

BOYS WHO ARE COMING BACK

The boys are coming back. The boys who fought so well. They have given up hardback. For a spell—

A GRIM WAGER.

"Speshul! spes-shul! Orrible murder in the Dalton road!" And then again another voice, pitched in a higher key, took up the cry on the farther side of the street—"Speshul! Speshul!"—and the rest was lost in incoherency as the sound of the voices, mingled and intertwined, gradually faded away in the distance.

"What a loathsome noise that is!" said Peel, with a shudder. "There is something positively ghoulish about it." "It always gives me the creeps, especially at night. It suggests all sorts of horrible, morbid ideas," joined in Lelange, who was perched on the model throne, smoking innumerable cigarettes.

Kovno, the owner of the studio, said nothing, but smiled in a rather superior way. He was a person of somewhat unusual taste—his pictures betrayed him in that.

"Of course I will," I replied: "Frank we'll have a dinner on the strength of this." "Done with you, then," said Kovno. "I'll bet you five pounds to a shilling. I sold a couple of sketches today."

"That's all very well," put in Ferguson slowly, "but short of actually murdering the man, and then confessing to us—in which case we should inevitably trot you off to the nearest police station—how are you going to give us proof of your ability."

"You'll have the deuce to pay when you let him go, suggested Lelange. "I shall make his release conditional on no further steps being taken," answered Kovno. "Come, are you satisfied?"

Hours passed, and the pain of ropes cutting into me was intolerable. I began to get angry—Kovno was carrying the thing too far. I shouted and yelled till I was hoarse, and stamped my bound feet against the wall, to which I had rolled in my struggles.

His face was all distorted by the dancing shadows, and his eyes gleamed in a perfectly detestable manner. Suddenly the awful, horrible truth dawned upon me. He had gone mad! His mind, always of a morbid turn, had been unable to withstand the fascinations of putting his theories into practice.

at a little sketching easel, a light beside him, calmly and rapidly making sketches of my distorted features, muttering and laughing to himself the while.

It was only after weeks of delirium that I came to myself, and found Dora sitting beside me in my own attic in Wandsworth, and it was from her that I learned the manner of my escape.

Forty Die For Cuba Liberty. Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, we still have no adequate conception of the horrors of the war Spain has waged on the island of Cuba.

Senora Macias' father, General Jose de Latorre, his brother, Valerio, his uncles, the most celebrated of whom were Felix and Joaquin de Latorre, his cousins, the husbands of his sisters and his nephews, all these and many more have been killed, death having been meted out to them in the myriad forms that only Spanish cruelty and Spanish cunning could suggest.

She is a charming, matronly-looking woman, once a noted beauty in a country famous for the charm and beauty of its women. As a child of 13 she witnessed the commencement of the last war, and as a child she saw her father and brother—the latter but little older than herself—hunted like wild beasts, and on two occasions her glib tongue and quick wit saved them from capture and certain death at the hands of the Spaniards.

Two of her uncles on her mother's side, Juan and Francisco Modrigal, were confined in one of the Cuban prisons reserved for political offenders until their sufferings drove them mad, when they were liberated to die, for they were harmless and would never plot again.

"I do not know who of my family have been killed since I left Cuba, for of course it is impossible for me to hear direct from the island. But there cannot be many more to die. When I came to the United States those of my relatives who survived were in the hills with General Gomez, or scattered among the different insurgent bands.

"I do not think exaggeration would be possible. They do things that blister the tongue to even tell of, and it is the Spanish officer, the gentleman, who is responsible for these outrages. The common soldiers are poor peasant boys, who know nothing of Cuba or the Cubans.

BOY THAT WENT WITH TEDDY

Only boy we ever had. Him that went with Teddy. Tough an' husky sort o' lad. Rough an' always ready.

Used to set here every night. Me an' my woman. Talkin' 'bout the way he'd fight. When he met the foe man. Knowed he'd never flinch a bit. Knowed he wasn't built to quit.

Keep a readin' on an' Whooped till mother hinted. That I acted like I'd gone. Actually demoted!

Nothin' that the neighbors said. Could our sorrows lighten. Every time they'd mention Ned, Seemed the cinch 'd tighten!

OVER THE OLD TRAIL.

"I took a ride in one of them palace cars while I was gone," said "Hank" as he took a seat on a box in the shade of the big mesquite tree in front of the cook house where the boys of the day shift generally congregate after supper to smoke and talk over the incidents of the day.

Sixty-six years ago his parents back in the states had christened him Angus—Angus Brown; sixteen years after he disappeared and came to the surface down in New Orleans; disappeared again, and the next heard of him he was with Scott down in the City of Mexico.

"The first morning we was clipplin' along through a country that I knowed ever foot of; used to drive a stage over it for Uncle Ben Halliday a matter of forty years ago. I knowed every valley, creek, foothill and mountain butte; I knowed we was comin' to the head of Devil's Gulch, where Jump-Up Johnson used to live before the 'Raphoes got him, and I begin to wonder if they would go down the trail at the gait we was knockin' off then.

some pony tracks on the trail, and says to Uncle Ben, 'get the gun ready, for we are apt to be jumped by Injuns.' Just then we topped a little rise, and there was a band of 'Raphoes about 400 yards away.

"All right," I says, 'hold tight.' There was nothin' but thoroughbreds on Uncle Ben's lines through the Injun countries; he wouldn't have a horse that couldn't do his mile in less than two minutes on them runs, and I'll bet he thanked his God for it that day.

"I used to throw off the brake, put the bud to the six-horse team, tie the lines to a seat brace, take my Henry and drop on my knees in the front boot and shoot over the seat; many and many's the single-handed runnin' fight I've put up that way.

"It was the same everywhere; up on the Walla Walla division the country is all settled up and changed, but you couldn't fool old Hank on the rivers and mountains. I drove once alone from Walla Walla to The Dalles, 240 miles, in about eighteen hours; then river Injuns in that country was bad, too; cowardly cusses, sneakin', crawlin', shootin' from bushes; won't give you anything like as fair a fight as the Injuns east of the Rockies.

"'Did you see Price, Hank?' "Yes, sir," says I. "I had the stocktenders hook up six horses that I picked out, then went to the boardin' house, changed my clothes and went back to the stables with two two-gallon demijohns of whiskey. Price was there with the bullion. It weighed just 404 pounds. I had 'em put it in the bottom of the stage and throw a lot of sacked feed in on top of it, and then I climbed up to the seat. Three or four shotgun messengers started to follow me and I said, 'Hold up, gentlemen; one man's enough on this trip. The only trouble that I'm likely to run into that I can't handle myself is at Willow Springs, where there's always a crowd of rustlers. One man may get through all right, but if they're lookin' for trouble or suspicion you fellers you'd only be an advertisement for trouble.' I had my way, and drove off with the bullion, feed and four gallons of whisky, and knowed that if I passed Willow Springs all right I'd make it. The Springs was the toughest place on the road, and whenever there was a hold up we could bank on it being by some of that Willow Springs gang, made up as it was of cattle rustlers, horse thieves, road agents and all 'round bad men. Haworth had given me a pointer that he thought the gang was a lookin' for the bullion, and the last thing he said was, 'Now, Hank, look out for your team and yourself; let the express go if it comes to a show-down.'"

"I got to the Springs 'long in the night, towards mornin', I was hittin' the trail mighty fast, I tell you. I knowed they'd be a gang there, for at the last station I passed they told me that the regular had been held up the mornin' before, so long before I got to the station I commenced whoopin' and yellin' and singin' as loud as I could, and sure enough when I rolled up there was about twenty of the toughest lookin' fellers you ever saw, all heeled and didn't look like they had been to bed. Lord wasn't I drunk! Whoee! Most of 'em knowed me and the antics I cut—made 'em laugh. I was too drunk to pay any attention to the station keeper or the stocktenders, but I grabbed one of the demijohns and yellin' for the boys to come on I staggered into the house. I poured about half a pint of good, strong whisky into each one of them fellers, and in my drunken way managed to tell 'em that I was takin' the coach down to replace an old one on the south end, and had a load of feed for the way stations. I told the station-keeper that five of the sacks of grain on top was for him, and for him to have it taken out; then I sang another drunken song and staggered out to the coach for the other demijohn. I reeled up to the coach where the station keeper was takin' out the grain, and spoke quick and low: 'I'm runnin' extra to The Dalles with bullion; have the tenders change my team for freshest and best you've got, quick, man—"

"Oh, I'm a jolly stage driver—Stay with it, boys, here a-more," and I staggered back with the other demijohn. Well, sir, in fifteen minutes I had that gang fixed—plenty. What wasn't on the floor or the ground outside was a tryin' to fight over the balance of the whisky. I saw my team was hitched up and made a runnin' jump for the front boot, grabbed the lines, and how I did cut loose from there—whoop! Well, I eat my dinner in The Dalles and got mighty well paid for that trip. The Willow Springs gang held out the regular that followed me the next day; they was dead on that the bullion was due all right.

"Comin' back I struck a wagon train of fifteen families, and they was in trouble. The cussed Injuns had made a rush and stampeded some of their hosses. You could see the Injuns, five or six of 'em, a-drivin' the hosses across the valley two or three miles away. The women and children in the train was cryin' and yellin', purty nigh scart to death. The men was scared too, and didn't know how they was goin' to pull out. I wasn't on schedule time, so I took out a leader, tied the others up, grabbed my Henry off the seat and yelled for five men to come on. The Injuns was headin' for a mountain, but I knowed the country too well to believe they was goin' there, so rode to head 'em off below. My thoroughbred was too fast for the others, and I was soon in range. I cut loose and unloaded two ponies, and the other Injuns cut for shelter and left the hosses. I headed the train hosses back and met the other fellers comin' up. I reckon my soul's all right if them women's bleasin' is any good. I told 'em to hook up and pull right out of there, and I didn't have to tell 'em twice."

In the English official regulations for 1888 it is stated that the mean extreme range of the Lee-Metford bullet may be taken as about 3,500 yards, although, with a strong wind, 2,750 yards have been observed. The bullets find their way through joints of walls, unless the walls are made very fine and set in cement. About 150 rounds, concentrated on nearly the same spot at 200 yards, will break a nine-inch brick wall. Rammed earth gives less protection than loose. When fired into sand the bullet is found to be always turned aside after it has entered a little way. The following thicknesses of material (in inches) are usually necessary to stop the regulation .303-inch bullet: Shingle between boards, 1; hardened steel plate, 3/4; good brick work, 9; sack of coal, 12; hard dry mud wall, 14; peat earth, 60; compressed cotton bales, 22; oak, 27; elm, 33; teak, 38; fir, 48; clay, 48.—Washington Star.