

A CLOSE SHAVE FOR THE LIEUTENANT

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT EMMETT KAVANAUGH was pacing up and down his narrow quarters in Fort Grady, Michigan, holding a telegram in his hand. He had read it twenty times, but at every second turn in his nervous walk he read it again. The telegram was dated Chicago, and this is what it said: "Leave Thursday for Florida; Uncle Frank ill. Stay indefinite. Norah Desmond."

Lieutenant Bob Emmett and Norah Desmond were engaged. They were to be married as soon as a few accommodation superior officers would consent to be killed off or die in their beds and thereby give Bob a chance to write captain instead of lieutenant before his name on the official papers. The young officer had fixed the limit of his waiting at about a year.

"Norah's going to Florida," he muttered to himself. "I haven't seen her for three weeks, and won't see her for six months to come. Uncle Frank is one of the kind who never dies and who never gets well, and Norah'll stay down there until the old man is willing to let her go. She's more of a stickler for duty than Old Muggs, the commanding officer, and that's saying a lot. He won't give me a leave; I've had too many. Great Winfield Scott, but I would like to see Norah before she goes. And Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh sighed.

Bob Kavanaugh couldn't keep anything to himself, and in five minutes he was telling his woes to Captain Per-



"I TOOK A SHOT AT HIM."

cy Lanyard, of the artillery corps. "Brace up, Kavanaugh," said Lanyard; "Muggs is going to send a general prisoner through Chicago to Fort Sherman to stand trial. He was going to send a sergeant in charge. It isn't a very pleasant duty, but if you'll volunteer I think Muggs will send you, and you can stop off on your way back from Sherman—it is only a few miles from Chicago—and see your blue-eyed Norah before she gets on the Florida limited."

Twelve hours from that time Bob Kavanaugh was sitting in a smoking car on a Chicago-bound train, with a big Colt revolver strapped around him and an enlisted man, with a downcast look, sitting alongside of him. Bob Kavanaugh had a soft heart. The soldier at his side had seen eight years of service and had never been in trouble before. He had assaulted the "top" sergeant, a serious offense in the army, as may go without saying.

"Cheer up, Spencer," said the lieutenant; "you've been a good soldier, as I know, and I don't think it will go very hard with you—six months at the most—and then you'll be restored to duty."

"I hit him all right, lieutenant," answered Private James Spencer, "and he deserved it, if ever a man did, but you can't do such things in the army, no matter what the 'top' says to you, and so I'm good for two years and a 'botball' discharge. It's tough. I never saw the inside of the 'mill' before in my eight years' service, except when I was on guard."

Part of a freight train went into the ditch ahead of the Fort Grady passenger train. Kavanaugh and his prisoner were delayed five hours. The lieutenant fumed and said things under his breath. Finally the way was cleared and the train ran on to Chicago. It was Thursday, and in four hours Norah's train would leave for Florida. It was utterly impossible for the officer to get his prisoner to Fort Sherman and to return in time to say good-by to his fiancée.

Kavanaugh and his charge stepped from the train into the Chicago depot. Bob's heart was sore. "I must see her," he said to himself. "I can't stand it for six months." At that instant he saw at the depot cigar stand, making a purchase, Jack Bacon, a Chicago clubman and an intimate friend. Kavanaugh hurried his charge over toward the young fellow. "Jack, old man, glad to see you. You have an hour or two to spare, I know you have; don't say no," and with this the lieutenant grabbed his friend by the arm, motioned his prisoner to walk ahead, and the three went on a half trot into the office of a hotel across the street. Kavanaugh threw a \$2 bill before the clerk and ordered a room. He hurried the astounded Jack Bacon and the prisoner into the apartment on the second floor.

"Jack," said Kavanaugh, in a low voice, "you love me, which this man, who is Norah Desmond. She's off

for Florida. Take this gun and don't fail me," and with that First Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh shoved a revolver into Jack Bacon's hand, bolted through the door out of the hotel and on to a trolley car. In twenty minutes he was with Norah Desmond, who was in the midst of the last hour of preparation for her Florida trip.

In twenty minutes more the door bell of the flat rang violently. The maid opened it, and in rushed Jack Bacon, flushed and fairly beside himself. "Bob," he yelled, "your prisoner skipped. He kicked open a door into the next room and jumped on to a low roof and then into the alley. I took a pot shot at him, but missed, and when I got down he was clean gone."

Bob Kavanaugh sank into a chair, his face pale. "Norah," he said, "this means court-martial and dismissal for me unless I can catch the fellow. It's a clean case of neglect of duty, awful neglect of duty, and Old Muggs doesn't love me too well, anyway. It's all up, dear, if I don't get him, and if I'm kicked out of the army I don't know what I'll do. I can't even dig a ditch, though I'd try willingly enough for you. But this won't catch him, I'm off, but I'll be at the train to say good-by," and Kavanaugh was out of the door and down the stairs four steps at a time.

Over on Halsted street in a room above a store a pretty, pale girl sat talking to a soldier in uniform. "It's all up, Polly," he was saying. "I hit the 'top' sergeant. He deserved it, but I was put in arrest and was to be tried, and it meant two years. I just cut away from a 'cit' whom the officer who had me in tow left me in care of. The officer went to see his girl. I guess he's in love, or he wouldn't have done such a fool trick. Well, I'm in love, too, Polly, dear, but I've got to get out of this as soon as I can get other togs on."

"Oh, this is awful, Jim," said the girl, "and you'll be a deserter, too."

"I won't get any more for that than I'll get for the other. I don't like the idea any better than you do. I guess the officer'll get it harder than I will. It's neglect of duty with him, and that'll kick him out of the service. I'm sorry for him, for he isn't half a bad sort." Then, suddenly changing the subject, the soldier asked: "How's your mother?"

"Better, Jim, but she'd have died if it hadn't been for Miss Norah Desmond. She's an angel. I had to stop work to nurse mother, and the money gave out and I got sick, and Miss Norah gave us a nurse and a doctor, and did lots else. I think she saved my life, too."

"Norah Desmond, Polly? That's the name of the girl the lieutenant I cut from is to marry. He'll be disgraced and the girl will suffer. She saved you and your mother, did she, Polly? Get on your things, quick. She leaves for Florida. I know the train. The lieutenant'll be there, I know that. Hurry, girl."

Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was kissing Norah Desmond good-by. His face was pale and anxious. "I'm afraid it's all up with me, Norah," he was saying, "but keep up a good heart."

Just then from behind him came a voice loud and with something of a ring of humor in it. "Sir, are all present and accounted for?" Kavanaugh turned like a flash. There stood Private Spencer, saluting with his right hand, while his left was holding that of a very pretty girl.

"Spencer, you're a brick," said Kavanaugh, and nothing but army training kept him from slapping his inferior on the back. "I'll use every official friend I have to get you out of your scrape."

A year later in pleasant quarters at Fort Grady sat Captain Kavanaugh and his wife. "Norah," he said, "First Sergeant James Spencer has applied for a furlough to go to Chicago to get married. Shall I approve the application?"

"Bob, if you don't," said Norah, with her eyes dancing. "I'll get a divorce."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Reason.

Doctor Porter had responded to a note left at his door by a farmer, asking him to go as soon as possible to see his little boy, who had "a very bad cold."

The doctor took one look at the child and turned to the mother.

"Don't you know your boy is coming down with measles?" he asked, severely.

"Yes, doctor, I knew he was," said the woman.

"Then what in the world did you mean by writing me he had 'a very bad cold'?" asked the doctor.

The woman hesitated for a moment; then, looking at her husband, she said, with sullen frankness, "Neither him nor me knew how to spell measles."

A Dream of Bliss.

Dora—Wouldn't it be lovely if we had \$25,000,000?

Clara—Of course.

Dora—Perfectly heavenly! This book on "Facts and Figures" says a ton of diamonds can be bought for that.—New York Weekly.

Husband (angrily)—I never saw a woman as hard to please as you are.

Wife (calmly)—My dear, you forget that I married you.

FREED BY A MANIAC.

Telephone Linesman Passes a Rather Unpleasant Few Minutes.

An old linesman lately told of a trying experience which came to him while he was hunting for a break in the telephone connection between the main office and the insane hospital at Indianapolis. He had followed the line all the way out, and found that the difficulty lay between a forty-foot pole and the telephone in the men's building. As he passed along he noticed several "trusties," guarded by their keepers, working in the garden.

I had to climb a tree in an isolated part of the yard, he said, to unfasten a wire that had become entangled in a limb. I connected my test set and called up the wire chief and explained the case to him. With the work and the talk perhaps I was in the tree twenty minutes.

I was on the point of dropping from a lower limb to the ground when I saw a crazy man waiting for me with a large pruning knife in his hand. He was one of the gardeners whom I had passed.

"Come down," he cried. "I know you. You stole my five thousand dollars. Give it back, or I'll kill you." And when he saw me hesitate and draw back he yelled: "Come down, or I'll come up there after you!"

I scrambled higher into the tree and shouted for help, but none came. The madman found a heavy board, and, placing it against the tree, started to climb up; but in his hurry and excitement he did not place it securely, and when he was about half way up it slipped and he went sprawling to the ground. He tried it three times with the same result. Then another inmate came sauntering by, and at once took a hand in the game. He held the plank for the other man, who soon made good headway.

At that instant I bethought me to attach my test set and summon help through the office.

"Call up the insane hospital," I called, "and tell them to send help to me in the garden! There are two lunatics after me, and one of them has a long knife. Hurry!"

I looked down then, and saw that the maniac was in the tree. When just below me he seated himself on a limb, and, drawing the knife back and forth across his palm, said: "Look! Won't it cut?"

He started toward me, and had one hand on my foot, and I had raised the other to kick him, when several keepers rushed up. Two of them climbed the tree, and just as he raised the knife to strike they reached him and threw a rope round him. So intent was he on getting at me that he did not see them, and was easily taken.

TOMMY ATKINS OF JAPAN.

Soldier of the Mikado Aesthetic Even during a Battle.

If the British Tommy Atkins were to study the character of his Japanese brother-in-arms he would undoubtedly pronounce him a queer fish. His most striking characteristic is, perhaps, his gentleness and his estheticism. I have seen private walk hand in hand like little school girls to certain famous Iris gardens situated at a distance of, perhaps, seven or eight miles from their barracks, pay for admittance, admire the Irises for hours and go home again, having tasted all the day nothing stronger than weak tea, says the Japanese Times.

At intervals during the hottest fighting in China in 1900 the Japanese soldier hastened to unfold the fan which he carried with him and to fan himself. Even in his looting he was esthetic, for the objects he brought away with him, when he did bring anything away with him, and that was, of course, very seldom, were bric-a-brac whose value the western soldier could not appreciate. A marked difference between the Japanese soldier and the British lies in the fact that, while King Edward's uniform has notoriously an attraction for nurses and general servants, the mikado's uniform possesses no such fascination. I have followed long processions of conscripts to barracks, but have never seen a girl waste a glance on them, and during a residence of three and a half years in this country, I have never seen a soldier "walking out" a girl. It is different with sailors, who get more opportunity of seeing foreign countries and improving their manners.

Only One Wellington.

That was a graceful compliment which was paid to the Duke of Wellington by Queen Victoria. Not every one recalls the fact that a certain style of high boots, but commonly worn now, adays, bore the name of Wellington.

When the duke was prime minister he once visited Windsor Castle to consult with the queen on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the duke left the castle her majesty remarked, "I hope your grace is well shod?"

"Oh," said the duke, "I have on a pair of Wellington's, and am proof against dampness."

The queen retorted, "Your grace must be mistaken. There could not be a pair of Wellingtons."

New Motor Omnibus.

An excellent motor omnibus has just made its appearance in London and from the moment that its speed, reliability and comfort are proved that utter abomination of locomotion, the bus, the despair of all students of traffic problems, is doomed.

The Candid Editor.

"You ask me to criticize your poem," wrote the editor, "and I am frank to say that I found nothing in it but six stanzas."—Atlanta Constitution.

WAX CANDLES IN DEMAND.

But They Are Not Made of Wax at All, Ozoecrite Being the Composition.

There is a popular impression that wax candles are manufactured from beeswax. No doubt some of those on the market can be traced to the busy little insects, but not many. Ozoecrite, a product of the earth, is the composition of which the bulk of them are formed. In the United States the mineral is dug in Utah and in California, the European beds being located in Wales and Galicia and Roumania. When found in its natural state ozoecrite appears in translucent, dark brown, thin films, which, upon being etched, resembles beeswax closely.

The wax mines of Eastern Galicia, owned and operated by a syndicate of American capitalists, form one of the most curious fields of industry imaginable. They are located around Bory, which is also the center of the eastern oil district of that part of Austria. The entire wax fields are but fifty acres in extent, but more than a thousand shafts have been sunk in that limited area, and almost 3,000 men are at work on the tract. The veins of the mineral frequently are sixteen inches thick and it is dug with shovels and hoisted from the shafts by windlasses. Many uses are made of this wax besides molding it into candles and fortunes have been made by the men interested in these curious mines, the value of the crude product being \$200 a pound at the mouth of a shaft.

The wax candle—or, speaking more correctly, the ozoecrite candle—is again becoming fashionable in the homes of the wealthy, as well as in the rooms of the poverty stricken, candles may be found to-day, though for widely different reasons. To the poor candles are indispensable because science never has discovered a cheaper mode of lighting. And to the rich the flood of light emitted by a forest of candles is a boon because science has not and probably never will discover a softer and more mellow light than that shed by the yellow flame at the end of the ancient wax cylinder.

Both health and comfort are other points taken into consideration by many city folks who burn candles in their bedrooms and in other places where brilliant light is not essential. In the first place, what little odor is caused by a candle flame is neither injurious nor disagreeable, and in the second, the flame requires but little oxygen to keep it going, nor does it heat a room to an appreciable degree—a double advantage too obvious to dwell upon.

But outside of our big cities the candle is used extensively. In country homes where gas is not available and where oil lamps must be used the candle is found frequently as an agreeable and safe substitute. The wax candle of to-day, however, is a widely different thing from that of older times. The busy bee may hum and collect honey and turn out all the wax she likes, except that her product is used for the candles in Roman Catholic and "high" churches, she contributes little or nothing to those found in the markets.—Chicago Chronicle.

There Was No Encore.

No right-thinking person can have, any admiration for a "smart trick" that smacks of rascality, but there may be cases in which sympathy for the victims of such a trick would be wasted.

A traveling dramatic troupe announced a performance in a certain audacious young city. It was expressly stated on all the bills that "owing to the great length of the program and the many speciality performances, no encores will be permitted."

The evening of the entertainment found the house well filled, the audience consisting largely of young men and boys bent on having a good time.

The first song was the occasion for a prolonged outburst of cheering. After it had continued several minutes the manager came to the front of the curtain to ask them to desist. They only howled the louder, and he retired, discomfited.

But the cheering, stamping and whistling went on, and continued to half an hour, the curtain remaining obstinately down.

At the end of that time the enthu- lasmus had spent itself and the drama ceased, but the curtain did not rise.

Then a young man ventured to go behind the scenes. He returned presently with the announcement that the company had left the building, bag and baggage.

It was true. They had packed up everything, paid their bill at the hotel caught a train out of town, and got safely away; and the general verdict of the townspeople was that they had served their unruly audience just right.

Big Collection.

"What is that car coupled behind the Presidential train?" asked the tall reporter.

"That is the photograph car," said the train hand.

"Photograph car?"

"Yes, it contains the pictures of all the big families in the West."—Chicago News.

Interpreted.

"Father," said the youth, "what I could understand of the saying: 'The race is not always to the swift?'"

"Practically, my son," replied the wise father, "it means that in the race of life the fast men don't usually come out ahead."—Philadelphia Press.

It is up to the opera singer who needs a change of air to break into church choir.

Every thief would like to keep his self unspotted.



Science and Invention.

Pack thread or cord is given extraordinary strength, according to a German authority, by laying in a strong solution of alum, and then carefully drying.

A tropical substitute for the potato, already being tried in French colonies, is Coleus Coghui, a new edible of the Mint or Labiate family. Its tubers, which average an inch and a half in length, closely resemble the potato in flavor when prepared in the same way.

The cradle of the human race is still being sought. The widely accepted theory of Max Muller, based on language, teaches that man's early home was in India; but some ethnologists are now inclined to agree with Prof. Hirt that the Aryans first lived in the territory north of the Carpathian mountains, near the boundary line between Austria-Hungary and Russia, now occupied by Letts and Lithuanians.

Ozonizing apparatus for vitalizing the atmosphere of the sick chamber may become a necessary part of the physician's outfit. Dr. J. E. S. Barnes, an English medical man, reports having used the ozonizer in a severe case of pneumonia complicated with pleurisy, and the result was an immediate and important change in the air of the room, which was followed by rapid improvement of the patient's condition. Ozonizers are being used also for bettering the air of factories.

There abounds in Paraguay a tree, growing to the stature of an ordinary chestnut tree, from which a kind of vegetable silk is obtained. Consul Kuffin, at Asuncion, says he believes it can be woven into threads, but the chief use at present suggested for it is in stuffing cushions and quilts, for which purpose it appears to be well adapted on account of its extreme lightness. When removed from the bolls, which are six inches in length and about four and a half inches in diameter, the substance resembles a glossy down.

When a balloon passes over a forest it descends, and ballast must be thrown out to keep it up. This is explained by Prof. Mouillefert, of the French National Agricultural College of Grignon, as being due to the existence above every forest of a prism of cool, moist air, produced by the abundant transpiration of the trees, and extending to a height of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the treetops. Prof. Mouillefert also says that while forests drain the soil underneath them, they keep the upper layer, to a depth of four or five miles, moist.

From seven diamonds—weighing from two to twenty-one carats—that have been picked up in Wisconsin and adjoining States, Prof. William H. Hobbs traces the diamond fields of North America to the volcanic region of the Canadian wilderness, south of Hudson bay. The only known matrix of the diamond is the black shale—or "blue ground"—around the necks of burned out volcanoes. The loose stones found seem to have been transported by glaciers, and on following up the probable courses of these ancient ice rivers the lines converge in the barren territory stated.

The Carnegie Institution has located its "Desert Botanical Laboratory" on the shoulder of a mountain two miles west of Tucson, Arizona. The Tucson Chamber of Commerce has given the site, and will install a water supply and an electric plant for the laboratory. The object of the undertaking is to study the plants characteristic of arid regions. The mountain on which the laboratory is to stand and the adjoining mesas possess a splendid representation of these forms of vegetation. Proposed sites in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Chihuahua and Sonora were examined before the location was finally chosen.

DOCTOR PARKER'S KINDNESS.

Tinged by Ruggedness When Dealing with the World.

The vein of rugged humor which appeared so frequently in the pulpit utterances of the late Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, continually cropped out in the everyday clerical affairs of his life. He was once approached in the City Temple by a country clergyman, whose church was in an embarrassed financial condition, and asked to preach there on any day, at any hour, that might suit his convenience. "It is impossible," replied Dr. Parker. "I have already more engagements than I can fulfill."

Mrs. Parker, who was present, saw the minister's look of disappointment. "My dear," she said to her husband, "you must go. This gentleman has come a long distance to see you, and you must make it possible."

"Well," said he, looking into the face of his rural brother, "you see I must go. Fix your day, and I will be there at 12 o'clock."

The village pastor returned his thanks, and went his way with a radiant countenance. The day came, the church was crowded. Dr. Parker preached in his usual telling manner, and pleaded for a generous offering as he alone could plead. At the conclusion of the service the pastor came into the vestry, and expressed his indebtedness to Dr. Parker and the gratitude of the church for his valuable services, asking at the end:

"How much, doctor, are we in your debt?"

"Forty-nine pounds, nine shillings and sixpence," promptly returned Dr. Parker.

This staggered the minister, who managed to stammer out: "It will take a little time to pay it all."

"Well, I will not take less," said Dr. Parker. "And meantime, as you have been out of pocket through coming up to see me in London, take this—placing two sovereigns in the minister's hand—to cover your outlay. Mind, not a halfpenny less to me than the sum named—but you can take eternity to pay it."

Dr. Parker would accept nothing but third-class fares when he visited poor parishes, but woe to the church that had a reputation for meanness in money matters. He visited one such, where, after service, the deacon said: "Well, Dr. Parker, as to your fee?"

"It is fifty pounds."

The deacon denounced Dr. Parker insisted. Finally the officials of the church got together and paid over the fifty pounds. Then Dr. Parker said: "Now, this is not for myself. Some time ago you had \$8-and-80—mentioning a somewhat obscure minister—to preach here. You know that his church is a struggling one, and that he is a poor man with a large family. You refused to pay him more than his bare railway fares. To redeem this iniquity on your part I have charged you fifty pounds, and I shall send it on to him as his fee for the sermons he preached here."—Youth's Companion.

ALL COME HOME TO JAIL.

Queer System of Treating Convicts Practiced in Hilo, Hawaii.

"The most unique method for handling petty violators of the law," remarked a gentleman at the Raleigh last evening, "is in daily operation at Hilo, the capital of the island of Hawaii. I was seated on the porch of the Hilo Hotel one day last winter, trying to evade the mosquitoes and the sunshine, when I noticed a score of natives in striped canvas uniforms break into a dead run in the direction of the jail. The heavy iron doors swung open to admit them, and they filed in one by one to become prisoners for the night. I learned later that these men were 'short-term' convicts, and that their hurry was inspired by the fear that they might be 'locked out of jail.'"

"But how did they escape?" he was asked.

"Escape?" repeated the narrator, "They did not escape; they were turned loose at 7 in the morning and instructed to report behind the bars at 5 in the afternoon. Let me explain. An alleged criminal is tried, convicted, and a sentence passed upon him. Should his term exceed one year he is confined in a cell on the third floor of the jail, from which escape is practically impossible. If he is a "short-term" man, however, he is fitted up with a blue and white striped canvas suit and hired out by the day to contractors or the managers of neighboring plantations. His wages, usually 25 cents per day, are paid to the city. These fortunate convicts are both fed and lodged in jail, and in addition to their clothes are allowed a small ration of tobacco. Every morning, after breakfast, they may be seen embarking on their duties. They are not guarded in any manner, shape, or form; in fact, it resolves itself into an extreme case of "honor among thieves."

"It isn't once in a year that escape is even attempted, and the records in the county jail show but one instance where such an attempt has been successful. It is amusing to see these belated culprits running at the top of their speed for fear the doors of this novel institution will be closed against them. Those that may arrive later are admitted through another entrance, and an additional three or four days are added to their term as punishment for their tardiness."

"How do you account for this peculiar system being still in vogue?" he was asked.

"It exists merely because of its efficiency. Hilo is a coast town; the Pacific Ocean guards it safely on the east, while to the west ward there is nothing but the high road and the jungle. The jungle and the sea mean death, and the high road capture; so you see there is a stronger force than honor which impels the return of the convict to his prison home."

Habits of the Tailor Bird.

This wonderful bird lives in India. It has a beak shaped very much like a shoemaker's awl. The little bird, which is yellow in color and only three inches long, says the Philadelphia Ledger, derives its name from the way in which it makes its nest. It selects a large leaf, hanging from the end of a twig; then it pierces a number of holes along the edge of it with its awl-like beak, and then gets the long fibers of plants, which make excellent thread, and carefully sews the edges together like a purse or a bag using its bill for a needle to carry the thread through. The ends of the thread are knotted, to prevent them from slipping through the leaf. The stalk end of the leaf is bent and crushed so as to form a hood over the opening of the nest, protecting it from sun and rain.

When the leaf is not large enough to make the nest, this bright little bird gets another leaf, pierces it with holes and pieces the two leaves together. The interior of the nest is lined with cotton and silky grass, making a very snug and comfortable home for the little birds. The bird and its nest full of eggs are so very light that they can be suspended from the end of a slender twig.

Owls acquire their reputation for wisdom by saying one thing and sticking to it.