

JOE'S MILITARY STRATAGEM.

STORY OF AN ENSIGN WHO SERVED ON THE BROOKLYN. By MARGARET SPENCER.

Pay day was almost at hand. Three hundred men must receive their monthly wages promptly. Mr. Rogers, the superintendent, had never failed them, but he was now ill with mountain fever. This great gold and copper mine lay in the heart of the Tueria mountains, and shipped thousands of tons of ore.

In addition Mr. Rogers talked constantly of "pay day and the bank at Santa Fe." Not one white man could be spared from the office to make the journey, for clerks and assayers were burdened with work during Mr. Rogers' illness. None but the superintendent himself had ever brought the gold and silver into camp from the bank. He was often warned of treacherous Mexicans and Indians, but felt no fear, in his light wagon, with swift horses, and great sums of money snugly stowed away in value or box, sometimes marked boldly "dynamite."

But now, the bank twenty miles away, only Joe, his son Joe, 14 years old, whom he could trust.

Twenty wild, dreary, perilous miles, winding in and out the foothills, passing Indian and Mexican villages, across the valley into Santa Fe.

"Mother, I must go! I'm not one bit afraid! Sam is splendid, and such a good driver!"

"But, my son, your father would never consent. What can you do? Such a lad and through such a country, I can't let you go!"

"We've got to have corn and grain and a lot of things from the city this week. Mother, now is just the time to bring the money! Hurrah for Sam and Joe!"

There were no telephones or telegraphs from the valley camp to Santa Fe, only the weekly mail wagon, or special messengers brought on horseback.

"It must be done, my boy. Go will go with you. The men must be paid, and the camp saved from strikes and violence. Your father's honor is at stake."

When the sunshine was golden over the hills, and the snowcapped Sandias sparkled in the distance, the boys set out from camp. Sam, a colored boy of 20, Mr. Rogers' faithful servant, drove the fine horses, and was in charge of the pack, the supplies and messages from the office to the city.

"Goodbye, mother!" shouted Joe, as he stood up beside faithful Sam, in the wagon. "Don't worry, mother. We'll bring everything safe by tomorrow night!"

In the little loghouse, in the valley camp, one mother prayed that day as only a Christian mother prays for her boy in peril.

In one hour puffs of dust blew across their faces, the sun went under clouds and a sudden storm, so common in Mexico, swept down the valley. The wind whirled over the tops of the mountains, and snow came suddenly from the gray sky. The wind increased and shrieked through the narrow mountain roads. Ice cold and pitiless, it drove the boys to their faces on the bottom of the wagon. The horses, blind and shivering, stood still. In half an hour not one footprint or wagon track was visible.

Sam shouted: "Don't dare lift up your head, Joe. Keep flat on your face!"

How long the storm lasted the boys never knew. By some instinct the horses began plodding along. The sky cleared, the wind grew less, but only a white trackless country lay before them.

The boys got up and walked ahead. The landmarks were but snowdrifts. "Sam, I see a house! It's Antonio's. Father never goes that way. It's a saloon and place for Mexicans to stop. O, it's awful!"

another bottle, played another game and by daylight had fallen into a drunken sleep.

The two boys slipped away to Santa Fe. The banker sent them safely back to camp with an escort, and 200 men received their full pay. The superintendent was honored and the camp saved "a strike." The banker said: "Nothing but Joe's stratagem saved his life! Smart little rascal! He'll be heard from later!"

Joe is now 25. He wears a naval uniform. A silver anchor is in the center of his shoulder strap, and the regulation half-inch braid on his blue sleeve marks him as an ensign in our United States navy. He has been in Spanish harbors and served on a great battleship, but he says that the thunder of shot and shell, the roar and smoke of battle, failed to make his heart quake and his breath come in gasps as it did ten

years ago, when he lay trembling by the open fire in a Mexican cabin and the drunk and devilish whispered, "Kill him! Kill him!" That was Joe's first military stratagem.

ground at the sudden announcement had not been for the support that the fence gave, and we must get warm somewhere, Sam."

"Can you keep awake, Joe, and help watch 'em—the devils?"

"You bet I can! And mother gave me father's little pistol, too! I haven't been shooting at a mark for nothing, either!"

The horses were put up, and the dirty Mexicans, playing cards around their bottles, on a dirty table, gave the boys a glare by the small fireplace. In poor Spanish and poorer English they made known to each other their wants.

"Antonio" and "Juan" looked keenly at the handsome lad, recognizing him as from the big mining camp. "Boy play? Boy drink? Si! si, buena" (good).

"Too cold," shivered Joe, as he lay down close to the fire. The night passed slowly. The boys went out often to look after the horses and consult together.

"Joe," whispered Sam, "Juan asked how much dinero (silver) you had, and they are coming to look. What shall we do?"

"Sam, they'll soon be dead sleepy drunk. We must hurry off, Joe, if you can help it. They'll kill us, su-ah."

"Boy play! Boy drink!" the half-drunken Mexicans insisted; but Joe pleaded sleep and cold. From under his blanket he could see Sam by the door. Antonio crawled over to him and cautiously went through his pockets, but, finding nothing, went back to his cards.

Their eyes were now turned toward himself. With nods and winks they whispered in Spanish, "Plenty money; buy much; kill him; no, kill two; no, get money first."

Joe's heart choked him; his hand clutched the pistol. Should he feign sleep? No! As if inspired a thought flashed across his confused, terrified, small brain. He threw off the blanket, yawned and yawned. "Too cold to sleep on floor," he said, carelessly. He sat down at the table and laughed as a boy would; looked fearlessly and familiarly into Antonio's ugly face and asked, "Men come yet? Storm over?"

"What men?"

"American's guard; wagons with much ore to city."

The Mexicans looked at the boy with flashing eyes, then at each other, with low mutterings.

lection of the beautiful tributes to his heroism from the newspaper press.

The collection of scraps about the war in newspapers in the United States will be dissected until there is not a war subject in them left unclassified.

COMFORTED BY A NEWSBOY. Mrs. Sampson's Tears Checked by a Bright Youngster.

When the dispatch announcing that Admiral Sampson had been killed in a naval engagement of Santiago was printed in one of the numerous war editions of a yellow journal some weeks ago, copies of the paper were sent to Montclair, N. J., where the admiral's family is now residing.

Mrs. Sampson was seated on the lawn of her home as a red-checked, stout-lined newsboy came down the street crying at the top of his voice: "Admiral Sampson killed. Here's yer extra."

The admiral's wife did not understand what the boy was saying, but she ran down to the gate to buy a paper.

"What's the news?" she asked, as the lad held up a paper. "Admiral Sampson's killed," replied the newsboy. Mrs. Sampson would have fallen to the

time away in that characteristic amusement of childhood, bragging.

"I've got a great big music box," said one.

"That's nothing," said the other. "My grandpa's going to give me a really, sure-enough piano next year."

"We've got a piano now, remarked the first child. "And we've got a new dining table all solid mahogany."

The second child was equal to the occasion.

"Humph!" she said, contemptuously. "Most everything in our house is that. Why, even our potato masher is solid mahogany."

TOLD ON THE PREACHERS. The bulletin board in front of a Cleveland church the other Sunday contained this rather ambiguous announcement: "Evening service 7 o'clock. 'Hell is Filled with Good Intentions.' All are welcome. Seats free."

The tenets of John Wesley and his disciples were eagerly embraced in Norfolk, relates the Westminster Review, and Gilles frequently became a local preacher. One "local," Sam by name, is described as "a born teacher," though his smiles often dropped to the burlesque. On one occasion he took for

his text, "The wages of sin is death," and professed his sermon as follows: "My frinds, brother Paul tells us that th' wages of sin is death. Now let's see wuther we kin grasp wot he mean by it. S'pose I wor tu go an du my haawest for Mr. H. (a local farmer), an' arter all th' wuk wor dun go an' ax Mr. T. (another farmer in the same vilage) for my waages, wot du you think Mr. T. would say? Sure-ly he wouid up ax Mr. H. 'Sam, yeu air a fule, go an' ax Mr. H. fur yer waage, yeu ha' dun yer haawest there, wot du yeu come an' ax me fur yer waages fur?' An' if I wuk all my loife fur th' daavil an' go tu God fur my reward, Ho wouid say, 'No, no, Sam, yeu go tu th' daavil fur yer reward, yeu hev wuked fur him in the haawest o' loife, he must pay yeou.'"

The Chicago Chronicle relates the following episode in the career of an Omaha clergyman: Bishop Worthington of Omaha is now a strict churchman. His sermons are severe in doctrine and hold out little hope to sinners unless they repent. However, the bishop knows human nature. He learned it in the best school for an education of that kind—the war.

Years ago, when Mr. Worthington was a recent graduate from the theological seminary, he began his gospel work in Butte, Mont. The town was then a mining camp pure and simple. It had saloons, dance halls and gambling rooms, but neither church nor school. Its inhabitants were rough, tough and ready—manliness was their god and it was this manliness which made the west what it is.

At college Worthington was a boxer and an oarsman. In Butte these accomplishments served him well, for they gave him a strong arm and a quick eye. His gospel services were held in a tent. There was no money to build a church.

Record of a New York Schoolmaster Astonishes the Profession.

TEACHING YOUNG IDEA SIXTY-TWO YEARS

And What a Story He Might Tell of Bireches and Shingles and Such—Eye and Mind Undimmed by Years.

It is quite safe to say that Theodore Camp of Mount Vernon, N. Y., holds the record as to years of service as school teacher. He has been teaching for over sixty-two years of his age, while at work on the farm near Utica, N. Y. Young Theodore had to work hard most of the year in order to attend school the remainder. An older brother set apart a tract of land, the income from which went to the boy's education at a small academy nearby.

When he taught for several years, when it became necessary for him to take a change, for his health, and on a leave of absence he returned to the farm on the farm one day, the village trustee, knowing of the young man's ability, appointed him teacher of the district school.

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When the time came for the regular teachers' examination Mr. Camp requested to take his on Saturday, for he explained, if he left his class one day he would lose the control which he had taken so long to require. He was excused entirely from taking the examination, the superintendent explaining that if he could keep those boys busy and orderly he need not take a further examination.

He was nicknamed by the boys, "Teddy" or "Six-Foot-Ten," but they soon learned to respect him and to take interest in the work.

Mr. Camp decided to locate here permanently, and secured a residence in Mount Vernon. An opportunity was given him to take a class in another part of town. To his surprise, on making the change, the greater part of the old, notorious class decided to stay with him and followed to the new school. This attracted attention, and was a strong recommendation for Mr. Camp.

In 1863 he was given charge of Stockbridge academy, near Syracuse, where he stayed until 1868. Seventy-five of the young men of the academy left to go to the war, though most of them returned alive. It is perhaps from hearing Mr. Camp tell, after school hours, of these boys' war adventures, that the boys infer that he fought, too, for when the school sings its favorite song, "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground," the boys change the words to, "Teddy, Tonight, 'Teddy' Tonight, 'Teddy' on the Old 'Camp' Ground."

CRUEL JOKE. Mr. Camp tells of a dangerous practical joke played by a youngster while he was at the academy, during the war. It had a lasting effect, for through it Mr. Camp lost most of his prestige in the city. Although Mr. Camp had strong sentiments as to the slavery question, he had never made them public. One morning a number of people aroused him and indignantly asked if he was aware that there was a rebel flag over the school house. Mr. Camp looked out, saw it and tried to get it down, but could not get at the rope. He got a neighbor, who was cross-eyed, but a good marksman, to come out and shoot it down with a rifle. On examination Mr. Camp found that the flag was home made, and to his astonishment was able to locate the mischief maker at once, for he recognized in it part of the red curtains that had hung in a neighboring dwelling.

Mr. Camp resumed his school in New York City after the war, and he has remained there to the present day, and he will celebrate his sixty-first year of teaching next January. Mr. Camp's success in

teaching is undoubtedly due to the fact that he takes a personal interest in the welfare of each industrious scholar and helps him out after hours. His one aim in teaching seems to be to prepare boys for the great battle of life. He is visited in his country home by many gray-headed men, his former pupils, who admire the old gentleman, and are surprised to find him still active. He is usually found enjoying the work of his garden, when at home.

Mr. Camp's pension, a good part of his summer vacation in studying up new courses of study for the next term of school work, as new branches of instruction are continually being added. In appearance he is tall and slim, stooping somewhat, partially bald and has gray, almost white, curly hair, but his strong voice and great vivacity make his age hard to realize.

A better idea of the service to the public of such a career may be had when it is considered that an average of at least one hundred scholars have been promoted by him yearly, which would credit him with having taught no less than 5,000 pupils during these sixty-two years, and from all appearances it would seem as though he were prepared for many more years of teaching.

THE OLD-TIMERS. The returns of the last Massachusetts census show that of 1,592 persons in the state who had attained the age of 90, just 470 were men and 1,122 were women. Of the thirty-



"BOY PLAY? BOY DRINK? SI! SI, BUENA"

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Scrapbook Making Develops Into a Regular Business.

The most notable as well as the most trustworthy history of the war with Spain will be the day by day record of the daily newspapers. That was not so true of the newspapers of 25 years ago, because the newspapers of that era did not have the telegraph facilities or the great number of correspondents that have helped the newspapers gather each day's facts for the next day's paper in the three months' conflict just closed.

But, limited as were the opportunities of the press during the civil war, the value of its records was recognized in a very remarkable way when Columbia college paid \$40,000 some years ago for a scrap book history of that war, known as the Townsend collection.

At that time scrap collection was not a business. Today press clippings are merchandise, and in scrap-book form they supply a valuable feature of a great many libraries.

There have been some curious developments of the scrap-book enterprise during the war with Spain. Lieutenant Hobson's exploit was celebrated in a hundred thousand ways, ranging from the jest of a paragrapher to the ponderous editorial in a London journal. The collection is so great that the modest income of a naval constructor would hide its head at the value of these clippings. But no doubt some of the lieutenant's admirers will make him a present of the books. Admiral Dewey's achievement is recorded in many thousands of clippings all carefully mounted. Admiral Sampson may have a complete collection of the editorials of praise and criticism on his bombardment of Cervera's fleet. Roosevelt's Rough Riders fill several books.

Some of this work, as has been said, has been done on speculation, but much of it is order work. The veterans of the Seventy-first New York volunteers ordered at the beginning of the war a full set of clippings about that regiment. A New York paper, which has undertaken to replace the library of the United States ship Texas, thrown overboard at Santiago, ordered a scrap-book history of the vessel to form a feature of the new library. A big merchant of New York City has ordered a scrap-book of each of the ten New York City regiments at the front, intending to present them to the regiments on their return. The family of Ensign Worth Bagley are to have a col-

lection of the beautiful tributes to his heroism from the newspaper press.

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light of his life this old man, the master of finance, is again a rich man.

Ex-Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin was 82 years old on the 22d ult., and received many congratulations at his home in Oakshoek. In spite of his advanced age, he is remarkably vigorous physically, and there are many who believe that he will again be seen and heard in public life, and that his personality will make itself felt at another republican national convention.

On the death of Regina Dixoner, which recently occurred at Werschetz, in South Hungary, at the age of 111 years, her relatives inserted the following notice in the local paper: "Filled with grief, we inform all relatives and friends of the decease on August 22 of our beloved mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother and great-great-great-grandmother. This was signed by three sons, two daughters, thirty-five grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, twelve of the fourth and three of the fifth generation.

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You see that common soap shrinks wool, and that's why you use Wool Soap. There is no other soap that careful people use on wool.

Use common soap on the skin and you don't notice the harm so quickly. The skin repairs itself. But in time the skin loses its softness. Its natural tint reddens. Your complexion is spoiled.

Wool Soap

preserves the softness of wool just because its ingredients are pure. For just the same reason, it preserves the skin's softness.

You need Wool Soap in the bath room and the toilet room. There are plenty of soaps costing several times as much as Wool Soap, yet they all shrink wool. They cannot keep the skin soft.

IT SWIMS. All Grocers and Druggists sell it.

Of Unapproached Value for the Home, Class-room, Office, or Study.

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Reasons why it is the most perfect of academic dictionaries.

Valuable Appendix

Wine of Cardui

Acts Like A Charm.

Moss Point, Miss., July 14.

I have been using Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught for delayed or suppressed menstruation. It acts like a charm and has brought me complete relief.

There is no charm about McElee's Wine of Cardui, although there seems to be. When it is taken by women suffering with "female troubles," it cures them naturally.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT.

Large bottles sold by druggists for \$1.00.