THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.

HOW THE KING HELD THE BRIGADIER

By A. Conan Doyle

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Murat was undoubtedly an excellent cavalry officer, but he had too much swagger, which spoils many a good soldier. Lasalle, too, was a very dashing leader, but he ruined himself with wine and folly. Now I, Etienne Gerard, was always totally devoid of swagger, and at the same time I was very abstemious, except, maybe, at the end of a campaign, or when I met an old comrade-in-arms. For these reasons I might, perhaps, had it not been for a certain diffidence, have claimed to be the most valuable officer in my own branch of the service. It is true that I never rose to be more than a chief of brigade, but then, as every one knows, no one had a chance of rising to the top unless he had the good fortune to be with the emperor in his early campaigns. Except Lasalle and Lobau and Drouet, I can hardly remember any one of the generals who had not already made his name before the Egyptian business. Even I, with all my brilliant qualities, could only attain the head of my brigade, and also the special medal of honor, which I received from the emperor himself, and which I keep at home in a leather pouch. But though I never rose higher than this, my qualities were very well known by those who had served with me, and also by the English. After they had captured me in the way which I described to you the other night, they kept a very good guard over me at Oporto, and I promise you that they did not give such a formidable opponent a chance of slipping through their fingers. It was on the 10th of August that I was escorted on board the transport which was to take us to England,

It Was Not a Very Promising Point of Escape.

and behold me before the end of the month in the great prison which had been built for us at Dartmoor! "L'hotel Français, et Pension," we used to call it, for you understand that we were all brave men there, and that we did not lose our spirits because we were in adversity.

It was only those officers who refused to give their parole who were confined at Dartmoor, and most of the prisoners were seamen, or from the ranks. You ask me, perhaps, why it was that I did not give this parole, and so enjoy the same treatment as most of my brother officers. Well, I had two reasons, and both of them were sufficiently strong.

In the first place, I had so much confidence in myself that I was quite convinced that I could escape. In the second, my family, though of good repute, has never been wealthy, and I could not bring myself to take anything from the small income of my mother. On the other hand it would never do for a man like me to be outshone by the bourgeois society of an English country town, or to be without the means of showing courtesies and attentions to those ladies whom I should attract. It was for these reasons that I preferred to be buried in the dreadful prison of Dartmoor. I wish now to tell you of my adventures in England, and of how far Milor Wellington's words were true when he said that his king would hold me.

And first of all I may say that if it were not that I have set off to tell you about what befel myself, I could keep you here until morning with my stories about Dartmoor itself, and about the singular things which occurred there. It was one of the very strangest places in the whole world, for there, in the middle of that great desolate waste, were herded together 7,000 or 8,000 men—warriors, you understand, men of experience and courage. Around there were a double wall, and a ditch, and warders and soldiers, but, my faith! you could not coop men like that up like rabbits in a hutch! They would escape by twos and tens and twenties, and then the cannon would boom, and the search parties run, and we, who were left behind, would laugh and dance and shout "Vive l'Empereur," until the warders would turn their muskets upon us in their passion. And then we would have our little mutinies, too, and up would come the infantry and the guns from Plymouth, and that would set us yelling "Vive l'Empereur" once more, as though we wished them to hear us in Paris. We had lively moments at Dartmoor, and we contrived that those who were about us should be lively also.

You must know that the prisoners there had their own courts of justice, in which they tried their own cases, and inflicted their own punishments. Stealing and quarreling were punished—but most of all treachery. When I came there first there was a man, Meunier, from Rheims, who had given information of some plot of escape. Well, that night, owing to some form or other which had to be gone through, they did not take him out from among the other prisoners, and though he wept and screamed, and groveled upon the ground, they left him there among the comrades whom he had betrayed. That night there was a trial with a whispered accusation and a whispered defense, a gagged prisoner, and a judge whom none could see. In the morning when they came for their man with papers for his release, there was not as much of him left as you could put upon your thumb nail. They were ingenious people, these prisoners, and they had their own way of managing.

We officers, however, lived in a separate wing, and a very singular group of people we were. They had left us our uniforms, so that there was hardly a corps which had served under Victor, or Massena, or Ney, which was not represented there, and some had been there from the time when Junot was beaten at Vimiera. We had chasseurs in their green tunics, and hussars, like myself, and blue-coated dragoons, and white-fronted lancers, and voltigeurs, and grenadiers, and men of the artillery and engineers. But the greater part were naval officers, for the English had had the better of us upon the seas. I could never understand this until I journeyed myself from Oporto to Plymouth, when I lay for seven days upon my back, and could not have stirred had I seen the eagle of the regiment carried before my eyes. It was in perfidious weather like this that Nelson took advantage of us.

I had no sooner got into Dartmoor than I began to plan to get out again, and you can readily believe that with wits sharpened by twelve years of warfare, it was not very long before I saw my way.

You must know, in the first place, that I had a very great advantage in having some knowledge of the English language. I learned it during the months that I spent before Danzig, from Adjutant Obriant, of the Regiment Irlandais, who was sprung from the ancient kings of the country. I was quickly able to speak it with some facility, for I do not take long to master anything to which I set my mind. In three months I could not only express my meaning, but I could use the idioms of the people. It was Obriant who taught me to say "Be jabers," just as we might say "Ma foi;" and also "The curse of Crummle!" which means "Ventre Bleu!" Many a time I have seen the English smile with pleasure when they have heard me speak so much like one of themselves.

We officers were put two in a cell, which was very little to my taste, for my roommate was a tall, silent man named Beaumont, of the Flying Artillery, who had been taken by the English cavalry at Astorga.

It is seldom I meet a man of whom I cannot make a friend, for my disposition and manners are—as you know them. But this fellow had never a smile for my jests, nor an ear for my sorrows, but would sit looking at me with his sullen eyes, until sometimes I thought that his two years of captivity had driven him crazy. Ah, how I longed that old Bouvet, or any of my comrades of the hussars, was there, instead of this mummy of a man. But such as he was I had to make the best of him, and it was very evident that no escape could be made unless he were my partner in it, for what could I possibly do without his observing me? I hinted at it, therefore, and then by degrees I spoke more plainly, until it seemed to me that I had prevailed upon him to share my lot.

I tried the walls, and I tried the floor, and I tried the ceiling, but though I tapped and probed, they all appeared to be very thick and solid. The door was of iron, shutting with a spring lock, and provided with a small grating, through which a warder looked twice in every night. Within there were two beds, two stools, two washstands—nothing more. It was enough for my wants, for when had I had as much during those twelve years spent in camps? But how was I to get out? Night after night I thought of my five hundred hussars, and had dreadful nightmares, in which I fancied that the whole regiment needed shoeing, or that my horses were all bloated with green fodder, or that they were foundered from bogland, or that six squadrons were clubbed in the presence of the emperor. Then I would awake in a cold sweat, and set to work picking and tapping at the walls once more; for I knew very well that there is no difficulty which cannot be overcome by a ready brain and a pair of cunning hands.

There was a single window in our cell, which was too small to admit a child. It was further defended by a thick iron bar in the center. It was not a very promising point of escape, as you will allow, but I became more and more convinced that our efforts must be directed toward it. To make matters worse, it only led out into the exercise yard, which was surrounded by two high walls. Still, as I said to my sullen comrade, it is time to talk of the Vistula when you are over the Rhine. I got a small piece of iron, therefore, from the fittings of my bed, and I set to work to loosen the plaster at the top and the bottom of the bar. Three hours I would work, and then leap into my bed upon the sound of the warder's step. Then another three hours, and then very often another yet, for I found that Beaumont was so slow and clumsy at it that it was on myself only that I could rely. I pictured to myself my Third of Hussars waiting just outside that window, with kettledrums and standards and leopard-skin shabraques all complete. Then I would work and work like a madman, until the iron was crusted with my blood, as if with rust. And so, night by night, I loosened that stony plaster, and hid it away in the stuffing of my pillow, until the hour came when the iron shook; and then with one good wrench it came off in my hand, and my first step had been made toward freedom.

You will ask me what better off I was, since, as I have said, a child could not have fitted through the opening. I will tell you. I had gained two things—a tool and a weapon. With the one I might loosen the stone which

Then with One Good Wrench It Came Off in My Hand.

flanked the window. With the other I might defend myself when I had scrambled through. So now I turned my attention to that stone, and I picked and picked with the sharpened end of my bar until I had worked out the mortar all round. You understand, of course, that during the day I replaced everything in its position, and that the warder was never permitted to see a speck upon the floor. At the end of three weeks I had separated the stone, and had the rapture of drawing it through, and seeing a hole left with ten stars shining through it, where there had been but four before. All was ready for us now, and I replaced the stone, smearing the edges of it round with a little fat and soot, so as to hide the cracks where the mortar should have been. In three nights the moon would be gone, and that seemed the best time for our attempt.

(To Be Continued.)

GERMS AND SICKNESS.

Microbes the Cause of All Diseases.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER, a Wonderful Discovery.

A Pleasant, Simple, Inexpensive, Infallible Remedy.

There is no reason that people should be sick. Sickness is an unnatural state. The taking of medicine for the cure of disease is as unnatural as it is needless. Strict adherence to nature's laws, and a knowledge of the real cause of disease, will make sickness as rare as it is disagreeable. The germ theory of disease is now well known, and everywhere recognized. People have read and know about it in a general way, but do not thoroughly understand it, and are as yet unwilling to accept it in its entirety.

The indisputable fact remains, however, that all diseases are due to germs and their development. The germs and microbes in the blood are the one and only cause of all diseases. These diseases manifest themselves in different ways in different people, due to a variety of bodily conditions. A person with weak lungs may go through life without having any trouble from them. There will be no difficulty unless, from some cause, a germ or microbe finds its way to the lungs. In that case it will develop and multiply and consumption will ensue. If the weakness were in the digestive organs, instead of in the lungs, the disease would manifest itself in them and would be called Dyspepsia, or Bright's Disease, or Liver Complaint. That is what is meant by the Germ Theory of Disease.

Its correctness can readily be determined by the microscope. Under a microscope, the microbe in the blood can be plainly seen. After continued treatment with Radam's Microbe Killer, the microbes disappear entirely, the blood is clear and healthful, and the disease is cured. There is absolutely no doubt about the efficiency of Radam's Microbe Killer. It was discovered by William Radam eight years ago and has since grown into most universal use, because of its marvelous curative powers. Its record of successes is such that it cannot be ignored. No matter how skeptical any one may be about it, it is the height of folly to dismiss it without a trial.

It is not composed of drugs or acids, and there is not the slightest possibility that it will prove hurtful in any degree to the most delicate organism. It is in truth nothing but distilled water thoroughly impregnated with antiseptic gases. It is pleasant to take, increasing the appetite, and thoroughly purifying the blood and system. If you are sick it will cure you. It makes no difference what the matter is, we are not at all concerned about that. We know that every disease under the sun is caused by the existence of microbes in the blood, and we are quite positive that Radam's Microbe Killer will completely and effectually eradicate these microbes.

You may doubt this statement if you wish to, but if you are sick and want to get well, you are doing yourself a great injustice if you do not make a trial of this most wonderful remedy. A 50-page book containing full information, also testimonials of cures, mailed free on application to The Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., 7 Laight St., New York City, or Matthews Bros., Scranton, Pa.

BISHOP FALLOWS' SALON.

It Is a Place Where No Alcoholic Drinks Are Sold—A Non-Alcoholic Beer the Chief Beverage—Called a Success So Far.

From the New York Sun.

The home salon movement started by Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, is the development of one of the fundamental ideas underlying the People's Institute, of which he is the founder and president. The People's Institute, which is now housed in a beautiful new structure of a value estimated as $100,000, and containing the second largest audience room in Chicago, stands for education, recreation, philanthropy, religion and reform.

Bishop Fallows is deeply interested in the temperance question. He once made a careful study of the coffee house system so wildly prevailing in England and believed that, with proper modification, it could be made to meet the requirements of American society. He recognized the fact that the American saloon is one of the most powerful factors in American social life. Light, warmth or coolness, comfort, sociability, refreshment, were some of the attractions it presented. The bar, with its bright mirror and glitter of sparkling glasses, was a specially pleasing feature. Music, too, lent its charm. He said, through the pulpit and the press: "Simply eliminate the alcohol from the saloon and you can change it into a potent factor for good. We must recognize the needs of thousands of men which the saloon meets. The hotel will not take its place; neither will the restaurant; neither will the business building. Neither are they the places where men as men can congregate and have fellowship with each other. The saloon is the poor man's or the average man's club room. For a small sum he can have large privileges. It is the homeless man's home, is the place where the friendless man can find friends, or pretended friends. It is the place where he can meet his fellows on terms of equity. He can play games; he can read newspapers; he can write letters. We propose to abolish the saloon. We declaim eloquently against its evils. What have we done? What are we doing to supply its place? Make an effort in some way or other to establish places which shall have all the good without the evil in the saloon system."

Genesis of the Home Salon.

Thus he came to make the venture of the "Home Salon." He preferred the name "salon" as being less objectionable than the word "saloon," and he proposed to emphasize the fact that the evil of the saloon was dropped with the elimination of the extra letter. A saloon which was formerly kept by a noted character in the heart of the city was rented; its elaborate fixtures bought, its barrels emptied and cleansed, its walls papered and painted and decorated, and the transformation completed. Although in a basement, it has become a great place of resort. On its opening days it was thronged by thousands. A steady patronage of all sorts and conditions of men seems to have been secured. For 10 cents a substantial luncheon or meal, with a hot or cold drink, may be secured. The "barkeeper" is a highly recommended member of the Methodist Episcopal church and of the Epworth league. The manager is a Presbyterian. Judges, lawyers, clergymen, professors, politicians, former frequenters of saloons, business men, clerks and honorable women descend the marble steps day after day. Bishop Fallows disclaimed at the outset the idea of charity in the enterprise. He said:

"I believe as a business venture it will be successful. If the coffee houses in England can pay a 10 per cent. and sometimes a 14 per cent. dividend, home salons, properly managed, can do as well with us. I will make the experiment, and, if it succeeds, will turn the whole thing over to a company of business men, who can manage it both in the interests of reform and to their financial advantage."

Enterprise Is Successful.

The enterprise is proving thus far to be a successful business venture, and a company named the Home Salon company has just been organized with a capital stock of $25,000. Connected with the home salon has been the already famous temperance drink known as "Bishops' Beer," "Bishops' Beverage," or "Bishops' Beerette." This is made, the bishop says, of the best hops and malt, brewed without fermentation by a well-known chemist according to a process he has found out by careful experimenting. This beverage, which is wholesome and of tonic effect, is a veritable beer without the alcohol.

Since the announcement of the opening of the home salon, and the beverage which forms the chief feature among its drinks, letters have poured in upon Bishop Fallows from every part of the country asking for information and requesting samples of the "beer," or "beerette." New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, cities in California, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Vermont, Maine, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, and other states are among the applicants. In some of these cities home salons have been already started. In the course of a week or two ample facilities will be furnished for supplying the beverage.

Humorous descriptions have been written of the bishop standing behind the bar and the counter dispensing drinks and refreshments. Newspaper writers must have their jokes, and as Bishop Fallows said recently before the Sunset club, of Chicago, "This is a form of mild martyrdom which I must cheerfully bear." One of the rumors now in the air is that Bishop Fallows intends to make a co-operative enterprise of the home salon system in Chicago by which thirsty and hungry thousands may be taken care of at the lowest possible rates.

The Metals of the Sun.

The metals which have been proved by astronomical science to exist in the sun are iron, sodium, nickel, copper, zinc and marium.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The estimated population of the world on Jan. 1, 1895, was 1,500,000,000.

The microscope shows that the human body is covered with scales, each scale covering 500 pores.

Figures by experts in vital statistics prove that not less than 4,847,500,000 human beings die on our globe each century.

Only six persons out of each 1,000 born live to be 75 years old, and only one out of the same number reaches the century mark.

Huxley's tables show that the human body is made up of thirteen different elements, of which five are gases and eight solids.

The latest anthropological statistics prove that in America the daily, monthly and yearly number of births exceed the deaths in the ratio of 3 to 1.

Vital statistics prove that, taking the world over, there are 109 women to every 100 men. Out of every nine sudden deaths reported, eight of the number are men.

Taking the world over, there is an average of one death and one and one-fourth births per second. Only one-half of all who are born into the world live to the age of 17 years.

The population of London is now 5,948,300, about a million and a half more than the whole of Scotland and a million more than Ireland. It is increasing at the rate of 105,000 a year.

Scales are now made to such a nicety that you can weigh a pencil mark, or the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. A signature of nine letters weighs the fifteen-thousand-five-hundredth part of an ounce troy.

MRS. HALE RESPONSIBLE.

She Wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb" in 1829.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the famous editor, cook and patriot, to whom we owe our national Thanksgiving Day, wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb." She wrote the poem in 1829. Dr. Lowell Mason composed the music, and the poem was published by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, of Boston, in 1830. There was no real "Mary." Mrs. Hale had a pet lamb when a child which followed her to school, and she used the incident in the famous poem.

A few years ago it was said that Mary Tyler, of Summerville, Mass., was the Mary of the poem, which was written in 1817 by John Rollstone, but Mrs. Hale proved her claim to the authorship.

First Mention of Stockings.

Stockings are first mentioned in literature as being already worn in Italy about the year 1100. They are alluded to as a great invention, and far superior to the former practice of wrapping the feet in cloth bandages.

The Largest Plow.

The largest plow in the world is one now lying unused in California. It was made fifteen years ago by a ranch foreman, and was suspended between two eight-foot wheels. As it required eighty oxen to operate it, it was voted a failure.

False Scent.

From the Detroit Tribune.

"Jinkins, I believe you have some of the elements of success about you."

"Not a dollar, old man. Honor bright. You'd be welcome to it if I had."

High Price for Land.

Land in New York city has been sold at a price equal to $8,000,000 an acre. The highest in London at $5,000,000 an acre.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene're a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all the meaner cares

Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And speed as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkened walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone, and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

The lady with the lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily and the spear—
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

—Longfellow.

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MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED

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PROMPT, ENERGETIC, CONSERVATIVE and LIBERAL.
This bank invites the patronage of business men and firms generally.

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MINING, BLASTING AND SPORTING
POWDER
Manufactured at the Wapwallopen Mills, Luzerne county, Pa., and at Wilmington, Delaware,
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CURES BAD BLOOD.
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CURES BAD BLOOD.
Purifies The BLOOD,
I have been suffering ten years with Erysipelas. Have taken doctors' medicines and patent medicines of most all kinds, but none seemed to do me any good. I finally made up my mind to try Burdock Blood Bitters. Have used four bottles of B. B. B., and think myself entirely cured.
MRS. N. J. MCCATLY,
Service, Beaver Co., Pa.

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REMOVED.
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The Acknowledged Expert in Horseshoeing and Dentistry, is Now Permanently Located on West Lackawanna Ave., Near the Bridge.

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Special contracts will be made for the sale and delivery of Buckwheat Coal.
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The doctor is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, formerly demonstrator of physiology and surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia. His specialties are Chronic, Nervous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood diseases.
DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM
The symptoms of which are dizziness, lack of confidence, sexual weakness in men and women, ball rising in throat, spots floating before the eyes, loss of memory, unable to concentrate the mind on one subject, easily startled when suddenly spoken to, and dull distressed mind, which unfits them for performing the actual duties of life, making happiness impossible, distressing the action of the heart, causing flush of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, melancholy, tire easy of company, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, lack of energy, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thought, depression, constipation, weakness of the limbs, etc. Those so affected should consult us immediately and be restored to perfect health.
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If you have been given up by your physician call upon the doctor and be examined. He cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Scrofula, Old Sores, Catarrh, Piles, Female Weakness, Affections of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Asthma, Deafness, Tumors, Cancers and Cripples of every description.
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Enclose five 2-cent stamps for symptom blanks and my book called "New Life."
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Made a Well Man of Me.
THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY
produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address
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Cures positively, quickly, (not merely checks,) Guaranteed or money refunded. Avoid dangerous remedies. Price 50 cents per bottle. Six Bottles (will cure severest case) sent prepaid, secure from observation, with only scientifically made syringe, to any address for $3.00.
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This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other brands.
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