

A GOODNIGHT SONG.

Goodnight, dear heart! the twilight shadows
darken
And blur the light.
Yet, from the distance—o'er the dim lanes, harken
To this goodnight.

A PERFECTLY MODEL MAN.

She lay there alone in the dark.
It was near midnight. When the lights
had been dimmed throughout the house,
and stillness had settled upon everything,

A fine rain was beating ceaselessly
against the windows and the doors.
The climbing rose against the side of the house
moved its arms as the wind bore down upon it.

Presently he became aware that two
women had entered an adjoining room.
They drew their chairs near the fire and
sewed and talked. The door leading into
the dark hall was open. It seemed good
to him—less lonely—that they should be
there.

The other woman was silent.
"Yes," continued Mrs. Gregg, beginning
to sew, "there ain't no man as good as
a woman's was. She had a nice home,
all furnished up nice—w-y, that sideboard
alone cost two hundred dollars if it cost a
cent!

"Look at her front door," went on Mrs.
Gregg. "She wanted a fine one an' she got
it. She got every blessed thing she took a
notion for, from a burglar-proof closet for
her silverware to a Poppa Gontee rose-
bush. You got that seam done, Mis' Med-
calf?"

"Mrs. Medcalf held up the seam to show
that it lacked several inches of being
finished.
"Oh, you'll soon have it done. It's a
pity she ain't got any children. He'll be
so much more lonesome, a-comin' home at
night an' not a findin' anybody here."

"Hum—er hum," said Mrs. Gregg. "I
expect it did get kind of lonesome for her.
He—lie—that is, I guess he did have to
stay down town most of the time. But he
didn't have any bad habits—didn't drink
or gamble or look at other women. He was
a perfectly model husband."

wa'n't domestic. He'd rather set down
town an' play some fool game or other than
to set at home an' read or play cards with
his wife. It ain't no sin, an' I ain't sayin'
it is; when a woman has that kind of a
husband the whole neighborhood's ready to
scream out. My-O! What does gettin'
lonesome amount to? She ain't got any
call for complaint, 's I can see. She'd best
be thankin' her stars she ain't got a hus-
band that comes home drunk an' abuses
her, or gambles everything he earns away
in some old saloon or other? An' I ain't
the one to be claimin' they ain't right, an'
she wa'n't the one to complain about any-
thing. But what I see with my own eyes
I guess I know. One night she come over
to our house for somethin', an' when she
comes in—well, if I do say it myself, our
little settin'-room did look bright an'
cheerful, even if we ain't got much in it.
He always builds up a big fire 'n the fire-
place in winter, an' pops a big pan o' corn
an' gets up some apples from the cellar, an'
then sets down an' reads an' talks while I
sew. An' we was settin' there that night
when she comes in with a blue dress on an'
a black lace scarf over her head, an' cries
out, 'Oh, how cozy you are! Why, is your
husband at home evenin's?' An' she had
the wishest eyes I ever looked into.

"Yes," I says real quick, for I didn't
want to hurt her feelin's, 'he works so
hard all day he don't feel much like goin'
out night's."

"Why, he isn't home every night, is
he?" she cries out.
"Yes, I be," says he, before I could
speak. "Why, ain't your husband?"

"Don't you like pop-corn?" as cries I,
jumpin' up quick, for I knew he never was
an' sure enough, her face was as red as fire
—an' if there wa'n't tears in her eyes I
don't know tears when I see 'em!"

"He was my idee of a perfectly model
husband," said Mrs. Gregg, sternly. "I
don't see how anybody can find it in their
heart to utter a word agen him."

"You like tea or coffee best, Mis' Med-
calf? We can boil one as easy's the other."

"Mrs. Medcalf held it.
"Uh-huh—huh—huh," she said, briefly,
unimpressed. "So she took to comin' over
to my house to set a little while, with her
white face an' her black dress, lookin' as
sad."

"She paused and bent sidewise to pick up
her thimble, which had fallen. But Mrs.
Gregg did not speak. She set the cake-try
in its place on the two hundred dollar
sideboard. She brushed some imaginary
dust off the embroidered cover with her
hand. He, lying in the dark hall, ob-
served her movements with that uncon-
scious interest in trivial things which takes
hold of one powerfully in great moments.
She shook out the folds of her apron and
stood for a second irresolute. Then she re-
turned slowly to her chair and sat down
with a look of utter defeat. Mrs. Medcalf
continued her story with irritating compla-
cency. Mrs. Medcalf turned her face en-
tirely away, and leaning her head against
the back of the chair, closed her eyes and
sat motionless, as if asleep. Mrs. Medcalf
had her innings, and she made the most of
them."

"Specially on windy nights, when doors
rattled an' latches lifted up, she couldn't
stay alone. So she used to come over an'
set there till bedtime, an' then go home in
the rain an' bark an' go into that lonesome
house all alone—an' him down town with-
out a habit!"

"Mrs. Medcalf had finished; she arose,
triumphant. She folded her work neatly
and leisurely, and laid it on the table.
Then she pushed her needle into it and set
her thimble on top of it—balancing it so
it would not roll off. "He was a perfectly
model husband," she said then, imitating
Mrs. Gregg's tone; "but I reckon she'll
never be any lonesomer up in that windy
graveyard than she was here. Shall we go
out now an' get somethin' to eat?"

"Sunset" Cox's Repartee.
A life of "Sunset" Cox, the famous Con-
gressman from Ohio and New York, has
been published by his nephew, the well-
known scientist of the Smithsonian Insti-
tute. One anecdote, not new in its point,
but memory-refreshing in the location of
the phrase. His colleague in the House,
the late General Rosecrans, tells it: "I re-
member one day some one on the other
side, I forget his name, was making a
strong pro-Chinese speech, winding up
something like this: 'The Chinaman is
clean, he is temperate, he is frugal; what
fault have you to find with him?' Cox
piped out, 'he wears his shirt outside of his
breeches.' The House was crowded, and
that was the last of that orator and his Chi-
nese speech."

Bending the Twig.

"As the twig's bent the tree's inclined"
says one of those old adages for which the
world has such a superstitious reverence.
Nothing could be truer than this, as a bald
statement of fact. If you take an incipient
tree you can bend it in almost any way
and cause it to assume any sort of a fantas-
tic shape, when it grows to be a tree. You
can cause it to be dwarfed or crooked and
may even get a specimen of admiration by the
frankish shapes which you cause it to as-
sume. The Japanese are adepts in this
bending of the twig and curiously inclin-
ing of the tree, and are past masters in the
production of arboreal freaks. But if the
Japanese or anybody else want good wood
or timber; if they want lumber to build
houses and ships and bridges, or to man-
ufacture articles of utility and beauty, they
do not go to the freak trees to get it, but
obtain it from those that have grown up
unmolested.

The old saw above mentioned does com-
paratively little harm when it is applied
to trees, for usually there are so many of
them that the freak trees are of little im-
portance. The trouble, however, with this
adage is that it is not applied to trees at
all, but usually to boys. What those who
quote it really mean is, "The boy's bent
the man's inclined." They use it as a
text for a lecture on the art of bending
the boy, and the boy is bent accordingly.
It frequently happens, too, that in the
process of bending him many twigs that
would otherwise grow up into useful and
valuable trees are used up in the process.

Now, really the best trees are not in-
clined at all. They grow up straight.
There is no sense in inclining them, and if
anybody would only reflect a moment it
would be seen that it is absurd to apply
such an adage to boys. We neither want
crooked trees nor crooked boys. We want
them both to grow up straight. We give
the tree a chance to do so, but for the most
part we try to bend the boy. We beat him
and lecture him, and pull him and haul
him and warp and pull the man who does
it. We bend them by the same means, and
they turn out more or less crooked men.
There is one plan of training, the chief
doctrine of which is that the boy should be
continually sat down upon. He must be
flattened out and made to feel his boyish
inferiority on every possible occasion.

It must be made manifest to him that he
knows nothing, and the vast extent of ig-
norance must be so magnified that he will
be discouraged and despair of ever arriv-
ing at the goal of his ambition or forwardness
or teachers possess. Unless he is a very
hardy twig, indeed, this dwarfs his intel-
lect and smother his desire for knowledge.
There are many, too, who unreasonably ex-
pect the boy to be a man as soon as he steps
out of the cradle. They frown at his boyish
appetite, at his boyish interest in every-
thing, at his boyish pranks, at his disposi-
tion to turn everything into play. They want
him to be a solemn savant when he is
really only a supple sapling, bending to
every breeze.

They hamper him with rules and regula-
tions; they erect before him a formidable
criminal code, so that it is impossible for
him to live and move and have his being,
or to enjoy his inalienable right to the pur-
suit of his own knowledge, at his parents'
infractions. They hedge him about with restric-
tions, which if they were prescribed for in-
mates of the penitentiary, would cause a
wave of indignation to sweep over the com-
munity. They expect the boy to be 10
times as correct in his deportment as they
are themselves. In most cases, too, they
fall in with the general opinion of the com-
munity. They think that a boy is like a piece
of iron, to be improved by hammering. It
often happens that people will strike and
beat a boy, just because they feel a sort of
necessity of working off their ill-temper by
torturing some one, and they are too cov-
ardly to attack anyone who is a match for
them in the game of inflicting blows.

Of course the boy must be trained; but,
coming back to the simile of the tree and
the twig, it might be well to inquire how
it is that the tree grows straight. If you
will go out into the woods you will see
that it grows straight because all the other
trees surrounding it are straight. The twig
follows the line that is set for it by its
surroundings. The boy learns by imita-
tion. He follows the direction of his en-
vironment. If those who are charged with
his training are honest and straightforward,
correct in their deportment and in their
bearing toward one another, the boy will be
likewise. The great secret is to know
when to let the boy alone, and not to be
eternally bending him when you really
want him to grow into a healthy and nor-
mal man.—Pittsburg Times.

Patti's Third Husband.

It is a great tribute that Madame Adeline
Patti has paid to matrimony in leading to
the altar a third consort. Her first hus-
band, the Marquis de Caux, whom she mar-
ried in 1868, had the delicacy to get a
divorce from her on account of her attach-
ment to Signor Nicolini. This attachment
survived her marriage to Nicolini in 1886,
and continued until his death on January
18, 1898. It had been her sole attach-
ment, possibly she would have felt inclin-
ed to form another, but while one sainted
memory may do to cherish for aye, two
sainted memories make a good pair to draw
to, and very possibly Madame Nicolini has
done well in emphasizing the close of her
year of widowhood by a new alliance. Her
new husband, Baron Celestino, is a Swede,
and has lately been engaged in the
health-gymnastic business in London. His
age is thirty; hers, fifty-six—giving an
average for both of forty-three: a time of
life which the blending of experience with
expectation makes particularly suitable for
the undertaking of new enterprises.—
E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly.

To Sit Forever in a Chair.

Entombment Extraordinary Reported From Mas-
sachusetts.
Genial Reuben J. Smith, paperhanger by
trade and the most inveterate checker-
player in New England, has been jumped
by death. He was entombed at Amesbury,
Mass., on the 25th inst. He had always
dreamed of being buried in a chair, and by
his own direction his body was placed
in a chair in an upright sarcophagus in
Amesbury cemetery. The sarcophagus is
on the brow of the cemetery hill. A solid
rock foundation was first built. Upon this
is erected an arched house-like tomb of
brick laid in cement, the walls of which
are one foot thick. The brick structure is
encased in marble of three-inch thickness,
the roof being pitched.

Light on Great Poison Plot.

Cornish and Molinex Sharply Cross-Examined.
The inquest into the mysterious death by
poisoning of Mrs. Kate J. Adams, who was
killed by a drug sent in a "bromo-seltzer"
bottle to Harry S. Cornish, physical in-
structor at the Knickerbocker Athletic club,
N. Y., was continued Saturday. Cornish
received the bottle in a silver holder through
the mail, and took it to his home, where
Mrs. Adams swallowed a dose of it to re-
lieve her headache and died, and Cornish
was made ill by taking a small quantity of
the mixture. For weeks the whole ma-
chinery of the police and District Attor-
ney's office has been engaged in trying to
solve the mystery, which is supposed to
implicate several persons prominent in club
circles.

Harry S. Cornish and Roland Burnham
Molinex were the witnesses Saturday.
Cornish, as on the first day, showed an
evasive disposition. He constantly feuded
with assistant District Attorney Osborne.
From the answers to questions put to
Cornish by Mr. Osborne, many believe that
the great poison mystery is being slowly
solved. That Cornish has not yet made
public all he knows relative to the poison-
ing of Mrs. Adams, is the firm belief of
the officials of the District At-
torney's office. It can, therefore, be truth-
fully said that he will not be allowed to
leave the stand until he has told all that
District Attorney Gardner is inclined to
think that he knows.

After much parleying and the asking of
questions, Cornish admitted that the
one first suggestion as to a bungling chemist
having prepared the poison was made to
him by his own intimate friend, Mr. Yocum,
a chemist, who is also a friend of John D.
Adams, secretary of the Knickerbocker
Athletic club.

He also admitted that the glass contain-
ing the remnant of the poison, taken by
Mrs. Adams and hidden away in the apart-
ment untouched by the police for "seven
or ten days after the death of Mrs. Adams."
Also that Mr. Yocum visited the apart-
ment on the evening after the death and
examined the glass and its contents, while
he (Cornish) lay sick at the club.

Now, look here, Cornish," said the
assistant District Attorney, "you came to
my office this morning and told me that I
was not treating you fairly. I told you
then, and I tell you now, I do not suspect
you of the crime, and I wish to give you
every chance to tell all you know. Are
you being perfectly candid?"
"I am telling you all I know," said
Cornish.

Cornish was somewhat roughly handled
by Mr. Osborne, in the course of which
he said that, after searching for a man with
a common motive against him and against
Barnet, his mind closed upon the name of
Molinex when it was suggested.

Mr. Molinex testified with apparent
frankness, and seemed to be anxious to
answer every question fully. He did not
dodge or evade anything. Assistant Dis-
trict Attorney Osborne asked him if he was
willing to say he was not guilty of the
homicide. His reply was: "Yes; I am
innocent."

Flames Awful Work.
South Dakota State Insane Asylum Burned.—Seven-
teen of the inmates caught in the building.—
Weather was intensely cold.
One of the most horrifying fires in the
history of the country occurred Sunday
morning at 2 o'clock at the state insane
asylum at Yankton, S. D., when one of the
cottages took fire in the basement, com-
pletely gutting the building and causing
the loss of the lives of seventeen inmates
confined there.

The cottage was of stone and granite
walls with wooden interior and intended
for laundry purposes, but owing to the
crowded condition of the main building
the inmates of the cottage were placed
there and the laundry was operated in
the basement. The exact cause of the fire is
not known except that it originated in the
dry room of the laundry.

The burned cottage stands some 300 feet
in the rear of the main building, the water
tank for fire protection being 100 feet in
the rear of the cottage. The steam pipe to
be used for pumping water from the boilers to
the main building through the cottage for
heating and then to the artesian well or
tank. The intense heat in the burning
building caused the pipes to burst shortly
after the fire began, leaving the fire hose
with only direct pressure from the tank,
which was in no way sufficient to quench
the flames. Two streams of water were
thrown on the building, but did little
good. With the thermometer standing at
23 below zero, the inmates who could es-
cape came down the narrow flight of stairs
in their night clothing and bare feet into
the bitter cold and did not feel for the
excess of heat, the sufficing and probable
loss of life from freezing would have
been terrible.

Fifty-two persons were in the burning
building, forty patients and twelve at-
tendants. The attendants escaped as did
the others who were saved, with none of
their personal effects, many losing all that
they possessed.

Quinine Eaters.

An Immense Amount of the Drug is Now Used.
It is estimated that during and since the
war with Spain over 125,000,000 grains of
quinine have been issued to American sol-
diers suffering from fever. In some cases
men who were in the hospitals were dosed
with as much as 300 grains per week, and
almost every man in the army took the
drug at some period of his service, either
for its curative or preventive effect. Yet,
as large as these figures are, they are hard-
ly as surprising as those for the entire
population of the United States.

We are a race of quinine eaters and the
people of this country consume one-third
of the quinine of the world, says the
Scientific American. Although such doses
as prevailed in Cuba and Porto Rico are
seldom taken in the states, there are few
people here who do not at some time dur-
ing the year quinine in some form or
other. The drug is used in the prepara-
tion of many patent medicines, tonics, bit-
ters, cold cures, etc., even in hair tonics
for external application. The official figures
of the treasury department show that last
year there were imported into the United
States 1,539,057,750 grains of quinine. This
means a consumption of something like 20
grains for every man, woman and child, as
there are practically no exports of this
article.

For many years all the quinine of com-
merce came from the wild trees of Peru,
but with the present great demand the re-
fined product obtained from the wild trees
of its native habitat would supply but a
small proportion of the world's require-
ments. At the present time two-thirds of
the quinine used is produced in Java, an
island of the East India archipelago, cor-
responding closely in size to Cuba, and
having with it many features of soil and
climate in common.

The history of quinine culture in Java
is interesting. For thirty years the Dutch
government, which owns Java, was urged
to undertake in the island the introduction
of this plant from Peru, and finally in 1852,
it employed the botanist Hasslar to ex-
plore the cinchona forests of Peru. He
procured a large number of varieties and
took them to Java, where plantations were
started, which have succeeded in the ex-
tent already indicated. The government
of India was not to be behind in the mat-
ter, and the cinchona plantations and fac-
tories of that region produce now their share
of this important drug. The importance
of sending trained explorers to find and
import new and rare plants is shown in the
efforts of the Indian government to secure
cinchona trees. Seven years of govern-
mental correspondence failed to secure
a single living plant of this species, when
the government engaged Clement R. Mark-
ham to visit the mountains of Peru, at the
risk of his life, and he succeeded in estab-
lishing in the British East Indies in a
single year 9,732 cinchona trees.

Her Feet Frozen.

The Freezing Experience of a Father and Daughter.
An Italian, named Panquatto, and his
daughter had been visiting relatives at
Jersey Shore. Desiring to go to Reno
they boarded a Beech Creek passenger train
Saturday morning, with the intention of
going to Castanea. By mistake they alighted
from the train at Youngdale and started to
walk to the city. When they arrived at the
water tank, below Lock Haven, the young
woman was overcome by the extreme cold
and sat down. Here they were found by
Road Foreman Welsh, who took the father
and daughter into his house and did what
he could to lessen their sufferings. When
the coal train came along, Panquatto and
his daughter were put into the cabin and
taken to Lock Haven. By this time the
girl began complaining terribly with
her feet, and she was carried into the con-
fectionery store of Frank Tomaino, where
certain remedies were applied. An exami-
nation revealed that the young woman's
feet were badly frozen. The father's one
hand was also frozen.

As to the Postoffice.

What is the first, second, third and fourth
class postoffice? Is the question that is fre-
quently asked. A first class postoffice is
one where the gross receipts are \$40,000 and
upwards; a second class office is one where
the receipts run from \$5,000 to \$40,000; a
third class office is one in which the receipts
run from \$1,000 to \$5,000; all other offices
are fourth class. Before an office can have
a free delivery the receipts must be \$10,000
or more. The President appoints the
first, second and third class postmasters,
although he usually sublets the job to the
fourth assistant postmaster general.

Too Much Salt.

A medical journal advises against the
excessive use of salt. It is first of all a
perversion of taste the condiment destroy-
ing the flavor of delicate dishes if too pro-
nounced. Furthermore, it is asserted that
an excessive use of salt seriously overtaxes
the kidneys to remove it, and that many
cases of derangement and disease are due
to this excessive use. The salt habit, it is
added, is easily acquired, and persons in-
dulging themselves soon reach a point
where nothing is palatable that is not
strongly impregnated with salt.

James McCready, a fireman on the
Pittsburg and Eastern railroad, who, with
his wife and two children, lived at Malan-
fey, Clearfield county, met a frightful
death near that place last Friday. Mc-
Cready's engine was crossing the bridge over
the West Branch of the Susquehanna and
he went out on the tender to get ready to
take water at the tank at the end of the
bridge, when he slipped and plunged head-
long to the solid ice below a distance of
seventy feet. He only lived a short time
after his awful drop. He was aged 28 years.

Back to Klondike for More Gold.

Not satisfied with claims worth over a
quarter of a million dollars, Nathan Kresky,
a returned Klondiker of Stroudsburg, has
packed up his clothes and left for the gold
regions. Kresky's success at gold digging
has been most remarkable. He arrived at
Dawson City on May 20th, 1897, and a
year later was back home with a fortune.

Another of the Meanest Men.

The meanest man on earth has been
found. He sold his son-in-law a half in-
terest in a cow, and insisted it was the
front half sold, calmly appropriating all
milk, while he forces the young man to
feed and water the cow twice a day. The
cow recently hooked the old man and he is
now suing the son-in-law for damages.

When the rising bell is ringing,
Though the world is wrapping,
Plunge at once from 'neath the covers—
He who hesitates is lost. —Chicago Record.

Quiet at Manila.

All Quiet Along the Entire Line Saturday.—After
Six Days' Fighting.—Insurgents Known to Have
Lost 2,500 in Killed.—They Fought to the Last.
—Our Loss Placed at Sixty-five Dead and 257
Wounded.—Twenty Villages Have Been Captured
or Surrendered.—Cablegrams From General Otis.

MANILA, February 12.—4.50 p. m.—In
Manila the inhabitants have generally re-
covered from the alarm occasioned by the
fear of a native uprising and are resuming
their ordinary business. The shipping in-
terests are naturally suffering, since there
have been no clearances for Philippine
ports within a week, but on the other hand
foreign shipping has increased, especially
for Hong Kong, every steamer bound
thither being crowded with timid refugees.
Despite, however, this quietude, many
are asking whether the problem is not still
far from solution. A week ago those who
took an optimistic view predicted that the
rebels would settle the question of Filipino
independence in short order. But this pre-
diction has not been fulfilled. As a mat-
ter of fact the rebels are now scattered
throughout the country, bush-whacking,
except at Malabon, where they are gather-
ing in force. Even there their methods
show more of guerrilla than of civilized war-
fare, every bush, clump of trees and tree
furnishing a cover for their sharpshooters.
Unfortunately for miles around the land
is covered with bamboo jungle and open
spaces are few and far between. This af-
fords the natives, who fight better under
cover, a distinct advantage. In many
places the rebels are so dense that the eye
cannot penetrate it, and only by the flash-
ing of their rifles is the whereabouts of the
enemy indicated.

Under such conditions, it is remarkable
that the American casualties should be so
few, while the number of dead natives
found in the brush after every skirmish
is in the hundreds. The precision of our fire
work there was not a single day without
fighting, but the Americans steadily ad-
vanced, carrying everything before them
and gradually increasing their semi-circle,
until now it spreads fan-shaped from four
to ten miles around Manila, the works be-
ing the most distant point.

It is now known that the Filipino loss is
fully 2,500 killed, with wounded, easily in
excess of that number, and thousands are
held prisoners. All this has been achieved
at the cost of sixty-five Americans killed
and 267 wounded. There are two Ameri-
cans missing and unaccounted for.

No fewer than twenty native villages
have surrendered and been captured. Sev-
eral have been destroyed because their
houses harbored men, frequently disguised
in female attire, who shot from windows
and roof tops at the American troops.
Many rifles and a ton of ammunition have
been seized. There has been looting in the
outskirts and this has been in direct
violation of the laws.

The only incident that has broken the
quiet of the day followed the arrival of the
German first-class cruiser Kaiserin Augusta.
When she saluted Admiral Dewey's flag-
ship a report spread rapidly that the Ameri-
can warships were bombarding Malabon.
Crowds have visited the scenes of
last week's fighting. All the roads from
the city were thronged with vehicles.
But beyond burned villages and the new
mounds in the fields there was little to be
seen. A close inspection showed that most
of the enemy's dead had remained at their
posts to the last as the bodies were usually
surrounded by empty cartridges, while in
the trenches, where there was no dead,
there was little or often no ammunition.

Among the distinguished prisoners cap-
tured in Manila since the outbreak of hos-
tilities are Captain A. G. Escamillo; Ag-
uinaldo's private secretary, Captain E. P.
Veraguth; Colonel Martin de Los Reyes
and Senor Tomas del Rosario, a member of
the so-called Filipino Congress in session at
Malolos. A few minor Filipino officials
are also in custody.

Killed by their Friends.

Spanish Shells Aimed at the Merrimac Fell on
Morro Castle.
Lieut. Hobson tells in the February Cen-
tury why it was that the Spanish officers at
Morro Castle believed the collier "Merrimac"
to be an long armed man-of-war:

It was not long before the governor of
the Morro came, making me a most cordial
visit. He was followed by the colonel
commanding the artillery. This officer, after
talking to me, referred to the heavy
fire we had withstood so long, and to the
gallantry of our fire in return. When I
informed him that we had no guns on
board, he was utterly incredulous, and
seemed to conclude that I was deceiving
him, for he replied: "But I know you must
have fired, for I was struck myself on the
foot, though I was standing away up
above." I replied that it must have been
a fragment resulting from their own fire; at
which the colonel became serious, as
though a new and unwelcome thought was
passing through his mind. He too had taken
us for an armored vessel forcing our way
through, and what he said about our fire
puzzled me. The next time Charate came
in, he told me that wounded men were be-
ing operated on in the room just above the
men's cell, and that the blood was running
down the wall, and had run down the clues
of his hammock, so that he had had to
change its position. When I had a chance
to speak to him and to the others afterward,
they said that both a Spanish sergeant and
a Spanish private had told them that the
blood came from the men we had wounded
—that we had killed fourteen and wounded
thirty-seven!

In a visit to the Morro after the surren-
der, I was very much puzzled to find fresh
gasches and imprints of various sizes in the
rear walls, as though it had been attacked
only from the sea. Every indication seems
to point to the conclusion that the Span-
iards firing at the Merrimac had struck
their own men across the channel. This
was the more to be expected from the hori-
zontal fire. Morro, though elevated, was
in the line of fire from the Merrimac,
whose projectiles, exploding on the Merri-
mac, doubtless showed the banks and the
rear of Morro beyond. No wonder, then,
that they took us for an armored man-of-
war.

Pater—Do you think you can support a
wife?
He—With the help of Providence I hope to.
Pater—Providence has no rating in
Bradstreet's.

"I didn't know you were so sarcastic
when I married you."
"Did you not? Possibly you have for-
gotten I said, 'This is so sudden' when you
proposed after four years courtship."

"The 'Buffalo' has reached Manila
and joined Dewey's fleet. She made the
trip in 54 days.

Jack—I'm in an awful dilemma.
Dick—Engaged to two girls, I suppose?
Jack—To one.