THE DRUM.

Rataplan! Rataplan! In the forefront of the van Tis a little beardless drummer boy that leads the bearded man See the limping veteran

Keeping step as best he can
To the little beardless drummer boy's com
manding rataplan.
Rataplan: How old recollections come

At the beatin; of the drum Of the battle's mad fantasia, the throbbing and the hum Of the rifles' rataplan In the forefront of the van

Where the drumstick was a builet and the parchment was a man: Rataplan:

A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED.

"Oh, Mimi, do not let him say at! He is not dead! He will come back!" says Maud, in an agony of grief and despair, appealing in a heart-broken manner to her friend and mother. "And it was not all my fault And-and I will not believe that he is dead! It would be too crue!!"

"What a gloomy room, and what a gloomy topic! Who is talking of death?" asks a gay, glad, young voice from the door way, that thrills the listeners to their hearts' core.

It is a voice that makes the old man start and tremble violently, and hold out his arms in expectation. with a suppressed but thankful cry. Yet for the first time his loving greeting is overlooked, is cast uside. A slight figure, half hidden by the dusk, but discernible to the eyes of a lover, has chained the newcomer's attention, and, oblivious of his father and of all things, Dick Penruddock goes eagerly up to it. At the sound of his voice Maud has raised herself, and, breaking now from Mrs. Neville, goes quickly to him, and, with an impulsive gesture, lays her hands upon his shoulders.

"It is indeed you! You have really come back to me?" she gasps, in little, tremulous whisper. plainly tells her love and gratitude. "Yes; to you!" responds he gladly. ·Put there was no danger none. He fired right over my head, and refused to fire again. No one knows why. I really think he must have had a sneaking kindness for me all through, or else he had tired of killing. So you see I was bound to come back, like that inevitable bad coin, you know. Why, what is this? Are those tears, my love-are they shed for me?"

She is looking up at him with eyes full of tears, and pink lids, and pallid cheeks; yet never has she appeared to him so beautiful as now, when decked with these signs of woe that are worn for love of him.

"My dear Dick, what a fright you have given us!" says Mrs. Neville, with a deep sigh, half of relief, half of annoyance. "Why, we have been mourning you as past all help in this world, during the last hour; and now here you are, safe and sound! I really think you cught to be ashamed of yourself, and ought also "For being alive," smiled Dick.

"Yes-no, I mean. no- Dear me, hardly know what I am saying; but you really ought to feel sorry for all the trouble you have caused.

·Have you nothing to say to your father?" says Penruddock, at the far end of the room. "That young lady"-pointing to Maud-"if all I hear be true, you saw only two nights ago, me you have not seen for two months. Yet it seems that have nothing to say to me. though much to her. Has"-and this was spoken very bitterly -- "has an acquaintanceship of weeks obliterated the affection of years?"

"My dear father!" says Dick. deprecutingly.

Then he kisses Miss Neville's hand, and, leaving her, goes up to where his father is standing. Maud, glad of the chance, slips from the

her own sanctum. Why, father, what lucky chance has driven you up to town?" says Dick. affectionately, placing his hand on Penruddock's shoulder.

"No lucky chance, but the news of this duel that you have been fighting," says his father gloomily. "Into what dangers you have been enticed?"

.. Why, how came you to hear of it in your quiet country home?" says Dick, with some amazement. "It matters little. I did hear,

that is plain, and came up by the first train."

·Must have been that incorrigible Wilding," mutters Dick, below his breath.

"My time in this great city must be short," says Penruddock, not heeding him. and I would speak with you seriously before leaving. When can I find myself alone with you? There is much that I have to tell.

"Any time; I am quite at your disposal. In an hour half an hour," says Dick, readily. "First, I must see Wilding to explain matters: I had promised to dine with him tonight, but shall, of course, resign everything to devote myself to you. Where shall I meet you in half an Where are you putting upat the Langham, or Claridge's?"

·Claridge's. I shall expect you at the time you say. Do not disappoint me.

"You have my word," says Dick.
"Well, I shall be off now. Good-by, Mrs. Neville. You must not seold me any more, you know: I'm not proof against your displeasure. that is a positive fact. I shall drop in to morrow, if I may, to tell you all about my adventure

"Yes: do come, if only to see how thoroughly I can forgive." says Mrs. Neville, smiling; her heart is incap-

able of harboring anger. And the young man, smiling in

hat, and quits the room. Penruddock, having made his adieux in more elaborate form, goes slowly down stairs, and into the hall. As he passes a room the door of which is now open, a woman, tail and darkbrowed, comes quickly forward, as though summoned by his footstep, and confronts him. As his eyes light upon her, a ghastly change comes over him. He is white as a sheet, seems to shrink and grow smaller, and draws his breath heav-

Well. Penruddock," she says, in accents slow and distinct, appearing to enjoy his discomfiture: "and so we meet again. How pleased you look!"

"What has brought you here?" demands he, hoarsely, looking nervously around. "Fate!" replies she coldly.

"But here-what has brought you

here?" asks he. as though unable to

refrain from idle questioning. The woman, bending toward him, lays her bony hand upon his wrist. "To help you to remember," whis-pers she, in a tone that makes him shudder, so much compressed hatred lies within it. "Have you forgot-

ten? Fifteen years ago this month, Penruddock! Fifteen years ago!" So saying, she turns abruptly, and enters the room again. Penruddock follows her.

"Stay, woman!" he exclaims. "Be not so eager," replies Esther; we shall meet again.'

By this time she has reached a door opposite to that by which she had entered that room, opens, and darts through it, closing it quickly behind her. Pen-uddock would still follow her, but reaching the door through which the woman has gone, he finds it locked against him.

CHAPTER VIII. A True Lover.

After a momentary sensation of

faintness, that follows close on Esther's disappearance, Fenruddock rallies, and tells himself that her presence in this particular house is but one of the coincidences that will occasionally occur in all our lives. and that her wild allusion to objectionable dates has only arisen from the morbid qualities that go so far to make up her character. By the time his son has arrived, and is ushered into his private sittingroom, he is himself again, composed, calm, and cold, and freer from foolish sentiment than he was an hour ago, reaction having set in. He opens his subject, which has to do entirely with Dick's misplaced affection for Miss Neville, "so-called." without any appearance of excitement or undue warmth, merely expressing in every possible way his disapprobation of the young lady to whom his son is so devoted. When he has finished. Dick for several moments remains quite silent.

When rejected by Maud on the night of the dance, he had given way to despair, but so many little things have occurred since then to entire love of his heart, Dick Penencourage new hopes, that he has, ruddock. on reflection, declined to be altogether disheartened. Her love is not as yet given to another, and therefore she may be his in the happy undefined future.

"I regret that I must go against you in this matter," he says at length, quietly but decidedly. He is standing on the hearth-rug, his arms folded, and looking frowningly upon the carpet. His father, standing opposite to

him, with clouded brow, is regarding him anxiously.

"You speak like a child who is asked to relinquish a favored but dangerous toy," he says contemptuously. "You. with your fortune and position, to marry a girl penniless. nameless, -nay, if reports speak correctly, even worse than -

"That will do," says the young man, with a sudden gesture suggesglad of the chance, slips from the tive of passion. Say nothing more, room at this moment, and escapes to if you please. It is of no consequence whatever to me that she is poor and nameless, as were she possessed of all the wealth in Christendom, and owner of the highest title in the land. I could not possibly love her more than I do now."

"Sentiment in the young is almir able," says Penruddock, in a sneering tone. "It betrays amiability and good feeling. But even virtues may be carried to excess. Do you-pardon me-but do you mean to marry this young woman?"

It would be difficult to say why. but who ever knew a man that wasn't annoyed when any one called the girl he loved a "young woman?"

"What else should I mean." he asks, with wretchedly-concealed ire. "if she will have me?"

"Oh! you need not entertain any anxiety on that point. They always have one," says Penruddock, con-temptuously. "It is generally a complete 'take in' from start to finish." Then, changing his tone time the fins remain moist. from one of unpleasant banter to that of authority, "Now, look here," he says: "let us have no more of You can't marry her."

Perhaps as he speaks he forgets how the son inherits his own blood and temper to some degree.

"I shall be quite charmed if nothing more is said about it." says Dick. brushing carelessly some spots of dust from his coat: "but I shall certainly marry Miss Neville if I can induce her to accept me."

There is something in the quiet determination of his tone that impresses George Penruddock. Going over to his son, he lays his hand upon his shoulder, and says more gently-nay, even with entreaty-Think well of what you are going to do. This marriage will mean to you ruin, misery, unavailing regret.'

.. It means my one chance of happiness," says Dick, with a deep sigh, throwing up his head, and looking turn, presses her hand, takes up his eagerly forward, as though in the

to him was full of sweetness and light.

"Can nothing move you?" asks Penruddock, unsteadily. the years gone by, in which I have lived, and thought, and speculated for you alone? Is this, after all that

I have done, to be my sole return?"
"Dear father," says Dick, turning to him with quick and eager affection, "why try to make me miserable? I remember all-every kind word and kinder action; and I would implore you in this, the most important act of my life, to give me your sympathy. When you know Maud you will better understand me, because you too will love her. Tomorrow I shall ask her again to be my wife, and if she consents, which" (and he looked and spoke very mournfully) "I strongly doubt, you will gain a daughter as loving as your son.

"Nay," says Penruddock, angrily turning aside; "I want no daughter picked from the mire. Go, sir!" pointing to the door. "I shall not again sue to you for either your love or obedience. Yet stay, and hear my last words, as you intend to go to-morrow to ask that girl again to marry you. I warn you I shall be there too, to explain to her the terrible injustice she will do you should she consent to your proposal."

"And I warn you," says Dick, calmly, but in a very curious tone. "that it will be extremely unwise of you, or anyone, to say anything likely to wound or offend Miss Neville, even in the very slightest degree.

As the door closes upon his son, George Penruddock sinks heavily into the nearest chair, covers his face with his hands, and is overcome with emotion.

"And for this I have suffered, and endured, and sinned!" he says, with a convulsive shudder. "Oh, that it were possible to undo my wretched But that can never be, alas! that can never be."

When Dick leaves his father's presence, it is but to hasten to his room, and send a hasty but tender note to Miss Neville, telling her of his intention to call next day, and again entreat her to look favorably upon his suit. Then he puts in a few lines about his father, very delicately written, saying that he also intends putting in an appearance at South Audley street on the morrow; and while assuring her of his own lasting affection for her, implores her-as she feels even a poor sentiment of friendship for him-to pay no heed to any disparaging remarks that ignorance of her sweet excellence may induce anyone to make.

After this follow a few more little sentences, put in rather incoherently, but, in all probability, the dearer because of their want of precision to the reader of them, and then he is hers "most faithfully, and with the

It is a thorough love-letter; one that might have been written a century ago, when love was a thing more sacred and more full of courtesy than it is to-day. Maud. sitting in her own room, weeps bitter tears over it, and kisses it foolishly but very fonaly, and tells herself again and again that fate has dealt unjustly with her in that it compels her to resign the writer of this gentle billet doux, and putting him entirely out of her him free to be gained and loved by some more fortunate woman. And that she must so leave him is, perhaps, the deepest sting of all.

Esther, the nurse, coming in finds her prone upon a sofa, crying quietly, yet bitterly, and, full of sympathy. and a little frightened, comes over to her, and smoothes back tenderly the soft hair from her forehead. To this fond and faithful woman, the girl will always be her child, her nursling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Flying 1 ish.

Officers of the steamer Essex report a school of flying fish in the Rappahannock river. Virginia. Flying fish swim in shoals varying in number from a dozen to a hundred or more. They often leave the water at once, darting through the air in the same direction for 200 yards or more, and then descend to the water quickly, rising again, and then renewing their flight. Sometimes the dolphin may be seen in rapid pursuit taking great leaps out of the water, and gaining upon its prey, which take shorter and shorter flights, vainly trying to escape, until they sink exhausted. Sometimes the larger sea birds catch flying fish in the air. The question whether the flying fish use their fins at all as wings is not fully decided. The power of flight is limited to the

I repared.

It was a murky night. Dark clouds lowered over the world, and here and there droppel a fringe of fog. A shrick pierced the air.

She clutched her husband's nose wildly in her startled frenzy.

·Heavens," she gasped, in terror, and even as she spoke the awful cry broke again upon her ears. "the par egoric bottle is empty."

There was nothing to do but walk the floor. - Detroit Tribune.

A Know-Nothing.

Bobby Bingo, at his mother's dinner party-This is the first dinner mamma would let me sit at the table with the company. One of the Guests-Then you are not very well acquainted here, are you, Bobbie? Bobbie—No, sir. I don't even know who all this silver belongs to .-Brooklyn Life.

HIRSCH IS A ROYAL ENTER-TAINER, INDEED.

Europe Dotted with His Magnificent Castles-The Twentieth Century Castle at Elchorn-Chateau in France and Mansion in Hungary.

> ESIDES BEING one of the greatest financiers, gener ous philanthropists and richest men of all Europe, Baron Hirsch possesses an additional qualifi cation in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances,

namely, that of being the very perfection of a host and successful entertainer. His shooting parties at his Moravian place, the twelfth century castle at Eichorn; his modern country seat of St. Johann, in Hungary; his chateau of Beauregard, in France; his mansion in Rue de l'Elysee, at Paris, and his town house in London are famed throughout the length and breadth of Europe for the perfection of their organization, the abundance of the sport and for the lavish hospitality of the baron.

It is generally in the early part of August that the baron arrives at Eichorn for the autumn, and as soon as the shooting season opens there is a constant succession of guests from every part of the world. Just at the present moment he has with him the duke and duchess of Devonshire, the earl of Dudley, Lord de Grey and a number of other personages of light in pursuit of a stag he rode through and leading. Eichorn is perched on a the grand salon on horseback. rocky erag commanding a glorious panorama of the surrounding country.

Baron Hirsch, who is but little over 60 years of age and wonderfully well preserved, rises early in the morning, while the majority of his guests are

distance he could see some sight that A BARON'S HOME LIFE. costume, awaiting them, and drive along a magnificent ten mile road constructed over a sandy stretch of country and passing over no fewer than thirty-six bridges to the village of St. Johann. This road was constructed by the baron and has naturally caused him to be looked upon in the district as a national benefactor.

The carriages halt beneath the pillared portico of a huge structure in the rococo style of architecture, and the guests find themselves surrounded by infinitely greater degree of luxury and brilliancy than when at the more somber castle of Eichorn. The pict-



ures are superb and there is an absolutely priceless "Holy Family" by Van Dyk hanging in the library.

The baron's chateau of Beauregard, near Paris, is likewise somewhat rococo in style, and dates from the reign of Louis XIV. King Louis XV was very fond of staying there and it is on record that on one occasion while

dent of the French republic, purchased it from Gen. le Marquis de Galliffet and presented it to that Miss Howard who was not only his Egeria but also his financial backer until he became still sound asleep, and spends an hour emperor. On marrying Eugenie de in exercising with Indian clubs, dumb- Montijo, Napoleon made this chateau bells and aerostats before bathing and the cause for conferring upon his belle dressing. He then drinks a cup of amie the title of Comtesse de Beaureblack coffee and eats a slice of dry gard. On her death Miss Howard be-

In 1849 Napoleon, at that time presi-

ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD MAN AT 83.



The above picture is from a photograph taken in August last at Hawarden Castle, the home of the Gladstones. It is of interest just now while the wires are kept hot telling Americans that the Grand Old Man of England is daily nearing the end of his useful life-It is not improbable that there is foundation for these rumors and that any day we may learn that the bright light has finally vanished and that William Ewart Gladstone

bread in a small turret veranda, from queathed the place to her son by the which he can see the sun rise in all its emperor, who bore the title of Comte splendor across the low lying plain at de Rechevet, and the latter sold it in the foot of the mountain. At 6 o'clock 1879 to the eccentric Duchesse de in the morning he receives his secretary, M. Furth, and before the general breakfast bell sounds has got, through a formidable batch of correspondence, interviewed his house steward and settled with his head gamekeeper the precise locality of the day's sport.

Dressed, as usual, with scrupulous care, his costume is essentially English and exceedingly quiet. The baroness



BARON HIRSCH.

and her two adopted sons usually join the shooting party for luncheon in the middle of the day, wherever it may happen to be in the forest, and the sportsmen do not return home until 6 in the evening. After tea and a short siesta they sit down at 8 to a dinner cooked by the baron's famous chef. who enjoys a European celebrity and accompanies the baron everywhere.

In striking contrast with the medieval castle of Eichorn is the baron's many thrilling episodes which did not modern mansion of St. Johann, in the heart of Hungary, about half way between Vienna and Pesth, whither the in a Pennsylvania regiment before baron and his guests usually migrate he was 18 years old, the required age after a couple of months spent in of recruits. Dr. Young served with Moravia. On alighting at the station distinction to the close of the war, and the grests find typical Hungarian car-he had an officer's commission when riages, with servants arrayed in Magyar

Beauffremont.

Blanche Willis Howard.

Blanche Willis Howard has written in all nine books since she stepped before the public as a story maker, some of them stronger and more elaborate than her first, but none probably quite so affectionately welcomed and delightedly read as that same initial one -"One Summer." She wrote it to earn money to go abroad, and the only reason her American readers are sorry they bought it so

generously is that she did go abroad on the receipts and has staid there pretty much all the time since. She has lived for years at Stuttgart, where she edits a magazine, writes books, and, being now a

married woman, B.ANCHE HOWARD. conducts the education of several pupils at her home. Miss Howard has written some verse, not much, however, as she has wisely recognized that her prose faculty is many times greater than her metrical powers.

A Clerical War Story.

Dr. Jesse Bowman Young. editor of the Central Christian Advocate, has written a book on what he saw as a boy in the army. Dr. Young tells the story of his war days under the pretense of narrating the adventure of a certain fictitious person, Jack Sanderson by name, who was too young to enlist in 1801, but who went off to the battlefields with his uncle, who was an officer in the Union army. While with his uncle Dr. Young witnessed frighten him, but, on the contrary, were spurs which goaded him to colist



Mr. Al. G. Hyams

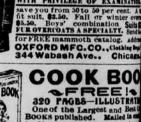
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