

BATTLEFIELD PANICS.

Odd Events That at Times Demoralize Veterans.

HORRORS INCIDENT TO WAR.

Two Terrifying Episodes That Occurred During the Franco-Prussian Campaign—Madness May Seize Even the Most Hardened Troops.

It is a peculiar circumstance that hardened and trained troops will go through a long fight surrounded by all the horrors that are inseparable from war without flinching and with the utmost apparent calmness and the same men will be struck terrified by a single trifling incident.

Every war of any importance, particularly wars between civilized nations, is prolific in incidents of trivial character in themselves, but so unusual and unnatural that they appeal to the natural instinctive horror of men more suddenly and intensely than perhaps the main terrors of days of carnage. Such an incident is the one, for example, which occurred at the battle of Worth, in the early days of the Franco-Prussian war.

In the heat of the great battle a wing of the Prussian army was charged by the regiments of French cuirassiers in the hope of turning the wing and facilitating the falling back of the French infantry. But the cuirassiers were driven back by the unflinching Prussians. Again the cuirassiers charged, and again they were driven back by the withering fire.

For a third time they came down again, and as the enemy waited for them to draw nearer a horrible, blood freezing terror seized the Prussians, and for the moment it looked as if they would turn and fly or be cut down without defending themselves. But in a moment they had pulled themselves together and beaten back for the third and last time the gallant cuirassiers.

The sight that terrified the Prussians appears nothing very much in black and white. It was a regiment of cuirassiers led at a dashing rate toward them by a headless officer sitting upright in his saddle and apparently encouraging his men. It was no less a person than Fetzum de Lascarre of the Third regiment of cuirassiers, whose head had been carried completely off his shoulders as the troop broke into the third desperate charge by a cannon ball, which also took off another officer's hand and cut the bugler in two.

It is remarkable and singular that at the battle of Forbach, which took place the same day as Worth, a very similar incident occurred and did more to shake the nerves of the Germans than hours of roaring cannon and fighting had done.

While a regiment of Prussian infantry were standing in reserve watching the fight as well as they could from their position of shelter a charger belonging to a French dragoon regiment, one which was practically destroyed in the battle, galloped right into the midst of the men, who rushed to arrest it and immediately fell back in alarm, for swinging to the bridle was the whole left arm of the charger's rider, the fingers of the hand firmly grasping the reins. The arm appeared to have been severed a few inches below the shoulder and was certainly that of an officer, but who the officer was has never been satisfactorily established.

So moved were the hardened men of battle at the horrible sight that no one would touch the horse, and the animal was allowed to gallop off to be killed a few minutes later in crossing before some Prussian guns. Thrilling as the incident was, many of the brave fellows who witnessed it declared that their first, almost irresistible, impulse was to throw down their arms and bolt. Yet it was with the help of just such men that General von Goben routed the French that memorable day in August, 1870.

It is a well known fact that the finest and bravest troops the world can produce have no immunity from that strange and mysterious madness known to military history as "war panic." A heavy war, frequent sanguinary engagements, night marches and surprises sometimes play havoc with soldiers' nervous systems and render them more like high spirited colts than men who have taken the field prepared to suffer immeasurable horrors and take death cheerfully.

During the peninsular war two British regiments, the very pick of the army and seasoned veterans, were marching along in good order when a rumor ran down the lines that the enemy was at hand. The next moment the line of orderly soldiers was changed into an elongated mob of armed men throwing away arms, baggage and all they carried, running away in every direction, blind terror in their hearts, their faces blanched and their ears deaf to the thundered commands of their officers.

For the moment they knew but one sentiment, one emotion, a sudden, passionate, blind terror, and they fled without thinking whether they were running into the arms of the thing they dreaded or not. It was a terror that was madness, and only its madness redeems it from dishonor. If anything were necessary to demonstrate the unnaturalness of the panic it would be done by the grand fact that the moment it became known that the enemy was really at hand the men instantly fell in and showed the utmost eagerness to attack.

Such war panics are mysteries. Even the most experienced military officer cannot satisfactorily explain them.

A GHOST STORY.

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a specter horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the specter horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

THE CRITICS.

These Observers Were Wholly Personal in Their Judgments.

"The critical faculty is rare," said an editor and critic at a Philadelphia art club. "It must be impersonal. But most of us incline to be wholly personal in our criticism. The fact was brought home to me at one of the exhibitions at the Academy of Fine Arts. "Passing from picture to picture, I overheard many criticisms. Thus a lady in a rich gown said:

"What a superb portrait of a young girl! It should certainly win the Carnegie prize. It is easy to see that the gown was made by Paquin."

"A fat, red nosed man in a fur lined overcoat halted before a picture entitled 'The Luncheon.'

"This still life," he exclaimed, "is the most admirable I have ever seen. Terrapin, canvasback, champagne, lobster, even Perigord pie—ah, what a genius."

"In this historical painting," I heard an antiquary say, "the costumes are accurate in every detail. The painter is a second Raphael."

"That horse there," said a young polo player, "is exactly like my Podasokus. It's the best picture in the exhibition."

"An athlete uttered a cry of delight before a daub called 'The Gladiator.'

"What shoulders! What arms!" he said. "I bet anything the jury gives this painting the highest award."

"And half the throng, departing, said: "The picture in the last room is the best. No, we didn't see it—couldn't get to it, in fact—but it draws far and away the biggest crowd."

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

The Silent Winners.

Examine our list of presidential candidates and see how few of them made stump speeches. George Washington made none. Thomas Jefferson made none. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, James Monroe made none.

Neither did Andrew Jackson, nor Martin Van Buren, nor General Harrison, nor James K. Polk, nor Franklin Pierce, nor James Buchanan—Jeffersonian.

A Fortunate Man.

One day a young matron to the market place did go, where she bought an oyster plant, then set it out to grow. Said she, "Next winter we'll have oysters, fresh oysters every day, and what a saving it will be, with not a cent to pay. Oh, but hubby should be thankful it was his lot in life to get such a saving woman for his own little wife." —Chicago News.

An Eye Opener.

"Eight o'clock," exclaimed a guest at a hotel, yawning, "and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely open my eyes!" "Shall I bring your bill, sir?" inquired a waiter.

WHEN FOOD WAS SCARCE.

Prices That Ruled in Paris During the Siege of 1870.

The following interesting statement of the prices that were paid for food during the siege of 1870 is taken verbatim out of the journal of a French officer stationed in Paris at the time:

"Toward the middle of October we had to make up our mind to sacrifice the animals of the zoological garden. The elephants and many other beasts were bought by M. Debus, the owner of the English meat shop in Av. Friedland. The meat of the elephants was sold from \$10 to \$12 a kilogram (two pounds), the trunk commanding the highest price, \$10 a kilogram. The trunk and feet were both declared delicious by all gourmands. In the same shop a pair of young wolves were sold for \$2.50 per pound. The meat was soft and without taste. The biggest price was paid for a young live lamb that had been swiped by a 'franc-tireur' from the enemy. One hundred dollars was paid for it.

"Here is an exact price list of some victuals toward the end of the siege: Two pounds of horseflesh..... \$5.00 One ham..... 15.00 A whole calf..... 5.00 A rabbit..... 10.00 One turkey..... 30.00 One egg..... 1.00 A rat..... .50 A pigson..... .50 One pound of butter..... 5.00 A pound of beans..... 1.50 A peck of carrots..... 2.00 One cabbage head..... 3.00 One stick of celery..... .50 Wood to burn (100 pounds)..... 2.00

"Even the rich had to live on the meagerest diet and to take into their menu things that till then only the trapper in the virgin forests was supposed to eat. I leave it to you to imagine what kind of meals were served in the small restaurants and boarding houses.

"Moreover, everybody had to submit to the strictest orders. People stood in line before the butcher and baker shops to wait for their turns. Each household was furnished with a card from the municipality authorizing the bearer to buy a certain amount of meat and bread. The cook, the housewife, the young girl, the little child (men never go shopping in France), were posted for hours before the shops in rain and snow, with wet feet, shivering with cold. The unfortunate ones endured without a murmur these hardships. Women throughout the time of the siege were setting an example of courage and self abnegation not always followed by men.

"It was a sad and touching spectacle, these long files of women, nearly all dressed in black, grouped before the doors of the dealers, watched by the national guard, with whom they at first were laughing and chatting, till the sufferings from the cold had silenced the laugh and sometimes brought forth the tears.

"But in spite of all precautions the stores one by one were exhausted, the provisions, put in too late before the siege, were used up, and, while the babies, deprived of milk, died in great numbers or, fed on sweet wine and bread, pined slowly away, the big people tried to find new resources to prolong their lives."

Generous Mrs. Crews.

A gambling story is told of Charles James Fox that rather reflects on his honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crews, a noted beauty of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this lady at play and, being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crews often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to him.

Risky Revenge.

Gaganini, the wonderful violinist, had a narrow escape at Ferrara from a violent death. Enraged by some hissing from the pit, he resolved to avenge the insult, and at the close of his programme informed the audience that he would imitate the language of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he advanced to the footlights, and, saying, "This is for those who hissed!" imitated the braying of an ass. At this the occupants of the pit rose, rushed on to the stage and would probably have killed their calumniator had he not hastily retreated.

Fixing His Status.

A waiter spilled some soup on the clothing of a portly, choleric old gentleman dining with his wife in an up-town lobster palace the other night, whereupon the old gentleman jumped to his feet and, calling the manager, burst into a tirade which ended with the somewhat anticlimactic charge that the waiter was "no gentleman."

"This man is not supposed to be a gentleman," said the manager coldly. "He is merely a waiter."—New York Press.

Tommy Spoke.

Minister—If any one present can show cause why this couple should not become man and wife, let him speak now or forever hold his peace. Tommy—I kin, mister. He thinks aunty's only twenty-five, and she's forty.

Economy may be the road to wealth, but nine-tenths of those who are compelled to travel it never reach the goal. —Chicago News.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

I desire to announce that I am a candidate for the office of county commissioner, subject to the approval of the republican county convention.

JAMES GRIFFEN.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby desire to announce to my friends in Chouteau county that I will be a candidate for the office of County Treasurer on the republican ticket, and if nominated by the convention and elected to office I pledge myself to turn all interest money in to the county.

ALFRED H. WEST.

FOR CLERK OF THE COURT.

I desire to announce to my friends in Chouteau county that I will be a candidate before the republican county convention to be held this fall, for the office of Clerk of the Court, subject, of course to the will of the convention. Very respectfully,

JAS. W. HYNDMAN.

FOR SALE.

Fence posts, poles and cord wood for sale. Write to W. C. BROADWATER, Browling, Montana.

At the first meeting of the City Council of Havre, Montana, after July 11th, 1908, or as soon thereafter as such matter may be conveniently taken up, the Council of said city will sell at public auction, water bonds, in the total sum of Eleven thousand dollars (\$11,000.00), dated January 1st, 1908, maturing January 1st, 1928, bearing interest at six per cent (6 per cent) per annum payable semi-annually. Any bid at said sale must be made subject to no condition whatever and certified check, acceptable to the city council, payable to the city treasurer, for five thousand dollars (\$5,000) must accompany such bid and will be subject to forfeiture by said city in the event such purchaser fails to promptly and fully complete his purchase.

E. F. BURKE, Mayor.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Extension of Water Mains. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the City Clerk, Havre, Montana, until 8 o'clock P. M. of July 15th, 1908, for the furnishing of all labor and materials for extending water mains into East Havre.

All proposals must be sealed, addressed to the City Clerk, Havre, Montana, and marked: 'Proposals for Water Works Construction.'

All proposals must be made upon the forms furnished by the City Engineer.

The work contemplated will consist (approximately) of the following:

- 1 cu. yd. solid rock excavation.
- 1 cu. yd. soft rock excavation.
- 528 cu. yds. earth excavation and refill.

1,200 ft. 6 inch standard cast iron pipe.

4 hydrants (Ludlow pattern) two 2 1/2 inch hose nozzles

4 6-inch by 12 feet connecting pipes from main to hydrant.

2 6-inch gate valves (Ludlow pattern) hub ends.

2 valve boxes.

1,000 lbs. special castings.

500 feet B. M lumber

A certified check for \$200 on a local bank must accompany each proposal.

The City reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

JAMES HOLLAND, City Clerk. SAM L. HAINNEY, City Engineer.

BIDS FOR SCHOOL REPAIRS.

Notice is hereby given that the School Trustees of School District No. 16, Havre, Chouteau county, Montana, will receive, open and let bids for the work of repairing the school houses in said district, also let bids in the school buildings of the district for the installation of sanitary closets. The plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the clerk in Havre. The bids will be opened at a meeting of the Board to be held on July 27th, 1908, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids, divide the work up or let it in one contract.

Dated Havre, Montana, July 15th, 1908. L. K. DEVLIN, Chairman.

E. C. CARRUTH, Clerk. 2-2.

Strayed, two black horses, one is branded P block on right thigh and the other had a blotched brand on the right shoulder and big white saddle mark on each side of his withers. I will give five dollars each for information leading to the recovery of the horses.

J. W. Sommerville, Saco, Montana.

If you have anything that needs to be done in the BUILDING line see me for figures.

Chris Beuches



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Manufacturers of Pure Apple Cider

and Syrups and all Carbonated Drinks

E. Doyle, Manager

The Montana Hotel and Grill

THE MINT

C. W. Young, Prop.

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