#### HOW THE REDOUBT WAS TAKEN.

A spirited account of a battle from the pen of a master of style-Prosper Merrinee, the dustinguished French story teller. This trans-lation is from the Strand Magazine.

A friend of mine, a soldier, who died in Greece of fever some years ago, described to me one day his first engagement. His story so impressed me that I wrote it down from memory. It was as follows:

I joined my regiment on September 4. It was evening. I found the colonel in the camp. He received me rather brusquely, but having read the general's introductory letter he changed his manner and addressed me conrteously.

By him I was presented to my captain, who had just come in from reconnoitring. The captain, whose acquaintance I had scarcely time to make, was a tall, dark man, of harsh, repelling aspect. He had been a private soldier, and had won his cross and epaulettes upon the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and feeble, contrasted strangely with his gigantic stature. This voice of his he owed, as I was told, to a pullet which had passed completely through his body at the battle of Jena.

On learning that I had just come from college at Fon ainebleau he remarked with a wry face: "My lieutenant died last night." I understood what he implied-"It is for you to take his place, and you are good for

A sharp retort was on my tongue, but I The moon was rising behind the redoubt of Cheverino, which stood two camon-shots from our encampment. The moon was large and red, as is common at her rising; but that night she seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redount stood out coal black against the glittering disc. It resem-bled the cone of a volcano at the moment of

An old soldier, at whose side I found myself, observed the color of the moon.
"She is very red," he said, "It is a sign that it will cost us dear to win this wonder-ful redoubt," I was always superstitious, and this piece

of augury, coming at that moment, troubled mr. I sought my couch, but could not sleep. I rose and walked about awhile, watching the long line of fires upon the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When the sharpnight air had thoroughly refreshed my blood I went back to the fire. I rolled my mantle around me and I shut my eyes, trusting not to open them till day-break. But sleep refused to visit me. Insensibly my thoughts grew doleful. I told myself that I had not a friend among the bundred thousand men who filled that plain.
If I were wounded, I should be placed in a
bospital, in the hands of ignorant and careless surgeons. I called to mind what I had heard of operations. My heart best violently and I mechanically arranged, as a kind of rude cuirass, my handkerchief and pocket-book upon my breast. Then, overpowered with weariness, my eyes closed drowsly only to open the next instant with a start a some new thought of horror.

Fuligue, however, at last gained the day. When the drums bent at daybreak I was fast asleep. We were drawn up in rank. The roll was called, then we stacked our arms, and everything announced that we should pass another uneventful day But about 3 o'clock an aide de-camp ar-rived with orders. We were commanded to

Our sharpshooters marched into the plain. We followed slowly, and in twenty minutes we saw the outposts of the Russians falling back and entering the redoubt. We had a battery of artillery on our right, another on our left, but both some distance in advance of us. They opened a sharp fire upon the enemy, who returned it briskly, and the re-doubt of Cheverino was soon concealed by volumes of thick smoke. Our regiment was almost covered from the Russians' fire by a piece of rising ground. Their bullets (which besides were rarely aimed at us, for they pre-ferred to fire upon our cannoncers) whistled over us, or at worst knocked up a shower of

Just as the order to advance was given the me intently. given the cuptain looked at me intently. I stroked my sprout ing mustache with an air of unconcern; in truth, I was not frightened, and only dreaded lest I might be thought so. These passing bullets aided my heroic coolness, while my self-respect assured me that the danger was s real one, since 1 was veritably under fire. I was delighted at my self-possession, and already looked forward to the pleasure of describing in Parisian drawing rooms the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino. The colonel passed before our company

"Well," he said to me, "you are going to see warm work in your first action." I gave a martial smile and brushed my uff, on which a builet, which had struck the earth at thirty paces distant, had cast a little

It appeared that the Russians had discovared that their bullets did no harm, for they replaced them by a fire of shells, which be-gan to reach us in the hellows where we lay. One of these, in its explosion, knocked off my shake and killed a man beside me. "I congratulate you," said the captain, as I picked up my shake. "You are safe now for

I know the military superstition which believes that the axiom non bis in idem is as applicable to the battlefield as to the courts of justice. I replaced my shake with a justice. I replaced my shake with a

l'hat's a rude way to make one raise one's hat," I said, as lightly as I could. And this wretched piece of wit was, in the circumstances, received as excellent.

"I compliment you," said the captain. "You will command a company tonight; for I shall not survive the day. Every time I have been wounded the officer below me has been touched. been touched by some spent ball; and," he added, in a lower tone, "all the names began

I laughed skeptically; most people would have done the same; but most would also have been struck, as I was, by these prophetic words. But, conscript though I was, I felt that I could trust my thoughts to no one, and that it was my duty to seem always calm and

At the end of balf an hour the Russian had sensibly diminished. We left our exper to advance on the redoubt. Our regiment was composed of three bat-alions. The second had to take the enemy

in flank; the two others formed the storming party. I was in the third. On issuing from behind the cover we were received by several volleys, which did but ittle harm. The whistling of the balls amazed me. "But after all," I thought, "a battle is less terrible than I expected."

We advanced at a smart run, our musketeers in front. All at once the Russians uttered three hurrahs—three distinct hurrahs—and then stood silent, without firing.

don't like that silence," said the cap-"It bodes no good." I began to think our people were too eager. I could not help comparing, mentally, their shouts and clamor with the striking silence

of the enemy We quickly reached the foot of the redoubt. The palisades were broken and the earthworks shattered by our oalls. With a roar of "Vive l'Empereur!" our soldiers rushed across the ruins.

I raised my eyes. Never shall I forget the sight which met my view. The smoke had mostly lifted and remained suspended, like a canopy, at twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a bluish mist could be perceived, behind their shattered parapet, the Russian grenadiers, with rifles lifted, as motionless I can see them still-the left eye of every soldier glaring at us, the right hidden by his lifted gun. In an embrasuro at a few feet distant a man with a fuse stood

shuddered. I believed that my last hour had come.
"Now for the dance to open!" cried the captain. These were the last words I heard

There came from the redoubt a roll of drums. I saw the muzzles lowered. I shut my eyes; I heard a most appalling crash of sound, to which succeeded groans and cries. Then I looked up, amazed to find myself still living. The redoubt was still myapped in smore. I was surrounded by the dead and wounded. The captain was extended at my feet; a ball had carried off his head, and I was covered with his blood. Of all the company, only six men, except myself, remained spect.

This carnage was ucceeded by a

kind of stupor. The next instant the colonel, with his hat on his sword's point, had scaled the parapet with a cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" The survivors followed him. All that succeeded is to me a kind of dream. We rushed into the redoubt, I know arcam. We rushed into the redoubt, I know not how; we fought hand to hand in the midst of smoke so thick that no man could perceive his enemy. I found my sabre dripping blood; I heard a shout of "Victory;" and in the clearing smoke I saw the earthworks piled with dead and dying. The cannons were covered with a heap of corpses. About two hundred men in the French uniform were standing, without order loading their masstanding, without order, loading their mus-kets or wiping their bayonets. Eleven Rus-sian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was lying, bathed in blood, upon a broken cannon. A group of soldiers crowded round him. I approached them. "Who is the oldest captain?" he was ask-g of a sergeant.

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders most

expressively.
"Who is the oldest lieutenant?" "This gentleman, who came last night," re-

died the sergeant calmly.
The colonel smiled bitterly. "Come, sir," he said to me, "you are now in chief command. Fortify the gorge of the redoubt at once with wagons, for the enemy is out in force. But General C—— is coming

to support you."
"Colonel," I asked him, "are you badly "Pish, my dear fellow! The redoubt is

The Veterans Still Live. If the Italians should find occasion to venture with hostile intent in American waters they would learn that the experience acquired during our civil war is not yet lost to us, says the Army and Navy. We have still service in the army and navy men without their superiors anywhere, in military ability and the knowledge of war. The moment the government of the United States was pre-pared to say to them, as it would be in the event of war, "the resources of this nation of \$3,000,000 of people are at your disposal gentlemen," there would be a change in the situation little snort of marvelous. If they have not large means now under their con-trol, our officers are thoroughly well well equipped with the experience and informa-tion required to enable them to make the pest possible use of what they have, and to skilfully develop and apply the warlike possibilities of the nation. Even some of those now retired for age have not reached the age at which Von Moltke began his chief triumobs; in no respect do they lack

military authorities bethought themselves and the note of preparation was heard at Willets Point and elsewhere. The Italian ironclads would have difficulty nough in getting across the ocean in good ghting condition and with coal enough to cep them under steam for a sufficient length f time. Once here their troubles would only begin. The spectacle of Italian armor clads sailing serencity up the harbor of New York may amuse the imagination of the daily newspaper scribes, but the attempt would be found anything but amusing to the Italians

the capacity to make the best possible use of their tried abilities. At the bare sugges-

on that their services might be needed, our

#### Pensions for Confederates.

Georgia's confederate pension system, un-er which disabled veterans receive from \$8 \$15 per month, according to the disability s highly creditable to our state, but it should accept and maintain the home near this city in order to complete the good work, says the Atlanta Constitution. If will be of interest to revive the situation in other southern states. Virginia led the movement and established a confederate home at Richmond, for the support of which the state expends \$10.000 avent. \$10,000 a year. Pensions to the amount of \$5,000 annually are also paid.

Alabama has no home, but pays \$25,000 a car in pensions. Arkansas has a home at Little Rock, built by private subscription, supported by state

Florida has no home, but pays \$30,000 a car to disabled confederates who have re-ided in the state fifteen years. Mississippi is without a home, but has made lberal provision for her indigent and dison foot to raise \$100,000 to endow a home

vithout state aid. Maryland has a \$10,000 home near Baltiaided by the state to the extent of more, aided by \$10,000 annually.

Louismana has a home near New Orleans, and the state grants it \$10,000 a year. North Carolina not only pays pensions, but has appropriated \$41,000 for a home. South Carolina pays about \$50,000 in pen-

ions, but has no home. Texas has a home established by subscripion. It costs about \$3,500 a year, and state

aid is expected shortly. Tennessee has established a home at the old home of Andrew Jackson, "The Her-mitage," the state donnting 475 acres of land, and giving \$10,000 for improvements in 1889. The legislature which recently adjourned appropriated \$25,000 for a building and \$5,000 a year for its support, and in addition, \$80,000 or so much thereof as may be necessary for expenditure annually in pensions, which range from \$2.20 to \$25.00 per month. It is thought that \$25,000 per year will cover the

Of all the southern states Kentucky alone has made no provision for her ex-confeder

Sherman's Wonderful Memory The prodigious memory of certain great men has often been remarked. It is a sur-prising fact that military men, whose minds one would think would be filled with great and startling circumstances, to the exclusion of all small matters, often remem-

er trifling occurences. General Sherman three years ago was vising Philadelphia, says the Press. Standing one day at a window, he saw a big policeman with a very long beard go by on the

The general uttered an exclamation of surprise, but said nothing more. Next day he saw the same long bearded policeman go by, and this time sent a messenger out and asked the man to come in. The policeman presently entered the room,

nd made a military salute to the general. "Yes," said General Sherman, "it's the ery man! Do you remember me, Mr. "Certainly I do, general," said the police-

'And do you remember where we first "Yes, sir. It was in California. You

were only a lieutenant then, and I was your That's it," said General Sherman, "and instead of that beard you had barely a hair or two, maybe, on your chin. And if I am not mistaken, your name is Hutchinson."

"So it is, general," said the policeman. They entered into a conversation on the ld times in California and Mexico. The general had not seen the old drummer since the Mexican war, and had never seen him with a beard, but recognized him at the first giance on the street after forty years had

### His Only Prisoner.

Captain Tip Harrison tells the Atlanta constitution this little story of the battle of Chantilly: White the pickets were making their way forward, expecting every second to run into close range of the enemy, it was deemed advisable to send a vidette ahead. He was to creep along until he was one hundred and fifty yards or so ahead of the picket line and then signal to the picket that the coast was clear, whereupon the line would advance to the point and the vidette would again creep forward.

A middle-aged man was selected for this

duty, as being naturally cautious and best prepared to die. He didn't want to go, but he went. The line had advanced nearly to the crown of a hill and the vidette disappeared from view, descending on the other side. After waiting some time for the vidette to come back and signal, and hearing no noise, the night in the vidette to come back and signal. leket line was ordered forward,

As they reached the crown of the hill they saw a federal cavalryman riding off with saw a federal cavalryman riding off with their vidette a prisoner.

"Halt! Halt!" shouted a dozen men simul-taneously, and the cavalryman halted.

The vidette quietly crept back a few steps to where his musket had been dropped and, seizing his weapon, he aimed it at the now helpless cavalryman.

helpless cavalryman. thought you had me, didn't you!" You A roar of laughter "O. ves." he shouted " A roar of laughter greeted this, but the rescued vidette watched that cavalryman— his first and last prisoner—with the compla-cency of the man whose wife, Betsy, once killed a bear, was never again selected for vidette duty, however.

Monument to Ohio Martyrs.

The state of Ohio has erected a menumen in the National cemetery at Chattaneoga in nemory of James J. Andrews and the seven Ohio soldiers who, with him, were executed by confederate authority at Atlanta, Ga., in June, 1862. The memorial is to be unveiled May 30. An excursion party to Chattanoogs and Atlanta will leave Columbus, O., May 28 composed of relatives and friends of the deceased comrades, the state officers having the matter in charge, the survivors of the expedition in which Andrews and his men expedition in which Andrews and his men were engaged (the Mitchell raid), together with comrades of the Second, Twenty-first and Thirty-third Ohio regiments, from which the raiders were selected, and other com-rades and friends who may wish to go, Ex-Governor Foraker is to make the principal address at the unveiling of the monument. The occasion will be one of more than ordinary interest and numerous members of the regiments named who reside in Nebraska and adjoining states will undoubtedly join their comrades on this memorable trip.

General Butler's Youth. "My father often used to tell me of the lays when he went to school with General Ben Butler," said J. A. Cox, warden of Chester, Iil., prison, to a Chicago Times reporter.
"The general was educated at Phillips Exeter acasemy, in New Hampshire, and my father attended there several years. You see those prisoners in the yard playing football? Well forty years ago my father described the game as the boys played it at Phillips Exeter. The scholars kicked the ball in a big soace with a feace at one end. Little Benjamin Butler carred year little for the yeiting test of the cared very little for the exciting part of the game, but he hised to remain at the fence and wait for the ball to come his way. Butler was not very popular with the boys, and was not very popular with the boys, and when the youngsters got a chance they used to race the ball down to the fence where the future warrier stood. Then they'd crowd around the little fellow, and divide their efforts between the rubber bag and the shins of the boy who was destined to get beautifully and abundantly even in later days on other folks' shins."

An Incident of Chickamauga. General Negley of Pittsburg has been admitted to the loyal legion at last. He was taken in by the commandery at Philadelphia. This is his second attempt to get into the organization. Some time ago his application was before the Washington commandery and it was rejected, says the Philadelphia Press, it was understood that the reason for such action was the conduct of General Negley on the field of Chickamanga the last day of the fighting. On the first day General Negley fought as well as anybody. His record was excellent. But at mon on the second day, when the right at noon on the second day, when the right wing of the union army was broken, Negley marched off the field wish some thousands of troops under his command, leaving Thomas exposed. He formed his forces a few miles from the battle field, and remained there within the sound of the fighting all of the afternoon, but made no move to return and help Thomas and his hard-pressed army. Neglev's course on the second day of Chickamauga was simply inexplicable.

#### A Good Recor 1.

Captain H. A. Billow of Lamar, who was unanimously elected junior vice commander by the late Grand Army of the Republic encampment at Manitou, Col., was once one of the brave troopers of the old Seventh cavalry and saw service not only in the civil war, but n many a desperate Indian encounter on the plains, winning a lieutenant's commission for his gallantry and excellence as a sol lier. He resigned many years ago, since which time he has been a prominent resident of the Ar-kansas valley. If any one is at any time de-sirous of provoking a fight, it is only neces-sary to speak slightingly of Custer or the Seventh cavalry in Captain Billow's pres-

Story of the Contederate Leader. Here is a story, says the New York Sun, llustrative of the consideration General Lee always showed for other while remaining absolutely indifferent to what might be all him-It was in the Wilder and General Wade Hampton were passing over the field. They came to a narrow pass stween woods and General Lee noticed that he passage was well covered by the northern harpshooters, who were going effective work Hampton," said the commanding general I recken you had better go 'round through the trees and meet me on the other side, as the fire of the sharpshooters is very dangerous here." That is all there is of the story but of course, General Hampton said: "General Lee, I guess if you can walk there I can foi-

The Veterans.

The veterans have been holding one of their great annual meetings at Hutchinson. they have two big meetings ea ch year -and have gone their several and separate

In the language of the late "Uncle Ches ter" there were "more of 'em" this year than ever. The average attendance at these department encampments is about five hunpred; the supply of badges was based on that calculation and fell at least two hundred s hort.

Oldest Soldier in the World. Russia puts in the military claim for her army that she possesses the oldest soldier in the world. This gentleman is a Colonel Gritzenko, hving at Pottawa, near Odes sa, who, on February 7, celebrated his one hun-dred and seventeenth birthday. Entering the service in 1789, thus over one hundred years ago, he received from the hands of the Empress Catherine, after the taking of Ismail, where he was serving under the com-mand of the great Souwaroff, a military gold medal bearing the inscription: "For exceptional bravery at the assault of Ismail. December 11, 1789."

HARTINGTON, Neb., May 12 .- Not for many years has the observance of Memorial day been as general as it promises to be this year in northeastern Nebraska. Extensive preparations are already in progress by the various local Grand Army of the Republic posts for an elaborate observation of the day, in which veteran and civilians will unite. There promises to be honors and flowers in profu-sion in this section of the state for the departed soldier boys this year.

Fatal Fight Between Ranchmen. HELENA, Mont., May 14.—News has reached here from Red Lodge, Mont., of a fatal shooting affair on Pat O'Hara creek. just over the line of Wyoming. Alfred Call-lette, a young ranchman, and Hank Chapman, a wealthy rancher, had trouble over the killing of two of Chapman's sheep by In the quarrel Chapman shot and dogs. killed Caillette and then gave himself up. He claims self-defense.

Grand Army, Truly. The Grand Army of the Republic of Ohio has undoubtedly reached its greatest strength. It now numbers almost fifty thou-sand, says the Toledo Blade. There probably will never be a time from this on when the numbers will be so great, for the boys in due are one by one passing away to "Fame's

DeWitt's Little Early Risers: only pili to cure sick headache and regulate the bowels

Epoch. "You'd have to pay half-fare for that boy,

eternal camping ground."

## Time to Pay.

madam," said a conductor. "He is certainly over five years old."
"Indeed be isn't!" replied the passenger. 'I have taken that child free for over six years, I'd have you understand, and I don't intend to begin paying fare for him now."

Queen of the May. Say ma, the girls say if my face want speckled up with pimples, they'd make m "Queen of the May." What shall I do! Why, get a bottle of Haller's sarsaparilla and urdock, of course; it's the most wonderful bloodpurifier of the age.

Brevity. Washington Star. A little peach in the orchard grew; Froat:

And Delaware folks know what to do.

PEANUTTI ABROAD, COES

How Europe Looks Through the Eyes of the "Monk"

AND THE ITALO-AMERICAN ORGAN GRIN DER

Experiences the :'Monk" Has with Mal de Mar-The Beaut ful Irish Sea-London Resembles Chicago in Dirt and Smoke.

LIVERPOOL, Eng., April 28.- Special Correspondence of Tax Bur. ] Da monk not feel ver' well in Newa York deesa spring-mea too! Too mucha da grip. It maka da monk sick-mea too. Dat why we leava da place. Mya friend Macaroni Spaghatti say-"Pea-

nutti you go to Europa!" I say-"You betta, you balda head!" Him ask-"You gotta da stuff!-da I telia him da monk save alla da timo lika

da stinga man who nev' puts de advertise in

da newsapap'. Den him springa one joke: Him a say-Well, me hope you not come to da end of your rope before you come to da end of Europe. Dat maka da monk sick-mea too, but we taka da trip alla da same. We goa da firsta class, too. Da monk is no jay-Peanutti noa jay too. When we go to Amerique from Italia in da first a place, we sleep in da steer'ge, getta sick in da steer'ge and cat in da steer'ge but deesa time we maka da mind to go in da righta shape lika da butcher da baker and da wholla crowd who land in Yankee-land with no shoes one dn feet and no clothes one da back but who go back home in da few years, and sho on her like and slap on logs like da richa lord.
We look around. We see alla da ships.

Soma da ships very silek-soma da ships no good Da monk wanta go by da Frencha beat joost because him fall in love with one Frencha girl from Jers' Cit' but him hate fregsa legs, so when I tella him da Frencha jirl sow when I tella him da French skiff stuffa us on frogs alla da way, dat settle da biz and I go down and see Mist' Cunard. Mist' Cunard sella me twin -twoa berths - one for da monk, 'noder one

Den we packa da grip and give da News York no-e grip da shake,

Big lot ofa da boys come down to da ship Big lot ofa da boys come down to da ship to see da monk' off—mea too. Dey got whatta de came fora. Dey sawa da monk' off—clear offa him base—mea too. Geea whiz!—We have da greata racket and when da boat sail past Bartholdi's Lib we see da fifaty-six Libs all at da samma time. But dat make noa dif to da Troorio (da ship)—she have no bigga load on if dat monk did—mea too. She skim along lika da bow-legga duck in da milla-pond and da peop' bow-legga duck in da milla-pond and da peop smile and da peop' laugh, and da peop' have da granda, bigga time joost lika da boy at da Sunda school picka nick.

But da nexta day da ship go lika da drunk man. She roll, she stagger, she wabble ait over da sea-she maka da monk sick-mea

Peora monk! Him face turn to a chaik green—yellow color lika da notta ripe banan'—him keep ver' still—him have him heart in him mouth and him have him nim heart in him mouth and him have him stom', him liver and him lights in him mouth, too, but him mouth is ver' large joosta like mine, dat why him able to contain himself and not cast any macaroni ona da waters to come back buttered aft' many days.

Da monk ver' brave—mea too—joost lika da oder peop' who "nev' missa ona meal," but who feel nila da time like da whale felt joost before him elevate Jonah. oost before him elevate Jonah.

Mist' Cunard is ver' smart—ver' shrewd.

Him hava da diningroom up in da front end of da boat where she pitch and toss joost enough to knock da appetite clear outsider monk—mea too! Him way ahead of Newa Yorka board use keepers on da grub-saving questi Da beddaroom on da ship have two shelves to sleep on one for da monk; 'noder one fora me. Da monk' sleep on an toppa shelf and da first night him hava da night horse. Him dream him home in him own lit' bed. Aft! while him want a drink of wat' so him raisa up and walk offa da shelf. Wow! da shelf. Him drop lika da dull sick' thud. skinna him shin, him breaka him heart and breaka da record at da sama time.

In da smoke-room we have da great lot of fun. Da gov of North and da gov of South Carolin' was there— Mist' Jag of Newa York was there—a duke a lord, da monk'—mea too, and da greate nany more-Scotchamen, Dutchame na Bulis, Itts, Johnnies, chappies of alla kinds, from alla countries. Dey playa poke', piaya whist, dey drink, dey smoke, dey sing, dey tella da funna stor', dey bet how mucha miles da shtp go'n' to run cacha day. Da monk and da duke form one syndicate and go into da pool—dey alamest git swamped, but da monk' is no "Jonah"—him one massacot—him bringa luck toa da duke and dey winna da bigga wad mon'—Englisha mon'.

When I paid Mist' Cunard for a da tickets da monk' t'ink dat cover da passage. Notta much! We had to fee and tip ev' man ona da boat from da cook toa da smoka-stack. Dat maka da monk sick-mea too. We steam along da greata long time. We We steam along da greate long time. We see non land, non ships, non whales, non ice-bergs; joost wat', wat', wat', alla da way. But one morning da monk looka out da portahole and it maka him grin alla over. I say:

one morning da monk toons out hole and it maks him grin alla over. I say: "Jockeletta, whatta da mat?" Him pointa him tail outa da wind. Ia look. Granda sight. It make my heart and mya stom' glad. Smootha wat'. Silver sunashine. Greena land. Ireland near Queenstown. Da monk' jumpa for joy—mea too. Iraland—Patsyland, Mickland, is da besta sight

for one longa seasick age.

Well, one Irish boa t hitch onto da Troorio

taka off da mails leava da feemales. Den we sail ov' da Irish sea. Blue, blue beauti-ful. Nexta night we reach Liverpool nexta door to Kidney pool. Docks, docks (dry docks) alla round and noise lika da thund

Da monk pile out-mea too. We setta da foot on terra cotta once more, thanka da Lord. But da land swing and sway, rock and roll alia day long joost lika da boat. It maka da monk sick-mea too. Da org' come up outa da hold. I turna da crank to play "Ann Rooncy" to cheera da monk up, but da org' ben too near da bot of a da sea it playa no tune but "McGint." Poora org,

poora menk, poora me. Well, we make de break to leave de place, but one Liverpool omcer, who have ''Ero. Mericano streeta car conduct' say: ''Ero. Mericano streeta car conduct' say: ''Ero. Showa up! Showa up! but one Liverpool officer, what look lika da ero, 'olda chappy! Showa up! Showa up Whatta you got in da grippa-sack!" I oper da grip, and shows my extra dicky and da two pair socks and one book by Rudyard Stripaling. Da book catcha da eye of da custom man and him say: "Is Stripaling an Americano author!" I say: "No. Da Meri-cano peop! nev! har abouta him." "Well, you can pass, di Englishman.' pass, da man said, "Stripaling is no

So we skippa out for da Hotel Adelph'.

Liverpool is one brunette—she ver' dark—
ver' black from coal smoke and olda age. Da peop' seems to be do children of Ham, Shem and Japeth all mixed togeth'. Every face Every face and Japeth all mixed togeth. Every face in a da street would stop da besta Waterbury watch in a da world. Da streeta cars are queer and slow and bad, but da car track is smooth and good and it beata da Mericano track alla to smash. Dey beata us on pavements and streeta signs, too, but da beer is lika da quinine—it maka da monk' sick—mea too! But da peop' live in it, swim in it. Da bar-tenders are all cirls and da women and girls of da town girls and da women and girls of da town buya da jag joost lika da men in Amerique. Dat pleasa da monk' ver' much-him ver' fond of da female society.

But Liverpool has one better side—she has da Sefton park—beautiful, lika da Central in

News York—she have da grand residence streets and da miles and miles of splend' Liverpool is lika Chicago in dirt and size, but not in wind and gitta-there-Eli push.

No griping, no nausea, no pain when De Witt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill.

Applying the Remedy. Life.

Amy-Do you know, Mr. Goslin, I am troubled with insomnia! Gosiin - Now I wead in the papah today that the way to go to sleep pwomptly is to think of nothing, doncher know.

Amy That's very simple. I'll try it this very night, and think of you.

# CANFIELD.



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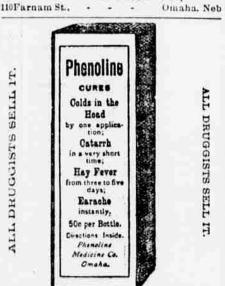
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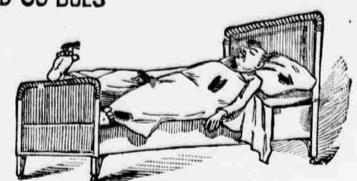






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This offer will be open only to parties soliciting subscribers in Nebraska, I owa South Dagota and Kansas. A careful recorded will be kept of all sub scriptions forward, and the awards will

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see them. Here is an opportunity. A most delightful excursion and one without expense, given for securing subscribers to The Weekly or Sunday Bee.

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