

THE DOUBLY SECRET

BY FLORENCE MARYATT

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Lyle turned and looked at her as she spoke, and for a moment she saw Will Caryll before her, with the ugly frown he was wont to bestow on her outspoken candor.

"I don't know," he said, addressing Captain Philip, "what right you have, sir, to call me to order. I believe you are Miss Rayne's overseer."

"And her friend and adviser," interposed Evelyn.

"Perhaps, but not mine, and as I happen to be related to the family, I consider I may choose my own words. This unfortunate affair has put me in a hole as well as everybody else, and I should like to ascertain from the solicitors whether Mr. Featherstone's daughter has not (under the circumstances) some claim upon her late father's property."

"Not the slightest, sir," replied one of the lawyers in attendance; "too one has any claim except the creditors, Mr. Featherstone not having (unfortunately) made any separate settlement upon his wife."

"And I should have given it up if he had," sobbed the good-hearted widow. "I would have gone out charring sooner than have kept money that was due to others."

"Oh, Evelyn, darling, isn't it all miserable?" cried Agnes, clinging to her friend.

But Evelyn's only reply was to clasp her still closer to her bosom.

"Well, then, it's a damned awkward confession," said Jasper Lyle, with a glance round the room as if he wanted to escape; "but I've nowhere to take my wife to, and no money to pay for her expenses. The only plan I can think of is to return to Italy as I wished to do before the wedding took place, and if I had been allowed to carry out my intentions I should have saved all this bother, and about re-investing my capital in England. I am doing nothing with it there, and meanwhile, Mrs. Featherstone, I suppose there is no objection to your daughter remaining with you?"

Agnes began to sob bitterly, when Evelyn approached them.

"Mr. Lyle," she began, in her soft, rich voice, "do not perplex yourself further. Leave Agnes with me. You know how very dear she is to me—the care I shall take of her, and that she has been almost as much at home at Mount Eden as she has been here. Agnes, darling, will it not be best? Trust yourself to me, and leave your husband unencumbered. He will not be absent very long, and when he has settled his money matters, and returned to England, we can arrange something for your future. My dear little sister—my almost child—come back to Mount Eden with me, and see what we can do to make the time pass until Mr. Lyle rejoins you."

"Oh, Evelyn, that is just like you. It will be the very thing," said Mrs. Featherstone.

"I shall be at ease now. I could trust her with you forever," added Jasper Lyle, as he clasped Miss Rayne's hand with rather too palpable a pressure.

"And what does Agnes say?" inquired Evelyn gently.

"Oh, take me home, Evelyn—take me home. I don't know what to say or think. Everything around me seems as black as ink, and I feel as if I should never be happy again. But let me go with you. I shall have rest there. Let me go with you."

So the next day Mr. Jasper Lyle thought not without having received a suspiciously thick envelope, without the cognizance of the others, from Miss Rayne's hand took his departure for Italy, and the poor little mourning bride returned to Mount Eden with her friend. Exhausted as she was with grief at parting from her husband and her home, she was thankful to seek repose, and as soon as she knew that she had fallen to sleep, like a tired child, with the tears yet undried upon her rose-leaf cheeks, Evelyn crept downstairs and stood at the open French window of her library looking out upon the night. How different this scene coming from the one she had anticipated!

Evelyn rested her cheek upon the lintel of the door post, and gave herself up to thought. Presently the perfume of a cigar was wafted on the night air, and then the illuminated tip could be seen approaching through the darkness.

"Captain Philip," she exclaimed, "is that you? I was feeling so lonely all by myself."

"Has Mrs. Lyle left you?" he said, stopping beside her.

"I have left her, dear child, for she has cried herself to sleep. This is a sad ending of her honeymoon, Captain Philip."

"Sadder than one can express. I told you this would prove the test of Mr. Jasper Lyle's affection for his wife. What do you think of it now, Miss Rayne?"

"Don't ask me. I want so much to hope the best."

"For her, or for—him?"

Evelyn started.

"For her, of course. How's she been my dearest friend for years past? Why should you suspect me of being interested in—him?"

"Only as her husband; and, as matters are now, it is difficult to separate their interests. Do you believe he will return?"

"Captain Philip, what are you dreaming of? Not return to Agnes—to my poor child? He could not be so base. I am quite angry with you for the suspicion."

"I am sorry to have made you angry, but I only asked for your opinion. I don't think he will."

CHAPTER XIX.

Evelyn Rayne had attributed to ridicule Captain Philip's belief concerning Jasper Lyle, and yet, as the days went on, her belief was certainly not that of an ardent lover, nor did he seem in any particular hurry to return to England. His first letter, announcing his arrival in Florence, was followed by the silence of a week, during which Agnes moped and refused to eat, and nearly fainted herself to death wondering what could be the reason for his long absence. But the answers to her repeated inquiries were that the answers to her inquiries and impetuous letters were few and far between, and seldom contained any intimation of his money affairs, or of the subject that lay nearest his wife's heart. At last, however, for Agnes' sake,

and dreading she scarcely knew what from her former experience of her cousin's shifty character, Evelyn took it upon herself to write to Lyle, and uphold him for his prolonged absence.

A few days later, when Evelyn and Captain Philip had ridden round the farm and outlying cattle sheds, she turned to him somewhat abruptly, and said:

"I am going to consult you, Captain Philip, as a friend, and as a friend I trust you will set me right where I am wrong. I had a most unpleasant conversation with Mr. Lyle last night. His prolonged absence in Italy rather raised my suspicions, and in answer to a point blank question which I put to him regarding his means of keeping Agnes, he was obliged to confess that he has nothing."

"An adventurer—I thought as much," said her companion.

"I admire him for one thing," resumed Evelyn. "I don't think he married his wife under false pretences. I remember Agnes telling me, when she announced her engagement, that her lover had no fortune, but that her father had said that should make no difference, as he had plenty for both. He also promised to settle twenty thousand pounds on her on her wedding day, and the deed was actually drawn up and ready for signature, when Mr. Featherstone destroyed himself. So that, when Mr. Lyle talks as if he were the injured party, I cannot quite disagree with him."

"Perhaps not. At the same time, no man of spirit would consent to be entirely dependent on his wife. He would follow a profession of his own, however small a proceeds of it might be. Under the circumstances, I cannot understand Mr. Featherstone's giving his daughter to a man without a farthing."

"Mr. Featherstone believed Mr. Lyle to have three hundred a year. I think I have told you the same story."

"And has he not, then, Miss Rayne?"

"I am afraid not. He stammered and stammered a great deal over the confession last night, but finally admitted that his money is all gone. I suppose that, in the prospect of his marriage, and relying on Mr. Featherstone's promises, he has been venturing on his principal."

"Miss Rayne," said the overseer, "you honored me, on commencing this conversation, by saying you wished to consult me as a friend. As a friend, then, may I ask if you know anything more of Mr. Lyle than that he is Miss Featherstone's husband? Do you know anything of his former life or antecedents?"

Evelyn changed color. She was not used to telling falsehoods, and this was a difficult resort to evade.

"Isn't it enough for me to know that he is Agnes' husband, and wants money to support her?"

"Not quite—if you intend to trust him with money of your own. Forgive me for speaking plainly, but you must consider the interests of Mount Eden. Honestly, I have never quite liked or trusted Mr. Lyle. He does not appear to me open or at his ease; and I strongly suspect there is something in the background he does not care to allude to. Sometimes I have even thought that he does not go by his own name."

"Oh, never mind his family, nor his past life," cried Evelyn, almost fretfully. "He is Agnes' husband—nothing can undo that, nor the necessity that he should work for her. Do try and make a place for him, Captain Philip—a mere honorary appointment, if you like. I have promised they shall stay on at Mount Eden till he has a home to take my dear girl to, and—"

"You have promised they shall live at Mount Eden?" exclaimed the overseer, interrupting her in his surprise.

"Yes. Why not? How could I have acted otherwise? Oh, Captain Philip, you don't understand me! I care nothing about Mr. Lyle. I don't trust him, perhaps, any more than you do. I—I—wish, in fact, he had never come here. But—think of my Agnes, and how long she has been my most loving friend. There is nothing in this world I care for as I do for her. How can I let her leave me for a man who has no money to support her on—who has not, as I believe, the capability to make money? He was always shifty—I mean," said Evelyn, quickly correcting herself, "I can see he has been an unreliable character from boyhood."

"Very well, Miss Rayne, it shall be done. You had better give him a place under me, and I can employ him to overlook the mechanical labor—such as draining and stocking, and storing—while I am busy with the building leases and landlord's rents."

"Thank you, Captain Philip. You always help me out of a difficulty. There are other reasons, which I cannot tell you, which make me glad to be able to oblige Mr. Lyle. And, indeed, I consider it part of my responsibility as a land owner to help those who are less fortunate than myself."

That evening when Mr. Lyle arrived she disclosed to him, in the presence of his wife, what she intended to do for them both. You may be sure she made no favor of her benefits. On the contrary she mentioned the situation as one that required filling, and the handsome salary she had decided to give with it, as a mere nominal remuneration for Mr. Lyle's services. Both husband and wife were very grateful to her—perhaps, the more so of the two, as he knew how little he deserved her kindness, and how much he stood in need of her assistance.

CHAPTER XX.

Jasper Lyle was duly established in the position that had been made for him, and the weeks went on. But before the harvest had been garnered in, Evelyn was forced to acknowledge that she had taken a responsibility on herself that bid fair to yield more pain than pleasure. All her love for Agnes, and her strong desire to shield her from the hard knocks of the world, could not shut her eyes to the fact that Mr. Lyle was an element of discord, hitherto unknown on her peaceful and well-ordered estate. Complaint after complaint reached her ears, not only of his indolence, but his insolence, which neither tenants nor laborers would put up with. He talked about Mount Eden, indeed, as if he were the lord of the soil, and proceeded to insist to see who was the best subject, and what Miss Rayne was

about to allow him to usurp her rightful authority.

"I wonder," he said musingly, one afternoon, to his friend Mullins the brewer—"I wonder how the estate is left to Miss Rayne."

"Well, I can't tell you for certain, sir, but I've heard the old gentleman was rather queer on one point, and that was the possibility of the son that was drowned turning up again. You see, he'd never seen the body, and he couldn't believe it, like, and he wouldn't have the will destroyed in which he'd left this son every thing, in case he came home. So Miss Rayne holds the estate, as it were, in trust for him; but, bless you, he couldn't never come back now. He's been dead, poor chap, years and years ago."

"But Mr. Caryll had another son, or a cousin, hadn't he, that he wished to make his heir?" inquired Lyle cautiously.

"Oh, a nephew! Yes, but, bless you, the poor young fellow went wrong. Forged a bill, or summat, and bolted to America, and has never been heard of since. Dead, like the other, most likely. I've never been to America myself, but I've heard people mostly die there."

"It is to be hoped he is. It might be awkward for Miss Rayne if he came home again."

"I don't see that, sir. What harm could he do? You see he's a forger. The police would have him as soon as he set foot in England."

"But who holds the proofs of his forgery, Mullins?"

"Ah! I don't know that, sir. They're got them in Scotland Yard, perhaps. They wouldn't let such things be destroyed."

"I wonder," said Jasper Lyle, "if they were destroyed, by accident or otherwise, and the runaway nephew returned, if he would have any chance of getting a share of the property?"

"Nothing more was said on the subject at that moment, but a few days after, as Lyle was again enjoying the company of his friend the brewer, Mullins said suddenly to him:

"By the way, Mr. Lyle, you was speculating last time as we sat here, whether that nephew of the late Mr. Caryll's, if he was to come to England, would have any chance of getting Mount Eden?"

"Provided the proofs of his crime had not been kept against him. It was mere curiosity on my part. The law is so intricate, and a man would not be likely to let a place like Mount Eden slip through his hands if there was any chance of claiming it."

"Well, sir, here's a friend of mine here as could put it all plain before you—Mr. Dickson, as is head clerk to the solicitors at St. Mary Ottery. Mr. Dickson, sir," continued Mullins, bawling across the tap room, "come this way and have a glass of summat with me and this gentleman, Mr. Lyle, one of the stewards of Mount Eden."

"It's really not worth troubling Mr. Dickson about," said Jasper Lyle carelessly. "It's a matter of no consequence. Merely a discussion whether, in case of there being no proofs against this runaway nephew of Mr. Caryll's, he might not come home some day and claim the estates."

"Oh, the Mount Eden scandal," replied the clerk, laughing. "I don't know, I'm sure, I believe it's a moot question. It depends entirely upon the wording of the will. I have heard it said that the late Mr. Caryll was so certain that his nephew could never visit England, on account of the forgery, that he merely left his property to his niece as the next of kin, and not to the entire exclusion of all other heirs. Indeed, the old gentleman believed so fully to the day of his death that his son might some day return, that Miss Rayne only holds Mount Eden contingent to that very improbable event. In which case, if a nearer relation (as, of course, the nephew would be) came forward to dispute her claim, I should think it would make a pretty question of law whether he would not be entitled to at least a part of the estate. But then, you see, this nephew was a forger, and I shall never allow myself to be taken in by a man who shows himself in a court of law, so there's the end of it. Whoever holds the forged checks would only have to produce them to quash the whole concern."

"We were supposing the proofs to be lost, or destroyed."

This conversation had a strong effect upon Lyle's mind. He ruminated on it for hours before he returned to Mount Eden.

"There is one thing I must do," he decided, "and that is to get hold of those forged checks. It is a shame that Evelyn should have kept them by her for so long. What could have been her motive but to keep me in her power, and have a lifelong hold over me? And that is the first step to be taken, and I shall not be easy till it is accomplished. In her own mind she might change their hiding place, or deposit them with her solicitors, and blight all my hopes forever."

From that day Jasper Lyle took every opportunity of examining the marquetry cabinet, in which he had seen Evelyn place the records of his crime. It stood in her private sitting room. But the cabinet resisted all his efforts. It was one of those old-fashioned, substantially built pieces of furniture that have not been knocked together in a day. His only chance was to open it with its own keys. And so Mr. Lyle commenced a regular search each morning in Evelyn's wardrobe drawers; and one day he lit upon the bunch of keys (as he had anticipated) inside the folds of a necktie. He grasped them eagerly. It was not an opportunity to be lost—it was one that might never occur again. With the keys in his hand, he entered the adjoining room, and listened where it joins the rest. On his approach, you discover that it is simply a patch of the original goods, but the rest has had time to change color. These patches are neat, the peasant never being ragged, but they are really extraordinary, ranging often from head to foot.

Hearing the bed.

The Ogar—Well, old chap, how are you feeling this morning?

The Pipe—Oh, first-class. Getting stronger every day. How are you?

The Ogar—Dead to the world. I'm to be cremated this morning.

Looking backward.

She—Ancient Greece must have been full of slaves.

He—Why?

She—You know Diogenes had such a lot of trouble in finding a man.

A lady writer says the coming woman will have her own bank account. We have been waiting for her several years.

about to allow him to usurp her rightful authority.

"I wonder," he said musingly, one afternoon, to his friend Mullins the brewer—"I wonder how the estate is left to Miss Rayne."

"Well, I can't tell you for certain, sir, but I've heard the old gentleman was rather queer on one point, and that was the possibility of the son that was drowned turning up again. You see, he'd never seen the body, and he couldn't believe it, like, and he wouldn't have the will destroyed in which he'd left this son every thing, in case he came home. So Miss Rayne holds the estate, as it were, in trust for him; but, bless you, he couldn't never come back now. He's been dead, poor chap, years and years ago."

"But Mr. Caryll had another son, or a cousin, hadn't he, that he wished to make his heir?" inquired Lyle cautiously.

"Oh, a nephew! Yes, but, bless you, the poor young fellow went wrong. Forged a bill, or summat, and bolted to America, and has never been heard of since. Dead, like the other, most likely. I've never been to America myself, but I've heard people mostly die there."

"It is to be hoped he is. It might be awkward for Miss Rayne if he came home again."

"I don't see that, sir. What harm could he do? You see he's a forger. The police would have him as soon as he set foot in England."

would at once betray me. No! I will only take these beastly checks and the photographs. Thank goodness, I have been successful at last, and that worry, at least, is off my mind."

He hastily tore open the envelope to make sure he had got hold of the right papers, and then, thrusting them and the photographs into his coat pocket, he locked the drawers and the cabinet, and replaced the bunch of keys where he had found them—between the folds of the necktie.

Jasper lighted a candle and deliberately burned the forged checks to tinder. As the last spark died out of them, and they lay in black nothingness before him, he laughed aloud.

"There's one link of my fetters broken," he said, as he blew the ashes out of the window; "I don't think anyone will be able to bring up the forged check against Will Caryll now. And if Eve finds out her loss before the time is ripe, and accuses me of it, why, I shall defy her—that is all."

He had hardly rearranged the writing table and changed his coat, and walked out into the grounds, before he encountered the carriage returning from St. Mary Ottery with the ladies. He strode down to his favorite public house and ordered what he required there, and then made a pretense of superintending the harvest until five o'clock, when he returned home to prepare himself for the dinner table.

As he entered his dressing room, he glanced into the adjoining bed chamber with the expectation of seeing his wife ready to go downstairs, instead of which she was sitting on the sofa in a loose wrapper, with red eyes and stained cheeks, and her gaze eagerly directed towards the door.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, as he advanced toward her.

"Oh, Jasper, I have been longing for you to come back. I am in such distress I don't know what to do."

"And here Mrs. Lyle began to weep afresh.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

The Emperor and the Empress Both Believers in Modern Ideas.

At last the women of Japan are beginning to get their footing. The emperor himself is interested in their advancement. He hopes in time that they will attain the same position enjoyed by the women of Europe and America. The first step he took toward this advancement was to abolish stained teeth and shaved eyebrows. Next, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, he introduced the idea of the celebration of a silver wedding into his country. On that occasion he gave a big feast and received countless presents. His female subjects were delighted at this, and said that no empress had ever been so honored.

The empress of Japan, Fusaka, is by no means kept in the background by her husband. She shares his throne and is consulted on matters of national importance. More than this, she presides at his table, and this is an honor accorded to none of her predecessors. The empress, from all accounts, is quite an up-to-date woman, and has proved herself worthy of all her privileges. She is an active patroness of the Tokio Women's hospital, which is conducted on the most modern scientific principles. She is also quite an athlete and has a model gymnasium, erected solely for her benefit, in the palace. She practices there every day, and is also fond of riding. Who knows but in time she may take to the bicycle? The emperor has dedicated to her many of his most beautiful poems, which show that the bravest deeds have been inspired by feminine beauty. She is even more interested in the advancement of her sex than he is.—New York Sun.

Well Patched.

In My Village, E. Boyd Smith gives an amusing little picture of the way in which peasants of Valombre, France, clothe themselves. He says that avarice is the prevailing vice among the peasants. They have had such a long, hard time to get money that now that they have it they keep it. The thing they work so hard to possess, now seems inclined to possess them, body and soul. Economy becomes almost a fine art in their hands.

Many take advantage of neighboring fairs to replenish their wardrobe with second-hand clothing. Their love of bargaining is strong, and the Jew peddler, though he does business, meets his match.

The natives of Valombre patch easily and frequently. Clothes must needs be in a pretty hopeless state when skilful patching cannot save them. The same stuff is, in preference, used, though this is not absolutely necessary. As a consequence, the results attained are often quite wonderful.

Some distance off, you see a man wearing white trousers. You are surprised to notice that half of the left leg is black, making a clear-cut division where it joins the rest. On his approach, you discover that it is simply a patch of the original goods, but the rest has had time to change color. These patches are neat, the peasant never being ragged, but they are really extraordinary, ranging often from head to foot.

Hearing the bed.

The Ogar—Well, old chap, how are you feeling this morning?

The Pipe—Oh, first-class. Getting stronger every day. How are you?

The Ogar—Dead to the world. I'm to be cremated this morning.

Looking backward.

She—Ancient Greece must have been full of slaves.

He—Why?

She—You know Diogenes had such a lot of trouble in finding a man.

A lady writer says the coming woman will have her own bank account. We have been waiting for her several years.

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

Farmer Lads of I Company.

COMPANY I, fall in for roll call!"

"Look at the gawks!"

Well, for a fact, it was a rather awkward lot of men which fell in for roll call on Company I's sheet, at Camp

Randall, that July morning, in 1861. It was made up largely of farmer boys from Vernon County. When it was decided to raise the company a drummer and fifer were put into a wagon and driven out among the farmers. As the band played the farmer lads left their plows and planting and sought the cause of the demonstration. That day at dinner and supper the question of enlisting was discussed. Two days later the required hundred men and boys had put down their names. Most of them were under 20, many under 18, strapping, healthy fellows. They had been too busy clearing the land and making farms to get out and rub against the world to any great extent. They swung their arms extravagantly, took long steps—walked just as they did in following the plow or carrying milk to the springhouse. It was hard to make them look to the front while on duty; they were staring here and there, seeing the sights and making odd comments on scenes, officers and the other companies. It was laughed at for its awkwardness. A tony chap said: "Look at the gawks!"

At that time it was necessary, in choosing an adjutant, to take him from the line. There was a young lawyer, a graduate of an Eastern college, who was wanted for adjutant. He was a trim-built, handsome fellow, and looked the soldier he proved to be. The resignation of a lieutenant of I Company opened the way. He was commissioned a lieutenant in that company and immediately assigned as adjutant. The boys were all strangers to him, but he gave them much attention. He liked those roxy-checked awkward fellows from farms, the rest of us thought, better than he did the other companies. On review its brasses, uniform, muskets and accoutrements were, as the adjutant used to say, "in apple-pie order." Before the campaigning began all of the original officers of Company I had resigned. Captain R. R. Dawes, of Company K, later General Dawes, father of Charles G., the present Comptroller of the Currency, was asked if he was willing that his first lieutenant should be transferred to Company I as captain. He had a fondness for the happy-faced, curly-haired lieutenant and hesitated somewhat, but he wouldn't stand in the way of his promotion, so Lieutenant John A. Kellogg added a bar to his shoulder-straps and became I's leader. A couple of boys from Liberty Pole were made lieutenants—Clayton E. and Earl M. Rogers.

Let the record speak for Company I. They participated in every battle of the Army of the Potomac save those on the Peninsula, under McClellan. They were at Rappahannock Station in the Pope retreat. The night before the retreat from there it was I Company that was called upon to tear down buildings and construct a bridge across the Rappahannock River. At Gainesville no company in the regiment fought better or suffered worse. It was at Bull Run on the 29th and 30th; at South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Fitzhugh Crossing, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and in all of the other battles of the Potomac army up to and including Appomattox. One of its members was voted a medal of honor by Congress. Sergeant Frank A. Walker, later a lieutenant, captured the flag of the Second Mississippi at Gettysburg when the regiment charged the cut and made prisoners of Major Blair and most of his men.

In the great review at Washington a man without an arm, both having been shot off at Antietam, stood in front of the Treasury Building waiting for his old regiment. When it swung to the right from the long stretch on Pennsylvania avenue and moved past the great building the no-armed man was full of smiles and comments. As his old company approached he swung the stub of the right arm to his hat, removed it, bowed his head, and said, "I could kneel to you, Company A." When I Company passed he did the same. It was the tony young fellow who, nearly four years before, had said "Look at the gawks!"

From I Company's ranks had fallen forty-one, killed in battle. Forty-one! All from one company, or nearly half of the original number. There were whole brigades that did not lose as many men in battle. The wounded numbered sixty-five. Many were wounded two or three times. Seventeen died of disease. Company I contributed one brigadier general, Frank A. Kellogg. It contributed a colonel, Frank A. Haskell, who was killed at Cold Harbor the day after he had been recommended for promotion to brigadier general. With armless A. H. Young, of Company A, I "could kneel" to Company I's farmer boys.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Modern Munchausen.

An old officer who was passing by, as acquaintance of the General's, now stepped up to the group. He had recently been ordered in from the States, and his wife's tales of red-headed dough-

ter in the land of the savages had already made him known in the army as the "Injun slayer." An aide remarked to him, "Well, as you've been spolling for a fight ever since you joined this army, how did yesterday's set-to strike you by way of a skirmish?" "Oh!" was the reply, "You had large numbers engaged, and heavy losses; but it wasn't the picturesque, desperate hand-to-hand fighting that you see when you're among the Injuns." "No; but we got in some pretty neat work on the white man," said the aide. "Yes; but it didn't compare with the time the Nez Percés and the Shoshonee tribes had their big battle," continued the veteran. "Why, how was that?" cried all present in a chorus.

"Well, you see," explained the narrator, "first the Nez Percés set up a yell louder than a blast of Gabriel's trumpet, and charged straight across the valley; but the Shoshonees stood their ground without budging an inch, and pretty soon they went for the Nez Percés and drove 'em back again. As soon as the Nez Percés could catch their breath they took another turn at the Shoshonees, and showed them back just about where they started from. By this time the ground between 'em was so covered by the killed and wounded that you couldn't see as much as a blade of grass. But still they kept on charging back and forth across that valley, and they moved so fast that when their lines of battle passed me the wind they made was so strong that I had to hold my hat on with both hands, and once I came mighty near being blown clear off my feet."

"Why, where were you all this time?" asked several voices.

"Oh," said he, "I was standing on a little knoll in the middle of the valley, looking on."

"Why," remarked an officer, "I should think they would have killed you in the scrimmage."

Then the face of the veteran of the plains assumed an air of offended innocence, and in a tone of voice which made it painfully evident that he felt the hurt he said: "What?—the Injuns! Lord, they all know me!" The General joined in the smiles which followed this bit of sadly mutilated truth. Similar Munchausenisms, indulged in from time to time by this officer, demonstrated the fact that he had become as skilled in warping veracity that one of his lies could make truth look less alongside of it, and he finally grew so untrustworthy that it was unsafe even to believe the contrary of what he said.—General Horace Porter, in the Century.

Gen. Lee at Time of Defeat.

I took my first and last look at the great Confederate chieftain. This is what I saw: A finely formed man apparently about 60 years of age, well above the average height, with a clear, ruddy complexion—just then suffused by a crimson flush, that, rising from his neck, overspread his face and even slightly tinged his broad forehead, bronzed where it had been exposed to the weather, was clear and beautifully white where it had been shaded by his hat—deep brown eyes, a firm but well-shaped Roman nose, abundant hair, silky and fine in texture, with a full gray beard and mustache, neatly trimmed and not overlong, but which nevertheless almost completely concealed his mouth. A splendid uniform of Confederate gray cloth, that had evidently seen but little service, which was closely buttoned about him, and fitted him to perfection. An exquisitely mounted sword, attached to a gold-embroidered Russian leather belt, trailed loosely on the floor at his side, and in his right hand he carried a broad-brimmed soft gray felt hat, encircled by a golden cord, while in his left he held a pair of buckskin gauntlets. Booted and spurred, still vigorous and erect, he stood bareheaded looking out of the open doorway, sad-faced and weary; a soldier and a gentleman, bearing himself in defeat with an all-unconscious dignity that sat well upon him.—George A. Forayth, in Harper's Magazine.

Ordered His Own Execution.

"You hear of men being shot by other men in the same army," said a veteran with long chin whiskers, "but the most remarkable case of the kind that I ever knew of happened during the siege of Yorktown, where a captain named Wood was killed by one of his own men, and by his own orders, as that."

"Capt. Wood was the officer of the day, and he had posted the last picket at night. He had given strict orders to all of the pickets to shoot the first man they saw approaching from the direction of the Confederate lines, without waiting to ask them for the countersign, for we were in close and dangerous quarters then, and it might endanger the whole army if a picket stopped to parley with would-be visitors."

"After giving these instructions to the last picket, Capt. Wood left him and started, as he supposed, to return to the camp. It was very dark, however, and he lost his way, and instead of going inside the lines he went outside. He soon discovered his mistake and turned back. His road took him past the picket to whom he had just given the decisive order. In the darkness the quick-sighted soldier saw a dark figure stealing along the road, raised his piece and fired."

"The bullet struck Capt. Wood in the side, inflicting a mortal wound. The mistake was soon discovered, but Capt. Wood remained conscious long enough to exonerate the picket from all blame, and died in the consciousness that he had ordered his own execution."—Buffalo Express.

Milk can be kept cool in summer in a new can which has a central compartment extending up to the lid, in which there is an opening for the passage of ice-into the central tube.