"YOU DID."

It's good to wander back again
Among the old home folks;
It rather satisfies a man
To hear the same old jokes,
To hear somebody say, "I knew
You when you were a kid,"
But some one always tells you of
The foolish things you did.

Your heart beats lighter, as it did
In long forgotten days,
When at some well remembered spot
Reflectively you gaze,
But it seems queer that all your good
And noble deeds are hid
And people only call to mind
The foolish things you did.

They talk of others who've gone out
Into some foreign land,
They tell of things these other folks
Have done, and they seem grand,
But when it comes to talk of you
Their minds cannot be rid
Of the belief you'd like to hear
The foolish things you did.

You know you've done a thing or two
Which show you've got some sense,
But every time they talk of you
They're certain to commence
With tales of "What a fool you were
When you lived here—a kid;"
They have forgotten all except
The foolish things you did.

—Baltimore American.

THE SOMETHING UNKNOWN

A Tale of Shakertown, Ky.

BY ARTHUR PENDENNIS ST. JOHN.

The wind rose early that October morning and came over the meadows, shaking showers of red leaves from the elms. Little Sister Cynthia came out to me to the dairy with her Shaker bonnet pushed off her glossy hair, rustling the heaps of leaves as she walked and stopping to listen at the sound as if she liked it.

"What are you doing, child?" I asked, for of late I had come to fear for her, she was so young and so taken up with noticing ordinary things, like the catbirds that had a nest out by the spring, or the way the hills looked when they were spotted all over with shadows. My heart ached sometimes when she would turn her great shining eyes to me. She was sanctified, I knew, but it didn't seem safe for simple Shaker folk to be seeing something out of the ordinary in everyday things.

"What am I doing, Sister Caroline? Why, just listening," she said.

"I don't see much sense listening to a lot of dead leaves rustling," I answered. "I always feel gloomy and uncomfortable until they're raked up and set on fire."

"That's the reason I like it," she said, "because it sounds solemn."

"You'll find enough solemn things in this world without hunting up dead leaves," I answered. "You are likely to hear a solemner and awfuller sound before long."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"They are getting ready to fight," I said, pointing over the hills. "Brother Paul has just told me that there is going to be a great battle. They will maim and murder each other."

"How terrible!" she said, her lips quivering. "Why do men do such things?"

Before I could answer her there came the clatter of horses, and a party of soldiers rode by, with young Henry Pendleton at their head.

"Ah," I said, "he's a fine lad! It's a pity he was born into wickedness to be spoiled."

"He doesn't look wicked," she said as the young officer waved his cap to us.

"Nay, Cynthia," I returned, my fear coming back; "think not of man's looks. It does not become a child of the church."

"Why, I never think of him, Sister Caroline," she said seriously. "I never saw him but once or twice, when he came over to the village for Brother Paul. I can't even remember what he is like except his voice when he laughs and his brown, curly hair."

"Ah, my child," I answered, "remember that love is lust and leadeth to damnation! Do not let the thought enter your heart."

"Oh, Sister Caroline," she said, with a shudder, "you know I could sooner bring myself to do murder than to yield to the awful lust you have told me of!" And she covered her eyes, as if that could shut out the thought.

Cynthia was molding the little butter pats and printing them when the battle began. We could hear the sound of the cannon like faroff thunder over the hills. At first the peals were few and far between; then they grew faster until in the middle of the afternoon, when it was an angry roar, sullen, like a storm in August. The men were plowing in the fields, and I could see them stop at the furrow's end to speak to each other. We women tried to go about our tasks, but generally met together to shake our heads over the wicked men who were shooting and murdering. Cynthia seemed to feel it more than all of us and when the roar grew louder shuddered as one with a chill.

The sun went down in a smoky haze, all red and bloody. Then there was a pause, the very wind stopped still, and suddenly a long, deep roll ran off to the south, louder and fiercer than the rest. Then all grew still, and the darkness came on swiftly. Cynthia was sitting with me, and when we heard no more she breathed a high of relief and said, "At last." As she went to get the candles a solitary horseman clattered down the road.

At daybreak there were the tramp of many soldiers and the clank of arms in our peaceful village. We left our breakfast half eaten ourselves to give them food and drink. I would have spared Cynthia, for some were rough men, wild eyed and smoke begrimed, but she came out with the rest and even went without quailing among the wagons where the wounded lay groaning.

With these rode Brother Paul, looking haggard, as one who had not slept. He stopped a wagon in front of Center House and bade me make his room ready for his friend, Henry Pendleton.

"How?" I exclaimed in sudden dismay. "Is he hurt?"

"Yea; shot through the breast," he answered.

Cynthia paled as one suddenly dizzy, and I, too, felt sick at heart.

"Isn't it horrible, Sister Caroline?" she said as we went in to fix the bed. Then with her usual thoughtfulness she offered to give up her room to the young soldier, for it was larger and lighter.

So they carried him in and laid him on the little bed in Cynthia's room. It was Brother Paul himself, though, who left her to nurse his friend and joined me in caring for the hungry soldiers. The young man slept when the doctors left him, and, sitting there with her sewing, she looked up from time to time at his pale face. Her tender heart was touched as she watched him lying there wounded unto death.

"So young," she thought, "and so sorely wounded. Yea, and I will pray for him." And she went down on her knees by the bed—her own bed—all her guileless heart going out in a plea for mercy. Then the young soldier opened his eyes and, dazed with sleep, thought the kneeling figure his sister.

"So you have come, Alice?" he said, putting his arm around her neck.

"Nay!" she exclaimed, starting up in affright. "It is I, Sister Cynthia."

When I went in the next afternoon, he was lying with his eyes closed, smiling to himself sometimes as one in a reverie. Cynthia was bending over her sewing and did not look up when he greeted me. God forgive me for it, but I could never look on Henry Pendleton without wishing he had been born my son. There was a taking way about everything that he did; just the way he wished you good morning was enough to put you in a good humor all day.

We had so many wounded soldiers left with us that I could not let Cynthia be long out, but she came back even before I finished a little sewing.

"Sister Cynthia," he said as she entered, "I am going to ask you to do me a little favor. I want you to write a letter to my mother for me."

"Yea," she said, half breathless from her walking.

It was a brave letter, making light of his wound and full of cheery plans for getting a leave of absence. I listened to his comforting love words as he urged her not to come back into the enemy's country, where it was dangerous. It sounded new and strange to me, too, and I did not wonder that Cynthia's hand shook. Poor lad, how pale he looked as he lay there! I could not help smoothing his pillow as I went out.

Cynthia came down after awhile to mail his letter, and hunted me out.

"Sister Caroline," she said seriously, "did you ever see my mother?"

"No, child," I answered, a little hurt, for had I not been a mother to her these 20 years, and loved her more than if I had begotten her in iniquity?

She turned away a few steps and then came back.

"Sister Caroline," she said, "you have been a mother to me, and I haven't loved you half enough." And she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I suppose I was a foolish old woman to fold her in my arms and weep over her as I did.

She went back up stairs to the wounded man, but Brother Paul had come in and was talking to his friend. Cynthia walked slowly on to my room.

"Paul," she heard him say, "play for me; I am sad lying here."

I did not know then that music was the tie of friendship between them. I had never seen the violin, for Brother Paul had played in secret the beautiful but ungodly songs, and as for Cynthia she had heard only the little organ in the meeting house that Paul said was cracked, and, poor child, it was no wonder that she fell now under the spell of that ungodly music and heard things she had never dreamed of. It was like getting glimpses into a new world, where all the beautiful things were you had ever heard or seen. But there was pain mixed with the pleasure, and it gave you a sort of yearning as he changed to a song to somebody he called Annie Laurie. I am an old woman and hate ungodly music, but I stood there with one foot on the step and listened like one in a spell. How much more it must have meant to Cynthia! It isn't strange the idea came to her that in some way she had missed something in life, a beautiful and spiritual something altogether desirable. She sat there with her eyes fixed on one cloud that was golden still in the gray twilight and prayed to God for the unknown something. So I found her when I came to see why she was late to supper—Cynthia, who was ever prompt in the least of her duties.

The next afternoon we were in the workroom down stairs when I heard Brother Paul's step. Cynthia looked up at the door twice, then, after he was outside, got up suddenly and ran after him. I wondered much, for among us men and women have no needless communication with each other. I heard her call his name, and he was just at the window when she came up, breathing quickly.

"Brother Paul," she said, "do you know—Annie Laurie?"

"Yea," he said, turning quickly. "Why?"

"Is she very beautiful?"

"Yea," he said, "very." And I could see a curious smile on his lips and a light in his eyes. I did not notice that Cynthia caught her breath quickly. I was so taken up with the thought that Brother Paul was in danger of that strange woman.

"You haven't told me why you asked," he went on.

Then Cynthia's eyes fell, and she stammered something and came back into the house before he could answer. He looked after her as if he would follow and tell her more, but instead turned and walked off rapidly.

As I was going up stairs the next morning I stopped on the landing to rest, for I was spent with much watching the night before.

"Sister Cynthia," I heard the young soldier say, "I must ask you to write another letter for me. I have waited, hoping to gain strength myself, but"—He stopped, and I noticed that his voice was weaker.

"Yea, certainly," she said, and I heard her getting the paper. "I am ready," she added after a pause. "Is it to be to your mother?"

"No," he answered and grew silent. "There is such a thing as pure love," he said presently. "A man can care for a woman for herself, for the soul of her; he can work for her, suffer for her, die for her, if need be. How can this pure feeling be confounded with that foul thing lust? Don't you see what I mean?"

"Yea," she said softly.

"And I am not asking you to do wrong to write to her for me?"

"Nay," she said, and her voice sounded far away.

Ah, why did I not go in then? Why did I sit there, a poor, weak, old woman, and listen with tears in my eyes to his beautiful love words, so tender and gentle and sad and brave. He forgot her who wrote and spoke as though he were face to face with the other one; his voice grew full and round again, and the tones of it made me tremble as I sat there on the steps. When he came to close and say goodby, I could not bear it and stole softly back down stairs.

Cynthia came down presently, and her lashes were still wet with tears.

The next morning was unnaturally still, with bits of tender blue sky between the fleecy mists. Soon a wind blew up, drawing one wide, filmy cloud across the sky—a gray, cold cloud that, thickening, hung drearily above the empty world, where the wind blustered through leafless trees.

The young soldier was worse. His breathing was slow and heavy, and now and then a faint moan passed his lips. Cynthia sat watching him with the lines drawn tight at her mouth and her big eyes tense. I sent her out, but soon saw her coming back across the bleak meadows with her eyes bent to the ground.

He grew restless and feverish through the afternoon and talked in broken scraps about his home and the days when he was a boy. He fell asleep at last, just as the gray day was slipping off over the hills. I went to my own room for awhile, and soon I heard Brother Paul's familiar step. Cynthia motioned him to a seat at the foot of the bed, and presently I heard her speaking in a low voice.

"There was something he wanted to tell you, Brother Paul," she said. "Perhaps I ought to do it, for he may talk of it in his delirium." She paused. "He cares for somebody—a woman."

I was glad she didn't say love.

"Yes," said Brother Paul, with a sudden anxiety in his deep voice.

"He wanted you to know that his—love was pure; that love can be pure."

"I know it already," he said, his voice trembling.

"You"— She stopped suddenly.

"Yes." He paused and then was about to speak when the young soldier interrupted.

"Louise," he said, his voice clear and ringing again, "my dear Louise, I knew you would come." His hand was outstretched, and Cynthia took it without hesitation. Hurrying in, I could see the peaceful look on his face as she bent over him.

"It hurts me to breathe, Louise," he said presently. "Lift me up, won't you?"

Cynthia put her arm under him and lifted him until his head rested on her own bosom. Then he drew a long breath and smiled.

"I am going now, Louise," he said, and, raising his arm, he brought her head down until her lips touched his. His breath came deep and peaceful, and then Cynthia unclasped his arm and laid him back on the pillow dead; but a new light shone in her face. The unknown something had come, and she knew it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Alarming Case.

Sir William Harcourt once visited a man-of-war lying off the Hampshire coast. After dinner, the weather proving rather rough, the captain, a small, dapper man, suggested that Sir William should sleep on board and surrendered his own berth for the night to the ex-chancellor of the exchequer.

Next morning the captain's sailor servant, who knew nothing of the change of berths, brought a cup of coffee to the cabin door and knocked once or twice without receiving an answer. Somewhat alarmed, he opened the cabin door and asked:

"Don't you want your coffee this morning, sir?"

The only reply was a growl, and the frightened sailor saw a gigantic figure turn over under the bedclothes. Dropping the coffee, he rushed to the ship's surgeon, exclaiming:

"For goodness' sake, sir, come to the captain! He's speechless and swollen to ten times his natural size!"—London Tit-Bits.

Ruskin and Plevna.

George Trevelyan mentioned that once, when walking with a lady, he had met Ruskin, and, in the hope that the latter might say something characteristic, he addressed the great man, asking if he had heard the news.

"What news?" was the reply.

"Plevna has fallen."

"Plevna? I never heard of it. I know nothing later than the fourteenth century."—Grant-Duff's "Notes From a Diary."

HARD HIT BY MARCH GALE

Worst Storm of the Season Strikes Chicago.

WIRES ARE PROSTRATED.

Telegraph and Telephone Companies the Worst Sufferers—Reports From Many States Indicate Heavy Damage Everywhere—Southern Wisconsin Suffers Most.

Chicago, March 11.—One of the worst wind storms of the season struck Chicago Sunday and during the two hours it was at its height damaged property throughout the city to the extent of $175,000. Many heavy plate glass windows were blown in. Telegraph and telephone companies were the worst sufferers and it will be some time before order can be restored. Thousands of poles were blown down and Chicago was practically isolated from the west and northwest by telephone and telegraph all day and night. The long distance telephone service was crippled so badly that it was of little value. Up to a late hour neither Milwaukee nor Minneapolis could be reached by long distance telephone. The storm is believed to have been most severe in southern Wisconsin. Along a long stretch of the Milwaukee road in southern Wisconsin 500 telegraph poles are down. Reports from many points in Indiana and Kentucky also indicate heavy damage from the storm. The Western Union and Postal companies suffered severely by fallen poles. It was estimated that there were not fewer than 5,000 poles in the city thrown down by the fury of the wind and storm. Telegraph service almost as far west as Omaha was stopped until late last evening.

Trains entering Chicago were delayed from ten minutes to an hour. The Burlington and Milwaukee and St. Paul companies were the worst sufferers in this respect. All the roads suffered damage to their tracks and switch yards.

At the life saving station at the mouth of the Chicago river it was considered the worst gale that has struck Chicago harbor since 1894. The water lashed into fury, came up to the life saving station and flooded the floor for the first time in 12 years. Most of the shipping was protected in winter quarters so that the damage done to it was slight.

FATALITIES IN STORM.

Score of Persons Killed and One Million Property Loss In Texas.

Dallas, Tex., March 11.—Eight deaths are now reported from the Will's Point tornado. Beulah Johnson died last night from fright. She was at the home of her father, O. L. Johnson, when the storm struck the town. R. W. Garrett, Benjamin Walters and two of J. W. Williams' children are reported to be dying.

The property loss in Will's Point is estimated at $79,000, and in Vansant and surrounding country districts at $100,000. The storm section extends into Arkansas, Louisiana and up the Mississippi valley nearly to Memphis, in regions almost without wire or rail. Telegraph companies are finding it difficult to gather details of the storm, but enough is known on which to base estimates of property losses approximating $1,000,000 to the southeastern farming and other interests, and at least a score of persons dead.

At New Boston about 12 houses were partly wrecked and J. L. Pettus and Jasper Phillips so badly hurt that they are expected to die. Railroad trains to Dallas from the storm section have been badly delayed. Passengers report extensive destruction of property along the lines.

Mayor Finney last night issued a statement on the Will's Point situation. He says nearly 100 persons are entirely destitute and are being cared for by the local authorities. A relief committee has been formed.

At present contributions will be asked for from Texas only. If the conditions in the country districts develop badly the request for aid may be extended.

BATTLE WITH BANDITS.

Deputy Sheriff Killed and One of the Highwaymen Wounded.

Milton, Cal., March 11.—Deputy Sheriff Holman of Calerva county was shot and killed at Wallace, a small town near here, in a pitched battle with two highwaymen. One of the latter is reported seriously wounded. Two prominent residents of Wallace were held up and robbed by the bandits. The affair being reported to the county officials here, Deputy Sheriff Holman, with a small posse, went to Wallace to arrest the robbers. The latter resisted and a pistol fight ensued. Many shots were exchanged.

Make Move for Peace In Turf.

Cincinnati, March 11.—The American Turf congress has decided to hold a meeting at St. Louis next Thursday, when it is expected that a new organization will be effected. It is said that some of the tracks are now willing to make peace and reorganize the racing bodies in the west.

Slow Match to Keg of Tar.

Beresford, S. D., March 11.—An attempted incendiarism has been discovered at Smith & Co.'s lumber yard. A slow match was burning its way to a keg of tar, but was discovered in time for extinguishing. It is expected the firebug will be apprehended.

TELEGRAMS TERSELY TOLD.

Chicago is threatened with a telephone war.

The health of Count Tolstoi is causing uneasiness.

Tom Jenkins of Cleveland, O., champion heavyweight wrestler of the United States, defeated Hali Ali, "the Terrible Turk," at St. Louis Friday.

The Maryland house Friday passed to its third reading the election bill prepared by the Democrats. It disqualifies a large number of voters.

Mr. Paxson, representing the Moran Bros. of Seattle, Wash., Friday signed at the navy department the contract for the construction by that firm of the battleship Nebraska.

William Wyeth, for 30 years one of the most prominent financiers and manufacturers of Missouri, died at his home in St. Joseph Friday. He was many times a millionaire.

Copies of orders issued by General Chaffee, just received at the war department, show that the American troops in China are under the strictest discipline and are closely confined to the limits under the control of the United States forces.

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