MORGAN RAVAGED THE SPANISH MAIN.

Noted Exploits of a Seventeenth Century Pirate who Pillaged and Burned the Coast Cities of Cuba and the West Indies.

The present operations of the American fleet in Cuban waters are not the first history has to record against the power of Spain in that part of the world. The very city of Santiago, against which is directed the strength of the Yankee fleet, has fallen in the past before aggressive Anglo-Saxons, as it will again in the near future.

The American people, moved past all endurance at the barbarous inhumanities by Spain against the Cubans, have "in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization," invoked the aid of the army and navy to establish peace and the blessings of liberty will confer upon the blood-soaked soil of the "Pearl of the Antilles."

The ultimate object of the former successful invasion was as far removed from that actuating America at the present time as is possible to conceive.

It was conducted solely for the object of personal gain, under the command of Sir Henry Morgan, the most daring and bloodthirsty freebooter that ravished the Spanish main in the latter portion of the seventeenth century.

The history of Captain Morgan's exploits in the West Indies was written by one J. Esquemeling, a reformed pirate, who accompanied him on his numerous forays, dating from the capture of the island of St. Catherine, in 1665, to the sacking of the city of Panama in 1671. A fine old ballad also commemorates this later adventure. The memoirs were published in England in 1704, and contain, as the title page sets forth, "The History of the Bucaniers of America, From the First Original Down to this Time; Written in Several Languages and Now Collected into One Volume. The Whole Newly Translated into English and Illustrated with 25 Copper Plates."

This quaint old chronicle was first written and printed in Holland Dutch, and afterward translated and published in English. In passing through the translator's hands it has acquired the stilted and pedantic figures of English "as she was spoke" in those early days, but enough of the spirit of the original author reveals itself in the detailed description to give one an excellent idea of the atrocities perpetrated by Morgan's "gentlemen of Fortune." Then, as now, Havana was the strongest fortified city in Cuba. It was also chief in size and commercial importance. Following it in these respects came Santiago. Each of these two cities had half of the island under its jurisdiction, to which, says the chronicler, "all the Towns and Villages thereof give obedience." Gomez and Garcia could relate quite a different story at the present time.

The islands of Tortuga and Jamaica were the common refuge of the freebooters, who operated against the Spaniards of Florida, West Indies, eVnezuela and the northern coast of South America. This portion of the world constituted the Spanish main of bloody romance and savage adventure. Spain at this period did an immense amount of trade with these islands in tobacco, hides and sugar, and hundreds of Spanish merchant vessels traversed yearly that part of the Caribbean sea lying southeast of the northern South American coast. This was the popular route, and here the pirates waged merciless warfare, at first against the ships alone, but as their numbers increased they made successful incursions against the villages and towns situated on the lands and along the coasts of Florida and South America.

Jamaica, in Morgan's time, was under the domination of an English governor, who, among other characteristics, possessed an extremely ductile conscience. He was hand in glove with the freebooters, assisting them to outfit their ships with supplies and men and affording them a safe asylum from all attacks in the fortified harbors of Jamaica. In 1665 Morgan began his adventurous career. On account of his active part in a number of successful exploits, he was chosen vice-admiral of a piratical fleet of fifteen vessels which put out from Jamaica fitted for a general conquest of coast and island cities. The first descent was upon the garrison of St. Catherine's island, near Costa Rico, which surrendered under the attack. The town was promptly looted and a gr at number of the inhabitants slaughtered and taken prisoners. A portion of the fleet laden with booty and captives r turned to Jamaica, first leaving a force of 100 pirates on the island to hold it, in the command of one eL Siev Simon as governor. Arriving at Jamaica it was proposed to the English governor to send recruits to the new acquisition with the purpose of fortifying and holding it as a perpetual haven for the freebooters. This plan seemed to be altogether too bold for Jamaica's governor, who, fearing to displease the king of England and realizing he would be obliged to reduce his own military force to supply the needed recruits, promptly refused his assent to the proposal. Morgan's piratical partner whose name was Mansvelt, who had been entrusted to negotiate the affair, then sailed to Tortuga to secure the needed allies. Here he suddenly died. Meanwhile the Spaniards recaptured St. Catherine and at once transported and executed the pirates.

OPERATIONS I NCUBA.

Notwithstanding this misadventure, Captain Morgan with undiminished courage rapidly equipped another fleet, the vessels of which were to be brought by their crews to a certain part of Cuba, where a general council would be held and plans for future expeditions made.

The literary buccaneer at this point gives a detailed account of the council of war, which, in the printed chronicles, is set forth in all the usual plenitude of lengthy paragraphs and capital letters. Havana was first considered as the combined point of attack, but as the pirates numbered about [illegible] men and twelve ships and boats, [illegible] equipment was deemed too insignificant for the capture of so strongly fortified a place. The town of "Puerto Principe," was decided upon as the author of assault, because, as the instance naively states, "It being at a by any from Sea, it never was sacked by Pirats, whereby the Inhabitants were Rich."

The story of the expedition thus begins:

"This proposal was gently admitted by Captain Morgan and the chief of his Companions; who, to weigh anchor'd every Captain toward that chor and set Sail, sailed to de el Principe. Coast nearest to Pinled by the Spanards El Puerto Principe. A Spaniard who arrived at this [illegible] the fleet, swam was prisoner [illegible] ing account to the ashore by night [illegible] esign of the Pirats. inhabitants of [illegible] their Discourse, which he overhe did not Understand while they [illegible] the Advice be- gan to hide [illegible] and carry away their [illegible] en Miles [illegible] governor immediately [illegible] of the town. Fr[illegible] with part of the purpose. [illegible] necessity [illegible] San Juan the [illegible] Numer[illegible] r assistance than [illegible] bus[illegible] sibl[illegible] to [illegible] owing to [illegible] close [illegible] ching the [illegible] mines. [illegible] Puerto Velo that he and [illegible] risking co[illegible] d receive no quarter when [illegible] ured, as he (the governor) [illegible] k is on [illegible] To which Morgan [illegible] d deliver the cas- [illegible] direction of [illegible] ransom he had set [illegible] not paid within [illegible] will be in a [illegible] and city would [illegible] known to t[illegible] ers he held [illegible] so in- [illegible] the

piratesp reserved their line in perfect order, and with beating drums and flying colors steadinly advanced, firing as they came, with deadly effect. The Spaniards were soon routed, their greater number killed and the remainder forced to fly to the woods in the effort to save themselves. Morgan's men suffered a trifling loss, the Spaniards proving as poor marksmen as their descendants of the present time. The entrance to the town was warmly contested, but finally effected. A number of the inhabitants retored to their houses and from these vantage points maintained an annoying fire. The threat of the pirates to fire the town unless they desisted had the desired effect. With the town in their hands, the pirates drove the Spaniards, men, women and children into the churches and held them as prisoners. They then proceeded to loot the place, gathering together everything of value the inhabitants had failed to hide. The surrounding country was diligently searched, resulting in the capture of more booty and prisoners.

These poor wretches were inhumanly tortured day after day, to make them confess where their valuables were hidden. By thes means they acquired a vast quantity of money and goods.

Provisions finally growing scarce, Morgan began to think of departing for richer fields. The prisoners were told that if they desired their freedom they would be obliged to pay for it, and on payment for liberty a second ransom would be demanded for the town or every house in it would be burned. Four prisoners received permission to seek the required ransom, but to hasten their return Morgan had a number of prisoners tortured before their eyes. A few days later they returned with the information of their inability to get together the necessary amount of money Morgan demanded, and requested fifteen days' time to raise it. To this Morgan agreed, but a day or so later a number of his men who had been on an extended pillaging expedition, returned with considerable booty and a number of prisoners, among them a negro who bore a letter to the townsmen from the governor of Santiago, in which they were advised to delay the payment of ransom to the pirates as long as possible, as an army was being equipped to reseue them.

Upon this information Morgan transported the booty he had gathered to his ships and demanded the immediate payment of the ranso mfrom the prisoners. This they could not do, and Morgan, fearing to be caught by a superior force, compromised on 500 beeves for victualing his fleet, which were given.

The sum secured by this foray in money and good amounted $50,000, or pieces of eight, as the old Spanish dollar was called. The pirates had left Jamaica heavily in debt, and this sum, considerable as it was, hardly sufficed to pay their obligations. According to the ancient chronicler this fact caused general dissatisfaction. The French and English buccaneers separated at this time, the English returning to Jamaica.

The insursions of the pirates who operated before Morgan's time had been prosecuted so diligently that the greater number of small towns along the coast of Cuba and neighboring islands had been stripped of their wealth and their inhabitants rendered so wretched and poverty stricken as to preclude all pecuniary advantages from another attack.

The pirate of the seventeenth century by all accounts loved fighting, but loved gold far better, and he insisted on the two being combined before he risked his rascally skin.

For successful operation against the larger towns, the only place remaining which promised remuneration, a large force of men and a plentiful supply of war munitions was absolutely necessary. Deserted by the French, Morgan's gang of rascals was greatly reduced in numbers, but within a few days after his arrival at Jamaica, he succeeded in getting together 450 men and a fleet of nine small ships.

Cutthroat and all around scoundrel as Morgan's actions proved him undoubtedly to be, he possessed in an extraordinary degree the dominating characteristics that go to make a successful leader of men. In this expedition the point of attack was kept secret until the vessels were far from port. When Puerto Velo, a rich city of cattle city at Costa Rica, a short Central America, was named by Morgan as the place to be taken, and to the "Free companions" detailed their the plan under the belief the number was too small to be revealed.

Morgan's daring nature [illegible] bers are in his answer: "If our [illegible] are great, small," said he, "our better union and the fewer we are [illegible] oils shall we and more share of the [illegible] have."

Stimulated by his [illegible] age and having full confidence in [illegible] aneer hailed this out his plans, the [illegible] m and the ships reply with enthusiasm for the Central were at once [illegible] American coast.

If the history of these exploits may be relied upon their success in taking reason to be [illegible] Next to Havana and Carthagena [illegible] Puerto Velo [illegible] as the strongest fortified place in West Indies under the Spanish [illegible] minion. It was under the supervision of the then governor of Panama [illegible] and a thriving business was conducted in the handling of various kinds of merchandise. It was also a market of considerable importance and these several industries contributed in no small degree to the wealth of the people. A fortified castle situated near to the city, was the first point attacked by Morgan's men, and after a strong resistance was taken. To inspire the inhabitants with a wholesome fear of the assailants, the castle and its defenders, living and dead, were blown up by the pirates, who fired the magazine. Then they rapidly advanced to the city, as yet unprepared to meet them, owing to the sudden attack, and first captured the priests and nuns in the cloisters. These were forced to march in front of the attacking forces and behind this living barricade a deadly fire was maintained against the resisting Spaniards.

The governor of the city, unable to rally the disorganized citizens, retired to the strongest castle with his troops and fought until the garrison was captured.

He made a stubborn and gallant resistance, and to the pirate's demand to surrender refused with the remark that he preferred "to die as a valiant soldier than be hanged for a coward."

He was finally killed and the city captured. The booty and ransom secured from this freebooting expedition amounted to 250,000 pieces of eight in money and a great quantity of merchandise. While Morgan occupied the city an epistolary exchange of arms occurred between him and the governor of Panama, which is piquant in its Spartan brevity and Attic pungency.

The letters followed an attempt of the governor to dislodge the pirates from the city. His entire force was almost cut off by Morgan's men, who decoyed the troops into an ambush, where they were simply slaughtered. Following this abortive attempt word was sent that if he did not immediately deliver the captives held as hostages he would be close [illegible] To which Morgan replied: "If I do [illegible] ger, so he [illegible] his views of ransom he had set [illegible] not paid within [illegible] and city would [illegible] ers he held [illegible] so in- [illegible] the expe-

governor of Panama, who sent another messenger desiring a small pattern of the kind of arms used in making so important a capture.

Morgan received the messenger with elaborate courtesy and gave him a pistol and a few small bullets, with word to the governor that if he would accept the slender pattern of arms incidentally used to take Puerto Velo and keep it a year, he (Morgan) would call and carry it away again. It is but fair to add that Morgan kept his word with a thoroughness that has lived to the present day, and forms one of the most dastardly and wonderful achievements known in the history of this infamous freebooter.

His vessels, equipped with the best guns the garrisons afforded, and rich with stolen treasure, Morgan triumphantly sailed to Jamaica. Arrived there, his men, each with his allotted share of plunder, repaired shoreward to the boozing kens and stews, where, with the arrogance of nabobs, the lavishness of princes and their own unbridled, brutish passions to drive them on, they indulged in orgy and debauchery that within a few weeks left them as penniless as before their cruise.

Following the sacking of Puerto Velo, the city of Maracaibo, Venezuela, was captured, this being the second time the place had suffered from successful piratical attacks. Other depredations occurred prior to the expedition against the city of Panama. This last was Morgan's most noted exploit. With a vastly inferior force he captured Panama, looting it first and burning it afterward.

Here he secured the greatest amount of booty ever taken by a similar attack. A great quantity of jewels, an immense amount of money and much valuable merchandise was collected, but just what it amounted to has never been learned.

Whether Moragn had grown tired of the dangerous life and desired to secure sufficient wealth as would enable him to live in comfort in England, the chronicler does not state. He does say, however, that of all the treasure the pirates individually received but $2[illegible] their share. Morgan took the best [illegible] of the fleet, which also carried [illegible] heaviest guns, and suddenly departed from the rendezvous, leaving the remainder of the society of freebooter companions to shift for themselves. They never saw him again.

Some novelist might construct a very readable tale showing how this arch villain, more bloodthirsty and more Turk, and who had committed more crimes than was ever dreamed of, peacefully ending in the decalogue days in some spent the remainder of his in the guise quiet English shire, where he parodied of a round-bellied squire [illegible] ment against justice by dispensing purity in comparison to him.

FRANK MARKWARD.

Fine Fiddles.

The ways in which violins of famous make an great value emerge from obscurity are varied, and no greater proof of this fact has been advanced for many years than the discovery of Thomas Jefferson's favorite violin in the hands of an octogenarian negro near Charlottesville, Va. The violin bears date of 1671, and its maker was Nicolaus Amati. This relic of Jefferson and of the skill of its Italian maker was found by Hans Hildebrandt of 19 North Liberty street, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Hildebrandt is an amateur musician. The story of his discovery and what led up to it is told by himself:

"I happened into a barber shop kept by a negro at Charlottesville and incidentally asked him my favorite question: 'Do you know of an old violin, as I want to buy one?' Said he: 'I know of an old fiddle, boss, that belonged to Thomas Jefferson, and old John Scott owns it now.' The barber was so interested, and soon we were on the road to Scott's house, about two miles from Charlottesville, at the base of the Blue Ridge mountains and adjoining the old Jefferson plantation. John Scott I found to be an active, bright negro of 83 years. When I saw him he was working in his garden. I asked to see the violin, and he brought it from the cupboard a dilapidated looking violin case that had once been covered with leather. So many years had elapsed, however, since the leather was first placed on the case that a large part of it had come off in patches.

"Opening it I saw that the moths had had a feast with the red lining. The instrument was wrapped carefully in a piece of old cloth, and the minute I looked at it I saw it was the best specimen of Nicolaus Amati's violins I had ever seen. After a while I managed to strike a bargain with the old man, and the violin became my property. In it I am certain I own one of the very best violins existing today. The scroll is most artistically carved, the model and workmanship beautiful. The varnish is of the golden yellow color and the pegs are of ivory. All that was needed was a few repairs and now it is a singing beauty.

"John Scott, from whom I bought the violin, told me that he inherited the instrument from his father, who was a slave of Thomas Jefferson. After returning to Charlottesville with my prize I learned that Jefferson was a good musician and a lover and player of the violin, and that he had owned several valulable instruments of Italian make. The one I had bought he had christened 'Pet,' and this makes me believe that it was his favorite violin."

The violin is today being constantly used by a friend of Mr. Hildebrandt, who is one of the orchestra of a Baltimore theater.

Man's Conceit.

The bicycle is the one thing on earth that brings out the excessive conceit in a man. As a rule, even men who imitate others don't like to be imitated, even if imitation is the sincerest flattery. It irritates the average man to have his friends or neighbors duplicate his suit of clothes or his manner of living.

But when the average man gets a bicycle that's different. So soon as he learns to steer a dizzy course along the street he pesters all his non-cycling friends with, "Say! Why don't you get a bike? You ought to learn to ride. It's great fun, and so healthful, you know." He never tries to conceal the fact that he is scorned of all those who do not ride. The sum and substance is that he rides, and therefore every one should ride.

Then there comes a time when he breaks a bone or tires of the wheel in some way and quits riding. Immediately his conceit crops out on the other side.

"I wonder you're not tired of cycling," he says. "It's not what it is cracked up to be. After all, it's nothing but hard work, and all physicians will tell you that persistent cycling injures the health. It's good for boys, but men and women simply make a show of themselves on the wheel. And—I'll tell you this in confidence—all the best people have quit cycling."

He doesn't ride now, and so he wants everybody else to quit. No one can make him see his aggravating conceit, and no doubt he wonders why people want to kill him. It shows how much self-restraint there is in the community that nobody does.

Fifteen years ago Mrs. Emma Marshall of Franklin township, Chester county, Pa., ran a needle in her great toe. It could not be found until last week, when she felt a pricking sensation in her hand, and on watching it found the long-lost needle.

Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shipen-Kue, which means "root of day," or sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China.

THE CAPTAIN'S SWEETHEART.

She's the daughter o' the regiment,
somethin's goin' to happen;
The boys are all a-lovin' her, but
she likes the Cap'n!
An' I'm very much afraid
He's too much on dress parade in
An' there's goin' to be a wedding in
the army!

She's the daughter o' the regiment, an'
somethin's goin' to happen, an'
There's a wavin' of her white handkerchief
a red rose for the Cap'n
We're all of us afraid she's gone, an'
He's too much on dress parade in
An' there's goin' to be a weddin' in
the army!

She's the daughter o' the regiment, an'
somethin's goin' to happen,
Fer she's in the rosy [illegible] throwin'
kisses to the Cap'n;
The private's day done;
It's the Cap'n who won,
An' there's goin' to be a weddin' in the
army!

SETTLING OLD DISPUTE

(By [illegible] B. Foster.)

"Seems to me, Tiny, the folks might quit."

"I've been thinkin' so, Sim, ever sence I waved the tin pail at you across the corn field the first time."

"The [illegible] a great joke o' yourn—the folks hed ketched ye! I'll Lordy! [illegible] it how the sun shined on the never [illegible] of thet tin diner pail, as it bobbed at me 'twas kind o' sassy uv [illegible] anyhow, always attractin' me, [illegible] with a tin bucket, or your eyes, [illegible] kin'est smile in the world."

"Well, Sim, if you would look, I didn't help it," answered Tiny, and [illegible] a soberness stole over her face. "I wonder, sometimes, ef you realize what we've gone and done for ourselves," she added.

"Seein' I come of such dod-blamed obstinate stock, I don't care. You an' me, Tiny, is a goin' to git jined, some time, ef it ain't till kingdom come. Ef I'd a hed the world o' girls to choose from, I'd a taken you."

"And I you, Sim, dear."

At this the tall young fellow's arm stole half way round the waist, so temptingly slender and so confidingly near; but in an instant Tiny rebuked him, by silently putting her hand in his. "Don't spoil it all, Sim," she said, simply. "I love to come out here and meet you, and you know it, but I jest can't ef you don't behave."

Neither of them saw old man Saulsbury, between the cornstalks, grin and slap his leg noiselessly, at this rebuff, and, somewhat aggrieved, Sim withdrew his arm to a safe distance. It was wonderful, then, to see little Tiny Taylor fluttering about like a humming bird, coaxing the great fellow back into good humor.

The two stood on unplanted ground—an odd strip about a hundred yards wide, running both ways as far as the eye could reach, while on either side the ranks of corn toed the line, seemingly afraid to encroach one inch beyond their mark. It was deep, fertile prairie land, covered now with the characteristic coarse grass and gum weed, but as capable of good yield under cultivation as the fields on either hand.

"Tiny," said Sim, as if deliberating, "you an' me's of age."

The girl quivered a little, but she looked at him resolutely.

"An there ain't no reason why we should stay right here all our lives. I'm a strappin' feller, an' though I hate to leave Ioway, I reckon there's other states where a man could work fer—fer himself an' wife."

"Oh, Sim, you never mean fer us to run away? Why, 'twould kill maw, an' Aunt Susan, an' Aunt Eliza!" gasped Tiny.

"'Twouldn't kill 'em," he responded. "Think o' me, danglin' on a string nigh onto two year already; it's a wonder it ain't killed me, that's what! There ain't no other way, honey, but fer us jest to go before the preacher, an' when we're man and wife, both our folks can kick all they're a mind to. There's no use in waitin' neither, is there, Tiny? Paw'll never forgive your maw, nor she him. You an' me a tremblin' here, on the ragged edge of diskivery every minute, an' I tell you I won't stand it a great while more. There, there, Tiny! I ain't meanin' to be cross, but ef you've got women folks to leave, I've got men folks. There's father; he's the ornirest, obstinatest old man you ever see, an' I know it; an' it's jest him to see a pretty little dotter right within reach, an' refuse her, because it's you. It's a comfort to feel that ef you're marryin' into sech an obstinate family, you're marryin' outen one about as bad. All the same, I'd hate to leave paw, an' Uncle Sim, an' John, thet's ben our hired man an' fed hogs with us, sence before I was born."

Between the two there was a pause, and the man with the silent laugh on his mouth, and with the sun-dried and gray hair, eavesdropping among the cornstalks, craned his head forward to catch the next low and desperate tones.

"But I'm goin' to leave 'em, Tiny, an' you an' me'll start off in the world an' find a place fer ourselves; then the Saulsburys that's left can fight it out with the Taylors that's left, an' welcome. Say you'll come, little girl, say you'll come.

Surely, their hearts were beating in their ears, or they must have heard that other heart sounding like a trip hammer, just a few feet away.

Tiny looked up at Sim, then, with the look a woman gives a man only once in her life, and that when she, herself, goes with it; and then the tears slowly welled into her eyes.

"Oh, Sim," she consented, "but we'll come back and bid 'em good-bye?"

"Yes," he replied, straightening himself to his six feet two, "yes, after the weddin'."

Hardly had the two parted—indeed, the shaking tassels of the corn yet betrayed the opposite patch each one had taken—when the old man stepped grimly into the clear strip, the stubby beard on his set, square jaw showing a sandy gray in the sun. A scant-skirted calico dress, and a slat bonnet with a long, pointed nose and an obstinate chin appearing within, glided from the stalks on the other side, as if to met him.

When too late to retreat, they spied each other—old Tom Salisbury, and the Widow Taylor.

"Hem," he said, gruffly.

"M-m-m!" she said at the same moment with a little screech in her voice.

He took his slouch hat off and passed his rough hand over his head from front to back.

"I never s'posed—I never thought"—she stammered.

"No, you never s'picioned I was nigh; nuther did I you—but I do s'picion, now, you've ben about yere long enough to see what's goin' on between my boy an' your girl. I give you my word, Mis' Taylor, I never drumpt of it before, an' I stumbled on it, today."

"I couldn't 'a' believed it of my Tiny, unless I'd follered her a-purpose, an' seen it. I ben wonderin', this long time, what tuck her so often in this direction," the woman half sobbed.

Tom Saulsbury came a step nearer. "I heard how she spoke of her mother, mom, and I hope you likewise heard jest how Sim mentioned me, fer in the main, he done me justice, an' himself credit. Sim's a strong, hardworkin' young man, an' an improvement on his father, I should jedge. Should you, mom, sayin' he wasn't a Saulsbury, now, feel comfortable thet your dotter should hev him?"

"Tiny's a darlin' good girl, active an' willin' an', bein' hog and hominy bred, always healthy and cheerful. Don't seem as ef she was old enough, an' yet—well—ruther'n she shouldn't marry at all, like Susan and Eliza—terrible old maids, both of 'em!—why yes. But a Saulsbury—oh!" Mrs. Taylor protested pointedly.

The old man shifted his weight to the other foot and gazed into the clouds. "Mis' Taylor, we've been engaged in upholdin' a principle nigh onto twenty years, now, an' I don't know but what we've about wore it out. Still, ef there hain't but a rag left of the old flag, I'm bound to grip the flag staff, an' I s'pose you're the same."

"I ain't changed none," she returned vindictively.

"But, bein' so well pleased with Sim fer his goin' ahead as he durn please, spite of the parents on both sides; also, seein' with my own eyes, which is jest goin' into specs on fine print, what a modest an' sensible girl you've raised, an idee occurs to me by which we can git shet of the whole thing in a self-respectin' manner. Mis' Taylor, do you still hold your patent from the goverment, embracin' this here strip o' land, yit?" he inquired.

The slat bonnet nodded violently.

"And ruther n' go to law about it, you will consent to leave it a sorter neutral strip as long as you live?"

Again the bonnet agitated.

"Well, I still hold my patent, too, clearly definin' it as part of my domains, plainly betrayin' the mistake in surveyin' which our almighty goverment has made. I'll never go back of my promise, nuther, about leavin' it in the nateral prairie while I keep my claim. Now, when in the course of nature you become an angel, which it be proper to suppose—the old maids bein' otherwise provided fer, as I've always heard, an' heaven, as I said, takin' care of the widder—to suppose thet you'd leave your farm here in Ioway, to your sole issue?"

"It would," Mrs. Taylor replied, wonderingly.

"My farm bein' ekally good an' productive land, I should, in like case, an' givin', for once, employment to a lawyer, leave it to the only child I have in the world, an' that's my Sim. Then, as I understand it, these two farms, lyin' to right an' left, could be attached as wings to this here strip of a hundred yards wide, by three hundred and twenty acres long. Now, while them two young things are stealin' their weddin' trip, ther might be a log raisin' on this very spot, me to do the haulin' with the help of Uncle Sim, an' my hired man, John—"

"An' me to furnish two webs of cloth of my own an' Susan an' Eliza's spinning, an' the quilts an' a set of pewter dishes!" said Mrs. Taylor, rising to the enthusiasm due the subject.

"With a litter of pigs to root at the back end of the strip," continued Saulsbury.

"An' a cow at the far end the other way," added the widow, eagerly.

"But mum's the word, mom! Let 'em run away, an' welcome, an' when they come home, belt as you don't want to lose your dotter, an' I don't want to lose my son, we'll give them a weddin' party on their own farm, even if it is only a narrer strip of perarie. An', mom, in the light of these bloomin' affections, specially sence we've both give up our bone of contention, does it strike you thet we two's got a matter fer quarrel furder, after twenty years of dretful onneighborliness? No, mom; I take it we're to be a sorter mutual father-in-law an' mother-in-law, an' may God have mercy on us both."

"Amen!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, reverently, and the moment she said the word, the sting that had been in her conscience for nearly twenty years, departed, and she felt that now, finally, and at last, she could be the consistent church member she never yet had been.

. . . . . .

While Sim and Tiny were making ready their few and simple preparations, they thought it must be because their minds so ran on their plan, that their little world seemed also making preparations. Tiny even went so far, once, as to fancy she smelled wedding cake, and the aunts hung tremulously round her as if she was about to receive all they had missed in their lives. As for Sim, he became really embarrassed at the way he was pestered to give his opinion as to the fattest pig, the best plow and the best horses in his father's possession.

When guilty Tiny, her heart bursting with love for those she left behind, mounted for that fateful journey to town to meet Sim, she turned and flung her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbed aloud, while Aunt Susan slipped in her pocket the emery bag that had been a family heirloom, and Aunt Eliza tied on her old gold locket by a string.

It was, indeed, an odd elopement, and, in the bundle fastened to her saddlehorn, Tiny later found a white shawl that had been part of her mother's wedding finery, and the side combs she had forgotten to put in the package hidden under the roots of a tree that morning.

The bridal couple were gone the week they had planned, and on their return a gracious sight met their view—for, during their absence, their own house had risen as if by enchantment; smoke curled from its chimney; corn bread was on the hearth, and hominy in the pot; and friends crowded to welcome them home.

"But, maw," protested Tiny in bewilderment.

"Never mind, now, maw's own darlin'," answered Mrs. Taylor. "You an' Sim's done jest the right thing, dear, an' me an' Saulsbury's settled final an' full all the dispute we couldn't a-settled no other ways."

"But, paw!" protested Sim; and old Tom Saulsbury shook Sim's hand in delight as he answered: "When your boy goes fer to run away, Sim, tell him to look in among the cornstalks when he lays his plans, fer his dod-blamed, obstinate old father."

Swearing.

It is not generally known, but it is none the less a fact, that profanity is forbidden by both the army and the navy regulations. Any soldier or sailor who does not like to be sworn at has a right to make a complaint, and the offending officer is subject to trial by court martial. As a matter of fact, however, swearing in times of excitement is not uncommon, and it is not infrequently the only kind of talk that has any influence. It is, therefore, notable that some of the greatest commanders in our army and navy have been distinguished for the moderation of their language. The story of Admiral Farragut's one oath at Mobile Bay, when he said "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead at full speed!" is familiar, and now comes a story about General Grant. It was told by General John P. Hawkins in answer to an inquiry as to whether General Horace Porter's statement that General Grant never swore was true. General Hawkins replied: "I never heard Grant swear but once, and that was at Shiloh. Coming across a body of soldiers in retreat, he swung his horse across the road, and with indignation shown in every feature, flourished his sword and cried: 'Go back, you damned cowards, go back!'" It seems possible that this story is true. It took something in the way of an exhibition of fear to make such men as Farragut and Grant swear.

Uses of Bananas.

Immense fortunes have been made out of the banana business. Revenues do not accrue alone from the sale of the fruit, for the leaves are used for packing, the juice, being strong in tannin, makes an indelible ink and shoe blacking, the wax found on the under side of the leaves is a valuable article of commerce; Manila hemp is made from the stems, and of this hemp are made mats, plaited work and lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture; moreover, the banana is ground into banana flour. The fruit to be sold for dessert is ripened by the dry heat of flaring gas jets in the storage places in which it is kept, and immense care has to be taken to prevent softening or overripening. The island of Jamaica yields great crops of this useful and money-making fruit.

WHERE GEN. SHAFTER MADE A RECORD.

Subdued the Indians and Lawbreakers on the Mexican Border--Lost no Time Getting Into Action and Fought to Protect the People.

According to intimate friends of General Shafter, who is now before Santiago—Pecos Bill—there need be no worry about the outcome of the battle even though Washington fails to send reinforcements or the strategy board burns out a fuse with red-hot messages to entangle the work of that fighter. When the time comes Shafter will cut the cable or have the operator sent to jail and then pitch in and finish the job with neatness and dispatch, and he will do it even if he has to break a United States law in doing so. He will fight first and trust to his lawyers to clear him afterward. He is a man of his word, and when he sends a message to Washington announcing that he will take Santiago, the nest of the Dons will fall. For several years Pecos Bill was the terror of Spanish speaking Mexicans and Texan desperadoes, and his name was like the mention of the devil to them. He cleared the country of the worst gang of criminals that ever cut a throat and threw open to settlement an immense area of Texas land. He cast a reign of terror over the Indians that simply made cowards of them within three months, and in doing so general—then colonel—made a bed of roses for the commanding officers who followed him. These are the sentiments of James W. Clarke, supreme recorder of the Imperial Legion, who was collector of customs at Eagle Pass for several years during Shafter's reign in the vicinity.

"There is not a better fighter on the face of the globe than Colonel Shafter," remarked Mr. Clarke last night. "He is also a peer among army men, for he is continually making staunch friends among civilians. He does not think the army was made for his especial benefit, and whenever the men under him can do anything to help out the people they do it, and they don't lose any time, either. When Colonel Shafter was appealed to for aid in hunting down Indians after an outbreak he had his men in the saddle within an hour and often in less time was hot on the trail of the redskins. He lost no time arguing, but got down to business at once. Why, he even stretched international law on several occasions to do what he thought was necessary to suppress the periodical raids of the Mexicans who sneaked across the border and pillaged the ranches and settlers in Texas. You know it was contrary to the treaties to permit an armed soldier to invade the domain of another country, and only recently was this permitted by special arrangement with the Mexican government. He got track of a body of desperadoes just as they started over the line into Mexico, and he went right across after them. They fled like sheep with fear at the daring of the man who defied their government, but Shafter kept right on after them and there was a pitched battle, the result of which was long continued mourning in the Spanish language. This sort of action created a sentiment of mortal fear on the part of the Mexicans and almost worship by the settlers and residents of Texas. They could go to sleep at night with Shafter on watch at the door and there was no fear of molestation.

"All this was in 1878 to '81, and was especially true after the first year. But when Shafter first came down there it was quite different. The whole country was overrun with hordes of law breakers who cared no more for human life or property than for a meal. It required several months for these fellows to get to know their man, but they never made a mistake after that. The Indians, too, had never been subdued. Before and even for some time after Shafter's time the commanding officers were too slow in getting out on the trail. Of course it is well known that the federal troops cannot be used for the purpose of making arrests, and too often the commanding officers argued before acting when appealed to for aid. Why, there were instances where Indians or Mexicans murdered whole families within a mile and a half of Fort Davis, and it was twenty-four hours before troops were on the move.

"But with Colonel Shafter it was far different. Occasionally as collector of customs I would get information of large and powerful bands of smugglers about to cross the river. I had only a few mounted inspectors and they were totally inadequate to cope with such men. I would go to Colonel Shafter and ask him whether he would detail a sergeant and a few men to act as escort for my men. 'Why, certainly, at once, sir. How many men do you want?' was the prompt reply, and I always got as many men as I needed. With some officers the reply was: 'Well, you know the law says that the troops of the United States shall not be used in making an arrest, and I really don't see how I can help you, don't you know?'

"Shafter likewise demonstrated that he was a man of unlimited resources. The people will find that when he gets ready to take Santiago he will take the town and all the powers at the other end of the cable will not be able to hold him back. I never had any fear about the outcome of this battle, and the people will find that General Shafter will win with the force under him. He will not ask for reinforcements or help from Washington, but will place the means at his command in the best possible situation and then fight until the red and yellow is shot from every flagstaff within reach of his guns and hauled down from many that are not. Shafter has not found fault with the men and supplies furnished him, and he will not, but when the result is announced there will be victory on the banner of the man who subdued the worst gangs of lawless offsourings of two countries to be found on the continent."

UNCLE BLUCHER.

"In these war times anecdotes of great soldiers are being revived, and many of these stories throw a sidelight on the private lives of men famous in the world's history," remarked an erstwhile sergeant in the German army the other day.

"Old Uncle Blucher, or Bluecher, as the Germans called him, who saved the day at Waterloo and brought about the defeat of the great Napoleon, was a 'character,' and he was an inveterate gambler, according to the stories handed down in the German army," says Mr. Meyer. "Blucher was a curious old fellow, according to the army tradition. Did you ever hear the story of what he said about the officer accused of drinking? Well, one fine day the colonel of a regiment went to Blucher to complain about another colonel who, he said, was always drunk. The great general opened a drawer and produced a notebook, from which he read about the gallant conduct of the accused in certain desperate engagements. Closing the book with a bang and throwing it on the table, he looked the accuser steadily in the face and said: 'I wish to God, sir, that you would get drunk, too!'

"Yes, I know a somewhat similar story is told of President Lincoln in reference to General Grant," continued Mr. Meyer, after being interrupted, "but the German books, published half a century ago, tell that story about old man Blucher.

"But General Blucher's own habits gave his friends much concern. Blucher, like many prominent men of his time, was a reckless gambler. The king, who was much attached to him, had paid his debts over and over again, but it was no use. The old marshal had gone through his wife's property as well as his own, and his pay was always spent in advance. Once he was dead broke and had to go to the king.

"'If I get you out of this scrape will you promise me not to gamble again?' said the king.

"Blucher gave the promise and added, as the king gave him 100,000 thalers: 'I will go straight home to my wife and settle half of this money upon her so that I shall not be able to touch it, and I will then pay up my debts and never touch a card any more.'

"Blucher went home, gave 50,000 to his wife and after dinner sallied forth to pay his debts. At midnight Blucher's wife was roused from her slumbers by one of her husband's staff officers, who had been sent for 22,000 thalers.

"'Dear, good man,' said the lady, 'I knew he would want it before morning so I have put up that sum in a package for him. Here it is, and tell him to be careful about the cold air coming home and to muffle up well.'

1995(Mb-5wzZ.r nr hrd cmfw cmfw cm

"The officer departed, only to return after a few hours for the rest of the money, with the same success. Blucher went home to breakfast the next morning, having lost every penny of the king's gift at play.

"Again Blucher went to the king told him the whole story and listened attentively to all the reproaches until ways called Blucher 'uncle'—'I thought you gave me your sacred word of honor that you would never play cards for money again.' 'No, sir,' answered Blucher, 'I did not give my sacred word of honor.' 'Will you give it to me now?' asked the king. 'Ach! Mein Gott! That is a hard thing to ask from Blucher,' replied the hero of Waterloo. But after some grumbling the sacred promise was given and old 'Vorwarts' stopped gambling."

Prince Achmet Seif Eddin, the cousin of the Khedive, who shot his brother-in-law, Prince Fuad, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The Khedive refused to mitigate the sentence or adopt the usual plan of sending his erring relative to an insane asylum.

Japan has a breed of mice which are a puzzle to naturalists. At different periods of the day they whirl around and around for hours at a time. If a person should lift a mouse when it is whirling the animal will resume its whirling the moment it is set down.

The trees in the streets of Paris are looked after by a public official appointed just for that purpose, and therefore the Parisian streets always look beautiful.

The West Indian migratory crab is the only creature that is born in the sea, attains maturity in fresh water and passes its adult life on land.

UNIQUE TOWN.

The most unique settlement in the United States is the town of Commonwealth, Ga.

There is no need for money at Commonwealth, for everything goes into the common fund, and every man shares exactly alike. There are no rich people in Commonwealth, and no poor people. All work for one another, and the law and creed of the community is "Love." If a person wishes to build a house the lumber is furnished from the mill operated by the members of the settlement. If vegetables are wanted the common garden supplies the need.

The settlement is run on the co-operative plan. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is a law that is strictly enforced.

Two years ago Commonwealth was founded by a few experimentalists. Now it is a village of 75 families, working about 1,000 acres, at one time a plantation. The old-fashioned home of the ante-bellum planter is now one of the town buildings. Besides this there are several dwelling houses, a printing office, a large schoolhouse, a sawmill and a general dining hall.

Commonwealth has its school, paper