

His eyes roamed about in wild dismay and frightened her.

"Why, the ship must have left hours ago; it is now midday."

His mouth opened, but he could not utter a sound. Finally he clutched at her body and half screamed: "My God, my God! have you done this?"

"Don't, Eric, don't—you crush me; have pity. I couldn't let you go, Eric; don't you know I couldn't have let you go!"

He flung her from him and a guttural sound came in his throat. He reached for his trousers and dragged them on.

"Eric, what are you going to do? Are you mad—you are too late; the ships sailed hours ago. Forget them, dear heart, forget them, and tomorrow we will go back—" but he had caught up his coat, belt and hat and torn from the room.

She rushed to the window breathlessly. He was already speeding across the lawns and gravel walks; his feet seemed to scarcely touch them. On he went in the direction of the bay and the empty docks. She knew how useless it was; not even a curl of smoke rose over the expanse of dazzling water. The broad arm of the sea girt the horizon like an impenetrable wall. Cuba, the green and glistening hills of Cuba, were afar off as the furthestmost sun of the universe.

The quiet was intense. Near the beach the merry blue waves danced and flickered mockingly in the sunlight. The docks looked ugly and bare, stripped of the great cargoes that had lain there for days. Not a soul was about. The sun beat down hot and moist from the cloudless sky. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out distinct, penetrating. With a shriek Gesta, at her window, fell senseless. How futile had been her strategy! The sound of that shot struck her to the heart so surely as the bullet had pierced his.

They brought him into the hotel immediately, but he was already dead. The affair was quickly hushed, and has so far been kept from the papers. In the stress of greater tragedies and events of the war this minor incident was overlooked; but when the struggle is ended and the many experiences and anecdotes are recounted, the sad episode of Captain Winthrop's death will doubtless reach the public. It is said that a phial and a curious sediment in the wine glasses found in the room play a part in the story, but of that I am skeptical. Surely the facts need no such embellishments to impress themselves.

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**WATSON AND FARRAGUT.**

When the time came to search for torpedoes in Mobile Bay it was Watson who went by night in an open boat and located them. And during the great fight Watson, then flag-lieutenant, stood beside the admiral, and when he stepped into the mizzen rigging the better to see over the smoke, Watson himself says: "I secured him with a rope's end, having first remonstrated with him and begged him not to stand in so exposed a place, as he was only a few feet from and above the deck of the ram (the Tennessee), which scraped her whole length along that side of the Hartford."

It was Watson who was sent to Fort Morgan with the summons to surrender, and it was Watson of whom in his dispatch reporting the great victory Farragut said: "During the action he was on the poop attending to the signals, and performed his duties, as might be expected, thoroughly. He is a scion worthy of the noble stock he

sprang from, and I commend him to your attention."

How could it be otherwise than that a boy coming at the most impressionable period of his life under the influence of a man as strong, as individual, as dominant as Farragut was, revering his chief as a hero and being in turn loved by him with an affection rivaling that borne to his own son, should bear an indelible impress controlling his whole existence? This was the formative period of Watson's character.

Now in his later years—for he is well along in the fifties—there is much about the commodore which recalls the great admiral, despite the obvious differences in physique and natural temperament. There is the same gentle speech and quiet disposition; the same tendency to believe in Jack—to prefer the sailor to the engineer; the same quickness of decision and stern determination in carrying it into effect.

It may be that the opportunity to

rival the deeds of his famous exemplar may never come to him, but if does come we may well believe that he will act as if Farragut were again beside him—as Farragut himself would have acted. He will make the words of the Spanish minister come true, but with a significance which the man who uttered them little meant. He will see to it that "the Spanish squadron will go where it ought to go," but he will determine its destination.—American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.

First Hobo—I'd like to go to Cuba.

Second Hobo—What for?

First Hobo—I'm tired of being called a tramp; it would seem more nigh-oned to be known as a reconcentrado.

Griegs—Why is it that young women with fifty thousand or more dollars a year seldom marry?

Marie—Gracious! They don't have to.