

CHAPTER VIII.-Concluded.

Disappointed as the message left Key, it steamed out of San Luis it for a while diverted his attention from the object of his pursuit. In any event his destination would have been Skinner's or the Hollow, as the point from which to begin his search. He be-Heyed with Sister Scraphina that the young girl would make her direct appeal to her brother; but even if she sought Mrs. Barker. been postmarked from "Bald Top," which Key knew to be an obscure settlement less frequented than Skinner's. Even then it was hardly possible that the chief of the road agents would present himself at the postoffice, and it had probably been left by some less known of the gang. A vague idea-that was hardly a suspicion that the girl might have a secret address of her brother's, without understanding the reasons for its secrecycame into his mind. A still more vague hop: that he might meet her before she found her brother upheld him. It would be an accidental meeting on her part, for he no longer dared to hope that she would seek or trust him again. And it was with very little of his old sanguine quality that, travel-worn and weary, he at last alighted at Skinner's. But his half careless inquiry if any lady passengers had lately arrived there, to his embarrassment produced a broad smile on the face of Skinner

"You're the second man that asked that question, Mr. Key," he said. "The second man?" ejaculated Key, ners

"Yes; the first was the shoriff of Shasta. He wanted to find a tall, good-looking woman about 30, with black eyes. I hope that ain' the kind o' girl you're looking arter-is it

For I reckon she's gin you both the slip."
Key protested with a forced laugh that it was not, yet suddenly hesitated to describe he instantly recognized the portrait of her friend, the assumed Mrs. Barker

Skinner continued in lazy confidence: "Ye see, they say that the sheriff had sorier got the dead wood on that gang o' road agents, and had hommed 'em in somewhar betwixt Bald Top and Collinson's. But that woman was one o' their spies and spotted his little game, and managed to give 'em the tip so they got clean away. Anyhow they ain't bin heard from since. But the big shake has made scoutin' along the ledges rather stiff work for the sheriff. They say the valley near Long Canon's chock full o' rock and slumgull'on that's slipped down.

"What do you mean by the big shake? asked Key in surprise. "Great Scott! you didn't hear of it? Didn't hear of the 'arthquake that shook us up all along Galloper's the other night? Well," he added disgustedly, "that's first the conceit of them folks in the bay; that can't allow that anythin' happens in the mountains!"

The urgent telegrams of his foreman now The urgent telegrams of his foreman now flashed across Key's preoccupied mind. Possibly Skinner saw his concern. "I reckon your mine is all right, Mr. Key. One of your men was over yere last night, and didn't say nothin'."

But this did not satisfy Key, and in a few minutes he had mounted his horse and was speeding toward the Hollow, with a rewas speeding toward the floriow, with a re-morseful consciousness of having neglected his colleagues' interests. For himself, in the utter prepossession of his passion for Alice, he cared nothing. As he dashed down the slope to the Hollow he thought only of the two momentous days that she had passed there, and the fate that had brought them so nearly together. There was nothing to recall its sylvan beauty in the hideous works that now possessed it, or the substantial dwelling house that had taken the place of the old cabin. A few hurried questions to the foreman satisfied him of the integrity of the property. There had been some alarm in the shaft, but there was no subsidence of the a poor, poor man I found lying on the edge the shaft, but there was no subsidence of the "seam," nor any difficulty in the working. "What I telegraphed you for, Mr. Key, was about something that has cropped up way back o' the carthquake. We were served here the other day with a legal notice of a claim to the mine, on account of previous work done on the ledge by the last occurant."

"But the claim was built by a gang of "But the claim was built by a gang of thieves, who used it as a hoard for their booty," returned Key hotly, "and every one of them are outlaws, and have no standing before the law." He stopped with a pang as he thought of Alice. And the blood rushed to his cheeks as the foreman quietly con-

tinued:
"But the claim ain't in any o' their names.
It's silowed to be the gift of their leader to
his young sister, afore the outlawry, and it's
in her name—Alice Riggs or something." passed through Key's mind only one re-mained. It was purely an act of the brother's to secure some possible future benefit for his sister. And of this she was perfectly ignorant! He recovered himself quickly, and said with a smile: "But I discovered the ledge and its aurif-erous character myself. There was no trace

or sign of previous discovery or mining oc-

"So I jedged, and so I said, and thet puts ye all right; but I thought I'd tell ye. For mining laws is mining laws, and it's the one thing ye can't get over," he added with the peculiar superstitious reverence of the California miner for that vested authority.

But Key scarcely listened. All that he heard seemed only to link him more fatefully and indissolubly with the young girl. He was already impatient of even this slight delay in his quest. In his perplexity his thoughts

thenr-perhaps in the wood beyond Collin-son's. He would penetrate it alone. He knew his danger, but as a single unarmed man he might be admitted to the presence of the leader, and the alleged claim was a sufficlent excuse. What he would may or do afterward depended upon chance. It was a will scheme—but he was recklers.

wild scheme—but he was reckless. Yet he weuld go to Collinson's first.

At the end of two hours he reached the thickset wood that grew upon the shelf at the top of the grade which descended to the the top of the grade which descended to the mill. As he emerged from the wood into the bursting sunshine of the valley below he sharply reined in his horse and stopped. Another bound would have been his last. For the shelf, the rocky grade itself, the ledge below, and the mill upon it were all gone. The crumbling outer wall of the rocky grade had allowed away into the transport. grade had slipped away into the immeasurable depths below, leaving only the sharp edge of a cliff which incurved toward the woods that once stood behind the mill, but which now bristled on the very edge of able depths below, leaving only the sharp edge of a cliff which incurved toward the woods that once atood behind the mill, but which now bristled on the very edge of a precipice. A mist was hanging over its brink and rising from the valley; it was a full-fed stream that was coursing through the former dry bed of the river and falling down the face of the bluff. He rubbed his eyes, dismounted, crept along the edge of the precipice and looked below; whatever that knowledge. I tell you had subsided and melted down into its thousand feet of depth there was no trace left upon its mooth face. Scarcely an angle of drift is morth for the precipic and content of the precipic and content of the precipic and looked below; whatever and the porpendicular; the lieve that he died. Better that she should

burial of all ruin was deep and compact; the erasure had been swift and sure-the oblitera-Disappointed as the message left Key, it tion complete. It might have been the determined his action, and as the train precipitation of ages, and not of a single. night. At that remote distance it even seemed that grass was already growing over this encrmous sepulcher, but it was only the tops of the buried pines. The absolute si-lence, the utter absence of any mark of convulsive struggle-even the lulling whimper of falling waters gave the scene a pastoral

So profound was the impression upon Key and his human passion, that it at first seemed it would be at some of the haunts of the an ironical and elernal ending of his quest. It was with difficulty that he reasoned that the catastrophe occurred before Alice's flight, and that even Collinson might have had time to escape. He slowly skirted the edge of the chasm and made his way back through the empty woods behind the old mill site toward the place where he had dismounted. His horse seemed to have strayed into the shadows of this covert, but as he approached him he was amazed to see that it was not his own, and that a woman's scarf was lying over its A wild idea seized him and found expression in an impulsive cry:

The woods echoed it; there was an interval

forny. I was that foolish and that outrue to her—all the while knowin, as I once told you. Mr. Key, that ef she'd been allve she'd bin yere—that I believed it true for a minit! And that was why, afore this happened, I had a dream, right out yer, and dreamed she kem to me, all white and troubled, through the woods. At first I thought it war my Sadie, but when I see she warn't like her old self, and her voice was strange and her laugh was strange—then I knowed it wasn't her and I was dreamin'. You're right, Mr. Key, in was dreamin'. You're right, Mr. I wot you got off just now-wot was it?

> "Have you any pain?" asked Key after a "No; I kinder feel easier now."
>
> Key looked at his changing face. "Tell me, he said gently, "If it does not tax your strength, all that has happened here, all you It is for her sake."

know nothing, and keep her thought of him

"I see—I see—I see, Mr. Key," murmured the injured man. "Thet's wot I've been sayin' to myself lyin' here all night. Thet's wot I bin sayin' o' my wife Sadie—her that I actoorally got to think kem back to me last night. You see I'd heerd from one o' those fellars that a woman like unto her had been nicked to a Toward here with the last night.

been picked up in Texas and brought on yere, and that mebbe she was somewhar in Cali-forny. I was that foolish and that ontrue to

Thus adjured, with his eyes fixed on Key, Collinson narrated his story from the irrupt-tion of the outlaws to the final catastrophe. Even then he palliated their outrage with his characteristic patience, keeping still strange fascination for Chivers and his blind belief in his miserable wife. The story was forgetfulness in the midst of a sentence, and at last by a fit of coughing that left a few crimson bubbles on the corners of his mouth. Key lifted his eyes anxiously; there was some grave internal injury which the dying man's resolute patience had suppressed. Yet, at the sound of Alice's returning step, Colof silence and then a faint response. But it linson's eyes brightened, apparently as much



"HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?" SAID KEY GRAVELY.

was her voice. He ran eagerly forward in at her coming as from the effect of the powerthat direction and called again; the response | ful stimulant Key had taken from his med was nearer this time, and then the tall ferns cine case.

parted and her lithe graceful figure came "I thank ye, Mr. Key." he said faintly running, stumbling, and limping toward him like a wounded fawn. Her face was pale and agliated, the tendrils of her light hair were straying over her shoulders, and one of the straying over her shoulders and the straying over her should be should be should be straying the straying over her should be should blood and dust. He

eagerly. witness, suthin' I "It is you!" she gasped. "I prayed for might take his hi would be you. And then I heard your voice-

a poor, poor man I-found lying on the edge of the cliff. I could not help him much. I didn't care to leave him. No one would come! I have been with him alone, all the

morning! Come quick, he may be dying."
He passed his arm around her waist uncon sciously, she permitted it as unconsciously, as he half supported her figure while they hurried forward. "He had been crushed by something and was half hanging over the ledge, and could

not move nor speak," she went on quickly. "I dragged him away to a tree-it took me hours to move him, he was so heavy-and I got him some water from the stream and bathed his face, and bloodled all my sleeve."
"But what were you doing here?" he asked

icate cheek like the faint tint of dawn. Of the half-dozen tumultous thoughts that | was going to find my brother at Bald Top, she said, hurriedly. "But don't ask me now -only come, quick, do." "Is the wounded man conscious? Did you

speak to him? Does he know who you are?"

speak to him? Does he know who you are?"
asked Key, uneasily.
"No! he only monned a little and opened
his eyes when I dragged him. I don't think
he even knew what had happened."
They hurried on again. The wood lightcned suddenly. "Here!" she said in a half
whisper, and stepped timidly into the open
light. Only a few feet from the fatal ledge,
against the roots of a buckey with her against the roots of a buckeye, with her shawl thrown over him, lay the wounded

Key started back. It was Collinson! His head and shoulders seemed uninjured, but as Key lifted the shawl he saw that the long lank figure appeared to melt away below the waist into a mass of shapeless and dirty rags. Key hurriedly deplaced the shawl, and, bending over him, listened to his hurried respiration and the beating of his heart. Then he pressed a drinking flask to his lips. already impatient of even this slight delay in his quest. In his perplexity his thoughts had reverted to Collinson's; the mill was a good point to begin his search from; its good natured, stupid proprietor might be his guide, his ally, and even his confidant.

When his horse was bailed he was again in the saddle. "If yer going Collinson's way, yer might ask him if he's lost a horse," said the foreman. "The morning after the shake some of the boys picked up a mustang with a makeup lady's saddle on." Key started! While it was impossible that it could have been ridden by Alice, it might have been by the woman who had preceded her.

"Did you make any "aarch?" he said cagerly. "There may have been an accident."

"I reckon it wasn't no accident," returned the foreman coolly, "for the riata was loose and trailing, as if it had been staked out and broke a way."

Without another word Key put sours to with the word was any."

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broken away."

Without another word Key put spurs to his horse and galloped away, leaving his companion staring after him. Here was a clew; the horse could not have strayed far; the broken tether indicated a camp; the same had been gathered somewhere in the broken tether gathered somewhere in the leave to the rocks trying to save my wife; the broken tether indicated a camp; the gang had been gathered somewhere in the vicinity, where Mrs. Barker had warned them—perhaps in the wood beyond Collinson's. He would penetrate it alone. He knew his danger, but as a single unarmed man he might be admitted to the presence of the leader and the alloged claim was a sum.

"Then you were not in the house when the shock came?" said Key.

"No. You see the mill was filled with them fellers as the sheriff was arter, and it went over with 'em—and I—"

"Allce," said Key with a white face, "would you mind going to my horse, which you will find somewhere near yours, and bringing me a medicine case from my saddle bags?"

The innocent girl glanced quickly at her companion, saw the change in his face, and, attributing it to the imminent danger of the injured man, at once glided away. When she was out of hearing, Key leaned gravely over him:

understand. Would you mind stacaught the white and thar, afore me, in the light so I kin see trembling hands that were thrust out to him you both, and you, miss, rememberin', ez a cageriy.

The two did as he bade them, standing side by side, humoring what seemed to them to be wanderings of a dying man.
"Thar was a young fellow," sa'd Collin-

son, in a steady voice, "ez kem to my shanty a night ago on his way to the-the-valley. He was a sprightly young fellow, gay and chipper-like, and he sez to me, confidential-like: 'Collinson,' sez he, 'I'm off to the states this very night on business of importance while I'll be ways a long time for states this very night on business of impor-tance; mebbe I'll be away a long time-for years! You know, sez he, 'Mr. Key, in the Hollow! Go to him,' sez he, 'and tell him ez how I hadn't time to get to see him; tell him,' sez he, 'that Rivers'-you've got the him,' sez he, 'that Rivers'-you've got the name, Mr. Key?-you've got the name, miss? "that Rivers wants him to say this to his little sister from his loving brother. And tell him, sez he, this yer Rivers, 'to look arter her, being alone.' You remember that Mr. Key? you remember it, miss? You see, I remembered it, too, being so to speak alone myself—" he paused, and added in a faint whisper, "till now."

Then he was silent. That innocent lie was the first and last upon his honest lips, for as they stood there, hand in hand, they saw his plain, hard face take upon itself at first the gray, ashen hues of the rocks around him, and then and thereafter the infinite tranquillity and peace of the wilderness in which he had lived and died and of which he was a part.

Contemporaneous history was less kindly The Bald Top Sentinel congratulated its readers that the late seismic disturbance was accompanied with very little less of life, if any. "It is reported that the proprietor of a low shebeen for emigrants in an ob-scure hollow had succumbed from injuries, but," added the editor with a fine touch of western humor, "whether this was the result of his being forcibly mixed up with his own tanglefoot whisky or not, we are unable to determine from the evidence before us." For all that a small stone shaft was added later to the rocks near the site of the old mill, inscribed to the memory of this obscure "pre prietor," with the humorous legend: "Have ye faith like to him?" And those who knew only of the material catastrophe, looking around upon the scene of desolation it com-memorated, thought grimly that it must be faith indeed, and-were wiser than they

"You smiled, Don Preble," said the lady superior to Key a few weeks later, "when I told to you that many caballeros thought it most discreet to intrust their future brides to the maternal guardianship and training of the holy church, yet, of a truth, I meant not you. And yet—ch! well, we shall see." (The End.)

Rochester Post. Rochester Post.

What though old Boreas roars without And tears about unruly,
My sweetheart's nestling close to me And says she loves me truly!
What care I now for other's smiles
Or frowns, however pienty?
She loves me, though she's only nine,
And I am pine and twenty. And I am nine and twenty,

None know my joy as I sit there, Her arms around me twining. For so-called love of selfish minds No more will I be pining. One can accept without a doubt The love that now is mine, For love can never truer be, Or purer, than at nine.

Dear little sweetheart, may I ne'er
Hetray the love I cherish,
May no unwitting act of mine
Cause it to fade or perish.
No compliment as sweet as this,
Though friendship may be plenty,
Where one is truly loved by nine,
And he is nine and twenty.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Adventures of an American Boy at That Great Engagement.

By Maurice T hompson.

In the history of our country the battle of | he do with his prisoner, whom he was 20 ing under fear of an empty blunderbus? To stand there would be certain death or cap-ing quick aim upon the Highlander, he de-manded his surrender.

"Drop that gun!" cried the boy, with

At this stage of the action there was

back, uticily defeated and panic stricken.

IN THE MUD.

ne. In went the Highlander, up to his arm

ast. Here was the Highlander's opportunity of

cans were swarming over their breastworks

ing from a gunshot wound necessarily mor-tal, but had never shown a sign of it.

life he stoutly maintained its truth and in sisted upon having it heard.

ARMY NICK NAMES.

Odd Titles Which German Soldiers

Bestow Upon Each Other.

Tommy Atkins, representing the British sol-

The guards are called "Hammel," 'sheep;" the guards call the soldiers of the

line "field rats;" the infantry speak of the

cavalry as "grooms," and the cavalry return

the compliment by bestowing upon the in-

as "moles," the Hussars as packfireals, and the artillery as "cow soldiers." The latter are called, also, "astronomers," and the engineers "water rats." In these divisions again the corps have names for themselves and their rivals. In the cavalry the "white-smiths"

Seventh Cuirassiers are the "white-smiths,"

the First Hussars the "death's heads," as their shake bears this emblem, and the Fourth Hussars, from their brown uniforms,

are called the 'partridges,' the only brown in the German army preserved in remem-brance of Frederick II, who used all the

cloth found in the Capuchia convent for his soldiers. The green uniform with yellow facings has given to the Sixth Hussars the

name of "spinach and eggs," and for a simi-lar reason the Tenth Hussars are called

In the guards the first regiment of foot are

n poetic allusion to their

helmets; the Chasseurs are "green frogs;" the First Grenadlers, "potato peelers;" the Hussars "glow-worms," from their red clothes; the Third Uhlans, "dusties," from

their dull yellow trimmings; and the Pio-neers, "earth worms."

A MUSICAL MIRACLE.

Wonders Performed by Jeanne

Blanchard, the 9-Year-Old Pinnist. Fancy a small girl of 4 years of age

playing classical music before an assem-

blage of distinguished men and women at

Paris. This was the remarkable achieve-

fantry the names of "sand hares,"

Everybody is familiar with the name of

Nearly two hours passed before Roger was

But no; it was too late; the Ameri

New Orleans is unique, and in the history of war there perhaps never was a fight attended by circumstances more picturesque. On the part of the Americans it was waged by individuals rather than by an army; each man fought as a citizen, feeling that he had a personal duty to perform. Whether true or not, the word had come to the nothin'-and keep the old thoughts people of New Orleans that the British commander had promised his soldiers unlimited freedom to sack the city if they took it. This aroused our people to the highest pitch of martial excitement, and General Jackson's little band of soldiers was at once reinforced as he was told. by citizens of all ages, who rushed, gun in hand, to the proposed line of defense, a few

miles down the river. Among these volunteers was a boy of 16 by the name of Roger Fayard, whose parents were poor and of mixed French and American blood. Roger had armed himself with a at times broken by lapses of faintness, by a short, clumsy gun, a horn of powder and a singular return of his old abstraction and pouch well supplied with bullets. He preshort, clumsy gun, a horn of powder and a sented himself at headquarters, and was the bluff, rough-and-ready general go and find a place in the lines. Jackson was too busy at the time to pay much attention to him, and the boy, fully determined that he must have a hand in the impending fight, went out to where hundreds of men were digging like moles in the wet sand, building a long embankment for defense; but he could ind no one that he knew, and so he wandered about somewhat bewildered until he chanced to attract the attention of General Coffee, who was in command of the left wing of our forces. A little later Roger found himself stationed in a swamp, where a struggling line of men were watching for the British redcoats to appear.

LOST IN THE SWAMP.

Here he had to stay all night, and the next day the command was sent farther on into dense jungle. By this time Roger boy-like, beginning to feel dissatisfied with his situation. He was wet, muddy, hungry, sleepy and tired almost beyond endurance. Some movement was ordered which he did not understand, and at last, after running this way and that, trying to regain his place in line, he suddenly found himself all alone n the midst of a wild tangle of trees and plants. Not a man was in sight, and a dead stillness and silence hung over everything A strange sense of bewilderment and fear filled his heart. Where was he? What had become of the army? He stood and listened. Not a sound. To make the matter worse night was coming on, and a fog with it. Reger was no coward, but his nerve thrilled, and for a while he was faint and almost ready to fall. After a few moments he rallied, however, and set out to look for

his command. But which way should he go? He had absolutely no guide, nothing from which to draw even a hint of direction For hours he floundered in mud, water and underbrush. Overhead, as night fell, the breeze soughed dolefully through the dim treetops. He dared not halloo or make any sound, for this might betray him to the nemy. At last he saw a light twinkle, then disappear. He pushed on. Another and another light flashed through the thickening fog. They were campfires, but whose were they? He must be careful. In his imagina-tion to fall into British hands seemed worse than death. And the next instant, when he slyly pushed his way through a clump of tangled shrubs, he saw red coats and bay

A sentry was strutting back and forth between him and a fire where some men were cooking and enting. He saw two, whom he thought officers, discussing a bottle of wine. At first he was sure that the guard saw him and his heart sank. He recoiled and crept back into the cover unnoticed however, to hasten away in the opposite di rection; but again and again he came upon lights and always there were red-coated soldlers by the fires. It seemed that choose what course he might the result same, and naturally he concluded that he was in the midst of the enemy's army. In fact, like all lost persons, he was walking to a circle and returning time after time to the same place.

THE BATTLE BEGINS. There was a moon, but the fog shut off nearly all the light. For many hours Roger strove in vain to get back to the American lines. At last, worn out, he lay down in a thicket near an old fence and almost immediately fell fast asleep. Some time afterward a great rushing noise awoke him. He opened his eyes and sprang to his feet. Immense rockets were going up and their light made the fog look red. The British a my was moving, and far and near the noises of a multitude of men tramping, cannon trundling and horses plunging, were heard,

ment of a tiny French maid who a year later composed a simple sketch for the plano called Since her debut in Paris little Miss Blanchard has gone from one triumph to another, while military orders given in sharp to es were passed from distance to distance. Then a heavy boom from a big gun, and all at once until she gives promise of rivaling even the glorious boy Mozart. After composing ballets, polkas, mazurkas and marches, she completed an opera entitled "Fingal," and at Notre Dame de Paris the storm of battle began. In a few minutes the British were charging upon Jackson's last year little Jeanne conducted an orchestra

Roger was now able to make out by the general direction of the enemy's march which way he should go in order to reach his friends, but he soon discovered that the British advance line was already between him and Jackson's works. He knew that General Coffee was on the American left, and he hoped that by bearing far out into the swamp he could reach the extreme of the line. His sieep had refreshed him, so that now he ran briskly, keeping a sharp lookout for redcoats, but his eyes were not quick enough, and while making his way through the corner of an old plantation inclosure he suddenly came face to face with four or five soldiers, who fired at him. Their bullets sang past his ears without touching him. Badly scared as he was, he leveled his old gun and banged away, then turned and ran as fast as his legs could carry him back into the woods THE HIGHLANDER.

By this time the battle was at its highest pitch. Cannon balls and grape shot were pounding and tearing their way through the



THEN, TURNING, HE RAN AS FAST AS HIS LEGS COULD CARRY HIM BACK INTO THE WOODS.

woods and plowing great furrows across the sandy open space, while a continuous patter and hissing of riffe bullets was mingling with the snarling of rockets and the broadsides from a vessel in the riwer. Roger zig-zagged his way toward the left of the American line, as he thought, but in fact he was approaching the center. It began to be very difficult to keep out of the way of the charging British, and every movement made his peril greater. He sought the first opportuinty to reload his gun, but, to his consternation, discovered

of 120 performers who played the prelude to "Fingal." Of course this young prodigy has appeared before most of the living masters, Saint-Saens, Massenet and Deliebs, who one and all

are enthusiastic in praise of her wonderful She is a pretty child, with a swe't, earnest, modest little face, and in spite of the adulation and presents heaped upon her by admirers, retains her childish simplicity of manner. Our principal interest in Jeanne is that she expects soon to visit this country, the land of children, and one wonders if, in spite of her fame and genius, she may not some time envy American boys and girls who live in the freest, nicest country in the whole round world.

Prattle of the Youngsters.

stern scowl.

The Highlander promptly obeyed. So far Parriy discipline is still nonntuned in some American families, as, of course, it so good, but Roger realized at once that he had a serious trouble in hand. What could ought to be in all. A small boy got a slive la his fret, according to the Boston Heri'd "March along!" Roger commanded, indiand his mother expressed her interior o citing the direction in which he wished to putting a positive on the would. The any with the ratural foolishness water is been The Highlander, seeing the gaping muzzle up in the leart of a child, objected to the of the boy's gun bearing directly upon h'm., felt that he must submit, and so he marched proposed remedy.
"I won't have any poultice," he declared.

"Yes, you will," said both mather and graduather firmly. The majorit, was tw to one against him, and at bedtime the poultite was ready. The patient was not ready. On the con-trary, he resisted so stoutly that a switch

arthus stage of the action there was a terrible concentration of energy by both armies. The British commander 124, mortally wounded, the Highlanders charged up to the citch in front of Jackston's works and were cut down like grass. Roger and his captive were borne along, as if on the store-tide of the fight, and forced bither and the store-tide of the fight, and forced bither and the store-tide of the fight, and forced bither and the store-tide of the fight, and forced by the store-tide of the was brought into requisition. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother, with uplifted army, torn to shreds, was lurled stick, was to stand at the bedside. The box was told that if he "opened his mouth" he would receive something that would keep him quiet. The ditch in front of the American breast-

The hot poultice touched his foot and he opened his mouth. "You-" he began.
"Keep still," said his mother, shaking her

works was an old mill race, in which the sluggish water covered a bottom of deep mud. When Roger had succeeded in driving his prisoner to the brink of this he ordered him stick, while the grandmother applied the cross it, not imagining the feat a difficult Once more the little fellow opened his pits, and by a tremendous struggle reached the other side, all covered with mud. Without mouth

But the uplifted switch awed him into counting the probabilities Roger followed and plunged into the cozy ditch, where he stuck In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place and the boy was tucked into bed.
"There now," said his mother. "The old sliver will be drawn out, and Eddie's foot will be all well." they were upon him; they seized him and marched him away. Not far, however. The brave fellow staggered and fell, and when they examined him they found that he was dead. During all that time he had been bleed-

The mother and grandmother were moving triumphantly away when a shrill voice piped from under the bed clothes: "You've got it on the wrong foot."

Little Johnny has been naughty, and has

o be sent from the table without having any discovered and rescued from the mud. He told his story, but nobody believed it; it was lessert. For an hour he has been sitting the corner of the room crying. At last he Yet throughout all his after thinks it time to stop. "Well, I hope you have done crying low," says his mother

"Haven't done," says Johnny, in a passion "I'm only resting." The little Chicago boy was sleepily mutering his prayers, "O, Lord," he said, "bless papa and

mamma, and Uncle John, and Aunt Maria, and—and the whole push!" dier, but how many know the terms of endearment by which the German soldiers are First Urchin—Say, Tom, what's appendici-us? Second Urchin—Appendicitus! Oh, called? Some of these are applied to the entire regiment, some to an individual corps. dat's der disease yer catches from swallerin'

WORTHY WIVES OF NOTED MEN. Politicians Who Owe Much to Their Better Halves. The political eyes of the nation are now fantry the names of said nares, carriers," "clodhoppers." The Culrassiers are known as "flour sacks," the pioneers as "moles," the Hussars as "packthreals," The focused on Ohio.

Five vital factors in the pending gubernatorial, senatorial and subsequent presidential campaigns, says the New York Herald, are embedied in the wives of the candidates indorsed by the recent republican and dem-

ocratic state conventions. They form a remarkable quintet-a curious combination of wealth, social prestige, in-tellect and domestic virtues. The failure of Ohio republicans to renomi-

nate McKinley for governor, while they in-dorsed him as their candidate for the presidency of the United States, instead of relegating Mrs. McKinley to the traditional obcurity of the wife of a defunct official, but

kept in vital touch with public questions at home and abroad.

The invalidism that prevented her active participation in Washington society during the fourteen years Governor McKiniey served in the house of representatives naturally tended to concentrate her mind on the measures her husband has ever had at

heart.

If there be a stancher protectionist in the world today than the author of the McKinley bill it is his sweet-faced wife, who thinks there is no man her husband's equal.

Mrs. McKinley was born in Ohio, and in the quaint Dutch commercial town of Canton she was a noted belie in her girihood. Her father, the late James Saxton, was an infather, the late James Saxton, was an in-fluential citizen and the publisher of the Canton Repository. Until after the birth of two children, now dead, Mrs. McKinley was

spacious suite, specially fitted up for the and most public-spirited men in Philadelphia, governor, in the Neil house, which confronts the windows of the gubernatorial groom-elect is a grandson of Jay Cooke, the office at the state house. On these occa- famous financier.

sions Mrs. McKinley, like Mme. Recamier, received her guests reclining on a divan.

The gubernatorial race revives two women The gubernatorial race revives two women of varied social and political resources—the wives of former Governor James E. Campbell and General Asa Bushnell. Mrs. Campbell is probably the most ambitious as well as the most "advanced"—in the best sense of that much abused term—of this interesting animist.

ing quintet. She is reputed to be a practical politician.

It is an inherited predilection. Her father, Job E. Owens, was one of the sharpest, shrewdest politicians and most successful manufacturer of Hamilton, O. His home was the rendezvous of the early politicians of that section.

Mrs. Campbell was born in Lebanon, O.

the home of Tom Corwin, and moved to Hamilton, where, as Libby Owens, she was voted the brightest, prettiest girl of the Educated at Vassar college, she was a

favorite of Maria Mitchell. Governor Campbell's four congressional terms initiated his handsome, clever wife in the intricacles of official society, and her receptions soon vied in popularity with those of Mrs. Whitney.

A woman of commanding presence, ready wit, social tact, an artistic dresser, Mrs. Campbell burst like a meteor on the social tack.

life of Ohio's capital, and her tollets, teas, luncheons and receptions during her husband's gubernatorial reign were a revelation to the conservative town. To the fact and diplomacy of his wife Governor Campbell, despite his unquestioned talent and gifts of statesmanship, owes not a little of his popularity with the masses, An incident is cited in lustrative of Mrs. Campbell's tact. During the republican convention which nominated

Major McKinley for the governorship Mrs. Campbell role in her open landau to the Neil house, where Major McKinley was stop-ping, and took the distinguished protectionist for a drive through the city. Cheer upon cheer rent the air as McKinley rode away, with Mrs. Campbell at his side, while the governor sat facing them.

"Major McKinley is one of our old friends. Why shouldn't we give him a little outing after being penned up all day in that hot stuffy convention hall?" said Mrs. Campbell when asked what prompted her to take her husband's political rival on that memorable

The wife of the republican nominee, Mrs. Asa Eushnell, achieved her first official so-cial prominence during her able husband's service on Governor Foraker's staff. Mrs. Businell is a handsome, dark-eyed woman, of sweet, at ractive manner. Her father, Dr. Ludlow, waz a ploneer of the sterling qualities that have contributed to Ohio stability. Mrs. Bushnell was born and reared in Springfield and has always been actively engaged in church work. She is an exemple: v cusekeeper and presides with old-time bos-

pliality and grace over a beautiful house of the early renaissance type of architecture. Unlike Mrs. Campbell, she is childless. In the senatorial contest Mrs. Calvin S. Brice confronts Mrs. Foraker. The latter has never had the social discipline insep-arable from Washington life. As Mise Julia Bundy she attended the Ohio Weslevan semluary at Delaware, where she met in a fellow student at the neighboring university the brilliant, erratic youth who developed later into the "fire-eating" Foraker, who nevel fails to attract and hold a political gather-

As wife of a governor, Mrs. Foraker made many friends in Columbus, and during the Grand Army encampment and the Ohio centennial the executive mansion entertained with consummate grace Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Russell A. Alger, Mrs. Fred Grant and hosts of celebrities. Mrs. Foraker is an ac-tive member of the Methodist church.

Since her gubernatorial experience her amily has grown, and she could now brink to Washington society a family of interesting age and attainments.

Mrs. Foraker is a women of fine presence.

She is as politically ambitious as her gifted husband, and quite as capable of holding her tongue as was the governor when asked to

state whether Mrs. Cleveland did or did not snub him at the Philadelphia review, which closely followed Foraker's dispatch to the president: "No flags shall be returned while I am governor." The supremacy of Brice money singularly

emphasizes her possibilities as the successor of Mrs. Cleveland.

From an invalid's chair the cherished wife of the world-famous protectionist, in following the political fortunes of her husband, has kept in vital touch with public questions at was graduated. In college environment they met and sub-

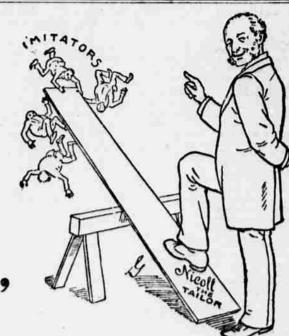
equently both taught school in the vicinity of Lima, where they were married long be-fore wealth overtook them. Some five years ago Mrs. Brice endowed her alma mater, and he senator erected there "Brice hall." Before Calvin Brice aspired to sen honors the family, by renting the cottages of Newport celebrities during several seasons and making repeated trips to Europe, sug-ceeded in making social inroads. They car-ried this prestige to Washington, where their luxurious career is too fresh to be reiterated here.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin N. Benso nof Philadelphia have issued cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Nina L. Benson, and two children, now dead, Mrs. McKinley was Jay Cooke, third, to take place at Chestnut active in social affairs.

As wife of Ohio's governor she has given several state and informal receptions in the of the Union league and one of the wealthlest

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