PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1898,

****** **His Word** of Honor.

He was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but they were going to shoot him nevertheless.

The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, taken redhanded, with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement.

Struck by his youthful appearance. and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the tatal verdict, should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment, and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade.

Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face-the pale tace of a Parisian child-showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch all that was passing around him as though they held no concern for him. He heard the sinister report of the fusilade which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great 'Atterwards,' which was soon to become the 'Present' to him also. Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, care-less childhood—he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of his relations and their sorrow when they heard of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow-countrymen; and, perhaps, he wondered why such things were.

At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk, who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the he d of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of tood was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

'Victor Oury.' ·Age ?' Sixteen on the 15th of Jul, next.' 'Where does you mother live ?' 'At Belleville.' What made you leave her to follow the Commune P

'The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat ! Then the neighbours and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was atraid of them, and wept and prayed me to obey them.

'You have no father then ?' 'He was killed.'

'And where ?'

"At Bourget, fighting for his country." The commandant turned toward his staff as though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and

'Well, then! it is understood ' the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. 'You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. C'est bien. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. It you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart, and care more for life than honor. Allons! Quick march!'

'I thank you, mon commandant. At eight I will be here.'

'You are sure ?' 'Certain.'

'We shall see when the time comes.'

The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, and the latter repelled him gently.

'No, not now,' he said. 'This evening, if you return, I, will embrace you-in front of the firing party,' he added, grimly. 'Off with you !'

Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for, like everyone else, she believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mothers room, but the woman stopped him.

'Go very quietly,' she said, in a low voice; 'she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is better low. The doctor said yesterday that if to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain she could sleep she would soon get strongdone. bien! thing! she will be glad to see you, tor she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you she was praying the Bon Dieu to preserve you and to restore peace in the land. Helas ! one would say He had abandoned us, the Bon Dieu, and let men do just as they liked. It is awful !' But Victor, impatient, thought he heard his name called in a faint voice. He moved on tip-toe toward his mother's bed. He had not been deceived-the sick woman's eves were opened wide. .Victor ! my boy !' she cried, in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily. And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. Now, in his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing. The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him. 'Why do you distres yourself so, my child, my best-beloved ?' she asked. 'You shall never leave me again. We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go to work again, and you will grow up and marry some good girl. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely; completely, dear.' Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright tuture only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry teurs is to let them flow freely. Shy kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child. Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himselt into selt control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother. yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully. The sight restored his energies. A kind

Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once. Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, and gazed at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come, not seeing a soul he met nor daring to look behind him.

'What ! so soon ?' the commandant cried astonished. He had hoped, like the good hearted man he was, that the boy would not return.

But I had promised !' Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry ? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer, and still have keep your word.'

'Poor mother! After a scene of tears, which seemed to take all my couragetears of joy for her, of despair for me-she tell asleep so calmly, so happily. that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back ?

'So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. Mon commandant, I have one more thing to ask- to finish quickly.' The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

'You are quite resigned, then death does not frighten you ?' he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture. 'And if I pardoned you ?'

'You would save my mother,s life, too, and I would revere you as a second father.' 'Allons ! you are a plucky lad, and you | him, and then, wheeling round, charged. have not deserved to suffer as you have | Wedderburn fired, failed to stop him, turn-You shall go. Embrace me first- ed to run, and fell. Before the smoke your mother, and love her always.' As he spoke the few last words, the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him away gently. 'It really would have been a pity,' he said, half-apologetically, to his staff, as he turned toward them. Victor did not run-he flaw home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dear-ly liked to have covered her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her. Suddenly she sat up, crying; 'Mercy ! Victor ! My child ! Oh! Mercy !- Ah ! you are here it is really you ?' she added, wak-Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive subs, which Victor could not calm.



ing to whistle !' But under the rough manners of the students there was a genuine goodness of heart. Doctor Whewell's wife died; he had been tenderly devoted to her, and when he attended chapel after her death the undergraduates were touched by an 'old man's anguish and a strong man's tears.' When next he entered the Senate House,' writes Dean Farrar, 'There was a dead silence. For the first time for I know not how many years not a whistle was heard ; and then, a moment atterward, as by spontaneous impulse, the whole crowded mass of undergraduates in the gallery burst into a loud and long continued cheer. It was not astonishing that such a proof of sympathy should move the heart of the great master or that the tears should run down his cheeks. I do not think that he was ever whistled at sgain.'

must shape your mouth as if you were go-

One day when he had gone with others of St. Denis a Prussian bullet broke his er; but she must not be awakened. Poor shoulder, and afterwards, driven partly by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, tear and fear only had led him into and kept him in the ranks; he had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty, he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

Toe things he had seen and suffered during the last few months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world-bis mother whom he ioved so dearly, who had always been so inexpressibly good to him; but he comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come too-she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

'Kiss me again, dear-again,' she had said, 'for I feel that I may never see you more.

'Ah,' he thought, sadly, 'if they would only trust him-would give him only one hour of liberty-how he would run to her and then come back and give himself up to the hands that hungered for his lite. He would give his word, and he would keep it. Why not ^p Save his mother --and she, too, was dying-he had no one to regret. To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful-then he could face death bravely."

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

'Now my fine fellow, ycu and I have a score to settle ; you know what awaits you ? 'Yes mon commandant, I am ready.'

'Really? So ready as all that ?You are not afriad ot death ?

'Less than of lite. I have seen so much the last six months-such awful thingsdeath seems better than such a life.'

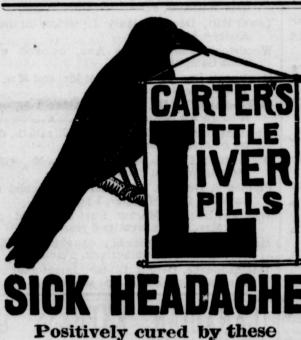
'I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice, It I said : 'Put your best foot formost and show me how soon you can be out of sight,' you wou'd soon be off, I'll warrant.'

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'Try me, non commandant, try me ! Put me to proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter ? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

'Oh! da! you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment ? You will hardly get me to swallow that, my boy !'

'Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. It, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her once more, for the last time. Mon command ant, do for me what yon would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty, and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is hite itself worth a promise broken ?' While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging viciously at his moustache and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved. 'My word,' he murmued. This urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table !' He stopped abruptly in front of his pris-oner and asked, in a severe tone, 'Your name ?'



Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue

'Oh ! my boy ! my boy !' she moaned, 'I dreamt they were going to shoot you !"

Prepared for Accidents.

It is always well to be prepared for accidents, for we don't know when they will happen. Everyone should keep "Quickcure" at hand. In cases of burns, scalds, cuts, tooth sche or any pain, it gives instant relief, and cures more quickly than any other preparation onthe market.

PLUCKY BUT FOOLHARDY.

An English Officer who Was not as Cautious As he Should Have Been.

A hunter of wild beasts must be plucky, and he must also be prudent. He may possess coolness, nerve and quickness, and know how to handle his rifle; but if he is foolhardy, there will some day be an 'accident.' In his 'Reminiscences of India,' Colonel Pollok tells how one of the best shots in the country, and a very 'lucky' hunter, met his death by his toolish rashness. Wedderburn was an English officer who had floored elephants and tigers right and left. One day, news having been brought him by the jungle people that there was a rogue elephant in the neighborhood, he took the field, accompanied by Oochs, a Lative hunter, noted as the slaver of many elephants, and by a dogboy famous for his steadiness.

He soon came across the rogue, a huge, tuskless elephant, and floored it; it got up on its feet, and again Wedderburn knocked it down. The beast would not die, and a running fight ensued, which was kept up ill all the hunter's ammunition was expended except the charge in one barrel of his rifle. The dog-boy had been sent back for more ammunition, but had not re-

The elephant, though weak, was very

angry, and evidently had made up its mind

the elephant means fighting.'

Now go, and go quickly. Join cleared away his body was a shape less

The next day the beast was found dead.

For Ten Cents.

Have you ever tried to estimate the satstaction, pleasure and financial returns that you get when you spend ten cents for a package of Diamond Dyes ? The advantages and profits are strikingly wonderful. Faded and dingy looking dresses, blouses, capes, knitted shawls, hose, lace curtains, and pieces of drapery are all restored to their original value and usefulness. The truth is, they are made as good as new and the cost is only ten cents.

This work is done every day by thousands with the Diamond Dyes. Beware of imitations that some dealers offer for the sake of big profits.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q., for a valuable book of directions and sample color card; sent post free to any address.

A Mother's Kisses.

A recent traveller to Spain writing in Blackwood's Magazine, describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers, marching through the streets; all day gaily bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana. The twilight had begun to deepen when the correspondent saw 'a startling and pretty sight'-the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling gray, with a knapsack strapped over his shoulders. All the rest of the men had friends, their noviss, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he was carrying a desolate heart cverseas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, 'My son has already gone, to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G ; take this kiss to him.' She leaned and kissed his cheek. An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile 'And may I not take one for myself, senora?' The lady reddened, laughed a little

nervously, and bent and kissed him again,

Too Literal.

In front of a down town store, not more than a thonsand miles from Bunker Hill Monument, stood a pyramid of valises of the peculiar type commonly known as 'telescopes.' The one at the bottom of the pile was very large, and the one at the top ather small.

Surmounting the structure was a card bearing this inscripton :

FROM 22 CENTS UP.

This attracted the attention of a citizen who was passing. He stepped inside and said to one of the salesmen.

'I wint that largest telescope out there. Here's your twenty-two cents.

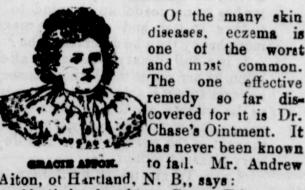
'That large one will cost you two dollars,' eplied the salesman.

"Which one is twenty-two cents ?" 'The top one.'

'Then why don't you make your sign read, 'From 22 Cents Down ?'' retorted the other, putting the money back in his pocket and walking out with a look of disgust on his face.

IT STRIKES HOME!

Chase's Olntment Cures All Skin Irritations.



'My little daughter, Grace Ella, aged three and a half. was a dreadful snfferer

Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Dose. Small Pill. **Small Price.**

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

to the francic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braced urned. and happy.

Why They Cheered.

to beat off its foe, or to die fighting. Retiring to an open space, the animal stood College, Cambridge, was a great but un at bay. Wedderburn proposed to Oocha popular man. Whenever he entered the to accompany him into the glade, but that Senate House, it was the ill-mannered experienced hunter said, 'Sahib, I have practice of the under graduates to begin a never known any elephant take so many loud and continuous whistle. bullets. He is a shaitan (a devil). We are 'How th's originated I do not know,' in bad luck to-day. Leave him alone; he writes Dean Farrar in his recent book, has no tusks, and besides, he is sure to 'Men I have Known.' 'There were two die. You have but one barrel loaded ; my legends about it : one was, that it intimated rifle is empty; there is not a tree near, and that the master would have to whistle for a

from eczama for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctore, but all without effect.' Her's was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our Doctor Whewell, Master of Trinity local drugg'st, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, ollege, Cambridge, was a great but un recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so, and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved eur child.' Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective

for piles, salt rheum and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., Manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

There is nothing to equal Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for severe colds and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents.