

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea, and said: "Oh, mist, make room for me!"

MR. GROBY'S SLIPPERY GIFT.

Two men could hardly have been more unlike than Jim and Joe Mordaunt, and when it is considered that they were brothers brought up under the same conditions and trained by the same hand, the dissimilarity seems nothing less than remarkable.

It was especially irritating to his master, because he was a fine-appearing fellow with arms like steel bars, and the strength of a giant.

"Yes, one—Joe's brother Jim," said the overseer, grinning. "He's what a nigger ought to be—as steady and as tireless as an ox."

"It's a wonder that brother of his hasn't corrupted him?" "Jim ain't got sense enough to be corrupted as long as he gets his feed."

"Well, Mas' Stua't, of you gwineer question inter de p'ogatives o' de ministry, I'd bettah be gwine, case you on dang'ous ground," and he went his way.

"I don't ask that, I—?" "I don't ask that, I believe I told you. I'll give him to you."

The lashes rose in the air and whizzed down. They rose again, but stopped poised as a gaunt figure coming from nowhere, stepped, stalked up and pushed the whippers aside.

"Give it to me," said Joe, taking off his coat. "I told him 'jes' how it would be, an' I was comin' in to gi' myse'f up any-how. He done it all to keep me 'fom sta'vin'; but I's done hidin' now. I'll be dat Groby's slave naver dan let him tek my blows."

When Mr. Groby heard of Joe's return he hastened up to the big house. He was elated. "Ha," he said, "my man has returned."

It was a sad time for him. As he sat by the hearth, his face lit up in his hands, Jim reached over and slapped him on the head. It was as near to an expression of affection and sympathy as he could come.

Against Mordaunt's remonstrances, the new-made master insisted upon putting the hounds on the negro's track, but he was back baffled. Joe knew Mr. Groby's methods and had prepared for them.

"I'm glad Joe's gone," mused Stuart Mordaunt as he looked at the overseer's retreating figure. "He was lazy and devilish, but Groby—"

It was just after that the plantation exhorter reported the backsliding of Jim. His first fall from grace consisted in his going to a dance. This was bad enough, but what was worse, although the festivities closed at midnight, Jim had been with Mely to the dance—did reach his cabin until nearly daylight.

The thefts could be traced to but one source. Mely didn't mind the shoats, nor the ducks nor the geese nor the chickens—they were her master's, and he could afford to lose them—but that her husband should steal them and the children's food—it was unspeakable. She caught him red-handed once, stealing away with a side of bacon, and she up-braided him loud and long.

"Well, Joe," he said, "I suppose you'll be glad to get away from the field?" "Glad to git away—oh, mistah?" He suddenly knelt and threw his arms about his master's knees.

"Dah, now, Joe," said his brother in disgust, "you's done come yeah an' sp'iled evahing; you nevah did know yo' p'ain."

"Whup away," said Joe. "But the master's hand went up. 'Joe!' he cried. 'Jim, you—you've been taking that food to him! Why didn't you tell me?' He kicked each one of the whippers solemnly, then he kicked where, he fumed, stalked up and pushed the whippers aside."

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By "taking time by the forelock" one may accomplish a great deal without becoming tired out, as is so often the case in preparing for any special holiday or entertainment.

Then the silver will be so tarnished that a good cleaning will be absolutely necessary. It was not more than a few minutes, but it was a long time, and the following mixture, that can easily be made at home: Put one pound of whiting (that may be purchased at a paint shop for six cents a pound) into a kitchen bowl.

When this has all been attended to, prepare such dishes as may be safely kept for a time before using. A very delicious pepper hash may be made by cutting a hard head of cabbage or celery into small pieces, and putting it in a bowl.

The young should be trained in the importance of ventilation, for this is one of the most neglected requisites of good health. It is estimated that 3,000 cubic feet of pure air per hour is the need of each individual.

Were our rooms airtight we couldn't survive. The atmosphere penetrates every crevice around doors and windows, thanks to the law of equilibrium, and we are saved from death. But whenever we are afflicted with a family sickness, nervousness, hot eyes, liable to take cold easily and readily, subject to various disorders, we may be certain of one or two things, either the diet is faulty or they do not properly ventilate their dwellings.

A celebrated French physician, finding himself much depleted by that work, did a strange thing—for a Frenchman. He dressed in flannel from head to foot, put on a cardigan jacket, opened both his windows in winter time, placed a screen before each and slept there, undismayed by the coolness of the atmosphere.

In the Philippines.

The following extracts from letters of Lieutenant Walter B. McCaskey, who joined the 21st regiment in the Philippines some months ago, give an account of the trip across the Pacific on an army transport, and something of life in the Philippines.

July 9.—Running along steadily all day, distance 300 miles. It is now 3:30 p. m., here and 10:10 p. m. with you. To-morrow, after we pass the 180th meridian, we skip one day. To-morrow will be July 10th, and the day after to-morrow, July 12th.

July 12.—As you see, we have skipped one day, and now instead of its being 3 a. m., to-morrow morning with you, it is 3 p. m., this morning. We passed the 180th meridian about noon. We passed the 180th meridian about noon.

July 13.—The biggest run so far, 323 miles. Go on guard to-morrow as senior officer. We are nine days from Manila.

July 14.—This morning, went on guard about 9 o'clock. July 15.—It began to rain shortly before midnight, and early this morning came down in sheets. Several of the officers took advantage of it to get a wash in fresh water. They just got out and took the rain water as it washed along the clean decks.

July 16.—This morning at 10 o'clock, temperature of water was 83 degrees and air the same. We are to pass close to an active volcano to-morrow night, and hope it is in operation. It stands out of the water about 1,000 feet.

July 18.—Turned out at 3:30 this morning for the volcano. Could see the red glow at the top, and also the smoke with the aid of glasses. Watched it for an hour. About 6 o'clock could see it plainly, and the great cloud of smoke from the crater. The ship is pitching some, as the wind has raised quite a good swell.

July 25.—We reached here all O. K., and dropped anchor 12:10 p. m. yesterday. Very hot. Sat around all afternoon yesterday and tried to keep cool. Several boat loads of soldiers have already gone ashore. Good sized steam tug boats come out to the side of the ship, then the soldiers go down the gangway ladder and go aboard, and when one is sufficiently loaded she steams ashore, and comes back for another load.

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July 26.—I was relieved from duty on the Sheridan this morning at 9 o'clock, and came ashore, being ordered to report to the 21st regiment. Brewer and I go to same regiment. Am writing this in his tent by candle light.

July 27.—Have just come over here in a pouring rain. Got well soaked. Had a good visit with Ed. over at his camp, and expected to go to Morong, where my company is, to-morrow. Received orders this morning to report here for temporary duty to Company M. Manila is a queer, old looking place. Old walls overgrown with moss. Chinese houses, and Chinamen that carry staff on their shoulders. They are really beasts of burden. The native women, Filipinos, don't wear much clothing. Barefooted, and partly bare-legged, nothing on the head, neck or shoulders.

July 28.—After breakfast, I went on guard as officer of the day. Went out to see where the different posts were, and got back about 9 o'clock. The whole country is swampy. It is cut up into rectangular areas by little embankments to hold water where the rice grows. These areas are called "rice paddies," and as they make up the most of the landscape, it is nearly all swamp. Just below the advanced post is a well called the "Sacred Well," at which the Chinamen from this company get water, and carry it to the company.

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At long range. In case of an attack I'm to have the left platoon, on the river bank in trenches. Undergrowth and dense. No tents. Camped in ditch, with shelter of bamboo mat.

Aug. 6.—Slept with clothes on last night in a little "lean-to," floor about 6-8, distance between roof and floor 2 feet on one side 1 1/2 feet on the other. When it rains, drop a bamboo mat down in front. It is down in the ditch with the others, and nothing shows above the level of the ground. The platoon of which I have charge is out about 100 rods to the northwest, in a trench just this side of the river. The insurgents are some little distance back on the other side of the river. The ground between is densely covered with sugar cane, banana trees, underbrush, etc. There is a bridge westward of this camp, which is barricaded, and an outpost is stationed there. The river runs through quite a gorge. The other day this company drove the insurgents across the river. Meade tells me they charged for several hours, but had each time, and the other half firing volleys, and get up the far. There has been firing during the day and night at intervals. Heard a bugle of the insurgents a while ago. The mosquitoes and bugs are fierce here. They make a noise like flies or bees. It rained last night. Used poncho for a cover. The Pasig river is very swift all the way up, about 14 miles. We passed many of the natives' canoes and cascos going up and down. They don't wear many clothes. One fellow that I saw was about naked. Some of them wear great straw hats, like a low, broad-based cone. They look odd. The rain water as it washed along the clean decks.

Aug. 10.—Had just gone to sleep last night when they began to fire. Got out to the trench, and when they had things quieted down. We wear a kind of headgear of mosquito netting, furnished by the quartermaster's department.

Aug. 11.—Insurgents came in pretty close last night. Some shots close enough. They kept quiet until near morning, evidently do this to annoy our men and make them lose their sleep.

Aug. 22.—Chills and fever, and stomach has not been working right for some days. Rather weak, but getting better. Keep on duty all the time. Heavy rains and awful hot at times. Frequent firing.

Aug. 28.—There goes the band. They practice every morning except Sunday, an agreeable diversion. Now they are playing "The Palms"—good trombone solo. They have quarters in what was formerly the priest's house adjoining the church. There are several bells in the church tower, one of which, deep toned, sounds well when they ring it slowly.

Aug. 30.—Was in church and on the bell tower yesterday. The place looks like a jail outside, stone with iron roof, windows barred, gallery at one end, pulpit about the middle, altar at the other end, a few benches in the middle, and a very high, else, floor of large square bricks, a very small maldelon in gallery and a large music rack, nothing else. The bell tower, separate from the church, has three small bells and one large one.

Sept. 4.—Got order relieving me temporarily from this company. Sent to Co. I. Was ordered out on outpost to prevent the insurgents from firing on outpost of Co. D. Had but little fever yesterday; sweat it out the night before, perhaps.

Sept. 16.—Everything quiet. Pointing and aiming drill for recruits. Feel good again these days. Lively work here at times. The tall rice gives them a chance to get in closer without being seen. Our sentries and outposts and everybody else must be keenly alive when on duty to prevent surprise. Corporal Harris just got a fellow in the middle of his hand, who had sneaked on him through the rice, and was about to drive the knife into his back.

EDITOR SEES WONDERS.—Editor W. V. Barry of Lexington, Tenn., in exploring Mammoth Cave, contacted a severe case of Piles. His quick cure through using Buckle's Arnica Salve convinced him it is another world's wonder. Cures Piles, Injuries, Inflammation, and all Blisters. Only 25c at F. Potts Green.

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