

A SENTRY'S LOVE.

Said the president of the military court to Trofim Stoyan, "You have been found guilty of the crime of aiding the escape of prisoner No. 279 from the mine of Gorkaya-Balka. Before sentence is passed the court desires to hear from you your version of the circumstances of the prisoner's escape, and the motives which induced you to be false to the trust imposed on you. We understand that you dispute the correctness of some of the witnesses' statements. We warn you to speak the strict truth. Stand at attention."

As the president finished, a slim young fellow, standing between two glittering bayonets, drew himself up to attention, glanced at the spectators and faced the court.

"Go on," said the president.

"Your Excellency," began the soldier, "I don't want mercy, and I don't expect it; but you have asked me to tell the truth, and I will tell it. It was on a Saturday night, snowing hard and bitterly cold. Sergeant Petroff marched me up to the entrance of Gorkaya-Balka mine and I relieved the sentry on duty there. I was to remain until midnight, and I received the usual orders to stop anyone who tried to enter or leave the gallery, and to shoot them if they persisted. I was shivering with cold, and kept tramping about in front of the entrance to keep warm. After the barrack clock had struck 10, I noticed some one crouching in the shadow of the old tool-house—a woman, I thought. It seemed darker there than out in the open. The snow was driving in my face. I felt queer and timid that night. Turning sharply round at the end of my beat farthest from the house, I saw approaching me the figure of a woman in black. I got opposite the entry into the gallery, and stood silent. I don't know why I felt scared. There was no one else about or nearer than the overseer's house. She came swiftly over the snow, and her face was covered with a veil. I couldn't see it was as if my tongue was frozen. She put her hands on my shoulders, and looked up into my face.

"What was she like?" demanded the president.

"Your excellency, I cannot describe her. Only saw her eyes, then, and they were on fire and went right straight through me. She told me much that I can't recall, for I was looking, not listening. But at last I understood her. She said she had had come all the way from Russia to see him, and that he was dying.

"She said that if I would let her into the mine for the minutes she would always pray for me, and devote her whole life to make me happy.

"Her great black eyes bewitched me, and I believed her. I said nothing, but she led me to the dark opening to the gallery. I never thought of what I was doing. I was dazed and stood stock still, and the snow kept falling all the time, and the night was dark. I had my eyes fixed on the entrance, and saw the figure emerge and run toward me.

"Soldier," she said, "you have made me happy for life. Make yourself happy and fly with us. Let my brother pass. I will tell you a plan to go to a place where we will be happy together. Be good to me, soldier, and I will give you all you ask from me. I will be yours; I will live for you and die for you."

"Don't smile, my excellency. I was intoxicated with her words. I believed her. Her arms were around my neck, and her face was lovely as the Madonna's. I seized my rifle and flung it to all my strength into the snow. She put a file into my hands and followed her to the gallery. There the darkness was thicker still, but we groped our way to where a man stood chained to a thick wooden stanchion. I knew that I had to do. The man said nothing, but the woman kissed me—kissed me, Excellency. So I worked like a madman. He was soon free. We reached the entrance as the barrack clock was striking 11. There was a whole hour yet before the guard would be changed. We ran through the little wood and crossed the frozen river, and away beyond a wide, open space, where the snow was very deep, we entered the pine woods.

"The woman knew where she was leading us, for we came to a hut where we found clothes and food. I buried my uniform in the snow. All that night we moved rapidly through the woods, hardly speaking to one another at first. But the man and woman went on in front, walking arm in arm, and often they kissed one another, laughing and crying in turns. When I was close to them, I sometimes spoke French. As soon as it was light, I never let my eyes leave her face. Her eyes were large and dark, but her hair was like gold, and hung down her back wet on her black cloak.

"Stand at attention, sir!" said the president, sharply.

"The prisoner stood erect again and resumed his story.

"The morning was clear and frosty. The man had fallen several times during the night. His strength was gone. I saw he was pale as death, and blood oozed from his mouth. The woman grew frantic with fear that he would die. I carried him, however, could go no further. He lay down on the snow just as we were leaving the woods and coming out on the steppe. I thought he would have died. I took him in my arms and carried him west after vest until my strength was gone, and I felt fever coming over me. But the woman never noticed me, and once or twice, when I turned to look at her from under my burden, I saw that her eyes were fixed on the face of the man I carried. I could hold out no longer. I fell on the snow and fainted. How long I lay there I cannot say. Whether or not I dreamed I am unable to tell the court. I don't think it could have been a dream. I thought I saw a troika come noiselessly over the snow and heard the breathing of horses."

"Do you mean to tell the court this was a dream? Can you give no further particulars of the scene?" asked the president.

"Your Excellency," the soldier said, "I thought, and I know that my eyes shone brightly; the sledges also seemed to be black. I came to, and I went away with gently ringing bells. Like silver bells. When I came to my senses it was snowing hard. The wet flakes awoke me. I think I gazed around me on all sides. There was no hoof-marks, no traces of sledges-runners, nothing but the level, trackless snow. Perhaps the snow had filled up the track, perhaps the sledges were some other reason. Your Excellency, I felt myself forsaken. I could not understand it. I was mad and cried aloud. Suddenly I noticed a paper in my coat, a scrap of paper with pencil writing on it. It was taken from me when I gave myself up, but I'll never forget the words—We can not take you

with us further. Save yourself as best you can. My husband and I will all ways pray for you." Oh, Excellency, I saw it all then, and sat down in the snow and wept and cursed. I loved that woman. Yes, I was a fool.

"And a traitor," interpolated the president, scowling.

"And a traitor, if Your Excellency says so, but I did not think of that then. I thought only of my love, of how I had been betrayed, of my hurt and Your Excellency knows the rest."

"The sentence of the court is that Private Trofim Stoyan take the place of the escaped prisoner in the mine of Gorkaya-Balka. He will remain there during the pleasure of His Imperial Majesty."

"That evening the young soldier was chained to the stanchion."

Three years later a man and a woman on Ellis Island suddenly encounter each other.

She starts and gasps:

"The soldier!"

While he exclaims:

"The woman!"

There is no time for more. She has passed the spectators and hurried to the little steamer that is to convey her to New York. He is pushed back, for the inspectors may not reach his case for a day or two.

But he lands at last. Where shall he find her? He finds employment, and then for six months spends all his leisure in quest. At last he meets her. She is coming out of a theater. He touches her sleeve. No word is spoken then, but as if by mutual instinct, they enter the nearest cafe.

Five minutes later he has said:

"I have always loved you. You belong to me. Since you say your husband is dead, you are mine."

"But you have no money," glancing at his shabby clothes.

"I have no money," she pleads. "A man who loves as I do can fall in nothing."

The next day they were married by a priest of the Greek Church. Was it love or gratitude that prompted the woman upon her third brief meeting, to grant so much?

The priest, gazing after them as they departed, murmured:

"I have united a goddess and a hero."

—New York Journal.

GOT A BIG BITE.

And the Fish Took the Bad Boy and All to the Bottom.

Fishing is an interesting pastime at present for a large number of small fry. Even gray-haired old fellows armed with rods and lines, are to be seen on fair days at points of vantage along the docks. Tom cod and sea eels are caught in great numbers, while once in a while a horrible-looking rat-fish is hauled in. These rat-fish look like a cross between a Chinaman and the devil, and are armed with two sword-like fins, which protrude from the sides of the head like a French dude's moustache. The swords are from two to five inches in length, according to the size of the fish, and are very strong, having a point as sharp as a needle. Woe to the unlucky fisherman who is struck by a rat-fish. For the wound smartens and pains dreadfully.

Yesterday a gang of tough-looking street Arabs were fishing off the embankment in the Northern Pacific switching yard, and an old gentleman with a benevolent countenance and long gray whiskers was much interested in the sport. Not seeing any fish landed, the old man asked one of theurchins, Gus Sampson:

"What are you fishing for, my boy?"

"Bigs," answered the kid, with a fiendish grin, "and a hard time of it when they are brought to the ball-box to vote for representatives in the German parliament. In one election in a certain Alsatian district the two candidates were Kable, an Alsatian, and a Frenchman. In a few moments Gus rose to the surface with his mouth, ears, eyes and nose full of mud. He struck out for shore, while the pole, which still floated on the surface, darted off at a lively speed in an easterly direction.

Two Indians happened along in a canoe and they gave chase to the pole. They finally overtook it, and after half an hour's tedious work succeeded in winding an immense coil of rope, which had in some mysterious manner been hooked in the tail. The cod weighed twelve pounds and three ounces, and was bought by the benevolent old gentleman with the long gray whiskers.—Tacoma Leader.

ONE OF PILATE'S SOLDIERS.

The Man Who Thrust His Lance Into Christ's Side.

The name of the soldier who pierced Christ's side with the spear while he was hanging on the cross has been preserved in the legendary lore of the church as Longinus. This man was one of the soldiers appointed to keep guard at the cross, and it is said that he was converted by the miracles which attended the crucifixion. The legend even goes further, declaring that he was one of the company of watchers set to guard the sepulch, and that he was the only one who refused to be bribed to say that the body of our Savior had been stolen by the disciples. For his fidelity to this great truth Pilate resolved upon his destruction. On this account Longinus left the army to devote his entire time to spreading the gospel. But he did this without first getting permission from the government of Judaea or from Rome. He and two fellow soldiers whom he had converted, retired to Cappadocia, where they began to preach the word of God. At the instigation of some of the leading Jews, however, Pilate sent out a detachment of soldiers, who surprised the deserters at a place where they were holding a Christian meeting, and where they had three crosses set up as an illustration of the great tragedy which had occurred but a short while before at Jerusalem. All three were killed and beheaded, and their heads nailed upon the crosses and carried to triumph back to Jerusalem.

Unsuspiciously.

The knight of rest slipped into the back yard as if he had been guilty of some offense, and putting an empty tomato can out of sight under his tattered coat, he approached the portcullis of the kitchen and tapped on it with a hammer. In response a wily-haired girl, with a towel tied around her head, made her appearance.

"Well?" she said interrogatively, as she took his measure with her eagle eye.

"I just thought I'd strike you for breakfast," he answered, apologetically.

"We don't believe in strikes in this neighborhood," she said, emphatically, and slammed the door with a bang that freed the dust of all her togs.—Detroit Free Press.

No More Gambling.

That a man should look after money lost in gambling with penitent eyes and vow never again to be tempted to like sinful foolishness seems not so strange. But Gen. Maury, in his recollections of a Virginian," tells how he was led to a similar decision by an opposite experience. The occurrence took place while he was an instructor at West Point.

We had a very jovial and humorous set of young officers at the academy for several years after the Mexican war, and great kindness of feeling prevailed. We played whist, dime points, and brag and brag at the same moderate rate. It was noted that at faro we almost invariably broke the bank.

One winter I was laid up for many weeks by an injury to my leg, received while riding, and my room, during all that time, was the gathering place after dinner. The card table was drawn up to my bed, and I played my hand till tired and sleepy.

One night we were playing brag, and as I became drowsy, little Frank Clarke said he would play my hand for me while I slept. When I awoke, the next morning, I found under my pillow the greatest amount I had ever won at cards.

It is interesting that it was a demoralizing amusement; that avarice, the basis of human passions, was its moving impulse; that often, at the card table, I observed some show of feeling that left an unpleasant remembrance against a card player, and that some of us could afford to win or lose even a few dollars; so I ceased all play for money, and have been glad of it ever since.

Things You Can Buy for a Cent.

"The penny store appeals to me now with a fresh interest," said a young father, and "Give me a penny," has a new significance. My youthful daughter has found the penny store, and she has discovered me as a source of supplies. It is wonderful the variety of things that can be bought for a penny, and it is astonishing the variety of uses that can be made of them. Candies she buys of many kinds that are new, and which must have been invented since the not very remote period when I was a child myself. There are now more kinds to choose from, and they are sold in a greater variety of forms, at two for a cent, three for a cent, and some of the stick candies sold now are a foot or so long, though they are more attenuated than their shorter brothers. And she buys articles of furniture, pianos and chairs, and things like that for a cent apiece, and pinwheel papers a lot of them for a cent, and all different colors, and those little rubber bags that you blow up and that make a funny squeaking noise when you squeeze them.

There are also paper dolls, little blank books and a great lot of things fascinating to the youthful mind. When we walk abroad, she runs ahead as we approach the penny store, so that she may have the time to gaze at the treasures in the window. Of all the shop windows that is the only one that interests her, and as I see her looking intently in and think of the many thousands of other children just like her, it is easy to see where her penny goods come in.—New York Sun.

A Cherished Document.

The simple people of Alsace, who retain in their hearts a strong love for France at the same time that they are as desirous to reach the German ruler as much, had a hard time of it when they are brought to the ball-box to vote for representatives in the German parliament. In one election in a certain Alsatian district the two candidates were Kable, an Alsatian, and a Frenchman. In a few moments Gus rose to the surface with his mouth, ears, eyes and nose full of mud. He struck out for shore, while the pole, which still floated on the surface, darted off at a lively speed in an easterly direction.

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Real Beauty.

A reply which was at once wise and witty is said to have been made by a gentleman to whose decision in regard to a certain matter two pretty young girls appealed.

They were discussing the question as to what constitutes beauty in a hand, and differed greatly in opinion. At length they referred the matter to the old man, of whom they were both very fond.

"My dears," said the old gentleman, with a kindly smile, "one question has to be decided. But ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives the most freely."

Soaked Up.

Monsieur Calino is fond of instructing his young son in natural history, and never fails to give a prompt answer to any question that he may ask. One day Calino Junior asked Calino Senior where the water which was being held in a Christian meeting, and where they had three crosses set up as an illustration of the great tragedy which had occurred but a short while before at Jerusalem. All three were killed and beheaded, and their heads nailed upon the crosses and carried to triumph back to Jerusalem.

"Into the sea," answered Monsieur Calino.

It has been found that the recent caisson explosion in Chicago was caused by defective shells, which are so dangerously numerous among the shells now furnished the artillery that no more orders for the missiles will be sent to the manufacturer who has been guilty of carelessness. With such shells soldiers would be in more danger from their own ammunition than from the ammunition of the enemy.

Let no man, boy or dog chase cows these days, if you ever allow it. Use particular care in this regard in the case of cows soon to come in. Quiet them in the shaded, look should be theirs rather than dogged exposure to sun.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

SHORT SKETCHES OF WORLD-WIDE CELEBRITIES.

Men and Women Who Have Attained Distinction in Various Ways, Both in This Country and Abroad.

It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that American influence in Corea overshadows that of all other countries, even of China and Japan, and that American citizens hold some of the most important government offices. The most prominent and interesting figure among these Americans is Gen. Charles W. Le Gendre, who during the civil war commanded a New York regiment. Just after the war he was sent to Amoy, as consul general, and there distinguished himself as a diplomatist. In 1867 he went to Japan, where he arrived just at the beginning of the great civil war, in which he took part, and he behaved with distinction and much to do with the advancement of Japan. Four or five years ago the general began to take great interest in the complicated Korean question, and he left Japan to go to conduct a vice minister of the Korean affairs of Corea. Ever since then he has been struggling to keep Corea free from China, Japan and Russia, and must be taking a most active part in the events now taking place.

Countess Wachtmeister.

Constance, the countess of Wachtmeister, now in this country, is one of the best known representatives of theosophy, ranking in importance with W. Blyden, the high priestess of the faith. She was born in Florence, Italy, in 1838, the daughter of a noble family, the house of Bourbelle. The De Bourbelle were of the ancient French, and settled in Normandy in 933. The countess was married in 1862 to her cousin, Count Wachtmeister, who died in 1871. She was attracted to theosophy in 1881 and since that time has been undying in her zeal for the advancement of theosophy. She has been a vegetarian for 14 years, and is described as being of medium height, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a singularly winning manner.

Traveling Reveals Character.

Many a would-be romance has been nipped in the bud owing to the revelations of character a summer journey has brought to the surface. Trips planned in good faith and full of joyous anticipations have frequently resulted in disaster before the vicissitudes of travel by train or steamer have proved too much for the temper of one or more of the members of the party, and the man on the lookout for a wife or the girl who is all but engaged have spoiled their chances forever with those who thus get an inside view of a temperament which in its untroubled state, when all things went right, appeared to be the very embodiment of amiability itself, but proved to be of quite different material when out on leave of absence.

If selfishness forms any certain element in one's makeup it is bound to crop out during even a very short trip. Whatever best there is is usurped by the one who shows all too conclusively that selfishness is not all in his or her line. The peevish one is fretted by delay, by heat and by dust. The tardy individual is never able to appear on time, thus putting to inconvenience the others of the company who are obliged to wait the opinion of one who does not know the meaning of the word promptness.

If you can safely say that a man or woman is a pleasing traveling companion, you have at once a condensed statement of many good traits. Cheerfulness, patience, unselfishness and promptness are all requisites that go to make up the congenial companion on a voyage, and at a glance it may be seen that these factors go largely to make up a desirable life companion as well. Therefore the proclamation goes forth that as a sign board of one's real nature the protracted journey may be depended upon, and if you can travel to Europe or across the continent in company with one whom you admire, if he or she stands the test of that ordeal, you can safely enter into that other and more trying journey hand in hand through life.—Philadelphia Times.

How to Wave the Hair.

The fashion of waved hair brings about a new method in the use of the old-fashioned curling iron. The hair must no longer be crimped, but must be laid over the head in large, natural looking waves. The entire secret lies in the fact that the iron is no longer applied to the tip of the tress of hair, and the hair wound over it, but the tress of hair itself is wound around the iron, beginning as near the scalp as is comfortable to hold the heated iron. The illustration shows better the words exactly how this is done. The parting of the hair, which proved so unpopular when it was first introduced, has been accepted chiefly by those who wear the Mauboussin type of face, for they can bear this severe style of hair-dressing. The delicate fringe of curls which so many maidens still continue

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James L. McCusker.

James L. McCusker is the champion American swimmer, who has gone to England to swim against Joey Nuttall, who is the world's champion. The men will probably meet in September for a mile swim for the international championship and a stake of \$5,000. McCusker is a powerfully made young man, 24 years old, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and at present weighs 180 pounds. He was born in County Down, Ireland, but came to this country when four years of age. His powers of endurance are wonderful, and the contest with Nuttall promises to be the greatest swimming match that has ever taken place.

Harry C. Tyler.

Harry C. Tyler is a young bicyclist of Springfield, Mass., who recently lowered the world's one mile record at Waltham by a full second. He lowered the record of 1:54.35, held by J. P. Bliss of Chicago, to 1:53.35. Tyler's brilliant work two years ago, winding up with breaking all the short distance records from a standing start, has made him famous from one end of the country to the other. Last year he rode a mile from a standing start in 2:01.35, breaking the world's record of 2:05.25, held by Willie Windle. Tyler is quite young, fine-looking and intelligent, and has long been a friend of W. C. Sanger, the noted cyclist.

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Dr. Daniel G. Brinton is president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which is to be held in Philadelphia on the 29th and 30th of August. Dr. Brinton, the eminent ethnologist was born in Pennsylvania in 1847. He was graduated at Yale in 1873 and at the Jefferson medical college in 1875. He was then in the Federal army, and at its close settled in Philadelphia, where he became the editor of a medical and surgical publication. For many years Dr. Brinton has been prominent as a student and writer on American ethnology, and the subject has fascinated him ever since he was a student at college. He has established a library and publishing house of aboriginal American literature that scholars may be able to obtain materials for the study of the languages and culture of the Indians of America.

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TWO BITS OF WOOD.

AND A STICK OF GRAPHITE IN THE MIDDLE.

How Lead Pencils are Made—Ingenious Automatic Machines Used in the Manufacture of that Useful Article.

Just two little pieces of wood and a stick of graphite and you have that which is found in the hands of every one from the bootblack, who keeps a "tally on his shiners," to the man who has no more fatiguing labor to perform than clipping coupons off government bonds.

It may be because of this universal use of pencils that it is such a simple, forceful-looking article as to fail to excite investigation, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that not one in a hundred of those who find a constant use for it knows how a lead pencil is made, says the Chicago Tribune.

There is a popular impression that lead is one of the component parts, but

In the mills at Tampa the wood is shaped into pieces seven inches long, three and a half inches wide and three sixteenths of an inch thick. Each strip is wide enough to make the halves of six pencils, and in this shape, trimmed of all superfluous wood to avoid freight charges, they are sent to the main factory, where they are cut by a machine which cuts six grooves for the leads and at the same time smooths the face of the wood.

Filling the leads, as it is called, is done by girls sitting at brass-covered tables, and cutting away the superfluous wood with the right, and spreading them out in her fingers like the sticks of a fan, lays them in the grooves and passes the filled slips to the girl at the left, who puts over it another slip, which has just received a coat of glue from a brush wielded by a third.

In an incredibly short time a stock of filled slips have been glued together and are ready for the press, where they remain until thoroughly dry. On removing from the press the rough ends and projecting leads are ground smooth by placing them against a smooth covered with sandpaper, and they are then constantly guarded by the bare of the household's existence stove.

The first graphite mine worked to any extent was the one discovered at Borrowdale, Cumberland, England, in 1564. It was not until 1790 that the opening of a new industry it was so highly prized and was so closely maintained as a monopoly that in pursuance to an act of parliament the mouth of the mine was constantly guarded by an armed force. Later this precaution was supplemented by limiting the period of work to six weeks per year, and flooding the entrance with lead to prevent invasion while standing guard.

Process of Graphite.

The process of preparing graphite for pencils at this time was the simple one of sawing it into strips and placing it in the wood. No previous mixing or grading was done. The impurities contained in the graphite of the day with which it is now mixed, and there was no doubt enough gritty substance in it to make it hard without baking. It was not until other mines were discovered that the current competition that any improvement was made in this method. Then repeated experiments gradually led to the manufacture of pencils of uniform hardness and tolerable reliability.