A BEAUTIFUL GIRL UNION SPY.

Exciting Career of Major Pauline Cushman--Tempestuous Scene the Night She Toasted Jeff Davis and the South in a Louisiana Theater.

Of the small band of women who were of material assistance in the "secret" branch of the government's work there were none more faithful, more efficient and more worthy of the grateful remembrance of her countrymen than one who sleeps, undisturbed by the war alarms of the present, in the Grand Army plat of the City cemetery in San Francisco.

"Pauline Cushman" this heroine liked to be called, even in the latter days when another name was hers by right, for it was as Pauline Cushman that she won popularity in her youth and afterward distinguished herself by her devotion to her country in its hour of need. And best of all did she like to be addressed by her rightful title of major, since she earned her commission—signed by the martyred Lincoln himself—by deeds of daring which gained her at the time not only the admiration of the army of the Cumberland, to which she was attached, but of the entire country as well.

Pauline Cushman was born in New Orleans in 1833. Her father was a Spanish refugee of excellent family and her mother a French creole, noted for her grace and beauty even in that city of graceful and beautiful women. From her parents she inherited the charms of face and figure, the ardent, impulsive, emotional temperament, the brilliancy of intellect and the fascination of manner, which particularly fitted her for the role she was destined to play in the drama of the preservation of our union.

An early removal to Grand Rapids, Mich., gave Pauline the advantage of a childhood and youth spent amid surroundings which developed the latent force of her character and so strengthened her physically that the delicate southern born girl soon rivaled her northern mates in vigorous health.

Carefully educated and environed by the somewhat irksome though entirely loving watchfulness characteristic of high-class southern households, the elf-like child grew into girlhood so beautiful that she became the envy of her girl friends and an anxiety to those who loved her best. She early showed an impatience of control and an independence of spirit which marked her strong individuality, and when she arrived at the age 18 a girlish rebellion occurred against domestic rules and regulations.

Quite against the wishes of her rightful guardians, who shrank from the idea of a public career for their idolized daughter, Miss Cushman insisted upon entering the theatrical profession, for which she felt herself particularly fitted. Being fortunate enough to find a manager who recognized and appreciated her undoubted talent, she was soon advanced to the front rank of vaudeville actresses, depending upon her southern birth to gain her the initial good will of her audiences, made many trips along the southern circuit of that day and established herself as a prime favorite with the theater-going public on the lower side of what was afterward known as Mason and Dixon's line.

When war was declared Miss Cushman was paying a successful engagement through the Middle and Western states, but went south the next year, playing in those cities which had not as yet ranged themselves openly and boldly on the side of the confederacy. Having always, for professional reasons, made a boast of her southern birth, the charming actress was supposed to be at heart an adherent of the "Stars and Bars," and in every town where she appeared she attracted around her a circle of southern sympathizers who delighted in showing her all possible attention in public and private and doing everything in their power to prove their admiration of her and her supposed sentiments.

In March, 1863, came the turning point in Pauline Cushman's life. Heretofore she had been only an ordinarily successful actress, earning a good salary and living in careless ease, courted, flattered and envied as those who are young, beautiful and fortunate always are. She had never experienced a hardship or known a real trouble; her ways had all been ways of pleasantness and she had lived like a butterfly in one long day of sunshine.

Strange was it not, that she should turn from all this to brave dangers the thought of which might well cause stout-hearted men to hesitate before facing them? That she should of her own free will give up her career, her luxuries, her flattering friends, all personal comfort and all real assurance of personal safety, to become a scout and spy for the Union forces, for the simple, but to her sufficient, reason that she felt that her country needed just the special work that she could do better than any one else who could, at that time, be secured?

She knew that in entering this work she braved more than the possibility of a shameful death, for the southerners, though chivalrous, were never merciful to spies. But her patriot soul looked above all this at the starry banner that she loved, and so gazing she forgot all but the fact that she was needed to help hold it aloft.

There are those alive today who remember well the night when Pauline Cushman made her dramatic exit from the scene of her many triumphs. She had been playing a long engagement at Wood's theater, Louisville, and had had a brilliantly successful season, both socially and professionally. The city was full of carefully repressed secession sentiment and Pauline was the center of attraction to the large contingent of paroled confederate officers who made the place their temporary home. One of these gentlemen, with a view to making a sensation and angering the loyal residents, dared the popular actress to drink a toast to Jefferson Davis in one of the scenes of the "Seven Sisters," the play then on the boards, and she gave him her word that she would.

All over the town the news spread and on the appointed night the theater was packed with both friends and foes of the confederacy, all eager to see if the program would be carried out. The audience was a strange one and the atmosphere of the crowded hall was like that which precedes a tropical thunderstorm—deathly still and full of a foreboding which is almost a promise of tragedy.

The play went on smoothly and quietly until the fateful moment came. Then, with brilliantly flashing eyes and a smile that was scornfully triumphant, albeit she was a trifle pale behind the rouge that she had thought best to wear for this one night, Miss Cushman advanced to the front of the stage, and raising a wineglass on high in her slender hand, said, clearly, deliberately and defiantly: "Here's to Jefferson Davis and the southern confederacy. May the south always maintain her honor and her rights."

The house became a pandemonium on the instant, and the terrified manager, who had never believed that the dashing actress would carry out what he considered an idle boast intended to advertise herself, rang down the curtain before the wineglass touched the laughing lips.

That night Pauline was discharged from the company, and the next day she was the idol of every southerner who heard the story. Every door and every heart was open to her, and when, after being lionized for some time in Louisville, she was sent beyond the lines on account of her openly expressed disloyalty, the people of Nashville, considering her a victim of Yankee tyranny, welcomed her enthusiastically and lauded her to the skies.

Not for many months was the truth even suspected. No one save the actress herself and those under whose orders she was working knew that previous to that sensational episode in Louisville she had made a confidant of Colonel Moore, the provost marshal of the district, convinced him of her staunch loyalty, taken the oath of allegiance and entered the secret service of the United States.

All the while that she was being entertained by southern admirers she was gaining from them information as to how they managed to send supplies across the lines, and the practices of the guerrillas, the plans of the army, and the names of those most inimical to the government. The southerners kept no secrets from her, since they believed her fully in accord with them, and the knowledge which she gained was almost invaluable to the army at that time.

Her thorough familiarity with the roads and the different localities in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama made her services as a scout most important, and her unfaltering bravery and unflinching devotion to what she thought her duty made her seem almost a second Joan of Arc to her comrades in arms.

Her adventures were numerous and exciting, but her histrionic ability and training stood her in good stead many times. She understood the art of make up and character acting to perfection, and her expressive face and tall figure lent themselves readily to many disguises. As a bent, wrinkled, crack-voiced old woman; an overgrown, loutish country youth; a buxom, sun-bonneted damsel, or a gray-coated soldier on sick leave she explored the country, the forts and the camps, afterwards sending full reports to her superiors, and through it all her woman's quick wit stood her in good stead and kept her from betraying herself, no matter what the pressure of circumstances might be.

Her narrow escapes were many, but perhaps her narrowest was when she was captured by the famous guerrilla, Jack Morgan.

Out on a scouting expedition, misadventures on the road had caused Miss Cushman to seek temporary shelter in the house of a small planter, and Morgan, swooping down upon the place in his unexpected fashion, had found her there and straightway suspected her of being what she really was—a spy. Not wishing to take the responsibility of deciding upon her case, he concluded to turn her over to General McKinstry, the provost marshal, and she was sent to the headquarters of General Bragg, known, because of his wiry, angular physique and his cold, reserved and unimpressionable manner, as Cast-Iron Bragg.

Beauty in disguise had no effect on this stern martinet. A spy was a spy whether in petticoats or trousers, and whether handsome or ugly. He put the fair captive through a searching cross-examination and then tried her by court-martial and sentenced her to be hanged.

To the fact that the excitement and anxiety which she had experienced made her too ill to rise from the rough pallet in her prison, she owed the preservation of her life. Even the grim general did not care to hang a woman—spy though she was—who was so sick that she could not stand upon her feet, and taking her cue from this unexpected leniency the clever actress grew worse instead of better daily. Her case seriously puzzled the skilled physician called in to diagnose it; her captors were beginning to suspect that she was quite well enough to be hanged if she wanted to be, when General Rosecrans' advance guard came rattling into town and restored her to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

After that she was a little more cautious than she had been previously, and although she was wounded twice, once so seriously that she never fully recovered from the effects of it up to the time of her death, she was never again captured by the enemy. She served faithfully up to the end of the war, and the soldiers of General Rosecrans' command fairly worshiped her.

A major's commission was given her—honorary, of course, as it is in all cases where it is bestowed on women—but in her eyes of inestimable value as expressing something of the army's feeling regarding her.

Fate was not kind to her in the long years that intervened between those days of brave exploit and the dreary December day in 1893 when the Lincoln post of San Francisco laid her to rest. Trouble and misfortune came to her; friends proved false or became estranged; the later generations forgot the story of the past.

Though never adequately rewarded for her heroic services, she loved her country to the last, unselfishly and truly. It was perhaps a poor reward, but it was one that she always desired, that the flag of our nation draped her bier, that soldiers as well as civilians followed her to the grave, that a salute was fired across the mound above her, and that "taps" were sounded when the curtain fell upon the drama of her life.

Sacred Baboon.

There has been received at the London Zoo a strange beast—an Arabian or sacred baboon, from North Africa. The specimen, which is an adult male, is very fierce and inhospitable to visitors, rushing furiously to the bars of his cage when any one approaches. Very few of these baboons have been imported into this country, and the latest is one of the finest ever seen. Although this baboon takes his name from Arabia, it is more common in Abyssinia and the Soudan. It is often represented on the ancient monuments of Egypt, and some have suggested that it may be the satyr of Holy Scripture. When full grown the male is as big as a good sized pointer dog. It is remarkable for its ashen gray color and its shaggy mane, which covers the neck and shoulders, and extends backwards over a considerable portion of the body.

Naturalists have ascertained that scorpions and certain kinds of spiders are able to make peculiar noises to warn an enemy that an attack is attended by danger.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., July —Dr. Talmage in this discussion, tells the story of a beautiful queen dethroned, and draws practical lessons for all conditions and all times. Text, Esther i., 11-12: Bring Vashti, the queen, before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look upon. But the Queen Vashti refused to come.

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted.

Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabsque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the seafoam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. These for repose, filled with luxurant couches in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow.

Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black and inlaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling into crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculi.

SCENE FOR EPICURES.

Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulaeus filling the urns and dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants, "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet there was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come unveiled before the multitude.

VASHTI SCORNS HIM.

However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says, "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus was infuriated, and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet it is not necessary to have place and regal robes in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and a glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Vashti!"

VASHTI THE VEILED.

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed batallion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into the hands."

And when the women are called to such out-door work and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of him who went about doing good, I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on."

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment—trying to force her way on up to conspicuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists, and bloodshot eyes, and pestiferous breath, to guard the polls—wanting to go through the loaferism and defilement of popular sovereigns, who crawl up from the saloons greasy, and foul, and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice, and order, and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible scum to get to public place and power, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"

A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER.

When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for her, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her vail."

Aagain, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this I see coming out of the palace gate at Shushan. It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago, approved and sought for; now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice!

Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After a while he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feasts of Lapithae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children.

HOMES NOW IN DANGER.

There are homes in all parts of this land that are in danger of such breaking up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine cup or the brandy glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

One night during our civil war I went to Hagerstown to look at the army, and I stood on a hill-top and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes, and of the long march they had taken, and of the battles they were to fight; but after awhile I saw these camp-fires begin to lower; and they continued to lower, until they were all gone out, and the army slept.

It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of that great host asleep. Well, God looks down from heaven, and he sees the firesides of Christendom and the loved ones gathered around these firesides. These are the camp-fires where we warm ourselves at the close of day, and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last these fires begin to go out, and continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hopes strew the hearth of the old homestead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

HER QUIET RESOLVE.

Once more; I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gin and steamboat and telegraph—waiting for for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks, and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven.

Soon after Thomas L. Rosser's appointment as brigadier general had been made, one of the newly appointed officers in Washington asked the general where he was going to have his uniforms made, remarking that he had had six suits made, at a cost of $700. "I will only need," remarked Rosser, "a flannel shirt, which I can buy anywhere, a pair of shoulder straps and a string or piece of braid around my hat to designate that I am an officer."

METHODS OF ENFORCING DISCIPLINE.

What Infractions of Duty Costs the Soldiers and Sailors in the Army and Navy--Worst Forms of Punishment in China and Arabia.

Punishments resorted to in the armies and navies throughout the world differ from those used among civilians, in that they are quicker, more rigid and, perhaps, more severe. It has been found necessary, however, that in military affairs, the soldiers and sailors who have been guilty of breaking any of the orders or rules laid down by their superiors shall be severely punished, for, as a military officer once said: "Discipline is necessary to the existence of an army, and punishment is necessary to maintain discipline."

The punishments adopted by the various nations of the world, in dealing with their soldiers and sailors, differ; those of the United States and England are the most similar. Probably the worst forms of punishment are used in China, Arabia, etc.

The ancestors of the present Americans came, principally, from England, and it was natural that they should adopt the customs of the old country. Some years ago one of the forms of punishment in the English army and navy was flogging. A soldier or sailor who had been guilty of what the officers considered a grave offense was flogged with a rattan cane, or with the famous cat-o'-nine-tails. So it happened that in the American military serious flogging was resorted to.

For a light offense the culprit received from half a dozen to ten or twenty blows; for graver ones, sometimes fifty or even more; in both the English and American navies this form of punishment was very common and the sailors who disobeyed orders or broke the rules expected it. In 1861, however flogging was abolished in the American service and it is no longer used in England.

The system of deciding the various military punishments in the United States is by court martial. Certain officers are appointed to hear the facts in the case and whatever defense the culprit may care to make. When they have heard all sides of the subject they decide whether or no the prisoner deserves punishment and of what kind it shall be.

The punishments used in the American army and navy are: Death, confinement in the guard house or in a military prison; hard labor (for some of the worst offenses, with ball and chain), forfeiture of pay, dishonorable discharge from the service, and confinement on bread and water, but the latter cannot be for more than fourteen days at a time.

If the culprit is an officer, sergeant, corporal, etc., he may be reduced to the ranks. Death is seldom resorted to except in very extreme cases, but in time of war this mode of punishment is more frequent. A soldier who falls asleep while on picket duty, and thus gives the enemy a chance to surprise the camp, may be sentenced to be shot.

Great cowardice in battle may also be punished in the same way, and every boy knows that a spy, if captured, is very apt to be hanged; spies are very dangerous to the welfare of an army, and while being shot does not seem so bad to some soldiers, the idea that death will come by hanging is very much dreaded. Desertion is also frequently punished, in war time, with death. During our last war if a soldier or sailor was caught stealing from his comrades he was severely punished, more so than he would have been had he not been in the army.

A novel way of punishing a coward was to march him through the camp with a placard bearing the word "Coward" fastened about his neck. The officer in charge of a military prison adopted a peculiar way of punishing a man who tried to escape. The fellow found a ladder and one night placed it against the wall of the prison, intending to climb over and get away. He was caught, and the commander ordered that for five hours he should climb up the ladder and down again. The soldier laughed at the punishment, but pretty soon his back began to grow lame, and at the end of the five hours he had to be taken to the hospital.

If any of the boys who read this article care to visit Governor's island or any military station, he will see a number of men digging about the grounds, wheeling dirt and stones, and doing the work of a laboring man. These soldiers are dressed in brown canvas suits, and each has a large number fastened upon his back; some among the number may be wearing a chain about one ankle and a small cannon ball will be fastened to one end of the chain. These soldiers are being punished for fighting with their comrades, disobeying orders, or for leaving the post without permission or overstaying their leave of absence.

On shipboard sailors may be seen seated in the rigging, doing extra duty about the decks, or locked up in a small cabin in the hold of the vessel; such have disobeyed some rule set down by the regulations of the navy.

Another mode of punishment is to make the culprit march up and down for several hours (usually six or eight) with a knapsack fastened to his shoulders and a gun in his hand; this method of punishment is more common in the English army than in America.

In Austria a soldier is sometimes punished by being put in irons for six hours, or by being tied in an upright posture in a dark cell for two hours; in the United States such punishments are seldom used, the latter never. The soldiers in China probably have the hardest time of it in the way of punishment; nearly everything is punished by cutting off the culprit's head. If he runs away during a battle, acts as though he was afraid, whispers to the man next to him, tells big stories of how brave he is, allows his superior officer to be killed, doesn't advance when the drum beats or doesn't retreat when the gong is sounded, off goes his head as soon as the officers can get time to see to it.

In both the American and English service, probably the worst punishment next to being sentenced to death, is dishonorable discharge, when the culprit loses not only his profession, but is disgraced in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances.

The sentences of confinement in military prisons vary from a few days to a year, or even more. To make matters worse the prisoner is deprived of his pay during confinement, and may be discharged when he has served his term of imprisonment.

ICE-COLD NERVE.

"The coldest nerve I ever saw displayed by any one," said the gray-haired, young-looking man, "was Jack Atwood's, when, after being shot from behind, he paused to nail his poker hand to the table with a bowie knife before turning and drawing his own revolver to return the fire.

"Atwood was a queer fellow in a good many ways. Physically he wasn't much to look at, but he had dandified habits that seemed curiously out of place in a man whose business kept constantly in association with the roughest men in the country at the time—I am speaking of the lumbermen on the upper Mississippi 30 years ago—and who was, in fact, as wild as the wildest of them. He was small and a little stoop shouldered, and his face was narrow and sallow, with a queerly crooked nose, and little sharp eyes that were set much too close together to be pleasing. He was as vain as a peacock, though, and dressed always in fashion-plate style, shaved every day and waxed his mustache, which was a habit nobody else indulged in west of Chicago in those days, so far as my observation went.

"He was a good deal of a politician, and was suspected of writing some of the most violent articles that appeared in the local papers at a time when Minensota journalism was not noted for its close regard for the amenities of life. There had been a deal of scandal about a member of the state legislature from Minneapolis—call him Davis—for some time before the fight that I speak of, and Atwood had been among Davis' most violent critics.

"This particular night there was quite a crowd in Bill Galloway's gambling house on the east side of Minneapolis, near the old Fort Snelling road. Atwood was playing poker with four other men. Two were lumbermen, friends of Atwood's, and the fifth was a St. Paul man, a stranger to me. It was the first game I had ever seen played with $10 gold pieces for chips. Of course for the heavy betting they used paper money, for as the ante was one chip and it took two to come in there were not enough chips to bet with when the big hands came. Limit games were not much in vogue at Galloway's place at any time, but table stakes usually meant a few hundred dollars on the outside, and this was the largest I had ever seen up to that time, for each player had a good-sized wad, and there must have been $12,000 or $15,000 in sight at least.

"Nothing special occurred for over an hour, when there came a jack pot which was opened for $100 and somewhat to my surprise all the players came in. It was a jack for five chips, in the first place, and had been sweetened once, so there was $500 in the center before the draw. The second surprise came when each man drew two cards, excepting Atwood, who stood pat. They were holding their cards close, so none of us around the party knew what any player held, but it appeared later that Atwood had four jacks. They weren't playing straight flushes, so his hand was almost a sure one.

"The opener put another hundred on the strength of his three of a kind. The next one raised it a hundred. The third did the same thing and so did the fourth. He was the St. Paul man, and he had caught a fourth seven spot, while the others had not bettered. Atwood made it a thousand to play. One, two and three dropped out. Three of a kind was no kind of a hand for that struggle, and that is what each of them had. The St. Paul man was delighted, though he tried hard to conceal it, and he came back at Atwood with another thousand. He was ahead of the game, having about $6,000 in front of him at the beginning of the deal, while Atwood had only about half that. That left him enough to raise St. Paul once more, and he did it promptly.

"'I suppose I'll have to call you,' said the latter, 'seeing it's table stakes, but I'm sorry you haven't more money with you.'

"'I have three thousand in the bank,' said Atwood. 'If you care to take my check I'll stand another raise.'

"Checks were not in great favor at Galloway's and the St. Paul man hesitated naturally enough, but one of Atwood's clients spoke up. 'I'll cash your check for you, Jack,' he said, and just then the shot came.

"The entrance to the room was midway between the faro and the poker tables, and Atwood sat with his back toward it. Davis had entered the room noiselessly and had fired as soon as he saw Atwood. Shooting from behind will ruin a man in any community, and I don't suppose Davis would have done it if he hadn't been half drunk and half mad with rage as well. He probably wouldn't have missed his shot, though, if he hadn't been drinking. I was watching Atwood closely and didn't see Davis enter. As it was I saw the left end of Atwood's mustache disappear at the instant the shot rang out, and a red streak show on his cheek, but he didn't turn his head. He reached down as quick as a ferret and drew a knife from somewhere below the line of the table top, laying his cards face down on the table with his left hand at the same instant.

"'The game stands as it is,' he said, without a quaver in his voice as he drove the knife through the cards and the baize cover, deep into the wood, with a vicious stab. Then just as quickly he reached for his hip pocket and stood facing around with a revolver in his hand leveled at Davis.

"Two other shots rang out as he rose. They were fired by Atwood's friends, but fortunately they did not hit anybody. Another man had seized Davis' gun as he was trying to shoot again, and there was a scuffle going on in a moment, with three or four men on a side, all of whom, however, were trying to force Davis out of the room. Atwood held his fire, seeing that there was a group of men in front of him, and stood still as he saw the struggle going on. When he saw that Davis was being pushed out at the door he smiled, but didn't say a word. Perhaps I ought to say he grinned. Smile is too pretty a word for his face.

"When his enemy was outside and the door was closed, he put his pistol back in his pocket and felt of his cheek carefully. It was bleeding very slightly, but he wiped it off with his handkerchief and turning back to the table said as coolly as ever, 'All right, Jim. Give me the money and I'll write you the check in a moment.'

"He was the least excited man in the room. The St. Paul player looked at him steadily as Atwood's friend was counting out the bills, and then exclaimed with an oath, 'I don't believe I care about raising you again. It's a call.'

"The hands were shown, and, of course, Atwood took the pot."

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter: "At a diner table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the little girl.

"Your father is a very funny man," said she.

"Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."