SISTER'S VENGEANCE

CONCENTED TO STATE OF THE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

CHAPTER XV.-(Continued.) "Do do you think we can escape said the woman, pauting with fear,

An' is it eshcape, whin the boat's wait- find us directly. You lave it to me, Mag, and everything riddy?" said Dinny. "D'ye hear her, sor? What est · woman it is"

Humphrey winspered.

Are we near the seatt "Close to it now, sor, If it was three

land ye'd hear the bating of the waves phrey to do the same.

By a the shore, but they're too hot and The place was in su give a bit of a lap on the sands."

Another weary length of time passed, and still the seasmore was not reached. but they were evidently near it now, for the full nurmur of the billows in the sheltered gulf was plainly to be heard; and her bravery and decision, had begun to away. atter a low, hysterical sob from time to companions' arms, took courage at the pressed sturdily forward for another few bundred yards and then stopped short. "What is it, darlin'?" whispered Din-

"Voices!" she replied softly.

"Yes; our own," said Dinny. There. can't be anny others here."

"I am sure I heard talking," said Humphrey; but all was still now, and feeling satisfied at last that it was the murmur | den' of the waves, they crept on in utter siter of the paths by which they had come Sure and ye just saw him go out." and for the open sand when Dinny checked his companions, and they all stood listening, for a voice that was familiar said:

The skipper's full of fancies. hasn't been right since this captain was hurt. They niver hit the same place made a prisoner, and he has been worse since the other prisoners escaped."

Other prisoners! What prisoners?" thought Humphrey.

"You hold your tongue!" growled the familiar voice of Bart. "Do you want

to scare them off?" Scare whom off?"

"Those who try to escape. Silence!" Mistress Greenheys reeled up against Humphrey and would have fallen but for his strong arm, which encircled her. Dinny did not speak till they had reached the shelter of some trees.

the darling safe?" "Yes, safe enough; but what does this

"Mane, sor? Sure, and it's Bart yan-

der wid two min." Take us down to the sea by some other path."

Shure, an' don't I tell ye there is no other path, sor? It's the only way. Murther. look at that!"

For at that moment a light flashed out and shimmered on the sea, sunk, rose, became brilliant, shining forth so that they could see the three men down upon the shore had lighted a pile of some flammable material, beyond which, floating easily upon the surface of the sea and apparently close inshore, was a bont-the boat that was to bear them safely away.

They were sheltered by the trees, and besides, too far off to be seen by the men, ose acts, however, were plain enough to them, as one of them was seen to wade out to the boat, get hold of her mooring

Dinny. "They've takin' out the shtores. Look at that now! There's the bar'l o' wather and the bishkit, and now there's the sail. What'll I do intoirely? My heart's bruk wid' em."

"Hush, my lad! You'll be heard," whis

pered Humphrey. He gave an angry stamp, for in her agony of dread Mistress Greenheys gave herself a wrest from his arm, and hur ried back

What's that?" whispered Dinny. "Mistress Greenheys."
"What? Gone back, sir?

Whisht, "What? darlin'. Stop!"

If the woman heard his words they only added to her alarm, for she hurried on, apparently as well acquainted with the way back as Dinny, who immediately started in pursuit.

What are you going to do?" whispered Humphrey.
"Do, sor? Go afther her."

"No, no; we must escape now we've

got so far. "Shure an' we will, sor; but to co for ward's to go into prison for you and to be dancing on nothing for me. Come on.

sor. Let's catch up to me poor freekened darlin', and then tak' to the woods." They burried back in pursuit of their of foot, and in spite of their efforts they

did not overtake her. "She'll have gone back to her quar-ers," said Dinny, dismally. "Shall we back to ours?

cried Humphrey, imperiously od heavens, man! our absence has en found out before now. Let's take to the woods or hide in one of the ruins

till we can get away." re an' ye're roight, sor. een afther ye, av coorse, and I've been should and can't show meself now wid-at being thrated as a thraiter. Will ye

me, and I'll find a place?" Trust you? yes," said Humphrey; at what do you propose doing?" 'Deing, sor? Holding till we can fird

banch of getting away. Where will you hide?"

te said ye'd thrust me, sor,"
d Disay. "Come on "

OHAPTER KVI.

, man; make for the forest,"
Humphrey, just at daybreak,
hegan to take advantage of the
the to neek a safe place of con-

to that old temple where Mazzard made his attempt to kill the captain?

There, sor! Why, the captain would

Humphrey would have taken to the forwithout hesitation, but, worn out and suffering keeply from disappoint They pressed on, and at the end of what | ment, he was in no humor to oppose, and, eined to be an interminably long time, signifying his willingness, he followed the Irishman by devious ways in and out of the roins for some time, till Dinny crouched down, and motioned to Hum-

The place was in such a chaos and so wake in this country to do more than changed by the terrific force of the exploson that Humphrey had felt as if he were journeying along quite a new portion of the forest outskirts, till, as he obeyed his companion and they crouched down among some dense herbuge, he stared with astonishment at the sight Mistress Greenheys, who, in spite of before him, a couple of hundred yards

For there, beyond one of the piles of time and hang more heavily upon her crumbling ruins, was a perfectly familiar pathway, out of which he saw step into thought of the safety the sea offered, and the broad sunshine the picturesque figure of the buccaneer captain, who strode toward a group of waiting men.

A discussion seemed to take slace, there were some sharp orders, and then the whole party disappeared.

"Why, Dinny, man, are you mad?" whispered Humphrey. "I trusted to you to take me to some place of hiding, and you've brought me right into the lion's

"Well, sor, and a mighty purty place, too, so long as the lion's not at home "But, Dinny-

"Whisht! Don't spake so loud, sor. Sure, now, if a cannon ball made a hole in the side of a ship, isn't that the safest place to put your head so as not to be

"Then your hiding place is my old lodgug-my prison?"

"Av coorse it is! The skipper has been there to mak' sure that ye are really gene; and now he knows, he'll say to himself that this is the last place ye'd go and hide in; and troth, he's quite roight,

Humphrey hesitated for a few mo ments, and then, feeling how true the man's words were, he gave way.

"Sure, sor, and it's all reight," whis-pered Dinny. "Arin't I theying to keep "Look at that, now" he whispered out my head out of a moose, and dige think of the black darkness. "Have ye got I'd be for coming here if it wasn't the safest place? Come along; sure, it's a lion's den, as ye call it, and the best spot know.

He whispered to Humphrey to follow cautiously, and crept on all-fours among the dense growth, and in and out among the loose stones at the very edge of the forest, till the tunnel-like pathway was reached in safety, when, after crawling a few yards out of the blinding sunshine into the shadowy gloom, Dinny rose to

his feet.
"There, sor," he said, "we can walk like Christians now, and not like animal

There was an ample supply of food in the place for a week, and water. Dinny's ideas respecting their safety seemed to be quite correct, for though voices were heard at a distance, no one approached the place. They had the hidden subterranean tomb-like chamber into which they could retreat; and on the second night while Dinny was watching and Humphrey, atterly worn out, was sleeping feverishly and trying to forget the rope, and drag her ashore. ing feverishly and trying to forget the "The murtherin' villains?" muttered troubles and disappointments of his failure, there was a faint rustling noise heard, and directly after his name was whispered softly from above.

"Murther!" cried Dinny, unable to contain himself as he sprang up. His exclamation and the noise he made

brought Humphrey from his couch, alert, and ready for any struggle.

"Dinny!" came in a voice from above. "Mistress Greenbeys!" cried Hum-"You there?" phrey.

"Yes. I came to try and learn tidings of you. I did not know you were both prisoners.

"Sure an' we're not, darlin'," said Din "We only tuk refuge here, so as to be near you. An' where have you been?' "I crept back to my place," said the woman, "and reached it without having been missed."

"Then ye're quite free to come and go? "Yes quite."

"Erin-go-bragh?" cried Dinny, excitedly. "Then what ye've got to do, darling, is to go back and come agen as soon as ye can wid something to ate, for we shall soon be starved."

"Yes, Dinny; I'll come again to-night." The night had not passed before the faithful little woman was back again with such provisions as she could bring and lower down to them.

This went on for two nights, during which time they had no alarm. Not a soul beside approached the place; and the same report was brought them that their hiding place baffled all, but the captain was fiercely determined that the prisoners should be found.

"Then why not try to escape inland, Dinny?" said Humphrey, at last. "Surely, t cannot be impossible.

"Haven't we all thried it again and again wid the captain, sor?" said Dinny, in remonstrance. "He set us all to work so as to make sure that we couldn't be attacked from the land, and ye can't get in a mile annywhere, for thick forest worked together like a powerful big hur-die that's all solid, and beyant that's mountains. Sure, and ye can't get that way at all widout an army of wood cutters, and a life a hundred years long!"

A week went by, food was wanting.

the prisoners were in despair, and they had both crept out again and again to ry and make out something; but all outide was solemnly still, and the place death, had not a couple of sentries al-ways been visible keeping watch, so that

Diny went to the window opening and leaned there, while Humphrey seated himself upon the edge of the couch to watch the opening above his head, in expectation that Mistrees Greenheys might arrive and put an end to the ter-

ly.

est arcade, there was not a fire-fly visible, and the heavy, oppressive state of to bear. the air seemed to announce a coming

Dinny's figure had long been visible, but he made his presence known by crooning over snatches of the most depressing minor-keyed Irish melody he could re call; but after a time that ceased, and

silence grew heavy as the heat. "How long have I been asleep?" he

Dinny! No answer

"Dinny! Hist! Are you asleep?" He dared call no louder, but rose from the couch.

"Dennis Kelly, the traitor, has gone. Humphrey Armstrong!" cried a hoarse voice, and he felt himself driven back into the great tomb-like place "Commodore Junk!" cried Humphrey

in his surprise. "Yes. Commodore Junk. Ha! I have you. My prisoner once again?

"Your prisoner? No, not if I die for it!" cried Humphrey, passionately; and he struggled to free himself from the tightening grasp. "I tell you it is madness. You have proved it yourself, and, weary with your

folly, you have returned." "Returned!" cried Humphrey, bercely 'yes, but only to be free."

The captain tried to utter some angry appeal, but a fierce struggle had commenced, and the great stony place seemed to be full of whispers, of hourse sighs, the catching of breath, barsh expirations as the contending pair swayed here and there—the captain, lithe and active as a panther, baffling again and again Humphrey's superior weight and strength. I wice over the latter tripped and nearly fell, but he recovered himself and strug gled on, seeking to wind his arms tound the buccaneer and lift and throw him with a west-country wrestling trick. But try how he would his adversary seemed to twist like an eel and recover himseif, till suddenly, as they swayed there was a low, jangling noise as a sword escaped from its scabbard and fell upon the stony

It was a triffing incident, but it attract ed the buccaneer's attention for a moment-just long enough to put him off his guard-the result being that he was brown heavily. Humphrey planting his knee upon his breast, and as he thrust out a hand it encountered the fallen sword, which he snatched up with a shout of triumph, shortened in his hand, and held buccaneer's throat.

"Now," he cried, flercely, "I have the upper hand, my lad. You are my prison-Make but one sound, and it is your

The buccaneer uttered a low mean, and snatched at the blade, but the intervening hand was thrust away, and the point pressed upon the heaving flesh. "Do you give in?"

cried the buccaneer, fiercely, Strike, Humphrey Armstrong; strike, and end my miserable life! Then go and say, I have slain the woman who loved me with all her heart!"

"What!" cried Humphrey, starting back, as the sword fell from his nerveless hand, and a flash, as of a revelation, enlightening him as to the meaning of much

that had before seemed strange.
"Well, why do you not strike? Did I not speak plainly? I am Mary Dell?"

CHAPTER XVII. "Yes, who called?" cried Humphrey,

starting up "Hist! Be careful! It is me!" Humphrey sprang from his couch and was about to speak, when the curtain was roughly thrown aside, and Bart entered quickly.

'What's the matter?" he said, rough-

"Matter!" said Humphrey. "I-I must have been dreaming." Bart looked at him sourly, and then

gave a suspicious look round. What time is it?" said Humphrey

bastily. Time! What do we know about time

here? 'Bout four bells.' Humphrey gazed excitedly at the dimly seen figure, visible by the faint light which streamed in beside the curtain. and then as the curtain fell he advanced slowly till be could peer through and see that Bart had gone to the far end of the sorridor, where he had a lantern set in stone recess, beside which he enseenced himself, and played sentry once again,

"Escape is impossible unless I choose the gates of death," muttered Humphrey, as he stole back cautiously, and then in a low voice said:

"Hist! Did any one call?" "Yes. Is it safe to whisper?" came from above.

"Mistress Greenhoys!" cried Humphrey, joyfully. "Speak low, don't whisper; it penetrates too far. How I have longed to hear from you!"

"Oh, sir, pray, pray, save him?"
"Dinny?" said Humphrey, starting.
"Yes. He is to be killed, and it was for your sake he ran that risk. Pray, try and save him." "What can I do?"

"Implore the captain. He may listen to you. I cannot bear it, sir; it makes me feel half mad!" "Have you seen him?"
"Seen him? No, sir. He's kept close

ly shut up in one of the stone chambers by the captain's quarters, and two men watch him night and day." 'As I am watched," said Humphrey,

"Yes, sir; but you have not been untru to your captain. You are not sentenced to death, and every man enger to see you

hung. My poor Dennis! It is my fault. too. Why did we ever meet?"
Humphrey was silent.
"You will see the captain, sir, and ask him to spare his life? Humphrey ground his teeth. To ask Dinny's life was to ask a favor of Mary

Dell, and to place himself under greater "That is not all the trouble." said the roman, who was evidently sobbing bit-"That wretch Mazzard is still at

'Not escaped!" cried Humphrey. "Not excaped!-not taken!" said the roman. "He is in hiding about the place, and I have seen him. She seemed to shudder, and her sobs

grew more frequent. She uttered a low cry; and as Hum phrey listened he heard low, quick talk-ing, a faint rustling noise overhead, and then the sound of voices died away.

"Discovered?" said Humphrey, bitter "Fate is working against me now."

a leaf moved outside, and the darkness might be watched, as far as the deep came on more obscure than usual; for as gloom would allow, Humphrey seated Humphrey looked out of the window himself upon the edge of the old stone alfrom time to time, to gaze along the for- tar, and folded his arms, to see what would be the next buffet of fate he was

There was the sound of a challenge at the end of the corridor, and a quick reply, followed by an angry muttering, and Humphrey laughed mockingly.

"Master and dog!" he said, bitterly, Mistress and dog, I ought to say." He drew himself up, for he heard a well-known step coming quickly along the passage. The curtain was snatched muttered, starting up and listening, aside, and the buccaneer took a dozen strides into the place and stopped, look ing around.

(To be continued.)

Famous Dogs Are Extinct.

Dog lovers are discovering with regreat that one of the finest canine spedes has become almost extinct. The Newfoundland is practically no more in this country and in England.

The fast-vanishing breed is native in the Island of Newfoundland, and old records say early settlers found the indians in possession of magnificent speclinens. It is generally supposed, however, that the Newfoundland was the result of a cross of some English strain and the native dogs.

At any rate, this particular animal is celebrated in history as the emboliment of courage and intelligence and kindness-the highest type of canine excellence. Landseer, in his famous painting,""The Child's Best Friend," render-

ed the species immortal. In spite of this, it is a fact that the valuable dog, in its original habitat, Is quite extinct. And he was most useful there, too, in saving drowning persons along the storm-swept const, where ship wrecks are frequent. Nevertheless. It is charged that it was through starvation and neglect that these famous dogs died in Newfound land liself.

The British government has lately been obliged to purchase for the New foundland life-saving station a new breed of dogs to take their places. These Newfoundlands, St. Bernards and Pyreas high as \$500.

Chinese Fond of Gaming.

The "heathen Chinee" portrayed by Bret Harte, with "his sleeves full of aces and bowers," is not a creation of fiction. In fact, almost every native of the celestial empire is a born gainbler and will hazard all he possesses on the turn of a card. If there is one thing the Chinese in America cannot un erstand regarding our customs it is why the police and courts should take cognizance of gambling. It is a recognized amusement in China and the Chinaman is a reckless gambler They have several kinds of playing cards, but the general name for them is chepae, or paper tickets. The cards are two inches and a half in length and half an inch wide and the kind most commonly used are called tseen-wanche-pae, "a thousand times 10,000 cards." This pack has thirty cardsthree suits of nine each and three independent suits which are superior to the rest. The sults are named respectively "nine myriads of strings of beads," "nine units of cakes" and "nine units of chains."

there are several queer names for other varieties of playing cards. One is called "the hundred boys' cards," another "charlots, horses and guns" and a third, curiously devised on the principle of some of our historical games, is called "a thousand times 10,000 men's names cards."

Learn How to Breathe.

It is possible to exercise one's whole body, to keep it strong and well, simply by breathing properly. Children should be taught to breathe and to get into the habit of filling the whole lung space at each inhalation and of emptying it completely at each exhalation. There is no better way of getting to sleep soon after going to bed than by breathing properly. Push away the pillow and lie flat upon the back, with the muscles relaxed. Slowly draw in the deepest breath possible, hold it for four seconds. then slowly expel it until the chest and abd men have collapsed. Repeat this until you are tired or fall asleep. There are scores of ways of varying this exercise. But this is the essential. Of course it is assumed that one sleeps with his bedroom windows open.

Taking All Precautions. "Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful railway vans," said the nervous old gentleman. "Never fear, sir," said cabby, "I'll do my best. And which hospital would you like to go to in case of an accident?"-Stray Stories.

Trephining an Ancient Operation. Trephining the skull is known as a probable treatment used by prehistoric surgeons. It appears that the ancient practice still survives in Helanesia and Rev. J. A. Crump reports that natives of New Britain treat fractures from slingstones by trephining with a piece of shell or a finke of obsidian. In 80 per cent of the cases recovery follows in two or three weeks.

A Mystery, Indeed. Stubb-There goes a man who is full of mystery.

Penn-You don't say! Stubb-Yes; he just ate a bowl or chop sucy.-Chicago Dally News.

If Eve was like the average woman the chapees are that Adam didn't get anything but the core of the apple.

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.

On the morning of the 20th of September, 1854, the people of the North were treated to an extraordinary amount of news, even for those days. If a daily of that date could be easily found now I would like to look it over and see the startling intelligence that was reported. For it was on that morning that the news of Sheridan's great victory at Winchester came; and in the same breath the people were informed of an audacious and very nearly successful attempt to release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, off Sandusky, sieze the United States gunboat Michigan, make a Confederate cruiser of her, and hold Lake Erie, and perhaps the adjacent waters under her dominion.

I was one of Sheridan's army, and the importance of the victory at Winchester was very clear to me, as it was to my comrades. The event that had happened near Sandusky on the same day (Sept. 19, 1864), when we learned of it, did not seem to us to be a matter of much importance. We were inclined to think it a madeap attempt of a few refugees in Canada, which never had any chance of success; and we were not much disturbed by the news

We did not realize the gravity of that situation, as did the people of Buffalo, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit. Those good eltizens awake on the morning of he 20th to the knowledge that a daring Confederate raid right among their homes had just missed success, when the consequences of specess would have been to release a powerful body are the Leonbergs, a cross between of the enemy right in the North, put the cities and towns of Lake Eric unnees wolf dog. They are the most pow- der tribute, drive off all commerce and erfully built dogs in the world and travel from the lake, and create such stand more than four feet high. Those terror in the North as would not be sent to Newfoun land the British gov- created by a great Confederate victory erament paid from \$250 to \$400 apiece. In the field. A "scare" was caused, for, and some specimens have sold for like to nothing eise in the whole course of the war. Troops were hurried to these points; before their arrival the citizens patrolled the streets with arms, and the excitement was at fever

> There was good cause for it. The daring nature of that attempt to seize Lake Erie, with all the fremendous President now to interfere. He conconsequences that would be sure to come from that stroke, are not well known to the veterans, as they should the condemned man to visit him. On be. It was an important phase of the the afternoon of Feb. 24, 1835, John Y. war that they did not see, and which Beall was hung at Governor's Is and. they should have in mind. Briefly stated the plan was this:

The only United States vessel on Lake Erie was the Michigan, a steamer carry eighteen guns. She was at this time lying off Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, which since 1862 had been used as a prison for captured Confederate officers, there being on Sept. 19, 1864, almost 2,400 of them there. The guns of the Michigan commanded the island, and no attempt at revolt on the part of the prisoners F., in American Tribune. could be made while this was so. But If the Michigan could be captured, the prisoners could easily overcome their cuard; they could arm themselves, cross to the mainland, get horses, and ride Southward at will, plundering and destroying as they went-for there were no troops in Ohio to stay them. And the steamer with a Confederate crew aboard could shell any city on the lake, if that were thought best and could do infinite damage to the Union cause, besides the moral effect of such a victory. It would be much

like a blockade of the lake ports. The Canadian ports were at that time swarming with refugees, fugitives from the draft, and Confederate filters and agents. The plan which has been outlined was concocted by lacob Thompson, the crafty secret igent of the Confederacy in Canada. He gave the charge of it to one of those daring r a whom the Confederates had ready overywhere that audacity and devotion to their cause could

John Yates Beall, who undertook his astonishing enterprise, and paid the penalty of fallure with his life, was the foremost in the world, in many respects an extraordinary man. He was at this time in his thiry-second year. He was a native Virginian, a graduate of a university, and at the outbreak of the rebellion owned plantations and slaves worth a million and a half of dollars. He was an officer of the Second Virginia Infantry, which formed a part of the "Stoneall Brigade." He had seen much service, and was particularly chosen for the command of this expedition. On the morning of Sept. 19 the

steamer Philo Parsons, plying between Detroit, Sandusky and the islands, was boarded at Sandwhich and Malden by twenty-four men, who brought an old trunk with them. There was nothing peculiar in their appearance, and they excited no suspicion. Before reaching Sandusky the trunk was opened, knives and revolvers were distributed. and the party took complete possession of the boat. After cruising awhile mong the islands, they captured another steambont, the Island Queen, which had aboard passengers, including some soldiers going to Toledo to be mustered out. All these Beall put ashore, after exacting an oath of seerecy for twenty-four hours as to what had been done. He then took the Island Queen out into the lake, scuttled her, and with the Philo Parsons cruised up and down outside Johnson's Island. He cruised there all day, waiting for an expected signal, which never

The plot was in two parts. The other part was to be executed by a Confederate officer named Cole. He had made the acquaintance of the officers of the Michigan and they had cousented to take supper with him on the evening of this day. He propesed to drug them, or in some way detain them from their boat; a signal would inform Beall of his success; the Michigan would be attacked and taken by surprise; a cannon shot over the Island would inform the prisoners that their time had come; and the rest would be

It was a well-laid plot, and only falled through Cole's want of caution. Suspicions were aroused by his actions and instead of supping with him that night the commander of the Michigan sent a squad ashore and arrested him. Beall saw that his plot had failed, as hour after hour passed without the signal being given, and in his desperation he urged his crew to go with him and attack the gunboat at whatever risk. But their spirit was not equal to his, and they refused. Near midnight Reall caused the Parsons to be put about and run for the Canadian shore, where the boat was scuttled and the crew dishanded.

Like all of his kind, this man was bold to rashness. He had been seen by so many Americans on this expedition who perfectly remembered his face, that it would seem perfect folly for him to venture over the border alone. But he did in the following January, and was recognized and taken near Suspension Bridge. He was conveyed to New York, where General Dix ordered his trial before a military commission, on charges of piracy and being a spy. He was defended by James T. Brady, more from a desire that he should have every reasonable chance than from any sympathy with him or his crimes. On this trial an extraordinary paper was produced from Jefferson Davis, avowing the acts for which Reall was being tried and staling that they had been done by authority of the Confederate government. But he was

convicted, and sentenced to be bung. There was never any doubt as to the justice of his conviction and sen ence. The man who goes in disguise into the enemy's country to levy war by smalth always takes his life in his hand, and must expect to lose it if discovered. And this kind of war is abhorrent to

all civilized nations. President Lincoln was, as usual, carnestly appealed to for mercy; but Beall's offense had been too flagrant. the consequences of success would have been too disastrous to permit the sented, however, to delay the execution for a week, to allow the mother of He met his fate bravely-as men engaged in bad enterprises have done in

all ages of the world. After the assassination of the President and the death of the assassin, the story was set affoat that Booth was an intimate friend of Beall, and that the principal motive of the horrid crime was revenge for the execution of his friend. The story has not been generally believed; but it is impossible to say that there is no truth in it.-J. F.

Anecdotes of Grant. Apropos of reminiscences concerning General Grant, the Detroit Free Press publishes the following, which come from his old home in Galena:

General Smith, one of the old mestdents of the place, was at dinner oge day, before the war was fairly inaugurated, when a servant announced: "Some one to see you, sir."

"A gentleman, James?" "Well, no, sir; he's just a common man. I gave him a chair in the hall." The "common man" was the tanner

Grant, the future commander-in-chief of the army of America. A few years later two gentlemen called on a young man who was located in a Chicago boarding house. Two pieces of pasteboard were sent to his room; on one was written in pencil the name U. S. Grant. The other bore the cognomen of General Grant's friend

and chum, J. Russell Jones. The young man on whom General Grant was calling was Eugene Smith, the son of General Smith, of Galena. The "common man's" name was then

At one time the ladies of a certain church in Galena gave a series of tea parties for some charitable organization. Mrs. U. S. Grant belonged to the church circle, but would not give the tea party.

"I haven't a whole set of china in the

house," she said in excuse, "and I will not ask company to eat off broken or nicked dishes." There were slaughtered in the United States in 1900, 5,530,911 beeves, 9,-190,490 sheep, 30,654,333 bogs.

value of products of the cities in which slaughtering is an important industry. stated in millions of dollars, was Chicago 256, Kansas City 73, South Omaha 67, New York 42, St. Joseph, Mo., 29. East St. Louis, Ill., 27. Indianapolis 18, Milwaukee 13, St. Louis 13, Philadelphia 12, Buffalo 11, Cincinnati 10, In January the death rate from ac-

cidents is slightly greater in rural parts than in cities; in February the death rates in city and country are about similar; in March the country is more dangerous; in April the rates baiance again: in May and June the city lends; in July and August the country lends; in September the city is shead; in October and November the country is more fatal, and in December the cit

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the b