

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



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BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

The colonel made a rush for the main hatch, calling to Johnstone for help. Dick caught him in time, and handed him over to the men from the flag-ship, giving them the iron at the same time. "Are they for this fellow?" asked Wilmore. "Oh!" said Dick, contemptuously, "as far as fighting goes no one need be afraid of him; but he's a wretch without a rag of honor, and his tongue would twist anything less stiff than steel."

The iron was on in a moment; the colonel seemed to find them cold, for he shivered pitifully. "Now for the other one!" said the lieutenant.

As he spoke, Johnstone came on deck by the forward ladder, and stood there at a little distance from the group, peering about him in the lantern-light to see the position of affairs.

Dick went up to him. "Here he is!" he cried. "Johnstone, you're my prisoner!"

Johnstone's right hand went swiftly to his pocket, but before he could grasp his pistol Dick's fist shot home between his eyes, and he fell like a log, disappearing backward down the open hatchway.

Two of the men-of-war's men ran down, and found him motionless at the bottom of the ladder; they brought him on deck, and got a rope to secure him when he should come round.

But he never moved again; the fall broken his neck.

"Well," said Dick, when they told him, "that seems only just; he was the better of two bad men, and his punishment's the sooner over. As for the other," he continued, turning to Wilmore, "a quick death's too good for him, and no prison would hold him long."

He reflected a moment, and then turned to the captive and his guards. "Bring him below," he said, and led the way to the saloon.

In Dick's own seat they placed the colonel, with Dick's own iron upon him, and in his hand they made him take the pen with which he had commanded Dick to sign away his honor.

"Now, if you will please leave us alone together," said Dick to the others, "I dare say I shall soon have done with him."

They went out wondering, and he turned to the prisoner.

"Write the date," he said, shortly; "and now go on as I dictate to you."

"I hereby acknowledge and confess that I conspired with one Herman Johnstone, since deceased, to effect the escape of the Emperor Napoleon from the Island of St. Helena on the 5th of May, 1821, and to levy war against the king of France and the peace of Europe; that for this purpose I bribed the said Herman Johnstone and the crew of the brig Speedwell, four of whom I knew to be French subjects; and by fraud and forgery induced my sister-in-law, Madame de Montaut, and Captain Richard Estcourt to accompany me, in complete ignorance of the object of our voyage."

The colonel stopped. "But that is not the truth," he objected.

"Truth!" said Dick, scornfully; "what is truth to you? Write as I tell you, every word! And wait before you sign," he added; "we want a witness whom your slanders can not touch. Wilmore!" he called, and the lieutenant entered.

The signing and witnessing done, Dick folded the paper and laid it again before the colonel.

"Address it," he said, "to the Minister of Justice at Paris."

The colonel started and drew back.

"Deal gently with me," he said, in a low voice; "courage and mercy should go together."

"Courage and mercy," replied Dick, "are no concern of yours; your province is obedience, and, if you can manage it, a little decent shame."

The address was written.

"And now," said Dick, "after writing that letter, you will, I think, see that it would never suit your health to live in England or France again. To keep you, however, from all temptation of such risks for the present, I propose to ask Lieutenant Wilmore here if he will be so good as to put you ashore at Jamestown. You have, I believe, some friends on the island who will condole with you on the failure of your enterprise."

"Shall I take him at once?" asked Wilmore.

The colonel was in despair.

"An exile and a beggar! Death would be preferable!" he exclaimed, with a gesture which was a really fine piece of acting, and went to Wilmore's heart. But Dick knew his man better.

"All right," he said, gravely; "you have your choice."

And he took the iron bar from the floor where Johnstone had left it, and raised it above the colonel's head.

The actor's collapse was swift and lamentable.

"Hold him!" he cried to Wilmore; "for God's sake hold him. He is capable of anything."

"I begin to think so," said Dick, lowering his weapon, "since I have learned to outwit you."

"Well, then," said Wilmore, holding out his hand to Dick, "good-by until tomorrow."

"Yes," said Dick, "I'll thank you then, good-by."

The colonel was taken on deck again, and lowered into the boat.

As they left the ship's side, he saw, or thought he saw, a white figure leaning over the bulwarks.

"Camilla!" he cried. "Is that you, Camilla?"

But there was no reply. The boat shot forward, and the Speedwell vanished from him into the darkness.

Dick turned to look for Camilla; she was gone, and he would not follow her now, for he remembered what the Emperor's death must mean to her.

The brig was moving slowly in toward the harbor, guided by the lights aboard the flag-ship. An hour afterward she dropped her anchor for the night and swung round to the wind.

Dick turned in early, but he could not sleep; there was still thunder in the air, a remnant of last night's storm; and his mind went whirling incessantly through the tangled history of the last few months.

A little before dawn he went on deck; it was less stifling in the open air, and stars were shining here and there between drifting clouds.

He sat down against the bulwark, and looked up at them, listening to the faint lapping of the water under the ship's sides.

Little by little the night lifted, and daylight began to broaden over the sky. The stars grew pale, and died out one by one; a marvelous color, mingled of faintest blue and delicate red opal, flushed in the height of heaven and burned slowly into deep crimson on the horizon to the east.

A light wind blew cool upon his face; his eyelids dropped, and slumber took him unawares.

When he opened his eyes again, Camilla was kneeling on one knee before him, transfixed by a golden light that shone from behind her through and through the glory of her hair.

A strange sense of new life filled him with bewildering prescience of joy.

"Where are we?" he asked, not venturing to move, lest he should break the spell.

She bent yet lower over him.

"We are in harbor," she said; "and look! the sun has risen."

THE END.

AN INDIAN BOY'S PONY.

An Account of His First Attempt to Ride it at a Buffalo Hunt.

Thus led by those dedicated to religious service, the tribe leaves its village, the people by families dropping into line—men, well-mounted, bearing their weapons ready for use; women, in gala dress, riding their decorated ponies, older ones leading the pack-horses; little children in twos and threes upon the backs of steady old nags, or snugly stowed away in the swinging pouch between the tent-poles, and the dogs trotting complacently everywhere. Here and there along the line of the cavalcade is a lad being initiated into individual responsibility. He has been upon the hunt before, as one of the family, but this is the first step toward going independently uncared for as child. The father has lassoed a wild horse, saddled and bridled him, and now bids his son mount the animal. The boy hangs back; the colt is a fiery creature and already restive under restraint. The father tells his son that the horse shall be his own when he has conquered it, but the lad does not move. The lookers-on are smiling, and the cavalcade does not wait. "Get up," says the father. The boy slowly advances, and the colt quickly recedes but the boy, grasping his mane, swings himself into the saddle. The father lets go, and so does the colt—rears, jumps, wriggles, humps his back like an infuriated cat, stands on his fore-legs and kicks at his own tail, paws the air and stamps the earth, but the boy clings to him until with a sudden jerk the saddle-girth is broken, and he is landed over the head of the excited creature, which runs for dear life and liberty. Brought back, protesting by twists and shakes of the head, he is again mounted, and again frees himself. After two or three repetitions of this sort of thing, the boy becomes angry, and the mother grows anxious. She runs to her son as he is scrambling up from the ground, feels him all over, and moves his legs and arms to see if he is hurt. He is impatient at the delay; he is going to master that pony now or die for it. This time he stays on. In vain the animal lashes himself into foam and fury; the boy sticks to him like the shirt of Nessus, and the father at last leads the indivisible pair between the tent poles which trail behind a sophisticated family horse, and there, fenced in, they journey all day, trying to get used to each other. The pony does not see his way out of the poles, and is forced to keep up with the procession.

THE CHINESE DOCTOR.

He Killed the Snake in the Patient's Body with a Pin.

"When I was acting American consul at Amoy, China," said Dr. W. E. Fales, "one of my employes fell sick with a severe attack of rheumatism. He stood the pain bravely for three days, refusing all 'foreign devil medicine,' and on the fourth sent for a native physician. The latter duly arrived and began preparations for treatment of the malady, which he announced to be due to the presence of a 'darting snake' in the sufferer's body. Incense sticks were lighted and placed just outside the door, and also in the room. A pack of fire-crackers was set of and a talisman paper pasted to the wall. This was done to drive away evil spirits and attract good ones. The doctor next wrote a lot of characters on a thick piece of paper with a vermilion pencil and set fire to it. It burned into a black ash, which was broken into a cup of water and drunk by the patient. A great bowl of herb tea was made, of which a cup an hour was the allotted dose. The son of Esculapius next bared the body of my servant and drove deep into it at nine points a long needle moistened with peppermint. He did it with such skill in avoiding large blood vessels that the hemorrhage was insignificant. He then covered each acupuncture with a brownish paste, another, in turn, with a piece of dark paper. He then collected his fee, 50 cents, and departed. The sufferer soon fell into a sleep, and the next day announced that his pains had departed. He remained in his bunk two more days laughing, chatting, smoking cigarette and once or twice using the opium pipe and then reported as being well. He left the paste and paper in place until they fell off. The skin was smooth and the scar hardly perceptible. He took his recovery as a matter of course, but only comment being that the darting snake was thoroughly dead." — New York Recorder.

CHINESE KITES.

The Grotesque Forms in Which They Are Generally Made.

In the making of kites shape is no consideration. A square, a circle, a man, a star, a fish, a dragon, a horse or a shield will fly equally well, but they must be equally proportioned. In Japan one sees a whole menagerie. At once in the air—horses, cows, monkeys, birds, crabs, fishes and snakes, as well as dragons, babies that cry, boys with

FOR THE YOUNG

PULLING TEETH FOR A LION.
A Plucky Dentist Tries His Hand on the King of Beasts.

Major, the star of the Lincoln Park troupe of African lions, had an experience with a dentist recently, says a Chicago paper, that was not unlike the experience sometimes encountered by human beings.

He had the second molar in his left jaw pulled by his keeper, Cy de Vry, and Dr. Jacob Berner, a South Side veterinarian. Two or three thousand people gathered about the lion cages and witnessed the operation.

The operation, which is thought to be the first of the kind on record, was in every way successful. It occupied over an hour of the time of the dentist and the keeper, and it was done with comparative ease and with little pain to the lion.

About 2 o'clock the keeper went into the cage, followed by the admiring eyes of the great crowd, among them several hundred women. He had everything arranged, and with the help of his assistants drove the other occupants of the lion's den into the rear cage and shut the door.

After fondling Major for a while, to get him into a good humor, the keeper called for the ropes, and the task of tying the beast to the side of the cage began.

In a few minutes they had his four feet through the sides of the cage, and he could scarcely move. Once he chewed the rope in two, and with his jaws pulled out the knot that tied one foot. The rest was comparatively easy.

Ropes were placed around the upper and lower jaws, and the mouth held open with a piece of heavy timber in the hands of the keeper. Dr. Berner then came into the cage with his instruments, and was cheered by the crowd.

He first lanced the gum around the ulcerated tooth, cut the flesh loose,

and, after applying a few drops of chloroform, began the work of extracting the tooth.

With the first strong pull with the forceps Dr. Berner brought out a tooth two and a half inches long. But it was only a piece of a very bad tooth, and it took three more trips with the forceps to get the rest.

Then there were more cheers, but Major was quite docile by this time, and cared very little for what was going on. The chloroform had begun to work and he felt little of the pain. Dr. Berner left the cage, the ropes were untied, and Keeper De Vry and the lion played together for a few moments before the former left the cage.



Pulling a Lion's Teeth.
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AN INTERESTING TOY.

The Artificial Spectrum Top perplexes Scientists.

Scientists of England have been giving a great deal of serious consideration lately to the study of a mere toy which they are still unable to explain satisfactorily. It is a top called the "artificial spectrum top," in which mere tracings of black and white are made to assume colors when in motion.

The top as now constructed consists of a revolving disc, half black and half white. On the white side are short, concentric arcs of black. When the top revolves close under a bright lamp these arcs appear, not as gray lines, as might be expected, but as lines of color. To most eyes the effect is as follows:

- (1) When the revolution is such that the black line is preceded by the black half of the disc and followed by the remainder of the white, it appears red;
- (2) when the direction of rotation is



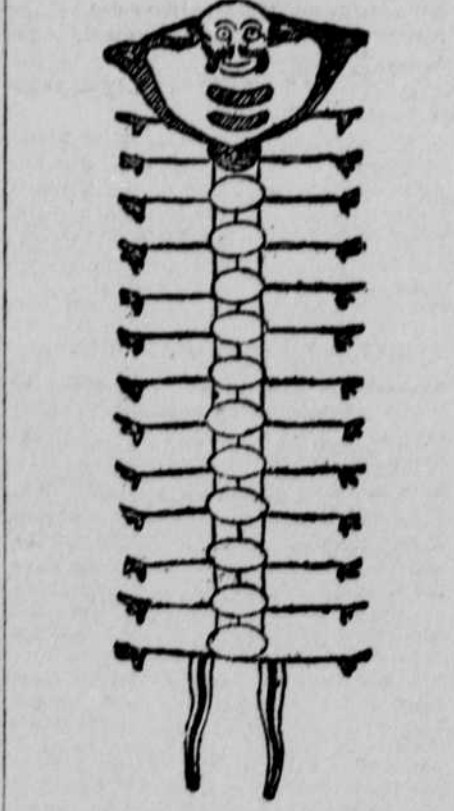
reversed it appears blue; (3) when the lines are on the central portion of the white (so as to have equal white intervals on each side) the color is green; (4) intermediate positions give approximately the intermediate colors of the spectrum. A few people see the colors differently, and one or two people, by no means color blind, can see no color at all. Curiously enough, a few people who are somewhat color blind can see the colors on the top very well.

Then the boy took off the skin, which was found to measure nine feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, a pretty fair trophy for a boy to win single-handed and unaided.

their arms and legs spread out, hunters and soldiers.

"Fighting kites" are seen everywhere in both China and Japan.

The armed kite is usually made about 2 1/2 feet high and covered with cambric or silk. The tail may be made of strips of bright colored cloth about one inch wide, securely tied in the middle to a strong twine. The destructive part of this kite is the tail, to which are attached sharp pieces of broken glass called knives. Fasten three of these knives together with



wax, so that each shall point in a different direction, bind on three slips of thin wood lengthwise to hold the wax and glass firmly, and cover with cloth or kid.

A much simpler weapon is made by dipping the ten feet of string next to the kite in glue and then rolling it in pounded glass until thickly coated with a glistening armor of sharp points. The object with both is, of course, to cut your opponent's string. The skillful maneuvering that this requires is very good practice in training one to act quickly. It is considered dishonorable to cut an unarmed kite.

Getting Up a Small Fair.

First talk it over with your mother and get her advice and co-operation. Girls can always carry on affairs of this sort best if they have their mother's help and sympathy. It is very nice to talk all one's plans over with one's mother.

If mamma approves, write notes to your most intimate friends, asking them to a meeting at your house on the first convenient day, Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, for instance, is a good time for girls to spare an hour. Of course there are some girls whom you can invite verbally. It is not worth while to write a note to Mary Adrain, whom you walk to school with every day, or to Susie Spader, whose seat in school adjoins your own.

Having brought your friends together, appoint one young lady to take the chair, and then state, as clearly as you can, with her permission, the object of the meeting. Tell about the charity hospital, or a poor family, or a crippled child who is in need of medical attendance and relief. More money is necessary than any of you can give outright, so you think it would be nice to have a fair, and devote the money gained to the excellent purpose you have in view.

Probably there will be objections. The question of funds will come up, and if each of you donate a small sum, say 25 cents apiece, you can buy with the whole amount sufficient material to make a great many pretty and easily saleable articles—as dollies, tea cloths, center pieces, carving cloths, cases for brushes and combs, crocheted slippers for the bedside, and other dainty bits of handwork. These will furnish your fancy table. When the time comes for your fair, make a quantity of delicious, home-made candy, and put it in pretty boxes, daintily wrapped up in paraffine paper. Take orders beforehand for your candy. You will have no trouble in selling caramels, chocolate creams, peppermint creams and old-fashioned molasses candy. I am sure about this part of the fair, for I know that home-made candy, if good, vanishes like magic when little cooks are the saleswomen.

Dolls, prettily dressed, will find many willing buyers, and, with the holidays just before us, you ought to secure orders for dolls among your friends. Dolls dressed in costumes as queens, shepherdesses, fairies, and sailors, are very attractive.—Harper's Round Table.

He Caught the Lion.

Life is still adventurous in the wilder parts of the West, as witness a single paragraph in a late issue of the Arizona Sentinel: Juan Romero, aged fifteen, had gone, with his dog, in search of a horse, when a big mountain lion sprang out of a bush and attacked the dog. The boy was unarméd, but he had no thought of running away. The dog was his friend, and friends are not lightly to be deserted.

Juan was unarmed, we say, but he had a larriet, and knew how to use it. A quick and accurate throw, and the noose was around the lion's neck, and in another moment was drawn tight.

The beast jumped and plunged, but the boy held on, and, by and by, in one of the lion's wild leaps, it landed in a dense and stout mesquite bush, over which the larriet and the boy—held it until it was strangled.

Then the boy took off the skin, which was found to measure nine feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, a pretty fair trophy for a boy to win single-handed and unaided.

Proof of it

Milton—Do you believe that the souls of the departed can communicate with us after death?

Kilby—Oh, yes; I frequently get letters from friends who have moved to Philadelphia.

Improved Filtering Funnel.

A French photographer has patented an improved filtering funnel for the use of chemists and druggists. Those whose labors include the purifying of fluids are frequently annoyed by the tenacity with which the filter paper adheres to the inside of the ordinary glass filtering funnel as soon as wet, thus impeding the free passage of the liquid through the paper, and concentrating the whole filtering process at the lower apex of the cone. The new funnel has irregular corrugations or grooves extending over the entire inside, and intersecting each other in irregular series, which renders it impossible for the paper to cling to much of the surface, and thus brings the whole surface of the paper into action.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., of La Crosse, Wis., have recently purchased the complete catalogue trade of the Northrup, Braslan, Goodwin Co., of Minneapolis and Chicago. This gives the Salzer Seed Co. the largest catalogue mail trade in the world and they are in splendid shape to take care of same, as they have recently completed a large addition to their mammoth seed houses. The 1896 catalogue is just out and the largest ever issued. Sent to any address for 5 cents to cover postage.

W. N.

How He Collected His Salary.

The genial pastor of one of the suburban churches, whose salary is somewhat in arrears at present, stepped into the hardware store of one of his parishioners the other morning and asked to see some corkscrews—very large and strong ones, he explained.

"Why, Dr. —, what in the world you want with one, anyhow?" said the dealer.

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "I want a corkscrew large enough to give me some assistance in drawing my salary."

The story reached the ears of his congregation and the indebtedness was cancelled forthwith.—Cincinnati T.R. bue.

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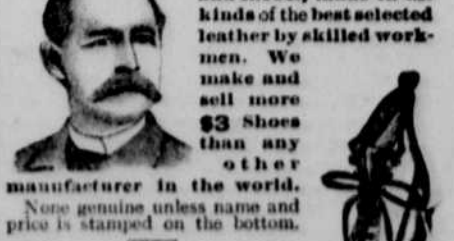
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