

THE FLIRT.

There's a winsome little maiden, Up my way, Who's a-laughing and a-laughing, All the day.

And who seeks to make me love her In a dozen ways or other, Till I have to run for cover, Far away.

Bless my heart, but you must stop it, Winsome maid, Of the flirt who mixes philters I'm afraid.

And, besides, we cannot marry, Aye, no matter how we tarry, For you're just a little fairy, Baby maid.

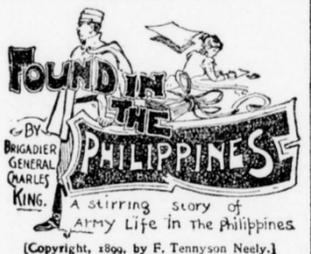
But I love you very dearly, All the same, Even though I'm not acquainted With your name.

And I'm sure that it would hurt me, Were you ever to desert me, So I guess I'll let you flirt me, Just the same.

You are four and I am forty— What an age! Your affections yet you cannot Even gauge;

As I see you, hands so dirty With mud pies, but eyes so fiery, How I wish that you were thirty Years of age.

—Kenneth Herford, in Detroit Free Press.



CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The carpenter came, and he and two or three of the guard laid hold of one end of the plank after its nails were drawn, and with little exertion ripped it off the other posts.

At last the colonel exploded: "By Jupiter! They haven't got away at all, then! There isn't a flaw in the sand wall anywhere. They must be hiding about the middle now. Come on, gentlemen," and around he trotted to the front door.

Most of the guardhouse "birds" were out chopping wood, and Canker danced in among the few remaining, loading them with bedding belonging to their fellows until every item of clothing and furniture was shoved out of the room.

"What do you mean, sir, by absenting yourself from this investigation, when you must have known I was with the board and giving it the benefit of the information I had gathered?"

"I was merely expediting matters, colonel. While you were looking for where they went in I was finding where they got out."

"Their tunnel, sir. It's Libby on a small scale over again. They must have been at work at it at least ten days." And as he spoke, calmly ignoring Canker and letting his eyes wander over the floor, the veteran battalion commander sauntered across the room, stirred up a slightly projecting bit of flooring with the toe of his boot and placidly continued: "If you'll be good enough to let the men pry this up you may understand."

chance to go with 'em. I s'pose you'll release my sergeant and those sentries now."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Canker, red with wrath, "and your suggestion is disrespectful to your commanding officer. When I want your advice I'll ask for it."

"Well, Mr. Gray will be relieved to learn of this anyhow. I suppose I may tell him," hazarded the junior member, mischievously.

"Mr. Gray be— Mr. Gray has everything to answer for!" shouted the angered colonel. "It was he who telephoned for a carriage to meet and run those rascals off. Mr. Gray's fate is sealed. He can thank God I don't slap him into the guardhouse with his chosen associates, but he shan't escape. Sergeant of the guard, post a sentry over Lieut. Gray's tent, with orders to allow no one to enter or leave it without my written authority. Mr. Gray shall pay for this behind the prison bars of Alcatraz."

CHAPTER VIII.

Social circles at West Point at long, rare intervals are shocked by a scandal, and at short ones, say every other summer—are stirred by some kind of a sensation, and the "Fairy Sisters" were the sensation of the year '97. They came in July; they went in September, and meanwhile they were "on the go" as they expressed it, from morn till late at night. Physically they were the lightest weights known to the hop room. Mentally, as their admirers in the corps expressed it, "either of them can take a fall out of any woman at the Point," and this was especially true of the elder—Mrs. Frank Garrison—whose husband was on staff duty in the far west.

Both were slight, fragile, tiny blondes with light blue eyes, with lighter, fluffier hair, with exquisite little hands and feet, with oval, prettily shaped faces, and the younger, the maiden sister, had a bewitching mouth and regular, snowy dots of teeth of which she was justly proud. Yet, as has been previously said of Mrs. Frank, while the general effect was in the case of each that of an extremely pretty young girl, the elder had no really good features, the younger only that one. They generally dressed very much alike in light, flimsy gowns and hats, gloves and summer shoes all of dazzling white—sometimes verging for a change to a creamy hue—but colors, except for sashes and summer shawls, seemed banished from their wardrobes. They danced divinely, said the corps, and preferred cadet partners, to the joy of the battalion. They rode fearlessly and well, and had stunning hats and habits, but few opportunities to display thereof. They came tripping down the path from the hotel every morning, fresh and fair as daisies, in time for guard mounting, and at any hour after that could be found chatting with cadet friends at the visitors' tent, strolling arm in arm about the shaded walks with some of their many admirers until time to dress for the evening hop, where they never missed a dance, and on rainy days, or on those evenings, when there was neither hop nor band practice, they could be found, each in some dimly lighted, secluded nook about the north or west piazza or on the steps leading down to the "Chain Battery Walk," sometimes surrounded by a squad of cadet friends, but more frequently in murmured tete-a-tete with only one cavalier. In the case of Mrs. Frank no member of the corps seemed especially favored. She was just the same to every one. In the case of her younger sister—Miss Terriss—there presently developed a dashing young cadet captain who so scientifically conducted his campaign that he headed off almost all competitors and was presently accorded the lead under the universally accepted theory that he had won the little lady's heart. Observant women—and what women are not observant—of each other—declared both sisters to be desperate flirts. Society at the Point frowned upon them and, after the first formal call or two, dropped them entirely—a thing they never seemed to resent in the least, or even to notice. They were never invited out to tea or dinner on the post—solemn functions nowhere near so palatable as the whispered homage of stalwart young manhood. "Nita is yet such a child she infinitely prefers cadet society, and I always did like boys," explained Mrs. Garrison. Some rather gay old boys used to run up Saturday afternoons on the Mary Powell and spend Sunday at the Point—Wall street men of 50 years and much more. "Dear old friends of father's," Mrs. Frank used to say, "and I've simply got to entertain them." Entertained they certainly were, for her wit and vivacity were acknowledged on every side, and entertained not only collectively, but severally, for she always managed to give each his hour's confidential chat, and on the Sundays of their coming had no time to spare for cadet friends. Moreover, she always drove down in the big 'bus with them Monday morning when the Powell was sighted coming along that glorious reach from Polopel's island and stood at the edge of the wharf waving her tiny kerchief—even blowing fairy kisses to them as they steamed away. No wonder Nita Terriss was frivolous and flirtatious with such an example, said society, and its frowns grew blacker when the White Sisters, the Fairy Sisters—the "Sylphites," came in view. But frowns and fulminations both fell harmless from the armor of Mrs. Frank's gay insouciance. Nita winced at first, but soon rallied and bore the slights of the permanent and semi-permanent residents as laughingly as did her more experienced sister. Nita, it was explained, was only just out of school, and Mrs. Frank was giving her this summer at the Point as a great treat before taking her to the far west, where the elder sister must soon go to join her husband. Everybody knew Frank Garrison. He had long been

stationed at the academy and was a man universally liked and respected—even very highly regarded. All of a sudden the news came back to the Point a few months after his return to his regiment that he was actually engaged to "Witchie" Terriss. Hot on the heels of the rumor came the wedding cards—Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Terriss requested the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Lieut. Francis Key Garrison,—th U. S. Cavalry, at the Post Chapel, Fort Riley, Kansas, November —, 1894—all in Tiffany's best style, as were the cards which accompanied the invitation. "What a good thing for old Bill Terriss," said everybody who knew that his impetuosity was due to the exactions and extravagancies of his wife and "Witchie"—"And what a bad thing for Frank Garrison!" was the echo. His intimates knew that he had "put by" through economy and self-denial about \$2,000, the extent of his fortune outside of his pay. "She'll make ducks and drakes of it in the six weeks' honeymoon," was the confident prophecy, and she probably did, for, despite the fact that he had so recently rejoined the regiment, "Witchie" insisted on a midwinter tour to New Orleans, Savannah and Washington, and bore her lord, but not her master, over the course in triumph. To a student of human nature—and frailty, that union of a faded and somewhat shopworn maid of 27 to an ardent and vigorous young soldier many moons the junior was easy to account for. One after another Witchie Terriss had had desperate affairs with half a dozen fellows, older or younger, in the army and was known to have been engaged to five different men at different times, and believed to have been engaged to two different men at one time. Asked as to this by one of her chums, she was reported to have replied: "Do you know, I believe it true; I had totally forgotten about Ned Colston before Mr. Forman had been at the post a week. Of course the only thing to do was to break with both and let them start fresh." But this Mr. Colston, whose head had been somewhat cleared by a month of breezy, healthful scouting, accepted only in part—that part which included the break. Forman had the fresh start and the walk over and held the trophy just two months, when it dawned upon him that Margaret loved dancing far more than she did him—a clumsy performer, and that she would dance

sisters had gone to their room at the hotel to dress for the hop. It was their custom to disappear from public gaze about six o'clock, and when they came floating down the stairs in filmy, diaphanous clouds of white, the halls were well filled with impatient cavaliers in the natty cadet uniform, and the women waiting to see. Then the sisters would go into the dining-room and have some light refreshments, with a glass of iced tea—and no matter how torrid the heat or how flushed and dragged other women might look, they were inviting pictures of all that was ever fresh, cool and fragrant. The two fluffly blonde heads would be buddled, close together a minute as they studied the bill of fare, and virtuous matrons at other tables, fanning vigorously, would sniff and say: "All for effect. They know that supper bill by heart. It never changes." All the same, at the bottom of this public display of sisterly devotion and harmony and in spite of occasional tiffs and differences, there was genuine affection on both sides for as a child Nita had adored Margaret and there could be no doubting the elder's love for the child. Some regimental observers said that every bit of heart that eldest Terriss girl had was wrapped up in the little one. Neither girl, even after Margaret's marriage, would listen to a word in disparagement of the other, but in the sanctity of the sisterly retreat on the third floor of the old hotel there occurred sometimes spirited verbal tilts that were quite distinctly audible to passers-by in the corridor, provided they cared to listen, which some of them did. On this special August evening Mrs. Frank was in an advisory frame of mind. They had known Mr. Latrobe barely three weeks, and yet as Mrs. Frank was sauntering around a turn in Flirtation Walk, leaning on the arm of the cadet adjutant, there in the pathway right ahead stood Nita, a lovely little picture, with downcast eyes, and "Pat" Latrobe bending over her with love and passion glowing in his handsome face, pleading eagerly, clinging fervently to both her tiny white-gloved hands. Mrs. Garrison saw it all in the flash of a second, the adjutant not at all, for with merry laughter she repeated some words he had just spoken as though they were about the wittiest, funniest things in the world, and looked frankly up into his eyes as though he were the best and brightest man she had met in years—so his eyes were riveted, and the tableau had time to dissolve. All the same that sight gave Mrs. Garrison rather more than a bad quarter of an hour. She was infinitely worried. Not because Pat Latrobe had fallen desperately in love with her charming little sister—that was his lookout—but what—oh, what might not happen if the charming little sister were to fall in love with that handsome soldier boy. At all hazards, even if she had to whisk her away tomorrow, that had to be stopped, and this very evening when they went to their room Margaret spoke.

[To Be Continued.]

They were All Gentlemen. We all knew that Colorado Jim, who was the boss terror of Custer City for a year or so, was a gentleman, but when it was given out that Red Joe was coming over from Deadwood to attempt to depose him there was much anxiety to ascertain if the latter was a gentleman as well. Some said he was, and some were against it, and the question was not settled until he came riding into town and got down from his broncho in front of the Eagle saloon and said:



In the pathway right ahead stood Nita.

night after night, the lightest, daintiest creature in the hop room, and never have a word or a look for him who leaned in gloomy admiration against the wall and never took his eyes off her. He became jealous, moody, ugly-tempered and finally had the good luck to get his conge as the result of an attempt to assert himself and limit her dances. She was blithe and radiant and fancy free when Frank Garrison reached the post, a wee bit hipped, it was whispered, because of the failure of a somewhat half hearted suit of his in the far east, and the Fairy bounded into the darkness of his life and fairly dazzled him. Somebody had said that Frank Garrison had money.

There is no need to tell of the disillusion that gradually came. Frank found his debts mounting up and his cares increasing. She was all sympathy and regret when he mentioned it, but—there were certain comforts, luxuries and things she had always been accustomed to, and couldn't live without. Surely he would not have her apply to papa. No, but—could she not manage with a little less? He was willing to give up his cigars (indeed, he had long since done so) and to make his uniforms last a year longer—he who was in his day the most carefully dressed man at the Point. Well—she thought perhaps he ought to do that—besides—men's fashions changed but slowly, whereas women's— "Well, I'd rather be dead than out of style, Frank!"

And so it went. But if she did not love her husband there was one being in whom her frivolous heart was really bound up—Nita—her "baby sister," as she called her, and when Terriss, the colonel, went the way of all flesh, preceded only a few months by the wife of his bosom, the few thousands in life insurance he had managed to maintain went to the two daughters. Not one penny was ever laid out in payment of the debts of either the father or husband. Nita was sent to an extravagant finishing school in Gotham, and along in May of the young girl's graduating year, blithe little Mrs. Garrison arrived, fresh from the far west, and after a few weeks of sight-seeing and shopping the sisters appeared at the Point, even half-mourning by this time discarded. Thirteen years difference was there in the ages of the Fairy Sisters, and not a soul save those who knew them in former days on the frontier would have suspected it. Mrs. Frank in evening dress didn't look over 20.

One lovely evening early in August, just about the time that Cadet Capt. Latrobe began to show well to the front in the run for the prize, the two

DEATH AND RUIN. Floods in Texas Again Cause Loss of Life.

THE DELUGE AT WACO. Boats are Used for Navigating the Principal Streets.

BIGGEST RAIN IN 14 YEARS. Reports from Other Towns in that Section of the State Describe Havoc Wrought by a Tornado—Four Miners Drowned at Rosedale.

Waco, Tex., April 28.—An electric storm, accompanied by rain in torrents, occurred here Friday, flooding half of the city and doing great damage to property. The bodies of two known and one unknown dead have been recovered and five other persons are known to have perished. The dead are Mrs. Nancy Caudle and Miss Emma Caudle, her daughter, and an unknown negro. The business streets were converted into rivers. Such a flood was never before seen here. The rain resembled a succession of cloudbursts. Waco creek, on the south side of the city, and Barron's branch on the north side, poured their surplus water toward the center of the city and formed a sea in the business district.

Boats were used in the principal streets to take people to places of safety. In the basement of the Provident bank building, the largest and finest building in the city, water stands four feet deep. A report from Rosedale states that the mines at that place were flooded by the high water, drowning four men.

At the corner of North Second and Barron streets an arched brick bridge, which had withstood floods for 30 years, gave way and three negroes disappeared with the bridge. Their bodies have not been recovered. The storm commenced at 4 p. m. and the water fell in vast sheets, one cloudburst following the other, till watercourses rising above the divides and uniting into a raging sea. The people in the portion of the city suffering most fled from their houses. The firemen and police and hundreds of citizens rushed to the rescue, but the water was too swift for them and at least six persons lost their lives by drowning.

The Bosque river and its tributaries are overflowing a large district and ruining valuable crops. The Brazos river is ten feet above the danger mark and is still rising. The property loss in Waco will be \$50,000. Plum, Tex., April 28.—A tornado passed through the eastern part of this place at noon Friday, destroying several residences and a two-story school building. Fortunately but two people were seriously hurt, one of whom, Eunice Hanks, will die. She was caught between two timbers. About 15 others were slightly hurt. Robert McCluskey's business house and the Baptist church are among the badly wrecked buildings. L. Robertson's residence was demolished and Robertson probably fatally injured. The storm started three miles south of town and was nearly 300 yards wide. The grain crop in the path of the storm is badly damaged and fruit trees are broken and stripped of fruit.

Malibellan's Speech. Indianapolis, April 28.—A reception was given last night at the Central Avenue Methodist church to the Methodist bishops attending the meeting of the episcopal conference. Bishop Malibellan, of Boston, said: "I am glad that both of your senators are Methodists. What a blessing it would be if all of the United States senators were Methodists. I am glad that five of your state officers nominated yesterday are Methodists, for I know that they are headed on the straight road to victory this fall. I am glad also that our president is a Methodist. With the exception of Abraham Lincoln there has been no president of these United States who had greater problems to solve. I wish we could have him for 100 years."

Trouble Brewing for Gates. New York, April 28.—The Times publishes the following: Developments in the affairs of the American Steel and Wire Co. likely to cause a sensation were made known yesterday. Summonses are now in the hands of the law firm of Lamb & Voss, for Chairman John W. Gates of the company's board of directors and John Lambert, the president both of whom left this city for Chicago last Wednesday, and it is the intention of the attorneys to take further legal proceedings. The warrants allege that the law has been violated by Gates and Lambert by their circulation of false statements.

Our Meats Not Excluded. Washington, April 28.—It was possible yesterday to obtain from an authoritative source a full contradiction of the published statement that our meats have been excluded by Germany. A New Lime Combine. Chicago, April 28.—Under the name of the Wisconsin Lime and Cement Co., eight of the leading lime companies of Illinois and Wisconsin have consolidated and absorbed ten Wisconsin plants, having a capacity of 5,000 barrels a day and estimated to be worth \$5,000,000.

Found Dead in the Road. Coloma, Wis., April 28.—Levy Myhill and wife were found shot dead in the road seven miles west of here Friday. The shooting is supposed to have been done by the husband, who fired four shots.

MARCH AND APRIL. Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North. In the South, they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round trip tickets to all principal points in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and West Florida, at about half rates. Write for particulars of excursions to P. Sid Jones, D. P. A., in charge of Immigration, Birmingham, Ala., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

First Medical Student—"I believe in letting well enough alone." Second Medical Student—"Then you'll never make a successful doctor."—Philadelphia Record.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

A Mother's Tears. "I Would Cry Every Time I Washed My Baby." "When he was 3 months old, first festers and then large boils broke out on my baby's neck. The sores spread down his back until it became a mass of raw flesh. When I washed and powdered him I would cry, realizing what pain he was in. His pitiful wailing was heart-rending. I had about given up hope of saving him when I was urged to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, all other treatment having failed. I washed the sores with Hood's Medicated Soap, applied Hood's Olive Ointment and gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. The child seemed to get better every day, and very soon the change was quite noticeable. The discharge grew less, inflammation went down, the skin took on a healthy color, and the raw flesh began to scale over and a thin skin formed as the scales dropped off. Less than two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, aided by Hood's Medicated Soap and Hood's Olive Ointment, accomplished this wonderful cure. I cannot praise these medicines half enough." MRS. GUERINOT, 37 Myrtle St., Rochester, N. Y.

GRAIN-O THE FOOD DRINK. Some people can't drink coffee; everybody can drink Grain-O. It looks and tastes like coffee, but it is made from pure grains. No coffee in it. Grain-O is cheaper than coffee; costs about one-quarter as much.



ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. Price 25 Cents. PURELY VEGETABLE. GENUINE. MUST BEAR SIGNATURE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE. MIKE DONOVAN. Instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club, will publish a series of twenty illustrated boxing lessons in Golden Rule. This will offer its readers the same privileges as those usually enough to belong to a fashionable club. Ask your newsdealer for GOLDEN RULES No. 544, or send \$1 for special subscription covering the lessons to GOLDEN RULES, 24 and 26 Vandewater street, New York.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The best remedy for children and adults. Cures all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, grip, bronchitis and incipient consumption. Price 25c. Use Certain Cough Cure. Price, 25 cents.

WISCONSIN'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. It is a Cough Cure. It is a Lung Cure. It is a Consumption Cure. Use Certain Cough Cure. Price, 25 cents.