

The Perils of a Correspondent.

In speaking about the element of danger in the life of an active newspaper correspondent, I had a great deal to say about war-reporting. The mere fact that a reporter takes the greatest chances with his life when in the company of soldiers might easily lead to the thought that soldiering is more dangerous than reporting. It does not begin to be so dangerous. There is an English war-artist who has experienced more than two dozen campaigns, and therefore has seen more of war than any military officer or private in Christendom. Pryor and Villiers among the artists, Knight and Williams among the writers, are all many times more used than any soldier to the roar of cannon, the flash of rifle fire, the crash of opposing forces, and the sight of the dead and wounded on the battlefield. Since it has come into fashion for the correspondents to ride out with reconnoitering parties, to take part in small skirmishes, and to get as close to, or as deep into, the main battles as they can, the life of the correspondent has become extra precarious. In one of the great London dailies the other day I read this comment upon the life of a British soldier:

"Mr. Wyndham appears not to have seen any active service, but that is true of most soldiers; and the private who gets as much as six months' campaigning during his years in the army is fortunate indeed. Nearly the whole of every soldier's time is simply spent in routine—washing, dressing, cleaning, bed-making, drills, guard and meals. It is a necessary and highly improving routine, but apart from the sentiment of the thing, here is almost as much romance and excitement in a housemaid's life."

Since every word of this is true, how startlingly it presents the contrast between the deadly, dull, mechanical routine of the average European soldier and the almost meteoric, continuously hazardous, ever-straining career of a great reporter of today!

When I told of the unlooked-for number of Englishmen who are forever clamoring to be sent to report whatever war either goes on or is merely threatened, I did not mean by inference, to leave my own countrymen in any less advantageous light—it glorifies a man. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out there were more candidates for the spurs of fighting correspondents than ever were seen or heard of in the world before. Those who were chosen and who went to the front or to the various camps numbered hundreds and doubly as many were disappointed. I recommend every prospective journalist to read the account of Mr. Frederick Remington of his experiences in the campaign before Santiago de Cuba if he wants to know the reverse side of the picture which allures so many men. The article appeared in Harper's Magazine for November, 1898. The reality of campaigning in a hostile climate, without the rudest comforts or the necessities of life, is set forth with naked candor. It was such a change from the excitement of marching behind a band, amid the plaudits of the multitude, in streets festooned with bunting, that many a man who had no lack of valor was none the less sick of his experience.

Adventures With Sharpshooters and Southerners.

A good story about two well known correspondents has drifted from Santiago into my note book—a mere phrase, by the way for I keep no diary. When the two first met in that war they were within range of the Spanish sharpshooters, but this they did not know. Both were stout men—noble and easy targets for the enemy, especially as the yellow road on which they met threw their dark form into the boldest relief.

"Why, Hello!" said one.

"Hello, —," the other replied.

"Where are you going?" the first to speak now asked.

Crack! Crack! two shots rang out. Ping! Ping! sang two bullets as they spat the road.

And the brave correspondents—what of them? Each one, by a common impulse, flung himself face down upon the road and rolled off its edge into a deep ditch of mud and water.

"Killed them both!" the sharpshooters must have said joyously to one another, for that was how the extraordinary conduct of the two men must have explained itself.

A companion story to that—and a better one—was told me by Frederic Villiers when we were on our way to Japan in 1894. He was talking of his experience in one of the early Soudan campaigns, and

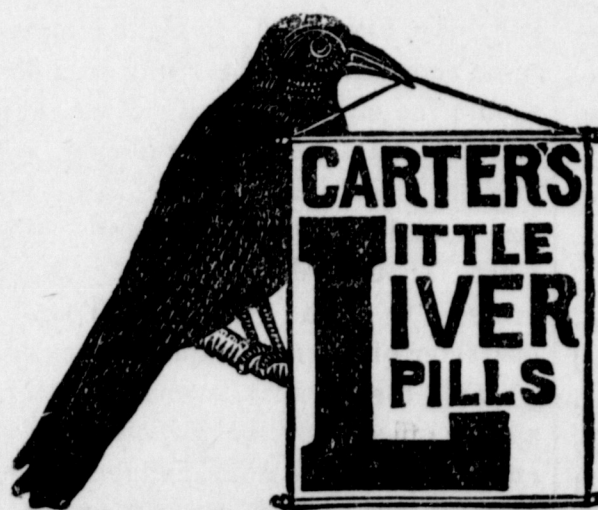
he said that on the morning in question he was taking an Englishman's constitutional though on horseback, on the desert. Suddenly he saw two mounted natives circling like eagles about to swoop down upon their prey, in the distance. It was he who was their intended prey. When they thought themselves close enough they began to fire their guns at him. He hesitated for a moment, then turned his horse's head toward them, jabbed in his spurs, and rode furiously at them. His only weapon was an empty pistol, but he brandished that ferociously, and raced like a madman straight for them. It was now their turn to hesitate, but after a moment they caught the reverse of the contagion of his courage and fled like frightened rabbits.

However, the truth is that most persons exaggerate the dangers of war to a correspondent. Sometimes they are unavoidably great and numerous to every person engaged in the farthest confines of the field of battle, but more often the greatest dangers are those which the correspondents make for themselves—especially now that they fancy themselves called upon to jeopardize their usefulness to the public and to strain the conditions laid down for non-combatants—on which, alone, they are admitted to an army.

Narrow Escapes From Unexpected Dangers.

My own experiences in war have been too slight for me to class myself with the brave fellows who follow it for a livelihood, and yet my calling has had its own frequent excitements in many and varied fields. The moral I have drawn from my own experience is that the greatest dangers always show themselves where they are least expected. The only man who ever tried to shoot me was a companion at a dinner table. He was a Southerner—a South Carolinian—and was incensed at my singing—but no; this would not be extraordinary: anyone might reasonably show displeasure at that. On the contrary, he was angry, not at my singing, but at what I sang. It was the national air of his country and mine, but he said that unless I sang the 'Flag that bears a Single Star' he would kill me when he had counted three. I felt myself as good as dead, for I did not know either the words or the tune which he demanded. He leveled his pistol, counted one, counted two, was about to say three—when the man who sat nearest to him disabled him with a blow and saved my life.

At another time when Frederic Remington and I were on a deer-hunting trip in West Virginia we fancied that we had a Pullman car to ourselves, and sat cozily together in the smoking room, enjoying the mountain scenery. Like an apparition, but of what Shakespeare calls 'too, too solid flesh,' there appeared between us a raving, frothing maniac, wild-eyed, excited and stalwart. He began by asking Mr. Remington if he thought he was crazy, and with regret I record the fact that my friend said he had never seen a man more evidently sane.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these 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, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. 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.

"Of course," the maniac replied, "I'm sane as can be, but I'll kill my wife before they get me back in the asylum again. That's all I want. I'm going for her now, and I intend to cut her into mince-meat because it was she who had me put away. I've just escaped from the asylum this morning, you see."

We agreed with all of his opinions and approved of all his murderous projects until we came to the first station, which happened to be the one at which we were to alight. Then we left him to hunt up the porter in charge of the car. And all that day we shook the West Virginia woods with laughter as we thought of the porter alone in that coach with the madman, frightened out of his five senses, and perhaps locked up in his little linen closet.

Close Calls on Land and Sea and Glacier.

It is the unexpected that always happens, and he who misses death in a dozen wars may find it in a brick that topples from a chimney when, at his home, he fancies himself most safe. There can be nothing more prosaic in the way of extended travel in these days than a trip on a Cunarder across the Atlantic, and yet, less than a year ago, when I stepped out of the door of the smoking-room aboard the Etruria to see the appearance of the weather before turning in, a wave which swept the deck like lightning caught me and carried me away. First it wrestled with my knees while I held on to the knob of a door. Then it seized my waist and threw me straight out at right angles to the door, to which I still clung. Finally it wrenched me loose and carried me away. Fortunately, the water lowered in depth as it ran, and therefore it was not able to lift me over the ship's rail. Instead it hurled me against a great iron block in the stern of the ship. My feelings remain the most notable feature of the affair in my recollection, for the taste of death was strong upon me, and I did not mind it—so surely does Nature almost always prepare us with tenderest mercy for even our most shocking endings. This whole occurrence lasted less than sixty seconds, and yet it left me so exhausted that, as I sped along to what I thought was certain death, I lost all fear and care. I realized that I was lost, that I had no strength left with which to make a futile fight for life among mountainous waves in inky darkness, and with a warm, balmy, comfortable feeling of resignation I regarded death kindly; indeed, I would not have put out a hand to save it off. I have a home and wife and children, and I am no callous man about these treasures, yet I never gave them a thought.

I once had a taste of nasty adventure upon a glacier in British Columbia, but the tale of that is not pertinent here because when I had it I was seeking what I got—an experience. But when, at last, I reached the moraine at the side of the glassy monster, my relief on feeling the great rocks beneath my feet was delicious enough to pay for my previous shock twice over. And then—then—in the very triumph of my new-found security I stepped upon a rock of the size of a farm laborer's hut—and it began to roll over under me. It had been delicately poised upon a point of its surface, and my comparatively little weight was sufficient to start it anew upon the destructive course it had begun perhaps before the dawn of human history. I ran to one edge and then to another, and finally I lay down upon the monster, when for my good fortune, it came to another protuberance and rested again. So there was nothing in that adventure after all—though I rank it among the most terrible I ever experienced, simply because it came immediately atop of a wild and exhausting moment of greater danger.

Captain Ahern's Terrible Slide.

But with the knowledge of an adventure of my friend, Captain Ahern, of the United States army, it does not become me to make much of any mere flirtation with danger. Captain Ahern was leading an exploring expedition in Western Montana, and when one night he pitched his camp in the mountains, he walked out upon a glacier that lay on his route to see how he should dispose of his force in crossing it. It was after sundown, and the surface was hard and crusted and rough, so that it was evident that his men, mules and horses could cross as easily as any to follow any trail that led to where they were going. The captain saw below him, down the sloping, icy plane, a great crevasse or fissure, capable of engulfing his entire little band, but so favorable were all the conditions that he was able to walk down to its menacing edge and stare into its darkening, icy depths.

On the next morning he and his men breakfasted and then made ready for the continuance of their march. The captain was the first to step from terra firma to the surface of the great river of ice. Lo! all the conditions of the glacier as he had found it on the previous night were

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills
Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months."

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable."

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better. 'I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.'"

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me."

"I am agent for P. O. Vickiey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize."

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere."

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

changed. The surface was melting, slippery, with a shallow coating of water, and more insecure than polished plate glass. The captain pushed ahead a few feet, and then his boots slipped and he found himself flung face down, and flying along the sloping field of ice. He tried to dig in his toes and to catch himself with his finger-nails, but every effort was futile, and down and down the slippery mass he he sped like fury. From the instant that he began to slide he thought of the crevasse, and all his effort was put forth to save himself from falling into it, for that meant certain and speedy as well as awful death. With the maddest energy he dug in his toes and scraped the ice with his fingers, but he still shot on and down, until—at last some protuberance offered itself and his motion was arrested. He found himself clutching a knob of rough ice with his toes at the edge of the crevasse. After that he had to exercise his wits to direct the ignorant men in his command from cannonading their own bodies down upon him and forcing him as well as their own brave selves into the gaping jaw of the glacier. At last, following his commands, they rescued him. And what do you think was the first thing he did when he was back safe in camp? He called for a looking glass. He says he wanted to see whether his hair had turned white. He saw that it had not, and then—if I remember aright—he fainted!

BEYOND COMPARISON

There is Nothing in the World to Compare in Curative Value With Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets for Dyspepsia.

Vegetable pepsin is the most valuable constituent in the pineapple. Barring the digestive juices of the human system, no other article or product has the power to digest all kinds of food, except vegetable pepsin. One's general health would be amazingly improved if he could eat a pineapple a day, but hardly one person in a thousand could do so because of the trouble and expense of getting them when out of season.

Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets have all the virtues of the ripe fruit—they are largely made up of the precious pineapple acid. They cure dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

A Test For Cigar Smokers.

"I have a customer who thinks he smokes twenty-five cigars a day," said a New Orleans dealer. "As a matter of fact he smokes about three eights of that number. The other five eights represents what he gives away, lays down partly smoked and a generous disregard for 'butts.' However he is firm in the conviction that he smokes more actual tobacco than any other man in New Orleans and a boast on the subject in my store yesterday led to a curious bet."

"He declared to begin with, that he

could smoke three ordinary cigars in half an hour, and a bystander remarked that no man alive can smoke even one cigar continuously, until it was consumed, without taking it from his lips. 'Bosh,' said the twenty-five a day gentleman, 'I do that right along and think nothing of it. I'll bet you a box of perfectos you can't do it right now,' said the other and in half a minute the wager was made. By its terms the cigar was to be consumed in steady, consecutive puffs and not removed from the lips until burned to a mark, one and a half inches from the tip. A clear Havana, Colorado maduro in color, was selected for the test and the smoker took a seat and began.

"He puffed like an engine for about two minutes and accumulated something under half an inch of ash, and then he began to wobble. He shifted the cigar from side to side, pulled slow and fast, and seemed to have difficulty in getting his breath between the draws. At any rate he kept moving his head to avoid the smoke and finally got to coughing. I could see he was in torture, but he stuck to it until he got within half an inch of the mark. Then he jumped up suddenly, threw the cigar away and walked out of the store. I paid the bet and charged it to his account, and he told me last night that the very idea of tobacco made him sick. It is not unlikely that the affair may lose me a good customer."

"I doubt whether it would be possible for anybody to smoke even a moderately strong cigar through in the manner I have described."

Joshua Hay—Hullo thair, Rube! Waal, did y' see Dewey down t' Nu Yorrick? Ruben Smiley—Naw; I missed him, but seen suthin' jes' es god—wuz th' dummond-est lookin' wagun thet kerried th' horses right erlong with it, b'gosh! He'd gum tires an' a rudder. I ast th' faller whair th' horses wuz an' he set, 'Why, under the sette y' Rube.' Called me by name an' I didn't know him f'm Adam, nuther. But thet wagun wuz th' dadburndest thin' I uver ride in.

"It's a great pity," said the convicted burglar to his counsel, "that you couldn't have made that closing speech of yours at the opening of the case."

"I don't see how that would have improved matters," said the advocate.

"It would, though," exclaimed his client; "then the jury would have been asleep when the evidence came on, and I'd have stood some chance."

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s. 1d. and 1s. 5d. Tins, or

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of any Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester