

## WANTED: A MODEL.

(By Anna Shields.)

It seems so very strange, dear, not exactly proper!

Miss Seymour expected to see precisely the expression upon the face of her niece as did follow this opinion. Lena, a Seymour of great brown eyes and a rich color mantled in her cheeks.

"Proper! Society does not rule down here, Aunt Margaret! Besides it is a mere matter of business!"

A twinkle danced in Miss Margaret's eyes, but vanished presently.

"Oh," she said, "you mean to make a profession of your art?"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lena, "how many times I have told you, Aunt Margaret, that art will not accept divided homage. I have some way to go to reach an artist. Now and then the large brown eyes grow luminous, the lips smile as if some vision of beauty were a glad response in Lena's heart, and her little white hands moved unconsciously to clasp each other, "now I can only hope and dream, world, and pray!"

Then she came suddenly out of this little ecstasy and said:

"I sent an advertisement to the 'Grantville Gazette' yesterday, and it is published to-day."

She took a folded newspaper from her pocket, opened it and read:

WANTED—A fisherman to stand as model for an artist. Terms liberal. Apply at No. 3 Seaview Terrace, Ocean Place, Wilton.

By the way, Aunt Margaret, the utter absurdity of that address, never struck me so forcibly as it does at this moment. Ocean Place—a strip of sea beach half a mile in extent! Seaview Terrace, four empty and one occupied cottage. I suppose all the population of Wilton will apply for the position.

But nearly a week passed, every day bringing a repetition of the advertisement, and not an answer reached Seaview Terrace. Lena worked busily at her picture, a sea-scene, with a group of children in the foreground, a woman watching the waves upon a rock to the right, and a great blank space for the fisherman, who was to come to meet her. The subject was not very new or very original, but Lena was young and artistic, and she had worked busily upon good masters in London, Paris and Rome for six years, and was an artist born. Her father had been proud of her genius, giving it full scope, while she was yet a mere child, and when he died he charged his only son to let Lena have her will, if she wished to continue her studies. So the girl, then only seventeen, when her routine of studies with her masters was over, took her easel and brushes for rest, for advice to the latter heart, and her father's absence caused, and with her aunt for a companion, went abroad to study. She had been at home only two months when she took board at Seaview Terrace, and began her sea picture—her first large one on canvas. It was too

early in the season for seaside visitors, still April weather, and Wilton was but a small place, so she worked outdoors, her easel facing the wide blue sea which sparkled with sometimes fainting, often caustic, light.

Mortimer Gilroy called himself weary of the world. At thirty-two he had exhausted all the pleasures a liberal fortune, strong health, a cultivated mind and plenty of money could give. When he said "exhausted" I merely quote Mortimer Gilroy. He had "done" Europe, Egypt and his native country, had been petted by society, escaped numerous cunningly spread matrimonial webs, while he counted his flirtations by dozens, he was heart whole, as he lay upon the deck of the Firefly, his own yacht, reading the "Grantville Gazette."

He had come from a winter cruise on the coast of Florida, through the Gulf of Mexico, winding about the West Indies, till, weary of sea and as well as land, he was sailing for New York when he put in at Wilton for a supply of fresh provisions.

"Hello!" he muttered, "I do believe this is the beautiful spot!" I saw through my glass this morning, painting on the beach. Wanted—A fisherman to stand as model for an artist. Terms liberal. Apply at No. 3 Seaview Terrace, Ocean Place, Wilton. She was very beautiful. I was sorry when she came too glaring on the water and drove her indoors. A fisherman!

He mused a moment, then called: "Bob!"

A rugged sailor answered at once.

"Bob, I am going to stay at Grantville for a few weeks. You will take the yacht home?"

"Bob was too much accustomed to his master's sudden freaks to make any comment, and Mr. Gilroy hastily selected a few articles in his cabin, packed a valise and went ashore.

June had come. Lena had spent the merry month of May in a dream of perfect happiness. She meant no deception when she told her Aunt Margaret it was the rapture of artistic success that painted her cheeks, and made her eyes brilliant, her voice thrill with musical cadences.

Every day when the weather permitted she was upon the beach, working with rapid fingers and swelling heart over her canvas. Every day, at the hour agreed upon, James Smith, fisherman, presented himself as her model upon the liberal terms offered in the "Grantville Gazette." Had Lena been brought up in society I know it would have been impossible for her to accept

James Smith at his own word, as a Wilton fisherman. But the young artist was a child in many ways. She had been educated with the seclusion of a nun, in spite of her foreign experience, and her devotion to her art had kept her still secluded from choice after she returned to her home.

It was, therefore, no amazement, but simply a delight to her, when the handsome fisherman, who looked one of Nature's noblemen in his rough, picturesque dress, conversed with her intelligently, and paid her the courteous respect of a gentleman. Little by little, as they drew more closely together in their daily intercourse, James Smith let the brilliant intellect, the traveled knowledge he possessed creep out into sight. He gave her to understand, without actually lying, that he had been a sailor, and so accounted for his familiarity with the scenes she had visited and carried engraved on her heart and brain. He looked over many of her sketch-books, wondering at the power in the slender hands, the genius of the youthful brain, the fidelity of touch and eye, and, as the restraint of strange ways gave way to his true manhood asserted itself, and his heart rose to his master. How could he but love her! With all her wondrous gifts, she was the purest, simplest maiden he had ever met. Ladies he had known by scores, finished in every graceful accomplishment, but never one more exquisite in refinement than Lena. Peasant girls he had seen with "beauty adorned," yet not one more unaffected than this artist maid in her dress of cheap print, her hair simply bound in heavy braids of golden lustre.

There was the unaffected grace of girlhood, with the well-stored mind, of one who made books, music and art daily companions.

His conscience rebelled often at the deceit he was practicing, but he hugged the thought of the luxury he could offer his love, the toil he could spare her.

June was yet young when the picture was completed, and in the early morning James Smith, Aunt Margaret and Lena stood upon the beach looking upon its beauty. It was to be packed and sent to New York in the afternoon, and Lena, her heart full, said softly:

"How can I live if it is a failure?"

Believing she spoke of actual poverty, should her art fail to win money, James Smith, with a sudden, overwhelming love controlling him, spoke out. It would make my story too long to tell the words that made Lena's heart tremble and her eyes grow misty, while Aunt Margaret's wrath was kindling at the fisherman's presumption.

But when Lena had been fast prisoned in his own, when her eyes, love-lit, were drooping and her cheeks blushing under his gaze, James Smith said:

"But, though I have once deceived you, Lena, you may trust me now, for all my art is yours."

"Deceived me!" she cried, shrinking a little.

"I am not James Smith, but Mortimer Gilroy; not an honest, hard-working fisherman, only an idle, useless gentleman, who does not need to work when you are my wife, Lena, but can paint for pleasure only."

Then Lena's eyes flashed merrily, and she would have spoken, even if Aunt Margaret had not said, dryly:

"Perhaps it would be a good time to tell Mr. Mortimer Gilroy who you are."

"Do not look so bewildered," Lena said. "I am not masquerading. I am simply what you know me—Madeleine Seymour, artist. But Aunt Margaret wishes me to tell you that I paint now, have painted for years, and have won prizes. I love my art! I have loved it better than any earthly pleasure since first my hand could grasp a pencil. But I am not working for money, because I have more than enough. I am rich, though I do not count in satin dresses or wear jewels at the seaside. Still, I did not mean any deception!"

"And you would have bestowed your wealth upon a poor fisherman?" asked Mortimer Gilroy, with glad heart and loving eyes.

"I thought I found the pearl in its rough case. I did not know your social position, but I did know you were a gentleman in heart and education. I could not have loved you had your speech or manner been as rough as your dress."

So Aunt Margaret was satisfied, and society welcomed Mortimer Gilroy's article, which, glowing nothing of the little romance that was founded upon advertising for a model.—New York Ledger.

## WARNED IN TIME.

The Boy Was Posted in Domestic Arrangements.

The smart-looking agent with the enlarged crayon portrait under his arm had just laid his hand on the gate latch, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

"I forgot about a lesson on and hasn't got back yet, and ma seems to be kinder irritated. You can do as you please about it, but—"

"I'll come around some other time, sonny, and see your ma," said the agent, taking his hand off the gate.

## GOODS POURING IN.

THE WILSON TARIFF LAST DAYS OF SERVICE.

Enough Goods to Supply the Trade for a Year—Americans, However, Need Not Purchase Foreign Made Goods—Good for Farmers.

If anybody is in doubt as to the accuracy of the recent statement of Chairman Dingley that a year's supply of foreign goods will probably be in the warehouses of the country by the time the new tariff bill can get upon the statute books, let him examine the following figures showing the customs receipts since the election of McKinley and a protective congress. They are as follows: November, 1896, \$9,930,385; December, \$10,779,412; January, 1897, \$11,276,574; February, \$11,487,299; March, \$22,833,856; April, \$24,454,351. When it is remembered that these figures relate only to the dutiable goods and that there has been an especial rush in of non-dutiable goods likely to be transferred to the dutiable list, it will be seen that the flood of importations, now passing through the custom house of the country is something enormous. Foreign manufacturers and importers continue to rush their goods into the country in the face of the retrospective clause of the Dingley bill. The customs receipts in April were \$24,454,351, or two and a half times as much as those in the month in which McKinley and the protective congress were elected. This gives something of an idea of the enormous quantity of foreign goods being brought into the country. When it is remembered that these figures relate only to the dutiable goods and that all non-dutiable goods likely to go on the dutiable list under the new tariff are also being rushed in and in still greater numbers, the disadvantages under which the manufacturers of the country are now attempting to operate and must operate for many months, will be realized.

Imports of foreign goods are estimated at every port of the country. In April Philadelphia received over eight million pounds in four weeks, New York over twenty-four million and Boston apparently over sixty-five million. People who criticize the protection to place a duty on hides brought into the country would be interested in the fact that the value of hides imported since 1890 is in excess of the importations of wool upon which the vast majority of the people of this country agree that there should be a duty.

The importation of hides from 1890 to 1896 inclusive, amounted to \$176,723,107 while the value of the wool imported in that time was \$138,362,844.

The Tariff Bill.

The tariff bill has been completed so far as relates to the senate finance committee and is now ready for consideration by the senate. How long it will be before that body cannot of course be foretold, but the outlook for a reasonable degree of speed is a consideration appears to be good, and there is good reason to believe that it will be upon the statute books by the end of the fiscal year. Members of both parties are recognizing the fact that nothing so disturbs the business conditions of the country as the tariff, and the manufacturers and others who are pendency of a tariff measure of any sort, because of the fact that business contracts and undertakings cannot be entered upon without definite knowledge as to what the prices of imported articles or the rates of duty will be. These facts are leading men to press the government to create the impression that business is not improving under the present administration. In so doing they assume that the people are so ignorant that they will attribute what they may regard as a continuation of business depression to the Republican administration without any change in the tariff and other revenue laws. The Republican victory put an end to the uncertainty regarding the money question. As the result money has been made, and thousands of industries have started up, giving larger employment to labor. This is true of the iron industry in all its branches. But the same tariff exists now which caused the business depression under the last administration, industries employing thousands of people prior to the election of 1892 cannot be started up because it is impossible for them to remain and hold the American market. During the past few weeks the bonded warehouses have been crowded with foreign-made goods, which come into competition with those made in this country. So long as this condition exists the full return of prosperity cannot be expected.

If the Republicans in the Senate can have their way, it will be a law early in July which will afford ample revenue and a reasonable protection to American industries, giving many thousands people the opportunity to earn wages who are now idle. If, by obstructive tactics in the Senate, the Democrats and their allies prevent the passage of such a bill they will be responsible for a continuation of the industrial depression which began when it became certain that the protective policy would be overthrown. It has continued with more or less severity since that time, and will continue until a better law shall take its place.—Indianapolis Journal.

Should Come with Us.

From the Chicago Times-Herald: There is much talk at the present moment about the future of the gold democracy and the silver democracy. After being taken by those who last year rejected the Chicago platform because of its falseness to the principles of Jefferson. The question in the air is, what are right-thinking and patriotic Americans to do who last November joined with their lifelines political beliefs, and it is apparent that the farming community is not only feeling the return of prosperity, but is occupying its mind with cheerful thoughts and prospects rather than the gloomy ones of four years of the Cleveland administration.

Japan's Monetary Action.

The Japanese commission which has studied the conditions in Japan for the past eighteen months as affected by the silver standard has found that the average cost of eleven leading articles necessary to life in Japan has increased in the period between 1873 and 1896 to less than 62 per cent, while the wages in the country have increased but 23 per cent. In view of these conditions the commission recommended the

## abandonment of the silver standard,

which recommendation was promptly and favorably acted upon by the government. "Miso" is the name of an article of food largely used in Japan. It is entirely of native production, and therefore not subject to the increased cost through depreciation of silver currency which foreign articles of food would suffer, yet the Japanese commission which has been studying the silver question in Japan for eighteen months past, found that miso had increased 89 per cent in cost from 1873 to 1893, while the wages of the laboring people who use it had increased only 23 per cent, thus showing that they were the greatest sufferers under the depreciated currency.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

No Pledges Were Made.

In his stirring address before the Harpers' Republican Club last night, Senator Foraker sharply reminded the gold Democrats that the Republicans made no pledge in the last campaign to surrender their principles, and that these principles would be resolutely maintained by the McKinley administration.

Gold Democrats understand this fully. During last summer and fall they were so fully aware of it that their organs loudly complained that Major McKinley "talked tariff too much," although those organs were advocating General Palmer for the Presidency. The truth is that the thousands of Democrats cast their ballots for Major McKinley, not only in spite of his well-known protection principles, but on account of them. They stood in as much fear of a continuation of a free trade tariff as in that of an inaugurated tariff. It was in order to escape both that they voted for the Canton statesman.—Commercial Advertiser.

Why We Need Reiprocity.

From Chicago Inter Ocean: In the city of Freiberg, which is in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, which is one of the most important of the German empire, the butcher who offers meat imported from the United States for sale must have this sign displayed in his store: "Inferior American Meats for Sale Here."—Heaven bless their cosmopolitan souls!—It is not a snick and snick to impose discriminating duties on German best sugar.

Saxony is another of the petty kingdoms of the German empire. We import millions of dollars worth of dry goods, lace, velvets, toys, glassware, chinaware, etc., from Saxony. But Saxony is so small that it is impossible for her to supply a pound of American pork at a profit within the limits of its domains. First comes the duty for admission to the empire, then comes the duty for admission to the kingdom, then comes a duty of 3 1/2 cents per pound on the weight of the meat, and a duty of 2 cents per pound on the weight of the fat. The result is that the price of American pork in Saxony is 100 per cent higher than in the United States. The result is that the price of American pork in Saxony is 100 per cent higher than in the United States. The result is that the price of American pork in Saxony is 100 per cent higher than in the United States.

How Can We Expect Prosperity Yet?

The pledges of a speedy return to good times to glibly made by the spellbinders were repeatedly deprecated by the conservative, sober-minded element in the Republican party. It was well known that the tariff bill would be so ridiculously extravagant that it never had any warrant in any of the utterances of Major McKinley in his "front porch" campaign.

The Republican nominee declared that we could not hope for a return of the prosperity of 1892 until we had enacted legislation that would provide adequate encouragement to American industry, and that would yield enough revenue to prevent the recurrence of the treasury deficits. He repeated over and over again the admonition that the government was put upon a paying basis. He emphasized this as a prerequisite to the restoration of that business confidence which was destroyed by falling revenues and the constant raid on the gold reserve.

The current has not yet been placed upon a paying basis. Prosperity will not come until the new tariff measure has been upon the federal statute books long enough to inaugurate a revival of languishing industries and long enough to create a bonafide tide of revenue into the government treasury.—Akron Journal.

Fixing the Responsibility.

It is announced that the Democrats and some of the Populists in the Senate propose to delay the enactment of a tariff bill as long as possible. Doubtless they will do so because they think that such a proceeding is good politics. They are laboring to create the impression that business is not improving under the present administration. In so doing they assume that the people are so ignorant that they will attribute what they may regard as a continuation of business depression to the Republican administration without any change in the tariff and other revenue laws. The Republican victory put an end to the uncertainty regarding the money question. As the result money has been made, and thousands of industries have started up, giving larger employment to labor. This is true of the iron industry in all its branches. But the same tariff exists now which caused the business depression under the last administration, industries employing thousands of people prior to the election of 1892 cannot be started up because it is impossible for them to remain and hold the American market. During the past few weeks the bonded warehouses have been crowded with foreign-made goods, which come into competition with those made in this country. So long as this condition exists the full return of prosperity cannot be expected.

Cleveland and the Democrats.

The ex-President remains firm in the conviction that the currency question is one of overshadowing interest and importance, and he proposes to sound his friends in the support of sound money principles. It is the Philadelphia Ledger in discussing Cleveland's address to the incoming burners in the Reform Club.

But Cleveland did not tell us what is the matter with the currency. Nor can we get any clear idea of the trouble from any of the other quacks.—Commercial Advertiser.

If all the cranks in the universe were to give their undivided attention to the "currency question" for a twelve-month period, it finally fell upon the workmen of the nation. There can be no prosperity until we have a new tariff. That is the great and overshadowing question just now.

More Terrible.

She (reading the newspaper)—Isn't this terrible! Five hundred million birds were slaughtered last year to furnish feathers for women's hats. He—Yes—Yes; most of them were in front of me at the theater last night.—New York World.

## CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

The Story of a Spy—How the Missing Man's Death Was Proved Thirty-Four Years After He Was Shot in Battle—Other Sketches.

A Hero.

E was perfectly certain, he always said (And story books must be true!) That somewhere over the mountains To the den of a robber crew

So avoid the lane with his shield and spear, One beautiful summer day, And over the fence to the butterfly field.

He readily took his way, And he laughed hot hot as he went along, And put on his dearest looks, And he made up a kind of a battle song, As they do in the story books.

But the dragon that lived in the butterfly field, And guarded the robbers' den, Came up and snuffed at his sword and shield, And opened its mouth—and then, So somebody tells me, this brave little man (Oh, sad to relate, but true) Dropped helmet and all, turned tail and ran.

At the sound of that terrible "Moore" Still, robbers there must be left to fight, And dragons there are, no doubt; And it's glorious fun if the weather is bright, And—there aren't any cows about!

The Story of a Spy.

Here is a short story from the Chicago Times-Herald that it has taken history thirty-six years to write.

At the beginning of the great civil war, in 1861, Samuel W. Kenney, a Pennsylvanian by birth, was engaged in business in Pulaski, Tenn. He owned a farm of 231 acres near that place, and had \$3,000 worth of cotton stored there. He was a strong Union man, and the southerners burned his cotton and made it impossible for him to live among them. A mob attacked his house, and he and his family, after hiding several days in the woods, made their way northward and went to their old home in Pennsylvania.

In September, 1862, Kenney joined the command of General James S. Negley at Pittsburgh, and entered the service as a spy. He went to Louisville, and thence entered the Confederate lines. He was recognized and betrayed by one of his old Tennessee neighbors, and was arrested by Bragg's forces at Lynchburg, Va.

From this point Samuel W. Kenney disappeared. His family knew that he had been captured and believed that he had been executed, but proof of that fact was unobtainable. In 1897 Mrs. Kenney, of Pennsylvania, and her son, a private in the United States army, were in the city of Chicago, and she was visiting her son.

Twenty years ago they made an attempt to obtain a pension for their mother, but failed, because the department records at Washington did not show that the missing spy of 1862 had been regularly enlisted, and there was no proof of his death. Quite recently, however, Congressman Woodman of this city found in the war department an unofficial reference to the execution of a northern spy named Kenney at Tullahoma, Tenn. Feb. 13, 1862. This proof was regarded as sufficient, and a pension has just been granted to the aged widow in Deight.

Last week Alexander Kenney and his brother John went to Tennessee to discover, if possible, any further facts about the fate of their father. They visited Tullahoma, and were most hospitably received by the town officials. He was suggested by the mayor that an aged woman who had lived in the city ever since 1862, and who might know something about the death of the northern spy, and she was visited.

"There were only four men killed in Tullahoma during the war," she said positively. "Three of them were confederates and they were buried in the town cemetery. The other one was a spy, who had been caught by Bragg's men. I saw them take him out of the jail and put him into a wagon, and saw him sitting on a coffin. They drove away with him, and I heard that he had been hanged, but I don't know where."

"Can you remember the name of that spy?" asked one of the Chicagoans.

"Yes," she replied slowly, "his name was Kenney."

But this seemed to be as far as the search could be carried. There were no town records which would throw light upon the matter, and no additional facts could be learned. Returning to the railway station the two Chicagoans fell into conversation with an incidentally mentioned their mission while waiting for a train.

"Well, boys, I'm sorry for you," he said, "but I guess I can help you some. I saw your father hanged, and I was twelve years old then, and the sight was stamped upon my mind indelibly, for I was scared nearly to death. Besides, the body was buried on my father's farm, and for many years afterward I used to shudder and run as fast as I could whenever I had to pass the spot."

The trio, led by the southerner, quickly passed through the little town, and just outside the suburbs, on the northwestern side, a halt was made.

"They handed your father to that Syracuse tree there by the spring," said the guide, "and you might know about half-way up that hill over there, and the grave wasn't marked. You'll never find it now."

But the two Chicagoans went over every foot of the hillside. A recent fresher had washed away part of the bank and undermined the hill so that part of the ragged edge gave way beneath the feet of Alexander Kenney, and he was protruding from the bank the two lower leg bones of a skeleton. The spy who disappeared thirty-four years ago had been found.

The remains were brought to Chicago and interred in the family lot in Dwight.

## The Siege of Galveston.

E. S. K. asks information as to incidents at the siege of Galveston. 1. Was there any vessel of the Union fleet that escaped capture at the siege of Galveston? 2. Did the captain of such vessel refuse to cross the bar, when ordered to do so the night before? 3. Was the captain punished? If so, in what way? What was the captain's name? Also the name of the vessel and officers, engineers and crew, if you can obtain them? Answer: Through the courtesy of the chief clerk of the navy department at Washington, D. C., we are enabled to give the following facts: 1. It appears from examination of the records at the navy department that the Clifton, commanded by Lieutenant Commander R. L. Law, the Owasco, Lieutenant Commander Wilson; the Sachem, Acting Master Johnson, and the Corypheus, Acting Master Spears, all escaped at the siege of Galveston and proceeded to New Orleans. The Westfield was blown up in the hands of the enemy, the explosion being premature, the loss of life was the consequence of the accident. 2. There is no account of any commanding officer refusing to take his vessel across the bar when ordered to do so the night before, and consequently no punishment administered to any officer, as referred to in inquiry No. 3. The facts in relation to the capture of Galveston, Tex., on the 1st of January, 1863, are elicited by the testimony before the Court of Inquiry. See report of secretary of navy, 1863, page 312. The naval force in possession consisted of the Westfield, Clifton, Harriet Lane, Owasco, Sachem and Corypheus. It seems that the night previous to the attack information had been received by the commanding officers of both land and naval forces that such an attempt might be made. At 1:30 a. m. on the 1st of January, it being bright moonlight, two or three rebel steamers were discovered in the bay above by the Clifton. The Westfield, on a particular time or timing, made the same discovery. The naval forces, therefore, were not taken by surprise. After the death of Commander Renshaw, Lieutenant Commander Law being the commanding officer, he proceeded to cross the bar with his boats and other craft, and to make the blockade altogether, considering the Owasco as his only efficient vessel.—New York Ledger.

## Moderns Body Armor.

The experiments with bullet-proof coats and material which have been conducted here and abroad have called attention to a particular type of material that does not entirely pass away with the shelling of the shield and cuirass, says the Boston Post. Many English officers still wear a partial armor when serving on foreign stations.

The iron-plate and metal-plate armor of these protection consists of fine but beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in soft leather, which runs along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms and over certain parts of the body. These can either be sewed into a particular tunic or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. Hundreds upon hundreds of these sets are sold. The most valuable of all chains in connection with accoutrements are those which guard the neck, some of which are made of iron and are protected in this way specially by a chain of iron which is sewed into the same and covered by the lining.

Only those who have been in actual conflict know the value of all the armor mentioned above, and the effects of sword cuts. As regards protection from sword and bullet the general belief nowadays seems to be in thoroughly tanned leather and great quantities are made for officers, the chains mentioned above being the invention of the late Sir Richard Burton, being that which forms a not-too-prominent ridge down the center of the chest. Many stories are told by officers of bullets which have been averted in some degree by these leather tunics, some of which are made of woven steel wire. Of course none of these things are supposed to be an absolute protection, but only a sort of palliative.

A London gunsmith, who shows a great many different body protectors, which at almost like an ordinary vest and are very expensive, sells a large number of them to army men and he not long ago sent a gross, as many as he could get made in the time, to Japan, where they were quickly sold. He has made for individual officers who have themselves drawn the design a variety of different patterns of armor. Fine flexible chains and leather have entered into nearly all of them.

A Pig's Cud 112 Days.

Barnesville, Minn., special to New York Sun: Work commenced on the mines, N. D., that Charles Davis, who lost several pigs during the snowstorm last Thanksgiving and found one of them about two months ago, now tells a stranger story still. To his own amazement he found another of his pigs which was alive still, five months after being buried for 112 days. It was found only by the thawing of the snow a few days ago. The truth of the story is attested by Mr. Whoolson, a wheat buyer at Cummings and Barnesville.

Wouldn't Take an Oath in Lent.

From the Philadelphia Record: Willaminator, Del., special: When three colored boys were arraigned before Magistrate Kelley today charged with trespassing, Kelleher, the prosecuting witness, said he took the oath because it is Lent.

"Wait! I will get witnesses who can be sworn," said Kelleher.

"No, you won't. You can't get some one else to do what you don't care to do yourself," replied the magistrate. "The case is dismissed."

Caught a Pickle in a Steel Trap.

From the Hartford Courant, Essex special: H. C. Walden, the trapper, caught a four-pound pickle in a steel trap which was set for an otter in Tiley & Pratt's pond last week. Walden said it was the first time that he ever knew of a fish being caught in a steel trap.

## THE OLD RELIABLE.

Columbus State Bank

(Oldest Bank in the State.)