

A CLOSE SHAVE FOR THE LIEUTENANT

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT EMMETT KAVANAUGH was pacing up and down his narrow quarters in Fort Grady, Michigan, holding a telegram in his hand. He had read it twenty times, but at every second turn in his nervous walk he read it again. The telegram was dated Chicago, and this is what it said: "Leave Thursday for Florida; Uncle Frank ill. Stay indefinite. Norah Desmond."

Lieutenant Bob Emmett and Norah Desmond were engaged. They were to be married as soon as a few accommodation superior officers would consent to be killed off or die in their beds and thereby give Bob a chance to write captain instead of lieutenant before his name on the official papers. The young officer had fixed the limit of his waiting at about a year.

"Norah's going to Florida," he muttered to himself. "I haven't seen her for three weeks, and won't see her for six months to come. Uncle Frank is one of the kind who never dies and who never gets well, and Norah'll stay down there until the old man is willing to let her go. She's more of a stickler for duty than Old Muggs, the commanding officer, and that's saying a lot. He won't give me a leave; I've had too many. Great Winfield Scott, but I would like to see Norah before she goes. And Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh sighed.

Bob Kavanaugh couldn't keep anything to himself, and in five minutes he was telling his woes to Captain Per-



"I TOOK A SHOT AT HIM."

cy Lanyard, of the artillery corps. "Brace up, Kavanaugh," said Lanyard; "Muggs is going to send a general prisoner through Chicago to Fort Sherman to stand trial. He was going to send a sergeant in charge. It isn't a very pleasant duty, but if you'll volunteer I think Muggs will send you, and you can stop off on your way back from Sherman—it is only a few miles from Chicago—and see your blue-eyed Norah before she gets on the Florida limited."

Twelve hours from that time Bob Kavanaugh was sitting in a smoking car on a Chicago-bound train, with a big Colt revolver strapped around him and an enlisted man, with a downcast look, sitting alongside of him. Bob Kavanaugh had a soft heart. The soldier at his side had seen eight years of service and had never been in trouble before. He had assaulted the "top" sergeant, a serious offense in the army, as may go without saying.

"Cheer up, Spencer," said the lieutenant; "you've been a good soldier, as I know, and I don't think it will go very hard with you—six months at the most—and then you'll be restored to duty." "I hit him all right, lieutenant," answered Private James Spencer, "and he deserved it, if ever a man did, but you can't do such things in the army, no matter what the 'top' says to you, and so I'm good for two years and a 'bottal' discharge. It's tough. I never saw the inside of the 'mill' before in my eight years' service, except when I was on guard."

Part of a freight train went into the ditch ahead of the Fort Grady passenger train. Kavanaugh and his prisoner were delayed five hours. The lieutenant fumed and said things under his breath. Finally the way was cleared and the train ran on to Chicago. It was Thursday, and in four hours Norah's train would leave for Florida. It was utterly impossible for the officer to get his prisoner to Fort Sherman and to return in time to say good-by to his fiancée.

Kavanaugh, and his charge stepped from the train into the Chicago depot. Bob's heart was sore. "I must see her," he said to himself. "I can't stand it for six months." At that instant he saw at the depot cigar stand, making a purchase, Jack Bacon, a Chicago clubman and an intimate friend. Kavanaugh hurried his charge over toward the young fellow. "Jack, old man, glad to see you. You have an hour or two to spare, I know; you have; don't say no," and with this the lieutenant grabbed his friend by the arm, motioned his prisoner to walk ahead, and the three went on a half trot into the office of a hotel across the street.

Kavanaugh threw a \$2 bill before the clerk and ordered a room. He hurried the astounded Jack Bacon and the prisoner into the apartment on the second floor.

"Jack," said Kavanaugh, in a low tone, "as you love me, watch this man. I must see Norah Desmond. She's off

for Florida. Take this gun and don't fail me," and with that First Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh shoved a revolver into Jack Bacon's hand, bolted through the door out of the hotel and on to a trolley car. In twenty minutes he was with Norah Desmond, who was in the midst of the last hour of preparation for her Florida trip.

In twenty minutes more the door bell of the flat rang violently. The maid opened it, and in rushed Jack Bacon flushed and fairly beside himself. "Bob," he yelled, "your prisoner skipped. He kicked open a door into the next room and jumped on to a low roof and then into the alley. I took a pot shot at him, but missed, and when I got down he was clean gone."

Bob Kavanaugh sank into a chair, his face pale. "Norah," he said, "this means court-martial and dismissal for me unless I can catch the fellow. It's a clean case of neglect of duty, awful neglect of duty, and Old Muggs doesn't love me too well, anyway. It's all up, dear, if I don't get him, and if I'm kicked out of the army I don't know what I'll do. I can't even dig a ditch, though I'd try willingly enough for you. But this won't catch him. I'm off, but I'll be at the train to say good-by," and Kavanaugh was out of the door and down the stairs four steps at a time.

Over on Halsted street in a room above a store a pretty, pale girl sat talking to a soldier in uniform. "It's all up, Polly," he was saying. "I hit the 'top' sergeant. He deserved it, but I was put in arrest and was to be tried, and it meant two years. I just cut away from a 'cl' whom the officer who had me in tow left me in care of. The officer went to see his girl. I guess he's in love, or he wouldn't have done such a fool trick. Well, I'm in love, too, Polly, dear, but I've got to get out of this as soon as I can get other togs on."

"Oh, this is awful, Jim," said the girl, "and you'll be a deserter, too." "I won't get any more for that than I'll get for the other. I don't like the idea any better than you do. I guess the officer'll get it harder than I will. It's neglect of duty with him, and that'll kick him out of the service. I'm sorry for him, for he isn't half a bad sort." Then, suddenly changing the subject, the soldier asked: "How's your mother?"

"Better, Jim, but she'd have died if it hadn't been for Miss Norah Desmond. She's an angel. I had to stop work to nurse mother, and the money gave out and I got sick, and Miss Norah gave us a nurse and a doctor, and did lots else. I think she saved my life, too."

"Norah Desmond, Polly? That's the name of the girl the lieutenant I cut from is to marry. He'll be disgraced and the girl will suffer. She saved you and your mother, did she, Polly? Get on your things, quick. She leaves for Florida. I know the train. The lieutenant'll be there, I know that. Hurry, girl."

Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was kissing Norah Desmond good-by. His face was pale and anxious. "I'm afraid it's all up with me, Norah," he was saying, "but keep up a good heart."

Just then from behind him came a voice loud and with something of a ring of humor in it. "Sir, are all present and accounted for?" Kavanaugh turned like a flash. There stood Private Spencer, saluting with his right hand, while his left was holding that of a very pretty girl.

"Spencer, you're a brick," said Kavanaugh, and nothing but army training kept him from slapping his inferior on the back. "I'll use every official friend I have to get you out of your scrape."

A year later in pleasant quarters at Fort Grady sat Captain Kavanaugh and his wife. "Norah," he said, "First Sergeant James Spencer has applied for a furlough to go to Chicago to get married. Shall I approve the application?" "Bob, if you don't," said Norah, with her eyes dancing, "I'll get a divorce."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Reason.
Doctor Porter had responded to a note left at his door by a farmer, asking him to go as soon as possible to see his little boy, who had "a very bad cold."

The doctor took one look at the child and turned to the mother. "Don't you know your boy is coming down with measles?" he asked, severely.

"Yes, doctor, I knew he was," said the woman. "Then what in the world did you mean by writing me he had 'a very bad cold?'" asked the doctor.

The woman hesitated for a moment; then, looking at her husband, she said, with sullen frankness, "Neither him nor me knew how to spell measles."

A Dream of Bliss.
Dora—Wouldn't it be lovely if we had \$25,000,000?
Clara—Of course.
Dora—Perfectly heavenly! This book on "Facts and Figures" says a ton of diamonds can be bought for that.—New York Weekly.

Husband (angrily)—I never saw a woman as hard to please as you are.
Wife (calmly)—My dear, you forget that I married you.

FREED BY A MANIAC.

Telephone Lineman Passes a Rather Unpleasant Few Minutes.

An old lineman lately told of a trying experience which came to him while he was hunting for a break in the telephone connection between the main office and the insane hospital at Indianapolis. He had followed the line all the way out, and found that the difficulty lay between a forty-foot pole and the telephone in the men's building. As he passed along he noticed several "trusties," guarded by their keepers, working in the garden.

I had to climb a tree in an isolated part of the yard, he said, to unfasten a wire that had become entangled in a limb. I connected my test set and called up the wire chief and explained the case to him. With the work and the talk perhaps I was in the tree twenty minutes.

I was on the point of dropping from a lower limb to the ground when I saw a crazy man waiting for me with a large pruning knife in his hand. He was one of the gardeners whom I had passed.

"Come down!" he cried. "I know you. You stole my five thousand dollars. Give it back, or I'll kill you." And when he saw me hesitate and draw back he yelled: "Come down, or I'll come up there after you!"

I scrambled higher into the tree and shouted for help, but none came. The madman found a heavy board, and, placing it against the tree, started to climb up; but in his hurry and excitement he did not place it securely, and when he was about half way up it slipped and he went sprawling to the ground. He tried it three times with the same result. Then another inmate came sauntering by, and at once took a hand in the game. He held the plank for the other man, who soon made good headway.

At that instant I bethought me to attach my test set and sumpion help through the office.

"Call up the insane hospital," I called, "and tell them to send help to me in the garden! There are two lunatics after me, and one of them has a long knife. Hurry!"

I looked down then, and saw that the maniac was in the tree. When just below me he scented himself or a limb, and, drawing the knife back and forth across his palm, said: "Look! Won't it cut?"

He started toward me, and had one hand on my foot, and I had raised the other to kick him, when several keepers rushed up. Two of them climbed the tree, and just as he raised the knife to strike they reached him and threw a rope round him. So intent was he on getting at me that he did not see them, and was easily taken.

TOMMY ATKINS OF JAPAN.

Soldier of the Mikado Aesthetic Even During a Battle.

If the British Tommy Atkins were to study the character of his Japanese brother-in-arms he would undoubtedly pronounce him a queer fish. His most striking characteristic is, perhaps, his gentleness and his estheticism. I have seen privates walk hand in hand like little school girls to certain famous Iris gardens situated at a distance of, perhaps, seven or eight miles from their barracks, pay for admittance, admire the Irises for hours and go home again, having tasted all the day nothing stronger than weak tea, says the Japanese Times.

At intervals during the hottest fighting in China in 1900 the Japanese soldier hastened to unfold the fan which he carried with him and to fan himself. Even in his looting he was esthetic, for the objects he brought away with him, when he did bring anything away with him, and that was, of course, very seldom, were bric-a-brac whose value the western soldier could not appreciate. A marked difference between the Japanese soldier and the British lies in the fact that, while King Edward's uniform has notoriously an attraction for nurses and general servants, the mikado's uniform possesses no such fascination. I have followed long processions of conscripts to barracks, but have never seen a girl waste a glance on them, and during a residence of three and a half years in this country, I have never seen a soldier "walking out" a girl. It is different with sailors, who get more opportunity of seeing foreign countries and improving their manners.

Only One Wellington.
That was a graceful compliment which was paid to the Duke of Wellington by Queen Victoria. Not every one recalls the fact that a certain style of high boots, not commonly worn now, adorns, bore the name of Wellington. When the duke was prime minister he once visited Windsor Castle to consult with the queen on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the duke left the castle her majesty remarked, "I hope your grace is well shod?" "Oh," said the duke, "I have on a pair of Wellington's, and am proof against dampness."

The queen retorted, "Your grace must be mistaken. There could not be a pair of Wellington's."

New Motor Omnibus.
An excellent motor omnibus has just made its appearance in London and from the moment that its speed, reliability and comfort are proved that utter abomination of locomotion, the bus, the despair of all students of traffic problems, is doomed.

The Candid Editor.
"You ask me to criticize your poem," wrote the editor, "and I am frank to say that I found nothing in it but six stamps."—Atlanta Constitution.

CORN BREAD.

Its Old-Time Delectable Qualities Made of Meal Water-Ground.

A dispatch from Chicago states that "Aunt Jemima," alias Azazel Moody, the old colored cook who went to the Paris exposition, and at the United States "corn kitchen" there demonstrated the use of corn meal, is dead. For forty years the old woman lived in Chicago, and was a local celebrity long before the idea was conceived of taking her to Paris. "Her services in the corn kitchen are said to have increased the annual export of American corn meal several million dollars," says the special from which we quote.

The last statement we are not prepared to believe. The Europeans from time immemorial have been used to eating cold bread. They do not cook bread more than once a week (and in many parts of the country not nearly so often as that), and we all know that corn bread is not at its best cold. A man has to be as hungry as the Confederate soldier was in his normal state to be willing to eat cold corn bread. The Europeans, as a rule, positively will not do it. But there is a growing demand there for American corn for food for horses and cattle. Even here in America, even here in Virginia, corn bread is not the popular thing it once was; hence we think that this country affords a far more promising field for the corn bread "missionary" than Europe does.

Some say the waning popularity of corn bread is because the Western corn now so much used in the South is not as good as the corn raised in these parts. Others say that it is because so little of the meal now put upon the market is "water ground"—i. e., that most of it comes from steam mills. And, whether it be true or not, the popular conviction is that corn ground by a water mill is vastly superior to that ground by steam mill. The explanation offered is that the water mill grinds slowly, and the regular and measured movements of the millstones do not cause that amount of heat to be generated in the grain that is always found in mills of other descriptions. Certain it is that many of the country mills were growing into disuse. All over the State abandoned mills are to be seen. The ruined wheel and the useless waterfall present a picturesque but not profitable sight.

The times have changed, and the milling business has changed with them. We do not hope to see the country mill restored to its former prominence and usefulness, but it is possible that the corn pone and cake, the "flap-jack," "batter," or "egg-bread," "crackling bread," etc., may come into vogue again. The delectable ash-cake requires an open fire and ashes of oak or hickory—things not to be gotten in cities, and not often in the country; but the other forms of corn bread are easily obtainable and are healthful and invigorating, and many persons believe they are antidotes for dyspepsia.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

What Will the Harvest Be?

His name is McFadden, and he manipulates the wheel on the "box" elevator in the southeast corner of the city hall, relates the Philadelphia Telegraph. He dwells in a pretty cottage out in Germantown, and has a back yard latent with floricultural possibilities.

Somebody with a political pull told him that Uncle Sam would furnish seeds for the asking, providing the request came through a congressman.

Now, McFadden's servant in the house is the Hon. George McCreary, who, being new in the business and an artist when it comes to serving his fellow man, responded with alacrity, and in a marvelously short time the elevator operator received a big package from the agricultural department.

On opening the package McFadden's delight turned to disgust, for instead of flower seeds he found seeds warranted to grow into any known vegetable. Included and neatly labeled were cucumber, sweet and "horse" corn, watermelon, cauliflower, spinach, egg plant, carrot, and a myriad of other kinds of seeds.

But McFadden is not without a saving sense of humor, and it came to his rescue in the form of a decision to mix the specimens, plant them in a bunch in his back yard, and start a guessing contest among his friends at a nickel a guess, the winner to take all.

McFadden's guess is succotash.

Telegraph Pole Industry.
Between Chicago and Denver, a distance of 1,050 miles, along one line of railway, there are 31,500 telegraph poles, says Arboriculture. They are set 176 feet apart, or thirty to a mile. As there are considerable more than 2,000,000 miles of steam railway in the United States, increasing in mileage each year and many roads have double lines of poles to accommodate the great number of wires required to transact the telegraphic business of the country, there are 8,000,000 poles in use on railway lines.

When to this is added the poles used by trolley lines and by telegraph and telephone companies we find an aggregate of 15,000,000 poles in use. If these should be placed at once it would require 250,000 flat cars to transport them; 8,000 locomotives would be necessary to haul the trains, which if continuous would reach 1,750 miles. If the poles were placed end to end they would reach more than three times around the earth at the equator.

When a doctor loses a patient and he isn't sure of the cause he attributes it to a complication of disorders.

Every young man should cultivate the habit of listening. It will come in handy after marriage.

GET-UPS FOR SUMMER

MANY DIFFERENT MATERIALS ARE DE RIGUER.

Not in a Long Time Has Fashion Sanctioned So Many and So Varied Weaves—Fine Examples in the Pictured Models.

New York correspondence:

WHITE linens are the leading materials for midsummer fashions, though there is a plenty of other goods of current stylishness, many of them as distinctly summery as the linens. Not often, indeed, is the list of endorsed fabrics so long. Some depend in large degree for their seasonable appearance upon their delicate shading or their whiteness, though these wool goods are light, too, if not as filmy as materials of the transparency order. Serges, veilings, mohairs, canvases and cloths in white meet the eye on every hand, and the look of them betrays admirably the hottest spell. Canvas particularly is favored, its vogue rising superior to the suggestion of roughness conveyed by many of its course



neutral shades. The laces most used are white, though a surprising amount of black lace is seen. Dyed laces appear with impressive frequency, yet have not come into the general vogue that some of their uses would seem to warrant. Ruchings constitute a newly stylish enrichment of lace, outlining and emphasizing the pattern of the web.

To tell half the attractiveness of summer silk gowns would be a long chapter. Choice is not, as is so often the case, restricted to a few weaves. Pompadour silks are a new addition to an already long list. They are combined with mull or organdie for summer evening dresses, usually in schemes notable for intricacy and beauty. Checked silks are more seen than in early summer, especially in shirt waist suits. Black and white checks no longer are the whole showing, blue and white, green and white and novelty colorings appearing with sound indorsement. A new development in making them appears in the more brightly colored ones, and consists of strappings of some bright shade, usually red or green, accompanied by touches of gilt in buttons or passementerie, the trimmings arranged in military finish. This last should be taken with the caution that the military finish should be a suggestion only. Don't imitate the real soldierly get-up closely. That isn't what the styles now indorse. Taffetas of delightfully soft texture are much used in skirt-and-three-quarter-coat suits. Black is a good choice. Silk grenadines are in pleasing variety, the figured ones making a rarely tasteful showing, and making possible splendid results for the skillful chooser of colors in their trimmings. Foulards are coming for more use than it seemed



SUMMER STYLES FOR THE MAJORITY.

weaves. White gowns of these materials are marked as brand new by finish of red, this coming in piping, cording or stitching. Some of them are set off so strikingly in this manner as to be a bit too conspicuous for lovers of quiet elegance, but red used on white judiciously, and that means in moderate quantity, is entirely safe at least for younger women. As a parade get-up for town, the combination may not be always suitable, but for the resorts, whether for her who spends all the season at some summering place or for a short tripper, it is an admirable selection. Red is similarly added to pongee, appearing in many shirt waist suits. It then hardly seems so dainty as in the red on white, but of the two uses one is no more stylish than the other.

Embroideries, laces and ribbons are employed to embellish such gowns, and often the wool goods is combined with a transparency in some intricate scheme. Nets richly embroidered come in for this mating, and often are beautifully enriched by interweaving of ribbons of harmonious shades. Cape collars are galore,

they would have. Satin broche foulards are fine enough to deserve a place on the stylish list, and they are getting it. The wonder is at the apparent reluctance with which women took them up.

Between the dressy and the elaborate summer get-up there is the strongest possible contrast. Taken separately or together, they do not supply any indication of that return to simplicity that has been rumored for several seasons. Certainly most women would prefer to see the highly wrought fashions retained if only their purses would permit. Models from both grades were sketched for these pictures. The gown of the small illustration was heavy red linen, and had a cunty lace collar finished with white tassels. From left to right in the next picture see a light gray voile banded with black silk and finished with gray cord; a white etamine embellished with black velvet, guipure and seed pearls, and a white voile showing white passementerie design trimming and white silk cord ornaments. In the concluding picture are simpler designs; a white habutai silk, tucked and showing valenciennes inser-



SIMPLER ELEGANCE.

and almost invariably are an improving addition. Fichus are numerous, too, no little ingenuity being apparent in the manner of employing them. Laces are put on with a lavish hand, and there is a strong tendency to use them with pendants. Pearl, passementerie and jet are added thus, and some pendants show

tion, and a white etamine whose loose jacket was finished with yak lace and silk cord ornaments. Severely plain models can be had by those who want them, but to use such when some degree of dressiness is called for is to run danger of seeming indifferent to fashion's rulings.