## THE ORDERLY'S CAPTURE.

A STORY OF THE PHILIPPINES

Landfield thought for a few hours that he had captured the town of San Ildefonso all by himself, and the last time I saw him he was still muttering 'Landfield! make my bed!' Landfield! make my bed!' Landfield! why can't you wash out a imprecations against the irony of fate, which made him a bully-ragged, abused volunteer soldier, and against army officers in general, who, because they thing but dry hard tack and drink water, while he swells around headquarters on their trousers, thought they had a right to treat a soldier like a galley slave without a soul.

thing more ominous than the lazy rus-tling of the gracefully curving bamboo swayed by a tropic breath of air, or the low chirping notes of uneasy birds seeking the cool, shadowy cover of the

He rode steadily on, unseeing appar-He rode steadily on, unseeing apparently, but really watching the thin line of scouts, whose rifles were answering the curious double pop of the Mausers with the sharp, defiant bark which again distinguishes them from the low, thundering growl of the Remington's and Springfields. The horses were uneasy and switched their tails, snorted and seemed inclined to run as the buildes sweet past with the stinging. the bullets swept past with the stinging buzz so suggestive of great green-headed bottle flies, but the Captain reined his pony in with a half irritable yank on the bit, as the animal shied from a scattering puff of dirt cast up by a men. well directed shot, and watched the He

There is one 40 yards away on his stomach, with his head and shoulders propped up on his right elbow, drawing a bead on the spot whence came the last little flash of fire and the faint blue puff of smoke. He fires cautiously, rolls over on his back, draws a cartridge from his belt and loads. An insurgent bullet passes through the rim of his battered slouch hat and ploughs into the ground beyond the toes of his up-turned feet. "God!" he mutters ,"that was a close shave," and rolls over on his stomach to return the compliment.

his stomach to return the compliment.

The captain rides on, finding here and there a half-concealed scout, firing a few shots, then creeping forward diagonally toward a low ridge of hills, which will somewhat protect them and partially fiank the Filipino position. The riders reach the back of this ridge first, and the bullets have almost ceased to come this way or pass harmlessly over and the bullets have almost ceased to come this way or pass harmlessly over their heads. "Dismount!" and Landfield gives a suppressed sign of relief. "Land-field, you stay here with the horses," the captain orders. "Yes, sir."

Three hours have passed and Land-field stands anxiously gasing over the landscape of low rolling ridges behind him, then to the right, and finally at the silent town of San Hdefonso, from which not a sound has come for a good

which not a sound has come for a good two hours.

"Where the devil did they go, any way?" Landfield audibly queries. "That is a nice way to leave a fellow out I the enemy's country all by himself, with three pestering horses." Landfield ca stand the oppressiveness of dead silence no longer, knowing that he is severa miles from the army in the rear, while for all he knows, the scouts may alwhave returned several hours ago. I meditates: "Damn these fool regularmy officers, anyway; they're so purfup with their importance they can take time to tell a common volunte-soldier what they want him to do. Ohrats; they haven't any sense anyway it's just because the volunteer soldie knows how to slug those devils that they haven't been wiped off the islandong ago! What a blathering idiot a man is to come to the Philippine (Landfield pronounces it pines) thinkin he's goin' to win a reputation for him self as a soldier, and then find out he's a stable boy, a hired girl and a washerwoman for some cranky old captain on a general's staff!

"I wender if he thinks I'm stuck on

member, just as he had done at school, whether his face was to the north when his right hand was pointed tomboo or the birds of the birds of the birds of the miles out in the enemy's country whittened Landfield's face perceptibly. His first thought was not so much the fear thin of the bark from Remonth Remont when he found that his orderly had been captured with all the horses and government equipment. It was impossible to travel over this deluged rice fields now, so it was back to the road or nothing, but whether the road ran to Massin or somewher else he did not know. Added to all these doubts was the startling fact that he was most likely in the rear of the town of San Ildefonso, supposed to be held by 1,500 men.

He would go ahead cautiously and lo-cate the town before sunset, then go around it during the night and try to Bricky's get into our lines without being killed For three miles there was not a land mark he recognized and the sun was very low. The road was hemmed in by trees and hedges for some distance, and swerving suddenly to the left and round the bend, he plunged into a row of deserted nipa houses. He had accidentally struck a town before dark, and it might be San Ildefonso. It was looking odd that the houses were all empty! No, it wasn't, because the non-combatants were probably expecting an attack.

This must be the otwn where the Tacoming replaced ders were lying in long trenches galo soldiers were lying in long trenches on the other suburb.

In some ways Landfield's nerve was unique. He did not like to be an open target on a horse for the enemy's benefit, but on foot he was as courageous as the most daring scout. He thethered his horses apart in an empty stable and began a stealthy advance on the main town alone. Every house empty, he reached the center of the village through the closely grown bananas and fruit gardens, and 200 yards further he ought to be able to determine where the enemy was in force. Noiselessly moving around a pretentious structure of bamboo and grass, he crept toward the road, from which he was screened by a high fence of interwoven split bamboo, whose gate swings on crude land hinges which emitted a loud pitched squeak if touched ever so lightly. He pushed the gate gently and it sent fortifits song. In some ways Landfield's nerve wa

From the other side came a fesharp words of Tagalo, evidently a surprised query, and an amigo in whitclothes rose up from his squatting position on the outside of the fence and
looked into the mouth of a six-shooter.
"Mio amigo! Mio amigo! Senor! No
combate, senor! No combate!" "Shut
your mouth! Don't make so much noise
or I'll pump holes all through you, you
heathen," Landfield rasped in excitement, motioning with his finger against
his mouth. The Tagalo understood the
sign language and kept silence for a
moment, and then whispered, as he
waved his arm before him, "No soldados Filipinos aqui! No insurrectos
aqui! Tenemos run away at San Miguel." From the other side came a fe

fied, and imagined a ruse for the Tagalo's escape and his own capture was in the air. Covering the native with his gun, he solemnly motioned him through the gate, catching his breath at the prolonged howl it sent forth in the quiet street. Then he marched him through the back gardens with their green groves of bananas, and under the lines of betel palms, and over little patches of thick-leaved sweet potato vines, straddling over the low frail to bamboo pole fences which made the inner divisions of property, until he could see the grass grown plazza fronting the odd little nipa church which is found in every small village.

He could see the trenches now and he knew he was in San Ildefonso. The trenches were empty, what he could see of them, and there was not a living being in sight. San Ildefonso had been evacuated, deserted! But where were the Filipino soldiers? Why had he not met them. "Donde el soldados Filipinos?" he asked, straining his Spanish to its limit. "En San Miguel, senor! San Miguel, abora!" his prisoner replied with an earnestness increased by if fear of the slowly waving six-shooter.

"Well, sir, I believe he's telling the truth. What'll the captain think of this? I have captured the town of San Ildefonso myself!" and Landfield blew out his chest a bit as he felt the importance of his position in being the first American, and alone at that, to have put his foot in a town which a few hours before, had been held by a brigade of soldiers. He walked confidently out into the square and toward the trenches. Now he knew where he was, for there was the field across which they had in the world, that ever

which made him a builty-ragical, along the service of the St hours, who because the capabil Derkitime. On the service of the s

him safely, but he had only a short answer to the inquiry as to where he had been. His knowledge was far too important to be conveyed to a common soldier.

In the day is described by the control of election history. The entire town turned out. There was a parade and a grand hurrah all the way down the line. The people presented themselves before President Spars of the

Bricky's mad as blazes 'cause he could-n't find you." Landfield tossed his head and care lessly replied:

"Oh, I guess not," but he felt a little je uneasy, for nobody could bank on the Captain's temper. He climbed the short bamboo ladder

to the captain's quarters and stood on the little open platform of lashed poles looking into the single dark room a moment. A half snort and the captain

"Yes, sir," said Landfield, meekly,

"Been through the town? Who told you to go through the town, sir? Who asked you for information, sir?" And then, fearing that his orderly might not appreciate the fact that he had captured that town by a superior display of strategy he vouchsafed the information: "I captured that town and drove the enemy back to Ban Miguel, and you would have saved us a walk of five miles by staying where you were ordered to stay!"

do to articulate the words as ne salut-ed and boiled for the quarters, a mis-erably forlorn volunteer soldier. He broke down and cried silently on his blanket in the dark corner of his quar-ters from sheer chagrin and loneliness. He so wanted to be a hero, and this was the way bravery was appreciated

in the army!
At last he quieted down and lay for hours, staring into the darkness, until sleep brought rest to his wearied mus-cles, while dreams of the blue-eyed sweetheart at home brought peace to his troubled spirit. In her eyes his exploit would assume its proper propor-

mon soldier.

His first fears that things might not turn favorably for him arose when he rounded the nipa hut quarters and dismounted; the cook stirred the fire under the coffee boileor and came toward him, saying:

"You're goin' to catch the devil! Old requested to administer the regular requested to administer the regular which binds the officer to faithful rm, which binds the officer to faithful lischarge of the duties of the office for hich he has been duly elected, as required by the law, under penalty of jeopardy of bond.

sparks positively refused to adminis-er the oath, and would not consider the matter in any other light than a great joke. The backers of the brute asserted their sincerity and insisted upon the animal being sworn in, which Sparks still refused to do. They then wore to defeat him at the next elec-

coming into my quarters without orders, sir?"

The captain knew who it was well enough.

"It's your orderly, sir; I've come to report to the captain," Landfield said, with a slight catch in his breath.

"Who ordered you to report, sir?"

Why did you not obey orders and remain where I left you, sir?"

"Why, captain, I waited three hours for you, and I thought I ought to find.

"It's your orderly, sir; I've come to report to the captain," Landfield said, with a slight catch in his breath.

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"Why, captain, I waited three hours mourned over him until he was buried. for you, and I thought I ought to find you."
"Well, sir, you should have stayed war broke out and later achieved markwhere you were a week until you re-ceived other orders, sir!" ed attention in the Eighteenth Indiana under Captain Jesse L. Holman, a "Yes, sir," said Landfield, meekly, brother of the distinguished Indiana

"Yes, sir," said Landfield, meekly, with a strong inclination to cry; then, remembering that he had captured San lidefonso by himself, and thinking that the captain might be moilified if he only knew that the insurgents had decamped, he added: "Captain, I've been away beyond San lidefonso and all through the town, and there's not an insurgent there, sir."

"Been through the town? Who told you to go through the town, sir? Who asked you for information, sir?" And then, fearing that his orderly might not appreciate the fact that he had captured that town by a superior display of strategy he vouchsafed the information: "I captured that town and drove the ensmy back to San Miguel, and you would have saved us a walk of five

Finally one of the soldiers seized the corpse to drag it away. The dog attacked him with such ferocity that his comrades, fearing the dog would kill the man, ran the animal through sign language and kept silence for a moment, and then whispered, as he waved his arm before him, "No soldados Filipinos aqui! No insurrectos aqui! Tenemos run away at San Miguelli Landfield knew the dozen words of Landfield's a transfer to the temptation to tell the day's experience to his watch, and died. As a recognition of his highest duty to his master, the soldiers buried him with such ferocity that his comrades, fearing the dog would kill the man, ran the animal through with a bayonet. Wounded to the death, Bob crept back to the corpus, took up his watch, and died. As a recognition of his highest duty to his master, the soldiers buried him with such ferocity that he dozen words of the day's experience to his of his highest duty to his master, the dozen words of his highest duty to his master, the dozen words of his highest duty to his master, the dozen words of his highest duty to his master, the dozen words of his highest duty to his soldiers buried him with a bayonet. Wounded to the dozen words of his h

## TRUTH REGARDING THE BOERS.

The people of the Transvaal have been duped and scoffed at so much by the foreign population that many are losing those splendid Christian qualilosing those splendid Christian qualities for which they are famous, said Rev. H. S. Bosman of Pretoria, in an interview a few days ago. Rev. Bosman is a native Afrikander and has been a pastor in Pretoria for twenty-four years. He is in the United States to attend the Presbyterian council, which meets in Washington and is one of two representatives of the church in South Africa to visit this country. He is personally acquainted with President Kruger, but the president is not a member of the church. There are three sections of the Dutch Reformed church, the Hollander, the South African Reher of the church. There are three sections of the Dutch Reformed church, the Hollander, the South African Reformed and the President's church. The president left the Dutch Reformed in 185 9and joined a small body of secessionists. The Dutch Reformed continues the leading church in South Africa, and it is this section Rev. Bosman rep.

ues the leading church in South Africa, and it is this section Rev. Bosman represents, The above emphatic words were said in speaking of the religious life of the people.

"The Boers are a hospitable, kind, neighborly Christian people," he conued. "Their daily life is an eemplification of the golden rule. Vice and crime were unknown until foreigners came them, and even now the great body of the people are pure, morally and spiritually. They live the quiet life of the agriculturist, till their farms and herd had a spiritually and sheep. They do not like the Transyaal was annexed. Transyaal was annexed. were unknown until foreigners came them, and even now the great body of the people are pure, morally and spiritually. They live the quiet life of the agriculturist, till their farms and herd their cattle and sheep. They do not like to live in villages and cities. They prefer the farm and the independent home life. At Johannesburg there are some 10,000 Boers in a population of 60,000. These were drawn there from other points in South Africa by the high wages offered. The remainder at Johannesburg are birds of passage who came with the The remainder at Johannesburg are birds of passage who came with the discovery of gold and leave as soon as they have made somem oney."
"I understand these foreigners have brought in the saloon and the brothel with them. Is this true, Mr. Bosman?"

the case of the brothels, vigorous measures have been taken to crush them out, and they have been broken up and the inmates forced to leave the state, but one by one they have either returned or new ones have come in and the government has been forced to do its work over again. There is a standing law in the state against such houses law in the state against such houses. Repressive measures have also been taken against the saloon. Intemperance among the Boers is unknown. When the army of 50,000 men is mustered into service you will not find an ounce of liquor among them."

"This will be a Christian army, will

"Yes, very much on the order of Cromwell's guards, who fought as they prayed. They will go into battle, if they must, to defend their homes and preserve their independence. They will fight for the purity and the freedom of the state. They seek nothing more than this by such a conflict."

"How was it that differences arose between the Transvasi and England?" "England set up the pretext that the British subjects were deprived of the voting franchise and demanded that a

"Yes, the English government thought we taxed the foreigners too heavily for dynamite used in the mines, and that other mining taxes were too high. Yet I have talked with men who were engaged in mining in Australia under English level and they told me the Trans-

"Undoubtedly. For three years, from '77 to '81, the Transvaal was annexed to England by that government's action, but secured its independence by the war of '80 and '81. According to the treaty signed at that time England acknowledged the right of the Transvaal to enact laws and make whatever regulations it saw fit for all internal affairs. It withdrew from any interference whatever in local government. The only stipulation was that the republic should not conclude treatles with other brought in the saloon and the brothel with them. Is this true, Mr. Bosman?" I asked.

"Yes; in spite of the government, these vices have been introduced. In the case of the brothels, vigorous measures have been taken to crush them.

"Coming back to the religious life of South Africa, what is the condition of Orange Free State?"

Orange Free State?"

"The Orange Free State is made up almost entirely of people of the same general characteristics as those of the Transvaal, the same language, religion, customs and manner of life. There are almost no saloons, none in the agricultural sections, and but one or two in the villages. These few are carefully regulated, and no man employed there by another can get a drink without a written permit from his employer."

"What are the conditions in the English colonies?"

lish colonies?" "Conditions are bad. The colonies along the coast are made up, largely, of adventurers, and you find among them all the vices and temptations to lead worldly, dissoulute lives. England is dong little for true reform in her colo-nies there. Liquor is pientiful on every hand, and with it the usual attendant avits."

"England set up the pretext that the British subjects were deprived of the voting franchise and demanded that a shorter residence be allowed for full naturalization. A residence of fifteen years was, at that time, required. The English wanted it to be only five years. Three months ago the Transvaal government passed a measure making it seven and one-half years and now are

## CORPSE SAT UP IN HER GRAVE.

From the Dalias News: "Near lifracremating of my body. Either of these comb, in the southern portion of England," said John Tapecott, from that country to a News reporter, "a lady of great wealth and social position was the way, she was cousin to my mother, from whom I learned the somewhat re-markable story I am going to tell you When the lady in question was buried there was upon her finger a large and valuable diamond ring. The sexton who officiated at the funeral was aware of this fact and it excited his cupidity. He reasoned that he was poor, the lady was dead and the valuable jewel could be of no possible use to her down in the cold, dark tomb, but could he pos-sess it the cash it would bring would buy many comforts for his wife and little ones. He resolved to disinter the body and steal the ring. About the hour of midnight following the burial he stealthily exhumed the lady, opened her coffin by the pale glimmer of a dainty hand, attempted to take off the beautiful ring. It fitted so tight, however, that he could not remove it, and, desiring to get through with his grewsome task as soon as possible, took out his pocket knife, intending to amputate the finger which refused to give up its

'No sooner had he made an incision than the supposedly dead woman sud-denly sat bolt upright in her coffin. The startled sexton, frightened almost to death, fied with the speed of an American cannon-ball train.

"You see the lady was in a cataleptic state and supposed to be dead. The moment the sexton's knife entered the fiesh her nervous system responded with the rapidity of telegraphy, the cirwith the rapidity of telegraphy, the circulation started up and she began to breathe. The cold night air soon revived her enough for her to get out of the coffin and walk to her home, some eight miles or more away. Ringing the door bell, her husband looked down from a second-story window and was startled to see a ghostly, white-robed figure standing on the porch below. He was too frightened to come down, but after repeatedly ringing the bell the door was finally opened by a servant. After the consternation of the moment was over a most happy reunion followed between the lady and her household. "The poor sexton was not only not prosecuted for grave robbing, but the grateful lady presented him with the coveted ring, while her husband gave him a large sum of money. His greedy

grateful lady presented him with the coveted ring, while her husband gave him a large sum of money. His greedy desire for the lady's ring had been the means of her rescue from a horrible death, and her gratitude know no bounds. She lived a number of years after this tragic event and bore several children before she died in fact.

"Another case occurred in Engiand about this time," the gentleman continued, "in which an 3-year-old girl was put into her coffin, but before it was closed a lady present fancied she saw a very slight heaving of her breast. A mirror was held to the child's face, which was soon covered with a faint cloud of moisture. Restoratives were applied and she soon revived. After she grew up to womanhood this same person was twice rescued from a living death. She finally died at the advanced age of 87 years and was put into her fourth and last coffin.

"It is things like these," the English gentleman remarked in conclusion, "which wake me tremble at the fear of

gentieman remarked in conclusion, "which make me tremble at the fear of being buried alive, and to avoid such a horrible fate I will leave a provision in my will for the embalming or the

WANTED HIS GIRL.

A black-eyed young man came pant-ing into the barge office the other day, says the New York Commercial Ad-

"Is this the place where they keep the immigrant girls?" he asked in Eng-lish so broken that even to the inter-preters of the establishment it seemed to be made up of rolling r's and b's.
Receiving an affirmative nod the man turned about and beckoned in the direction of the open door. Four other men, all as black-eyed as the first, made

their appearance.
"They are my witnesses," the leader of the party said, by way of in-troduction of two of the newcomers, and then in turn he added: "And this one is the clerk, and this gentleman is the priest. So give me my girl and I'll marry her at once, so that you need not be afraid there is any humbug about it."

The interpreters' sense of humor is

drawn upon to heavily for them to laugh at a scene of this sort. They got angry instead, and asked what he was talking about. He essayed an explanaing understood was that he was an Armenian and that his English consisted in rattling r's and booming b's.
"Why don't you tell your story in
Armenian?" said one of the interpre-

The young man's native tongue.

The young man took offense. He had been three years in America and he spoke English better than Armenian he said. Finally Mrs. Stuckien, the "mother of immigrants," came up and shed light on the matter. The man's "mother of immigrants," came up and shed light on the matter. The man's name was Vahi Krihorian. He was 24 years old and made a comfortable living. At home he had a pretty girl who now came to join him. Her name was Toshkowhi Gobedian. She was four years younger than he was, and very bashful—so bashful that when she spoke of her love for Vahi and his promise to marry her, her olive cheeks gloved and her black eyes gazed at the leg of the matron's chair.

"Have you got any money?" 'the clerk had asked her.

had asked her.
"No, sir. I have a sweetheart."

"But how do you know he'll marry "Because God would strangle him if he went back on me."

When the two were brought together Vahl offered to kiss the girl, but she blushingly held back.

"Don't you want me?" he asked in "Yes, but there are so many princes around. I am ashamed."

The wedding took place outside of the barge office, a clerk of the immi-grant station being present to see that the ceremony was really performed, and then the girl was declared Vahl's wife and free to "go out into America."

In creating the Legion of Honor Ma-poleon I. did not contemplate the admis-sion of women. He was, however, on several occasions so impressed by the devotion of women, always in the direc-tion of courage, that in 1908 he gave the cross to three women, one of whom was Josephine Trinquart, a cantiniera, who had shown courage before the re-emy.