

# Carrie

The Telegraph Girl

A ROMANCE OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

By Captain Jack Crawford

THE POET SCOUT.

(Continued.)

God bless her! And she called me Fred! Her heroism fanned yet brightened the flames of love in my heart, and I felt that her language indicated that she held me in more than ordinary regard.

Were I dealing with fiction I would write a lurid description of a desperate conflict between the sheriff's posse and the outlaws, but as I am dealing in actual experiences, and the story will, no doubt, be read by many acquainted with the facts, I must adhere closely to the lines of truth. The special stopped about a mile north of the station to allow the posse to disembark, and, by advancing noiselessly, surrounded the depot and captured the robbers; but, alas, for the well-laid plan, the noise of the train was heard, and fearing a trap, the scoundrels, leaving me a parting curse, hastened from the office, mounted their horses, which had been secured near by, and made their escape before a shot was fired.

A few months later, while on leave of absence granted me from the handsome station given me in a beautiful Kansas town, a telegram was handed to me as I stood in the parlor of Mrs. Rankin's pretty cottage home in Ar-lansas City. I read it and handed it to the little woman dressed in bridal robes who stood at my side. Then the chief train dispatcher read it aloud to the assembled guests. It ran as follows:

Topeka, Kan., May 10, 18—  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saunders, Arkansas City.

All the officials of the Santa Fe company join in warmest congratulations, with the sincere prayer that the new lives you to-day begin may never be shadowed by a cloud of care. While we regret the loss of the valued services of our little heroine of Red Rock, we glean satisfaction from the fact that you will yet hold her husband, and will also feel that she, too, is a cherished member of the great Santa Fe family. May the sun of true happiness ever illumine your lives.

(Signed) R. B. GEMMELL,  
Supt. of Telegraph.

"I am commissioned," added the dispatcher, "to place these two envelopes among the gifts from loving friends on this table. They bear slight tokens of appreciation of valuable services from the Santa Fe Company and from the Wells-Fargo Express Company."

There was an envelope addressed to Carrie, and one to myself. Each contained a crisp, new, increased \$1,000 greenback.

## HIS LIFE'S MISTAKE.

"Why did I never marry? Well, I'll tell you."

The little crowd of listeners looked interested as Col. Wiley, the handsome white haired bachelor, settled back in his chair, as if to more comfortably relate the story of his escape from matrimony.

"I was very much in love, but you would know that when I tell you that she was as fair and lovely a girl as these Virginia skies ever looked down upon. A true southerner, she was loyal to her state and was proud to say that her ancestors were among the F. F. V's.

"While a slender little creature, she was a splendid horsewoman, and knew every inch of our rugged mountain roads. Of course that was just before the war, and I was a young chap then.

"Her name was Lucy, a good, old-fashioned name that our southerners still cherish, and do not change to the more airy Lucile, as do our northern neighbors. It doesn't matter about her surname; you'd all recognize it were I to divulge, so I shall be silent concerning it.

"She was the daughter of the house and had two large brothers, who looked upon Lucy as a mere baby and guarded her quite as zealously. I first had to win their friendship before getting anywhere near being even a mere acquaintance with Lucy.

When the war broke out both brothers were filled with the enthusiasm of the battlefield, and by constant allusions to their bravery, and adroit carefully worded remarks concerning their excellent appearance in the uniforms of the confederate gray, I soon won them completely over. As for Lucy, she regarded me with suspicion for some time, but suffice to say that when I marched away into the fire and thunder of Shiloh a little golden curl, a locket enclosing the photograph of a pretty girl, and a Bible, her gifts, were snugly and carefully tucked away in the lining of my coat.

Lucy's brothers and I were enlisted in the same regiment, and in that way I frequently heard from her. Their father, a strong minded, stubborn, aristocratic old fellow, had positively forbidden an engagement or even communication of any sort. She was too young, he said, to have her mind turned topsy-turvy with love nonsense.

"She made no effort to disobey, but when she gave me the curl and locket and looked at me through tears that were just falling from her great blue eyes, I felt that in the battle of hearts I had not lost, and that in due course of time I'd claim the indemnity of war and call little Lucy my own.

"This blasphemous condition continued for six months or a year. Then came the usual uncertainties, suspicions and jealousies that so frequently disturb love's young dream and bring despair to youthful lovers.

"It was this way: Our first lieutenant was a dashing young officer, as fearless as a young lion and so handsome that the privates soon dubbed him 'Master Prettyboy.' We were cleaning our muskets one day, preparatory to the morrow's fight, when Master Prettyboy came strolling along and paused near us, saying to Jim, Lucy's brother: 'I received a charming letter from your sister today. She sent her love to you two boys and asked me to tell her how far you both ran at the first fight.'

"That night I went to Jim and asked him if the first lieutenant and his sister had long been friends.

"They played together when babies," he answered, "Sis thinks a heap of him."

"That was enough. From that hour my visions of sweet Lucy were blurred with the mist of insincerity and faithfulness. To be sure, we were not engaged, but we understood, and our eyes had asked and answered the questions which our lips were forbidden to speak.

"My love-life—as Ibsen calls it—died one day when the first lieutenant, beaming and smiling, hailed Lucy's brother with: 'Congratulations me, old boy; she says she'll have me.'

"Well, the war ended—as you all have perhaps heard ere this, although some of our mossbacks here in the mountains refuse to believe it. When Lee surrendered I was the superior officer of the handsome first lieutenant, whom I hated and envied with equal passion. I came out of the army with a cruel wound in my shoulder, and it was months before I came back to this part of the country, where I had found and loved and won my pretty Lucy.

"The old-time scenes and associations (although the war had brought many grievous changes) seemed to open my emotions anew, and one Sunday I decided to go to her.

"I had gone perhaps half the way when I came to a switch on which stood a dilapidated locomotive. Ad-



"I LOVE YOU, DEAR," engineer and his assistant were endeavoring to polish its rusty wheels and boiler. They were discussing the pros and cons of matrimony.

"There's no use in talkin'," said one; "there's mighty little sincerity in women."

"That's true," reiterated the other. "I went to the war engaged to the sweetest girl you ever clapped eyes on, but when I came back she was married to a cowardly cur that never saw the smoke of a musket."

"So I was not the only one, I thought. I retraced my steps, boarded a train, and a month later was digging a gold mine in the Grand Canon of Colorado.

"Years later I was at the depot at Denver awaiting a train to take me back east, and was much surprised to find myself face to face with Lucy's brother Jim.

"That night we talked over old times as we smoked our cigars and old memory drift back to the exciting days of '64. I thought of the dashing first lieutenant and casually asked:

"And whatever became of Prettyboy?"

"Why, didn't you know?" he replied. "He married my sister Katherine."

"Your—sister—Katherine?" I gasped. "I never knew you had any sister but Lucy."

"She's a half-sister. My father was married twice, and Katherine always lived with her grandparents. Say, by the way, he added, 'we thought at one time that you were rather smitten with Lucy.'

"You can imagine my eagerness to reach once more dear old Virginia. How beautiful the dusty old town looked as Jim and I sprang from the train and almost ran down the street toward his old home!

"Our footsteps sounded loud and drear as we walked across the porch and Jim opened the door. Jim tramped along the hall shouting and laughing and asking if the place were deserted.

"Then his mother, bent and gray and her once beautiful face furrowed with lines, came softly toward us. She fell into Jim's arms, sobbing as she did so.

"It was thoughtless for me to come without telling you beforehand," he said. "I might have known it would upset you."

"She but sobbed the more and could not speak. Then she took Jim's hand, and I following, led us to an upstairs room and gently pushed the door ajar.

"She died but an hour ago," the mother said, but I heard as if in a dream. Then going to a table she took up some letters, and, trembling and sobbing, handed them to me, saying as she did so: 'Lucy left these. She said there was one for you.'

"There was but one sheet and on it but a line or two—simply: 'I did not forget, and I have waited patiently. I love you, dear.'—Chicago News.

## STILL NO SIGN OF A REPLY

Secretary of State Day Does Not Know When Spain Will Answer.

SPANIARDS NEVER DREAM IT.

Marshal Campos Talks of Some of Spain's Recent Surprises—Says It Would Be Madness to Think of Rejecting President McKinley's Conditions.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—The cabinet convened in regular session promptly at 11 o'clock to-day. Some special significance was attached to the presence of the naval board of strategy—Rear Admiral Sicard, Commander Crowninshield and Captain Mahan.

The definite and long-expected answer of Spain to this government's terms had not been communicated, though it had been expected that this session of the cabinet might have the opportunity of considering the formal Spanish note of acceptance. Secretary Day, in entering the cabinet room, put at rest all reports that the formal answer might be in the possession of this government by saying that the answer of Spain had not reached this government.

MADRID, Aug. 5.—The conference between the political leaders upon the subject of peace terms continue. Senor Silveira, the Conservative leader, acting in behalf of Senor Castelar, the Republican leader, who was prevented by illness from being present, has conferred with the premier, Senor Sagasta, upon the subject. He said Senor Castelar, although an advocate of peace, was of the opinion that in negotiating its conclusion, the government "should remember the Virginius affair, when the energy displayed by Spain in dealing with the United States saved Spanish interests, and he thought every effort should be made to preserve Spanish sovereignty over Porto Rico."

Senor Silveira added that he personally did not favor any change of policy.

The Liberal, Moderate Republican, publishes an interview to-day with Marshal Martinez de Campos, who is quoted as saying: "I openly favor peace. Everything that has happened in this war could have been foreseen, but the most pessimistic could never have imagined that our misfortunes would be so great—the destruction of Montejó's and Cervera's squadrons, the surrender of Santiago and the rapid and unresisted occupation of Porto Rico. No one could have imagined it, even taking into consideration the superiority of the United States."

"Neither the present government nor any other can change our situation. It would be madness to think of rejecting President McKinley's conditions. The Liberal party can bring about peace, but Sagasta should not be asked to sign it. Such a course would not be prudent and another Liberal cabinet should be constructed."

## AN OFFICER DEAD IN PONCE.

Captain Hubert, Eighth Infantry, Had Seen Eighteen Years of Service.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—Adjutant General Corbin to-day received the following cablegram: "Captain Edgar Hubert, Eighth Infantry, died of brain fever at 7 o'clock last night. Notify his wife at Fort Russell.—Gilmore."

Captain Hubert was born in Georgia and appointed to West Point from that state. He was graduated in 1880 from the military academy. He was highly accomplished in military matters and was regarded as one of the most intelligent and energetic officers in the army.

## BRITAIN GROWLS AT RUSSIA.

The Chinese Question Causes a New Unrest in London.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—There is great uneasiness on all sides here in view of the Chinese situation, which is regarded as bringing an open conflict between Great Britain and Russia within measurable distance, and it is universally felt that the Marquis of Salisbury's lack of backbone in yielding to Russian aggressiveness is responsible for the dangerous complication which can only be overcome by the prompt and most firm intimation that Russia's open opposition to British commercial concessions must cease.

## EASY FOR THE BANK ROBBERS

Michigan People Afraid to Arrest Safe Blowers Who Stole \$5,000.

RICHMOND, Mich., Aug. 5.—A successful bank robbery was carried on by six men last night. They secured about \$5,000 in cash and \$4,500 in notes from the Union bank. There were three explosions which awakened many people. Alvin Barnes was ordered into the house with the threat that they would shoot him. George Robinson and Ed Barrett saw the robbers, but did not molest them. The safe was a complete wreck, nitro glycerine having been used.

## Death on the Fast Mail.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 6.—While the fast mail that left Kansas City at 2:30 o'clock this morning over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was flying westward near Elinor, fifteen miles beyond Emporia, at 6 o'clock this morning, both main rods of the engine, No. 268, snapped suddenly. The fireman, Charles Foley, jumped, but the engineer, J. Rollo, used the air brakes and stopped the train on the track. Foley, who is a Topeka boy, was picked up dead.

A woman begins to look faded about the time she casts withering glances

## GENERAL WHEELER'S REPORT.

The Old Cavalryman's Account of the Santiago Action.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—The following is the report of Major General Joseph Wheeler upon the operations before Santiago de Cuba:

BEFORE SANTIAGO, Cuba, July 7, 1898.—To Adjutant General Fifth Army Corps—Sir: After the engagement of June 24, I pushed forward my command through the valley, Lawton and Kent's commands occupying the hills in the vicinity of that place. After two days' rest Lawton was ordered forward, and the night of the 30th instructions were given by Major General Shafter to this officer to attack Coney, while the cavalry division and Kent's division were ordered to move forward on the regular Santiago road. The movement commenced the morning of July 1. The cavalry division advanced and formed its line with its left near the Santiago road, while Kent's division formed its line with the right joining the left of the cavalry division.

Colonel McClernard of General Shafter's staff directed me to give instructions to General Kent, which I complied with in person, at the same time personally directing General Sumner to move forward. General Kent was compelled to wade the San Juan river to get into line. This was done under heavy fire of both infantry and artillery. Our balloon having been sent up right by the main road, was made a mark of the enemy. It was evident that we were to have a hard fight, and I therefore pressed the command forward from the covering under which it was formed. I emerged into open space in full view of the enemy, who occupied breastworks and batteries on the crest of the hill which overlooks Santiago. Orders and men fell at every step. The troops advanced gallantly, soon reached the foot of hill and ascended, driving the enemy from their works and occupying them on the crest of the hill. To accomplish this required courage and determination upon the part of the officers and men of a high order, and the losses were very severe. Too much credit cannot be given to General Sumner and I General Kent and their respective commands, Colonel Wood and Colonel Farro of the cavalry; General Hamilton, S. Hawkins, commanding the First brigade, Kent's division, and Colonel Pearson, commanding the Second brigade. Colonel Carroll and Major Wesells were enabled to return and rejoin my command. General Wood commanding Kent's Third Brigade, was killed at 12:15; Lieutenant Colonel Worth took command and was wounded at 12:15; Lieutenant Colonel Lisieux then took command and was wounded at 12:20, and the command then devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Ewers, Ninth Infantry.

Upon reaching the crest, I ordered breastworks to be constructed and sent to the rear for shovels, picks, spades and axes. The enemy's trenches were so deep that we were unable to go through them, but our men were so thoroughly exhausted that it was impossible for them to follow. Their shoes were soaked with water by wading the San Juan river; they had become drenched with rain and when they reached the crest they were unable to proceed further. Notwithstanding this condition these exhausted men labored during the night to erect breastworks, furnished details to bury the dead and carry the wounded back in improvised litters. I sent word along the line that reinforcements would soon reach us and that Lawton would join our right and that General Bates would come up and strengthen our left. After reaching the crest of the ridge General Kent sent the Third and Fourth regiments to the right to march on right. At midnight General Bates reported, and I placed him in a strong position on the left of our line. General Lawton had attempted to join us from Coney, but when very near our lines he was fired upon by the Spaniards and turned back, but joined us next day at noon by a circuitous route. During all the day on July 2, the cavalry division, Kent's division and Bates' brigade were engaged with the enemy, being subjected to a fierce fire and incurring many casualties, and late in the day Lawton's division also became engaged.

During the entire engagement my staff performed their duties with courage and ability.

## STEPHENS ON EXPANSION.

Missouri's Governor Thinks It Is a Scheme of Capitalists to Control the Senate.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Aug. 6.—In view of the fact that the Democratic party will be called upon next week to meet the question of territorial expansion, Governor Stephens has the following to say regarding the annexation of the Philippines and Porto Rico:

"I oppose the annexation of the Philippines on any terms. We should not add to our citizenship classes of people incapable of appreciating our principles of liberty and individual rights. The people of Missouri should resist to the utmost the policy of dragging into the Union alien populations of the undeveloped lower races of mankind, to be governed by oligarchies, consisting of the agents of capitalists, who wish to hold all such subject territories in reserve for admission as states, hoping thus to control the Senate and the electoral college against American voters. We should adhere to the Monroe doctrine and remember the advice of our fathers and keep free from entangling alliances with foreign nations. We did not enter the present war for the conquest of the Philippines. We were guided wholly by motives of sympathy and humanity, and to carry the liberty and life to the starving and persecuted Cubans. We have for the present sufficient territory for all purposes."

## Trials of Madrid Editors.

MADRID, Aug. 5.—The censorship of the papers is now conducted with the utmost severity. The military censor has cut out numerous articles in all the leading papers, including the military journals. Everything having the remotest reference to the peace negotiations is suppressed and the censorship is especially severe upon criticisms of the American government's pretensions. These articles cut out are replaced by poems, tales and miscellaneous matter.

## Wales May Visit America.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—It is reported, in connection with the Anglo-American movement, that strong endeavors are making to get the Prince of Wales to visit the United States and Canada next summer.

## To Welcome the Soldiers.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—The brave boys in Cuba, when they return to this city, will meet with a warm reception. A committee has been formed and will meet on Monday afternoon in the east parlor of the Waldorf-Astoria to discuss plans for welcoming the soldiers home. Many well known men have consented to serve.

## Texas Democrats Expanders.

GALVESTON, Texas, Aug. 6.—The state Democratic convention adopted the platform endorsing mild "expansion."

## PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

The Overland Route and the Grand Scenic Beauty Encountered.

The story of the "Overland Route" has been told in prose and poem by those who have a right to claim the best knowledge of it; those who tolled over the plains driving oxen in spans, which pulled great caravans of freight; those who hopefully bore the heat and burden of the day, buoyed up and encouraged by the hope of an El Dorado in the mountains of the west—great, noble hearted men who sought in the glorious west the reward which seemed never to come near their doors in the populous east. They were brave and kind hearted, bold and gentle, and the story writer loves to dwell on their adventures and depict their hair-breadth escapes, and tell of their hopes and their disappointments. In one sense theirs is the story of the lives of many who read, and a chord of sympathy is touched by the skillful telling of the story. Everyone who has read these tales of the west has felt an instinctive desire to see the spots, hallowed at least in memory by some story, which has served to pass an hour away; and each one has longed for an opportunity. Those of the present day have the best of the earlier members of this mutual admiration society, for they can now make the trip in comfort, free from peril, and surrounded by all the luxuries incident to modern travel. In stead of toiling over the cañal track of those who preceded them, the traveler of the day simply selects "The Overland Route," the Union Pacific system, and, as much at home as though in the quiet of some New England village, glides swiftly over a splendid roadbed, and allows his eyes to feast on the magnificent scenery afforded.

The highest point on this "Overland Route" across the continent is 8,247 feet, at Sherman; hence those who fear the results of great altitudes are relieved of that apprehension, as very little difficulty is experienced.

"Echo Canon," says an English traveler, "is a superb defile. It moves along like some majestic poem in a series of incomparable stanzas. There is nothing like it in the Himalayas, nor in the Sullivan Range. In the Bolan Pass, on the Afghan frontier, there are intervals of equal sublimity; and even as a whole it may compare with it. But taken for all in all—its length (some thirty miles), its astonishing diversity of contour, its beauty as well as grandeur—I confess that Echo Canon is one of the masterpieces of nature." Such is the verdict of one observer, and another in describing it is equally emphatic: "So far in our overland journey we have met with no striking instance of that most frequently occurring feature of these regions—the canon. What in the far west is so termed is sometimes a narrow chasm in the mountains, the bottom of which is often the bed of a stream of water, the cliffs on either side being nearly perpendicular or even inclining towards each other. Echo Canon has every feature of impressiveness—strong, determinate color, majestic forms and a novel weirdness. Usually the descent into the canon begins soon after leaving Evanston; the air coming from the mountains is inspiring; the afternoon light is growing mellow, and all the conditions are favorable to the highest enjoyment.

At Castle Rock may be said to be the true beginning of the exciting ride. "He must be a very close observer, indeed, who can comprehend all the varied beauties and curiosities that follow. The high abrupt wall on one side, so smooth that it might have been cut with a saw, the lofty hills on the other side, and the glimpse of mountains whose snows never melt, are inspiring and interesting. But they are not the only things that make a journey through Echo Canon memorable for a lifetime."

The Castle is one of the most perfect of all those striking objects whose vast proportions show them to be the work of nature alone, and yet whose symmetrical forms and adherence to architectural rules seem to stamp them as the works of man.

At first the cliffs are neither very lofty nor precipitous, though always picturesque. The slender stream creeping along beneath them is fringed with the hardy willow, and on every shelf, and up to the summits of the rocks, the dwarf cedars have obtained a footing, their russet foliage and dark spots of shadow giving a mottled appearance to the landscape. It is almost incredible, the tenacity which these cedars have on life; give them the narrow ledge on the smallest cranny in the parched rock, and they go on growing, making up in hardihood and fantastic curve in trunk and limb what they lack in size. Soon the cliffs grow higher, more barren, more savage in form. In color, also, they change. At the canon head they are of a yellowish gray, in some places even ashen; now they stand up, stark and bare, and of almost a blood-red color. At one point we are whirled past a chaos of tumble rock; the whole face of a lofty cliff has fallen at once, leaving the part yet standing of a fresh, bright hue, that it will take a thousand years of summer sunshine and winter frost to tone back into the general color of the surrounding heights. One can well imagine the roar, the volume of sound, that went rolling across the hills when fell that mass.

During the so-called Mormon war, when Johnson's army was on its way to Utah, there were a number of stone-work fortifications erected on the crests of the cliffs. From these old rock works, perched like crows' nests on high, a splendid view of the canon may be obtained. W. H. Eldridge, whose language we have used before, has written a beautiful

description of this view, which we cannot do better than quote:

"From such a point of view as Hanging Rock, or the ridges above it, a much better idea of what one may term the tumultuousness of the surrounding country can be obtained than from the bed of the canon. The earth is split by a score of transverse ravines, which extend like blue veins from the main artery and mar the face of the country with shadow; isolated columns, positive and brilliant in color, stand alone in their chromatic glory, without a visible connection with the main rock from which they were originally detached; old groups of conglomerate, much like inverted wine-glasses in shape, and plainly banded with several strata of color, sprout like so many monstrous mushrooms; and, clasping all within their basin, are the circling mountains of the Wahsatch and Uintah Ranges."

Shrill blows the whistle as we cut across the pioneers' road, and the echoes are prolonged, striking against the red cliffs to rebound from height to height and die away up in the shaggy ravine. We have passed the "Steamboats," the "Rock of Gibraltar," and the "Monument Rock," standing lonely in its lonely ravine. As we flash by, wonders numerous and unnamed, the afternoon sun is streaming down slant rays and lighting up the southern side of the cliffs and casting long blue shadows across our path. The somewhat harsh and incongruous colors of rock and foliage are brought into harmony, and the mind suddenly receives the impression that the wonderful picture presented by the cliffs of Echo Canon is one to dwell in the memory for a lifetime. At last the locomotive, giving another resounding whistle, passes round a sharp curve; Pulpit Rock, famous the world over, is on our right hand; we can almost touch it. We have entered a valley running at right angles to the canon; this is the Weber. A few moments more and the train slackens its speed at the cluster of houses called Echo City.

Pulpit Rock is so called both from its shape and from the supposition that Brigham Young preached from it his first sermon in Utah, addressed to the pioneers then on their way to Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

Weber Canon! To those who have made the great transcontinental trip over the Union Pacific railroad, the name will revive the memories of a host of imposing scenes—the Devil's Gate and Slide; the Wilhelmina Pass; the turbulent Weber River sweeping onward and awakening with its angry voice the echoes from cliff to gorge; the long, black tunnels; the dizzy bridges, a kaleidoscopic change of wonders of nature and art. To those who have not yet made the notable tour, who have yet to learn from actual sight the peculiarities and grandeur of western scenery, the name will serve to put their expectation on tip-toe, for, of all the canons passed through by the rail between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, this one has earned the reputation of containing the most wonderful scenes, the strangest sights, some that will be long remembered for their wildness and grandeur alone; and others, because they are most striking examples of some of the distinctive features in western scenery.

It is a trip which everyone should take, varying the climate, the altitude and general environments of business and care, and it can be taken so comfortably and at such reasonable expense in the splendid cars of the Union Pacific system that it should be decided upon at once as the one next to be undertaken.

F. P. BAKER.

## With a Wall of Water.

The idea of protecting buildings against fire from without by means of a water curtain, to be made to fall all around the structure, appears to be gaining favor, having the indorsement of some of the most experienced professional experts in this line, and the plan is exciting special attention in Chicago, where it is being applied to the great public library building. The arrangement is extremely simple. A seven-inch steel water main is laid around the top of the structure, upon the broad stone table formed by the top of the coping, this pipe having connection with force pumps situated in the basement, and, through perforations properly arranged, insures the introduction of a substantial sheet of water from cornice to pavement around the whole or any imperiled portion of the building. The arrangement of the system of piping is such as to enable operating in prescribed sections; additional relays of smaller pipes are also placed in position above windows and doors, in order to complete the curtaining of those points in the most serviceable manner, should the curtain in the main be broken by wind impingement against the building.

## How do you Pronounce Alger.

"How do you pronounce the name of the Secretary of War?" is a question asked many times every day, and as in most cases people do not know, a different pronunciation is given by each. "Aljer," hard g, "Awejar," and "Aljer" have been the most frequent pronunciations. As Camp Alger has caused the name to be on the tongues of so many, the private secretary was asked to give the correct pronunciation, so all may now rest assured that they have it right if they say "Aljer," pronouncing the first two letters as in the exclamation "ah," bringing in the I in the only way it can be enunciated and the last three letters as in Jerk. The first syllable is not as if spelled "awl," although this error is made frequently.—Richmond Times.