

Charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

It was a quarter past seven when the first column of the Guard moved forward to the attack. The veterans of Wagram and Austerlitz were there; no force on earth seemed capable of resisting them; they had decided almost every former battle. The sun was low in the heavens when this formidable body began to ascend the slope. The shadow of the mass before its level rays augmented its awful impression. The huge caps of the grenadiers seemed a dark forest, slowly rolling on like "Birnam wood to Dunsinane;" and though it occasionally rocked under the terrible fire of the English artillery, yet the shock was quickly recovered. The ranks closed as gaps were made; and through the smoke and fire of the tirailleurs, the sable plumes of the grenadiers were seen unceasingly approaching. The British felt that the decisive moment had arrived; their honor, their country, was at stake; a few paces more, and Europe was enslaved. The French was inspired with the utmost confidence.

The impulse of this mass column was at first irresistible. The guns on the sides, especially those of Bolton's battery, tore its flank without checking its advance. The lofty bearskins of the grenadiers, as they crowned the summit of the ridge amidst the smoke, gave them the appearance of giants.

The British soldiers were lying down in a ditch three feet deep behind the rough road which there goes along the summit of the ridge. "Up, Guards, and at them!" cried the duke, who repaired to the spot, and the whole, springing up, moved forward a few paces, and poured in a volley so close and well directed, that nearly the whole first two ranks of the imperial Guard fell at once. A rapid and well-sustained fusillade ensued; Adam's artillerymen, who worked their guns with extraordinary rapidity, firing grape and canister within fifty paces of their flank, at length staggered the column, which gave ground, and began to recoil down the slope.

The second column of the Guard now advanced to the attack, in all four thousand strong. Without taking their muskets from their shoulders, the men, preceded by a crowd of tirailleurs, marched unshrinkingly, and with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" into the cross-fire of the English batteries. Adam's guns opened on them a fire so terrible that the head of the body, constantly pushed on by the mass in rear, for long seemed never to advance, but melted away as it came into the scene of carnage. With dauntless intrepidity, however, the Guard advanced through the storm; and at length, the huge body reached the top of the hill. The British in silence threw a terrible volley, on receiving which the two front ranks of the Imperial Guard went down like grass before the scythe. Wellington at this decisive instant ordered Adam's brigade to advance against the Guard and Hougomont, and Vandeleur to follow him. The effect of this attack at once in front and in flank was decisive; Napoleon in his official account ascribed to it the loss of the battle. The broken remnants, closely pursued by Adam at the point of the bayonet, were hurled back and all rallying was rendered impossible.

From morning till night on this eventful day, the British squares had stood, enduring every loss and repelling every attack with unparalled fortitude. But the instant of victory had now arrived; the last hour of Napoleon's empire had struck. At the very moment that the last column of the Middle Guard was recoiling in disorder down the hill, Wellington beheld Blucher's standards in the wood beyond Ohain. He instantly ordered a general advance in the formation in which they stood, and himself, with his hat in his hand raised high in the air, rode to the front and waved on the troops. The last rays of the sun glanced on 40,000 men, who, with a shout which caused the very earth to shake, streamed over the summit of the hill: a long red continuous line along the ground marked where they had stood at the commencement of the fight. At the same time, Bulow's and Zieten's corps of Prussians, of whom 36,000 had already come up, emerged entirely from the wood, and advanced with a swift step and in the finest order. A hundred guns, arranged in the form of an amphitheater on the skirts of the wood, opened a tremendous fire over their heads, and the balls soon began to fall in the midst of the French army, on the chaussee of La Belle Alliance.

Seven times the wearied French, ready to drop down, tried to form bivouacs; seven times they were roused by the dreadful sound of the Prussian trumpet, and obliged to continue their flight without intermission. At Genappe some resistance was attempted. But the town was taken amid loud cheers, and with it Napoleon's traveling carriage, private papers, hat and sword. The torrent—horse, foot, and artillery, all intermingled—continued to de file over the bridge at Charleroi during the whole day; but scarcely 40,000 passed the Sambre, and they carried with them only 27 guns.

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Cold Baths Discussed.

The English girl takes her bath in cold water. The American girl, on the other hand, takes hers in very hot water, quite as hot as can be borne, and she remains in it until she is thoroughly heated through. Often it is a long process, and the bath leaves her very tired.

The matter of the cold plunge daily is subject to much debate. But if the woman who wants to experiment will draw the water over night and let it stand until morning she will find that it is much more agreeable. It will be just about the right warmth—namely, the climate of the room. This will not shock the system.

The English girl declares that her wonderful skin is due to the vigorous rubbing after the bath, a rubbing so severe that it acts almost as a massage, and she will tell you how she has been cured of rheumatism and many a minor ail in that manner. She will describe the roughness of the towels and will tell you that the American woman makes her skin soft and her body tender by taking hot baths.

Yet, while the English girl tells one that her beauty is due to her cold water bathing and her exercise, she will add that it is also due to the fact that she eats the right kind of food. The English girl eats bread and butter, the latter of the best kind, and the former made in a thoroughly hygienic manner.

She has meat only once a day and her breakfast is mostly porridge of some kind, hominy, oatmeal, mush, or some sort of breakfast food. She does not taste the great variety of food set before children of this country. Even the grown-ups do not eat much more except on state occasions.—Chicago 'Journal.'

Edison's Early Inventive Genius.

The qualities of imagination and persistence to which Mr. Thomas A. Edison attributes his success as an inventor, began to develop in him in early boyhood. A story of his own telling is the best evidence of the truth of the assertion:

"I used to be a railroad newsboy on the run from Huron to Cleveland," said Mr. Edison. "I got very much interested in electricity from hanging around the telegraph offices, where my chum and I learned how to 'send' and 'take.' We had a lot of fun with it in the spare time we had when we were off the run, which wasn't enough, however, to suit me. I wanted to stay up late at nights making experiments with the batteries and instruments, but my father had the old-fashioned notion about 'early to bed and early to rise,' and insisted that I go to bed at nine o'clock. When I would come in evenings with a bunch of the day's newspapers that I hadn't sold, my father would start in to read them and at nine o'clock I had to go to bed, while he sat up till eleven reading the news. I couldn't see any reason why I should go to bed before he did, but I couldn't convince him, so I saw that some strategy was necessary if I were to be allowed to stay up late.

"I had an idea how I could fix it, and my chum and I carried it out. He lived in the house nearest ours, a short hundred yards away, with an apple orchard between. We got a wire clothes-line and strung it on the apple trees from my bedroom to his, and I made batteries out of some Mason fruit-jars to supply the current. We connected the line up to the instruments and the plot was ready.

"The night after everything was in shape I didn't bring any papers home: my chum took them all to his house. When I got in my father wanted a paper. 'Dick's got 'em all,' I said. That took him back a bit; but I didn't let on until about bedtime, and then I made a suggestion. 'Dick and I have a telegraph

line working between our rooms now. Maybe I could call him up and get the news by wire.' Well, I did, and it worked all right. I called up Dick and he sat at the other end of the line with a paper in front of him, sending the news, while I took it on slips of paper, handing them over to my father to read as fast as each item was finished. There I sat till after eleven o'clock, feeding my father the news in broken doses, and getting a lot of fun and telegraph practice out of it. This went on every night for some time, until my father was quite persuaded that I could stay up late without serious harm, and then I began bringing papers home again and put my extra time allowance on my experiments.

Children's Fun At Home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

A Hatter's Confession.

A Scotch hatter made some curious statements as to the varying sizes of hats.

The largest hats are asked for by military men who have served abroad; but the largest hat he ever sold was to the Archbishop of York, who wears an eight and three-quarters size.

The smallest hats sold are in Birmingham. However, the hatter was careful to say that Mr. Chamberlain wears a seven and one-eighth, or a full quarter less than Mr. Gladstone, whose head was the most difficult he ever had to fit.

Edinburgh men invariably require a seven or seven and a quarter; while in Glasgow a six and seven-eighths is usually sufficient.

Scotchmen require longer hats than Englishmen. The longheadedness of the Scot is thus a physical fact. Southampton runs Birmingham close for the smallest heads; and Whitechapel, he says supplies the worst shaped heads on earth.—London 'Leader.'

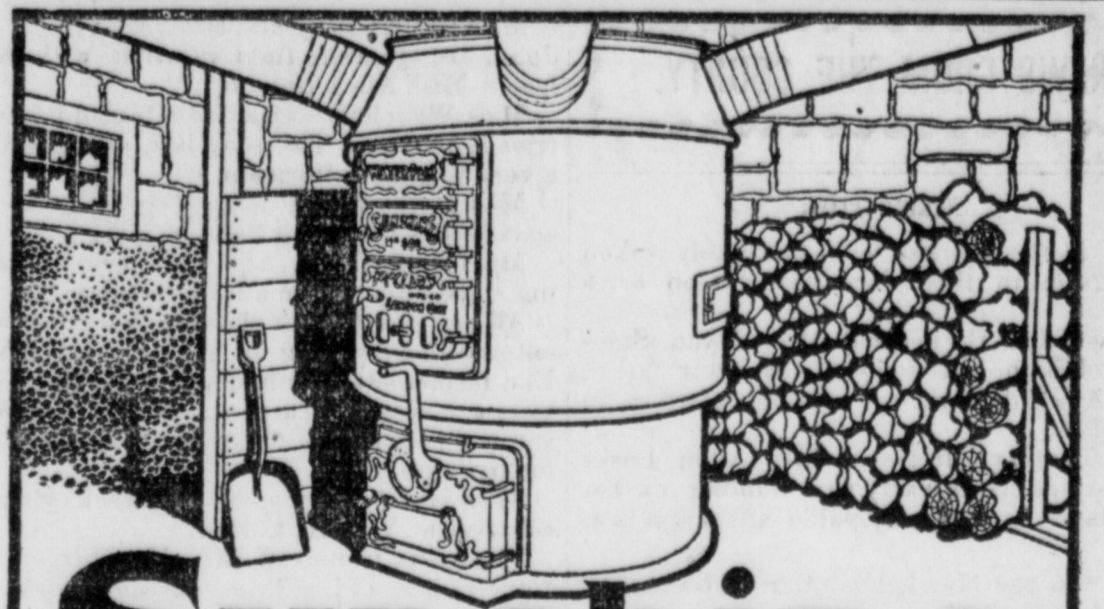
A squad of raw recruits were being drilled by an irritable drill sergeant. The command "Double!" was given, and all the men obeyed with the exception of one, who remained standing still and gazing vacantly around. "Why, man, you don't seem to know anything about doubling," roared the irate sergeant. A gleam of comprehension passed over the face of the recruit as he replied: "No, sorr; I'm a Cork man."

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