

### WHEN THE REGIMENT COMES BACK.

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles were new.

When the Regiment went marching down the street

All the men were hale and strong as they proudly moved along

Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.

Oh the music of their feet keeping time to drums that beat,

Oh the glitter and the splendor of the sight:

As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue,

The Regiment went marching to the fight.

When the Regiment came back all the guns and swords were black.

And the uniforms had faded into gray,

And the faces of the men who marched through that street again

Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way.

For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt or gray—

Oh the sorrow and the anguish of the sight.

Oh the weary lagging feet out of step with drums that beat,

When the Regiment came marching from the fight.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

### MADAME JAMBE.

You smile at her name, finding it absurd, perhaps? Do not, however, be in too great a hurry to turn it into ridicule, for she who bore it was a brave woman, and worthy of all respect.

You must know that Mme. Jambe—Mother Jambe, the soldiers called her—was for many years cantiniere in a regiment of the line, and in this capacity she was a sort of good angel to the troops. Officers and soldiers alike all respected her.

She married, when about thirty years of age, the quartermaster-general of the regiment. His time was nearly up, but he remained with the colors in order to help his wife to keep the canteen.

The little house was a prosperous one, for Mme. Jambe had more than one string to her bow, and well understood how to employ her spare time profitably. She had learned the art of science, perhaps, it should be called) of hair-dressing, and on the occasion of any fete was in great request with the officers' wives. The thrifty woman was thus able to lay by a very considerable sum of money, which by no means lessened her popularity in the regiment.

After a year of married life ason was born, and Mme. Jambe and her husband agreed that as soon as he should attain the proper age, he, too, should be a soldier. At the age of sixteen he passed into the ranks, and being smart and intelligent, he seemed to have a bright future before him.

But the husband and father died suddenly in 1869. It was a terrible shock to poor Mme. Jambe, and she would hardly have survived it were it not for the thought of her son, and the hope that he would be a comfort to her in her declining years. Sorrow aged her more than her rough life had done, and she left the service and settled in a little cottage left her by her parents in the village of Clusy, near Pontarlier.

A year later war broke out, and this was another sorrow for her to bear. She was a patriot, was Mme. Jambe, but she was a mother also.

During that terrible winter of 1870-71, she hardly slept for three consecutive hours in the twenty-four. Always on the alert for news, she chafed sorely at the snow, which almost cut off her little village from the outer world, and made communication a matter of great difficulty.

She passed whole weeks in ignorance of the progress of the war, of her son's whereabouts, and then, little by little, she heard of the defeats, and at last learned that her son, a sergeant now, had been attached to the army of the east, which was then being formed under the command of General Bourbaki.

From this time and in all weathers she might be seen each day trudging the weary, snow-covered miles which lay between Clusy and Pontarlier, or else climbing to Fort de Joux, overlooking the Swiss frontier. She sought news, but news, unhappily, was scarce and contradictory.

Suddenly, toward the end of January, the rumor spread that the army of the east was approaching, having failed to relieve Belfort. For nearly a week Mme. Jambe kept a strict watch day and night, scanning eagerly the road by which she hoped to see the French arrive.

They were signalled at last, but the Germans were signalled, too, from the opposite direction, and it seemed evident that the armies would encounter one another in the immediate neighborhood.

And now I will let Mme. Jambe take up the story, for what followed I had from her own lips a few months after the events described took place:

"One morning at dawn I heard a noise at the door of the cottage, and then the sound of breaking glass. I rose hastily and ran down to the entrance. I gave a cry, my boy was there, and behind him stood three of his comrades, but in what a state! Haggard, hollow-cheeked, their uniforms in rags, their boots almost in pieces, blue and shivering with cold!"

"Mother, you must hide us," he said. "The general has entrusted me with a message to the commandant of the fort, but the Prussians have seen us and are in pursuit. They must not find us."

"Give me your order," I cried, "I will take it while you hide here; no one will suspect a woman—"

"I had no time to finish, we heard a discharge of musketry and a neighbor rushed in crying:

"The Prussians! The Prussians are here!"

"I pushed my son and his friends into a storeroom, at the farther end of which, under some hay, was the door leading into the cellar where I kept my little stock of wine and cider.

"The Prussians entered in through the open door; I saw others in the road. There must have been about one hundred of them altogether. A young officer was in command.

"He came up to me and said, brutally—

"Is it you who are Mme. Jambe?"

"Yes, I am she," I answered him.

"Your son has just entered this house."

"My son! He is far away from here, always supposing that he is still alive."

"He is here; I am sure of it. Come, now, where is he?"

"You must seek him, then."

"He made a sign, and I was surrounded and prevented from moving my position. The soldiers ransacked the house, I asked myself meanwhile who could be the coward who had betrayed my son.

"At last the brutes found him—him and his friends, and I saw them dragged out covered with the hay in which they had attempted to conceal themselves. And my son! How brave and handsome he looked with his flashing eyes. Yes! he was my own flesh and blood, and I felt proud of him. They were rigorously searched for the message they were supposed to bear, but as it was a verbal one they could find nothing.

"The officer stamped about the room, mad with rage. Glancing at the prisoners, he said:

"Is your son amongst them?"

"He is not; and if he were I would not confess it."

"He drew his sword on me, and then we were all dragged out into the roadway, the officer shouting:

"Where is the man who gave us the information?"

"One of his companions has just killed him," a Prussian sergeant replied, pointing to a corpse which I had not seen, hidden as it was behind a bush.

"The traitor was a franc-tireur, who, to save his own life, had given up my son to the enemy. His punishment had not been long delayed.

"The murderer will be shot!" cried the officer; then, looking fiercely at a group of villagers who were covering under his men's bayonets, he continued:

"Some one among you knows the man Jambe; point him out to me, or I will order my men to fire on you."

"Ah! they were brave, my neighbors, they made no reply.

"Then we will soon find out." He gave an order in a low voice. His men pinned me with my back against a wall, and placed rifles in the hands of my son and his comrades.

"And the officer said:

"On the word of command you will fire and kill that woman. If you disobey it will be your turn next."

"A cry of horror ran through the crowd, followed by a dead silence. I—well, I offered my soul to the bon Dieu, telling myself that I must try to show how a French woman could die if need be, and I waited, watching my son.

"But he did not seem to see me. His eyes were turned to his comrades. They seemed to be making signs to one another.

"Present!" and they obeyed, covering me with their rifles.

"Fire!" They turned suddenly to the right about. An explosion followed, and four Prussians, the officer among the number, fell. And above the roar of the discharge I heard my boy's voice clearly:

"Fire! Yes, but on you, you coward!"

"A general volley on the part of the Prussians followed, and I fell with a bullet in my shoulder. Before I lost consciousness, however, I saw that my son was still unhurt.

"I learned afterward that, just at this moment, the cannon of the Fort de Joux began to play. The commandant had caught the reflection of the sunlight from the Prussian's helmets, and, concluding—none too soon—that something untoward was taking place, had sent a few shells into the crowd and rapidly dispersed the enemy."

Mme. Jambe died a few years after the events, which I have related as nearly as I can in her own words, took place. Her story was recalled to my mind the other day on hearing that the son of this brave woman had just been promoted to the command of his regiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

**The Porto Rico Marketman.**

The marketman in Porto Rico is the small landholder. No Porto Rican possessing any considerable amount of money would invest it in agricultural products other than sugar cane, tobacco or coffee. Owing to this, beans, corn, etc., which could be raised in quantities large enough to supply the whole country and leave a surplus for export, are imported from Spain and from this country. He also devotes himself to several small industries, such as the making of charcoal, hammocks, whips, earthenware, canes and especially straw hats, some of them of fine quality.

The market places in Porto Rico are owned by the municipality. They are generally in the large squares, the centre of the market being without a roof and divided into small spaces, in which canvas tents are erected daily by the merchants.

These spaces are rented, or, rather, a tax is collected on them, each day, from the country people who use them, and who, in many towns, are not permitted to sell their wares in any other place. The houses surrounding the market place are rented by the year and they are usually occupied by grocers, butchers, etc.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### ENGLAND WOULD WIN.

France No Match for Her, According to Naval Authorities.

The naval authorities of the United States do not expect war between England and France, but if it does come it is their opinion that the result would be similar to that between the United States and Spain. While France has the larger army, the fighting will be done at sea, where England is superior not only to France but to any other nation. She has twice as many battleships of the first-class as France, three times as many of the second class and five times as many of the third class.

Great Britain has 21 first-class armored cruisers, while France has only 4; she has 22 first-class protected cruisers, while France has 5, and 48 second-class protected cruisers, while France has 18. Great Britain has 11 second-class cruisers and France has 6. She has 31 third-class protected cruisers and France has 17. Of the third-class, partly protected, Great Britain has 23 and France none. Of the sloop class she has 18 and France 15. France, however, has 18 third-class cruisers, with no corresponding rating in the British service. In the line of coast defense, non-seagoing ironclads, Great Britain has 11 and France 12. Of the heavily armored gunboats Great Britain has 49 and France 12.

Great Britain has 33 torpedo gunboats and France 15. She has 95 torpedo-boat destroyers, while France has 8. She has 61 torpedo boats of class 1; France has 50. Of class 2 she has 30 and France 169; of the third-class she has 104 and France 45.

A general summarization shows the following: Great Britain has 88 line vessels, 153 cruisers, 60 coast-defense and 313 torpedo craft. France has 60 line, 74 cruisers, 24 coast-defense and 288 torpedo craft.

Great Britain's armored cruisers are the finest afloat. They were no better than the New York when she was launched six years ago, but have been greatly improved since, both in their number and effectiveness. The most formidable battleships in the world also belong to Great Britain, although they are not much superior to the Iowa, the Illinois, the Kearsarge, the Oregon and others of our navy. The most powerful ship in the English navy is a battleship 400 feet in length, 75 feet beam, 26 feet 9 inches draught, 18 knots speed, coal capacity for 2200 tons and displacement of 14,600 tons. Its armament consists of four twelve-inch wire-wound guns, twelve six-inch, sixteen four-inch and a number of machine and rapid-fire guns. The most powerful ships in the French navy are the St. Louis and Charlemagne, each having a displacement of 11,260 tons and a speed of seventeen knots. Their armament is not up to several of the battleships of our navy.

**The Curious Sea-Squirt.**

The sea-squirt has such a curious organization and passes through so strange a series of changes in its development that it and its allies have long been regarded with more than usual interest by naturalists. For the sea-squirt is a living example of degeneracy of structural degradation so complete that until recently it was universally supposed to be a mollusk. Its shape is roughly cylindrical, its color a dingy gray, and it lives attached by its base to a rock on the seashore. At its free end there is a hole, commonly surrounded by eight small lobes, and a little less than half way down the side of the body is another opening, with six encircling lobes. The upper aperture is the mouth, and it leads to the digestive tube, which consists of a spacious pharynx immediately following the mouth, a gullet, a stomach and an intestine. Completely surrounding the digestive tube, except along one line, where the pharynx is fused with the body wall, is a chamber called the atrium. The atrium opens to the exterior at the lower of the two external apertures, which is hence called the atrial opening. If the Ascidian are carefully watched under natural conditions, a current of water will be seen to continually enter the mouth and leave by the atrial opening. If it be touched the creature will suddenly send out a stream of water from each opening, and its common name is derived from this habit of squirting when irritated.—A. E. Stenhouse, in Knowledge.

**Torpedo Boats Are Dangerous Things.**

We have learned that the torpedo-boat service has been the most dangerous afloat. More men have lost their lives on torpedo-boats than on all the other naval ships put together. We know that this service tries the men, in nerves and muscles, more than any other, while young officers have had the responsibility of independent commands. So this service has done more than all others to improve the personnel of the navy. And it is not unlikely that the most helpful part of the experience of the battleship crews was that had when they faced the black mouth of Santiago harbor watching for an enemy that had not the nerve to come.—John R. Spears, in Scribner's.

**An Ancient Bargee.**

Montagne, in the Orne, rejoices in the possession of a female bargee, or bateliere, who is one hundred and two years old. This ancient person has spent nearly all her life on the water. She is in full possession of her faculties, is able to take a hand at the helm, and, as physiologists would say, her organism has still the power of repairing substance wasted in functional activity. The old waterwoman has two sons in the same business as herself. One is seventy-two and the other seventy-six.—London Telegraph.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LATEST DESIGNS FOR WINTER COSTUMES

**NEW YORK CITY (Special).**—There never has been a season when so many different styles were in fashion, particularly for cloth gowns, according to Harper's Bazar. It would almost seem impossible for a woman to be unfashionably dressed, provided the sleeves of her gown are small, and the skirt has no particular fullness except at the back. Velvet and cloth are combined in many of the new gowns with very satisfactory results. A

at the top to round yoke depth with the plaid. A standing collar of plaid completes the neck. The Bertha is interlined with light-weight canvas and finished at the lower edge before it is applied around the yoke outline. A belt of velvet finishes the waist, over which the front pouches slightly, and three decorative buttons are set at evenly spaced distances on the box pleat. The closely fitting sleeves of plaid have a gathered puff of the plain goods gracefully disposed at the top, the wrists being completed with bands of velvets and frills of ribbon.

The skirt shows the very popular graduated circular flounce, a favorite with girls as well as with their mammas. The skirt is somewhat of circular shape and may either reach to the lower edge or terminate at the top of flounce. The front and sides fit smoothly, gathers causing a pretty fullness in centre back. The skirt is sewed at the lower edge of waist and held easy at the front and sides; it closes with the waist in centre back.

Possibilities for remodeling dresses that have been "grown away from" are suggested by the mode; the dress may also be all of one material in silk or wool and trimmed with velvet, gimp, insertion, braid or ribbon, plain, ruffled or frilled.

Fine tucking or all-over lace may be used for yoke, or the dress may have a low, round neck and short puff sleeves to wear with or without various styles or guimpes.

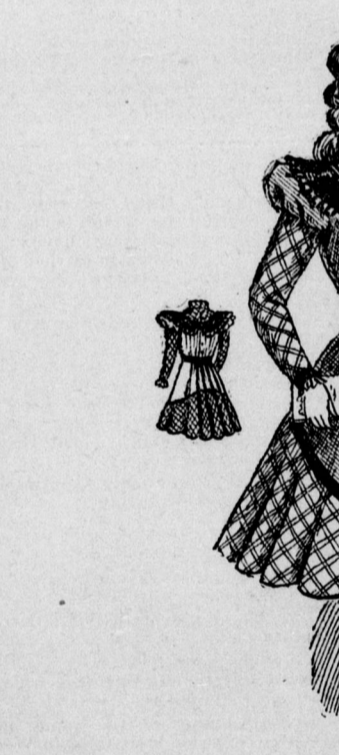
To make this costume for a young girl will require three and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

**Styles in Hairdressing.**

It will not be the fault of the Paris hairdressers if finger puffs are not worn this winter. One of the models they show has the hair arranged a la Pompadour over the forehead, with three small finger puffs above the ears. The hair will be dressed high, as it has been, which gives another chance for the use of the finger puffs.

**Plain Skirts Favored.**

Already the reaction has set in for favor of plain skirts. Some of the most eminent fashion designers and autocrats have emphatically declared



LADIES' AFTERNOON TOILETTE.

favorite combination of color is the light wood-color with dark brown, and a very charming gown of wood-colored cloth, the cloth with a satin finish, is quite odd in design, and is trimmed with deep brown velvet. The cloth is in an over-skirt or polonaise, while the under part of the skirt and the upper part of the waist and sleeves are of velvet. There are four rows of narrow velvet ribbon outlining the cloth. There is apparently no way of getting either in or out of this costume, but the gown is fastened at

the left side with invisible hooks and eyes. The sleeves are small, with a cuff of the velvet at the wrist, and are cut so as to give the effect of a very long shoulder seam.

A smart cloth gown that is simple in design is made of blue Venetian cloth. The skirt is cut with a circular flounce effect, fitting very closely over the hips. The flounce is not scant, as is generally the case, but, on the contrary, is exaggeratedly full. It is made in clusters of pleats at equal distances apart, and the pleats are only fastened a short distance, leaving the flounce to flare out above the foot. The waist has three rows of tucks put on to give the effect of pleats below a plain square yoke of the deepest blue velvet that is finished with a stock-collar and side tabs. The sleeves are very nearly tight-fitting, but have some fullness at the top, with rows of tucks across the fullness. There is no finish at the wrists and the sleeve is very long. The belt is of fancy metal.

**A Favorite With Girls.**

The pretty combination of plaid and plain dark blue serge, shown in the large engraving, is attractively decorated with rich ruby velvet, a coloring shown in the plaid. A narrow frill or satin ribbon matches the velvet edges of the graceful Bertha that flare apart in front and back. The stylish waist has a full front that is gathered top and bottom on each side of a centre box pleat. The backs are gathered in like manner, and close in centre with buttons and buttonholes. The front and backs are arranged

comfortably fitted lining lined

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**Tender Flesh.**

The more tender the flesh, the blacker the bruise. The sooner you use St. Jacobs Oil, the quicker will be the cure of any bruise, and any bruise will disappear promptly under the treatment of the great remedy.

France has 1007 women to every 1000 men.

**Beauty Is Blood Clean.**

No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The growth of the best-sugar interest in the United States has been remarkable.

**Coughs Lead to Consumption.**

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

The maximum temperature of the gulf stream is eighty-six degrees.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WAGER & TRAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

America has more than half of the total railway mileage of the world.

**Five Cents.**

Everybody knows that Dobbin's Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 35 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. Ad.

In fifteen years Russia has sent 624,000 persons to Siberia.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The first large iron bridge was built in 1777.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds. Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

Every ninth person in France is a trained soldier.

**Catarrh Cured**

**Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Health Is Good.**

"I was troubled for a long time with catarrh and a bad feeling in my head. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me a world of good. My sufferings from catarrh are over and my health is good."

Mrs. A. A. Libby, Pownal, Maine.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

**Hood's Pills** cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

**Shoes as Detectives.**

Twenty years ago American shoes were unknown in Germany. Within the past eighteen months the amount of imports has increased rapidly. The many improvements in American machinery and the careful attention paid by American manufacturers to style and finish have placed American shoes in the front rank. The demand for American shoes in Germany has not been created through the efforts of manufacturers, but through Consuls and resident Americans. Many Germans are now ordering shoes from American retail houses and have them sent over by freight. "An American," says the Consul at Leipzig, "can always be distinguished in an European crowd by his shoes."

**Would Make a Glorious Exhibit.**

The King of Barotsland is a tremendous swell. He dresses in a long blue dressing-gown trimmed with red braid, trousers and shirt. On his head he wears a scarlet nightcap.

**"I DO MY OWN WORK."**

So Says Mrs. Mary Rochette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop."

"I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs continued."

"After a time I was taken with a flooding, that I was obliged to keep my bed. Finally, in despair, I gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been greatly benefited by its use."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has indeed been a friend to me. I am now able to do my own work. I thank you for your wonderful medicine. I was as near death I believe as I could be, so weak that my pulse scarcely beat, and my heart had almost given out. I could not have stood it one week more. I am sure, I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine."

"I shall use my influence with any one suffering as I did, to have them use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Every woman that is puzzled about her condition should secure the synthetic advice of a woman who understands. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her your ills.

of the moment has passed by. Therefore, the out-in-two skirt is always short lived; indeed, it has scarcely attained the prominence with which it has been accredited.

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