

ON THE BLOODY FIELD.

CURIOS INCIDENTS FROM A WAR ARTIST'S NOTE BOOK.

The Romantic Story of Little Ayasha—Hereafter of Tum-ti-Tum-Tum, the Wounded Child—Children During the Paris Commune.

Can it be possible, you say, to associate babies and battle-fields? writes an old war correspondent. Yet are they curiously interwoven in my own memories of the war-path; indeed, I have seen infants in arms, in both senses of the word, more than once at the front. Although some of the little ones to whom I refer may not be in the earliest stage of babyhood, I shall confine myself to children of tender years, and not avail myself of the legal limits afforded by that infancy which only terminates at 21.

Suppose, then, to begin with, we take the romantic story of little Ayasha, a wee babe of some four summers, who, when the Russians were pursuing Suleiman Pasha, after the fall of Plevna, through the Balkans, was found among the mixed remains of horses, bullocks, men, women and children, crouching by the side of her dying mother, by a non-commissioned officer named Savvka; the woman, with an appalling, expiring glance, winning the heart of that rough, kindly soldier, who took the little one to his captain. To make a long story short, Ayasha was adopted as the daughter of the regiment—the Kaxholm Regiment of Grenadiers—by whom a fund was subscribed for her education in Warsaw, to which her Majesty, the Empress of Russia, subscribed. That curriculum over, she most appropriately married, a year or two ago, one of the officers of the regiment to which she was inducted for her life. Surely the deities efforts of fiction.

This, however, was not a singular instance in that memorable campaign in which babies played a part, for no more than one occasion were otherwise deserted huts entered by advancing troops, and the tenderest chords of manhood touched by the smiling face of some "welcome little stranger."

Just now, when Kurdish atrocities occupy the public mind, it would be wrong, however painful the subject, to evade reference to certain barbarities which took place while I was traveling up country in Armenia on my way to the encampment of Mukhtar Pasha before Kara. Apart from the wholesale massacres at Byzid, which took place while I was in Erzeroum, I saw one night myself in an Armenian village which was attacked by crocodile-eyed Kurds, who, murdering indiscriminately old people and young children, drowned with many of the women of the community their mountain fastnesses. There was a case, too, notable at the time, of a raid made by these monsters on some isolated hut where, having secretly bound a grandfather to a seat facing a huge fire, they proceeded—having first killed—the body of his grandchild. It is pleasant, indeed, to turn from such devilish devices as these to the patriotism evinced by comparative babies—the children of the village in Anatolia, who, in crowds, united in bringing up guns, when horses, mules, or oxen were unobtainable, in such a way as to remind us that unity is strength, indeed, and that their mite of patriotism was by no means despised, a contribution to the page of history in 1877.

My earliest memory of babies on the battle-field is associated with the Commune, when children, catching the war fever, marched and carried banners which took the back streets of Paris, paying most careful attention to equipment and discipline, save in the matter of arms, in which they contented themselves with formidable weapons enough in their way, since in some of their conflicts with each other these would-be soldiers were actually killed, and in many others seriously wounded.

I recall, too, another incident during this campaign which bore upon the same subject. Late one night a troop of Baden soldiers passed through a deserted French village on their forward march to Paris. Deserted, did I say? Well, yes, to all intents and purposes it was, though they had not penetrated far up in the main street when they noticed a gaunt figure emerging from a thatched cafe about to make his escape. The searcher, who in a crowd, carefully hugging such a "loot" as he had been able to obtain, in his brawny arms, evidently one of those human vultures which haunt the battle-field, ever ready, like the late lamented Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, even if it be the toe of an officer, whose gold lace, epaulettes, and who knows? perhaps watch, may reward the searcher. He has been high sheriff of Surrey, he is one of her majesty's lieutenants, and a commissioner of income tax for the City of London. He once took considerable pleasure in his friends in his comfortable house in Grosvenor street. He enjoys as much country life as he can; yet comes to the city daily and attends industriously to the business of his firm before he goes to the bank. He is not filled with political ambition, though he has once persuaded to stand for Reading, when he nearly succeeded in beating Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. He has served as captain of the Bank of England company (K) of the Civil Service Rifles and as Major of the regiment, and his eldest son is one of his partners.

THE KAISER'S WARDROBE.

Prior to his succession to the throne Emperor William was kept on such an exceedingly short allowance by his parent that he was frequently to be seen with clothes that betrayed the traces not only of mendicancy, but of actual pauperism. To-day his suit is valued at 1,000 in number, comprising riding, driving, hunting, sleighing, skating and tennis costumes, besides any number of ordinary civilian suits, the latter being mostly of London make. The underclothing is every now and then of modern invention, and is mostly made of silk embroidered with the imperial crown and initials. All these clothes demand the constant attention of five men, and an entire suite of apartments lined with presses, on the third story of the palace at Berlin, is devoted to their use.

PARIS COFFEE DRUNKARDS

SLAVES OF THE BERRY BECOME VICTIMS OF ITS POISON.

A Dangerous New Malady Which Puzzles the Doctors and is Quite General—In Most Cases the Malady is Susceptible of Cure.

Can it be that coffee is a menace to the health of nations? A French physician claims that evils comparable only to the baneful effects of alcohol lie in the breakfast and after-dinner cup of coffee. The Paris hospitals, so Dr. Gilles de la Tourette asserts, have been called upon to treat of late cases after case of "coffee intoxication." Up to the present time these cases were supposed to be purely of an alcoholic nature. As "chronic alcoholism" they were set down in the hospital records. Now the disease has been "labeled" and given its place in the records of French pathology.

According to the theory of this eminent Frenchman delirium tremens, or a state of hallucination closely resembling it in its fatal effects, is invariably the end of the chronic "coffee drunkard." The habit takes longer to firmly establish than the alcohol habit—it may be more easily broken off. It does not bring about the wandering of the brain that alcohol produces, but nevertheless the end thereof is nothing more or less than simple madness.

This theory was made public the other day in a paper read by the Doctor before the Societe Medicale des Hopitaux, a famous French scientific association. It commanded serious attention because Dr. Gilles de la Tourette is one of the leading physicians of France. His fame extends far beyond the boundaries of that country and his standing is so high that a recently discovered nervous disease has been named after him.

Actual drunkenness through the coffee habit has been noted for some years in Normandy. There a prevalent custom is to transform a cup of this beverage into a mixture in which alcohol plays a leading part. First there is the tinctorie, a spoonful of alcohol stirred into the fragrant black mixture. A little is drunk off, and the surcote follows, a second spoonful. After a few further sips comes the postette, still another spoonful. The mixture is then swallowed with much gratification on the part of the drinker. But evidence has piled up against coffee drinkers who add not a drop of alcohol.

MANY WOMEN INEBRIATES. Most deeply affected of all the coffee inebriates are women, and among women the habit has spread most widely among the blanchisseuses, or laundresses. The Parisian laundresses have been from time immemorial passionately fond of coffee. It is a custom of the trade that each laundress shall supply for its workwomen, outside and entirely independent of their salary, so many "petits noirs" each day. This is a custom that is peculiar to the blanchisseuses of Paris, and any laundry that should decide to do away with this coffee privilege would immediately be boycotted. The result is that many of these laundresses find their way eventually to the hospitals because of their immoderate coffee drinking.

It is impossible to determine the exact quantity of coffee that will produce intoxication. It is with coffee as with alcohol. One man may be able to take a great quantity of the latter into his system without its having the slightest visible effect, while another would be stupefied by a much smaller quantity. There is also a difference in coffee. The most dangerous coffee is that of Paris. Up in the northern provinces of France it is drunk a great deal, but nearly always in an adulterated form, frequently being mixed with brandy. By the detection of such much diluted coffee the danger lessened. Many cases have been known of women who have in their own provinces been great coffee drinkers, and who afterwards, when they came to Paris, were cured of their habit. Nearly all of them have finally been lodged in the hospital, simply because of the difference in the strength of the essence.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DRUNKARD.

These are the symptoms that Dr. Gilles de la Tourette claims invariably follow in the train of excessive coffee drinking. Coffee dyspepsia resembles closely alcoholic gastritis, which is produced by over-indulgence in alcohol. There is the raising of plegm in the morning, pain in the epigastric cavity and marked lack of appetite. There is a profound distaste for solid substances, and at last the "coffee fiend" arrives at a point where he nourishes himself almost exclusively on coffee, with a little bread soaked in the infusion. More and more of the poison is stored away in the system and the state of permanent intoxication becomes accentuated. Attacks of nausea and vomiting follow, and the rising of acids into the throat, all of which cause the victim to lose flesh and to fall into "cachectic cachexia," a wasting away through coffee poisoning. The face is pale, it is yellowish white or earthy gray; the features are drawn, the skin is frequently wrinkled. Oftentimes the face is bloated, this meaning that the state of intoxication is now complete. The body is remarkably thin—most a skeleton. A curious point of difference coffee drunkenness presents in this particular from alcoholism—habitual drinkers of alcohol, through inebriation, are almost always fat, coffee drinkers always lean. Under ordinary circumstances the effect of coffee is to revive, but, curiously enough, in the case of one habituated to it, it brings about a condition of torpor and prostration. In one instance of coffee inebriation noted in the Paris hospitals the pulsations of the patient became less frequent and fell from 70-72 to 60 and even 50 per minute.

BROKEN REST AND DREAMS.

The stimulating powers of this beverage alternate in the case of its abuse with periods of marked cerebral depression. Sleep disappears, and when it does come rest is broken by terrifying dreams which resemble those that prey upon the bedridden mind of delirium tremens patients. It is in fact

PRACTICAL FARMING.

A Growing Demand for Family Cows.

"Of late years the tendency of the more wealthy class of our city population is to seek suburban residences, owing to purer air in the country and the demand of the city proper for factories, shops and business houses," says Mr. Bailey. "The extension of the electric car lines has made it possible for the business man to live in the country where he and his family can have all the luxuries of the farm, yet to do business in the city. No suburban residence is complete without one or more Jersey cows, not merely for lawn ornaments but more properly to supply the table with healthful food, both luxuries and substantial. And by the way, in all the cuisine calendar there is no other source from which you can get so many palatable dishes as from the cow products. Professional men, mechanics and laborers, when situated so that they can keep them, want family cows. The demand from all these sources is constantly increasing and the supply is not equal to the demand. I know of no bright opening in the farm or animal industry to the farmer than the raising of a class of cows suitable for this trade. It would not require a large capital, neither would thoroughbred stock be necessary, yet there is a very large field for the animal being more cheaply bred and reproduction more certain—the better the chances for success will be. At least one would hardly expect to succeed by using anything but the best material. The cow should be short of a thoroughbred sire. It would be a great advantage if the cow were not necessarily expensive ones. A few cows of the desired type for foundation. The milk products from these should pay all cost of care and a good dividend on the investment besides. The off-spring would be clear gain. These should be kindly treated, trained to be perfectly gentle to milk at cow-hood, neat in appearance, kind and loving to ladies and children, such cows at from three to five years old would find a ready market at prices more than double those for ordinary stock, and where one went it would make a demand for more.

ROLLER SKATES AND BIKE.

NEWEST IDEAS IN EQUIPMENT FOR EUROPEAN ARMIES.

Seventy Miles a Day Can be Made on Roller Skates—If a Tire is Punctured the Soldier Wheelman Straps on His Skates and Pushes Along—Gen. Wolsey Speaks for Bicycling in the Army.

Great strides along peculiar lines are being made in the English and Continental standing armies with the military bicycle and the military roller-skate. It has been found that messages can be conveyed on the wheel more expeditiously, cheaply and noiselessly than in any other manner. It has now been proposed in England and Italy that each military wheelman should carry, strapped upon his back, a pair of well-oiled roller skates.

The old army officers that have studied the problem declare that "Tommy Atkins" and his Italian prototypes can make with a little practice sixty-five to seventy miles a day on roller skates without feeling it very much. The roads of England and the Continent are excellent, quite a number of them being old Roman Highways, and a roller-skater can travel along them quite as easily as he can on a smooth board floor. Every bicycle courier despatched on an important mission may meet with disaster at a critical moment, his machine being disabled by a well-placed shot or his tire getting punctured. Then, with hardly an instant's delay he could

ENTRUST HIS SKATES.

and hurry off upon them at least two-thirds of his speed. Italy has experimented along these lines to a considerable extent, and has proved the roller-skate bicyclist to be of considerable value. Men practicing are not infrequently seen round Rome, and King Umberto has signified approval. In England H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge is known to have been an advocate of this novelty in warfare, and though he has left the army, there is little doubt that certain of his troops will be fitted out with "foot wheels."

A LARGE INCREASE.

The most famous detachment in the United Kingdom is the Twenty-sixth Middlesex Cyclist Corps, of London, an organization having a house of its own opposite Chelsea hospital, and composed of officers and men. They were weekly through the most marvellous evolutions, and for speed and precision are fully equal to any battalion of English cavalry.

Gen. Wolsey, above all men, is responsible for the success of bicycling as applied to army service. His dictum, uttered a few years ago when the matter was first mooted, was as follows: "There are few countries in the world where you cannot use cycles. I do not remember one day's march any one night in which we took part where cyclists could not have been used with the greatest possible advantage to our troops."

A Cure for Slander.

In Poland it was once the custom to sentence backbiters to go on all fours and bark like a dog for the space of a quarter of an hour. This mode of punishment was introduced during the reign of Charles V., but it was soon abandoned, as it had to be applied so frequently that his majesty's rest was disturbed, for the barking went on all the forenoon while the courts were sitting.

Spurs Not Popular.

First Chaps (sadly) Spurs are coming into fashion again for horseback riding. Second Chaps (dolefully)—Y-as. Awful things to land on when a fellow falls off.

A Mild Hint.

He—I don't want any woman to stink I'm a fool. She—Aren't you a little late in stinking your wifes?

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Sick Headache CURED PERMANENTLY BY TAKING Ayer's Pills

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. It was usually accompanied by severe pain in the forehead, a sense of fullness and tenderness in my eye, a bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated, head and neck aching, and sickness at the stomach. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I

AYER'S PILLS Awarded Medal at World's Fair Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.

The English Tongue.

It is said that the Duke of York's household is the first royal entourage in England to speak English. The queen's still holds to German for a steady language, and even the Prince of Wales combines German and English with French mixed in. In fact Babel was not more blessed with "foreign tongues" than these homes of the reigning family but it seems the Duke and Duchess of York both determined to be "English, you know," and commanded their household to stick to the vernacular, without any regard for precedent. The Czars of Russia, who boasts of having married an English princess, though she is wholly German, has also announced that English shall be spoken with Russian at his court. This is because the Czars having founded the latter very difficult to speak her fond husband wishes to spare her all the annoyances possible. English is the finest language in the world, anyhow.

Incomes of Royalty.

The daily income of the principal rulers is said to be: Emperor of Russia, 26,000; Sultan of Turkey, 24,000; Emperor Austria, 22,500; Emperor of Germany, 19,000; King of Italy, 12,000; Queen Victoria, 11,600; King of Belgium, 7,400; French president, 11,200; President of the United States, 235.

Anxious to Begin.

Will you think of me when I'm gone, asked Mr. Linger, sentimentally, as the hands of the clock moved toward 12. Certainly, replied Miss Kitchin. How soon shall I have an opportunity to hear thinking?

Genuine Merit.

She is the squarest girl I know, and I can truly say, He prides himself on many lips and has no rest to pay.

Anarchists in European Countries

About 2,000 persons in France are marked as anarchists, and are constantly watched by the police of the various European countries, according to La Figaro, of whom 500 are French and 1,500 are foreigners. Italy leading with 540, followed by Switzerland with 300, Germany and Russia with 240 each, Austria and Belgium with 60 each. As regards occupation, shoemakers, carpenters and day laborers of all nations furnish large proportions of the anarchists. Produced to prove the power possessed by these corrective remedies in cases of asthma, incipient consumption and all disorder of the chest and lungs. The Ointment well rubbed upon the chest and back, penetrating the skin, is absorbed and carried directly to the lungs, where in immediate contact with the whole mass of circulating blood, it neutralizes or expels those impurities, which are the foundation of consumption, asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, and similar complaints. On the appearance of the first consumptive symptoms the back and chest of the patient should be fumigated with warm brine, dried with a coarse cloth, and Holloway's Ointment then well rubbed in. Its absorption will subdue advancing symptoms, and baffle this formidable foe.

Advertisement for Holloway's Pills & Ointment. The Pills: Purge the blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions. In all Female Complaints they are invaluable. For Children and the aged they are precious. THE OINTMENT: An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Sores, Old Wounds, Ulcers, and all the Diseases of the Skin. For Rheumatism, Gout, and all the Diseases of the Bones and Joints. It is a valuable remedy for all the Diseases of the Blood. For the cure of the above and all other Diseases it is the best and most reliable remedy. Prepared by J. C. HOLLOWAY, 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'ENG', 'Resid', 'Sul', 'CAI', 'NE', 'Addr', 'F', 'BANK', 'Bea', 'FREI', 'I am at', 'Pool', 'mal', 'I AI', 'THO', 'Sales', 'plied a', 'J. WOO', 'E', 'Comm', 'Hos', 'Will be fr', 'day of ec', 'WEE', 'The und', 'be in', 'pump', 'W', 'Beav', '(Simo', 'COOPER', 'On hand', 'B', 'EX', 'EX', 'FOR T', 'D B PC', 'THE CC', 'LAR', 'CAN I', 'experience', 'formation', 'each issue', 'and all', 'Parents', 'Special', 'may be', 'sent over', 'to the', 'labeled', 'care', 'Bottle', '25 c', 'each issue', 'please', 'write', 'MUNN'S