SISTER'S VENGEANCE

THE STREET STATE OF STREET STATE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

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CHAPTER XV -(Contained.). "Do do you think we can escape?"

Humphrey whispered: "Are we near the sen?"

"Class to it now, sor. If it was corefind yed hear the bating of the wayes phrey to do the same. upon the shore; but they're too but end give a fat of a tay on the sands."

Another weavy length of time passed, her bravery and decision, had begun to laway. ufter a low, hysterical sob from time to time and hang more heavily upon her companions' arms, took courage at the pressed sturdily forward for another few hundred yards and then stopped short.
"What is it, darlin'?" whispered Din-

"Voices!" she replied softly. "Yes; our own," said Dinny.

can't be suny others here." "I am sure I heard talking," said Humphrey; but all was still now, and feeling satisfied at last that it was the murmur den. of the waves, they crept on in utter silence, and were about to leave the shelter of the paths by which they had come and for the open sand when Dinny checked his companious, and they all stood listening, for a voice that was familiar

"The skipper's full of fancies. hasn't been right since this captain was made a prisoner, and he has been worse since the other prisoners escaped."

"Other prisoners! What prisoners?" to ught Humphrey. "You hold your tongue!" growled the

familiar voice of Bart. "Do you want to scare them off?" "Scare whom off?"

"Those who try to escape. Silence!" Mistress Greenheys reeled up against Humphrey and would have fallen but for his strong arm, which encircled her. Dinny did not speak till they had reach ed the shelter of some trees. "Look at that, now!" he whispered out

of the black darkness. "Have ye got the darling safe?" "Yes, safe enough; but what does this

"Mane, sor? Sure, and it's Bart yan-

der wid two min." "Take us down to the sea by some other path.

"Shure, au' don't I tell ye there is no other path, sor? It's the only way. Murther, look at that!"

For at that moment a light flashed out and shimmered on the sea, sunk, rose, and became brilliant, shining forth so that they could see the three men down upon the shore had lighted a pile of some inflammable material, beyond which, floating easily upon the surface of the sea and apparently close inshore, was a boat-the boat that was to bear them

safely nway. They were sheltered by the trees, and besides, too far off to be seen by the men, whose acts, however, were plate enough to them, as one of them was seen to wade out to the boat, get hold of her mooring

rope, and drag her ashore. "The murtherin' villains," muttered Dinny. "They've takin' out the shtores. Look at that now! There's the bar'l o' wather and the bishkit, and now there's whispered softly from above. the sail. What'll I do intoirely? My beart's bruk wid' em."

"Hush, my lad! You'll be heard," whispered Humphrey.

He gave an angry stamp, for in her agony of dread Mistress Greenheys gave herself a wrest from his arm, and hur-"What's that?" whispered Dinny.

"Mistress Greenheys."

"What? Gone back, sir? darlin'. Stop!" If the woman heard his words they

only added to her alarm, for she hurried on, apparently as well acquainted with the way back as Dinny, who immediately started in pursuit. "What are you going to do?" whispered Humphrey.

"Do, sor? Go afther her." "No, no; we must escape now we've

got so far." "Shure au' we will, sor; but to go for-

ward's to go into prison for you and to be dancing on nothing for me. Come on, Let's catch up to me poor freekened darlin', and then tak' to the woods.' They hurried back in pursuit of their

companion, but fear had made her fleet of foot, and in spite of their efforts they did not overtake her. "She'll have gone back to her quar-

thers," said Dinny, dismatty. "Shall we go back to ours? 'No!" cried Humphrey, imperiously. "Good heavens, man! our absence has been found out before now. Let's take to the woods or hide in one of the ruins

till we can get away." "Sure an' ye're roight, sor. They'v. been afther ye, av coorse, and I've been missed and can't show meself now widout being thrated as a thraitor. Will ye thrust to me, and I'll find a place?"

Humphrey "Trust you?-yes." said "but what do you propose doing?" "Doing, sor? Holding till we can fird

a chansh of getting away." 'Where will you hide?'

"Ye said ye'd thrust me, sor," whis pered Dinny. "Come on."

CHAPTER XVI.

"No, no, man; make for the forest," whispered Humphrey, just at daybreak as Dinny began to take advantage of the coming light to seek a safe place of concealment.

"What for, sor? To get buried in threes that don't so much as grow cabbage, where there's no wather and no company but monkeys and the shpotted tigers? Lave it to me, sor, and I'll tak' ye to a place where ye can lay shnug in hiding, and where may be I can get expectation that Mistress Greenheys spache of the darling as the bastes freek- might arrive and put an end to the ter-

ened away."

to that old temple where Mazzard made his attempt to kill the captain?" "There, sor! Why, the captain would

"An' is it eshcape, while the boat's walt- find us directly. You lave it to me, bg, and everything siddy?" said Dinn). Humbbrey would have taken to the forscornfully. Trye hear her sor? What est without hesitation, but, worn out and suffering keenly from disappoint They pressed on, and of the end of what ment, he was in no humor to oppose, and, memed to be an interminably long time, signifying his willingness, he followed the Irishman by devious ways in and out of the rules for some time, till Dinny croached down, and motioned to Hum-

The place was in such a chaos and so wake in this country to do more than changed by the terrific force of the explaster that Humphrey had felt as if he were justineying along quite a new porand still the seashere was not reached, tion of the forest outskirts, till, as he but they were evidently near it now, for obeyed his companion and they crouched the Juli nurmur of the billows in the shell down among some dense herbage, he tered gulf was plainly to be heard; and stared with astonishment at the sight Mistresa Greenheys, who, in spite of before him, a couple of hundred yards

For there, beyond one of the piles of crumbling ruins, was a perfectly familiar pathway, out of which he saw step into thought of the safety the sea offered, and the broad sunshine the picturesque figure of the buccaueer captain, who strade toward a group of waiting men.

A discussion seemed to take place, there were some sharp orders, and then the whole party disappeared.

"Why, Dinny, man, are you mad?" whispered Humphrey. "I trusted to you to take me to some place of hiding, and you've brought me right into the lion's

"Well, sor, and a mighty purty place, too, so long as the lion's not at home Sure and ye just saw him go out." "But, Dinny-

"Whisht! Don't spake so loud, sor, Sure, now, if a cannon ball made a hole in the side of a ship, isn't that the safest place to put your head so as not to be burt. They niver hit the same place twice.

"Then your hiding place is my old lodgng-my prison? "Av coorse it is! The skipper has been

there to mak' sure that ye are really gone; and now he knows, he'll say to himself that this is the last place ye'd go and hide in; and troth, he's quite roight,

Humphrey hesitated for a few mo ments, and then, feeling how true the man's words were, he gave way.

"Sure, sor, and it's all reight," whis pered Dinny. "Ar'n't I thrying to keep my head out of a noose, and d'ye think I'd be for coming here if it wasn't the safest place? Come along; sure, it's a lion's den, as ye call it, and the best spot

know? He whispered to Humphrey to follow cantiously, and crept on all-fours among the dense growth, and in and out among the loose stones at the very edge of the forest, till the tunnel-like pathway was reached in safety, when, after crawling few yards out of the blinding sunshine into the shadowy gloom, Dinny rose to his feet.

"There, sor" he said "we can wall like Christians now, and not like animal bastes."

There was an ample supply of food in the place for a week, and water. Dinny's ideas respecting their safety seemed to be quite correct, for though voices were heard at a distance, no one approached the place. They had the hidden subterranean tomb-like chamber into which they could retreat; and on the second night, while Dinny was watching and Humphrey, utterly worn out, was sleeping feverishly and trying to forget the troubles and disappointments of his fallure, there was a faint rustling noise heard, and directly after his name was

"Murther!" cried Dinny, unable to contaln himself as he sprang up. His exclamation and the noise he made brought Humphrey from his couch, alert,

and ready for any struggle. 'What is it?" he said. "Dinny!" came in a voice from above. 'Mistress Greenheys!" cried Hum-

phrey. "You there?" "Yes. I came to try and learn tidings of you. I did not know you were both prisoners.

"Sure an' we're not, darlin'," said Din-"We only tuk refuge here, so as to be near you. An' where have you been?" "I crept back to my place," said the woman, "and reached it without having been missed."

"Then ye're quite free to come and go?" "Yes-quite.

"Erin-go-bragh!" cried Dinny, excited-"Then what ye've got to do, darling, is to go back and come agen as soon as ye can wid something to ate, for we shall soon be starved.

"Yes, Dinny; I'll come again to-right." The night had not passed before the falthful little woman was back again with such provisions as she could bring and lower down to them.

This went on for two nights, during which time they had no alarm. Not a soul beside approached the place; and the same report was brought them that their hiding place baffled all, but the captain was fiercely determined that the prisoners should be found.

"Then why not try to escape inland, Dinny?" said Humphrey, at last. "Surely, it cannot be impossible.

"Haven't we all thried it again and again wid the captain, sor?" said Dinny, in remonstrance. "He set us all to work so as to make sure that we couldn't be attacked from the land, and ye can't get in a mile annywhere, for thick forest worked together like a powerful big hurdle that's all solid, and beyant that's mountains. Sure, and ye can't get that way at all widout an army of wood cut-

ters, and a life a hundred years long!" A week went by, food was wanting, the prisoners were in despair, and they had both crept out again and again to the end of the corridor, and listened to try and make out something; but all outside was solemuly still, and the place might have been once more the abode of death, had not a couple of sentries always been visible keeping watch, so that

was impossible to stir. Dinny went to the window opening and leaned there, while Humphrey seated himself upon the edge of the couch to watch the opening above his head, in rific suspense as to her silence.

from time to time, to gaze along the forble, and the heavy, oppressive state of to bear, the air seemed to announce a coming

Dinny's figure had long been visible, but he made his presence known by crooning over snatches of the most depressing minor-keyed Irish melody he could recall; but after a time that ceased, and the silence grew heavy as the heat.

"How long have I been asleep?" he muttered, starting up and listening. Dinny!"

No answer "Dinny! Hist! Are you asleep?" He dared call no louder, but rose from the couch.

"Dennis Kelly, the traitor, has gone. Humphrey Armstrong!" cried a hoarse voice, and he felt himself driven back into the great tomb-like place "Commodore Junk!" cried Humphrey

n his surprise. "Yes, Commodore Junk, Ha! I have you. My prisoner once again?" "Your prisoner? No, not if I die for it!" cried Humphrey, passionately; and he struggled to free himself from the tight-

"I tell you it is madness. You have proved it yourself, and, weary with your folly, you have returned." "Returned!" cried Humphrey, fiercely:

yes, but only to be free.' The captain tried to utter some angry appeal, but a fierce struggle had comnenced, and the great stony place seemed to be full of whispers, of hoarse sighs, the catching of breath, barsh expirations as the contending pair swayed here and there—the captain, lithe and active as a panther, baffling again and again Humphrey's superior weight and strength, Twice over the latter tripped and nearly fell, but he recovered himself and struggled on, seeking to wind his arms round the buccaneer and lift and throw him with a west-country wrestling trick. But try how he would his adversary seemed to twist like an eel and recover himself, till suddenly, as they swayed there was a low, jangling noise as a sword escaped from its scabbard and fell upon the stony floor.

It was a trifling incident, but it attracted the buccaneer's attention for a moment-just long enough to put him off his guard-the result being that he was thrown heavily. Humphrey planting his knee upon his breast, and as he thrust out a hand it encountered the fallen sword, which he snatched up with a shout of triumph, shortened in his hand, and held to the buccaneer's throat,

"Now," he cried, fiercely, "I have the upper hand, my lad. You are my prisoner. Make but one sound, and it is your

The buccaneer uttered a low moan, and snatched at the blade, but the intervening hand was thrust away, and the point pressed upon the heaving flesh, "Do you give in?"

"No!" cried the buccaneer, fiercely, Strike, Humphrey Armstrong; strike, and end mamiserable life! Then go and say, I have slain the woman who loved me with all her heart!" "What!" cried Humphrey, starting

back, as the sword fell from his nerveless hand, and a flash, as of a revelation, enlightening him as to the meaning of much that had before seemed strange.

"Well, why do you not strike? not speak plainly? I am Mary Dell!"

CHAPTER XVII. "Yes; who called?" cried Humphrey,

starting up. "Hist! Be careful! It is me!" Humphrey sprang from his couch and was about to speak, when the curtain was roughly thrown aside, and Bart en-

tered quickly. "What's the matter?" he said, rough-"Matter!" said Humphrey. "I-I must

have been dreaming. Bart looked at him sourly, and then gave a suspicious look round.

"What time is it?" said Humphrey, "Time! What do we know about time

here? 'Bout four bells." Humphrey gazed excitedly at the dimy seen figure, visible by the faint light which streamed in beside the curtain and then as the curtain fell he advanced slowly till he could peer through and see that Bart had gone to the far end of the

a stone recess, beside which he ensconced himself, and played sentry once again. "Escape is impossible unless I choose the gates of death," muttered Humphrey, as he stole back cautiously, and then in a low voice said:

corridor, where he had a lantern set in

"Hist! Did any one call?" "Yes. Is it safe to whisper?" came from above. "Mistress Greenheys!" cried Hum-

phrey, joyfully. "Speak low, don't whisper; it penetrates too far. How I have longed to hear from you!" "Oh, sir, pray, pray, save him!"

"Dinny?" said Humphrey, starting. "Yes, He is to be killed, and it was for your sake he ran that risk. Pray, try and save him."

"What can I do?" "Implore the captain. He may listen to you. I cannot bear it, sir; it makes me feel half mad!"

"Have you seen him?" "Seen him? No, sir. He's kept closely shut up in one of the stone chambers by the captain's quarters, and two men watch him night and day."

"As I am watched," said Humphrey, bitterly. "Yes, sir; but you have not been untrue to your captain. You are not sentenced to death, and every man eager to see you hung. My poor Dennis! It is my fault.

Why did we ever meet?" Humphrey was silent. "You will see the captain, sir, and ask im to spare his life?"

Humphrey ground his teeth. To ask Dinny's life was to ask a favor of Mary Dell, and to place himself under greater obligations still. "That is not all the trouble," said the

woman, who was evidently sobbing bit-"That wretch Mazzard is still at liberty " "Not escaped!" cried Humphrey.

"Not escaped!-not taken!" said the woman. "He is in hiding about the place, and I have seen him." She seemed to shudder, and her sobs grew more frequent.

She uttered a low cry; and as Humphrey listened he heard low, quick talking, a faint rustling noise overhead, and then the sound of voices died away. "Discovered!" said Humphrey, bitter-"Fate is working against me now."

A quarter of an hour's silence ensued,

a leaf moved outside, and the darkness might be watched, as far as the deep came on more obscure than usual; for as gloom would allow, Humphrey seated Humphrey looked out of the window himself upon the edge of the old stone altar, and folded his arms, to see what est areade, there was not a fire-fly visi- would be the next buffet of fate he was

There was the sound of a challenge at the end of the corridor, and a quick reply, followed by an angry muttering, and Humphrey laughed mockingly.

'Master and dog!" he said, bitterly, 'Mistress and dog, I ought to say." He drew himself up, for he heard a well-known step coming quickly along the passage. The curtain was snatched aside, and the buccaneer took a dozen strides into the place and stopped, look-

ing around.

(To be continued.)

Famous Dogs Are Extinct. Dog lovers are discovering with regret that one of the linest canine specles has become almost extinct. The Newfoundland is practically no more

in this country and in England. The fast-vanishing breed is native in the Island of Newfoundland, and old records say early settlers found the Indians in possession of magnificent specimens. It is generally supposed, however, that the Newfoundland was the result of a cross of some English strain and the native dogs.

At any rate, this particular animal is elebrated in history as the emboliment of courage and intelligence and kindness-the highest type of canine excellence. Landseer, in his famous painting, "The Child's Best Friend," render-

ed the species immortal. In spite of this, it is a fact that the valuable dog, in its original habitat, is quite extinct. And he was most useful there, too, in saving drowning persons along the storm-swept coast. where shipwrecks are frequent. Nevertheless, it is charged that it was through starvation and neglect that these famous dogs died in Newfoundland itself.

The British government has lately been obliged to purchase for the Newfoundland life-saving station a new breed of dogs to take their places. These nees wolf dog. They are the most powsent to Newfoun lland the British govas high as \$500.

Chinese Fond of Gaming.

The "heathen Chinee" portrayed by Bret Harte, with "his sleeves full of heat, aces and bowers," is not a creation of fiction. In fact, almost every native of the celestial empire is a born gambler and will hazard all he possesses on the turn of a card. If there is one thing the Chinese in America cannot understand regarding our customs it is why the police and courts should take cognizance of gambling. It is a recognized amusement in China and the Chinaman is a reckless gambler. They have several kinds of playing eards, but the general name for them is chepae, or paper tickets. The cards are two inches and a half in length and half an inch wide and the kind most commonly used are called tseen-wanche-pae, "a thousand times - 10,000 cards." This pack has thirty cardsthree sults of nine each and three independent suits which are superior to the rest. The suits are named respecbeads," "nine units of cakes" and "nine units of chains."

There are several queer names for other varieties of playing cards. One is called "the hundred boys' cards," another "chariots, horses and guns" and a third, curiously devised on the principle of some of our historical games, is called "a thousand times 10,000 men's names cards."

Learn How to Breathe, It is possible to exercise one's whole body, to keep it strong and well, simply by breathing properly. Children should be taught to breathe and to get into the habit of tilling the whole lung space at each inhalation and of emptying it completely at each exhalation. There is no better way of getting to sleep soon after going to bed than by breathing properly. Push away the pillow and He flat upon the back, with the muscles relaxed. Slowly draw in the deepest breath possible, hold it for four seconds, then slowly expel it until the chest and abdomen have collapsed. Repeat this until you are tired or fall asleep. There are scores of ways of varying this exercise. But this is the essential. Of course it is assumed that one sleeps with his bedroom windows open,

Taking All Precautions.

"Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful railway vans," said the nervous old gentleman.

"Never fear, sir," said cabby, "I'll do my best. And which hospital would you like to go to in case of an accident?"-Stray Stories.

Trephining an Ancient Operation. Trephining the skull is known as a probable treatment used by prehistoric surgeons. It appears that the ancient practice still survives in Helanesia, and Rev. J. A. Crump reports that natives of New Britain treat fractures from slingstones by trephining with a piece of shell or a flake of obsidian. In 80 per cent of the cases recovery follows

in two or three weeks. A Mystery, Indeed. Stubb-There goes a man who is full of mystery.

Penn-You don't say! Stubb-Yes: he just ate a bowl or chop suey.-Chicago Daily News.

If Eve was like the average woman the chances are that Adam didn't get "Where shall you go, then? Why not The still, sultry heat was terrible, not and conscious that at any moment he anything but the core of the apple.

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp-Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

On the morning of the 20th of Sep-

tember, 1894, the people of the North were treated to an extraordinary amount of news, even for those days. If a daily of that date could be easily found now I would like to look it over and see the startling intelligence that was reported. For it was on that morning that the news of Sheridan's great victory at Winchester came; and in the same breath the people were informed of an audacious and very nearly successful attempt to release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, off Sandusky, sieze the United States gunboat Michigan, make a Confederate cruiser of her, and hold Lake Erie, and perhaps the adjacent waters under her dominion.

I was one of Sherldan's army, and the importance of the victory at Winchester was very clear to me, as it was to my comrades. The event that had happened near Sandusky on the same day (Sept. 19, 1864), when we learned of it, did not seem to us to be a matter of much importance. We were inclined to think it a madcap attempt of a few refugees in Canada, which never had any chance of success; and we

were not much disturbed by the news. We did not realize the gravity of that situation, as did the people of Buffalo, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit. Those good citizens awoke on the morning of the 20th to the knowledge that a daring Confederate raid right among their homes had just missed success, when the consequences of success would have been to release a powerful body are the Leonbergs, a cross between of the enemy right in the North, put Newfoundlands, St. Bernards and Pyre- the cities and towns of Lake Erie under tribute, drive off all commerce and erfully built dogs in the world and travel from the lake, and create such stand more than four feet high. Those terror in the North as would not be created by a great Confederate victory erament paid from \$250 to \$400 aplece in the field. A "scare" was caused, for, and some specimens have sold for like to nothing else in the whole course of the war. Troops were hurrled to these points; before their arrival the citizens patrolled the streets with arms, and the excitement was at fever

There was good cause for it. The daring nature of that attempt to seize Lake Erie, with all the tremendous consequences that would be sure to known to the veterans, as they should be. It was an important phase of the war that they did not see, and which Beall was hung at Governor's Island. they should have in mind. Briefly He met his fate bravely-as men enstated the plan was this: The only United States vessel on all ages of the world.

Lake Erie was the Michigan, a steamer carry eighteen guns. She was at this time lying off Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, which since 1862 had been used as a prison for captured principal motive of the horrid crime Confederate officers, there being on Sept. 19, 1864, almost 2,400 of them there. The guns of the Michigan commanded the island, and no attempt at revolt on the part of the prisoners F., in American Tribune. tively "nine myriads of strings of if the Michigan could be captured, the could be made while this was so. But prisoners could easily overcome their guard; they could arm themselves, cross to the mainland, get horses, and ride Southward at will, plundering and destroying as they went-for there were no troops in Ohio to stay them. And the steamer with a Confederate crew aboard could shell any city on the lake, if that were thought best, and could do infinite damage to the Union cause, besides the moral effect of such a victory. It would be much

like a blockade of the lake ports. The Canadian ports were at that time swarming with refugees, fugitives from the draft, and Confederate officers and agents. The plan which has been outlined was concocted by Jacob Thompson, the crafty secret agent of the Confederacy in Canada. He gave the charge of it to one of those daring : a whom the Confederates had ready everywhere that audacity and devotion to their cause could be used.

John Yates Beall, who undertook this astonishing enterprise, and paid the penalty of failure with his life, was the foremost in the world. in many respects an extraordinary man. He was at this time in his thirty-second year. He was a native Virginian, a graduate of a university, and at the outbreak of the rebellion owned plantations and slaves worth a million and a half of dollars. He was an officer of the Second Virginia Infantry, which formed a part of the "Stonewall Brigade," He had seen much service, and was particularly chosen for the command of this expedition.

On the morning of Sept. 19 the

steamer Philo Parsons, plying between Detroit, Sandusky and the islands, was boarded at Sandwhich and Maiden by twenty-four men, who brought an old trunk with them. There was nothing peculiar in their appearance, and they excited no suspicion. Before reaching Sandusky the trunk was opened, knives and revolvers were distributed, and the party took complete possession of the boat. After cruising awhile among the islands, they captured another steamboat, the Island Queen, which had aboard passengers, including some soldiers going to Tolodo to be mustered out. All these Beall put ashore, after exacting an oath of secreey for twenty-four hours as to what had been done. He then took the Island Queen out into the lake, scuttled her, and with the Philo Parsons cruised up and down outside Johnson's Island. He cruised there all day, waiting

The plot was in two parts. The other part was to be executed by a Confederate officer named Cole. He had made the acquaintance of the officers of the Michigan and they had consented to take supper with him on the evening of this day. He proposed to drug them, or in some way detain them from their boat; a signal would inform Beall of his success; the Michigan would be attacked and taken by surprise; a cannon shot over the island would inform the prisoners that their time had come; and the rest would be

It was a well-laid plot, and only failed through Cole's want of caution. Suspicions were aroused by his actions and instead of supping with him that night the commander of the Michigan sent a squad ashore and arrested him. Beall saw that his plot had failed, as hour after hour passed without the signal being given, and in his desperation he urged his crew to go with him and attack the gunboat at whatever risk. But their spirit was not equal to his, and they refused. Near midnight Beall caused the Parsons to be put about and run for the Canadian shore, where the boat was scuttled and the crew disbanded.

Like all of his kind, this man was bold to rashness. He had been seen by so many Americans on this expedition who perfectly remembered his face, that it would seem perfect folly for him to venture over the border alone. But he did in the following January, and was recognized and taken near Suspension Bridge. He was conveyed to New York, where General Dix ordered his trial before a military commission, on charges of piracy and being a spy. He was defended by James T. Brady, more from a desire that he should have every reasonable chance than from any sympathy with him or his crimes. On this trial an extraordinary paper was produced from Jefferson Davis, avowing the acts for which Beall was being tried and stating that they had been done by authority of the Confederate government. But he was

convicted, and sentenced to be hung. There was never any doubt as to the justice of his conviction and sentence. The man who goes in disguise into the enemy's country to levy war by stealth always takes his life in his hand, and must expect to lose it if discovered. And this kind of war is abhorrent to all civilized nations.

President Lincoln was, as usual, earnestly appealed to for mercy; but Beall's offense had been too flagrant, the consequences of success would have been too disastrous to permit the President now to interfere, He consented, however, to delay the execucome from that stroke, are not well tion for a week, to allow the mother of the condemned man to visit him. On the afternoon of Feb. 24, 1865, John Y. gaged in bad enterprises have done to

After the assassination of the President and the death of the assassin, the story was set affoat that Booth was an intimate friend of Beall, and that the was revenge for the execution of his friend. The story has not been generally believed; but it is impossible to say that there is no truth in it .- J. F.

Anecdotes of Grant, Apropos of reminiscences concerning General Grant, the Detroit Free Press publishes the following, which come from his old home in Galena:

General Smith, one of the old residents of the place, was at dinner one day, before the war was fairly inaugurated, when a servant announced:

"Some one to see you, sir." "A gentleman, James?"

"Well, no, sir; he's just a common man. I gave him a chair in the hall." The "common man" was the tanner Grant, the future commander-in-chief of the army of America.

A few years later two gentlemen called on a young man who was located in a Chicago boarding house, Two pieces of pasteboard were sent to his room; on one was written in pencil the name U. S. Grant. The other bore the cognomen of General Grant's friend and chum, J. Russell Jones.

The young man on whom General Grant was calling was Eugene Smith, the son of General Smith, of Galena. The "common man's" name was then

At one time the ladles of a certain church in Galena gave a series of tea parties for some charitable organization. Mrs. U. S. Grant belonged to the church circle, but would not give the

tea party. "I haven't a whole set of china in the house," she said in excuse, "and I will not ask company to eat off broken or nicked dishes."

There were slaughtered in the United States in 1900, 5,530,911 beeves, 9,-190,490 sheep, 30,654,333 hogs. The value of products of the cities in which slaughtering is an important industry. stated in millions of dollars, was Chicago 256, Kansas City 73, South Omaha 67, New York 42, St. Joseph, Mo., 29, East St. Louis, Ill., 27, Indianapolis 18, Milwaukee 13, St. Louis 13, Philadelphia 12, Buffalo 11. Cincinnati 10.

In January the death rate from accidents is slightly greater in rural parts than in cities; in February the death rates in city and country are about similar; in March the country is more dangerous; in April the rates balance again; in May and June the city leads, in July and August the country lends; in September the city is ahead; in October and November the country is more fatal, and in December the city

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing for an expected signal, which never quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart .- Samuel Smiles.