not to have a border. Take a brush broom, sweep the paper down with long, light strokes. If wrinkles appear, pull up from the bottom and sweep them out. Make sure your first piece is put on straight and exact as the following ones will follow with no trouble.

Now, take the next strip and proceed as before, matching the top figure with great care. Trim off the surplus length, if any, with a sharp knife at the base board. Having finished the sides of the room, put on the border, cut into yard lengths. If the ceiling is papered it should be done before the sides of the room.

WINTER VIOLETS POTTED IN MAY.

Violets have become par excellence the flower of fashion in the city, and almost every country garden that has a flower bed at all, boasts its clump of violets for early spring bloom. But how few dream of the possibility of having these favorites all winter, except by purchasing them at a fabulous price from the florist. This luxury is, however, not beyond the reach of anyone who has a bit of ground and even a very modest income.

This is the way one young lady manages to wear violets all winter, and she takes care of them herself. In May she pots her young plants, leaving them to grow in a partly shaded place all summer. In September they are set in cold frames. The plants begin to bloom in October, and bloom until spring. A good plant will produce 50, the more prolific kinds several hundred blooms in a season.

The frames were placed in a southern exposure and every pleasant day lifted the sashes a trifle for ventilation, and in extreme weather covered them with heavy sacking, and also for further protection banked the earth closely around the frames. This is a little trouble of course, but one that no lover of violets will regret since it is so well repaid. The best and most prolific double violets are the Marie Louise and the California, the last named being of immense size.

CURIOUS CITY GARDENS.

In London Crops Are Raised in a Barrel, or An Open Umbrella.

Many people have such a deeply rooted love for flowers that they will go to any amount of trouble to raise a few blooms even under the most apparently impossible circumstances, says the London Mail.

Instances of this occur in the East-end of London, where sometimes the only available garden is a barrel. In order to make the most of this, however, it is bored all over the sides with holes about two inches in diameter, into each of which a plant of some description is placed, in addition to those planted in the usual way on the top, so that a good display is obtained, in the minimum amount of space. These barrels frequently look very pretty and effective when all the plants are in bloom.

The statement that there are gardens under bedclothes is supported by no less of an authority than that of the Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. A district visitor in the Midland, when calling upon a poor woman, noticed how few were the coverings to her bed. Upon being asked, she admitted that she had another blanket, and was remonstrated with for not using it, as the weather was bitterly cold. It at length transpired that her husband had taken it to cover some plants he was rearing in a tiny greenhouse, in the hope of saving them from being

KILLED BY THE FROST.

Surely devotion to flowers could hardly go much further than this.

Not a few suburban householders usually find their gardens just outside the scullery door, and they exercise their horticultural ingenuity upon the tiny slip of ground in which the considerate jerry builder has carefully buried his superfluous half-bricks. In various parts of the country, notably at Nottingham, there are cottage gardens three miles away from the residences of their owners, so that when visitors are invited to "come and have a look around the garden" it means a somewhat lengthy excursion. These allotments are, however, greatly appreciated and carefully attended, despite the fact that the time taken in getting to and from them plays sad havoc with their owners' scanty leisure.

Of gardens in cemeteries, there appears to be only a solitary example in this country, the one which Sir Joseph Baxton of Crystal palace fame formed at Coventry.

Gardens may be made on open umbrellas as far as obtaining a substantial crop of mustard and cress is concerned. It is only necessary to open the umbrella, wet it thoroughly, and sprinkle the seed over it. If the fabric is kept damp the seed will soon begin to sprout, and in a few weeks a nice quantity of the salad, may be cut. The same thing may be done in a dinner plate with the aid of a strip of an old flannel shirt, a piece of felt, or other similar cloth, provided it is kept moist.

MEDICAL DECEPTIONS THAT CURE.

In Many Cases Imagination Does More Good Than Medicine.

We are compelled to deceive our patients, said one of the doctors at a great London hospital the other day. By doing so we can often effect cures for imagination is in many cases more likely to do good than all the medicines in the world.

There is in this hospital at the present time a young man who has not slept for weeks without first receiving a hypodermic injection of pure water. He believes he is getting a quarter of a grain of morphia with each injection, and as he has not discovered the deception the treatment works like a charm.

I had a patient a few months ago who was suffering from imaginary paralysis, and who could not be benefited by the use of drugs or the electric current. By prearranged plan, he was informed by a person supposed to be interested in his case that magnetism, not electricity, was what he needed, and since then he has shown marked improvement under the constant application of a wooden magnet painted to resemble the genuine article.

Now and then a case presents an amusing phase. One woman possessed the idea that her heart was growing to her side, and did not improve under the treatment accorded her. Then I made up some medicine compound of the most nauseating drugs, and the patient was ordered to take doses hourly. After the first day's treatment she said she was well enough to go home. That medicine could have had absolutely no effect, but it was intensely nasty, so that it was purely a case of faith cure.

BADEN-POWELL'S RUDENESS.

During the campaign in South Africa, last year, General Baden-Powell tapped a telegraph-wire, and heard the Boer commander Grobler ask General Botha to send reenforcements at once, as the British had cornered him.

This story was related by the London papers, and Baden-Powell was much applauded for his strategy and good luck.

But one little girl, five years old, had opinions of her own concerning the exploit. She listened very attentively to the account of the proceeding and to the approving comments of the elder members of the family, and when they had finished she said, decisively:

Well, I think it was very rude of him to listen.

WHERE TO FIND REST.

Doctor—You are mentally exhausted. I advise you to send your family to the country.

Patient—But I can't leave my business.

Doctor—Of course not—you stay in the city and get a rest.

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LEARNING TO LOVE THE PIPES.

Julian Ralph Says He Got to Like the Sound.

One may perhaps gain with difficulty some understanding of a Scottish piper's appeal to his countrymen. Julian Ralph, in "An American with Lord Roberts," says that when he was in camp upon the veld, he was awakened every morning by the opening groan of a bagpipe, the reveille of one of the Highland battalions. The piping continued for at least sixteen hours at a stretch.

At first this queer music came as a novelty. Next it roused my curiosity as to a piper's having either the will or strength for sixteen hours on end, with no longer pause than the minute it required to change from one tune to another. Then the unceasing noise began to madden me, and I cursed the pipes as an instrument of torture. The piper walked to and fro the length of the regiment's lines, and the air was full of sis-sis-sis, like the note of a demon bee, while the nearer it came, the more its nasal chords mastered the neighborhood and quivered in my very bones.

At last, I cannot tell how it came about, I grew to like the sound, and to miss the melody when the piper was afar and only the buzzing came to my ears. When he was near he played upon my body and my senses. My pen raced with the purple music of the reels, my blood warmed under the defiant challenge of the battle-songs. A pleasant sadness possessed me when the tunes were plaintive and gray.

Without a drop of Scotch blood in me, I yet began to love the Scotch, and to take an interest in all I could see or learn of them. In time I used to leave my camp and cross the enarrow lane to the Highlanders, to watch a piper at his work.

Then I discovered that there was not one sole piper; a score of men shared the burden. They stood in line, patiently watching as the musician of the moment walked jauntily up and down, just touching his toes to the veld, like a man practising to walk on eggs. As he halted the flying ribbons would fall beside the drones, and the pipe would be passed to another man. Then off strode the fresh player, with the streamers floating, his hips swaying, his head held high, and his toes but touching the ground. Once I heard a man say:

"Gi' me the pipes, Sandy. I can tell ye what nae body has said."

HIS RECORD.

A colored preacher who had been holding a protracted meeting in a Georgia county was asked how he got along with the meeting. First rate, was his reply. I made 70 convicts the first night!

AN ARTISTIC VIEW.

Mike—That bartender on the corner is quite an artist.

Dan—Does he paint?

Mike—No, but he always draws a good pitcher of beer.