

CHAPTER X1.-(Continued.) though expected every minute, had not Maxwell remained behind; as a phy- yet arrived. The colonel had no reasician he was too familiar with death son to conceal the fact that he had to he awed by that of a man who had given the young officer a leave of abbeen almost a stranger to him and sence or its purpose. True, dangers had never possessed his sympathies. and risks were everyday occurrences Scarcely had the immediate relatives in this war; people regarded them as left the room, when, to the magis- matters of course and wasted few trate's horror, he took a seat close be- words over them, but Roland was, as side him. his friend expressed it. "the darling

"Let me give you our warmest of the regiment." thanks," he said, in the friendliest "I ought to have refused the leave." tone. "Now pray order the rest of said Colonel Burney, angrily. "I fear the dinner to be served. I'll call the the matter will end badly. He ought you; tomorrow you will, perhaps, perwaiter at once." to have been here long ago, had the

"No, thank you," replied the old adventure proved successful." gentleman, unensily, "I prefer to leave "We often reconnoiter within the al once. Mr. Roland promised to let enemy's lines," one of the officers reus return to the city."

"Yes, the carriage will be at your he is less likely to attract attention disposal in half an hour at latest. The on that account. The dangers which young couple, to whom you will threaten him on way-" doubtless be ready to yield precedence. "Are the least," interrupted the col-

start first; and until then I shall onel. "What I fear is treachery withmave the honor of entertaining you." in the house where he believes him-Mr. Thompson glanced timidly at self safe. He would listen to no coun-

his neighbor's coat-pocket, where he sel, but I had a presentiment of evil knew that the revolver was conceal- from the beginning." ed, but did not venture to decline the "We won't anticipate the worst at

offered entertainment and yielded to present," remarked another officer. Worth a Quarter, Then \$1,500, Then his fate. Fortunately he was not sub- "Roland may be compelled to make a jected to too long a trial.

Meanwhile a short but touching tor Maxwell has not returned, either.' scene had occurred in the sick room. where Florence, amid burning tears, is no danger in that quarter. I am saw her father draw his last breath. glad that my fears concerning the fe-He passed away in sleep, without re- ver proved groundless. The doctor gaining consciousness. Harrison's sent me the most reassuring news." death broke the chain which bound his "Good evening, gentlemen!" said a daughter.

Weak and irresolute as Florence had emn assemblage is probably on acseemed, the inevitable found her calm, count of the victory of which I heard and the consciousness of the peril on my arrival. It will give an unexwhich every moment's delay increased pected turn to the campaign." for her husband sustained her "And a fortunate one," replied the strength. She knelt to kiss the dead colonel, beckoning Maxwell to enter.

gratulate him. He wears his new dignity somewhat timidly." It was really William, who had come

to report his return. He was warmly greeted by all. The colonel especially received him with great cordiality. "Welcome, Lieutenant Roland! Here you are at last! Doctor Maxwell has

already told us the whole adventure of which you were the hero." "Not I but John Maxwell was the

hero," said William, holding out his hand to his friend with ill-repressed emotion. "Had it not been for him, I should have lost happiness and life. I shall never forget what he did today."

Maxwell laughingly refused his thanks.

"Let that pass, Will; we shall wrangle again at the very next opportunity. Germans and Americans always quarrel, and our armistice won't last long. Today I risked my life for il yours for me; so we shall be quits. At any rate, you returned punctually -at sunset!"

He pointed toward the window. The marked. "True, Roland is alone, but sun was just sinking below the horizon, and its last beams were fading. "Yes, I gave my word of honor that I would do so," said William, with the deepest earnestness. "But that I kept it-was able to keep it-I owe to you alone."

THE END.

## STORY OF A STAMP

Went Up in Smoke.

In the year 1851 a 12-penny black Canadian postage stamp was printed by the government at Ottawa. The public did not regard this somber issue with favor, and few were issued. One of these stamps was sent to the Hamilton postoffice, where it was sold to an old man, who said it was a shame to print the queen's picture on a stamp that might be handled by profane hands. Tenderly the man put it on a parcel, sending it to a friend in the United States. Here, in the waste basket, it lay for many a day, till an errand boy found it and gickly transferred it to his album. Despairing of getting a good collection, and his fever somewhat abating, he sold them to a dealer. The new dealer, on looking at the catalogue, found that what he

had paid \$5 for was worth \$25. Acci-

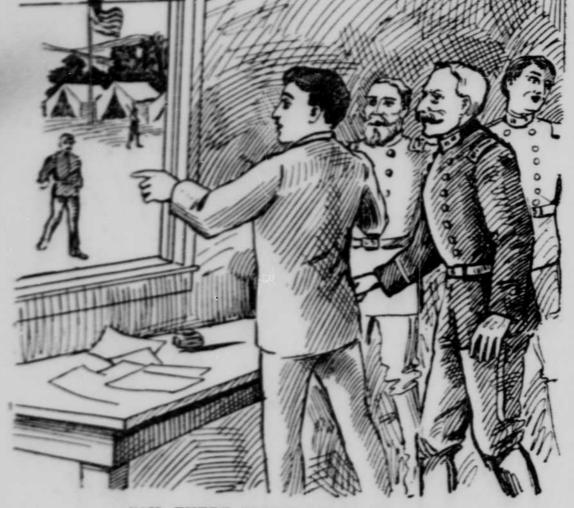


## CZARINA AS A GIRL.

SHE WAS FOND OF ROMPING IN WILD PLACES.

A Fearless Rider of the Mountain Pony-Once Came Near Losing Her Life-Still Cherishes Loving Recollections of Her Childhood Days.

The Girl's Realm for December has a sketch by "Sybil," of the girlhood of the empress of Russia. The photograph of her majesty as a baby shows marked promise of force of character, and bears a singular resemblance to the latest portrait. The following gossip of Deeside may be selected for citation here: "The great delight of her girlhood were the visits to Balmoral, where she would scour the hills on her mountain pony. Many stories have I heard in the Highlands about the fearless riding of Princess Alix. One morning she was riding in a strong wind, which carried her hat literally over the hills and far away, and she arrived at the keeper's house in the forest with her hair streaming down her back and a pocket handkerchief tied over her head. The keeper's wife was terribly concerned to see the queen's granddaughter arriving in such a plight, but Princess Alix enjoyed the fun. She borrowed a comb and hairpins, and having reduced her stray locks to order, again assumed the pocket handkerchief for head-gear, and in it galloped hope to the castle. Princess Alix and her sisters visited freely amongst the cottages at Balmoral, and had many adventures in their rambles about the shores of the Dee. Their great delight was a village shop a short distance from the castle, kept by an old lady named Mrs. Symonds. This ancient worthy had her shop stocked with all kinds of oddments such as children delight in-fishing tackle, balls, tam-o'shanter caps-and furthermore she sold sweetmeats and cakes. The shop has been for many years the rendezvous of the queen's juvenile visitors, and it is to many of them a novel delight to be able to go and make little purchases for themselves without form or ceremony. The empress of Russia, when she visited Balmoral after her marriage, showed that she cherished a loving recollection of her old



"AH, THERE COMES WILLIAM."

nothing now held her to Springfield.

gave the old servant the necessary or- seriously anxious about him.'

"Ralph, we shall leave the care of your dead master in your hands. You | left him five minutes ago." will render him the last services and remain here until the funeral is over. Then seek us at the place I have described to you. Escape is not difficult now, and the road is not long. See that Edward Harrison is not found | doing there?" and released before an hour has passed. He is gagged and bound, but there is no danger concerning his life. The longer you can prevent his being discovered the greater will be our chance of safety. If you are questioned, you know no more than the other pervants and had the best intentions in bringing the message. They can- act as best man-all in a single hour. not help believing you, and in three I think, gentlemen, I have accomplishdays we shall expect you."

Florence had also risen and held out this brief time." her hand to the old man.

"Farewell till we meet again, Ralph! I cannot even attend my father to the of banter they knew, and the colonel grave, and must leave the last offices | said disapprovingly; to be rendered by the hands of "Don't jest, doctor. Such things strangers; but he will forgive me; he are no laughing matters. If Roland knows that my husband's life is at is really here, why doesn't he report ! stake, Farewell."

The carriage had rolled up to the terrace outside. They avoided the way land to his quarters. One can't blame through the ante-room, where all the a man who has been married only servants had assembled. William led three hours, if he cares first for his his wife through the drawing-room, young wife. He will be here puncwhere Maxwell joined them, after tak- tually at sunset." ing a friendly leave of Mr. Thomp- "His wife? Do you mean Miss Har-

man's brow and bid him farewell; | "Sit down, doctor. We were just speaking of your friend, who has not Meanwhile William, in a low tone, yet returned. I am beginning to be

circuit or wait for the darkness. Doc-

"Maxwell is at the outposts; there

familiar voice at the door. "This sol-

"William is already here," said Maxwell, taking the proffered seat. "I

"Thank heaven! So you met him on the way back?"

"No. We returned from Springfield together."

"From Springfield? What were you

"Very different things-some pleasant, some disagreeable. In the first place, I had to bring Lieutenant Roland from behind iron bars, then to secure the worthy Mr. Harrison, who wished to brand us as spies; then to subdue all Springfield, including a justice of the peace, and, finally, to ed the utmost amount possible within

The officers glanced first at one another, then at the speaker whose love

at once?'

"Because he is escorting Mrs. Romore patrons than any other ten ani-

dentally this stamp was slipped into a 25-cent packet and sent to a dealer residing in Hamilton. When the latter opened the packet he was astonished to find such a valuable stamp, and, being honest, wrote his friend to If I could be a valentine, inform him of what had happened, offering him \$1,200 for it. The offer was I'd get into an envelope accepted, and the stamp again changed hands. By this time the stamp had increased in value, and not a few came And if the postman didn't know from a distance to look at the treasure. One day an English nobleman who, through a friend, had heard of the stamp, offered \$1,500, which offer was accepted. The English lord, faliing in love with an American heiress. and wishing to gain the favor of her brother, presented him with the stamp as a token of his esteem. Here, in its I'd ring the bell and ring the bell new and luxurious home, it came to a sad end, for one day the maid by And when you came and saw 'twas I, mistake swept the stamp, which had accidentally fallen out of the album. into the fire. In an instant the stamp,

which thousands had heard of and longed for, went up in smoke to the broad, blue sky, leaving not a trace behind.

## The Tiger Got Out.

No circus menagerie is ever without its man-eater, you know," said the old wagon driver as reminiscences were in order. "We had ours when I was with Dan Rice, and the papers gave him such an awful reputation for ferocity that people dared not to come within ten feet of his cage. Of course I used to get off a lecture on him. According to my story he had killed and maimed thirteen different men, five horses, two camels and a rhinoceros. One day, after I had delivered the old stereotyped thing, that tiger pushed open the door of his cage and jumped out. Some one's carelessness, you know. There was a wild rush of people for the entrance, a general alarm outside the tents, and for a minute I was so scared that I couldn't even fall down. The tiger was looking around to see what he could tackle, when a mongrel dog not more than a third of his size came rushing up and sailed into him. True as you live, that dog humped that tiger three times around the tent, snapping at his heels all the time, and the Bengal got away from him only by leaping back into

his cage. The affair got into the papers, and of course we got the grand guy all the rest of the season. It paid us, however. People who wouldn't think of going into the circus used to buy tickets to see that 'ferocious maneater,' and he therefore brought us in

mals combined." was needed. The same is true today. Good St. Valentine was a martyr, they tell us, and some can see no pro The two grandsons of the Chinese priety in naming this lovers' day for statesman Li Hung Chang visited the him: but to my mind the fitness is University of California by invitation | most striking. How many a tortured mentioned that I attended the wed- of Prof. Fryer, who was acquainted heart has gone to its martyrdom at the with them in China. They arrived on | eventide of this day! Even escaping The words sounded so plain and the steamer China on Monday, but were that, how many a soul has been placed not able to land until Tuesday after- upon the rack by the coquetry of some noon. They went to the Occidental maiden sweet at this same crucial hotel, and are staying there with Mr. | time! For the Valentine Sprite is true Walter Lambuth, who is escorting to her sex, in spite of the traditions them to Nashville, where they will per- that hem her in and fix her place as haps enter Vanderbilt university. The some meek captive awaiting the decree we keeps them ever bright and warm,

A HAPPY VALENTINE.

I know what I would and

And travel straight to you.

Your name is Baby Dear

As soon as he was near.

And run across the street.

Oh, my, how we would laugh!

A valentine had feet.)

A minute and a half.

fully as much havoc.

knows it now.

clearly into the future and saw there

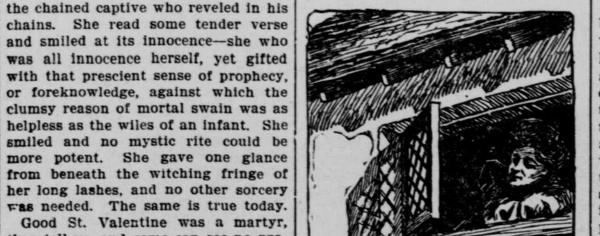
nay? The Valentine Sprite mistakes Je 3 not-whom she chooses him she holds. 24 Heretofore, my brothers, I have warned you, though the warnings were vain, but against this enchantress I cannot bid you steel yourself, for the soft witchery of her innocent smile has And where you live, I'd shake his bag sealed my lips, and I know not whether this maiden with the childish grace and the woman's wiles be most a bless-And then with all my might I'd jump ing or a snare to you. I can only tell you this-your struggles against her (I'm sure that he'd jump, too, to find will amount to naught but your own complete captivity, for with each

plunge you sink deeper the arrow that has pierced you. This much of the mystery, however, I can reveal to you: Mortal maid is the Valentine Sprite until that fateful morning when the little winged god flies from chamber to chamber and touches sleeping eyes with the feather end of his arrow, then speeds him on

his way before the white lids unclose in wonder and the sweet glances go forth with the wisdom that Cupid alone can give and each one is touched with the power of his arrow point. Mortal maid she is not from that hour until the going down of the sun, and man is utterly helpless against the subtle witchery of this mystic, loveand of the nineteenth century, but that created being who beckons him into is wrong. She may be more coy, more Elysium. reticent, more elusive, but she is still

And you, O youth, who scoff at the with us. On each St. Valentine's day time-honored privilege of sending to she peeps from her casement window, some lady fair upon this day of days a either literally or figuratively, with plea from your heart, hidden and just as enticing a glance; her smiles shrined within some dainty, perfumed are no less alluring; her sighs create nest of beauty, or who turn with a laugh from the nemory picture of Perhaps she no longer pins bay

your great-great-grandfather buried leaves to her pillow to tempt fate, or makes a pretense of drawing her lot from a bundle of names written upon slips of material paper-all that was but form at best. The Sprite of the Valentine knew well who was her fate without such expedients. And she The eyes of common mortals might On every hand the Valentine Sprite be blinded, but her bright eyes looked uprises, an avenger for any slight,



cury and bids him speed with it to her | years that bind you to her I hear the chosen valentine, for who shall say her | echo of a tender strain: "Love, love, so wholly mine, I am still thy valentine!"

> ST. VALENTINE WAS CRUEL TO HIS BIRDS.

> Annie Trumbull Slosson writes in Bird-Lore:

The cold wave reached us at Miami, on Biscayne bay, Florida, in the night of Feb. 12. On the 13th. Monday, it was very cold all over the state, with snow and sleet as far south as Ormond and Titusville. Our thermometers

my room in the hotel, about 4 in the afternoon, I saw a bird outside my window, then another and another, and soon the air seemed full of wings. Opening the window to see what

the visitors could be, I found they were tree swallows. Several flew into my room, others clustered on the window ledge, huddling closely together for warmth. There were hundreds of them about the house seeking shelter and warmth. They crept in behind the window blinds, came into open windows, huddled together by dozens on cornices and sills. They were quite fearless; once I held my hand outside and two of them lighted on its palm and sat there quietly. As it grew dark and colder their numbers increased. They flew about the halls and perched in corners, and the whole house was alive with them. Few of the guests in the hotel knew what they were; some even called them "bats," deep in the lover's ecstasy and the and were afraid they might fly into poet's rapture, as he pens the words their faces or become entangled in which shall be his heart message to their hair. One man informed those his heart's desire, do not too lightly set about him that they were humming Jumping up I seized him by the collar aside the good old custom; at least, birds, "the large kind, you know," but put it away with tender reverence, for all were full of sympathy for the beau- ed trousers and propelled him, turthe spirits of those olden rites are not tiful little creatures out in the cold and key fashion, through the open door. to be flippantly consigned to oblivion. darkness. A few were taken indoors 'There, you black scoundrel!' I ex-"what were these among so many?" The next morning the sun shone

haunts, for the very first place she visited on the morning after her arrival was the shop. She brought the czar with her, quite in a girlish mood to see, as she said, if Mrs. Symonds would know who he was. She also went one afternoon and took tea with the keeper's wife in the house in the wood, and talked about the time when she had come riding there without her hat." Even when she was 16 the future empress "took delight in reading books on philosophy and sociology."

NEW IN THE COUNTRY.

A Drummer's Bad Break in One of the Central American Capitals.

"It takes some time to learn the social ropes in Central America," remarked a gentleman in the banana at Miami ranged from 36 degrees to 40 | trade, "and a stranger is very apt to degrees during the day. As I sat in put his foot in it. The first time I ever went into the country myself was as the representative of an American machinery house. There was a good field for us in one of the republics, but the tariff was prohibitive, and I concluded to go over to the capital and have an interview with the minister of agriculture, hoping to persuade him to recommend a reduction. I spoke pretty fair Ollendorf Spanish, but was otherwise green as a gourd, and as soon as I arrived I made a bee line for the administration building. While I was cooling my heels in an ante-room, waiting for a chance to speak to somebody in authority and ascertain how the minister could be seen, a very black. fat little negro waddled in, wearing what I took to be a species of livery. He had exactly the air of an impudent, overfed house servant, and he looked me over in a way that made my blood boil. 'Hi, boy!' I said sharply, 'how long must I wait here?' 'How should I know?' he replied in Spanish; 'if it doesn't suit you, to get out.' He chuckled as he spoke, and his answer so infuriated me that I lost my head. and the slack of his absurd embroiderand sheltered through the night, but claimed, 'go and send somebody after my card!' The little fat darky was so amazed that he couldn't utter a word. brightly, though the weather was still He simply gazed and disappeared. Half very cold-the mercury had fallen be- a minute later a squad of soldiers low 30 degrees during the night. But rushed in and placed me under arrest. as I raised the shade of one of my and then I learned that my friend in eastern windows I saw a half-dozen of the embroidered pantaloons was the the swallows sitting upon the ledge in minister of public instruction. I will the sunshine, while the air seemed leave you to imagine my feelings. It again filled with flashing wings. 1 took three hours of solid talk from was so relieved and glad. Surely the both the American and British consuls tiny creatures, with their tints of to get me out of the scrape, and, incisteely blue or shining green contrast- | dentally, I made a groveling apology. ing with the pure white of the under | Of course, I didn't dare to introduce parts, were more hardly than I had the machinery proposition after such a



-Anna M. Pratt.

son and assuring him of his high re- rison?"

gard. The young couple entered, John took the reins from the driver's hands, ordered him to remain and sprang on the box himself. The car- ding." riage dashed off at the horses' utmost speed.

idly after the carriage, which was no briefly what had happened. longer visible. Only a cloud of dust in the distance showed that the spir-

ited animals were doing their duty. "There they go!" said the justice,

drawing a long breath. "Thank heavincarnate!"

"A horrible fellow!" echoed the clerk. "I believe he would have shot us both down in cold blood if you hadn't performed the ceremony."

"Yes, a horrible fellow!" repeated Mr. Thompson. "But an original, remarkable character, too; and he has a very high regard for me. He told me so three times."

CHAPTER XIL

It was sunset at the Union camp. Colonel Burney had summoned all the officers of the regiment to one of the little festivities which are often improvised on the march or in camp.

A certain .feeling of anxiety per-

"Pardon me, I mean Mrs. Roland, who has accompanied her husband. I

positive that doubt was no longer

Five minutes later, the magistrate's possible. But Maxwell was now asface appeared in the open doorway, sailed with questions from all sides. and behind him the tall figure of his Everybody pressed forward, and he clerk. Both gazed curiously and tim- found himself compelled to relate

> "Our return was accomplished without the least danger," he said, in conclusion. "In an elegant carriage and accompanied by a lady, we were beyond the pale of suspicion and reach-

en! That Doctor Maxwell is Satan ed the outposts safely, where Lieutenant Davis received us with the utmost courtesy and went into raptures over Mrs. Roland. But he is right. William is a dare-devil and incorrigibly obstinate, but we must admit that he

York World. has good taste. His wife is charming."

> The last remark seemed to interest the younger officers extremely. They wanted to learn all sorts of particulars about Mrs. Roland and were greatly disappointed when informed that the young bride was very much agitated by her father's death and probably pens."-Washington Star.

would see little of her husband's comrades for some time.

"Ah, there comes William!" he exher dog doesn't seem as cute to othwaded the group. Lieutenant Roland, claimed, interrupting himself. "Con- ers as to herself.

young men will at first live in a pri- that shall send her rejoicing into vate family near the university and whatever arms are stretched out to take a course to fit them for entering. receive her.

They dress in American style and have Be not deceived. She has decided discarded their queues. Although well upon the arms long before, and they educated from a Chinese point of view | are held forth at her will. She may they have been studying only English have spoken no word save of the coytwo years with a private tutor at their est, but she has willed. Ah, how dehome in Nanking and Yangchow. They | luded are they who cast a pitying eye have pleasing and unassuming man- | upon woman for her lack of the power ners .- Oakland (Cal.) special New to choose and to plead! Know ye not,

my lords of creation, that by far the most frequently ye are the chosen and As a Rival Looks at It. come you come. If she wills you to ority:

"So he regards himself as a senaspeak you speak, and, more than that, torial possibility," said one politician. she has the added power to send you "Undoubtedly," answered the other. away empty if so her caprice decides. "On what theory." "I don't know, unless it's the theory that the unexpected always hap-

A woman never can understand why her. If she Idwin works snowy messa

SHE PEEPS FROM HER CASEMENT WINDOW.

however small, which is offered to her patron saint.

In the midst of your scoffing you hear a whisper at your heart. You blush and sigh and frown, but you listen, and you feel the pressing of the arrow point.

"Love, love, be wholly mine; Come and be my valentine!"

How did the music of it get into your brain? From that time forth you sigh and serve. But this is vengeance that the Valentine Sprite exacts. In the end you are left wailing in the soll-

"Love, love, be wholly mine; Come and be my valentine!" But it may not be.

While for you, spirit of manly love, This in the company life of every day. What, then we the be expected in the mystic tim wes in a we rules all? soul, there is a kinder fate. The Val- porary was his moral earnestness. He financial aid. At least, Valendey been scholds royal sway. If she During last dies to

entine Sprite, with her dower of mystic | was a good man and his religious conwisdom, shall not beckon you but to victions formed the warp and woof of taunt. In the far distance of the future his nature.

feared. But alas! it was but a rem- debut, so my trip was a flat failure. As nant that escaped. Hundreds were I said before it takes some time for a found dead. Men were sent out with stranger to grasp the etiquette of those baskets to gather the limp little bodies parts."-New Orleans Times-Democrat. from piazzas, window ledges and copings. It was a pitiful sight for St.

## "Tea" School.

The oddest school in the United States is now in daily session at Pine-"The birds are all choosing their hurst, Summerville, S. C., says the New York Journal. Uncle Sam's paternal and financial part in the institution makes it of interest to the nation. It is situated in the heart of the tea lands about Summerville, and its odd feature is the curriculum. Under the supervision of a competent teacher thirty South Carolina pickaninnies are taught the three old fashioned R's-"readin', 'ritin' and 'r'thmetic"-and tea picking. And the last is not the may mean nothing higher than a prize least important study. The rapid development of tea raising in the South has received additional impetus from the announced intention of Sir Thomas head. The most symmetrical man of Lipton to invest \$500,000 in tea culnot the choosers? If she wills you to tude of your twentieth-century superihis moral nature was as sweet and familiar with the soil and climatic wholesome as his intellect and body conditions of the state, having at one were strong. In mind, in heart, in time worked as a laborer on a rice soul, in everything but physique and plantation in Georgetown county. inches he was a giant. But the salient The United States Department of with the reverence of tradition in your feature in Gladstone's character and Agriculture is taking a lively interest heart and the loyal longing in your what lifts him above every contem- in the "tea school," and has given it

> Only the very poor or the very rich can afford to keep dogs.

