

JEANNE'S BRAVERY.

Felix Labardie had been a French tireur in the great war of 1870, and I liked nothing better in the evening than to sit and listen to his stories of the terrible time when France lay gasping and bleeding.

One evening we had been silently smoking for some time when he said: 'Did I ever tell you, monsieur, how I felt into the hands of the Germans and out again?'

'No,' I thought the Germans shot all the guerillas they caught.

'They let me go free, monsieur,' he said, with a grim laugh. 'It may seem incredible, monsieur, but Jeanne yonder held the life of royalty on her finger tips.'

'I should very much like to hear the story,' I said.

'Certainly, monsieur, and if monsieur thinks what was done was wrong he must excuse a woman in love.'

'After Sedan, monsieur, a meeting was called in our village, and thirty of us rolled ourselves as a company of Franc-tireurs. We felt we could do no more for France as irregulars than serving under incompetent generals. We were well armed and a brave and skillful old veteran commanded us. As the Germans were in force around Metz we marched in that direction, and made our headquarters in the hills behind a village called Pency, about three leagues from the fortress. It was in Pency Jeanne lived, and from the first moment I saw her, monsieur, I said to myself, "It fortune is kind, Felix, that girl shall be your wife." Her father was the miller of Pency, and the accused Uhlans had almost ruined him. They were very bitter against the invaders and my profession made me find favor in her eyes. Before we had been at Pency a month we had plighted our troth, on the understanding that we should not marry until France was rid of the enemy.'

'Small as our band was we made ourselves a terror to the marauding Uhlans, thanks to the generalship of old Montbon. Jeanne was invaluable to us. She was all eyes and ears, and Montbon called her the "head of the intelligence department" of our band. I used to meet her every evening, when it was possible, in a little cave I had discovered, which, having no outlets, was proof against surprise.'

'We staid three months at Pency, and then the place became too hot for us, and we prepared to leave for a village some leagues to the south. I told into the hands of the Bavarians the very evening before we were to leave Pency.'

'Jeanne declares to this day, and I believe rightly, that I was betrayed by a villager, a young fellow named Odeau, who had believed fate had intended Jeanne for his wife, and who was even savage when she refused him. But be that as it may, monsieur, I was seized at dusk that evening as I was on my way to meet Jeanne, and taken so completely by surprise that I had not the least chance of defending myself or trying to escape, and worse than all was taken with the rifle in my hand.'

'You are an assassin,' said the stout little officer in command in barbarous French. 'You shall be shot. Where are your companions?'

'But I protested not to understand. I was afraid of being shot on the spot. There was much of the executioner, and little of the judge in those days, monsieur. 'Much to my relief my arms were bound behind me, and we set out for the hamlet where the Crown Prince Frederick had his headquarters.'

'As fortune would have it, Jeanne met us on the road. Monsieur would suppose that Jeanne is a quiet little woman, but monsieur has not seen her thoroughly aroused. She was roused then, monsieur. She flung herself on me and tried to release me. Then she seized the bayonet of a Bavarian, and if I had not begged her for my sake to be calm she would have fought the whole party single handed. Then she fell to beseeching them, for she could speak German well, but they only laughed at her and drove her off with foul words. My heart was like lead then, monsieur, but I did not know Jeanne.'

'I was taken before the prince's adjutant, who promised me liberty if I would betray my compatriots. But I feigned stupidity, and when he found that I would tell nothing he ordered me to be shot at five the next morning. 'We give you till then,' he said, to find your tongue. You'll be dumb enough after.' And he laughed.'

'I was bound like a log, monsieur, and thrown into a hut and brutally licked. 'My thoughts were not pleasant all this time. I lay thinking of Jeanne, whom I should never see again, picturing that womanlike, she would go home and weep in her helplessness and despair. But I did not know her then. She was working for me with all the energy and wit of a woman Jeanne, Jeanne come here.'

'Come and tell monsieur how you saved me, ma petite.'

A blush overspread Jeanne's features. 'What, that foolish story again?'

'Certainly not foolish,' I interposed, 'I should deem it a kindness if you would oblige me.'

'If monsieur wishes it, and monsieur will allow me, I will get my knitting.'

'Certainly,' I said.

'When I saw him carried off, Jeanne began as soon as she was seated, 'I was in despair, for I knew what his fate would be. There had been a sharp fight a week before, and I knew Jacques Pellot had possessed himself of some German uniforms that he had taken from the dead. So I demanded them from him and threatened him till he produced them. A sous lieutenant's uniform fitted me nicely, and after cutting off my hair and concealing a pistol and dagger in my tunic I hurried away. I

crept along cautiously when I neared the enemy's lines, for my plan was to get through the sentries without being challenged. When I heard the pickets I dropped on the ground and crawled like a snake. And yet I was nearly caught. A German officer was leaning against a tree, and I almost touched him. I lay still without breathing suitably for a long time—how long I cannot say—until he moved away. Then, once inside the lines, I rose up and hastened to the prince's headquarters. I prayed for courage and then walked up to the door. I trembled so that I could hardly speak. Fortunately the officer did not observe my agitation.'

'Take me to his highness instantly,' I said in my best German. Important dispatches.'

'Who from?' he began.

'To his highness instantly,' I said boldly, but my knees shook under me.

'He looked at me closely in the dim light, and I felt ready to faint. Then without a word, he took me to the prince's room. 'Important dispatches,' he said, knocking and showing me in.

'From whom?' asked the prince.

'In private, may it please your highness,' I stammered, but feeling that I would not leave without Felix's life or another for it.

'Retire and leave us, Haupe,' said the prince, and the officer, closing the door behind him, obeyed.

'And now,' said the Prince kindly. 'You look pale and ill, sir. What is your name?'

'The key was in the door, and I turned it swiftly. 'And now,' I said, pulling out my pistol and pointing it full at his face—my hand did not even tremble at that supreme moment—'your highness,' I said rapidly, 'if you call out, you are a dead man.'

'Ah, he was a German, but he was so brave, so brave! He did not even wince, but he looked straight into my eyes and smiled.'

'Ah,' he said lightly, 'a stratagem! Who are you, and what do you want?'

'Monsieur le prince,' I said, 'I am the daughter of the miller of Pency. My sweetheart, Felix Labardie, was taken by your men to night as a Franc-tireur. If he is not already dead, he is condemned. I want his life—or you lose your money.'

'A woman!' he said. 'Well done,' and he smiled, and the pistol almost dropped from my hand with the pity of it till I thought of Felix. 'I know nothing of this, my good woman. No, but stay. Here are some papers Elberfeld has left for me to sign. Ah, here it is. Felix Labardie taken with arms. To be shot at five a.m.'

'He shall not die, your highness, or—I could not threaten him with words, but my pistol was steady.'

'But he is an assassin.'

'No,' I cried, 'he is a soldier, though he does not wear the uniform. Imagine, your highness,' I said, 'if I should have dared so much for a murderer.'

'But he has fought as a Franc-tireur, not as a soldier.'

'What of that? And if he had not fought for France in her hour I would spurn him from me. He must go free, your highness, if you value your life.'

'My life is in the hands of God, mademoiselle,' he said, lifting his eyes to mine. 'Threats do not move me, but you are a brave woman.'

'And then my courage left me, monsieur, and I dropped the pistol and flung myself sobbing at his feet and beseeched and entreated him. And he raised me, monsieur, and made me tell him all the story. Ah, but he was brave and a true gentleman! And when I told him all he said, 'He shall be pardoned,' adding with a smile, 'Such a devoted woman must not go husbandless.' And then I fell to weeping again, monsieur, and kissed his hand and tried to thank him. And he took me to Felix, and he was released. I flung myself on Felix and cut his bonds myself, and we thanked the prince together. We women don't find out if men are worth it till afterward, monsieur, with a sly look at her husband. 'Three days later an orderly came with a bracelet from his highness, and on it was engraved, 'To a brave and devoted Frenchwoman.' See, I wear it still.'

'Ab, monsieur, we wept when that noble prince died, and the great doctor could not save him. We sent a wreath and I presumed to write to the empress. She is a daughter of your queer, monsieur. She sent me a letter written with her own hand. She was worthy of that true and brave gentleman, her husband.'

Just Like a Man.

The country writhed in the throes of a terrible war, and the red lightning of battle played incessantly athwart the skies.

It was with an anxious heart that Mrs. Smith moved about the house making ready for dinner, for her husband was a soldier, and even now was battling a mile or so away.

As she went to the door and looked down the road, Mrs. Smith saw a cloud of dust. Shading her eyes, she looked more intently and soon forms evolved out of the rapid moving chaos.

It was her husband, hotly pursued by a squad of the enemy. He was running for the house like the wind, his pursuers close on his heels.

With a sob Mrs. Smith sank to the floor. 'That's just like John!' she cried; 'bringing a lot of men home to dinner that I never saw before, and not a thing in the house to eat.'

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Conclusive.

An amusing story comes from Japan of a native doctor who had so far assimilated his practice to European methods that an English resident, being ill, sent for him in the absence of the only European doctor in the district.

Our countryman having elaborately described his symptoms, the Jap doctor in his turn made a long and very vague statement, from which it was impossible to gather anything definite.

'But come, doctor,' exclaimed the patient at last, naturally anxious to know the nature of his complaint, 'you have not told me what it is.'

'Ah! you ask what it is?' returned the medico, in what he meant to be his best European manner. 'Well, I tell you, sar—it's five shillings.'

The peculiarity of law is that, when authoritatively contended, it does not mean what it says.

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BORN.

Wolfville, April 18, to the wife of J. J. Ellis, a son.

Lockport, April 6, to Dr. and Mrs. Lockwood, a son.

Falmouth, April 17, to the wife of Lytle Sanford, a son.

Plastfield, April 16, to the wife of John McCara, a son.

Truro, April 19, to the wife of Miller Taylor, a son.

Newcastle, April 12, to the wife of Fred Jenkins, a son.

Windsor, April 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Millen a daughter.

Salem Mass., April 22, to the wife of Geo. T. Brown, a son.

Parsons, April 16, to the wife of Sherman Salter, a son.

Gavelton, April 10, to the wife of Norman Gavel, a daughter.

Ipswich, April 1, to the wife of Fred Langill, a daughter.

Pugwash, April 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Turner, a daughter.

Truro, April 13, to the wife of Frank McGee, a daughter.

Digby, April 20, to the wife of N. W. Hogg, a daughter.

Mont-Denson, April 4, to the wife of Oliver Leves, a daughter.

Diligent River, April 13, to the wife of Edgar Bentley, a son.

Summerfield, April 10, to the wife of Beverly Smith, a son.

Hampton, River, April 7, to the wife of Jas. Davis, a son.

Harmony, April 1, to the wife of Dimock Banks, a son.

Newport Station, April 12, to the wife of Herbert Edwards, a son.

Mt Pleasant, April 18, to the wife of Alfred Handpiker, a son.

Halfway River, April 11, to the wife of Ford Falmouth, a daughter.

Bear River, April 15, to the wife of Capt Geo. Purdy, a daughter.

St. John, April 20, to the wife of Dr. R. I. Robertson, twin daughters.

Pleasant River, Queens, to Rev and Mrs. G. C. Crabbe, a daughter.

North Brookfield, Queens, April 12, to the wife of Saul Crouse, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, April 15, Richard Cann to Annie Suttie.

Somerville, Mass., April 10, John Ellis to Mary E. Crosby.

Windsor, April 12, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Mack Rathbun to Minnie Rose.

St. John, April 20, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Harry Leek to Minnie J. Emery.

St. John, April 19, by Rev. Geo. Steel, Esau W. Thomas to Mary P. Clarke.

Truro, April 19, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, John Fraser to Annie Louche.

Moncton, April 12, by Rev. W. B. Hinson, Arthur Borden to Alice J. Knowl.

Yarmouth, April 12, by Rev. E. D. Millar, Frank Leonard to Carrie M. Porter.

Middleton, Kings Co., by Rev. T. G. Dienstadt, William Kerr to Ida M. Besis.

Kentville, April 18, by Rev. D. N. Nobles, George E. Marsden to Hilja Burgoyne.

Halifax, April 17, by Rev. John McMillan, Amos McLellan to Alice Olive Venner.

Barrington, April 8, by Rev. Chas. H. Heustis, Andrew Doane to Annie L. Perre.

St. John, April 19, by Rev. W. B. Tennant, James E. Arthur to Mrs. Bessie Medcraft.

Bridgeport, April 6, by Rev. F. M. Young, Joseph E. Bates to Mrs. Bessie Medcraft.

Otawa, April 12, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Edward C. Whitman to Alice Gertrude Carey.

Westchester Station, April 12, by Rev. J. Clark, Howard Patton to Ida M. Williams.

Easton, Mass., April 12, by Rev. John W. Hatch, Evans R. Baird to Annie M. Elliott.

Yarmouth, April 11, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Charles W. Smith to Mary A. Thompson.



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Freeport, N. S., April 16, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Chester Thurber to Flora May Pugh.

Yong's Creek, April 19, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Charles E. Cole to Edna May Ellis.

Boston, Mass., April 2, by Rev. A. H. Nazarine, George Owen Weaver to Lydia E. Cook.

Boston, Mass., April 2, by Rev. A. H. Nazarine, Phillip E. C. Bower to Mrs. Sarah A. Bower.

Digby, April 12, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Wm. Edgar Handpiker to Mrs. Elizabeth Hervey.

Petite Riviere, April 13, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Obadiah Austin Conrad to Eva Idella Mason.

DIED.

LaHave, April 5, Ethel Meisner, 2.

Debert, April 15, Jero. J. Fulton, 84.

Shelburne, April 5, Nancy West, 38.

Moncton, wife of Henry Crossman, 33.

Sussex, April 14, Mrs. Wm. Sears, 69.

Halifax, April 16, John Connolly, 67.

Boston, April 14 John C. Moulton 82.

Sussex, April 19, Robert McCully, 84.

Halifax, April 15, Mary Olive Wile, 88.

Queen's Co., April 10, James Irons, 89.

Windsor, March 24, Mrs. Wm. Bell, 62.

Colchester, April 11, Robert Clarke, 66.

Halifax, April 19 Mrs. Wm. Fanning.

Moncton, April 20, Mrs. John Dryden.

Shubenacadie, April 14, James Gass, 79.

Cheverie, April 10, Melvin McLellan, 6.

Yarmouth, April 9, May Muse Felix, 21.

Tuxter, April 8, Mrs. Nathan Weston, 81.

St. John, April 20, Fred E. Maslin Jr., 22.

Amherst, April 18, Mrs. Nancy Joyce, 78.

Scotts Bay, April 10, Nellie B. Tupper, 19.

Bridgeport, April 13, Catharine Bailey 77.

Hampport, April 19, Mrs. M. A. Harris, 89.

Halifax, April 19, Mr. Samuel McCormack.

Halifax, April 18, Mrs. Thos. Thorburn, 78.

Hammond, April 10, Deborah A. Kitts, 76.

Lockport, April 11, Mrs. Josiah Orchard, 74.

Colchester, April 18 James F. Turner, 69.

Queen's Co., April 20, William Hamilton, 72.

St. John, April 13, Captain Edward Glavin.

Acadia Mines, April 18, Mrs. Edward Davis.

St. John, April 20, Mrs. Thomas Cosgrove, 62.

Vancouver, B. C., April 8, Mrs. Amos Schert.

Lower Truro, April 18, Mrs. Lawson Soley, 54.

New Zealand, March 13, Robert G. Fulton, 71.

St. John, April 22, Alfred Abraham Mabey, 53.

Sussex, April 20, Mrs. Robert J. McFarland, 34.

St. John, April 22, Dr. Joseph C. Hatheway, 79.

Chelcie, Mass, April 15, Mrs. John Brander, 94.

North Dakota, March 22, James W. Creighton, 43.

Westworth, April 19, Rattie Florence Dimock, 20.

Port Williams, April 6, Mrs. Amelia Charlton, 85.

Little River, A. Co., April 14, George Tingley, 73.

Halifax, April 15, Olive, infant of Mr. and Mrs. G. Cane, 5 mos.

Norbert, April 17, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Boston, 7 mos.

Yarmouth, April 17, Madge, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Wilson.

Halifax, April 20, Eva Mand, infant daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Hawes, 5 mos.

St. John, April 23, Horace Edward, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John McConnell, 1.

East Boston, April 16, Walter, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bowman, 10 mos.

STEAMERS.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a. m. standard.

Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6:30 a. m. standard for Woodstock. Returning will leave Woodstock alternate days at 7 a. m. standard, while navigation lasts.

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Manager.

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Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Lve. St. John at 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:00 a. m.

Lve. Digby at 1:00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3:45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m.

Lve. Digby 1:00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:35 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:43 a. m.

Lve. Digby 11:50 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:45 p. m.

Lve. Annapolis 7:20 a. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday arr. Digby 8:50 a. m.

Lve. Digby 3:20 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

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Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899 the runs of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00

Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Montreal..... 13.30

Express for Sussex..... 16.40

Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.10