

LITERARY NOTES.

(Continued from Page 5.)

above this morning, and we got the first square meal in a week.—Harper's Weekly.

A Russian military paper not long ago informed its readers that the life of the officers in the British army was one of the utmost ease and luxury; every officer, even the humblest subaltern, owned his yacht, his race horses, and his box at the opera—when quartered, that is to say, where such a luxury could be obtained (the yacht and the racing stud were everywhere)—while the more wealthy possessed their grousemoors, their deer forests, etc., the majority playing cards every night for enormous stakes and spending large sums on presents to actresses and other follies.

Such a description is more picturesque than accurate, for although in many corps the cost of living is high, yet foolish extravagance is the exception rather than the rule. In Her Majesty's household brigade, for instance, which is the corps d'elite, although the officers are nearly all wealthy men yet the style of living does not approach the magnificence with which it is credited in the imagination of the foreign journalist and by the facile pens of some of the prominent lady novelists. Life in the Guards is very pleasant, according to the British officer who writes of "Social Life in the British Army" in Harper's Magazine for September, if the member is blessed with good private means; his mornings, and occasionally the greater part of the day, are taken up with the drills and routine duties of his profession, which are no great



THE GUARD PASSING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT

tax on his intelligence or on his physique, and his spare time is devoted to those amusements common to young men of his class and education. The Troopers are usually great race-goers and there fore habitues at the meets at Ascot, Newmarket, Goodwood, Liverpool, Manchester, and all the suburban meetings, such as Sandown and Kempton, and, in addition, they have a meeting of their own, usually held at Hawthorne Hill, where, besides a number of steeple chases and hurdle races confined to members, there are always some races open to the whole of the army and a race for the farmers. In summer there will be an exodus from the battalion of all the shooting men who can by hook or crook get leave for Scotland or Yorkshire.

In this matter of leave the Guardsman is fortunate above his brethren in the cavalry; the subaltern of the Guards rarely finds any difficulty in getting away for four months out of

the twelve, and his captain is even more fortunate, as he can generally count on six months leave in the year. It naturally follows that the Guardsmen are great travellers; the "British officer" says, "that wherever the British pioneer has penetrated, some member of the brigade has ventured also at no considerable interval. The north pole itself appears to be the only virgin soil to some of the colder spirits of the brigade."

Notwithstanding this picture of enjoyment the actual surroundings of his daily life are simple enough, and the necessary expenses are not nearly so prohibitory as one might suppose. The Guardsman receives the same pay as officers of corresponding rank in line, with the addition of £70 a year Guards pay, so that it is possible for a youngster of an economical turn to live in the Guards on an allowance of £300 a year in addition to his pay. But it is only fair to admit that it is not often done.

The war articles in the September Scribner's are led by Richard Harding Davis' account of "The Rough Riders' Fight at Guasimas." There is no information at second-hand in this article; Mr. Davis was in the thick of the fight and writes of what he saw. When he crushes, once for all, the story of a surprise, he does it with positive knowledge of the previous orders given and received by General Wheeler and Colonel Wood. The conversation he had with the men in the fight are vivid bits of dramatic dialogue. The whole article is the fullest as well as the most thrilling account of the Guasimas fight yet published and will stand as the historical picture of that famous event. The illustrations give many of the best known men in the Rough Riders, and views of the country over which they fought. There are also drawings from life by the artists H. C. Christy, who was there.

Episodes of the Santiago campaign are given in brief and exciting narratives. Edward Marshall, the heroic correspondent who insisted on dictating his account of the fight while supposed to be dying on the field, is now in a New York hospital and has written his recollections of the Guasimas fight. What it means to be shot and to be in a field hospital expecting death has never been presented so feelingly before. What most affected Mr. Marshall was the unselfishness and kindness of other wounded men around him.

Another correspondent, J. E. Chamberlain of the New York Evening Post, was in the thick of the fight, and describes "How the Spaniards Fought at Caney." It is a generous recognition of what so many officers in the regular army have commented upon—the brave fighting of the Spanish in the trenches.

H. C. Christy, an artist representing Scribner's, was on the hill with Grimes' battery during the San Juan fight. He writes his personal impressions and illustrates them with his own drawings and photographs.

How "A Warship Community" lives is described by W. J. Henderson, the well known writer, who is a member of the Naval Reserves. The illustrations are from photographs between decks of the most famous vessels in Sampson's squadron.

The wife of a naval officer, Anna, story of the fleet at anchor at Old Point.

C. D. Gibson draws the second chapter of the story in pictures of "A New York Day"—giving characteristic scenes at noon in the Waldorf, on the sidewalks and in the park.

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Workers—The West" describes a road-builder's experience on the World's Fair grounds. Senator Lodge's "Story of the Revolution" has reached Greene's campaign in the south, with its famous battles of Guilford Court House and Eutaw Springs. Mr. Page's "Red Rock" contains a daring prison rescue. Other fiction is Octave Thane's story "The Conscience of a Business Man," with Frost's illustrations.

THE RUNAWAYS.

At first it was fun, as Dick had prophesied, but as the darkness closed about and the stars pricked one by one through the purple dusk, their spirits felt and Meggie clutched nervously at her protector's arm.

"How far is it," she whispered, conscious of much drowsiness. It was her bed time hour.

If Dick had been alone he would, perhaps, have cried at this stage. But Meggie's small, moist fist in his, and the pathetic sound of her laboring breath, placed upon him a terrific sense of responsibility. When he tried to deny it by scolding her soundly when she stumbled, her self-restrained whimper made him feel a brute, and he gave her their last sandwich. But to see her munch it made him hungry.

The moon came out. Dick, casting fearful glances over the dim-lit fields, found the need of breaking silence.

"It's orful nice, ain't it," he said mournfully.

"Orful," agreed Meggie, and a tear rolled down her cheek. After that the conversation lagged.

Meggie was only three, but some day she would be a woman. Thus it was that a torn frock and of her best leg-horn, nothing but a remembrance left, entailed greater woe than the darkness. Dick was five, and a man, and he thought of bears. So they were neither of them happy.

As they toiled through rough stubble and broken fields they did not often pause to rest.

Movement, Dick had found, dulled the keen terror of sliding shadow-shapes. Meggie now wept openly and with a vague gratitude that Dick should have lent her his pocket handkerchief. Later she drowsed and dozed on his shoulder, and if he found her weight irksome he bore it with few shrugs.

Presently, however, she was reeling like one intoxicated, and he, capitulating to fate, lowered her to the ground, covered her with his jacket, and sat down to reflect. It was a very awful thirsty minutes. In the moonlight and the lateness of the hour, his crime assumed proportions that overwhelmed him, and caused him to forget the bears. But weariness overpowered him at length. The lanterns of the searchers discovered the two curled up like kittens, with their faces to the moon, their lashes long on their cheeks, and briar scratches, marks of conflict, on their tightly curled fingers.

Dick opened his eyes full on the yellow glare and saw his father's face. An impulse rose strong in him to stretch out his arms crying, "Papa! Papa!" but he curbed it nobly. Thrusting his hands with careful carelessness into his small pockets he rose, he met the situation with a gallant readiness. "We took a walk," he asserted. Meggie got tired."

EDITH L. LEWIS.

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