A BOY WITH A WILL

Andrew's Defiance of an Insolent British Officer.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.) In what was early known as the Waxhaw tance. Here Andrew yelled as found as ever settlement, North Carolina, there lived, dur- he could: ing the revolutionary war, a poor family consisting of a widow and her four children, three of whom were boys. Of these boys

Andrew was the youngest. In the year 1780 Andrew and his brother Robert were driven to the wild woods for shelter from a band of Torics and British troops then ravaging the Waxhaw region. Robert was but 15 years old and Andrew 13,

in the Carolinas, where Tarleton and Cornwallis had raged up and down with fire and sword. From settlement to settlement the scourge of irregular and most inhuman warfare wrought the destruction which no pen has ever been able to portray. Homes were desolated, towns razed, all the plantations pillaged and burned, and hundreds of families driven into the forests for shelter.

Now when these two brothers, Robert and Andrew, had lain in a lonely wood for a long time without food and but poorly clothed, suffering all save death, in the last extrem-ity they determined to try to reach some house, if any were still spared the British torch, where they could get food. And knowing that certain Tories of the region were sharply on the lookout to discover and betray them, the boys tried to be very stealthy and watchful. All to little avail,

however, as it turned out. and very soon a troop of British soldiers so that when at last his mother succeeded

"Hold your tongue," growled the officer From where they were they could plainly see a horse standing ready saddled and bridled hitched near the cabin's front door.

The next moment a man stepped boldly forth and seized the bridle rein. That's Thompson now! That's Thompson w!" screamed Andrew, again pointing his mere children in age, but a short time served to prove that a heroic spirit dwelt in the younger boy's breast.

At that time things were all going wrong

swift current Not one moment did the fercelous leader Not one moment did the ferocious teader acsitate; but with a loud order to his men to follow, dashed down the hill swinging his saber above his head and calling to Thompson: "Halt! Halt! Surrender, you meaking rebel!

But Mr. Thompson had heard Andrew's irst cry, and then his second. He knew what it meant. Barely glancing toward the troop thundering down the hill, he leaped into the saddle and rode right down to the roaring stream and plunged in. His strong horse swam with him bravely and bore him safely to the other side. There he turned, lifted himself in the saddle and shook his lenched hand at the troop as they sent a shower of bullets all around him.

Mr. Thompson escaped. The troopers did

not dare attempt the roaring stream, and so they turned back disappointed to vent their feelings upon Andrew. They treated him with frightful cruelty, making him mar h all In the night, seeing the glimmer of a lamp or fire, they erept toward it and found to their great joy the house of one Thomas a drop of water or a wink of sleep. At Crawford, their cousin. Here they were welcomed; but a spy had been on their track. the way to Camden in South Carolina, nearly



"THAT'S THOMPSON NOW!" SCREAMED ANDREW.

dashed up, surrounded the house and broke in obtaining his release by exchange of into it with atrocious oaths and threats of

Although Robert and Andrew were in fact American soldiers regularly enlisted, they were so young and looked so childish in the eyes of the bearded troopers that they were regarded with contempt.
"Here, you boy," said the officer in comand, "clean off my boots!" And he offered his muddy footgear to

"I'm no slave, sir." said the lad, "I'm prisoner of war, and I demand to be treated as one." He folded his arms.

The commander stared. What manner of dier's dignity and refuse to obey There stood a scrawny, sandy-haired, gray-eyed ill-clad backwoods child, weaponless

and weak, but calmly and stubbornly de "Clean those boot, I say!" he stormed with full voice. "Clean them instantly."
"I will not do it, sir," said Andrew, pale but determined.

And then the brutal face of the officer grew purple, as great rage congested it. He whipped out his sabre from its scabbard. He swore a great oath.

"Clean those boots!"
"No, never," said Andrew.
It was a shameful thing; but those were bad days, albeit they brought forth glorious results in the end. A shameful thing, in-deed, for a great strong man to strike with his sword a defenseless boy of 13. The blow was heavy and aimed at Andrew's neck; and it must have killed him had he not flung up his arm, which received a gash, as did also his head; but he could not be forced to clean the boots. He did not clean them. He rose bleeding from the floor where he had fallen and looked the officer straight in the eye.

commander, turning upon Robert and lifting his sword again.

"Then take that, you conceited little rebel!" and with the words he drove a blow



"I'LL NOT TOUCH YOUR DIRTY BOOTS. upon Robert's head sidewise with the sabre,

knocking him senseless.

After this the troopers broke up all the furniture in the house, took the family sup plies and then forced Andrew to show then he way to the home of a well known patriot At first Andrew stubbornly refused; but the women of the house begged him to go, hoping thus to save their honor and their lives, which the soldiers were threatening, and he consented, having it firmly in mind, however, to give Mr. Thompson, who had long been a friend, warning of the danger at hand.

REVENGE.

prisoners he could scarcely stand alone. But no sooner was the brave boy free than higher with every obstacle or danger that came in his way. He lived to see his country free; he lived to fight strong battles with the Indians; he lived to defeat the British army at New Orleans; he lived to be twice president of the United States and admired all over the world for his patriotism and grand courage. The story have told you is a tradition in my family The Thompson saved by Andrew Jackson

when a boy was of kin to my grandfather MAURICE THOMPSON. JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

How the National Amusement is Carried On.

One of the greatest, if not the greatest amusement in Japan is to go and see the wrestlers. Wrestlers may be found in almost every city, and they travel in com panies through the provinces. On their reaching a country town a huge circus-like booth is guilt of straw mats, sufficient to hold an audience of one or two thousand: criers are sent round the town and a four or five days performance is commenced. The wrestlers are mostly big men, and the swells among them look as tall as Patagonans and as big as Daniel Lambert. In ordinary Japanese wrestling, where a com-petitor may lose if he is thrown out of the ring, weight is an important factor. men are usually matched in pairs, and they are called upon by an usher, who announce their names according to a prearranged program. Two names being called, the men walk up the opposite sides of a circle, abou "I am a free-born man," he said, "you out by a band of straw. Here they pause may kill me; but I will not touch your dirty smack their hands, slap their thighs boots! I never, never will! stretch their muscles, put up their hands "Well, you do it, then," the furious Briton | heavenwards as if invoking a deity for success, look at each other, turn round and take a drink.

next time they advance they may squat down in front of each other, make a few grimaces, again slap their thighs, stamp their feet and make a feint or two; but usually it will end by their getting up, turn-ing round and having a second drink of water. This stamping, slapping, feinting grimacing, may be repeated half a dozen times, until one having irritated the other, there is a sudden spring, and the two are locked together in the tussic. If a fa-vorite has won the audience rises, yelling with delight; hats, tobacco pouches, purses fans, coats, silken sashes and all manner o go flying through the air towar

THE SILK WORM

Old Spinner and the New Machine Ar-

rayed Onen Against the Other.
There are no little things.
A wasp its but a small affair
But patience? how he stings. sings the poet. And it is true of even a small an affair as a worm. It seems very insignificant thing when we crush the unwary earth worm on the wet sidewalk. but when he co-operates with his fellows the worm becomes an important factor in

The stilk worm is the prince of the worm kingdom. No other has been the object of so much consideration as he; hone has cut such a tremendous figure in commercial and industrial affairs. No other worm has tempted fair princesses and sedate clergymen to be disloyal to their country's laws. The silk worm has a fascinating history that dates away back beyond the days deopatra and the queen of Sheba. It is particularly interesting fust now because the silk worm has reached a critical period in its history. It threatens to go the way of many another time-honored thing. The old and the new, the worm and the machine have met and the chances are that in this instance, as in many others, the much will conquer, the new will supersede the old. A machine has been invented which threatens to drive the worm out of business. The silks of the future will proba-bly be made of spruce wood sawdust and

Silk culture was once one of the cherished secrets of China and very slow indeed was its progress to Italy and France, where it He led the troops by a roundabout way has grown to such tremendous proportions. allowed to breed.

And now after all these centuries of trousation over a high hill, from the top of for the escape of the secret from China. A bic comes a Swins inventor who claims to

a few chemicals.

A GENUINE, GREAT, MIGHTY, INVINCIBLE AND CONQUERING DEFIANCE SALE OF HOME FURNISHINGS

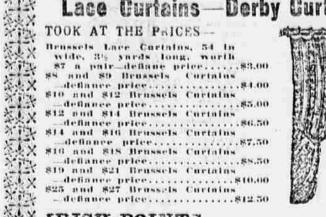
With what stronger force could we appeal to your bargain intelligence than \$2.00 Center Tab'es at 83c-34 Rockers at \$1.67-\$8.00 Hangng Lamps at \$3.68-75c all wool Carpet at 46c-\$25.00 Bedroom Suit, antique, \$12.75-\$5.00 Fictures at \$1.90 store of DEFIANCE to humdrum \$18.00 Dinner Set \$8.45—and such peerless bargains as below? 'The People's' store was conceived in a spirit of DEFIANCE to humdrum \$18.00 Dinner Set \$8.45—and such peerless bargains as below? 'The People's' store was conceived in a spirit of DEFIANCE to humdrum ing Lamps at \$3.68-75c all wool Carpet at 46c-\$25.00 Bedroom Suit, antique, \$12.75-\$5.00 Pictures at \$1.90-\$18 50 Cook Stoves for \$9.15 merchandising, and is but carrying out, in a particularly marked degree the ideas that gave it birth and strength.

Bedding. Bedding.

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	Toothpick Holders, worth 10c, de-	44
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Table, top

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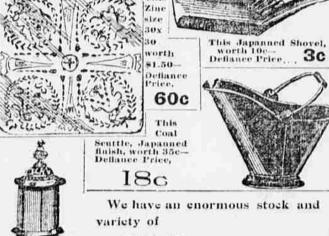
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her new home she grew very homesick, and when she heard that no mulberry trees grew when she heard that no mulberry trees grew about her new palace and that no slik gowns were to be had unless they were imported from China, she straightway hid a few mulberry seeds and slik worms' eggs in her hair and carried them away to her new home. Any one who has observed the Chinese woman's coffure will have no difficulty in believing that tale. From India the slik worm and mulberry traveled somehow to Persia. Each nation in its turn seems to Each nation in its turn seems

against taking worms' eggs or mulberry seeds out of the country.

Another piece of faithlessness was the means of introducing the silk industry to the western world. About the year 500, so runs the story, two Persian priests were exiled from their native land and probably as a means of revenge, as well as to insure their favorable reception in a strange country, they carried seeds and eggs with them in hollow canes. In due time the precious secret was imported to the emperor of Constantinople Looms were set up in the im-perial palace and ladies did the weaving cording to tradition all the silk worms of the western world are descended from those brought in the egg to Constantinople in the year 506. Only once since has there been an important importation of engs from Asia. hat was about 1869, when the late Dr. Pas-France to study a germ disease threatened to destroy the industry. Pasteur solved the problem very simply by advising

return to nature. Worms were reared in

Chinese princess, they say, was married to be able to make silk, which looks every bit an Indian prince. Before she went away to as good as the worm's product, from an infusion of sawdust and alcohol. PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Break it to me gently, mamma," plaintively chirped the young chick on the in-

side of the shell to the old hen that was using her beak to assist in the hatching out process. Papa (Who is a general)-I suppose whe you grow up you will be a soldier like me have been anxious that the secret should go no farther, and to have made stringent laws Billy (contemptuoumly)-You bet I won't

Soldiers don't kill any one nowadays. I'r going to be a motorman on a trolley car. Little Girl-Here's another closet. Hain' we got lots of 'em in our house? Neighbor's Little Girl-Yes. My mamma says there's a skeleton in one of 'em. Let me see it, will you?

Sunday School Teacher-Willie, I'm sur orised at you! Why don't you believe the bible? Willie—Coz you told me it said if I honor my father and mother my days would be long in the land. An they ain t coz ma puts me to bed at 7 o'clock jus the same. 'Do you go to school, little boy?" "Oh,

"What do yes, sir. I love to go to school,

"Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking he- petitioned the lord chancellor, in whose "Do you know where the bad people who lairs, who at the time of his death in 1872 not go to church go, Johnnine?" "My was the Hon. Canon of Worcester, and had do not go to church go, Johnnine?"

How very easily a child may get out of No man was better known, both as clergy a scrape is shown by the case of the little man and magistrate, in Warwickshire. Lord nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at tea he was often a guest, used to illustrate his if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly: "Please, auntie, pa to jam, said quietly: "Please, never 'lows me to talk at meals."

Mr. Bellairs, an old English clergyman of pugnacious tendencies, stood six feet two inches in his stockings. He had once been wounded as midshipman on board the Spartiate, at Trafalgar, and afterward got commission in the Fifteenth Hussars, where he was one of the best lightweight bruisers in the regiment. Subsequently be took holy orders and went to do duty for a friend in Warwickshire. The ribbon weavers in the congregation were an excitable lot of men, and when he got up to preach they evinced their dislike to him as a stranger to the parish by cat calls and unpleasant epithets. Thereupon, addressing you study—reading, writing and arithmetic?" "All of those, sir." "And are you familiar with punctuation?" "Oh, yes indeed, air. Teacher punctuated her tire las week an I mended it for her in less a navy and his army, and if you will pick out n minutes, yes, indeed, sir." your best man I will go into the church "Manma, what is heredity?" asked Bobby yard and have it out with him." They did a return to nature. Worms were reared in the open air and only healthy moths were allowed to breed.

And now after all these centuries of trouble comes a Swiss inventor who claims to shedding a few tears and laboriously triping over the syllables of the long word. Their champion got severely the worst of the encounter. Then they took the parson on their shoulders, set him again in the pulpit, and listened to his sermon as quiet as mice, and when the old incumbent died

gift was the preferment, to appoint Mr. Bel made Bedworth a model parish long before versatility by asking him when he arrived: "Which is it to be this time-cockpit or

Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, told writer in Longman's Magazine how an ex tremely eminent man in the Anglican hier-archy used to get rid of bores. Getting pon his feet and affectionately taking the visitor's hand in both of his, he said, in a tremulous voice: "And must you go away" Then the bishop of Carlials (it was at Bishop Wordsworth's table) arose, warmly grasped my right hand and went through the entire proceeding with a saddened face. I could not but say that had the great man so ad dressed my lowly self I should have hast-ened to reply: "I was just going; but I can wait a little longer." The sentimental expression passed from Bishop strong face and he rejoined with firmness: in which the Ex-arch did it all.

Willy-Do animals go to beaven, parson Parson Goodman-No, William-probably not; at least, we have no reason to think so Willy-Then the milk and honey in heaven must be canned goods, I suppose.

Della Coldcash (reading from letter) "Lord Chumpley prays that I will accept his suit." Jack Cumso: "That is a new form of the Lord's prayer." Della Cold-"Yes; I suppose it is from the Wocash:

A COOKED-UP ROMANCE. R. F. Bunner in St. Nicholas

R. F. John a brave and test knight.

While waiting for his supper at an inn,
"To me it is a very painful sight,
To see you blistering your very pretty skin
Over that broiling fire and blazing light.
And though a (housand triumphs 1)

And though a (housand triumphs 1) And though a thousand triumphs I might win,
In field or tourney or in off-hand fight,
I really think it would be quite a sin
For me to now forsake you in such

So, while I tire not of the battle's din, Because I am a brave and courteous Because I am a blave knight, it is the knight hope your fairy hand to win.

I would change places, if you think it's I would change places, if you think it thin. And slir the porridge thick or stir it thin, Just as you bid me, morning, noon or night. And thus together we might keep the or cased in armor I'm protected quite, alle you would save your lily, milk white skin."

So runs the legend. Thus do men explain
The queer design by which is still bedight
The sign that marks through wind and
sun and rain,
"The Hostelry of the Most Courteous
Knight."

The greatest puzzle Li Hung Chang finds western civilization is the unmarried men. He takes it for granted that every voman he meets has entered a state of matrimony, and invariably asks her how many children she has. In China a woman wha is not married and the mother of children can scarcely be said to move in good so