



THE NEW SKIPPER OF THE NANCY.

"She is a beauty, Joe, and no mistake."

"Yes, and fast, too."

"That's her best point, in my estimation."

With a skillful turn of the wheel, that was so little as to seem almost a toy, Joe Parsons brought the trim steam launch gracefully around the end of the pier and up beside the floating stage, with a maneuver so clever that the paint on the side of the little craft was not scraped.

Fred Allen sprang out upon the stage, and then, running his eye along the lines of the boat, repeated his remark:

"She's a beauty, and, as you say, fast. Jove, she cuts the air at such a rate that she carries a cool breeze with her on the hottest night."

Then, with a cordial "Good night," Allen lightly climbed the ladder that led to the pier, while Parsons, after a preliminary toot of the little steam whistle, backed slowly out into the stream, and then kept up the North river at full speed.

"A beauty, indeed," he kept repeating to himself, thrilling with a strange pride at the thought of being owner, master and crew of such a saucy little marine creature.

For the Nancy seemed almost alive to him. He was a bookkeeper in a downtown bank, a sober, industrious, loyal, and good-hearted fellow; who preferred the pleasures that do not appeal to the general run of young men.

Two years before he had conceived the idea that for at least six months in the year it would give him great pleasure to spend his evenings and holidays in just such a craft as he now possessed.

The Nancy had consumed \$1,000 of his by no means extensive savings, but Joe was happy, and what is money compared to happiness.

First the launch spurred ahead at her best speed, then slowed down to hardly more than half speed, all the while her shrill whistle tooted much more frequently than is required by the laws of navigation. Joe was playing with his boat as some men do with a fine horse, as a woman does with her laughing first born.

In and out among the larger river craft the Nancy glided. Several times he all but got in the way of tugs and ferryboats, but these experiences only made his miniature voyage the more exciting.

One of the maneuvers carried him close to the piers on the New York side of the river.

Suddenly Joe looked ahead just in time to see a human figure shoot from the end of a pier and strike the water with a splash.

At that moment the Nancy was not more than twenty yards away.

"A suicide!" burst from Joe's lips. Then: "But I'll spoil the game."

The launch sped quickly to the spot, then hesitated and almost stood still under the influence of a sudden reversal of the engine.

In that pause of an instant Joe leaned over the side and found himself grasping a young woman.

The next moment the Nancy began to go backward through the water, but Joe had lifted the sylph-like form into the boat, and now the young lady lay between him and the engine.

Her wide open eyes stared at him in a peculiar fashion.

"Do you do this often?" he queried, not knowing what else to say.

A sigh was the only answer.

"I must scold her," thought Joe.

So he began:

"Miss, don't you know that suicide is one of the wickedest things in the world?"

The expression on her face changed to one of relief.

"Yes," she answered.

"Then why did you jump into the water?"

"So you didn't see me"—she began, but stopped in sudden confusion.

"I saw you just as you struck the water," he answered.

A sigh—this time one of unmistakable relief—escaped her.

"Why did you try to," he went on, sternly.

"Don't—don't ask me," she pleaded.

"Don't ask you what?"

"Don't ask me anything, please! I shall be greatly obliged to you, if you will humor me."

"Well, you are a queer girl," he commented. "You reach the point where life has no further charms for you, and then immediately begin to ask favors."

Under pretense of working at the engine, he managed to turn the little lantern so that it shed a fuller light upon her face.

The cheeks were pallid—naturally,

Joe inwardly commented—but the great, tender eyes and inexpressibly sweet face did not belong to a woman who would deliberately end her life.

It was a face with which any man not wholly a brute would be unable to avoid falling in love.

"See here," came suddenly from Joe, "you didn't really mean to jump into the water?"

"Oh, but you promised, sir, to ask me no questions."

"I didn't promise; it was you who made the request."

"I make it again," she pleaded.

"Surely you will humor me."

"And do everything else that you ask," cried Joe, suddenly, overwhelmed and conquered by the most wonderful little face he had ever seen. "What shall I do, first of all?"

"Talk about something cheerful," she urged, with a shiver.

"Well, in the first place, you're certainly wet, and you must be cold."

"Oh, no; the night is too warm for that."

"Won't you take a little taste of this brandy?" he suggested, producing his flask. "It may save you from catching a severe cold." She took the flask, but only the merest drop passed her lips.

Then Joe, in obedience to her whim, branched out into dissertations on the most general topics. He felt that he was talking like an idiot, but he evidently pleased her, for soon she joined in his talk, and displayed not only uncommon intelligence, but a vivacity that was hardly to be expected.

All this time they had been speeding up the North river. Joe suddenly awakened from his delicious absorption to find that they were opposite Harlem.

"Where shall I land you?" he asked.

"Anywhere; I must be getting home."

"And may I escort you there?"

"Oh, no; not for worlds."

Her look was both pleading and frightened.

"At least, may I call to-morrow, to make sure that you have not suffered from your exposure?"

"Please don't think of doing that, either. And don't try to find out anything about me."

"I am a gentleman," said Joe, with a simplicity that much have touched her. The boat had landed by this time. She stood up, shook out her garments—which were almost dry by this time—and held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said, "and thank you—thank you for more than I can tell you. We shall probably never meet again, but I shall always look back upon you as one of my friends. Thank you, again, most earnestly, and good-by."

Joe held her hand for a few seconds longer than he needed to, and tipped his hat almost reverently as she glided away.

"No, she certainly didn't mean to commit suicide," he soliloquized, gazing intently at her rapidly disappearing form. "Confound it, if I meet that girl again, I shall certainly fall in love with her. What is all the mystery back of this affair, I wonder."

The Nancy backed water again, then steamed down the river. Twenty minutes later the launch was at her berth, and fifteen minutes after that the fire was drawn and all made snug about her.

Then Joe wended his way home, his pretty craft forgotten in the maze of thought with which the adventure of that evening had filled his head.

And when, in his bed, Joe Parsons tried in vain to woo sleep, these words kept running through his brain:

"If I meet that girl again, I shall certainly fall in love with her."

But month after month went by, and Joe did not once behold the woman that the river had yielded up to him, only to let the town swallow her up half an hour later.

It was only a few weeks ago that Joe had been taken from the books of the bank and established in a small, cozy office to attend to the correspondence of the institution.

A typewriter was necessary, so he advertised for one. There were a host of applicants, but many of them had not the necessary knowledge for his kind of work, so they were rejected.

When the door opened to admit still another applicant, and Joe looked up, he almost shouted in his glee, for the newcomer was the young woman of the river episode.

The recognition was mutual, but each strove to ignore the fact, and Joe plunged at once into an examination of her qualifications.

She gave her name as Nora Dur-

well, and responded to all his questions so satisfactorily that he engaged her on the spot.

"I am sorry the salary is not larger," he said, apologetically, "but the bank regulates that, and I have no control in the matter."

Only a few days ago, an observer might have seen Nora gazing with truly feminine delight at a pretty solitaire ring on her finger. Joe's hand was resting affectionately on her shoulder.

"Tell me," he said, suddenly, and with something of an air of proprietorship, "how you happened to be in the river that night?"

"I was pushed in," she replied, turning pale at the recollection.

"By whom?"

"My husband."

"Your husband?"

"Yes; he was a fearful brute. That night he inveigled me out on the pier, with the deliberate intention of murdering me. But I am trying to forget all that. Please never speak of it again."

"Little girl," said Joe, with husky tenderness, "if you are willing to marry me after such an experience in matrimony, what a great faith you must have in me."

"I have," she replied, simply.

The Nancy has a new skipper now—the most delightful skipper imaginable.—Minneapolis Tribune.

DOG SLEEP-WALKERS.

One Canine Struck a Doe Trail and Was Gone for Three Days.

The story in the Sun of the Denver woman who had been sleep-walking in a way to astonish folks reminded a group of sportsmen who were sitting in a Broadway gun store last Monday of several instances when dogs, or cats, had done things almost as remarkable. One of the stories was told by a man who had used a pointer in hunting quails in the South.

"He was a fine dog, Seth was," the sportsman said. "He could wind a quail further or road one faster than any other dog I ever used, and he was so steady that one couldn't see him breathe. He was a great dreamer, and used to do all sorts of things. One night he lay down before the fireplace on a bear skin I got down in Missouri. I was sitting over by a table in a comfortable chair reading some, but stopping to think about my hunting trips more. The wind outside made a fellow thankful he was in a house, it whistled so cold like. The wind quieted down a little and then Seth began to get uneasy. He began to kick and whistle with his half-open lips. Pretty quick he got up and began to creep across the floor, foot by foot, going slower and slower. Then he stopped dead still, in as pretty a point as ever I saw. I spoke to him and he woke up. He looked about him; then with laughing head he came over to where I was sitting and put his head onto my lap after I'd petted him a little."

A man who had hunted deer with dogs in Minnesota told about a big white and black spotted hound that he had used in his sport:

"One night," he said, "we were sitting or lounging before a big log fire in camp up on a lake. I won't say where, because there's a lot of game there yet. Old Rover was lying a little ways from the fire, snoring as all hounds do, when he suddenly jumped to his feet and began to sniff around. We could see he was asleep by his eyes. He ran here and there and then struck the trail Sam, my partner, had made while dragging a doe in that afternoon, and away he went in full cry. When he was out of sight in the brush beyond the fire light Bill gave a yell for the dog to come back—he was afraid the dog would get lost. But the dog kept on and was out of hearing beyond a spur of a mountain in a few minutes. Three days later the dog had not yet returned to camp. Bill and I went still-hunting to another lake ten miles away, intending to stay all night, but we didn't. We found Rover lying beside a brook seven miles from camp, half starved, with ribs showing like one's fingers. We fed him all the stuff we had to eat and then led him to camp. We tied him up nights after then."

All the sportsmen had seen dogs rise to their feet in their sleep or yline and squeal. A few had seen dogs lying on their sides barking as if in full cry after a fox or rabbit, and one had a half-bull dog that used to have a fight about one night in six, doubling up and rolling over by himself, or with a rug in its jaws.—New York Sun.

Missouri Preachers for London

There is a demand from over the ocean for Missouri preachers. Not long ago the Rev. Mr. Briney, of the Moberly Christian Church, received a call to a church in London, and now it is reported that the Rev. John A. Brooks, of Memphis, Tenn., but formerly of Missouri, has been called to the British metropolis. Dr. Brooks is well known in Missouri, where he was the first Prohibition candidate for Governor in 1884, and great interest would be felt in his success should he accept the London pulpit. It would seem that the American style of preaching would be a marked and agreeable improvement on the native London article, which is generally impregnated with fog and covered with coal smoke, lacking the fluency and vivacity to which American church-goers are accustomed. A Missouri divine in London would change the atmosphere for a large distance around the sacred desk.—Kansas City Star.

Mirror Made of Celluloid.

A London scientist has invented a mirror of celluloid which accurately reflects every object. The celluloid mirror is unbreakable, and is cheaper than glass, and lighter.

People rush around on Monday as though they were ashamed of having been idle on Sunday

ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE OF GENERAL JO SHELBY.



Of all the conspicuous figures of the civil war, none perhaps has so varied and romantic an experience as General Jo Shelby. Greater Generals than he were in the conflict, more distinguished commanders have passed into history, but taking him by and large, as a typical American soldier—a free lance among the lighter and more dashing exemplars of the art of war—he stood with Sheridan, Jeb Stuart, Rosser, Custer and the other dare-devils, who rode to win, in clouds of dust and amid the clatter of sabers. That he did not know how or when to surrender is not so much to his discredit as a soldier, as his subsequent action in running off to Mexico and offering his sword to a foreign adventurer reflected upon his American citizenship. But then his wounds were sore; his years were few; his ambition boundless, and his matured good sense had yet to come. When in 1867, after his experience with Maximilian, he crept back to Fayette County, Missouri, and saw some beauty yet in the stars and stripes, his vision took a wider scope, and in spite of himself he had to admit that there was no land like the land of his birth.

General Shelby's experience in Mexico, at about the close of Maximilian's regime, sounds like a romance. Major John N. Edwards, who some years ago was the Boswell of Shelby's career, dwelt at length upon his experience with the ill-starred Austrian. It is worth reproducing here. Major Edwards said:

"At the close of the war, when Kirby Smith, in command of the department, was anxious to surrender, General Shelby was an advocate of further resistance. French support, medicines, ammunition and French gold were coming by way of Mexico, and upon these he based hope. His protest was unavailing, and the surrender was made at Shreveport and the army disbanded. Before the surrender was made the army became dissatisfied with General Smith, and General Shelby was commissioned to ask him to withdraw as direct commander of the army, which he did in favor of General Buckner. At the surrender of the army Smith surrendered to Buckner, and Buckner surrendered to the United States.

Shelby then gathered about him 600 men. They were Missourians for the most part, and were willing to follow their leader to the utmost confines of the earth. They determined to go into Mexico and take part in the contest then waging between Maximilian and Juarez. Shelby's march through Texas is remarkable in many respects. Texas was a vast arsenal of arms and ammunition at this time, and his troops were well supplied. Some returning and disbanded soldiers at times attempted to levy contributions upon the surrounding country, but Shelby's stern orders arrested them in the act, and his swift punishment of depredations left a shield over the neighborhood, that needed only its shadow to insure safety.

"When the first Mexican station was reached General Shelby sold his cannon, and his men took a vote the same night to decide which of the contending parties in Mexico they should join. Shelby was decidedly in favor of joining Juarez, who led the revolution, well arguing with his usual sagacity and foresight that the United States would never allow a foreign power to gain a foothold on American soil. But his men favored the imperial party and he allowed himself to be governed by their wishes. They crossed the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass and entered Mexico. A few days later Shelby was offered the command of the States of Nueva Leon and Coahuila, but the offer was declined, as his men had joined the imperial forces.

"Historians say that had General Shelby accepted this position he would in all probability have been joined by thousands of Confederates whose fortunes were to be made, and with that force he would have been able to save Maximilian or might have become a power in Mexico's affairs.

"However that may be, General Shelby and his men had many a bloody and fierce encounter with the brigands that infested Mexico before they reached the City of Mexico. One of these was the rescue and liberation of Inez Walker, a beautiful American who had been educated in California. She was seen years before by Rodriguez, a millionaire Spaniard, who took a fancy to her and abducted her. In the encounter he was killed, and the American woman received the protection of Shelby's men.

"Shelby offered his services to the Emperor, but they were refused. Maximilian was not willing to trust the Americans in his organized army. It is a curious fact that General Shelby, when interviewing Maximilian's representative, predicted the situation that afterward befell that luckless Emperor.

"When Shelby gathered his men about him and announced the decision of the Emperor, he said: 'We are not

wanted, and perhaps it is best so. Those who have fought as you have for a principle have nothing to gain in a war of conquest. I stand ready to abide your decision in the matter of our destiny. If you say we shall march to the headquarters of Juarez, then we will march. You will refuse to-day as you refused before, because you are imperialists at heart, and because, poor simpletons, you imagined that France and the United States would come to blows. Bah, the day for that has gone by—Louis Napoleon has slept too long.'

"It was necessary that the men should have a little money, and Bazaine, the French general, was applied to. He gave each man \$50, and then every man went the way it best suited him.

"At the time the famous emigration scheme of Maximilian's Government was decided upon, and the celebrated colony of Carlotta formed. Agents were sent to every place in the South. Land was set apart for actual American settlers, each to receive 640 acres. Shelby advised his men to give up at once any further idea of service in Maximilian's army. Many accepted his advice and entered heartily into the duties of the new life. A few joined the imperial army in Sonora. Gen. Shelby, with headquarters at Cordova, became a large freight contractor. Among those in the colony with him were Gen. Sterling Price, Gen. Stephens of Lee's staff, Gov. Reynolds, ex-Gov. Allen of Louisiana, ex-Gov. Lyons of Kentucky and Gen. McCausland of Virginia. Ex-Gov. Isham G. Harris was also a settler. Freightage soon proved unprofitable and he went to Vera Cruz, and was fitted out with a vessel and instructed to sail for Havana in furtherance of the colonization scheme. He loaded his ship with agricultural implements exported from America and returned to Mexico. But Maximilian's forces were meeting with defeat on every hand, and Shelby saw that the end was near. At last Maximilian sent for Shelby and asked him how many Americans he could summon to his assistance.

"Not a corporal's guard," said the General. 'You are too late.'

Referring more particularly to Gen. Shelby's intercourse with Maximilian in the winter of 1866-67, Maj. Edwards wrote these interesting details:

"When Shelby arrived in Mexico the treasury was empty. Maximilian had been ruling for a year. The French held everything worth holding, excepting that Mexican brigandage ruled and grew. No effort of the French could stop it. Maximilian's Marshal, Bazaine, ruled the military with a reign of death. Suspected men were shot everywhere, without the formality of a trial. Maximilian was displeased. His heart was with the Mexicans and he remonstrated with the marshal, but to no purpose, and finally there was an estrangement.

"Shelby saw all these things, and planned an interview with the Emperor. Commodore Maury and General Magruder arranged it for him, and Maximilian met him with evident frankness and sincerity.

"The marshal was urent and Count de Nune was interpreter. Shelby's plans, as he laid them before the Emperor, were to take immediate service in the empire, recruit a corps of 40,000 Americans, encourage immigration, develop the resources of the country, consolidate the Government against the withdrawal of the French soldiers, and hold it till the people became reconciled to the change.

"The Emperor simply listened with interest, and that was all.

"It is only a question of time, your Majesty," said General Shelby, "till the French soldiers art withdrawn."

"Bazaine smiled a little, and the Emperor asked: 'Why do you think so?'

"Because," said General Shelby, "the war between the states is at an end, and Mr. Seward will insist on a rigorous enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. France does not desire a conflict with the United States. I left behind me 1,000,000 men in arms, not one of whom has yet been discharged from the service. The nation is sore over this occupation, and the presence of the French is a perpetual menace. The matter of which I have spoken to you is perfectly feasible. I have authority for saying that the American Government would not be averse to the enlistment of as many soldiers in your army as might wish to take service, and the number need only be limited by the exigencies of the empire. I think it absolutely necessary that you should have a corps of foreign soldiers devoted to you personally, and reliable in any emergency."

"Commodore Maury and General Magruder sustained Shelby's views of the case, and he went on:

"I have under my command at present about 1,000 tried and experienced soldiers. All of them have seen much severe and actual service, and all of them are anxious to enlist in support of the empire. With your permission, and authorized in your name to increase my forces, I can in a few months make good all these promises

I have made you here to-day.'

"But the Emperor was silent. Arising, he talked in an aside with De Nune and went.

"It is no use," said De Nune to Shelby, after the Emperor had left the room, "the Emperor is firm on the point of diplomacy. He means to try negotiations and correspondence with the United States. His sole desire is to give the Mexicans a good government, lenient yet restraining laws, and to develop the country and educate the people. He believes he can do this with native troops. He is an enthusiast, and reasons from the heart instead of from the head. He will not succeed. He does not understand the people over whom he rules, nor any of the dangers which beset him. It is no use, General, the Emperor will not give you employment."

"I knew it," said Shelby, "from his countenance, and I say to you in all frankness Maximilian will fall in his diplomacy. He will not have time to work the problem out. Juarez lives as surely in the hearts of the people as the snow is eternal on the brow of Popocatepetl, and ere an answer could come from Seward to the Emperor's Minister of State the Emperor will have no Minister of State."

"History now tells how true was Shelby in his spoken judgment. When the struggle came that Shelby had so bluntly and plainly predicted Maximilian was in the midst of 8,000,000 savages without an army, scarcely a guard, abandoned, deserted and betrayed.

"As Maximilian heard the news of defeat after defeat he turned to the Americans and sent for Shelby, who was then at Cordova, and Shelby, faint at heart, answered immediately and presented himself before the Emperor. The interview was brief and almost sad.

"How many Americans are there in the country?" the Emperor asked.

"Not enough for a corporal's guard," said Shelby, frankly, "and the few who are left cannot be utilized. Your Majesty has put off too long. I don't know of 200 Americans who could be gathered before it would be too late."

"I need 20,000," said the Emperor.

"You need 40,000," said Shelby; "of all the imperial regiments in your service you cannot count upon one that will stand steadfast to the end. There are desertions everywhere. As I came in I saw the regiment of the Empress marching out. You will pardon me if I speak the truth, but as devoted as that regiment should be, it would call upon your Majesty to beware of it. Keep with you constantly all of the household troops that yet belong to the empire. Do not waste them in doubtful battles. Do not divide them. The hour is at hand when instead of numbers you will have to rely upon devotion. I am but as one man, but whatever a single subject can do that thing shall be done to the utmost."

"When the Emperor spoke again his voice was so sad that it was pitiful. 'It is so refreshing to hear the truth,' he said, 'and I feel that you have told it to me as one who neither fears nor flatters. Take this in parting, and remember that circumstances never render impossible the right to die for a good principle.'

"He detached the golden cross of the Order of Guadalupe from his breast and gave it to Shelby, who kept it until his death, the sole memento of a parting that was for both the last on earth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Elizur Sage as a Brave Soldier.

Elizur Sage, whose house and lean-to in Channahon is mortgaged for a loan of \$50 to his uncle, Russell Sage, is well remembered by Colonel James A. Sexton of Chicago. Colonel Sexton was in command of the company in which Sage served—D Company, Seventy-second Illinois Infantry. The regiment was raised under the auspices of the Chicago Board of Trade, and was mustered in the service at Camp Douglas, Aug. 21, 1862. Colonel Sexton came to the regiment after a year's service in the Sixty-seventh Illinois. When he took command of his company he found among his men Elizur Sage, a lad apparently 13 or 14 years old, who had been duly enlisted as a drummer boy, with the consent of his parents. Recalling him to mind, Colonel Sexton said:

"I recollect him well. He was a sturdy, active and industrious boy, kindly in disposition and a general favorite among the men, being regarded as a sort of a 'mascot,' though we didn't know what mascots were in those days. Among the officers he was well regarded.

"As a soldier he was first-class. He served with the regiment throughout the war, and participated in some of the hardest-fought battles of the war. He was at the siege of Vicksburg and in the battles that preceded its investment by Grant. He was with us during the campaign against Atlanta, and when detached from the march to the sea he was with us at the battle of Franklin and the rout of Hood at Nashville.

"Drummer boy as he was, he had as perilous duties to perform as any man carrying a musket in the ranks. In 1863, as I recollect it, the drum corps of every regiment were organized into a stretcher-bearers' corps. That is, they were made to go out with stretchers and bring off the field all the wounded to the field or some other improvised hospital. The drummers and fifers were often between two fires, that of their own command and of the enemy, and I think it required more nerve and courage to do such duty than to stand in the ranks to be fired at, always with the chance of firing back.

"Young Sage, as I remember him, was, as I have said, a first-class soldier, and took part in eleven pitched battles and 200 skirmishes, being under fire 147 days out of the three years' service of his regiment."

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.