BY FIRELIGHT.

By C. T. REVERE.

(Copyright, 1899, by C. T. Revere.) dwindles in its yield in a year or so to a was evidently in a bad humor. fourth of a bale of cotton or five bushels of

persimmon, sweet gum and stunted pine. Even humanity bows to this omnipotent force. Take the inhabitants, put them to sawbuck, clearing "new ground" or thinning cotton, and they droop and faint. Let them hunt possum or invite them to a log-rolling and the step is clastic, the voice has a trumpet ring and the eye gleams with a brightness that would shame a diamond. Tourists passing swiftly through that small section of the country which the Iron Mountain railway bisects dub them "natives" as contemp tuously as if they were speaking of the indigenous fauna or flora of the locality." The stray negro who has the hardthood to penetrate the wilderness thus far calls them under his breath "Po" white trash."

Living away from the great centers of trade, away from the busy life to the north, east, south and west, these people are not, nevertheless, simple Arcadians, trusting, gulleless and hospitable. The wayfarer receives scant welcome among them. His coming is viewed with suspicion and his de- for the pups had suspended hostilities and faculties.

Persimmon Gap is in Arkansas. It is in intermittent gusts. At times the smoke kin' o' grouned like. Then he all brustled up an' tol' me ter hurry er I'd miss the made the geose fly with rasping, discordant train."

The newly filled pipe sent forth its clouds figs up. Acted like he never seen me an again and leaned back in the cate of the died." rocking chair. The sharp report of a rifle tell he died." and receive the impudent little Ozarks suddenly bluish-white parachutes, twisting itself into seem to apologize for their prominence and | fantastic shapes, and finally melting away humbly drop out of sight, or blend gradually as us fire-born brother issued from the bowl. with the rolling prairies which fringe the Thon the stranger's brow would contract, his Persimmon Gap. The opening and distribuintermediate swamps of the Red river bot- firm jaw would tighten its grip on the amber toms. Here nature rules supreme. The soil, mouthpiece, and angry little puffs would which produces so luxuriantly, untilled and arise in quick succession and form rings by the cutting of the first watermelon of time he waited for the coroner. A charred untended save by the primal husbandman, which revolved so fiercely that they soon the season. Those present sat around on pipe with an amber stem lay in the cold seems sulky when man tries his hand and shook themselves to pieces. The stranger

Old Mort tled his horse and went around corn to the acre. Then the land reveris to to the woodpile. By way of salutation he its original holder and is quickly seeded in grasped his mottled beard, ducked his head, dved a cottonwood chip brown with tobacco juice, said "Howdy," and sat down on the enough to hear his name called would had no gun ter do it with, mebbe. D'ye

The stranger nodded. "Fine mo'nin', mister-, I kain't call yer by all.

name. Dunno ez I ever heern it." And Mort eyed him expectantly. "Yes, it is a fine day," returned the stranger, neglecting the implied interroga-

ory uppermost in Mort's mind. There came a silence. Mort squirmed, expectorated and threw a chip at the pups. "Couple o' mighty likely lookin' dawgs, Mister-Mister-what did I understand ye to say yer name wuz?" Again Mort leaned

forward in anticipation. "I don't think you understood anything, aid the stranger with crisp incisiveness, and his eye cowed his questioner with its flerce gleam.

"Wal, o' cou'se I-didn' know." Another silence, worse even than the first,

capacious pocket a shining coin of the the hoarse-voiced fowl had saved an em-commonwealth and held it up to view, as if pire. He hesitated a moment. Then he to settle all doubts of his veracity,

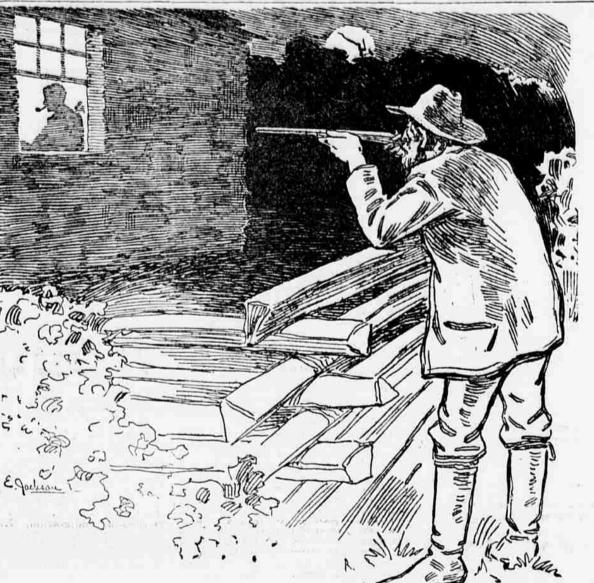
the questioner innocently asked:

another fur him?" "He never say. He kin' o' mumble like frensy.

stranger began to come to the postoffice at looking over his glasses, would read off the names as if he were announcing the result of a prize contest. He who was lucky stumble up and receive the missive and slouch back to his seat, observed and enviced

When the stranger came to the postoffice

One day the postmaster untied the little and then followed the inevitable expectora-



TOOK HIS PIPE AND SAT DOWN BY THE WINDOW.

parture often hastened by a curt request. of the incense arising from some secluded wood. nook; of the barrels consigned as "mo-lasses," though no cane is raised; of the streams redolent with the odor of spiritus frumenti. I say, ask them, for I will not answer. Many a revenue officer with more curiosity than discretion has failed to report to Uncle Sam the cause thereof. Sometimes it was because he did not stay long enough: sometimes because he stayed too long, but mainly it was because he could not dodge the bullets from the unerring muzzle the moonshiner. (we cry it not from the house-tops) here thrives the "worm," which is probably a degenerate descendant of that biblical reptile which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The obstinate soil, which, aided by bucolic arts a feller o' yer delikit constitution?" alone, would scarcely feed a mule, is able, with the assistance of a "wildcat still" larger than a lunch counter coffee boiler, to supply half the neighborhood, give employment to four or five revenue officers and keep the community in a state of terror. Poor crops, low prices and no market furnish the excuse for illicit distilling, and woe be unto him who fails to see in this excuse a god-given reason for the remission of the

One drizzling, soggy afternoon in November a stranger arrived at Persimmon Gap and engaged board at old man Yeldell's. No keep his mouth shet, an' not go nesin' one knew whence he came except that the fast mail had dropped him at the Merton water tank, twelve miles to the south. He was evidently from the north; first, because his accent betrayed him; second, because he ate sparingly of the pork, heavy biscuits and cornbread and drank three glasses of milk with each meal. His white hands, his hair, paid his board for a month in advance.

What northern city he hailed from no one was able to decide. Many a guess was hazarded, but the stranger smoked aromatic tobacco in his short briar pipe and preserved a Sphinx-like silence. Bill Horniday, who not jos' now, an' I mout ez well be a had brought him over from Merton, was in-movin'." He looked at the stranger wista Sphinx-like silence. Bill Horniday, who terrogated, but the inquiry was about as fully. satisfactory as if one of Bill's mules had reckon?" been put on the stand.

"Wal, I dunno nothin' 'baout it," quoth Bill as he tore off a large chew of "homethe deppe when the passenger come in. He | road. steps an' axes me wha' I wuz agoin'. I tol' bad place in the road, an' he say he guezs he come, an' he came."

no questions an' didn' answer none neither.' And Bill shifted his quid uneasily.

The community receiving little information from this source, a few of the faithful depu-tized Mort Reed to take the stranger's confession and, in the absence of complete satisfaction, to hint more or less pointedly that Persimmon Gap was too small a field for his chilities. Mort's position as the supposed leader of the "wild-cats" made it eminently fitting and proper that he should be the in-

The stranger was sitting on the chopping block of Yeldell's woodpile smoking his pipe and tossing chips at a couple of pups that were wrestling with one another. His flerce pale face had an expression of dreamy medi-His clear gray eyes had an intro- in spective look, and, while they were focused on the festive canines, they seemed to be occupied with something entirely different.

there was nothing to look at but a motley stranger rose and took the letter before the For the explanation of this conduct ask array of chips and an ill-corded pile of astonished official could fully decipher the Finally, "Wha' ye frum? Kansas?" "It is for me," he said quietly, and he

walked out of the door.

to his halloo

dell's?"

depity.

"Well."

of suffering:

brown beard nedded.

and there are no curtains."

Mort bowed in assent.

'roun' hyer with ol' Molly."

the feller sez."

That evening at dusk a man with a heavy

"You are Mort Reed, are you not?" he

isked, as that worthy came out in response

"Yassir. Thet's whut my ma called me, ez

"Isn't there a stranger stopping in this

"Well, he's one of the most dangerous

revenue officers in the service. I come from

Jordan, twenty-five miles up the road, and

we have just heard that he was down here.'

"Wal, I mistrusted ez much all along,

The boys wanted ter be a leetle brash, but

I tol' 'em ter go slow, fur we had right

smart o' trouble over Link Cole killin' that

"But this man means business, and if

"S'posin' he won't leave. He's a perky

The man with the brown beard eyed Mort

"Take him off by firelight, I reckon," he

said in a low voice. The man with the

"You know he has the southwest room

"Now, don't fail to kill, for it's all up

with us, if you don't make a sure thing

"O, I ain't so old but what I kin knock

"All right! Try to make it at 8:39 sharp,

the eye outen a squirred in the biggest tree

That night the stranger wrote a letter in his room. That it cost him a tremendous

effort could be seen from the tightly com-

pressed lips and the slow, heavy tracing of

the pen over the paper. The anguish in his

face was transferred to every hard-wrung

word. It was brief, though it told a story

Your letter destroyed my last hope of for-

giveness. My insurance policies, enclosed

herewith, are payable to you and will give

you the competence which I failed to ob-

too closely into the circumstances of my

He put certain documents with the letter

and sealed them up in a large envelope

After addressing it he gave it to Yelldell

Then he packed his few effects into the small value he had brought to Persimmon

Gap a few weeks before and walked about

the room with a quick, nervous tread. The

snapping, cheery warmth, but the ruddy

glow imparted a ghostly pallor to the

stranger's white, atern-set countenance.

He looked at his watch and piled more fuel on the fireplace. The flames leaped higher

as they licked the tinder-dry bark and the

He glanced at his watch again. The lines

grew still tighter about his mouth. The

strident cries of the disturbed geese outside

shadows danced grotesquely on the walls.

pine knots blazed upon the hearth with

paid him liberally for his trouble.

for I won't rest easy until it's done."

keenly. Mort looked cautiously around.

he stays around here there won't be much

mountain dew to wet our whistles with."

"What ye goin' ter do about it?"

feller an' don't bluff worth a cent."

"We must get rid of him."

neighborhood, I think at old man Yell-

"Seems ter me they is. Why?"

brown beard called at old Mort's front gate

"Mizzoury?" "No."

"Texas?"

"No. Isn't it?"

Here this sort of inquiry ceased, probably because Mort's limited knowledge of geography prevented him from asking any more leading questions on the subject.

"Ain't in no reg'lar bizness, I reckon." "Not at the present moment." 'Here fur yer health, mebbe."

"Yes; if you want to put it that way." "'Pears kin' o' like I got ter put a good many things ez I want ter. Say, did ye know this wan't a very healthy place fur

"Naw. Too much ager and chills an' "I don't think those maladies are danger-

ous in the winter time. Besides, I am well provided with quinine." "A ticket fur Texarkanny is a d-d sight better. Now, looky hyer, stranger; my name is Mort Reed, an' I don't keer who in h-l knows it. I axed ye civil questions an' ye didn't answer 'em. Now, I'll tell ye a little somethin' fur yer own good. We're kin' o' pertickler who we 'sociate with, an' we

aroun' inter other people's affairs." "It strikes me," said the stranger, rising, "that you are setting a very poor example before me. Here you have been trying to find out a whole lot of things that do not in the least concern you. It is none of your business who I am, what I am, nor where I which refused to stay parted on one side, to your affairs as strictly as I do mine, and a certain ineradicable polish told in Now, Mr. Reed, as I am also rather choice spite of jean trousers and hickory shirt that about the company I keep, I shall ask you he was a well-bred city man. Besides, he to leave or I shall use force to compel you

> Mort gasped in amazement. He ran his fingers through his streaked beard and looked at his horse uneasily.

"Wal, I don' keer fur no fuss, leastways, "Don't kerry no flat terbacker, I

"No, I don't use it."

Mort mounted his horse and rode off, while the stranger filled his pipe and watched "I taken a bale o' cotton down to him disappear in the woods that lined the

"I couldn't make nothin' outen him, boys, him an' he ax me af the town growed much said Mort when he reported to his fra- tain. It is to your interest not to inquire lately. I tol' him 'twant no town, on'y a ternity. "I kain't he'p it, fur he's ez closemouthed ez a Red river mussel shell. They death, as it might vitiate the policies. ain't no doubt in my mind but what he's a Suffice it to say, I do not die by my own "Wha did he come frum?" guv'ment spy, on'y we got ter be a leetle hand. My broken, "He never say. 'Peared like he didn' ax keerful." Having delivered himself of this in the wilderness. guv'ment spy, on'y we got ter be a leetle hand. My broken, misspent life ends here opinion, Mort spat upon the ground and

closed the incident." The community was shortly afterward thrown into a state of excitement by the with instructions to mail that night and announcement of Bill Horniday that he had mailed a letter for the stranger at Merton. A meeting of the faithful was instantly called and Bill was brought before it with shambling galf and downcast look

'Heern ve posted a letter fur that feller er at ol' man Yelldell's."

Yas" (with a poor show of indifference). 'Wha' d'ye mail it, Merton?"

"Who wur it fur?" "I dunno. I kaint read very peart. Fur ne woman, I reckon, kaze it had 'missus' front. I seen that."

"Why didn' he mail it hyer?" "Kain't say. He ax me ter mail it on

the train, an' he gin me a silver dollar." gave warning of some nocturnal prowler.

an' say 'ef thet thar don' he'p matters the The newly filled pipe sent forth its clouds lig's up. Acted like he never seen me an' again and leaned back in the cane-bottomed from the war I supported him on my needle

Within a few days after this episode the

the habitues of that resort thought he did it as an evidence of sociability. His taciturn manners and icy reserve soon dispelled that theory. He would listen intently as the rustic Nasby droned off the names in pompous monotone and go home to return the next day.

package of letters and was mumbling out the superscriptions when he came to a square, scented envelope. He began spelling out the name written in bold perpendicular characters. The loafers present picked up their ears at the unaccustomed combination, tion that marks the awakening of Arkansan With a quick movement the

The pipe went out. The stranger lit it cries of terror. Old Mort was duly apprised of the news

tion of the mail was a ceremony which was deli's as a matter of form. The stranger exceeded in its obsequious solemnity only still sat in the chair by the window, but this Now I am totully wrecked by army trubbles. nall kegs and tobacco butts and talked in gray ashes of the hearth. On the low bed hoarse whispers or chewed their thumbs for was a false beard, brown in color. Mort want of other provender. The postmaster, picked it up and looked at the figure in the chair. His eyes glistened and a softer look came into his hard, weather-beaten visage.

know what I think o' ye, Mister-what's yer name? But the stranger, with his peaceful

ODD PENSION OFFICE LETTERS.

ountenance and the little red clot above

the temple, neither knew nor cared.

Picturesque Accounts of Wors on Which Applications Are Based. "We probably file more queer letters in ur department," said a pension office clerk to a New York Sun man, "than are received in any other branch of the government service, hardly excepting the postoffice. Some of them are intensely amusing, too. have concluded that imagination is not bound down by illiteracy, either, because some of the most ignorantly written letters display inventive genius and cover the whole range of fact, fiction and an Ananiaslike propensity for lying. Men write to have their pensions increased. Neighbors write to help along the cause of a man seeking a pension. Wives write to tell the commissioner why they ought to get pensions. Family troubles are aired for the

pension, after all these years. "'The way I got my war ingery was aketchin of a hog. The hog wor a sow hog and our captain wanted her fur forage. We was chasin the sow and she crawled threw a hoal in a rale fence-it war a big hoal and hit me on my hed and nocked me senseless, terest than 1 sen per month for a loan not I do not think the sow pig had nothing to the hog. Wich she never war caught." "A neighbor tried to do a pension seeker

are so old that I have waived red tape long

enough to make copies of them. For in-

stance, this is one from a man asking for a

a good turn in the following effusion: no he hav no dropsy becos he would bust if he had moar insides him than he now and vittels in him an no dropsy.' "A New England farmer, who seems per-

read his letter:

my pensen I want the Deed made sos my wife cant get none off it-she throde the eg.' to this effect:

pensens to give me a plais in your offitsthen i won't ask for no moar raze in pensen jus now. i can clurk o. k. but i can't laber, or i cud boss the other clurks and maik Kodol Dyspepsia cure prevents all this by them stan roun an raze dewlie entitel pen- effecting a quick cure in all cases of dys sens keape them from loafinge whesperin in | pepsia. offes ours in fack akt as janeter or supperviser seeinge all thing goan rite.'

"A widow, feeling herself entitled to a large pension, writes a detailed statement

"My husband was terribel bloated. ground his teeth together and too, his pipe didn't look like hissel. He couldn't stoop A short consultation followed and then and lit it with a coal as he sat down by over and straiten up without helping hissel the window. The roaring fire cast a noonday To ham, beans, pork, mashed potatoes, eggs, When did he say he'd want ye ter mail radiance about the room, and the weird yeal, cabbage, his stummach was repulsive. shadows flung their arms with a wilder His rumatism was the kind called lumbagoat furst. His dropsy was terribel.

" P. S .- When my husband come back

"A man from Delaware did not think that the doctor's certificate he sent would have sufficient influence, so he supplemented it by stating that: 'I fust got to be a total wreck next morning, and he went down to Yell- from liver and kidneys then I was totully were nearly overwhelmed by the wrecked by consumtion with came on me. prains and hard marching." Sometimes, like Silas Wegg, they drop into

Massachusetts applicant informs the com-

missioner as follows: "I am a granson of the revelsion a son of the war of 1812 I will rite you a peace of "Wal, dern my time! Pore feller, never portry 1 made on myself and ansester: My memrays carrys me back to the day when I Attempt to Smuggle a Communication was stout-always able to roll myself about. but when I undertake it I feel the kean pane over Take me, it made me think of thirtycountry know wonder we can weep not only that he was a granson of the revellsion that he was a son of the war of 1812 that never did rebell the caus of it I never could tell." "An old fellow from the west who had been

out off the rolls because of palpable fraud in outside the breastworks, and so he sent this short communication to the commissioner: " 'I poot in application too bee re in Stated be ing bline in 1 i dog Gon it."

"Oh, yes," said the clerk as he put away his copies, "If you go into the pension office with a sense of humor you're apt to find benefit of the office. Sometimes the letters plenty of matter upon which to feed it while you are filing away the letters."

PAWNBROKERS IN JAPAN.

Curious Phase of Daily Life Among the Poor of Tokio.

One of the bills introduced in the Japanese House of Representatives, says the Japan Commercial, illustrates a curious phase of I that I were about the sis of the hog and everyday life among the lower orders of tried to crawl threw, but I stuck and tryin Toklo. The pawnbrokers' law now in force to wigle out I throde the rales off and one forbids a pawnbroker to fevy a higher inexceeding 25 sen. Thus a pawnbroker may do with my line for duty, fer I did not ketch obtain 12 sen a year for a loan of 25 sen; or he may even obtain 12 sen a year for a loan of 12 sen. Such charges seem high enough, in all conscience. Nevertheless, the I varily believe that Orville Jameson is bill to which we allude denounces the refatigued from earnin' his leavin' becos he strictions of the present law as unduly limitis too fatt ways 200 pounds and hav a family ling the pawnbrokers' gains, and conseto fead-the nabors think he hav dropsy but quently tending to prevent the people obtaining useful accommodation. Many folks, men and women, who subsist

have besides wich he are without vitious by manual labor in Tokio find themselves habits or references. I no he hav solid fatt constantly without sufficient funds to buy their dinner. They can pay for their breakfast, but money to get a dinner is wanting. fectly certain in his own mind that a pen- It is their habit, then, to put some of their sion will be forthcoming just because he cooking utensils in pawn, thus obtaining asks for it, writes to the commissioner in a means to pay for their dinner and, when spirit of vindictiveness against his wife, they receive their day's wage in the evening which seems a little excusable after you they are able to redeem the pledged articles and also to procure their supper that night "'I got blood pison by beinge hit with a and their breakfast and bath the following hens eg which was not good when you send morning. The pawnbroker, therefore, has to perform thirty transactions monthly in the nature of taking pledges and paying and "A Pennsylvania pensioner waives his de- receiving money. The sum involved each mand for an increase of pension on consid- day is very small, and the interest, as we eration of being otherwise provided for, and, have seen, may be anything from 100 to 48 writes direct to the accretary of the interior per cent, but, on the other hand, a charge of 1 sen per mensem for such troublesome "'Now, i want you or the comesenir of services is certainly not exorbitant.

tic conditions of the stomach are cancer consumption, heart disease and epilepsy.

Reflections of an Old Maid. Detroit Free Press: Perfect love and perfect justice are synonymous. We live in our thoughts, and the flavor o



HOME GOWN OF PALE GREEN VEILING FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

A very simple model and one equally adapted for slender or full figures has a bodice tucked vertically across the upper part, both back and front, the tucks reaching around the body in an almost complete circle. At the left side of the bodice under the arm occurs the break in the circle. Here the veiling is plainly fitted over the lining. The tucks across the bodice are an inch deep, six in number, and are carefully marked in the pattern. These and the tucks upon the sleeve (of equal depth) are made directly in with the garment, wherein they differ from the tucks shown upon the upper skirt. In the latter instance fitted folds of veiling are made to do duty as tucks. The depth of these folds is one and one-half inches. Under the lowest fold, or simulated tuck, is a slightly circular ruffle with scant gathers and this is finished by a fuller and narrower flounce, which is also fashloned after the circular model. This again is flounded to the circular model. cular model. This again is finished with a deep hem. The skirt may be worn over a drop skirt of cream-colored taffeta. The position of folds upon the skirt is marked upon the pattern published by Harper's Bazar, where the design appears. The bodice is fastened at the left side and finished in Greek scallops, which are utilized as cuff trimming. The plain collar is fastened at the left side of the front by three French cill butters. The costume design will prove a dainty one for evening use during the summer and autumn. To make this gown in veiling of one color forty-four inches wide nine yards of

material will be required.

Here Bill extracted from the depths of a Involuntarily he thought of the time when of her husband's sufferings and death, our thoughts is largely of our choosing.

Capacious pocket a shining coin of the the heart the more easily in the heart the heart the more easily in the heart the heart

is laid at a woman's feet.

The past is dead all through life, but is the moment of dying it is all that is allve Better be innocent and swing in a ham lock than vicious and swing another way dark than the night of the contentedly ig-

Men are more poetle than women. While the bridegroom is trembling with fear and joy before the gate of his paradise, the bride considering her stores of household

The Power of Storm.

The Cayman islands in the West Indies recent storm. Even apparently secure things are not safe. Even if you have health be on your guard. Disease works stealthilyundermines and trouble occurs where it least expected. An occasional dose "Sometimes, like Silas Wegg, they drop into least expected. An occasional dose of poetry, or at least they threaten to do so. A Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will keep the bowels regular, the stomach sweet and disease at bay. If you have indigestion and constipation try

SOAPY LETTERS FOR AGUINALDO

Through the American Lines. In dealing with the Filipinos as enemies says a Manila letter to the New York Sun hree year ago it was the Enama thirsty the United States soldlers have found that builet that pears; me threw the leg it has they are not doing business with a race of time and attention to the subject of musmade me wish that I was dead. I have al- dullards. On the contrary, it takes a wide ways been to proud to beg, it has made me awake sentinel to avoid being fleeced by the fred when I had to walk upon my Leg. it astute followers of Aguinaldo. With a great has gave me such a pane, it has made me so city full of plotting natives and the lines Lame that I have wisht that I was dead outside swarming with insurgents anxious then serten men would says, heare sleeps a to get in, the soldiers have had their hands herow he suffered thirty-three years fore his full. Arms have been found in every conceivable place by the provost police, and have even been intercepted while being hope make the constetushun not only that smuggled into the city in coffins. There are certain roads leading out of the city into the insurgent less over which the authorities deem it safe to allow a little traffic between city and country. For instance, shoutsecuring his pension couldn't stand being der cargoes of cigarettes for the interior inhabitants are allowed to pass, but a bag of salt is considered contraband of war. In view of discoveries that have been made, it is now the duty of sentries to squeeze every bundle that goes past them whether it looks suspicious or not. Four copies of a telegram to Aguinaldo were recently discovered by three members of the band of the Colorado volunteers hidden away nicely

n cakes of soap.

whom an aged old man tried to hobble with wo baskets full of produce failed to see why he insurgents should be allowed to use soap. He went through the old man's load and unearthed several long bars of cheap gain as is he of the long white beard-who. looking yellow lye soap. This he threw by the roadside and then allowed the carrier to pass on. The fellow gathered up his burden ern Shylock. and took the highway with surprising alacrity. The swiftness of his movements was explained several days later by George Settle, Harry Culver and Ora Ferrill, all bands men, when they became possessors of the scap. The bars had lain under a tree unmolested for some time. Settle wanted to wash his clothes and considered that he had made a valuable find when he came upon the soap. Culver and Ferrill disputed his assertion that it was good soap and, during the argument, one cake was broken in two and out popped a paper, nicely rolled in the form of a small cylinder.

For some reason or other a sentry, past

It proved to be one full sheet of foolscap paper written closely in Spanish and givng a report to Aguinaldo of the actions of his soldiers who had been in the city when hostilities began and were never able to get out again. The particular event referred to in the letter was the insurrection of the night of February 22, when Filipino set fire to the Tondo district, Manila, and fired on the provost police from the winlows of houses. It seems that Lemon-Lenas, colonel of the Blancas armas regiment of the Philippine army and the writer of the letter, gathered twenty men about him that night to destroy Manila. "We set fire to the buildings around the

Cuartel de Meisic." the letter read, "and Joseph of Austria denote much character advanced to slaughter the American sol- and great courtliness of manner, which diers as they ran out. They came in such criticism also may be applied to his intiinstant death awaited us and we scat- bert of Saxony, The mustaches of both tered.

the fires were raging so fiercely that there saddened by many disappointments and was danger of their losing their lives by miseries, both domestic and otherwise.

roasting and they preferred to die fighting In a deliberate lie at the close of the letter the insurgent colonel reports that his twenty men had succeeded in killing eight Americans and had three of their own number wounded. The fact is that only one or two Americans were injured on that

The band men of the Colorado regiment mmediately made further investigation of their laundry finds and unearthed three other letters, exact copies of the first, each in a separate bar of soap. It had evidently been the intention of the sender to smug. gle the four copies through the lines, with the hope that at least one of them would reach Aguinaldo at Maiolos.

WHISKERS OF ROYALTY.

Facial Adornments Most Affected by Some European Monarchs.

The German emperor has issued an order forbidding the officers of his navy to weat the mustache alone and commanding that they grow also full beard, if they wish to retain hair upon their upper lips-cither that, shave their faces clean or wear small side whiskers, as is the rule in the Britisb navy. No other monarch in Europe, says the Detroit Free Press, has devoted so much taches and hair upon the face as has the kalser, and during the ten years of his reign he has worn his own mustache in every onceivable form, going to the length even of cultivating a beard. But that the empress persuaded him to shave off, as it did not in the least improve his personal appearance. But his present mode, that of waxing the mustache and giving it the upward twist, being closely copied by naval officers generally, out of compliment to their sovereign, looked so perfectly ridiculous. In onnection with their uniforms, that the kaiser wisely forbade them to continue it.

The beard of the prince of Wales is of a kind known in Paris as the Francois I, and is taken to indicate a mixture of chivalry and levity-a fondness for preasure, with a enpability, also, of deep feeling-generosity and geniality on one hand, quick temper, even anger, on the other, and this, it must be admitted in an excellent outline of the character of the present heir to the throne of England.

Another tell-tale heard is that of King Leopold of Belgium, "the stock jobber and speculator par excellence of all the princes of the blood." For there is none other smong them so capable of driving a hard bargain or of being so eager for pecuniary with his phenomenal nose, cunning eyes and hard mouth represents to us truly the mod-

King George of Greece always changes the appearance of his mustache to suit the character of his surroundings and according to the locality that he may chance to be in-as, for instance-when with his family in Athens or with his relatives in Copenhagen his mustache assumes a downward curve most perfectly in keeping with the domestic man, the father and the grandfather. But during any of his annual visits to Paris it is transformed and made more in keeping with the life in that gay capital, for it takes on a decidedly more rakish twist, is waxed at the ends and stands out at right angles from the body.

The very finest pair of all the royal mustaches to be found in Europe, though, in point of size and thickness, are those beonging to King Humbert of Italy. They are snow white and they indicate, rightly, that he is a man possessed of dauntless courage. But even magnificent as his mustaches are, they do not compare in beauty with those of his father. King Victor Emnanuel, which were so long and luxuriant that he could take the extremities and tle them with ease in a knot at the back of his head.

The shaven chin and voluminous side whiskers belonging to Emperor Francis profusion, however, that we realized that mate friend and boon companion, King Almen, though thick, droop dejectedly at the In another place the colonel said that ends and tell the story of their lives, much

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