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CHAPTER L.

told you, my friends, was about how I received at the bidding of the emperor the cross for valor which I had, if I served. Here upon the land of my coat you may see the ribbon, but the medal Steelf I keep in a leathern pouch at home, and I never venture to take it, out unless one of the modern peace generals, or some foreigner of distinction who finds himself in our little town, takes advantage of the opportunity to pay his respects to the well known Brigadier Gerard. Then I place it upon my breast, and I give my mustache the old Marengo twist which brings a gray point into either eye. Yet with it all I fear that neither they, nor you, either, my friends, will ever realize the man that I was. You knew me only as a civilian-with an air and a manner it is true-but still merely as a civilian. Had you seen me as I stood in the doorway of the inn at Alamo on the first day of July in the year 1810 you would then have know what the hussar may at-

tain to. For a month I had lingered in that accursed village, and all on account of a lance thrust in my ankle which made It impossible for me to put my foot to the ground. There were three of us at first-old Bouvet, of the hussars; Jacques Regnler, of the cuirassiers and a funny little voltigeur captain whose name I forget-but they all got well and hurried on to the front, while I sat gnawing my fingers and tearing



my hair, and even, as I must confess, my from time to time as I thought Aussars and the deplorable condiment was wife and children to me went to my heart that they should bereaved. It is true that Villaret, senior major, was an excellent the Senior major, was among the best

there are degrees of merit. Ah, that happy July day of which I speak when first I limbed to the door and stood in the golden Spanish sun shine! It was but the evening before that I had heard from the regiment They were at Pastores on the othe side of the mountains face to face with the English-not forty miles from me by road. But how was I to get to them? The same thrust which had pierced my ankie had slain my charger took advice from Gomez, the landlors nd from an old priest who had slept hat night in the inn, but neither of em could do more than assure me at there was not so much as a colt upon the whole country side. The dlord would not hear of my cross the mountains without an escort he assured me that El Cuchillo, the anish guerilla chief, was out that y with his band, and that it meant a ath by torture to fall into his hands old priest observed, however, that did not think a French hussar uld be deterred by that, and if I had any doubts they would of rse have been decided by his re-

was standing in the doorway plotting d planning when I heard the clink of and, looking up I saw a great bearded man with a blue cloak frogget across in military fashion coming He was riding a black horse with one white stocking on his near foreleg.

"Hullo, comrade!" said I, as he came up to me, "Hullof" said he.

"I am Colonel Gerard, of the hus sars," said I, "I have lain wounded for a month, and I am now ready to rejoin my regiment at Pastores." "I am M. Vidal, of the commissariat." he answered, "and I am myself upon my way to Pastores. I should be glad o have your company, colonel, for

"Alas!" said I, "I have no horse, But if you will sell me yours I will promise that an escort of hussars shall be sent back for you."

tear that the mountains are far from

He would not hear of it, and it was In vain that the landlord told him dreadful stories of the doings of El Cuchillo, and that I pointed out the duty which he owed the army and to the country. He would not even argue but called loudly for a cup of wine. I craftily asked him to dismount and to drink with me, but he must have seen something in my face, for he shook his head, and then as I approached him with some thought of seizing him by the leg he jerked his heels into his horse's flanks and was off in a cloud of

My faith, it was enough to make a man mad to see this fellow riding away so gayly to join his beef barrels and his brandy casks, and then to think of my five hundred beautiful hussars without their leader. I was gazing after him the little priest whom I have mentioned.

"It is I who can help you," said he, "I am myself traveling south." I put my arms about him and as my

beads." I had taken one from the con I believe that the last story that I vent of Spirita Sancio, it shows how old you my friends, was about how I necessary it is to take what you can

"I will take you." said be, in very exdient Fremel, "not because I hope for any reward, but became it is my way always to do what I can to serve my ountryman, and that is why I am so the heels on to the road, beloved wherever I no." With that he led me down to the village to an old cowhouse in which we found a tumble down sort of diligence such as the used to run early in this century be tween some of our more remote vil-There were three old mules, to none of which were strong enough to carry a man, but tomether they might draw the couch. The sight of their gaunt rites and sprivined legs gave me more delight than the wholtwo numbers and twenty hunters of the emperor which I have seen I their stalls at Fontainebleau. In ten minutes the owner was harnessing will, however, for he was in morn only by promising him riches in this world, while the priest threatened him the reins between his fingers. Ther he was in such a hurry to get off out the dark in the passes, that he hardly gave me time to renew my yows to th innkeeper's daughter. I cannot at this moment recall her name, but we wel together as we parted, and I can re number that she was a very beautifu You will nederstand, my riends, that when a man like me, who women in fourteen separate kingdoms rives a word of praise to the one or th ther it has a little meaning of its own The little priest had seemed a triff oon proved himself the best of com unions in the diligence. All the wa-io amused me with tales of his little arish up in the mountains and I is ny tura told him stories about the mp, but my faith I had to pick my teps, for when I said a word too much o would fidget in his seat and his face ould show the pain that I had give im. And of course it is not th t of a gentleman to talk in anything out a proper manner to a religiou

man, though with all the care in th arld one's words may get out of ham sometimes. He had come from th north of Spain, as he told me, and was going to see his mother in a village o which they must find them- Estremadura, and as he spoke about s when deprived of a colonel. I her little persant home, and her joy i not a brigradier yet, you under- seeing him, it brought my mother : id, although I already carried my- vividly to my thoughts that the tears very moment on the ocean following to But I was the youngest | started to my eyes. In his simplicity nel in the whole service, and my he showed me the little gifts which h was taking to her, and so kindly was his manner that I could readily believe him when he said that he was love wherever he went. He examined my own uniform with as much curiosity as | tor has made himself obnoxious to cer child, admiring the plume of my ousby and passing his fingers through If he has he is the first American with he sable with which my dolman was trimmed. He drew my sword, too, and then when I told him how many en I had out down with it, and se my fingers on the notch made by th shoulder bone of the Russian emperor' aide-de-camp, he shuddered and place nothing else. the weapon under the leathern cushlor

> declaring that it made him sick to look Well, we had been rolling and creak ng on our way whilst this talk has een going forward, and as we reache the base of the mountains we could hear the rumbling of cannon far away ipon the right. This came from Messena who was as I knew bedoging Cindad Rodrigo. There was nothing I should have wished better than to have one straight to bim, for he was the est Jow that I have heard of sine Joshim's time, and if you are in sight of his beaky nose and bold, black eyes st are not likely to miss much of what going on. Still a siege is always or sort of a pick-and-shovel busines nd there were better prospects with ny hussars in front of the English very mile that passed my heart grey ghter and lighter until I found myse bouting and singing like a young or en fresh from Saint Cyr, just to think seeing all my fine horses and my galant fellows once more. As we penetrated the mountains th

and grew rougher and the pass mor savage. At first we met a few mulbut now the whole country teemed deserted, which is not to be



Then He Screamed Horribly,

wondered at when you think that th French, the English and the guerrilla: had each in turn command over it. So bleak and wild was it, one great brown wrinkled cliff succeeding another, and the pass growing narrower and narrower, that I ceased to look out, but sat in silence thinking of this and that, of women whom I had loved and of horses which I had handled. I was suddenly brought back from my with bitter thoughts in my mind when dreams, however, by observing the who should touch me on the elbow but difficulties of my companion, who was trying with a sort of bradawl which he had drawn out to bore a hole through future only a close adherence to the the leather strap which held up his simple formula of good sense, good water flask. As he worked with twitch- taste, and good heart will entitle all ing fingers the strap escaped his grasp newcomers to the benefits of liberty, ankle gave way at the same moment and the wooden bottle fell at my feet. we neatly rolled upon the ground to- I stooped to pick it up, and as I did so the priest stlently leaped upon my "Get me to Pastores," I oriell, "and shoulders and drove his bradawl into you shall have a rosary golden my eye,

My friends, I am, as you know, a man steeled to face every danger. When one has served from the siege of Genoa to that last fatal day of Waterloo, and has had the special medal, which I keep at home in a leathern pouch, one can afford to confess when one is frightened. It may console some of you when your own nerves play you tricks to remember that you have heard as you might feel were some filthy tarantula to strike its fangs into you. I and hurling him onto the floor of the each I stamped on him with my heavy soots. He had drawn a pistol from the conf of his soutane, but I kicked it out I his hand, and again I fell with my knees on his chest. Then for the first time he screamed horribly, while I. calf blinded, felt about for the sword which he had so cunningly concealed. ver upon its side, and my weapon was

(To Be Continued.)

ONE YANKEE'S PROTEST. Halt Called on the Rudeness of Numer field?

ous English Visitors.

Letter to Editor of New York Son. Is it not about time that some word of protest should be made against the critical attacks indulged in by English gentlemen and English ladies who are constantly visiting our shores disgussed either as guests or reformers? Cannot some simple formula of good manners se handed each one of these distin- of his day guished tourists as soon as the Custom | Virgil, during the summer season, files them into the couch, with no very good. House officers have finished with them. his house with butterflies, to guide them in their intercourse with dread of this terrible Cuchille. It was the crude natives of our land? We fond of watermelon seeds. are crude and illiterate people, lacking all the liner requirements of civilized with damnation in the next, that we at life. Some of us wear low-cut collars last got him safely upon the box with and splay-footed trousers instead of the present correct thing in Bond street; ome prefer pie with their breakfast of fear lest we should find ourselves in instead of orange marmalade and cold mullins. Many of us are absorbed in making money, and all of us are oceupled in building up our own country—at least since 1776. We have neither the glories of England's past nor the on the seashore and collecting specimens grandeur of her present, meaning her aristocracy, but I have yet to hear one of our native vulgarians rising at a banquet of English ladies and gentlemena banquet given in his or her honorand offending every right-minded guest at the table and every other Englishman, as dld Lady Somerset in Hoston when she stated, assuming to speak for her own countrymen, that the Eng lish "would not send any more pauser to America if America would promis not to send any more millionaries lik

William Waldorf Astor to England," Exhibiting III Taste. If I, being only a commoner, with my old fashiomed ideas of American courtesy, kindness of heart, and consider ation for another's feelings, could presume to advise so distinguished a rea resentative of English thought and manners as Lady Somerset, I would be hold enough to say, even at the risk of being considered outspoken to a women that it is to my mind quite as incumbent upon her to be a lady as to be a reformer, and that, knowing, as she must, that the object of her attack was at that her open grave in this country th dead body of his wife, the selection of Mr. Astor as a mark of ridicule and contempt reflected neither credit on her incestry or her assumed title. matter of no moment whether Mr. As tain of Lady Somerset's friends or not money who has ever displeased them if he has kept his pockets buttoned against the constant drain of his Eng lish friends it is because he has perhap discovered that, being an American, h is valued by them for his wealth and

The Case of Burns, M. P. But Lady Somerset is not the only of ender against good taste and good manners. Not long ago a distinguished member of the British parliament, after a limited express journey across our continent, with only such knowledge of the people as could come from way stations and labor meetings, and with less than one week's experience in the propriest city of the West, a city full of thoughtful men and good we men, with libraries, art museums, colleges, churches; with charities so great, so wide, and so deep that Lady Somer et's offensive millionaires fed and housed for four winter months over two hundred thousand of the very same down-trodden workingmen that the ery honorable memeter of parliament is so deeply interested in-I say only : ew weeks ago this same Englishman the Hon. Mr. Burns, member of parlis ment; was henotable and courtest mough to state, after enjoying the counteens hospitality, that Chicago van "a pocket edition of hell," and then asked to qualify his remark only mended the statement by altering the phraze to "hell is a pocket edition of Chiengo." Another Unpleasant Instance.

Again, It is but a year or two ago that nother subject of the Queen, justly enowned for his genius, whose name will omit a deference and respect to ais craft, absorbed to the fullest extent very courtesy and kindness which our scople generously offered him, and then requited the attentions that ar str, authors, and every other class of citizens could shower upon him-men and women who loved his books and aleady half loved him-by indulging to running fire of criticism in a London ournal, much more course and brutal than any line he had ever penned, and o far as the facts were gustained, squally good fiction.

I repeat it: Is there not someon who will compile a short, concise form ula to be handed to every Englishman who lands on our shores, with plain simple rules that may be of service t ladies of renown, members of parlia ment, and even authors, beginning with the reminder that they are land ing in a country whose proverbial hospitality amounts almost to religiona hospitality that has led our people without discrimination of race or rank, to entertain every lady and gentleman who steps on these shores. And that despite the fact that in several notable instances mistakes have been made by them in the selections of their guests, nevertheless we Americans are still willing to believe that these guests were not representatives of the great English nation, and that, therefore, in equality, and fraternity. Otherwise

The Weekly Tribune-\$1 a year in a

WROTE BOOK REVIEWS.

Way in Which General Garfield Accumulated a Library

Washington Letter in Chicago Herald. Concerning General Garfield's inordinate love for books a new story is told here. When he first came to Washington his salary was not sufficient to support his family and to even me, Brigadler Gerard, say that I gratify his taste for fiterature, and it have been scaved. And besides my ter- was his large expenditure for new ror at this horrible attack, and the books, in fact, which kept him poor maddening pain of my wound, there and added to his difficulties. In those was a sudden feeling of loathing such days Carlield devoured every new book days Carlield devoured every new book that came from the press, and his tions of a few owners are a sign that the manin in this direction led to an ar- body is in a nealthy state. clutched the creature in both hands rangement between himself and the proprietors of a book store here. At the time publishers were in the habit of sending two copies of all new works to deafers for the purpose of securing reviews in the newspapers, and this firm asked Gardiold if he would not like to have the new lacels furned over to him before the new lacels furned over to him. sending two copies of all new works to for review.

necessary it is to take what you can when you are upon a cantisticu, and t was dashing the blood from my fice much to now the most unlikely things may beto see where he lay that I might trans"He fairly hugged me for joy. Every fix him, when the whole couch turned hight thereafter for three years he would stop at the store on his way from the house and take home with him an before I could recover myself the door armiful of new books. Then he would was burst open and I was drarged by sit up nearly all night, reading these and writing our notices for the hows-papers, bringing us the copy the fiext morning. I can turn to the files of the old negapapers and show you relumes of book notices written by Mr. Gar-

FADS OF THE FAMOUS.

Charlemagne was fond of hunting. Buffon's only amusement was walking. Tamerlane was an expert chees play of Pos found his sole amusement in drink-

Danton was the most noted card player

Confucius, it is said, was passionately

More's Utopia was written as an amusment and to divert his friends. Samuel Richardson wrote his novels while attired in a full-dress suit.

Charlemagne was said to be the bes player of checkers of his century. Dr. Johnson drank immoderate quanti Henry IV of France had the "cat ague, or trembled whenever a cat was in sight Aristotle found amusement in walking

Voltaire was afraid to sleep in the dark, and invariably woke if his caudic wer Queen Anne detested the smell of rose

Descartes had a small garden where h

fles and piercing them through with Queen Elizabeth was very profane, an n angry would kiek and cuff he

William the Conqueror was Immedtely devoted to dog-fighting and bear

Matthew Arnold's dogs, cut and canabird are mentioned dozens of times in h

Airs. Radeliffe ate raw pork before go ng to work on a particularly theillin chapter. Mirabean loved dogs, and had a famous pet. Chico, to which he was much

attached: Mary Stuart had a tap-dog that followed her to the scaffold, and soon afted of grief. George III was passionately fond o

ways be calmed by the sound of an organ Dunlel Webster was extremely foul oven, and all those on his farm knew his by sight, and would follow him like dog The brave Marshal d'Abbeet could no ndure the sight of a pig, and was subject a fainting fit if he looked steadily a

Cardinal Richellen hated children an loved cats; when he died his favorite Ar form pet refused to eat, and soon per

Louis XVI in his early life learned th trade of a locksmith, and during his in prisonment amused himself by making

Scott was fond of riding, and by day light would be out with his herse an Most of his work was done before the same pen, and when she lost it she be wailed her misfortune as almost too har

Petaylus, the author of "Dogmata Theoelf by twirling his chair for five or ter

Whenever Whittier had an inspiration he would go to a corner of his room an-kneel down while he reduced his thought.

Spinoza's favorite ammement was t et spiders to fighting, and he would faun! immoderately at beholding their ferocion

According to Macauley, the favority to smoke, slp Swedish beer and shoe John Milton loved to play on the orga-

He made his second wire sing, and the had some voice, but not the slighte Louis Napoleon was fond of mim

warfare, and would often have forts cor tructed in his garden to illustrate some therical point. Henry III of France was so fond of

panicle that he went about in public wit litter of pupples in a basket suspend: from his neek Napoleon's favorite amusement was b duiging in intrigues, which, he said, re-taxed a man's mind when tired with as

rious business. Octavius Augustus had a mortal dreaof thunder, and whenever a storm came or he retired to an underground vault bulk

or protection. Seneca, when tirod writing his treatises on morals, found amusement in going over his accounts and calculating how much

nterest was due him. Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so well as his monkey. He shed tears when the ape died, and painted a portrait f his pet from memory.

Philip, the Duke of Burgundy, sper ruch time in contriving trapdoors in his ouse and grounds to souse unwar; trangers in water beneath.

Julius Caesar was ashamed of his bal ead, and when it became shirty he con stantly wore a laurel wreath in the hoof concealing the deformity,



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Variations in the Body's Weight. A physician points out that several fal-lacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of sev-eral pounds in weight over a given period

may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few persons, says the investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a nutter of fact the weight of the body is continuously changing, owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day after level for the reason will be more than a breakfast a man will lose more than a taird of a pound per hour. Seventy per cant of the body consists of water, and its weight varies constantly. Fluctua-

Little Words and Big. Says Prof. Whitney: "Avoid all poly-syllablent profundity, pompous prolixity



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