THE CAPTAIN'S SWEETHEART.

She's the daughter o' the regiment, an somethin's goin' to happen; boys are all a-lovin' her, but my she likes the Cap'n! The I'm very much afraid 's too much on dress parade, there's goin' to be a weddin' He's

the army! She's the daughter o' the regiment, an

somethin's goin' to happen; There's a wavin' of her white hand, an a red rose for the Cap'n! We're all of us afraid He's too much on dress parade,

there's goin' to be a weddin' in An' the army!

She's the daughter o' the regiment, an somethin's goin' to happen. Fer she's in the rosy carriage throwin

kisses to the Cap'n! The private's day is done:

It's the Cap'n who has won, An' there's goin' to be a weddin' in the army!

SETTLING AN OLD DISPUTE

(By Julia B. Foster.)

....... "Seems to me. Tiny, the folks might

T've been thinkin' so, Sim, ever sence

"Thet was a great joke o' yourn- ment, embracin' t Lordy! ef the folks hed ketched ye! I'll yit?" he inquired. never forgit how the sun shined on the bottom of thet tin diner pail, as it fung up at me 'twas kind o' sassy uv you, anyhow, always attractin' me, either with a tin bucket, or your eyes, or takin'est smile in the world."

"Well, Sim, if you would look, I couldn't help it," answered Tiny, and then a soberness stole over her face. wonder, sometimes, ef you realize what we've gone and done for ourselves," she added.

'Seein' I come of such dod-blamed obstinate stock, I don't care. You an' me, Tiny, is a goin' to git jined, some time, ef it ain't till kingdom come. Ef hed the world o' girls to choose from, I'd a taken you." "And I you, Sim, dear."

At this the tall young fellow's arm stole half way round the waist, so temptingly slender and so confidingly near; but in an instant Tiny rebuked him, by silently putting her hand in his. "Don't spoll it all, Sim," she said, simply. "I love to come out here and meet you, and you know it, but I jest can't ef you don't behave."

bury, between the cornstalks, grin and back into good humor.

The two stood on unplanted ground an odd strip about a hundred yards wide, running both ways as far as the could reach, while on either side the ranks of corn toed the line, seemingly afraid to encroach one inch bed their mark. It was deep, fertile prairie land, covered now with the characteristic coarse grass and gum weed, but as capable of good yield un-der cultivation as the fields on either hand.

"Tiny," said Sim, as if deliberating. 'you an' me's of age. The girl quivered a little, but she

looked at him resolutely. 'An' there ain't no reason why we should stay right here all our lives. I'm a strappin' feller, an' though I hate to leave loway, I reckon there's other states where a man could work fernself an' wife.'

Tom Saulsbury came a step nearer. "I heard how she spoke of her mother, mom, and I hope you likewise heard est how Sim mentioned me, fer in th main, he done me justice, ani himself credit. Sim's a strong, hardworkin' young man, an' an improvement on his father, I should jedge. Should you mom, sayin' he wasn't a Saulsbury. now, feel comfortable thet your dotten should hev him?

"Tiny's a darlin' good girl, active an willin' an', bein' hog and hominy bred, always healthy and cheerful. Don't seem as ef she was old enough, an' yet -well-ruther'n she shouldn't marry at all, like Susan and Eliza-terrible old maids, both of 'em!-why yes. But a Saulsbury-oh!" Mrs. Taylor protested

pointedly. The old man shifted his weight to the other foot and gazed into the clouds. "Mis' Taylor, we've been en-gaged in upholdin' a principle nigh onto twenty years, now, an' 1 don't know but what we've about wore it out Still, ef there hain't but a rag left of the old flag, I'm bound to grip the flag staff, an' I s'pose you're the same." "I ain't changed none," she returned

vindictively. "But, bein' so well pleased with Sim fer his goin' ahead as he durn please, spite of the parents on both sides; also, seein' with my own eyes, which is jest goin' into specs on fine print, what a modest an' sensible girl you've raised, an idee occurs to me by which we can glt shet of the whole thing in a self-I waved thet fin pail at you across the respectin manner. Mis' Taylor, do you still hold your patent from the goverment, embracin' this here strip o' land,

> The slat bonnet nodded violently, "And ruther n' go to law about it, you will consent to leave it a sorter

neutral strip as long as you live?" Again the bonnet agitated. "Well, I still hold my patent, too,

clearly definin' it as part of my do-mains, plainly betrayin' the mistake in surveyin' which our almighty gover'ment has made. I'll never go back of my promise, nuther, about leavin' it in nateral prairie while 1 keep my claim. Now, when in the course of na-ture you become an angel, which it be proper to suppose-the old maids bein' otherwise provided fer, as I've always heard, an' heaven, as I said, takin' care of the widder-to suppose thet you'd leave your farm here in loway,

to your sole issue?" "It would," Mrs. Taylor replied, won-

deringly. "My farm bein' ekally good an' productive land, I should, in like case, an' givin', for once, employment to a lawyer, leave it to the only child I have in the world, an' that's my Sim. Then, as I understand it, these two farms, Neither of them saw old man Sauls- lyin' to right an' left, could be attached as wings to this here strip of a hunhis leg noiselessly, at this rebuff, dred yards wide, by three hundred and and, somewhat aggrieved. Sim with-drew his arm to a safe distance. It was wonderful, then, to see little Tiny Taylor fluttering about like a hum-ming bird, coaxing the great fellow my hired man. John

"An' me to furnish two webs of cloth of my own an' Susan an' Eliza's spinning, an' the guilts an' a set of pewter dishes" said Mrs. Taylor, rising to the enthusiasm due the subject.

With a litter of pigs to root at the back end of the strip," continued Saulsbury.

"An' a cow at the far end the other way." added the widow, eagerly.

"But mum's the word, mom! Let 'em un away, an' welcome, an' when they come home, bein' as you don't want to lose your dotter, an' I don't want to lose my son, we'll give them a weddin' party on their own farm, even if it is only a narrer strip of perarie. An' mom. in the light of these bloomin' affections, specially sence we've both give up our bone of contention, does it strike you thet we two's got a matter fer quarrel furder, after twenty years

WHERE GEN. SHAFTER MADE A RECORD.

Subdued the Indians and Lawbreakers on the Mexican Border--Lost no Time Getting into Action and Fought to Protect the People.

know?

According to intimate friends of sort of action created a sentiment of General Shafter, who is now before mortal fear on the part of the Mex-Santiago-Pecos Bill-there need be no leans and almost worship by the setabout the outcome of the battle tlers and residents of Texas. They hough Washington fails to send could go to sleep at night with Shafter even though Washington fails to send reinforcements or the strategy board burns out a fuse with red-hot mes-sages to entangle the work of that fighter. When the time comes Shafter on watch at the door and there was no fear of molestation. "All this was in 1878 to '81, and was especially true after the first year. But when Shafter first came down there it, will cut the cable or have the operator sent to jail and then pitch in and finish was quite different. The whole coun-try was overrun with hordes of law breakers who cared no more for human the job with neatness and dispatch, and he will do it even if he has to break a United States law in doing so. life or property than for a meal. He will fight first and trust to his lawrequired several months for these fel-lows to get to know their man, but yers to clear him afterward. He is a man of his word, and when he sends they never made a mistake after that a message to Washington announcing that he will take Santiago, the nest of The Indians, too, had never been subthe Dons will fall. For several years Pecos Bill was the terror of Spanish speaking Mexicans and Texan desperdued. after Shafter's time the commanding officers were too slow in getting out on the trail. Of course it is well known does, and his name was like the menthat the federal troops cannot be used for the purpose of making arrests, and tion of the devil to them. He cleared the country of the worst gang of crimtoo often the commanding officers arinals that ever cut a throat and threw gued before acting when appealed to open to settlement an immense area of Texas land. He cast a reign of terror for aid. where Indians or Mexicans murdered whole families within a mile and a half over the Indians that simply made cowards of them within three months, of Fort Davis, and it was twenty-four and in doing so general-then colonel-made a bed of roses for the command-ing officers who followed him. These hours before troops were on the move "But with Colonel Shafter it was far different. Occasionally as collector are the sentiments of James W. Clarke, of customs I would get information of large and powerful bands of smugsupreme recorder of the Imperial Legion, who was collector of customs

at Eagle Pass for several years during Shafter's reign in the vicinity. "There is not a better fighter on the face of the globe than Colonel Shafremarked Mr. Clarke last night "He is also a peer among army men, for he is continually making staunch friends among civillans. He does not think the army was made for his especial benefit, and whenever the men under him can do anything to help out the people they do it, and they don't lose any time, either. When Colonel Shafter was appealed to for When ald in hunting down Indians after an outbreak he had his men in the saddle within an hour and often in less time was hot on the trail of the red-He lost no time arguing, but wn to business at once. Why, skins. got down to business at once. Why, ready to take Santiago he will take he even stretched international law on the town and all the powers at the several occasions to do what he thought | other end of the cable will not be able was necessary to suppress the periodical raids of the Mexicans who sneaked across the border and pillaged the ranches and settlers in Texas. You know it was contrary to the treaties He will not ask for reinforcements recently was this permitted by the best possible situation and then only special arrangement with the Mexican fight until the red and yellow is shot government. He got track of a body of desperadoes just as they started over the line into Mexico, and he went right across after them. They fied with the men and supplies furnished like sheep with fear at the daring of him, and he will not, but when the re-the man who defied their government, sult is announced there will be vic-Shafter kept right on after them tory on the banner of the man who and there was a pitched battle, the re-sult of which was long continued scourings of two countries to be found ded bamboo. Each hut had an inner mourning in the Spanish language. This | on the continent."

UNCLE BLUCHER.

"In these war times anecdotes of great soldiers are being revived, and

a 'character,' and he was an inveterate gambler, according to the stories handed down in the German army," says Mr. Meyer. "Blucher was a curious old fellow, according to the army tradition. Did you ever hear the story of what he said about the officer accused of drinking? Well, one fine day the onel of a regiment went to Blucher to complain about another colonel, who, he said, was always drunk. The great general opened a drawer and produced a notebook, from which he read about the gallant conduct of the accused in certain desperate engagements. Closing the book with a bang and throwing it on the table, he looked the accuser steadily in the face and said: 'I wish to God, sir, that you would get drunk, too!' Yes. I know a somewhat similar story is told of President Lincoln in reference to General Grant," continued Meyer, after being interrupted, Mr. "but the German books, published half a century ago, tell that story about old man Blucher. "But General Blucher's own habits gave his friends much concern. Blucher, like many prominent men of his time, was a reckless gambler. The who was much attached to him, had paid his debts over and over but it was no use. The again, old marshal had gone through his wife's property as well as his own, and his pay was always spent in advance. Once he was dead broke and had to go to the king.

LEAVIN' HOME.

When a feller sorter packs his traps gues away from home Wher the birds air allus singin' an' the

honey's in the comb-Whar the sunshine is the brightest an heart beats all in tune

life's as sweet in winter as in An' rosiest days o' June-

No matter how the skies look-ef th'yre jest as bright an' blue

They

11

Before and even for some time

Why, there were instances

the eyes with which your sweet-heart twinkled messages to you-

You'll find 'em growin' misty-with a haze on field an' plain. An' your eyes'll sorter twinkle, an' the lids hide the rain!

Fer the distance-it looks lonesome

- an' though roses red an' white jest as sweet off yonder, with the
- dews an' with the light, the one in old-time gardens, yit-
- it's mighty fur to roamyou know more of the roses in the little spot called "Home!"
- packin' up fer leavin' sorter makes you fumble roun'
- han'kerchers to dry the tears that will come tricklin' down! though you say it's foolishness

yit-the world's so wide to roam! the best world fer a feller_is the An' little, world at home!

IN THE GRASP OF A LION. * *

know what it is now to be well glers about to cross the river. I had within the jaws of death. I know what only a few mounted inspectors and they were totally inadequate to cope with such men. I would go to Colonel It is and how it feels to be pawed and crunched and carried off bodily by a raging lion-yet I live to tell the tale. Shafter and ask him whether he would No man has ever been nearer certain detail a sergeant and a few men to act death than I and yet escaped with his as escort for my men. 'Why, certainly, at once, sir, How many men do you want?' was the prompt reply, and I life.

So spoke Ernest Brockman. He had just come from the heart of Africa, always got as many men as I needed. With some officers the reply was: 'Well, where he had been with an engineeryou know the law says that the troops ing party setting up a telegraph sysof the United States shall not be used in making an arrest, and I really don't see how I can help you, don't you strong and lusty and fearless. In time

he will be so again, for the lion's bites in his thigh missed the great artery "Shafter likewise demonstrated that he was a man of unlimited resources. by an eighth of an inch. The people will find that when he gets

It was in October last that Brockman, a big six-fotoer of 28, went to The party's object was to take Africa. the wire right up to Lake Tangan-yika. Brockman's duty was to follow to hold him back. I never had any fear about the outcome of this battle, and the line as it was put up and test the people will find that General Shafthe wire to see that it worked all right. The only other white man in the party ter will win with the force under him. which Brockman led was a stout-heartto permit an armed soldier to invade or help from Washington, but will which Brockman led was a stout-heart-the domain of another country, and place the means at his command in ed Irishman, Daniel Morkel. The rest, 50 in all, were blacks.

Deep, deep in the heart of the great forest of oil palms and rubber trees they made their first camp. Brockfrom every flagstaff within reach of his man lived in a tiny hut ten feet square. Morkel had another, and the natives threw up some rough shacks for themselves. Stout poles formed the skeletons of the huts, and walls were simply

wall of twisted grass and a roof of the same material. On a fateful day Brockman went hunting with two or three of the blacks and they had pretty fair luck, getting hon e at 4 p. m. The nall hands built a big bonfire, and in front of it sprawled Brockman and Morkel, swapping

the mill operated by the members of brutes were afraid to come too near. the settlement If vegetables are It was only the noise they made that it was only the noise they made that wanted the common garden supplies worried the weary workers. Brockman jumped up. He decided to got out erative plan. "Love thy neighbor as hope of driving the nuisances away. forced. back to his hut and to bed. Let him Two years ago Commonwealth was back to his hut and to bed. Let him founded by a few experimentalists. Now it is a village of 75 families, work-denly conscious that something was ing about 1,000 acres, at one time a moving back and forward beneath my plantation. The old-fashioned home bed. Just as my senses were becoming of the town buildings. Besides this clear I heard a long, loud, indescriuable, sniff, sniff grating on the stillthere are several dwelling houses, a able, snift, snift grating on the still-printing office, a large schoolhouse, a an eve I realized that death was at an eye I realized that death was at almost with the rulers of Europe at the hand-a man-eating lion was under my bed.

Morkel's face. In a moment he was sone, but I was still in his recking jaws. As he bounded along through the inky darkness he gave me a toss of two, as if trying to get me on his back He ran with a springy leap, purring, as he went. And there I was helpless in his jaws and wondering how long I would live. I still felt no pain, only a sense of lively curiosity.

"He was for all the world like a contented cat, pleased with himself and with his meal. As he ran he sucked ontinually at my blood. As the blood dried up in one place he dropped me, and before I could fail to the ground he had caught me in another place and began to suck again. If I moved he bit voraciously. He can thirty yards and then dropped me at the foot of a big baobab tree.

"All the time I wondered at thing; Why didn't he kill me? One tap of his mighty paw would do it. But he was content to let me live and suck my blood, 1 could feel his horrible tongue playing over my thighs and abdomen. It caught little guests of his horrible breath as it crept higher and higher. Nearer and nearer that terrible tongue crept toward my throat. All the time I was as if nothing but a disinterested spectator, wondering what would happen next. I suddenly felt the carrion-soaked jaws at my throat.

"Instinctively J thew up both arms and thrust them far down his throat. As I did so the monster snapped off three fingers from my right hand. Terrifled as I was I actually left the arms hang in his mouth, thinking idly that he might suck away at them and not kill me after all. All the time I kept moaning, feebly, 'Dan, Dan, oh! why

can't you shoot him?" "I could distinctly feel each bite, though it did not pain me in the least. A feeling of strange numbress seized each place where his horrible fangs sank in-that was how I felt it. Then I commenced to wonder when he would start in to eat me. I remember reflecting that I would make rather dry eating after he had sucked all my blood.

"All this time poor Morkel was trying to find me. He had induced two or three of the blacks to come down from the trees where they had been shrieking 'Nkanga! Nkanga!' (the lion! the lion!) just as if they were in any They lighted some wisps danger. grass for torches, and in their lurid light Morkel was just able to make out the lion standing over me. He was an enormous, gaunt brute fully ten feet long, with a tawny mane and a great tail that stood up majestically.

"'Keep cool, keep cool,' shouted Dan, and I remember how funny it sounded. As he approached, rifle in hand, the beast raised his head to see who was coming. By this time my groin was mere pulp. The lion faced about, Mor-kel leveled his rifle and fired. The lion staggered back a few paces-he had been hit in the eye. The ball had come out of his lower jaw, breaking it. Morkel tried to reload. He was in such a desperate hurry that his rifle got jam. med and he found himself practically helpless.'

The rest of the story is fully as terrible. They were hundreds of miles from civilization, and the nearest doctor was almost as far. But the blacks, led by Morkel, got Brockman there. Every one of his wounds had mortified, There was no ether or chloroformhe had to endure, conscious and great soldiers are being revived, and many of these stories throw a sidelight on the private lives of men famous in the world's history," remarked an erstwhile sergeant in the German army the other day. "Old Uncle Blucher, or Bluecher, as the Germans called him, who saved the day at Waterloo and brought about the defeat of the great Napoleon, was a 'character,' and he was an inveterate screaming, the cutting away of every bit of diseased flesh. For weeks he

ming of a door, the sudden appearance of a man threw me into spasms of terror. My mind and reason were all but gone. I, who had been a giant in strength, was like a little child.

UNIQUE TOWN.

The most unique settlement in the United States is the town of Commonwealth, Ga.

"Oh, Sim, you never mean fer us to run away? Why, 'twould kill maw. an' Aunt Susan, an' Aunt Eliza!" gasp. ed Tiny.

"Twouldn't kill 'em," he responded. "Think o' me, danglin' on a string nigh onto two year already; it's a wonder it ain't killed me, that's what! There ain't no other way, honey, but fer us jest to go before the preacher, an' when we're man and wife, both our folks can kick all they're a mind to. There's no use in waitin' neither, is there, Tiny Paw'll never forgive your maw, nor she him. You an' me a tremblin' here, on the ragged edge of diskivery every minute, an' I tell you I won't stand it a great while more. There, there, Tiny! I ain't meanin' to be cross, but of you've got women folks to leave, I've got men folks. 'There's father: he's the ornirest, obstinatest old man you ever see, an' I know it; an' it's jest him to see a pretty little dotter right within reach, an' refuse her, because it's It's a comfort to feel that ef you're marryin' into sech an obstinate family, you're marryin' outen one about as bad. All the same, I'd hate to leave paw, an' Uncle Sim, an' John, thet's ben our hired man an' fed hogs with us, sence before I was born '

Between the two there was a pause. and the man with the silent laugh on his mouth, and with the sun-dried, iron gray hair, eavesdropping among the cornstalks, craned his head forward to catch the next low and desperate tones.

"But I'm goin' to leave 'em, Tiny, an' you an' me'll start off in the world an' find a place fer ourselves; then the Saulsburys that's left can fight it out with the Taylors that's left, an' welcome. Say you'll come, little girl, say you'll come

Surely, their hearts were beating in their ears, or they must have heard that other heart sounding like a trip hammer, just a few feet away.

Tiny looked up at Sim, then, with the look a woman gives a man only once in her life, and that when she herself, goes with it; and then the tears slowly welled into her eyes.

"Oh, Sim," she consented, "but we'll come back and bid 'em good-bye?" "Yes," he replied, straightening him-

self to his six feet two, "yes, after the weddin'

Hardly had the two parted-indeed the shaking tassels of the corn yet betrayed the opposite patch each one had taken-when the old man stepped grimly into the clear strip, the stubby beard on his set, square jaw showing chin appearing within, glided from the stalks on the other side, as if to met

When too late to retreat, they spied each other-old Tom Salisbury, and the Widow Taylor.

'Hem," he said, gruffly.

"M-m-m" she said at the same mo-ment with a little screech in her voice. He took his slouch hat off and passed

'I never s'posed-I never thought"she stammered.

'No, you never s'picioned I was nigh; nuther did I you-bût I do s'picion, now, you've ben about yere long enough to see what's goin' on between my boy your girl. I give you my word, Mis' Taylor, I never drumpt of it before. I stumbled on it, today,

"I couldn't 'a' helieved it of my Tiny unless I'd follered her a-purpose, an'

of dretful onneighborliness? No, mom; take it we're to be a sorter mutual father-in-law an' mother-in-law, an' may God have mercy on us both

"Amen!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, reverently, and the moment she said the word, the sting that had been in her conscience for nearly twenty years, departed, and she felt that now. finally, and at last, she could be the consistent church member she never yet had been.

While Sim and Tiny were making ready their few and simple preparations, they thought it must be because their minds so ran on their plan, that their little world seemed also making preparations. Tiny even went so far, once, as to fancy she smelled wedding cake, and the aunts hung tremulously round her as if she was about to receive all they had missed in As for Sim, he became really ives. embarrassed at the way he was pestered to give his opinion as the fattest pig, the best plow and the best horses in his father's possession.

When guilty Tiny, her heart bursting with love for those she left behind, mounted for that fateful journey to town to meet Sim, she turned and flung her arms around her mother's neck, and sobbed aloud, while Aunt Susan slipped in her pocket the emery bag that had been a family heirloom, and Aunt Eliza tied on her old gold locket by a string. It was, indeed, an odd elopement, and, in the bundle fastened to her saddlehorn. Tiny later found a white shawl that had been part of her mother's wedding finery, and the side combs she had forgotten to put in the package hidden under the roots of a tree that morning.

The bridal couple were gone the week they had planned, and on their return a gracious sight met their view-for, during their absence, their own house had risen as if by enchantment; smoke curied from its chimney; corn bread was on the hearth, and hominy in the pot: and friends crowded to welcome them home

"But, maw," protested Tiny in bewilderment.

"Never mind, now, maw's own darin'," answered Mrs. Taylor. "You an' Sim's done jest the right thing, dear, an' me an' Saulsbury's settled final an' full all the dispute we couldn't a-settled no other ways.'

"But, paw!" protested Sim; and old Tom Saulsbury shook Sim's hand in sandy gray in the sun. A scant-skirted delight as he answered: "When your calleo dress, and a slat bonnet with boy goes fer to run away. Sim, long, pointed nose and an obstinate him to look in among the cornstalks when he lays his plans, fer his dodblamed, obstinate old father.

Uses of Bananas.

Immense fortunes have been made out of the banana business. Revenues do not accrue alone from the sale of the fruit, for the leaves are used for packing, the juice, being strong in his rough hand over his head from tannin, makes an indelible ink and front to back. under side of the leaves is a valuable article of commerce: Manila hemp is made from the stems, and of this hemp are made mats, plaited work and lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture;moreover,the banana is ground into banana flour. The fruit to be sold for dessert is ripened by the dry heat of flaring gas jets in the storage places

in which it is kept, and immense care has to be taken to prevent softening or what tuck her so often in this direc-tion," the woman half sobbed. overripening. The island of Jamaica yields great crops of this useful and money-making fruit.

"'If I get you out of this scrape will you promise me not to gamb's again? said the king.

"Blucher gave the promise and added, as the king gave him 100,000 thalers: 'I will go straight home to my wife and settle half of this money upon her so that I shall not be able to touch it, and I will then pay up my debts and

never touch a card any more.

'Blucher went home, gave 50,000 to his wife and after dinner sallied forth to pay his debts. At midnight Blucher's wife was roused from her slumbers by one of her husband's staff officers, who had been sent for 25,000 thalers

'Dear, good man,' said the lady, 'I knew he would want it before morning. so I have put up that sum in a package for him. Here it is, and tell him to be careful about the cold air coming home and to muffle up well."

u95(Mb-5waZ,r nr hrd cmfw cmfw cm "The officer departed, only to return after a few hours for the rest of the partment clerk went along with him, money, with the same success. Blucher went home to breakfast the next morning, having lost every penny of post. the king's gift at play.

"Again Blucher went to the king, told him the whole story and listened attentively to all the reproaches until ways called Blucher 'uncle'-'I thought you gave me your sacred word of honor that you would never play cards for money again.' 'No. sir,' answered Blucher, 'I did not give my sacred word of honor.' 'Will you give it to me now?' 'Ach! Mein Gott! That asked the king. is a hard thing to ask from Blucher, replied the hero of Waterloo. But after some grumbling the sacred promise was given and old 'Vorwarts' stopped gambling."

An officer of the Puritan, which yes with the blockading squadron. writes that the temperature in stateroom is from 92 to 95, but considerably over 100 between decks, and from 140 to 160 in the engine room. He thinks it remarkable that the crew have been able to withstand the heat for so many weeks.

the need. The settlement is run on the co-op-

forced.

of the ante-bellum planter is now one sawmill and a general dining hall. Commonwealth has its school, paper

mill and clergyman. A magazine called Social Gospel, setting forth the teachings of the community, is published every month.

Many talented men and brilliant woin the school good work and good behavior are enforced, not by the rod, but

by love. In this community there is said to be no jealousy, no envy, no strife. This simple creed hangs upon the wall of every cottage: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor

as thyself. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law. 'This is My commandment: That ye

love one another as I have loved you. "He that loveth not his brother whom e hath seen, cannot love God whom he

eth God loveth his brother also."

Built a Road.

A Washington man who put in ten leg.

years of soldiering in the regular army of the Uunited States, five years of it suck my blood again, champing his on the frontier with the cavairs in chops over the feast. Then he dropped appointed a captain and assistant adjutant general in the volunteer ser- loose outside. The blacks knew that

vice, and he is now attached to the a lion was upon them! staff of General Miles. He is a man of ability and great unpretentiousness. A few days before he donned his uni-form he went to Fort McHenry, Bal-not kill themselves or me. I found form he went to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, on official business. A war de-

When the two men arrived at Fort McHenry the new captain pointed to a long shell road that runs through the

"Do you see that road?" usked the captain "Yes."

'Well, I made that whole road myself. It was as tough a job as I ever performed, and as bitter a period, but it did me a heap of good. 1 was serving with an artillery regiment, part of which was stationed here, and one night when I was on guard the officer of the day crept up on me unawares and found me sitting down on a pile of gunny sacks, neglecting my duty. I got a general court-martial for neg-lect of duty on post, and was sentenced to six months in the guardhouse

> I never and myself feeling chesty and high-and-mighty, and all that sort of thing. this shell road over in Fort McHenry.

out of its postoffices.

"I was conscious of everything; I could not utter a sound. Horror par-alyzed my facuitles. The mighty throbbings of my heart felt as if they would men have gone to this little Georgia burst it. Terror seized my limbs and village to live the law of love. Even made me faint. My breath choked in my lungs. The lion was slowly crawling out from under the bed.

"He could smeil me! He sniffed along the edge of the bed, a bit puzzled by the mosquito curtains that hung over it. I must do something quickly. Instinctively, like a child afraid of the dark. I pulled the blankets and pillows over me and hid my head in them. "'Purr! purr!' went the lion.

had discovered me. One mighty paw shot out and slapped me on the right shoulder. Once again it shot out and dragged me bodily off the bed. bed-clothes and all. Blood streamed out clothes and all. from my wounded breast. The beast hath not seen. And this commandment greedily lapped it and began sucking have we from Him, that he who lov- at the terrible gash in my shoulder for more. Every time I moved he bit me more furiously. I half raised on my The brute hit me a little pat knees. with his paws which nearly broke my

"I fell back and the beast began to

on the frontier with the cavairy in $n_{i,e}$ and placing one big paw on my indian campaigning, and the other the raised his head proudly and five in the heavy artillery, was recent- roared three or four times in triumph. As the rears died away bediam broke

out afterward the first thing they did every man regards him in that sense was to swarm up the nearest trees, where they sat chattering with fright. The first roar woke Morkal, too. He six years has matched the Rothschilds drew on his trousers and rushed out. or any of the great financiers of the The first roar woke Morkal, too. He rifle in hand. The loud purts of the

blood guided him. "'Brockman, Brockman' he cried;

'where are you? Speak, for God's sake! "I heard him. I was absolutely unable to utter a sound. He hurried around the hut, and then he knew. There was a great hole in the matting walls of the hut. He knew that the tion was inside and that I was his prey!

He ran around to the other side and kicked down the door. "And just then I began to pray.

There in the lion's jaws, with the sipping suck made by his reeking tongue, I prayed. My whole life passed before me. I realized that I had done wrong things. As T prayed T thought how cu-

rious it was that I could lie there without the slightest sense of pain while a man-eater chewed my flesh and drank my blood. Just then Morkel kicked in the door. He

seized me with his terrible fangs with one nip in the groin and bounded away toward the door. He almost leaped in is by means of electricity.

Greatness Fades.

When General Grant came to New York to live he found to his delight that he was accepted as a citizen who had gained world-wide fame and who was to be one of America's immortals. And yet many a time this man, who stood side by side, and on an equality time he made his tour around the world, passed up and down our streets, often recognized, sometimes saluted, but without any such demonstration of acknowledged greatness as he was accustomed to meet with in other parts. It was not because New York City did not know and fully appreciate the greatness and the services of General Grant, but it was because even greatest in this city, when thrown into the throng, lose something of their individuality and identity and become a part of the moving mass of humanity.

Two years ago the secretary of the treasury, John G. Carlisle, came to New York on business of the utmost importance. At his hotel capitalists who could command millions called on him and did him honor. At the subtreasury building he was surrounded by a group who were discussing with him a plan by which at least \$50,000,000 could be raised or guaranteed between sunset and sunrise.

When he walked the streets men stopped and looked at him and others even followed him that they might see what manner of man he was. This

afternoon Mr. Carlisle walked from his office down Broadway through Wall street to Broad, recognized by many persons who nodded to him with quick informal courtesy. His appearance today, as on every day since he came to New York to live, created no especial comment

Upon the former occasion Mr. Car. lisle was a man of political and administrative power, a stranger in New York, and his presence here was deemed an honor. Today he is one of us, and as an equal and no more.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who in the last world in the enormity and far-reach brute that was lapping my heart's ing consequences of his financial achievements, a man in the financial world of power that almost inspires jealousy, but not enmity, is neverthe-less free from those distinctive and personal recognitions which it is evident Mr. Howells regards as essential for the full acknowledgment of literary achievement.

Powers come to the tool. It is faith that begins to shove the plane or to drive the pen-soon there is more than faith, there is power, execution, success.

ever it appears humanity claims it as impersonal, a possession forever and for all.

Nature is a corporation; all are stockholders entitled to dividends, if there are any.

The latest method of purifying water

The lion paused in his feast.

Britain makes \$20.000,000 a year profit

My sentence tickled the old provost sergeant mightily, for he was in need

a steady prisoner to build that road. I built it, and subscheduling it.

that I don't shut my eyes and think of