CHASE OF THE SLAVER "CORA"

The Last Slave Ship Captured by the United States.

700 HUMAN CHATTELS IN THE HOLD

One of the True Romances of the Sea Told by the Commander of the Pursuing "Constellation"-A Leaf from the Past.

One of those true romances of the sea that put to the blush the best efforts of a Captain Marryat, a Fenimore Cooper, or a Clark Russell, was the chase and capture of the American slave ship Cora by the United States steamer Constellation.

The Cors was a stanch bark, freighted with no less than 720 slaves, and she was commanded by a bold, resolute and resourceful man. At the time of the capture the captain gave his name as Campbell, and claimed that he was an English subject, and merely a passenger on the bark. By Masonic friend-hip he managed to escape from the Constellation at St. Paul de Loando, and in after years he met the young naval officer who was detailed to command the prize. Then he was a painted and spangled performer in a circus, the celebrated clown, William B. Donsiden, and he confessed that this was his real name. Says his captor: "He had been sailor, lounger and pseudo-gentleman of leisure on Broadway, negro minstrel, clown, slave captainperhaps the list had better be closed, but he had a faithful, generous heart. He was a

brave man even though a statutory pirate."

The Cora was the last slave ship captured by the United States and the young officer who played so prominent a part in the affair was Lieutenant Wilburn Hall. As soon as Lieutenant Hall, who was in command of the Cora, landed his prize in New York, he cast his fortunes with the confederacy. After cast his fortunes with the confederacy. After serving through the civil war he b-came one of the American staff officers on the staff of the khedive of Egypt. He is now the American consul at Nice.

Major Hall has written a graphic account of the chase and capture of the Cora for the May number of the Century. An extract

from his story follows:

In President Monroe's administration the United States and Great Britain by treaty agreed to maintain each a squadron carrying at least eighty guns, on the African coast, to suppress the slave trade, which to that time had received no real check. Each na-tion could search and might capture the merchant vessels of either, upon proof which satisfied the naval officer of the violation of the laws. In point of fact, while this right was occasionally used by British men-of-war, still they seldom exercised it against American vessels, and it became almost the rule that American men-of-war should per-form the duty. This fact came about because the slave trade was largely carried on by American vessels. And strange as it may seem, by way of parenthesis, the American vessels were invariably fitted out and despatched from northern ports, only one in many years immediately preceding the war having southern ownership—the schooner Wanderer, which landed slaves on the coast of Georgia; but these slaves were at once gathered in by the United States government and sent back to Africa on the steam frigate Niagara. Engaged in this duty the Constellation was

cruising on the African coast, the men find-ing relaxation only at long intervals in a short rest at Madeira or the Canaries; or perhaps on one of the islands in the Bight of Benin. After one of these cruises, when off the Ambriz river, near the Congo, in August, 1860, the calm gave way to a re-freshing breeze and the Constellation, with all squaresail to royals, had just shaped her course for St. Paul de Loando. It was about 7 p. m., the sea was calm as a floor and a beautiful moon lit the waters with a splendor rarely seen. The crew and officers were all on deck enjoying the refreshing change. Songs were heard forward, messenger boys were skylarking in the gangways, officers were pacing the lee quarterdeck. Suddenly from the foretop sail yard rang out the cry:

Instantly laughter ceased, songs ended, "Where away?" through the speaking trumpet from the officer of the deck. "About one point for ard of the weather beam, sir." Every eye the direction indicated. enough, bright and glistening in the reflected moonlight, the sails of the stranger were seen, hull down, with the upper parts of the courses in view.

Lieutenant Hall describes the alacrity and bustle with which all of the officers and men of the Constellation sprang to their

posts as the steamer started to overhaul the brig:
Soon the ship was dashing along on the starboard tack with royals and staysalis drawing. This evolution brought the chase on our weather beam. The Constellation was a remarkable sailer by the wind, and few ships were ever known to equal her everything was braced sharp and bowlines taut. The yards now so sharp up that she ran nearer than the usual six points to the wind. In no long time the courses of the stranger began to rise, show-ing the gain we were making; and in an hour she was nearly hull up. It was as clear as day, but the light was that wonder-fully soft light which the moon gives only The stringer's sails were as in that light as a pocket handker-The breeze had freshened so that we were running at least nine knots. Men had been sent aloft to wet down the topsails, and every thread was stretched with its duty, the leeches of the topsail just quivering. At this time a gun from our weather bow was fired—a signal for the stranger to heave to, but on she sped, silent as a dream. We could now plainly see through the glasses that there was not a light about the ship, a most significant sign. Another gun was fired. As the white smoke came pouring over our deck we lost sight of the chase, but as it was swept to leeward, there she silent and glistening, with no tack or et started. Suspicion now amounted almost to a certainty that we had a slave ship

Our distance was yet to great to reach her with a shot. Soon her jib fluttered, her bow swung to the wind, the main-yards were hauled-altogether she seemed to turn upon her very heel, and with the quickness, almost the precision, of a man-of-war had gene on the other tack, hoping, doubt-less, to beat to windward. The Con-stellation followed her movement, and again fired a gun. We were both doing our ut-most, and the two ships cut the brilliant waters on an apparently even course; but the Constellation was gaining. Nothing could prevent our overtal a the chase, unless a sudden squall should arise. This. possibly, was the stranger's hope. and again she tacked ship: we followed like Fate itself. About 11:30 we had the fleeing venuel within long range, and began a steady fire from one or two guns, shotted, and full of command. The orders were to fire at her upper spars, as all were now convinced that the hull was filled with slaves.

The slaver was well on our starboard bow Mr. Pairfax called me to go with him on the gun deck, where we ran two heavy 32's out to our bridle ports ready for a chase dead ahead, which soon occurred. I was directed to carry away the upper spars and rigging, and under no circumstances to hit the ves sel's hull! "Aim high and make your mark, he continued. I touched my cap and smiled it was so like the admonition of an ambi-tious mother to her son. Soon one gun was sending round-shot whirling through the

Studdenly our attention was attracted by ark objects on the water ahead of the the slaver was lightening ship throwing overboard casks, spars, and even spare masts. The sea appeared as if filled with wreckage in a long line. All at once boats were seen. "They are filled with negroes," I heard some one "Steady on your course," heard the fing officer shout on the fore-castle just above my head. Sure enough they were boats, and as we sped they seemed to be coming swiftly to us. My heart beat with quick emotion as I thought heart beat with quick emotion as I thought I saw them crowded with human forms. Men on deck shouted that they bere crowded with people, but we swept by, pansing them rapidly. The slaver hoped we would stop to pick up his boats, and thus gain more time, but this ruse made us even more eager. Now, our guns redoubled, we

knew the end must come soon, but there seemed no way to stop the chase without sinking ber, and humanity forbade a shot in her hull. Her captain realized the situa-tion, but even then his courage was wonder-

ful.
On we went. Suddenly I saw her course begin to change; she was coming to wind-ward-her studding sails came fluttering down, her skysalls and royals were clewed up, her foresail also, and as she rounded up to the wind and backed her maintopsail, Constellation had barely time to get in her canvas, and round to under her main-topsail, scarcely 200 yards to windward. Away there, first cutters, away!" called the boatswain's mates, as their shrill whistles ceased.

I had barely time to get on deck, after he guns had been secured, before I saw the first cutter, with our gallant first lieu-tenant [himpelf as the boarding /officer, speeding like an arrow to the vesseeding like an arrow to the ves-sel, her cars scattering sparkling dia-monds of phosphorescent water as they rose and fell. Every officer and man was lean-ing over our low hammock-rails, breathleasty waiting and watching. We saw the cutter round up to the gangway. "In bows: way enough!" we could hear Fairfax say distinctly, though his orders were low. Then came the rattling of the oars as they were tossed, and the grating of the cutter

Fairfax's active figure could be seen quickly mounting the side, and then he disappeared as he leaped over the gangway into the waist. For two or three minutes the stillness was painful. One could hear men breathing in their excited anxiety. Suddenly there was a hall, in tones which I can recall as if heard today—clear, dis-tinct and manly: "Constellation, ahoy! You have captured a prize with over 700

For a second the quiet still prevailed, and then the crew forward of the mainmast spontaneously gave three loud, ringing cheers. Only the sanctity of the quarter deck prevented the officers from joining, but they shared the feelings of the crew. Aside from the natural feeling which success in a chase brings, there was large prize money in prospect, for in every such cap-ture tae law divided among officers and men a sum equal to half the value of the ship and her outfit, and an additional sum of \$25 for each slave captured, amounting in this case to at least \$30,000. To a practical mind there was reason for cheering. The prize, however, was not surrendered by her captain, but by the crew, who in terror of

our guns hove to the vessel. It was about 2 a. m. when, by order of the

It was about 2 a. m. when, by order of the flag officer, I went on board the slaver with a prize crew, consisting of nine men all told, one being a negro servant.

The deck was covered with articles of all kinds, which were to have been cast overboard to lighten the ship. The crew could only be seen as called to me. They were a set of cutthroats—bearded, dark-looking. scowling Spaniards and Portuguese, not a native American among them, The slaves were nearly all on the slave deck, shouting and screaming in terror and anxiety. I leaned over the main

hatchway holding a lantern, and the writhing mass of humanity, with their cries and struggles, can only be compared in one's mind to the horrors of hell as pictured in former days. But I paid dearly for that ght. The sickening stench from hundreds naked beings crowded into a space so small, in so warm a climate, without ventilation, was frightful. Overcome by horror at the sight and smell, I turned faint and sick at heart, and hastened to the stern. COLONEL'S LATEST VICTORY.

A Story for Memorial Day. He, Colonel Swordsley, had entered the

civil war as a mere lieutenant, but he had fought so well and so persistently, remaining alive while officers above him were killed by dozens, that when the great conflict ended he wore a silver eagle on each shoulder. His friends insisted that if the fighting had lasted a few months longer Swordsley

would have been made a brigadier-general. Be that as it may, when he was mustered out at the close of the war he carried into civil life with him, in addition to a high military reputation, a dignity and a mustache which were the envy of all of his subalterns. Such of his friends as were in business hesitated to offer anything so small as a clerkship to a fellow who carried himself with the air of a man who should have an immense establishment of his own to man-

Sometimes his periods of leisure were so ong that observing persons told one another that Colonel Swordsley really ought to marry, if only to have some one to tell him when his coat and hat were becoming shabby. Suddenly, however, he would make a modest, yet quick and brilliant hit, in the way of business, always honestly, and finally, his habit of suddenly recovering himself, while the details of each operation became so interesting that his acquaintances fell into alluding to them in about the same form of

'Have you heard of the colonel's latest?' There came a year, however, in which the question was scarcely asked; instead of it, male gossips wondered to one another whether the colonel might not be losing his

Had not winter come to his assistance and brought his faithful and indestructible army overcoat to the front again, he would scarcely have dared to appear in the streets by daylight. As soon as the warm weather succeeded

the winter of the colonel's discontent, the ex-warrior hastened to a summer resort near which he had made quite a hit the year before by building a temporary bridge in a very few days, earning a large premium for each day saved from the specified time of construction.

The so-called improvement company for whom he had done the work had been generous of praise as well as of payment, and expressed the hope that the colonel would be within call should they ever again get into a hole, and as the colonel started for the locality a second time he could not help hoping, without wishing harm to any one, that a hole would be ready when he reached his journey's end.

At the little summer hotel to which he had gone that year when he built the bridge, he met Miss Mirlam Coynbee, the first woman who had ever given his heart any serious uneasiness. Although not a marry-ing man, he was quite fond of women, and so deferential that any girl who was acquainted with him would cheerfully go whole city squares out of her way to receive a bow from the colonel.

Miss Coynbee, however, was no mere pretty girl; she was a handsome woman, with a great deal of heart, which she was just old enough to display on proper occasion without running any risk of losing it or having it stolen, and the colonel had felt so honored by her acquaintance and her manner toward him that he felt it a matter of honor to make a pilgrimage to the place where he had met her.

There was no likelihood that he would meet her again, for she was practically the nurse of an invalid mother, who seldom could en dure any summering place two years in

The colonel had spent many winter hours cursing the carelessness of habit which had kept him from accumulating money, for had he possessed a moderate competence he would have proposed to Miss Coynbee-proposed even had he been almost sure of re-jection, for even to be rejected by so glorious creature would have been an honor He knew that she would have listened kindly, that her great, deep eyes would

have seen his heart's honesty, and that her handsome, sympathetic face would have been full of tenderness even had she said The colonel was so poor when he made his second trip that the "valuables" which he deposited in the safe of the little inn con-

deposited in the sair of the little inn con-sisted of only money enough to pay the fixed charges of a fortnight and take him back to the city.

He had brought cigars enough to last through his stay; he had about \$10 in his pocket, and, as he had stopped drinking, he felt sure of a fortnight of peace. After that—well, he did not know what might

happen. If only that improvement company might once more be in a hole?
But the company was in no such condition; it had sold a great many villa sites, the landlord of the inn told the colonel, and had reached the dignity of having an enginter of its own.

Not everything was disappointment, however, for the host also told the colonel that the Conybees had returned to him, the old lady having bought some of the improvement company's stock and preferred to where she could think herself looking after colonel had a long and delightful chat with Miss Coynbee that very evening
—a chat so delightful that when he retired
to his own room he abused himself for half
an hour in language which he wouldn't

From swearing he changed suddenly to praying and solemnly promised heaven that thereafter, if he might have another chance in the world, he would be industrious, methodical and saving until he felt justified in asking the woman of all women to let him fight all of life's battles for her.

Be ween the intensity of his profanity and protestation the colonel became so excited that he passed a restless night, and was on the hotel plazza by sunrise. He found his host having a difficulty with a spirited saddle-horse.
"Fact is," said the landlord, "the season's been so cold and wet that there's been

been so cold and wet that there's been hardly anybody here and the horses haven't been used any to speak of, and they're so full of oats and spirits that I'm afraid to let a guest use them. 'Twouldn't do my business any good to have somebody thrown and brought in with a broken leg or scratched face." "I wish," said the colonel, as he looked

the horse over with a professional eye, "that I had some of my old cavalry horses here. They'd cure your horses in short order, and not harm them any, either."

not harm them any, either."
"I wish to goodness you had," was the reply. "But, say, colonel, don't you ride yourself any more? Last year you complained that I couldn't give you a horse with any spirit- in him, now, here's the very beast you're looking for, and if you'll side him all you'll the sall was all to be a second or the sall was all the sall was all to be a second or the sall was all the sall was all to be a second or the sall was all the sall was all the sall was all the sall was all the sall was a second or the sall was all the sall was a second or the sa ride him all you like it won't cost you a cent and I'll say 'Thank you' besides. Of course I don't expect a guest to train my horser down for me, but this particular gaimal would make you feel like old times. I've got a military saddle, too; I remember that you didn't like ordinary saddles last year.

The offer was just to the colonel's taste A long dash—somewhere, anywhere, would perhaps dispel his blues and brace him up; so promising to try the animal after breakfast he entered the dining room, where he was greeted by a grinning waiter, who re-membered him and placed him at a table besides Miss Coynbee.
"Oh, colonel! how delightful—and unex-

pected! Mother, you remember Colonel In half an hour the colonel was deeper in love than ever. He silently renewed his yows of the night before, but he also looked the situation honestly in the face, told him-self that he was destitute of everything ex-cept hope and determination, and therefore the honorable thing was to retire in good order and thereafter make such demenstrations as courtesy might require.

But the colonel, like many another sol-dier of approved valor, had neglected to think of what might be done on the other side. Miss Coynbee left the table with him, walked to the plazza, and heard the landlord remark:
"Here he is, colonel—just dying to get

away with you and have a grand old time."
"Oh. colonel," Miss Coynbee exclaimed.
"You bucky man! Off for a long ride, of "Yes," replied the ex-warrior, lengthening

a stirrup leather, "and I heartily wish I could ask you to join me. Unfortunately, our host says that all of his horses are too frisky just now to be safe."
"Colonel," whispered the landlord, loud enough for Miss Coynbee to hear, "if you'd like to have the lady with you she may have my wife's pony, which has been used every

day for a month. I'd trust my youngest The colonel thought of the resolution which had hurried him away from the breakfast table, and also of the small amount of money in his pocket. Were he to take Miss Coynbee out this morning he would

e bound in honor to ask her afterward. He had no banker, he hated debt, he had no remaining assets, for the winter's stress had borne heavily upon him. On the other hand, to have Miss Coynbee at his side— He looked at her, raised his hat, and asked:
"Won't you do me the honor?"
"Nothing would please me more—I shan't

keep you waiting five minutes," was the re-ply as the lady hurried away to dress for the ride. Ten minutes afterwards the couple seemed to the colonel, to be as far from the hotel as if they never had seen it. They talked of everything, like well bred people, ex-cept the subject nearest the colonel's heart, and meanwhile they rode farther and farther

from the inn. Miss Coynbee succeeded in luring the colonel into conversation about the war, which seemed an unending subject of interest to sons who had nothing to do with it, and in some way the colonel had got upon the subject, incomprehensible to the civilian mind, of the wide gulf which separated offi-

cers from the men in the ranks. "The truth is, my dear Miss Coynbee, said the colonel, "the private soldier, although a man, with feelings and rights like other men, must be regarded in war as a mere machine. I always saw to it that my men were as well fed and otherwise cared for as the government would allow and I never allowed any of them to be subjected to unjust treatment, but as to recog-nizing them as individual human beingswhy, 'twas simply impossible, and I never "How strange!" murmured Miss Coynbee.

It seems positively inhuman. Relieve me from that suspicion, please, "The distinction is en said the colonel. tirely military, you know. In the abstract, I know a number of my men were at heart very much like me, for they were born armers' sons, and I was born on a farm Miss Coynbee looked sidewise and curi

ously at her escort. She had seen many young men from farms—some of them very fine fellows, too, but none of them had the dignity, the style, the effective manner of The colonel was oblivious to what was go

ing on beside him. The force of old habit always made him scan the road in front o him, and while Miss Coynbee had wondered he had been greatly puzzled by a group of people in the roadway near a house about a mile distant. Finally he said:

"It's very strange, but if we were any-where but on a country road I should in-sist that a brass band was in front of the buse yonder—the one nearest us."
"A brass band? Why, the nearest town must be several miles distant. I chance to know the geography of this country pretty well, have assisted mother somewhat in her new business interest."
"It certainly is a band—and a hearse—and

a flag. H'm. A military funeral; that is the funeral of some one who has been a "Indeed? To think that the war made its

nfluence felt in an out-of-the-way country like this." 'My dear Miss Coynbee," said the colonel, "I often think it was most feit in just such places. Soldiers' wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts suffered more than the soldiers

themselves. very generous of you to say so "Not, generous, my dear madam; merely

The while the colonel admitted confidentially to Miss Coynbee that, although it might be very undignified, he never could see any imitation of a military ceremony without having his heart stirred by remembrance of

old times. It certainly was a very shabby imitation which the colonel saw when he and Miss Coynbee stepped in front of the house and the old soldier raised his hat an instant in recognition of the veteran who had gone higher than he. The house was very small and plain; evidently the owner had been

mong the poorest of his class.

A few neighbors, who also looked poor. stood near the hearse; evidently they had just placed the remains therein. A woman in dingy black looked furtively from a win dow, and several children stood about look-ing clean, frightened and uncomfortable. One of the neighbors seemed to be quarrel ling with the leader of the band.

"I leave it to this gentleman," exclaimed the man of music, who had noted the colonel's approach, "whether it ain't an in-fernal shame. We've tramped four miles out here approach. out here, supposing the engagement was fair and square, and now we find that we're to get only the walk for our pains. I'll take the law on you for false pretences or trying

to swindle, or something."
"Don't, mister, please," pleaded the farmer,
"It's]est as I tell ye—honest. I heerd time an' agin that the gov'ment paid for the band when an old soldier had to be buried, an' I s'posed I was doin' the proper thing in ndin' for ye."
"And after making such a fool blunder

you're not man enough to make it right and pay the bill, eh?" "How'm I goin' to pay when I ain't got nothin'—can't even pay my taxes! "Tain't as of I was rioh; we're all dreadful poor folks

along this ridge-bad land, fur from town-"Tention, men!" exclaimed the leader.
"I'd take the rink of playing and suing for "I'd take the rink of playing and suing for the money, but it doesn't appear that the judgment could ever be collected. Let's trainip back home; what do you say?"

The band admitted that there seemed nothing else to do. Miss Coynbee, who had been looking at the woman in black behind the window murmured:

"Oh, colone!! Don't let them go! Look at that widow—and the children."

The colone! turned pale. There was but one way to keep the band; he had but \$10 in his pocket; he might give his word and his card, writing at ones to the city to borrow the money, but to run into debt without the probability of being able to pay in a long time, was too awful to think of, even

cheerfully pay them rather than the poor fellow shan't have a military funeral."
"If they are to be retained the expense must be mine," the colonel replied, feeling very much as he did during his first charge,

"but"—oh, lucky thought! "they'll demand from either of us a price which will be a

shameful imposition, and, which on princi-ple, we shouldn't endure."
"I wouldn't play now," said the leader of

the band, shaking his fist at the farmer who

was the innocent and stupid cause of all

was the innocent and stupid cause of all the trouble, "If you offered me double my price. Tention, men! Forward, march!" "The brutes!" exclaimed Miss Coynbee, as the band marched away. As for the colonel, he felt so grateful, and also so mean, at being relieved of responsibility in the affair, that he explained that it really was a matter

of business with the musicians, who probably

were feeling quite as disappointed as the family of the deceased veteran.

He turned his horse's head, and was about to take the road again, when he ventured

upon a question of mere curiosity, saying to a farmer who had sidled up to look over the

"Your friend was a private soldier," I sup-

"Private? No, sir!" was the reply. "He

was a coppyra!"

As the colonel explained, with a con-

temptuous smile, that Miss Coynbee would have seen but little difference between the

two grades had she known the army, the farmer hurried toward the hearse, took from

t something in a frame and returned with

"Ye needn't take my word for it, but just

The colonel extended his hand carelessly

he wanted to be respectful to the dead in

all circumstances, even to the remains of

one who had been merely a corporal, but really this was no affair of his.

The frame contained a "warrant"—the form of certificate given by regimental commanders to non-commissioned officers, yet

as the colonel's eye fell on the familiar form

"Why, colonel! What can be the mat-

"Matter? Oh, nothing. I beg that you'll excuse me, my dear madam, if I forgot my-self for an instant, but the truth is, the

deceased is one of my own man. I don't remember him, but this warrant bears my

signature-written nearly twenty years

"Oh, colonel! And the band is gone!"

"Can't any of his friends play fife and drum?" the colonel asked impatiently. "When I was a boy there was semebody on

almost every farm who blew a flute or fife and a drum could be found somewhere."

may not seem to concern me, but the truth is, I was his-I was in the army, too, and

thar, 'bout Jim's bein' one of your own men. I alluz understood him, though, that his capt'n got killed."

"Captains in the Fortieth were frequently killed," said the colonel with a grim smile. "Do hurry home, though, and get your drum; I'll engage to find a fifer, somewhere. Is the corporal's fife in the house—would

the family allow some other person to use

'I reckon they'd be mighty glad-they

know he always wanted the nash'nal airs played over him when he was gone, an' the flag put over his coffin. We borryed a

flag, an' we s'posed we'd got the music, but I dunno where you'll git a fifer."

"Get your drum—get me the fife, and I'll see what can be done. My dear Miss Coynbee, I beg you'll excuse what must seem to

you a most extraordinary interest in what remains of a fellow whom I can't remember

to have ever seen, but as he was one of my men—and doesn't seem to have had much

but poverty and children since he left the

"No excuses are necessary, colonel. Your

sentiment does you credit. Perhaps while you are looking to the affair I may be able to say a comforting word to the widow."

So saying. Miss Coynbee slipped from her horse and entered the house, while the

colonel, with a desperate look on his face, tied both horses to the fence and asked once

instrument was brought, and the colonel

ever played the fife, flute, piccolo or flageolet? The fingering is the same in all

"Guess nobody's ever done it," one of the

Guess moody's ever usine it, one of the farmers answered, after all the others had looked inquiringly at one another. "Can't you remember any one within two or three miles who can play? I'll ride after

him and bring him."

There was a general shaking of heads in the negative. The colonel set his teeth, started toward the barn and growled:

"Never mind; I'll find some one."
"Wonder who he knows over that way?"

asked one of the bystanders as the entire group sauntered to the corner of the house and followed the stranger with their eyes.

was just as he had supposed; he had

not forgot the fingering and mouthing of the instrument which had helped him while

away many lonesome hours when he was a

farmer's boy.

He practiced softly several moments until

He practiced sortly several money that the inner surface of the fife became moist and the notes came clearly. Then he recalled the national airs and several dead marches to which he had often been obliged to listen, and he rehearsed them all.

When he returned to the house the man

"Did you succeed, colonel?" The old soldier locked somewhat shame-faced as

"I did, my dear madam, if the man has

your permission to play."
"My permission?"
"My dear Miss Coynbee, if you'll allow,
I'll waive my rank and be the fifer. It is

horribly irregular. I know, but when you come to think of it, the war is over and

am a civilian, and the corporal was one of my own men, and—"

my own men, and—"
Miss Coynbee's eyes filled as she replied:
"Colonel, you're indeed a hero."
"Thank you," said the colonel, averting his face. Then he turned to the group of men and said: "Gentlemen, at a trooper's funeral it is customary to have a saddled horse follow the hearse. Fortunately, my horse has a military saiddle. Will one of you kindly lead him?"

colonel to the man with the drum.

viated by the execrable work of the drum-mer, who evidently was long out of prac-

tice; nevertheless the colonel was glad when

the little cometery was reached and he

imself an instant, and asked:

Miss Coynber

with the drum was there.

to the door and asked:

"Is it possible that none of you gentlemen

more for the deceased corporal's fife.

these instruments.

his mouth.

"Captains in the Fortieth were frequently

Yass, I heerd what you said to your gal

look at that."

Miss Coynbee exclaimed:

stood at the head of the grave and rested while the count was taken from the hearse.

Then he saw that Miss Coynbee, the one woman in the world, had tramped that dusty mile with the other followers. There seemed nothing irregular to her in the pro-ceedings, and the colonel became his dig-nified self as he saw her, as handsome and noble as his idea of the angel of the resur-rection, place her arm around the dingy, common looking widow and draw her to the side of the grave, and then drop her shapely head a little and whisper, probably, words

of consolation. The interment was quickly made, pre-ceded by a prayer from one of the men, then every one looked expeciantly at the colonel, and one man finally remarked: ong time, was too awful to think of, even to please Miss Coynbee. "Do keep them!" begged the lady. I'll

"Jim alluz said he wanted the nash'nal air played over him when he was buried." The colonel responded, first whispering to the other musician that a drum did not har-monize with any of them but "Yankee Doodle," with which he would conclude. At last the ordeal was over. The colonel walked back to the house of mourning, leading his horse, for Miss Coynbee was still afoot and trying to comfort the widow. With all possible haste the colonel got her away from the score of so much that had been unexpected when the morning ride herea.

ride began. As they took the road again and the col-onel raised his hat to the mourners and friends one of the farmers shouted: "Three cheers for him!" and the response was quite noisy for so small a party. The colonel acknowledged the salute and then exclaimed:
"Trot, march—I beg pardon, my dear Miss Coynbee, but I seem to have lost my head this morning through the very unusual incidents of the past hour or two. I assure you—"

"Colonel," Interrupted Miss Coynbee with the grandest, most womanly expression that the colonel had ever seen even in her face, 'you are the greatest man I ever met. You have lifted me ontirely out of my little world—taken me so far out of it that I wish I might never he obliged to go back into it."

The soldier felt prouder—a thousand times prouder than when he had received his colonel's commission, although it had seemed to him that day that his head was in the heavens and his feet did not touch the earth.

That woman's approval, he told himself, should make a god, almost, of any man.

Then a daring impulse hurried from his

heart to his lips, and he said:
"My dear Miss Coynbee, if I am to blame for taking you out of your own world, may I beg of you to come into mine—and remain there forever?"

The woman flushed only the least bit-she was too earnest-hearted that morning to be startled by anything. She looked fearlessly into the colonel's eyes and replied; "I will; here's my hand on it, with the understanding that you've the right to change

your mind. Our acquaintance of last season was only a month long."
"But I've had you in mind a whole year since," the colonel explained. "On the other hand, you also shall be free to change, and have ample time in which to do it, shouldn't have spoken so hastily, being a

events of the morning—"
"I must thank them," said Miss Coynbee,
"so no one else shall blame them. I'll wait forever for you, if necessary." But she didn't. A wide-nwake, well-tc-do, warm-hearted woman of 30 years isn't going to wait any longer than she likes for her wedding day. Miss Coynbee's mother's hold-

ings of the improvement company's stock were used to make a place in the company and a drum could be found somewhere."

"There's an old drum over to my house that I used to hammer on when I was younger an' the Fourth come 'round," the farmer replied, 'but sence the big war the Fourth o' July ain't as much of a day as it used to be. As for a fife, Jim—that's him in the coffin there—he was the only feller in these parts that could blow one. He could for the colonel, and there was a wedding it "Who is that remarkably handsome woman?" asked a new member of the club one day of an old member, as the two passed

Mrs. Colonel Swordsley in the street.
"She? Oh, that's the colonel's latestthese parts that could blow one. He could blow it good, too, but I s'pose it wouldn't be fair to expect him to play for his own Colonel Swordsley's." "Latest? I thought he hadn't married until recently. "But you at least can get your drum, my "Oh, did you never hear the story? Well"
—and he repeated it as it was told to me. friend, and pay him the tribute of respect which he would have most wanted. Ex-cuse my carnestness in an affair which

PUFFING FOR A PRIZE.

Two Hours Struggle for the Smoking Championship in Berlin. A smoking match was given recently by the Giftnudel Smoking club in its rooms in Manteuffel street, Berlin, says the Tageblatt. The prize was a solid silver cigar case and 200 cigars. The entrance fee was \$1, and the conditions were that the contestants should smoke only the cigars provided at the expense of the club, and should as they were competing for the prize, no con testant being allowed to take food, drink or medicine during the match. The prize was to be given to the contestant who smoked down to one-inch butts the largest number of cigars in two There were seventeen entries, who smoked without pause start to finish, was declared winner. He reinced ten large cigars to ashes in the allotted time, while his closest competitor smoked but seven and one-half. At the end of the first hour ten smokers retired from the match and left the room. None of them returned. Of the seven others three were pale and perspiring freely when the referee called "time." Knopf felt well and pro-fessed his willingness to begin at once another two-hour match, but his challenge

cigars a side, the length of the contest to be fixed by mutual consent between one and a half and five hours. Shooting Round a Corner.

found no takers. He says that he is ready

to smoke against anybody in Berlin for 500

The lines of the confronting forces at the crater front, says Blue and Gray, were 170 yards apart, and so accurate were the sharpshooters that a hat raised on a ramever so slightly above the crest of the parapet was sure to be soon perforated with balls; indeed, ceaseless vigilance was the only guarantee against injury at any point along the lines, and, incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that soldiers facing to the front, and with the earthworks between the enemy and themselves, were frequently struck in the back by the bullets just grazing the edge of the parapet in passing over with downward inclination, striking some hard substance behind and glancing diagonaly forward. Hence there was not always discredit in being wounded in the back while serving in these trenches.

The colonel went behind the barn, laid aside his dignity, brushed his mustache upward from his lip and raised the fife to Danger became of such hourly occurrence, that its presence made it jocular with the soldiers. When a broadside would issue from a federal battery, and the heavy missiles come hurtling toward our works, the cry, "More bread," would go up from the near-by soldiers, which meant that as soon as night or a flag of truce allowed, the fragments of metal would be exchanged for fresh bread with the junk dealer and baker from Peters burg, and these loaves were indeed a relief from the monotony of hard tack and coarse cornmeal, called "grits," and often sour.

> Mineral Blotting "Paper." Mineral blotting stone is a novelty. It was exhibited at the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, recently in session at Washington. On the desk of one of the scientists was a thin slice of light colored stone. He used it for a blotter, and it orbed ink better than any bibulous paper It was a piece of the new mineral blotting atone, soon to be put on the market by a Missouri firm. The stuff is a formation composed of sediment deposited by certain for ages in the locality mentioned, and i available in inexhaustible quantities. High ly porous, it will take up a surprising quan-The merchant will employ i incidentally as a paper weight, and alonally the office boy will scrape it off with a knife-an easy task, the substance being very soft-making it as good as new.

His Idea of It.

you kindly lead him?"
The friends of the deceased contended for Henry Watterson tells of a politician who was inveighing against Cleveland before a number of auditors in Washington. "Is the cemetery far?" whispered the "I'm going to quit," says he. "I'm ; to get out and keep out of sight for "Less'n mile," was the reply.
"I'll guide you."
Then the colonel turned his head, forgot next four years. I know a secluded spot in the James river county where I'll go and live. It's an ideal home for a weary re-cluse. About 200 yards back of the cot-sage there's a springhouse and close by is "Is the command ready? Forward march," after which he recovered quickly and began to play a dead march, as doleful as any dead man's friends could desire; in the meantime the colonel devoutly prayed a mint bed, while just across the creek friend of mine runs a distillery."

A Kentuckian was among the auditors that no other people from the hotel had strayed in that direction that morning. and at this juncture he interrupted the

"Excuse me, stranger, but that must be

As for Miss Coynbee, she was a noble woman, and he was sure he could pledge her to secrecy, but what would his friends The other day Johnnie saw a branded musin the city think were they to hear of his extraordinary conduct? His distress of mind was somewhate alletang on the street. "Oh, mamma," he shouted, "just look how they've gone and vaccinated the poor thing!"

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