

Talking of foot-ball work on the grid-iron, there's quite a difference between being medium and well done.

Sullivan is thinking of getting out an autobiography. It ought to introduce many interesting scraps of history.

Isn't it the irony of history for the whites to be pushing Indians for coaching on American game preserves?

Out West they've begun using the wheel on the cattle ranches for rounding up purposes. What won't it finally be turned to?

The journalist who expresses surprise because "science has been able to photograph the stars" evidently doesn't smoke cigarettes.

It is said that Helen Gould will study law. Foreign counts who apply from now on will be obliged to present flawless titles or be discovered.

A Washington author has just launched a book on "How to Live Longer." It ought to be worth reading; a great many of us are "short" all our lives.

Rearing ostriches in New Jersey will contribute to the gaiety of life by enabling feather-brained observers to joyously confound these birds with the mosquito.

The American wagon has been introduced in Germany, and attracts much attention. American handiwork is making its way abroad faster than ever before.

At the recent woman's parliament of southern California the fair delegates in attendance were treated to a paper on "The Art of Conversation." As if they needed any hints!

Let Europe remain an armed camp in the sense which the term now applies to its condition, and nothing but incredible folly in America can prevent the ultimate supremacy of the United States in all the glories of peace.

The old-fashioned book agent who tries to sell his books because he needs the money is a thing of the past. The book agent of today poses as a public benefactor and kindly permits you to purchase his wares.

In the fifth century the Vandals deposited Rome of her art treasures; only the other day one in a Redfern gown was seen deliberately poking at a delicately carved flower in the marble decorations of the Congressional Library.

Spain's finances may be stated in a few figures. The nation's indebtedness is \$1,765,000,000, and the annual interest to be paid is about \$70,000,000. The total revenue is \$150,000,000, and after the interest is met only \$80,000,000 is left to pay the expenses of government.

"When a private in the ranks is praised by a general he cannot presume to thank him, but fights better the next day." That is the way Rudyard Kipling acknowledged a compliment from Lord Tennison, according to testimony set forth in the latter's biography, just published.

Japan has an income tax, and what is more the payment of it is enforced. If a taxpayer complains that he is rated too high by the officials he is likely to be put into a dark room and told to "think it over carefully." After remaining there twenty-four hours in darkness and doubt, the man is then very likely willing to admit with the officials that he is somewhat richer than he had at first supposed.

Foot-ball, as too often played, is brutal and pitilessly cruel without the justification of necessity. It is voluntary. Its roughness, which makes it dangerous, is purely voluntary. If the rules of the game allow excessive roughness, so much the worse for the rules. No educational institution is doing its duty to parents if it allows the sons committed to its care to play according to rules that make serious injury to players in the least probable.

Planning to help a poor family, who lived on broken victuals gathered from door to door, a good woman gave the mother a day's work and paid her a dollar. Two or three days later, says the New Unity, the woman called to express her gratitude. The children had always wanted to go to the matinee and the dollar had taken them all! Sometimes "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." Again, as in this case, it is their idleness.

The national flag is cheapened by making it common, says a newspaper critic who does not approve of the display of the flag over the schoolhouse every day. This is not only unphilosophical, so far as theory is concerned, but experience shows it to be an error of judgment. A sacred thing is not cheapened by fulfilling one part of its mission, namely: the inspiring of reverence by sight as well as by thought. "Forever float that standard sheet."

American labor is acknowledged to be more efficient than the labor of any other country. We are fortunate in the possession of a class of skilled mechanics who are endowed with sufficient brains and alertness to quickly master the most intricate machines. Our common school system, which has been maintained for 100 years, has laid the foundation of superior average intelli-

gence, and our numerous excellent scientific schools and schools of technology have given great opportunity to boys of a practical and mechanical turn of mind.

As a rule very little good is accomplished by pointing out the weak spots in a person's character, unless that person is ready to see them and make a change. Improvement of character can only come from within. We are influenced, of course, by everybody and every condition with which we come in contact, but only through admiration of superior qualities in others, which we are drawn to desire or inferior qualities in others which we are able in a measure to profit by. In any event, it doesn't make a man feel good to say mean things about another, even if they seem to be true. There may be a momentary pleasure in running somebody down, but such pleasure is like that derived from drink—it always has an unpleasant afterglow.

In spite of the official denial of the Marquis of Salisbury's approaching resignation of the premiership it is generally believed that it will come within the next few weeks. Three men who sit on the front benches in the Parliamentary houses of Great Britain are already spreading their nets to catch the coveted office which they hope to see vacated. These are the Duke of Devonshire, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour and Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain fears the succession of the Duke and dares not openly oppose Mr. Balfour. He therefore takes the ground of a colleague and supporter of the latter, hoping that he may succeed to the post of prime minister and trusting that Mr. Balfour's mistakes will lead to his downfall and then Mr. Chamberlain hopes to find a place out of Balfour's wreck to rise to the dignified position for which he has worked a lifetime. Should he fall in this the great charm of his existence would be at an end.

It is estimated that since the excitement began 15,000 men have started for the Klondike country in search of the yellow metal. Wages are reputed to be \$15 a day in the placer grounds. All, of course, do not expect to work for wages, but the independent claim worker expects to do at least as well as the man who sells his labor, and so to illustrate the point we will consider that each one who has gone into the Alaskan country expects to make \$12 a day. On that basis a man working 300 days in the year would receive a sum of \$3,600 per annum. An ordinary person can be considered in great good luck if he is able to save and look upon as clear excess over actual, necessary expenses half of his earnings. This will hold good the world over. In dealing with this question, however, the California Fruit Grower will be liberal and concede that each one saves \$2,500, or considerably better than 50 per cent. That will leave the expenses of each prospective millionaire at \$2,000 for the year. This sum, being for actual living expenses, must be raised. Where is it to come from? Out of the gold placers. How much gold must be taken from the country to pay the \$2,000 expenses of each of 15,000 men for one year? The enormous sum of \$30,000,000, or 2,000,000 ounces of gold nuggets and dust at \$15 an ounce. This amounts to 60 tons of pure gold and 600,000,000 grains. It is like to speculate upon the amount of gold necessary to satisfy the desires of 15,000 people or even their expectations. It will require in the neighborhood of 60 tons of pure gold a year to meet the expenses of those who within the last few weeks have started north and—well, the reader can judge for himself the chance of this being mined.

The "Best" Society. The Nineteenth Century has an article on "The Growth of Caste in the United States," wherein the author Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlain, alludes to "Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who did not belong to the best society any more than Theodore Parker did." Mr. Chamberlain has been misinformed, I might, perhaps, be asserted with false prospects of proof that Walt Whitman never really penetrated the best circles of Philadelphia, but Boston is different and so was the Autocrat. In Philadelphia, birth gives social rank. In Boston, in Dr. Holmes' day, birth and achievement (with some moderate pecuniary lubrication), gave it. Dr. Holmes, with the Holmeses, and Wendells, and Dorothy Q. behind him, was very well fitted out with lineage, and his achievements were notable, both in his profession and out of it. His intimates included the intellectual and social swells of his time and town, and tradition has it that when he went to New York, he ate periodically with members of the Astor family. No only was there no better society in Boston during Dr. Holmes' lifetime than that which he adorned, but it is even suspected (writes E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly), that the best Boston society of that day was, on the whole, the most remunerative that existed in the United States. Of course it was a comparatively simple society, made up merely of folks who were folks, and not to be compared with the social product of times of great pecuniary enlargement like those now present, when the best society includes no one whose steam yacht measures less than one hundred and seventy feet on the water line and who is not connected by marriage or intense sympathy with the British peerage. Still, it was the best society the times afforded.

Miss Highways—No, Mr. Sharpie, I certainly will not marry you. I cannot think what made you propose to me. Mr. Sharpie (huffed)—Well, you see it's the "illy season," and I must have caught the complaint, or I should have shown more sense!

# THE DESERTER

DECEMBER, 1862. Rosecrans, recently assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, lay encamped on the Nashville turnpike almost within hearing of the church bells of Murfreesboro. Directly in front and shielded by the dense cedar thickets rested the army of the Confederate General Bragg. The rebel defense described a semicircular line between Rosecrans and Stone River in a country admirably adapted to a running fight toward Murfreesboro, the rebel base. Simultaneously the commanders of the opposing forces were planning attack. Rosecrans desired to gain possession of Murfreesboro. Bragg's plan was defensive and night after night he made weak demonstrations toward the Union front, which were received by Rosecrans at their true value. Unless Bragg disclosed the Federal troops massing in front on his right flank, his army must be withdrawn behind the river and Murfreesboro abandoned. War rumbled in the air. The soldiers, fatigued by continuous campaigning, lay stretched about the camp in resting thousands, nor did the crack of the outpost rifles nor the volleys of cavalry cartridges cause so much as the blink of an eyelid nor the raising of a head in the camp. Familiarly had bred contempt for the musket shot and the roar of the cannon in the distance may have caused a curl of the lip—no more. The powder-smoked horses felt the breath of coming battle, but it gave them no concern, and they luddled snugly together in their blankets for they feared the shivering blast of December more than the pony halloo of the enemy.

Back in the cedars in a house where an old man sat behind the shivering stove, General Rosecrans pondered over his plans of campaign against Bragg. It was essential to drive the rebel general beyond the river and gain possession of Murfreesboro and the Union commander knit his brows and pondered over his contemplated plans of attack. The door opened and a young and intelligent looking officer stepped inside. His shoulder straps showed the rank of first lieutenant. For an instant he paused at the entrance. He seemed to know his superior was worried and he hesitated to advance. The general was nodding to his presence. For an instant longer the young officer waited, then as a determined expression appeared on his face he stepped resolutely forward. "General," he said. "Rosecrans looked up and a smile broke through the clouds on his face. "The lieutenant looked him in the eye and replied: "I was asking permission, general, to absent myself from camp for perhaps forty-eight hours."

General Rosecrans stared at him in amazement. "I cannot comprehend the meaning of such a request," he said, finally. "In less than forty-eight hours I expect to engage General Bragg. I haven't a doubt in the world he is planning a similar attack on my forces. A fierce conflict is inevitable. And yet you have the temerity on the threshold of battle to ask for leave of absence. I repeat I cannot understand it, and, moreover, I am doubly surprised that such a request should come from a trusted officer like you."

A flush mounted to the temple of the lieutenant. He felt the sting of the general's reply. "Excuse me, general," he said, with just a touch of resentment. "Your suspicions do me injustice. You have never known me to flinch from duty or to tremble in the face of the enemy."

The general measured him closely and a worried look passed over his face. "I have spoken of no suspicions," he said, testily. "But your manner, sir," said the other. "Pardon me, your manner was quite convincing."

"But such a request at such a time," said his chief. "It is peculiar, not to say amazing. Why do you, an officer of my army, desire leave of absence when we may be hand to hand with the enemy at any hour?"

He looked sharply at his subordinate and his question was freighted with significance. The young officer was not unmindful of it and flushed again. "You are hard on me, general," he said, coldly. "But let me explain. You contemplate an attack on Murfreesboro and its possible, nay, more than probable, destruction. Murfreesboro holds all that is near and dear to me."

The general raised his head in interested inquiry. The lieutenant went on: "In one of the hospitals there lies my young wife, who has just this very day given birth to our first child."

the dimly lighted hospital. The good sister gazed in mute astonishment at the uniform when he half staggered into the hallway, then led him silently into the little room. As he bent over the white cot a pair of eyes opened wide. There was wonderment in them for an instant, then they lighted up with love and welcome and with a faint cry.

"Rob!" she stretched forth her feeble hands to him, while the young soldier's tears rained down on the pillow. Shining through the film of suffering the glad eyes gazed admiringly at the stalwart figure of the soldier husband and the faded, dusty suit of blue. With a glad, happy smile the thin hands raised the coverlet, and for the time being all thoughts of the grim struggle between the North and South faded from his mind as he gazed in mute wonder on the face of his sleeping first born. A light, reverent touch of his lips to the little one's forehead and a similar loving salute to the flushed and smiling mother, then the serious look returned to Henry's face as the exigencies of the hour crowded back into his mind.

Briefly, tenderly, lest he bring alarm to his suffering young wife, he told her of the necessity of immediate flight, and, brave spirit that she was, she trusted everything to him and bowed acquiescence. The nurse, dismayed, protested, but at length gave way. It was the only thing to be done. As he stood watching the rapid movements of the nurse as she prepared for the trip the practical needs assailed him, and as he stopped the nurse and inquired, "Where's Jeff?" there was a touch on his shoulder, and turning, he looked into the grinning black face of his trusted negro servant, whose eyes were aglow with welcome and running with tears. The two men so oddly contrasted warmly clasped each other by the hand, then briefly the young officer directed Jeff to secure an ambulance, if he had to steal one, and told him what to do. Jeff hurried away and an hour later, as the town clock pealed the hour of 4, the young officer lifted his frail wife into the primitive vehicle, while the good nurse came after with the stumbling infant. The ambulance bore the big red cross on its side, which was sufficient to carry it through any lines, and Jeff sat on the front seat with the reins.

Henry kissed his wife and child a hurried good-bye and then turned to say good-bye to the nurse, but there was a surprise for him. She was dressed for traveling, and as he comprehended that she meant to go too he took her face in his hands and reverently touched her forehead with his lips. She seemed not displeased at the courtesy. "To the Bassom farm, Jeff," whispered Henry hastily. "Twenty miles northwest. You know the road. No one will stop you. Remain there until you hear from me. It can't be long before our forces reach Murfreesboro. Good-bye and God bless you all!"



"THE SHARP CRACK OF A RIFLE SOUNDED CLOSE BY."

A squad of Confederate Cavalry. There was no chance to return. A dozen long spiraled rifles were leveled at his head and the husky voice of the first sergeant in gray commanded him to advance. He rode forward with his head erect, but his heart sinking within him. On the very threshold of success he saw his mission fluttering idly to the ground. "Well, who in — are you, anyhow?" demanded the sergeant gruffly, surveying the hated blue uniform that Henry wore. "Lieutenant Henry of the — Ohio," was the proud response. "You've got a pile of nerve, I reckon, hadn't ye, fer running these lines in that cursed blue suit? What 'd' you'd' yer, anyhow?"

"I'm here to see my wife, who is dangerously ill at the hospital," he answered, hoping to stir the sympathy in their hearts if they had any. "A bunch of rascals," he said, "and the sergeant, slyly, 'but I won't tell you I've seen Confederates in blue clothes afore an' I hant been fooled on 'em nuther."

"Hope spring up in Henry's breast. He was quick to act. Smiling knowingly, he said: "You've got sharp eyes, sergeant. Think I'm a spy, don't you?" "Some folks call it that and some don't," said the sergeant with a grin, "but I'll tell ye I hant never seen th' Yank 'till ye get so dangled fer away from home by his self."

brigade commander and three other officers in the face of battle. "What are their names?" Gen. Rosecrans demanded, with a vague fear tugging at his heart.

The officer ran over the list and concluded with "Lieutenant Henry of the — Ohio."

For an instant the chief bowed his head. "My fault," he muttered to himself in sorrow, "and yet I felt in my heart he would return to me." Then a hard look swept over his face, and, turning to the officer, he said stiffly: "We will attend to that a little later, if we live."

He turned his attention then to the battlefield, with its hurrying, scurrying hosts of blue and gray. Suddenly his attention became riveted to the left of the line. Charging down the slope into the very jaws of death it seemed was one of Sheridan's regiments, evidently bent on sweeping down the rebel wall that had stood invulnerable for hours. The attack was planned so suddenly and put into execution with such dispatch that the rebel skirmish lines barely had time to fall back and take up a position to withstand the shock when the rushing, screaming horse was upon them. A thrill ran through the old warrior on the hill and for an instant he closed his eyes. Another instant and the crash must come. As he opened his eyes again a sheet of vivid fire shot from the rebel line, then was borne to his ears the dull crash of volley after volley and he dimly saw the Union ranks thinned out by the storm of hail. The advance was checked. The Union line staggered and stopped.

Out from the shivering, crouching front rode a gallant young officer who, with his saber swinging wildly over his head, struck down half a dozen muskets leveled to work his end, then turned in his saddle and waved his men on to renewed effort. It was a daring thing to do and Rosecrans marveled at the man's recklessness. The move put new life into the broken ranks. As if by magic they moved again, and with a hoarse yell of rage moved rapidly on the living breastworks and swung again into a seething fire. Now it was hand to hand and the crash of arms was borne distinctly to the listening ears on the slope. Rosecrans was entranced. He seemed lost in a dream. The charge was the most daring he had ever seen. He vainly tried to follow the movements of the young officer, but the rolling lines of smoke obscured his vision and he caught alternate glimpses of the blue and the gray as they struggled for the mastery. A long, low cloud of smoke came between the scabbers on the hill and the fighters below just as the climax seemed to come, and impatiently they waited for a friendly wind to lift the dense curtain of haze. Then as the fog lifted they bent eagerly toward the heart of the chief as he saw the rebel lines waver and break.

Now in from the left and right pressed masses of others in blue swinging along like automata, halting every now and then to pour a volley into the confused, straggling ranks of the men in gray. Joining together with a beautiful precision, they formed a solid wall in front of which the rebel defense gave way completely, and rout pervaded their ranks. The last line of a gallant defense shattered into clouds of smoke and when Rosecrans looked again the Union troops were throwing their caps into the air in their frenzy of joy, while the scattered remnants of the gray forces hurried down the bank of the river and disappeared from view.

As the smoke again dropped down and obscured the vision Gen. Rosecrans awoke as if from a trance and, riding hurriedly to a staff officer, who had been intently watching the battle through a powerful field glass, he exclaimed: "That was the grandest charge, sir, I have ever beheld. Who led it?"

"Lieutenant Henry of the — Ohio," was the answer.—Chicago Chronicle.

SLICING CRIMINALS IN CHINA. An Atrocious Law that is Happily Coming Into Disrepute. The horrible means used for inflicting the extreme penalty of the law by the Chinese has been the subject of many articles all over the civilized world, but of late little has been heard of these cold-blooded executions. It seems, however, that, although the inexorable indiscretionary law has passed out of existence in the more civilized portion of the empire, it is still in effect in other localities, where the condemned is put to death by the slicing process. A case has recently come to light in the northern part of China, and although efforts were made to save the offender, they were unsuccessful and he was killed in the old-time way—literally butchered alive. The victim was a boy 11 years old, who while playing with a piece of metal attached to a cord accidentally struck his mother on the head, her injury proving fatal. By a peculiar Chinese law the child who kills a parent, wilfully or by accident, must pay for the act with his life. The child in this case was accordingly taken into custody at once, a mere form of trial was gone through, and a verdict of guilty found and sentence of death by the knife passed. The condemned is tied upon a table similar to those used for surgical operations in this country. The feet and hands are firmly tied together and he is strapped to the board in such a manner that only a slight movement can be made. He is neither hooded nor gagged, his persecutors listening to his cries and watching the horrible facial contortions until death comes. A keen edged knife is used, the executioner first cutting away the fleshy part of the body, beginning with the sides of the trunk from which large steaks are cut. The abdomen is next slashed, but in such a manner that if there is still life in the body the cutting will not prove fatal at once, the great object being to produce as much suffering as possible. The lower limbs are now stripped of flesh, followed by the arms. Few live after the first few slices have been taken away, but that makes no difference to the executioner, who finishes his fiendish work until only the skeleton remains. Never do anything you are ashamed of, you can't tell at what moment the kodak lens may be taking a snapshot at you.