

Gallant Little Hale Robbins

By Charles Adams.

MASTER HALE ROBBINS has nearly recovered from the wounds received last August in his remarkable battle with two white-headed eagles, accounts of which were published at the time in several Maine newspapers. But it makes one's heart ache to see the scars on the little fellow—great, blue, livid scars that go to the bone; eight on his face and snip, eleven on his right arm and shoulder, six on the other arm, three down his back and several others—over 30 in all! This lad of ten is indeed "a battle-scarred veteran!" Some of these scars he will carry to his grave—eloquent evidence of the pluck with which he fought the big birds of prey.

But thanks to the boy's courage, his little sister Lois, in whose defense he made the fight, has but one light scar upon her cheek. The two or three red marks still visible on her hand and wrist, when contrasted with his wounds, show plainly how Hale took the aggressive and bore the brunt of the battle. The fight was fought to a finish. It was nearly an hour after the eagles first swooped down that a last lucky blow of the corn-cutter brought the big female to the ground.

A local taxidermist has mounted this eagle, and no ornithological collection within my knowledge possesses a more savage-looking specimen of *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*. The wings, from tip to tip, spread fully six feet six inches.

The assault was not wholly unprovoked, although the children were not to blame for it. By ill luck the birds had just been disturbed by the fall of one of their young from the nest in the great elm tree.

The Robbins live in a clearing on the St. Croix river, in eastern Maine. From their house to the district school the road is a long one for little six-year-old Lois Robbins, and for a mile and a half or more it traverses the forest. But up to the morning of the encounter the child had not missed a day of the summer term.

Hale had been his sister's trusty guardian ever since she was large enough to toddle out-of-doors, and the child headed a protector there, for it is a rather wild sort of country, not wholly free from wild animals. The boy appears to have had no uncertain or wavering sense of his fraternal responsibility. Ever since he was seven years old he had undertaken "never to come home without little sister."

That morning they set off for school just before eight o'clock. In addition to their dinner-pail and two books, they carried a light woven bushel basket and an old bush-hook, or corn-cutter, as they called it, because their father sometimes used it for cutting rows of sweet corn in the garden. This tool consisted of about 15 inches out from the point of a worn-out hawseythe, so inserted in a rude wooden handle that blade and handle stood at right angles with each other.

Grandma Hale had asked Hale to stop on his way home from school at a swale near the run, and cut a quantity of thoroughwort and snake-head, two herbs much prized by the old woman, which were then in flower, fit for gathering. The basket and cutting-hook were for this purpose, but the children were told not to take them to the schoolhouse, but to leave them at "Indian Jake's shanty," just beyond the swale. The Indian is their nearest neighbor, but at the time he happened to be away from home, guiding tourists at the lakes.

The eagle's nest was an object of constant interest to Hale, who often stopped to watch the birds come and go from the elm tree, which stands on a bluff overlooking the river.

As the children came along that morning little Lois espied one of the eagles flying heavily to the tree, bearing a fish in its talons, taken perhaps from some fish-hawk on the neighboring lake. "Oh, look!" the child exclaimed, dropping the handle of the basket and pointing with her finger. "There's the old eagle going to the nest, and it's got a great thing in its feet!"

"It is going to feed the young ones," said Hale. "Now hark and you'll hear 'em scream!"

The eagle bore the fish to the big nest in the tree-top, and immediately the peculiar whistling cries of the young were heard.

"Oh, I hear 'em squeam!" cried Lois. "Don't they squeam high?"

It was a large fish, and perhaps life was not wholly extinct in it; when torn by the young beaks and talons it may have given a spasmodic flop. This was probably the reason that one of the small birds was dislodged from its place in the nest and fell. An instant later it caught by its talons on a small, low limb of the tree and hung there, swinging and screaming.

"One of 'em has tumbled out!" cried Hale and, boylike, he ran forward, followed by little Lois, both much excited; for the young bird was not more than 30 from the ground. Unable to fly as yet, it clung to the limb with its feet, fopping clumsily. Meantime the parent eagle, after peering down from the nest, swooped past it, then rose. Another smaller eagle, too, the male bird, probably, appeared on the scene and called around the tree.

The eagle's screams excited the children greatly, and they approached nearer, to get a better view. Several times the parent bird swooped close beside the suspended eagle and rose as if to bear it aloft; but the younger along obstinately and screamed

continuously, while little Lois cried aloud, from sympathy or excitement. The noise seemed to rouse the ire of the old bird and it swooped close to the heads of the children, snapping a wrathful, yellow beak, and uttering short, hoarse screams.

It came very close, flapping its great wings, and its savage eyes were so terrifying that Lois turned crying and ran back to where they had set down the bushel basket; but Hale caught up a stone and flung it high at the bird, shouting: "Keep off, old snapper-bill!"

Immediately the eagle swooped again, so near that its talons clutched the straw hat on the boy's head and one pinion brushed his face. Thereupon he seized a dry hemlock bough and, facing the bird, which rose no more than 30 or 40 feet in the air, struck at it as it swooped a third time. But the eagle descended with such force that Hale was knocked over; and this time one of its talons tore the brush from his hands, lacerating his right wrist.

Screaming fiercely, the bird rose, carrying the dry bough high in the air, while the boy, alarmed and hurt, ran backward to where little Lois stood. The other eagle swooped toward the children, but not close enough to strike with its claws.

Lois was now crying loudly and looking for some place to hide herself, but on the burnt land there is little cover. While the female eagle was hovering above them, still holding the dry bough, the lad remembered the corn-cutter which was in the bushel basket along with the school-books and lunch-basket. He flourished it defiantly, shouting: "I'll cut your head off, old eagle!" and the morning sun may have cast a glint upward from the blade; for the female eagle, dropping the bough, swooped again more savagely than before.

If the boy had wavered, it would probably have proved fatal to one or both of the children. But Hale cried: "Stop that crying, Lo, and put the bushel basket over your head!" Bare-headed and bleeding himself, he gallantly faced the hovering bird and brandished the corn-cutter. Down it swooped on him again; but the little fellow, learning from experience, dodged aside and struck as the eagle shot past. He hit it with the point of the blade, and felt the sudden joy of striking home for the first time.

Enraged, the bird turned short in the air, screaming wildly, and dashed at him again. This time it fixed a talon in his back, knocking him off his feet, and dragging him till his clothing gave way. He fell hard upon some small loose stones, and for an instant lay prostrate—so frightening little Lois that she ran toward him, partly raising the basket off her head. One of the eagles swooped at the same moment, struck its claws into the basket, tearing it away, and wounding the child's face.

Her shriek of pain brought the dazed boy to his feet; but before he could strike, the eagle swooped again with great force. One claw buried itself in his upraised arm, and again he was dragged violently from his feet. The eagle, holding fast, with an angry scream, beat him hard with its wings, then sunk its hooked beak in his cheek.

Boy and bird fell and rolled over on the ground; but the boy grasped the bird's neck, and with his wounded arm dealt such blows as he could, and tore out handfuls of feathers until the eagle, struggling free from his grasp, rose a few feet. The relief was only for an instant, for the bird pounced down on him again, and yet again. The lad was thrown on his back, but kept on fighting, striking and kicking upward with both feet. The eagle, clutching his foot with its talons, dragged him for a number of yards, beating him terribly with its wings.

The blood was pouring down Hale's face and he could hardly see; but when ever he discerned the shadow of the bird and felt the wind of its swoop, he kicked upward and struck out with the bush-hook. Cuts on the eagle's legs and head show that some of these desperate, random blows were effective. Again and again the eagle fell upon him. Had the male bird proved itself as fierce as its mate, neither of the children could have escaped.

At length the eagle alighted on the ground near by. It was much hurt and could no longer keep the air; but it still strutted unsteadily forward to renew the attack, screaming vindictively. Weak from loss of blood, Hale could with difficulty get to his feet; but he used the corn-cutter as often as the bird approached within reach. After this manner they fought for half an hour, when the eagle beat a retreat, itself hardly able to walk, much less fly away. The other bird had flown back to the nest.

Calling Lois to him and taking her hand, the lad now attempted to get up and go home with her, but found that he could not stand alone. Lois, who was not so badly hurt herself, was frightened at the terrible appearance of her brother, and at the strange way in which he kept falling down. She left him at length, and, running all the way home, told mother that the eagles had picked Hale's eyes out—for Lois thought that he was blind.

Mrs. Robbins rushed to the place and found Hale sitting very soberly on a stone, a dreadful little object, not blind indeed, but very weak and hardly able to move on account of the stiffening of his wounds. His mother was obliged to carry him much of the way home.

The doctor, who was sent for and saw the boy late the following evening, found it necessary in dressing his wounds to take not less than 30 stitches.

Mr. Robbins, the father, found the female eagle the next day, "mumping" in a fir thicket near the river; it was so nearly dead to offer much resistance.—Youth's Companion.

ARP AS EDUCATOR.

Tells How the Days and Months Got Their Names.

The Planets as Well as Divisions of Time Bring to Mind the Devotion of the Ancients to Their Religion.

We know very well how there came to be seven days in a week. These days did not have any names for many centuries except by their numbers, as, on the first day and second day, etc., but in the course of time the Scandinavians gave them names in honor of their gods, the sun and moon and Saturn and Woden and Thor, etc. Woden was their greatest god and Thor was the god of the clouds. Wednesday used to be Wodnesday and Thursday was Thorsday. They believed that Thor made thunder by picking up two great mountains in the sky and slapping them together and that he was ten miles high and his arms 20 miles long. But the division of the year into months and how and when the months got their names is not generally known to the young people, and perhaps will not be until somebody tells them. I was thinking about this month of April and how it got its name from a Latin word that means "to open," because during this month the earth begins to open for the seed to come up and the grass to grow and the buds on the trees open into leaves and flowers. Young people should know that away back before the Christian era there were but ten months and the year ended with December and began with January, because their god Janus was a double-faced god and with one face looked back at the old year and with the other looked forward at the new year. That was pretty and appropriate. Before the reign of Numa, January and February were not in the beginning of the year, but those old Roman emperors and the old popes did what they pleased with time, and so January was made the first month to please Janus. Then Numa transposed February to please Lupercus, another god who they said was the she wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus in a cave, and the Romans established a yearly festival in honor of this she wolf and called it Februa, which means expiation. March was named in honor of Mars, another god, and the 25th of March was the beginning of the year for 2,000 years, not only with the Romans, but with many Christian nations. Indeed, it was not changed from this distinction until the year 1752, and it seems to me a pity that it ever was changed. The time of the vernal equinox, the 21st of March, seems more like a new year had come than does the old bleak-midwinter at the first day of January.

The next month to April was named in honor of another god or goddess named Maia, who was the mother of Mercury. Then came June, a name given in honor of Junius, the god of youth. Then came the other four months, September, October, November and December. Gods and goddesses had given out I reckon. But later on Julius Caesar imagined he was a god and made a new month and called it July and Augustus Caesar did the same thing and called it August. Of course they had to rob the other months of some of their days in order to get these two months in. Now, my young friends, just think of it, how the civilized Christian world has been imposed upon by superstition. Every day in the week and almost every month in the year named in honor of some imaginary god that the heathen people worshiped. Paul preached a grand sermon when he said to them: "Whom ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you."

Not only did we get from them the names of days and months, but the names of all the planets except one, and that is the earth that we live upon. How faithfully they did worship their gods. How loyal were they to Jupiter, the god of all gods, whom they imagined sat upon a throne on the top of Mount Olympus, an imaginary mountain far up in the heavens, and from there overlooked and blessed the children of men. Love is the foundation of character of every god, whether real or imaginary. It is worthy of remembrance that all the historic nations worshiped gods whom they believed to be good. No people have ever worshiped a god who did not love and care for the children of men. There were gods of evil, too, but the people did not love them. They feared them just as we fear the power of Satan now. The origin of many things of every day use in the business of life is a curious and interesting study. For instance, who established the exact length of an inch, a foot, a yard. Who fixed the weight of a pound of sugar or a ten-dollar coin of gold or a bushel of meal. These things haven't been fixed so very long. The nations have been working on them for centuries and they were not finally agreed on until about 150 years ago. During the reign of King George IV, the house of parliament in London was burned up and the standards of weights and measures was burned up with it and it took years to reproduce them, for although thousands of people had yard sticks and weights and measures, they were not exactly alike. Many yard sticks were a trifle short and there were scales to buy by and scales to sell by and so with peck measures and half-bushel measures, for there were dishonest merchants then and I reckon there are some now. The first foot measure is said to have been the exact length of an ancient Roman emperor's foot. The first inch was the length of three grains of English barley, which, it is said, is the most uniform in size and length of any grain in the world. They took 168 grains out of a pile and laid them in a line touching

each other and called it a yard and one-thirty-sixth part of that line was an inch and so we have the old table of three barley corns make one inch, 12 inches one foot and so on. When my wife wishes to cut up shirting or calico into certain lengths she measures it by holding it out at arm's length from the tips of her fingers to her nose and declares she does not miss it a quarter of an inch and says it is more correct than three barley corns or an emperor's foot. What a time the people of the world have had in getting things settled down to a uniform condition. And they are not all settled yet. We have not yet agreed on our war with the Philippines or the English war with the Boers or the tariff on Porto Rico or whether McKinley is a tippler or is Dewey joking about the presidency or who is governor of Kentucky. There are over 300 different kinds of religions in this country. There are 17 kinds of Methodists, 13 of Baptists, 12 of Presbyterians, six of Roman Catholics, six of Adventists, four of Quakers, ten of Episcopalians, seven of Lutherans, two of Episcopals, besides Dunkards, Universalists, Mormons, Spiritualists and many others too tedious to mention. All of these profess to be Christian churches and declare they can prove their faith by the Bible.

But still the world rolls on and the years with it. The seasons come and go just as they have for ages. There is no variation in the works of God. Sometimes I wish that, like Him, I could be poised away up in the Heavens and look down upon the world and see it turning over and rolling onward in its orbit. I would want eyes that would scrutinize everything upon it. Battles and blood and carnage and the dead and dying and the mourners and the spies of the churches and the preachers' sermons and see happy children going to school and the farmers plowing in the fields and the cattle upon a thousand hills and the never ceasing rush of people in the streets of the great cities and the gold piled up in the bankers' vaults and the poor and wretched in the slums and the thousands of convicts in the prisons and the fires and funerals and banquets and the ships at sea and here and there a wreck and all on board and all just once—life and death, happiness and misery, saints and sinners in one vast kaleidoscope. Then I would like to climb higher still and see the universe and listen to the music of the spheres and soar among the stars and ride upon the planets and—well, no, I don't believe I would. On the whole, I would rather stay at home and work in the garden and eat my own apparatus for dinner and take my evening nap and hear a familiar voice remark: "William, the flour is out and so is the sugar." I am glad I can't see all the misery, and am content with my humble lot.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Her Tragic Position in 1885 Won All Hearts and Awoke Spanish Chivalry.

The day Alfonso died, November 23, 1885, Maria Christina's tragic position won all Spanish hearts. The king had outlived his brief hour of popularity. He was too young and frivolous to measure the consequences for so democratic a nation as Spain of to-day of a frivolous reign. He could be brave as betis a man of his birth, which he proved in the smallpox plague and the earthquakes. But his real preoccupations were bull-fights and flirtations. Instead of the serious sovereign Spain needed she had only a mediocre rake, and whatever may be thought to the contrary, nowadays at least, the rule of the rake is none of the wisest. And so Spain was once more on the verge of a revolution. But death at 33 is considered a tragic extinction of the follies of youth, and the country only remembered the king's extreme youth and regretted its unfulfilled promise. His errors were, after all, the errors of impulsive and passionate nature, without a bridle to its desires, and no higher ideal than the enjoyment of the hour. Spain saw but the corpse of a young man, beside which knelt a young widow.

Spanish chivalry awoke when the Spaniards reflected that this young widow was a foreigner, a woman on the point of motherhood, whose fate was in their hands. When the prime minister, Senor Canovas, came into the mortuary chamber to tender his resignation, the newly proclaimed regent, terrified at the immediate prospect of her responsibilities, cried to him: "No, no, don't talk to me of business matters, at least while Alfonso is here." But she was even in that awful hour made to understand that affairs of state may not yield to private misery, and as Reina Gobernadora, though her eyes were full of human tears in the presence of a human happiness, she was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the king's successor and to the laws of the country, which she confided to the new minister, Senor Sagasta.—Good Words.

Prepared, Yet Unconscious.

An eccentric Maine preacher was recently driving along a country road and, overtaking a young man tramping his weary way on foot, invited him to a seat in his sleigh. After he was comfortably seated the preacher rolled the whites of his eyes up under the visor of his cap, and said, in sepulchral tones: "Young man, are you prepared to die?" With an ear-piercing scream and a back somersault over the back of the sleigh the young man made for the dense woods, and has never been seen in those parts since.

There are 124,334 Coolie laborers in Hawaii.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Tobacco is now raised in County Meath, Ireland, where it grows luxuriantly.

The marriage rate of Queensland, Australia, has been steadily declining from 14.5 per 1,000 in 1893 to 6.3 per 1,000 in 1898.

The Italian government has decided to establish a bacteriological laboratory for the study of bubonic plague in the island of Pianosa.

England has a Garden City association whose aim is to build cities in such a way that they shall combine the advantages of country life with those of town life.

Hamburg and Bremen cannot agree as to which has the larger fleet, but both are proud of the fact that Germany has the two biggest steamship companies in the world.

In Japan vaccination is compulsory, and the government makes its own lymph and issues it free of charge. Re-vaccination at stated periods is also rigidly enforced. Only calf lymph is used.

The sanitary conditions of Rome are often asserted to be exceptionally bad, but comparative statistics of mortality in the chief cities of Europe during 1898 contradict this misrepresentation.

Queen Victoria's first trouble with her eyes came on her long before she ascended the throne. As a girl, she was quite near-sighted, and it was at one time feared she would have to wear glasses all her life.

Spain has only 11,500 kilometers of railway, while France, of about the same area, has 36,000. Spain transports annually 10,000,000 passengers and 8,000,000 tons of freight; France 400,000,000 passengers and 110,000,000 tons of freight.

VICTIM OF A JOKE.

Rough Way in Which Mormon Elders Are Treated in Rural Georgia.

"The Mormon elders who go proselyting through the rural districts certainly need the courage of their convictions," said a hardware drummer from Louisville. "I had that fact impressed upon me," he continued, "by a little incident that occurred a couple of years ago in south Georgia. I was on the train going from one small town to another, when I fell into conversation with a native who was in the turpentine business at a place a little farther up the road. In the course of our talk he pointed out a man at the other end of the car and asked me if I knew who he was. The individual he referred to happened to be a whisky drummer from Chicago, who had a singularly clerical appearance, and merely as a joke I replied that I thought he was a Mormon elder.

"My companion made no particular comment, but began a very interesting description of turpentine culture, and the foolish bit of pleasantry soon slipped out of my mind. About a week later I was sitting in the office of a hotel in a town just over the Alabama line, when who should walk in but the whisky drummer from Chicago. I hardly recognized him. He looked as if he had been mixed up with dynamite explosion. Both eyes were blackened, his lower lip resembled an overripe tomato, he had a large strip of pink court-plaster across the bridge of his nose and his usually sleek attire showed spots of congealed egg and a number of fresh rents, fastened together with pins. 'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what have you been up against?' 'I got whitecapped last night by a mob of prohibition fanatics,' he replied, solemnly. 'At least, that's what I suppose they were,' he added, 'for they didn't say anything at all, but just nailed me when I got off the train with my samples.' 'Where did it happen?' I asked, in amazement.

"I mentioned the place, and I experienced a severe shock. It was the town where my friend the turpentine man lived. To say I was conscience-stricken only partly expresses my feelings, but I carefully refrained from throwing any light on the outrage. I judge that martyrs are made of to qualify a man for the job of missionary in the church of the Latter-Day Saints."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Milking the Cow.

"I went out to milk that cow of mine last night," said the old timer, carefully nursing his arm, "and here before you are the remains. I'll forget myself and assassinate that cow brute some day. As I said, I went out to milk her, and she behaved all right, with the exception of wrapping her tail around my neck and then unwrapping it. This didn't last, however, and she inserted her hind hoof in the pail and looked around to see if I liked it. In a sudden spell of madness I yanked up a nekyoke and histed it at her and missed her and knocked over a row of chickens. Then I got excited and landed on her face with my right and unjoined every joint in my body. She, the cow, then became agitated and stood upon her hind legs and ran me in the haymow. I remained up there, occasionally telling her she might go some place if the sulphur agreed with her health, until my wife came and chased her off. To-night I shall hog-tie her, blindfold her, and with the assistance of a club milk her, gosh darn her, to a finish."—Deadwood (S. D.) Pioneer-Times.

Caught.

Rich Widow—Despite our short acquaintance and the fact that my youth has flown you still make this proposal of marriage to me, doctor?
Doctor—You have made on my heart an impression that time can never—
Widow (coldly)—H—m, and I had always believed you were able to live by your practice!—N. Y. World.

WORLD'S TELEGRAPH HUB.

Sixty Telegraph Companies Have Clearing House at Geneva, Switzerland.

Although thousands of miles of wire were in operation before 1852, the world telegraph as it exists to-day dates from that time and from the convention held in Paris to adopt regulations for international telegraph operations. Previously, telegraph messages from one country to another were encountered by delays the telegraph little more than the post. In travel across Europe a message not of an exasperating amount, also accumulated an appalling charge reckoned in dollars of money for each country passed through. These charges were not paid in advance, amount of them was the point from which it was sent. It may be in under such conditions it was not generally employed as a business.

From the point of view of the citizen, the most important membership of the Paris convention arranged a uniform telegraphic rates, and to messages might be sent in secret language, if desired, and more rapid transmission of messages.

As the result of the convention and the marvelous system of sending telegrams which prevails to this day, it is possible now to send a message to any other point that is reached by the maze of wires. Moreover, may feel assured that his message will go forward quickly, and requires but a moment for the telegraph to inform him as to its exact condition.

Considering that the ownership of the various telegraph and cable lines of the world is divided between only 40 different governments and that a number of private companies, this is a highly interesting example of business centralization. It has been brought about through the establishment of the international bureau of telegraphs at Berne, Switzerland. This bureau collects the charges of the space between countries, and the charges of the telegraph business, and most recent undertaking being the compilation of a great dictionary of international telegraphic code, containing some 300,000 terms taken from almost every language in existence. Athalie's Magazine.

\$20,000 IN TWELVE HOURS.

The Stroke of Good Fortune That Enriched a Scotch Miner in Alaska.

This is the story of Alexander McDonald, one of the best-known characters in the Yukon valley. He is a great, lumbering Scotchman—born in Nova Scotia—who up to the time of the Klondike discoveries never had an idea of winning a greater fortune than that of a day laborer. He worked from mining camp to mining camp all along the northwest. So slow was he and so awkward in his work—his feet entirely in his way and his bulk a misfit for the size of prospect holes—that he was reputed never to be able to hold a job for longer than three weeks. He was at Dawson shortly after the first locations were made on the Klondike. He went out with numerous stampees, but never arrived in time to locate a paying claim. Finally he stumbled across a newspaper man named Hunt, who had a claim on Bonanza creek. Hunt had become discouraged because he had not the funds necessary to develop it. This claim McDonald purchased for \$500, and set about developing it in his slow and aimless fashion. Finding the claim fairly rich, he put on a force of laborers, and in a few weeks had taken out \$30,000. This sum he used immediately to purchase other claims. All that year, he bought right and left everything of any promise that was offered to him, often mortgaging the claims thus bought to buy still other ground. Many of the ventures came to naught, but a few gave such phenomenal returns that he speedily took the rating of a millionaire. Out of one claim on El Dorado creek he shoveled \$20,000 in 12 hours. To-day he is probably worth between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000.

Many others came to success even more suddenly than McDonald. One man on Bonanza creek took out 90 pounds of gold—about \$25,000—in a single day. A pan of gravel on El Dorado creek yielded its lucky owner \$2,100. This same man cleaned up 3,000 ounces of dust and nuggets from his first week's work.—Athalie's Magazine.

Pure Joy in Palswylshaus.

Mr. D. C. Robinson, of Boston, has prepared a chart of Lake Coboscontee, a meritorious Maine summer resort. We can never sufficiently admire the felicities of Maine nomenclature. Here we have Long Potato Island, Juggernaut Stream, Jock-saw-yaw Stream, Pickering's Lake and Applesauce Lake. And Coboscontee itself is a pure and an abiding joy.—N. Y. Sun.

Bloodiest of Centuries.

The "bloodiest battle of the century" was that of Borodino, a Russian village, where Napoleon fought the Russians on September 7, 1812. Nearly 80,000 men were placed hors de combat.—N. Y. Times.