route to the train that was bearing

him southward and married him in mid-

stream. Weddings at the front, or the camps, have been numerous. In talking them over the other day two white-haired southern gentlewomen became reminiscent: "That is all very romantic," one of them said; "still it does not match things I remember. Major Falconnet of the confederate engineers married a cousin of mine. She lived at Florence, Ala. The federals were advancing-it was in '62, I think. But they had a great wedding. The bride wore a magnificent white brocade, which had been ordered from Paris be fore the war began. The ceremony was just over, and the people crowding to congratulate the couple, when a trusty negro rushed in with news that

"Major Falconnet's horse stood saddled in the back yards. He caught his bride in his arms, leaped through a window with her, swung her up behind him regardless of the white frock, and galloped off with bullets singing all around him. He managed to escape and reach the confederate lines in safety. That was about the suddenest and most ill-provided wedding tour I ever

a squad of federal cavalry was less

than 300 yards away, and coming

straight to the house.

heard of.' "Yes," the other agreed. "Still, it was not so strange as Lizzie W.'s wedding. Don't you remember her?-she was a sort of freak-didn't like men to come about her, and only accepted the man she married upon condition that he should leave for the army the minute the ceremony was finished. He was rich and good looking and years younger than she-nobody ever quite understood what made him so crazy in love with her. He took her upon her own conditions-left her right at the altar steps, and never saw her again until she came to nurse him after he was mortally wounded. I always did think it a shame that she got his fortune-that he willed it to her, and his mother and brothers could not contest the will."

"The soldiers were great and most fascinating lovers," the second commented. In fact, lovemaking was as natural to them as breathing, General Quarles' second wife used to tell with great glee a story of her experience when the general was courting her, She was Miss Alice Vivian, one of the richest and most beautiful women in the south, a cousin of Miss Augusta Evans, the novelist, who it was said made her the heroine of her war novel, 'Maccaria.' But that is neither here nor there. General Quarles was stationed at Mobile for some time, and while there met Miss Vivian and became engaged to her. He was of the best Virginia blood, a widower, courtly, elegant and of the most inflammable gallantry. When far from the lips he loved it was necessary for him to make love to the lips he was near. At least you would think so from Mrs. Quarles' story, which ran something in this fashion:

"Not long after their engagement he was ordered away to join Hood's army in the invasion of Tennessee. Word came back that he was pretty badly wounded. Miss Vivian thought it right and proper to go and nurse him. She embarked upon a little, wheezy steamboat for the first stage of her journey, and found herself the only woman passenger. It was to be a night journey, but she was too anxious to sleep, so sat in the cabin, wishing the boat had wings. At the first stop out another woman came aboard. She also came into the cabin and sat down, evidently in great distress of mind. Other women came aboard and into the cabin at various landings until there were seven sitting in melancholy silence, now and then wiping away tears. By this time it was close to 3 o'clock-and the limit of feminine silence had been reached. A late comer turned to the next neighbor sighing, almost sobbing out: 'I thought the boat would never come. I am so impatient to reach my betrothed

badly wounded." " 'Why, what a coincidence! So is mine. I am going to nurse him,' said the woman addressed. The other women pricked up their ears and looked sympathetic. At last the boldest of them ventured to say: 'I am going to do the

husband, whom I have just heard is

"'And so am I," 'And so am I,' came in chorus from the rest-all except Miss Vivian, who could not trust herself to speak, she was so full of sympathy with the weight of woe. At last one of the other women said: 'We may as well tell who our sweethearts are. Maybe we can help each other. Mine is

-General Quarles.' " 'General Quarles! You must be mistaken; I am engaged to him,' came in various keys from each. Miss Vivian thanked her stars she had not been expansive, like the others. She left the boat at the next landing, resolved to give her loving lover at least one chance for his life. He must have taken itfor he lived to marry her."

Philanthro-Look here, my fine fellow, do you work? Weary-Yes, sir, when I can work the right person.-Boston Courier.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Lieutenat Colonel Henry Carroll commanding the First brigade of the cavalry division before Santiago, who was seriously wounded in the three days' fight, was major of one of the United States cavalry regiments in 1890. He is known in the Indian country in Montana as the man who avenged the death of one white man by kill-

ing two Indians. Hugh Boyle, a young man from Illinois, was found murdered near Tongue River agency. He had been visiting relatives in that section, and was about ready to return to his home in Illinois. Major Carroll called in American Horse a chief, and the two examined the dead body and the country where the murder was committed. Major Carroll said to American Horse:

"I want the men who did this mur-

der. I want you to bring them in." After a few days American Horse returned to Major Carroll and told him that Young Mule and Head Chief, two Cheyennes, were guilty. Their father was Two Moon, a chief of renown. He was brought to Major Carroll's headquarters and was told to bring his sons. When he had heard the charge against them he made a speech, in which he said that his people had held a council and were prepared to satsfy the law, from their standpoint. Their proposition was that the agent take 30 ponies in payment for the death of young Boyle. They intended that the ponies should be accepted and sent to the relatives of the murdered boy as a compensation for the death of the young man. The offer was rejected, and Two Moon was given to understand that the white man's law could not be satisfied in that manner. He must bring in his sons. The old chief grunted and said he would do this.

He disappeared, but within a half hour he was seen returning. With him were his sons, Young Mule and Head Chief. They were dressed in war bonnets, in war paint, and fully armed. The ponies were handsomely decorated, The young bucks rode defiantly toward the cavalry commanded by Major Carroll and showed fight. The cavalry fired, killing Young Mule's pony. Then he and his brother began firing. They fought stubbornly until they reached a hill near by, where they were surprised to find another detachment of Major Carroll's troops. One of the bucks, Head Chief, wounded several cavalry horses as he rode into the lines. One arm was broken, but with the other hand he fired his rifle from the pommel of his saddle. Another volley fired at him and he fell dead from his pony.

Young Mule saw his brother's fate and realized that he had not much time on his hands. He advanced toward the cavalry chanting the death song of his tribe. He fired several shots and jumped into a ravine. There he kept up his fight, still singing. At this juncture the young buck's mother made an appeal to the troops to save him from impending doom. It was impossible to grant her request, as the warrior continued firing at his enemies, plainly showing that he had determined to die as his brother had died. The mother realizing that all hope had vanished, staggered into the open plain, and in accordance with the custom of the Indians when they lose a relative or a dear friend, slashed her limbs with a knife from the knees down. With the blood streaming from the wounds and trickling to the ground she chanted the death dirge of her son, who was presently shot dead.

In honor of the bravery of Head Chief and Young Mule their people marked with stones the death trail traveled by the young warriors that pleasant September day.

Taking a Ride.

"Which way shall we drive?" he asked after he had made a dash to the front of the house, taken her to the buggy and made a band wagon turn in leaving.

"I have no choice. Anwyhere you like. It is enough for me to ride." "But you surely have some prefer-

ence."

"None whatever. The Island, Grosse Pointe, boulevard, Log Cabin Park, down the Canadian shore, anywhere: You can't go amiss."

"I don't care to decide and it will add to my pleasure to drive you where you would find the most enjoyment. Please don't hesitate to make a selection."

"Really now, I have none, I mean it, Please yourself." "Pshaw! I like to see a young woman with some choice of her own. If

you have any, say so." "I have said and I have mind enough of my own not to change. I'll be best satisfied to go where you like. Fix the

route and go ahead." "I prefer to go where you like, and it seems to me we are wasting a good

deal of time." "Oh, no. The horse is jogging right along. We're riding and I'm always

happy when I'm riding." "Will you tell me where we shall go?" "I couldn't think of deciding it."

Then the whole discussion was gone into again, with the result that they drove around the same block for two hours and then awakened to the fact culiar. It is also economical, for by that it was time to go home.

"My last three cashiers have embezzled large sums and run away," whismuseum into a corner.

"Sorry to hear it," replied the manager, and then he looked inquisitive.

legiess wonder of yours was a good, precision of this movement make the capable man and what his terms would sight not only interesting, but amusbe."-Detroit Free Press.

HIS VACATION.

Nobody on the block was known than the small man whose coats were always too short in the sleeves. says the Washington Star. Very few people took the trouble to learn his name, but there was no one, even among the children, who did not know that it was just 7 o'clock when they saw him starting out in the morning and just 5:30 when he returned at night. In spite of the curve in his shoulders and the whiteness in his hair, he looked young. His face had not the marks of worldliness which usually come with years. His brow was wrinkled slightly it is true, but there was no ungentle meaning in the frown. And his laughter was so subdued that it always seemed the expression of well-wishing, and not of any inward joy. Year by year his cheeks became a little more sunken and his chest a little narrower, in spite of his invariable practice of pausing on the doorstep each merning to take three long breaths of fresh air. Nobody seemed to know much about

his wife beyond the facts that she kept her two children neatly dressed at all hours of the day, paid her bills at the corner grocery and worked hard. Her husband was never with her when she sat on the front doorstep to keep her children from playing with other children. And there was a light burning in his room every night until after all the other people on the block had gone to bed. It was with some difficulty that the big, good-natured citizen who lives across the street scraped an acquaintance with him. But by borrowing his lawn mower and his garden hose when he did not need them, he succeeded in engaging him in conversation. It was the big, good-natured man's small, good-natured wife who had incited him to neighborly advances, but it was impossible to establish a calling acquaintance.

"I don't have time to go about any," the man with the short sleeves said. "I'm too busy."

"But you've got to have some recreation," the big man blurted out. "You can't work all the time, you know." "I realize that. And I'm going to take things easy some day. Of course it's impossible now."

"Don't you have any vacation?"

"Oh, yes. But I can't afford to use it for anything but study. Vacations are very expensive if you employ them in the ordinary way, you know. But some day I'm going to take a good, long rest. I'm going to the country, where there isn't any rattle of wagons nor clanging of bells. I'm going to have everything trim and comfortable. I don't believe in a man's using up his pleasures as he goes along in life. He ought to have something to look forward to. I'm getting things prepared for a good long spell of absolute freedom from care-a time when I won't have anything at all to do except ride in a carriage and pass the hours in some place away off, where there won't be anything to disturb the singing of the birds, some place where there won't be a lot of high buildings to stop the rock the trees and sing to itself."

It was the enly enthusiasm that any one knew of his displaying. The big man told his wife about it, and she said it was a pity there weren't more such men like him in this world. He didn't reply, but the punctuality with which he got up for breakfast the next morning showed that he felt the rebuke. He gave up trying to become well acquainted with his neighbor, and after a few days of ambition to imitate his methodical habits, backslid and was comfortable once more. It was several months later when, after being vaguely conscious of some unusual condition, he

inquired with a start: "What has become of Mr. Tredmill? I sat out in front of the house last night and I didn't see him go home." "The servant says she hasn't seen

him go to work this week," his wife answered.

He went to the window, drew the curtain aside, and then let it fall. "Harriet," he said softly, "do you remember what I told you about his hoping he could go to the country and

have all the rest he wanted?" "Yes." "Well, he's got his wish." She joined him at the window and he pulled the curtain aside again.

A hearse and several carriages stood in front of the house where Mr. Tredmill used to live."

Most of the native Hawaiians can swim like ducks. A Honolulu paper relates an interesting incident illustrative of this fact in connection with the departure of the transport Senator for Manila. "A departing soldier attempted to throw a letter to some one on the wharf to mail," says the account. "and the wind carried the missive out into the water, where it was picked up by one of the little native boys who dive for coin. While the little fellow was holding the letter up and swimming in with it a lady's hat also blew into the water. The boy swam to the hat, secured it, and, holding it aloft in one hand and the letter in the other, swam in with his feet only."

The manner in which the elephants of the Indian army are fed is most pethe method employed not a single grain of rice is wasted. An elephant's breakfast consists of ten pounds of raw rice, done up in leaves and then tied with pered the proprietor of the big store grass. At meal time the elephants are after he had called the manager of the drawn up in a line before a row of piles of this food. At the word "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk and a package is thrown into its ca-"I was just wondering whether that pacious mouth. The promptness and ing.-Washington Star.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

Captain Frank Wildes of the America ncruiser Boston, who bore a distinguished part in Commodore eDwey's victory at Manila, has written a letter to one of his friends in Portland, Me., describing a picturesque incident that followed the Spanish defeat. It will be remembered that before the arrival of the invading fleet the Spanish captain general of the Philippines issued addresses to the people denouncing the American sallors as pigs and monsters, who, if they succeeded in entering the city, would indulge in a wild carnival of violence and crime against life and property. The more ignorant classes of the inhabitants were made to believe these frightful stories, and even some of the intelligent residents were seriously alarmed lest the dreadful Amricans should subject them to indignity and suffering. As Captain Wildes tells the story, a Spanish lady of great refinement and beauty, who had heard these terrible reports, went to the British consul and asked whether he really believed that the hated Yankees were as wicked as they had been pictured in the captain general's proclamation. The cinsul simply replied:

"Madam, honor and virtue are safer in Manila today that they have been for

300 years." The truthful assurance contains a hint of one of the most important and far-reaching results which the present war is destined to accomplish. Social conditions in Spain's colonial territory have long been notoriously corrupt and vicious. The unprincipled officials whom the Spanish government has kept in control of her island possessions have debauched both society and politics; many of them have grown rich by levying blackmail on vice and and their influence has been constantly used to stifle the morals and conscience of the people. In an atmosphere thus polluted, life and honor are held at their lowest valuation. The law, administered by corrupt officers, has offered no redress for the wrongs of their helpless victims, and in some of the cities of these Spanish colonies, Havana, for example, women and young girls have been debased to the lowest depths of degradation.

Under Providence, the present war will abolish these revolting conditions and open the way for social order and progress. In every one of the colonies which the clash of arms wrests from the dominion of Spain, the status of woman, socially, intellectually and morally, will undergo an immediate and steady improvement. She will acquire a larger liberty, a higher respect and a purer influence than she has ever enjoyed under the degrading rule of Spanish monarchism, and her ultimate advance to the honored position now cheerfully assigned to her Anglo-American sisters will be the crowning

achievement of the nineteenth century. Beneath the extraordinary and helpful interest which the women of America have taken thus far in the struggle with Spain there is a profound conviction that this is a holy war for the rescue of womanhood and childhood from the clutches of their despoilers. The blood of Weyler's innocent victims cries from the Cuban soil for vengeance and vindication. The specters of the helpless mothers and babes whom that relentless monster put to death by the exquisite tortures of starvation still haunt the horizon of our latter day civilization, and they will not down until the merciless power of Spain is forever destroyed in the islands which she has shown herself unfit to govern. To this heroic task in behalf of virtue and honor, the sons and daughters of the great republic have dedicated their hands and fortunes. The god of battles will affirm the righteousness of their cause, and they may confidently appeal from kings to time for the approval of their deeds

Hobson Cannon-Ball.

Latest of all drinks is the "Hobson Cannon Ball," concocted by a dispenser of intoxicants known to fame as the "Only William." To drink the Hobson Cannon Ball you must be in a mood appropriate for the imbibing of patriotism. The effect of drinks depends largely upon the emotions and the thirst of the drinker.

Nobody, for instance, can do justice to the alluring beverage which bears the name of Hobson without being animated by a love of country and by admiration for the naval hero, Richmond Pearson Hobson.

It is not best to know too much about the composition of the Hobson Cannon Ball. One of its charms is its untary exile eats, sleeps and, presummystery. The ingredients are those of the gin fizz and the proportions are practically the same. Its manufac ture, however, is carried on with military precision. He who makes it works like an experienced artilleryman firing

a howitzer. There is a hasty reach for the gin caisson, a vigorous ramming of lemon, a charge of carbonic water, and ther The drink come the artillery tactics. is poured into a long cylinder and the ss is carefully fitted over it. cylinder is different from the ordinary lemonade shaker in that it is longer and has much the appearance of a

cannon. Nothing can exceed the rapid manner in which the Hobson Cannon Ball is shaken. The operator is meanwhile executing a kind of war adnce closely resembling the drill of a light battery. Then a look of pride comes into the eye of the drink dispenser. He draws his arms toward him and then suddenly throws them forward with the sha ker tightly clasped in either hand. There is a crash of bits of ice against the glass, and then boom! bang! the foot of the dispenser has struck the floor with thunderous effect. Customers who are waiting for or-dinary cocktails or whisky straights

turn and look toward the placid faced drink mixer. "Why, what's that?" they demand.

"What happened?" "Hobson Cannon Ball," replies the alluring nectar.

There's something stirs my feelin's, and it's then I'm feelin' prime-When the band is playin' "Dixie" an' the old boys keepin' time! It's like a song of glory in a halleluja

chime When the band is playin' "Dixie" an' the old boys keepin' time!

For the old-time ranks are thinnin', An' newer songs are winnin', But "Dixle" is as sweet now as she

The new songs fall to win me with all their ringin' rhyme When the band is playin' "Dixie" an'

was in the beginnin!

the old boys keepin' time! Oh, it's then my heart beats faster, while the bells of glory chime, When the band is playin' "Dixle" an' the old boys keepin' time!

For the old-time ranks are thinnin', An' new songs may be winnin', But "Dixle" is as sweet now as she was in the beginnin'! -Atlanta Constitution.

A HERMIT IN MID-OCEAN.

Thousands of tourists annually pass through the Greek Archipelago on their way to the Orient, yet it is safe to say that few of them are cognizant of the fact that on one of these islands a solitary human being lives in utter isolation.

through the maze of islands seldom choose the passage that vessels of a lighter draught take, preferring a longer route with comparative Immunon the rocks; and it is on this account that few travelers to the far cast know anything of the subject of this sketch. Most Mediterranean sallors, however, know of his existence, and this account was given to the writer by Captain George Mitchell, who has navigated the

waters of this sea for some thirty years The rock known to wayfarers as Hermit island, and upon which this nondescript has lived for years in absolute seclusion, is one of the smaller islands of the group comprised in the archipelago, and forms one of the walls of a passage once generally used by ships in threading their way through the narrow channels en route to or from Eastern ports. The island is entirely void of vegetation. Its surface is as of Sahara. Numerous parties have visited this rock, but there is no ac count of any of them ever approaching near enough to the hermit to engage him in conversation.

At the sight of anyone advancing in his direction he strides up the ragged rocks with amazing agility, throwing his long, thin arms about, giving vent to a series of dismal howls, which are renedred all the more weird in their reverberations throughout the adjacent islands. His personal appearance is anything but prepossessing. His eyes and nose are the only facial features disclosed through a dense growth of hair and beard, and his body above the waist is never clothed. A garment made of narrow strips of a material fastened to a belt completes his attire. the style and cut of the vestments of this freak never varying.

It is customary for ships in passing this island to pay tribute to the hermit in the way of salt beef, hardtack, and whatever provisions the captains are disposed to give or may be able to spare from the ship's stores. The stores thus given are put in a boat and taken ashore, where they are left until the one for whom they are intended sees the boat's crew return to their ship, when he reappears from his hiding place and carries them to his quarters further up the rocks.

To pass this point without saluting the lord of the manor by blast of steam whsitle would be considered a breach of courtesy, and such remissness on the part of any ship's captain would be frowned upon by others, who regard this recognition as a duty. This deference shown the recluse has become so universal with ships passing this way that any omission of the conventionality is an offense to him, who shows his disapproval by such lusty yells that leave no doubt in the minds of any who hear him as to the healthy condition of his lungs, although he may have other troubles which disturb his peace of mind.

He has built himself a shelter between two ledges of rock, which consists of a roof only, the sides and back of the same being walls of jagged stone. Beneath this roof the volably, engages in other occupations to while away the dreary days of the solitary existence to which he has assigned himself.

The furnishings of this rude habitation have received pretty hard usage. probably having served in a similar capacity in the fo'c'sle of some ship. The furniture consists of a low bench, a three-legged stool, a small stove and a clock whose hands have long since ceased to indicate the flight of time. A common straw mattress which sailors call a "donkeys' breakfast" completes the outfit, excepting such things as a salt water condenser and an old copper kettle. There is no fresh water inhabitants. This of all lands it is imwater on the island, and all the water portant to include in the census taking, for drinking and cooking purposes is taken from the sea and must undergo of its inhabitants change every time the process of condensation before it an explorer dives into the interior and can be used.

ply of wood and coal, the bunkers of race of people numbering a few milpassing steamers being at his disposal. lions to be added to the known popuand it is doubtful if the hermit has ever lation of Africa. been known to want for any of the necessaries of life since he renounced the vanities of the world for the life of Mrs. Bloks?

Mrs. Bloks.—All but little Sarah. She solitude, with naught to keep him com- has had a bad cold, so I haven't given pany save the cadences of the woves as her her bath yet .- Tid Bits.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYS DIXIE. they beat against the shore and the screams of the gulls in their outward flight.

As to the identity or former history of this eccentric character, nothing is known that may be regarded as authentic. Many stories are told by old Mediterranean sailors concerning the mystery surrounding his life, and however different one sailors narrative may be from that of his mate, each is ever ready to affirm that his own is the only correct version.

The most generally accepted theory s that years ago a young Scotchman, who for the first time had taken charge of a sailing vessel, set sail from Greenock, having on board his young wife and two small children, a boy and a girl. The ship was bound for Jaffa, which port was reached in safety, but on its return passage it was wrecked on the rock now known as Hermit island, and one of the children lost. The captain, his wife and remaining child managed to reach the rock, where they remained until a vessel passing that way took them aboard and returned them to their home. It was not long before the Scotchman obtained command of a ship, this time a steamer, and, taking his wife and child aboard, sailed for a port in the Black sea.

On the return the steamer was wrecked on the rock where the other vessel had gone down, and the second child was lost. Again the captain and his wife sought refuge on the rocks Large passenger ships in steaming and were taken aboard a passing vessel and returned to Scotland.

For a third time the rover assumed command of a ship. Accompanied by his wife, he once more set sail for the ity from the dangers of being thrown Mediterranean sea. On the outward bound voyage, as on former occasions, nothing eventful transpired, but homeward bound the same fate that had on two occasions befallen the captain and his family awaited them in the shape of the same rock upon which they had twice before been wrecked, For the third time the Scotchman lost his ship and for the third time he was bereft of a member of his family, for this time his wife found a watery grave, when, so the story goes, he made a vow that he would never again leave the island.

COUNT THE WORLD.

A gigantic scheme has been evolved for numbering the people of the earth. barren of such growth as is the desert It is the intention to select a day in the year 1900 and have an army of census takers start out on that particular day in every quarter of the globe and count the head of every person upon whom the sun rises. The reports are all to be sent in to a central establishment at Berne, and so the greatest census taking on record will be completed by the actual counting of the people of the world.

Some say the scheme is not possible of accomplishment, but it will be done, and no effort will be left unmade and no expense spared to have the returns accurate. To guide them in their task the census takers will have the estinated population of the world made by John Bartholomew, F. R. G. S., of Edinburg, who has figured it out in round numbers at 1,440,650,000.

To improve on this estimated population by actual counting of the various races is the work that the census takers will have set for them to do. They expect that the most difficult part of their undertaking will be to count the millions of China and the vast hordes of savages in the interior of Africa. How they hope to prevail upon the flerce tribes of the dark continent to submit to the counting process, when those savages have resisted all previous efforts of the white man to make friends with them, the promoters of the census scheme do not say. Neither are they on record with any explanation of the means at their command for overcoming the scruples of the halfcivilized races in the heart of the Chinese empire about allowing the prying curiosity of the white man to be gratified without a fight and the shedding of blood.

It is asked whether or not the census takers intend to make the complete subjugation of the savage tribes of Africa an incident of the census taking; hok they propose to break into the seclusion of the Asiatic mountain tribesman's domain without an army at their backs; whether or not they will include explorers of repute among the men they will send to count the people of the unknown regions beyond the Himalayas or in the land of eternal ice that surrounds the north pole. These difficulties are but a few of the many that suggest themselves to those who question the success of the attempt to number the people. LI HUNG CHANG WILL HELP.

In answer to those who point out the difficulties to be looked for in counting the people of the Chinese empire, those who favor the plan of taking a census of the worlds population point out that Li Hung Chang has been consulted and has given his enthusiastic endorsement and promised to render any assistance in his power. At present no friend has arisen in the heart of Africa to offer a safe passage through that land of mystery to the man who comes with pencil and pad to number the for the figures given of the numbers after a lapse of time emerges to tell He has always on hand a good sup- the world that he has discovered a new

Mrs. Rocks-Got your spring cleaning