



The Suicide of Swallow.

Swallow was a "native." Who he was or from whence he came, none assumed so prehistoric a knowledge. Like Topsy, he had "just happened," away back in the dim, misty pioneer days of Higby, then a mere trading post, now a great city of meat strikes and cosmopolitan quarters.

That is why all the newspaper boys knew Swallow, knew him as a brilliant but erratic disciple of special assignments, apt to be flush to-day, a panhandler to-morrow, a man with an abused past and an uncertain future made more vacillating because of the "dope" habit. Many and many a time he had been counted down and out by the gang, but he rose up smiling, like Truth, uncrushed—but hungry.

And then Swallow developed a to-boggan gait. The first of the month had found him the possessor of a "cow-choking wad," as the slang parlance of the club remarked. A week later he staggered into the Times office at 2 in the morning, his face drawn in abject contour, his clothing bedraggled and unkept. Sidling up to Brown, the city editor, he whispered: "It's all off, Brownie. I'm all in. There's positively nothing doing. Friends—here he sobbed feelingly—"friends all gone—money—(sob)—all gone. Brownie, I'm goin' down to the lake and—and—go—the same old way!"

That was the beginning. Brown gave him a dollar and thought that would be the ending—of both the dollar and the suicide. During the week a half-dozen of the boys heard the same story and dismissed it in much the same manner. Then came a casual mention at the club, and mutual recognition that the "old war horse" was developing a peculiar trait—one which might, indeed, lead him to a rash personal act.

After that the gang pitied him, argued with him, and at last wearied of him. Regularly and zealously he made the rounds, mysteriously announcing his terrible intention. Then came the fatal night when he blundered into the club.

Weeping softly, while his bosom heaved with emotion, he confided to the coterie that the end had indeed come!

This was the fatal night!

To-morrow morning they would find his lifeless body floating on the tide-water, a soggy, sorrowful speck beneath the turning curlews and the wheeling gulls!

Jones of the Tribune, who had been pestered zealously during the past two weeks, and to whom the suicide tale was as familiar as that of "Little Bo-Peep," arose with a flash of determination in his eye.

"Swallow"—he spoke sharply—"Swallow, are you going to drown yourself?"

Swallow humbly bowed his head and wept!

"Well, old man, you've been a good friend to all of us here"—waving his arm toward the wondering auditors—"and we have tried"—swallowing!—"in our weak way to be worthy; but if you feel that you must die"—here he turned toward his fellows for their approbation—"if you feel that you must die, why—why, we'll all go down to the lake with you, Swallow, and find you a good, deep place!"

For a moment there was deep silence. Swallow looked startlingly into the faces of his fellows, realization dawning dilatorily. Then he turned with a groan, plunged down the stairs and disappeared.

Morning came, the day sped, and again the diurnal wheel turned, but no Swallow!

A week passed, then two, and his

friends mourned him piously, fervently, dutifully, feeling that they, perhaps, had hastened his doom.

A year had intervened, with its many changes, and Swallow was for the moment forgotten. One busy morning some three weeks later, Brown, knee-deep in the wreckage, was sparring for "30," when the door opened and in walked a nattily dressed man of good bearing, clean-shaven and jaunty despite the white in his hair. Brown looked once, then he took another look and gasped! The visitor smiled and spoke, his hand extended: "Yes, it's me—Swallow! Glad to see me?"

For answer Brown hugged him immoderately, as was Brown's wont when prodigals returned.

"But—but, where—I thought you had committed suicide! You remember you were going to drown—"

Swallow interrupted him with a sweep of his hand.

"I—I got married instead!"—matter of fact. "She's over at the Auditorium. Boys are coming over at 3 to-morrow. Be there?"

Brown was there! And the resurrection of Swallow was complete!

Girls, when a young man promises to love and cherish you, before saying "Yes," procrastinate long enough to slip around and find out how he has been loving and cherishing his old mother.

When a friend keeps the news of his marriage from you and then comes around after the wedding to borrow money, you naturally feel that you are getting the worst of the friendship.

Sometimes a servant girl leaves because she is treated "like one of the family." There's a difference in families as well as in servant girls.

When your friend tells an untruth do not call him a liar. That is impolite. Simply refer to him as blankety blank weather prophet.

Do not be too anxious about the make of your friend's new typewriter until you learn whether he refers to a woman or a machine.

One man judges another by his works, but one woman makes her mental estimate of another by the family washing.

A woman need not necessarily know how to swim to stem currants. Yep, I like 'em in pie pretty good!

A man is mighty smart, but he can not make a noise like a woman when escaping from a mouse!

A boy is never happy until he can wear a derby hat and have a key to the front door.

Every woman in society is kept busy keeping herself in and other women out.

Every woman hates to see a man make a fool of himself about another woman!

Even the teacher of the cooking school gets indigestion now and then.

The older a man gets the steeper he finds the ladder to the haymow!

True lovers frequently spend more time quarreling than loving!

Traction Line Waiting Rooms.

The Montreal Street Railway company has recently erected a number of pretentious waiting rooms in different parts of the city. One of them is a two-story brick structure, where there are a ticket office and conveniences for passengers.

High Prices Drive Away Tourists.

Cologne newspapers complain that tourists are neglecting the Rhine, and they suggest that the high prices prevailing in the hotels have a good deal to do with this.

CAMPFIRE TALES.

Can't.

How history repeats itself. You'll say, when you remember Grant, who, in his boyhood days, once sought Throughout the lexicon for "can't."

He could not find the word that day. The earnest boy whose name was Grant.

He never found it through long years. With all their power to disenchant.

No hostile host could give him pause; Rivers and mountains could not daunt; He never found that hindering word—The scoundrel man whose name was Grant.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in St. Nicholas.

Soldier's Early Experience.

To the veteran every occurrence through which he passed is dear, especially so the little striking events of his early soldier days, writes an Eastern veteran. My regiment, the Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, was stationed at one time at Fort Jackson, on the Mississippi river, 40 miles above its mouth. I recall that fully one-third of our battalion were schoolboys like myself—all willing to grow beards and to become sturdy fighting men.

Our officers, too, were new to the business of war—having been made such after a hasty study of the first seventy pages of the army regulations—making it plain that we must have training as well as pluck! that we were all supposed to have in order to escape the whipping and final annihilation said to be in store for us at the horny hands of our opponents, the Texas cowboys. A little later 1,000 of these cowboys were compelled to tether their mustangs and lay down their arms by us—but this is a digression.

A little episode of camp life while at Fort Jackson will serve to show how promptly we took our first degree in riding the "goat," through casemate to parapet, when a genuine, soul-stirring cause for alarm came galloping into camp in the majestic form of our surgeon, Dr. Carpenter, who brought the startling news that the rebel ram Isaac Webb was on the way down the river, having passed New Orleans flying the Confederate flag. The Isaac Webb was formerly one of New York's fastest ocean-going tug-boats. Her speed was 17 knots an hour.

We were mighty quickly formed into lines and marched double quick up to the big Parrotts overlooking the river. We carried our Springfields which we loaded and stacked, then shot the 11-inch guns and the Parrotts, and trailed to point-blank range every well known ship course of the river within our view. Then we impatiently awaited the coming of the ram, and while we waited toyed with our Adam's apple, screwed up our knock-kneed courage (that so woefully wobbled again) to the fighting pitch, and remained full of speechless wonder and surprise.

But where was the Webb? We stood up, looked, listened, then looked again—but the calm and peaceful river gave no sign of her approach. The suspense was so great that it interfered with our breathing; we could hear nothing but the tap, tap, tap of an organ which seemed to have risen and to be lying near our tongues. But where was the ram that our doughty doctor had told us was coming? At every successive point on that part of the broad river in our view we looked, fully expecting her to poke her nose around and come on defiant.

As the day wore on the oppressive atmosphere became more clear. We stood erect, feeling quite jubilant, when suddenly a startling exclamation caused all eyes to turn.

"Look! look! What is that coming out of the west?" Clanking backward we saw something, dust-hidden, riding swiftly, and to our imaginative minds suspiciously toward the fort. Could it

be possible that our rear was to be the point of attack?

One more gulp of the Adam's apple and a silent remembrance of the misdemeanors and shortcomings of our career, a hasty prayer—then, suddenly out of the clouds of dust came our relief, bringing intelligence that the ram had herself been rammed and sunk, after having been driven ashore by the Union gunboat Richmond, which had passed up the river the preceding night; thus putting an end to the fearful risk that the Webb took when attempting to pass our fort, and blotting from our record a part of the glory that tradition would have added to the gallantry and valor afterward accorded the Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, and which we are proud to write, stopped forever the juggling with the guns that was said must be used to goad us into action.

In those historic '60s we never encountered another such memorable test of courage and bewildering suspense as on that doubtful day in the time of our novitiate.

Has Bible from the Cumberland.

Capt. G. A. Dean of Dorchester, Mass., has an interesting relic of a civil war sea fight which revives in memory the sudden and disastrous assault of the old-time federal frigate Merrimac on the U. S. ships Congress and Cumberland at Newport News. It is a Bible, very old, and, by the dog ears on its margins, much read.

The Merrimac was a 40-gun screw frigate, built for the government in 1855. On April 19, 1861, when the Norfolk navy yard was abandoned by the federals, the Merrimac and other vessels lying there were sunk. She was raised by the confederates, who cut her down to the berth deck, and on the midship section built a casemate of timber 170 long, protected by a double iron plating four inches thick. The prow was of cast iron.

She was named the Virginia and was commanded by Commodore Franklin Buchanan, who on March 8, 1862, sent her against the Congress, a sailing ship of 50 guns, and the Cumberland, a sailing ship of 30 guns, both of which she quickly destroyed.

Some time after the fight a seaman's chest from the fo'c's'le of the Cumberland floated ashore at Newport News, and inside was the Bible now owned by Capt. Dean. Originally it was the property of a sailor named Thomas Graham of Albany, N. Y.

Graham got possession of the Bible and kept it until Oct. 15, 1887, when he presented it to a shipmate named William B. Daley, who gave it to his friend, the late Capt. H. C. Hemmenway of Boston. Capt. Hemmenway gave it to its present owner.

Romance in Iowa Wedding.

Lieut. H. R. Merrill has left for Charleston, Mo., to be married to Mrs. R. A. Campbell, according to a dispatch from Geneva, Iowa.

In the fall of 1862 Lieut. Merrill, with a detachment of men, was stationed near Charleston, Mo. A young girl, who is now Mrs. Campbell, came over from her father's farm and warned Lieut. Merrill that Gen. Morgan was sending a superior force to effect his capture. The warning came in time, and he escaped through the mountains one hour ahead of the rebel force, getting back to the main line without loss.

From that time on during the long years that have intervened the participants of the romance have never seen each other. Some time ago by an accident Lieut. Merrill discovered the address of his benefactress and wrote her a letter. An interesting correspondence ensued, which gradually became more interesting and is to end happily in a wedding.

Makes Pets of Wild Animals.

Among the titled ladies of England who keep menageries is the duchess of Bedford, whose extensive collection of wild animals is famous. Another English society leader moves around her drawing room with a small woolly bear trotting at her heels.