

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

"Keep to the right," is the law of the road—Make it a law of your moral code: In whatsoever you determine to do Follow the road of the Good and the True; Follow and fear not; by day and by night, Up hill or down hill, "keep to the right."

Doubt will assail you, temptation will woo— "Keep to the right," for the right is the true; Doubt is a traitor, temptation a shame; A heart that is honest, a life without blame, Will rank you far higher, in worth and renown, Than the grandest of kings, with his scepter and crown.

"Keep to the right," in the journey of life, There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife; The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong, And many go under and many go wrong; He will acquit himself best in the fight, Who shrinks not his duty, and "keeps to the right."

"Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you In touch and accord with the Good and the True; These are the best things in life, after all, They make it worth living, whatever befall, And Death has no terrors, when he comes in sight, For the man who determines to "keep to the right." —Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.



BY BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES KING. A stirring story of Army Life in the Philippines. [Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Nita, if it were only for Mr. Latrobe I should not care a snap of my finger, but it's you—you! I thought you had more sense. I thought you fully understood that you couldn't afford to lose yourself a moment, and yet if ever a girl looked like yielding you did this very afternoon. For my sake, Nita, don't let it go any further—don't fall in love—here—whatever you do."

The younger sister stood at the dressing-table at the moment, her face averted. The Mary Powell was just rounding the point, and the mellow, melodious notes of her bell were still echoing through the Highlands. Nita was gazing out upon the gorgeous effect of sunset light and shadow on the eastern cliffs and crags across the Hudson, a flush as vivid mantling her cheeks, her lips quivering. She was making valiant efforts to control herself before replying.

"I'm not in love with him," she finally said. "Perhaps not—yet. Surely I hope not, but it looks awfully like it was coming—and Nita, you simply mustn't. You've got to marry money if I have to stand guard over you and see you do it—and you know you can this minute—if you'll only listen."

The younger girl wheeled sharply, her eyes flashing. "Peggy, you promised me I shouldn't hear that hateful thing again—at least not until we left here—and you've broken your word—twice. You—"

"It's because I must. I can't see you drifting—the way I did when, with things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living your youth and—advantages, you can pick and choose. Col. Frost has mines and money all over the west, and he was your shadow at the seashore, and all broken up; he told me so when we came here. Paddy Latrobe is a beautiful boy without a penny—"

"His uncle—" began Nita, feebly. "His uncle had a sister to support besides Paddy's mother. His pay as brigadier in the regular service is only \$5,500. He can't have saved much of anything in the past, and he may last a dozen years yet—or more. Even if he does leave everything then to Latrobe, what'll you do meantime? Don't be a fool, Nita, because I was. I had to be. It was that or nothing, and father was getting tired. You heard how he talked."

The younger sister was still at the dressing-table diligently brushing her shining, curly tresses. She had regained her composure and took occasional furtive peeps at Mrs. Frank, now seated at the foot of the bed, busy with a buttonhook and the adjustment of a pair of very dainty boots of white kid, whose buttons gleamed like pearls. The mates to them, half a size smaller, peeped from the tray of Nita's new trunk.

There came a footstep and a rap at the door. "See what it is, Nita, there's a love—I don't want to hop." It was a card—a new arrival at the hotel. "Gentleman said he'd wait in the parlor, 'm," said the bellboy, and vanished. Nita glanced at the card and instantly trouble stood in her paling face. Silently Mrs. Garrison laid out her hand, took the card, and one quick look. The buttonhook dropped from her relaxed fingers. The card read: "Mr. Gouverneur Prime."

For a second or two the sisters gazed at each other in silence. At last the elder spoke. "In heaven's name, what brings that absurd boy back here? I thought him safe in Europe."

CHAPTER IX.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ingenious devotion of a young boy's heart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and though no longer a young girl in years, whatever she might be in looks, Margaret

Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentlemen to the right about, for, though he was only 20, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been ingeniously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature, was "Gov"—a boy still in spite of the budding mustache, the 20 summers and the barely passed "exam" that would up the junior year and entitled him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, cricket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent at one of those healthy, hearty English schools where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "tabooed."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him his check of \$5,000—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was during the "exams," the first week in June, when dropping in for five o'clock tea of some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this wretched little creature whose name he didn't even catch. "We met her way out at a army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and of course we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us know—and she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in and it began to rain—a sudden, drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far west saw plainly enough that her hostesses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to show her further attention, and the newly presented—almost all women, said "so very pleased" but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butler had phoned for a cab. She wouldn't sit there alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime. "The ladies are all busy," she said, with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can tell me. I have to dress for dinner after I get home, and must be at One Hundred and Tenth street at 7:30. How long will it take a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society pin? Why, are you still in college? Why, I thought—"

That cab was 25 minutes coming, and when it came Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had not left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking that carriage drive all alone away up to One Hundred and Tenth street, yet what other way could a girl go in evening dress? He left her at her door with a reluctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light dinner with a half pint of Hoek, devoured her with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward, went to a Harlem theater while she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came forth to be driven home. Seven hours or less "had done the business" so far as Gouverneur Prime was concerned.

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense as was ever that of Arthur Pendennis for the lovely Fotheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung about her in utter captivation, whose voice trembled and whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridge path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark, Cashton—a Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the lie with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashton's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotels, so much frequented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and they could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy adorer that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on time he had sent up his card and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, treading the floor, fuming in doubt and despair until nearly ten, when a carriage dashed

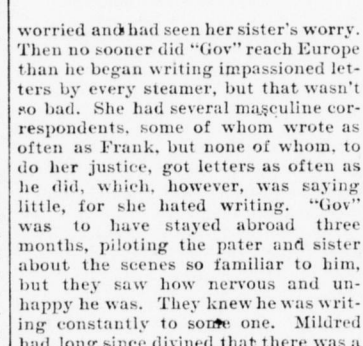
up to the ladies' entrance and that vile Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands outstretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened. I don't know what, a wheel was bent, and the harness wrenched by too short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the piazza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you—"

"He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins. "Then we waited and waited and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

"He's a double-dyed liar!" raved "Gov" furiously. "And so what could I do, 'Gov'? The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful. (This time it wasn't Cashton who lied.) I was worrying about you, and—about myself, too, 'Gov.' It had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint. Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action, he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she hid her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime, Sr., was held by most important business. They gave up the Saturday Cunarder and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor "Gov's" chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Teutonic sailed. Even Nita had



"Would you like to go to her at once?"

worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then no sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than he began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several masculine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to do her justice, got letters as often as he did, which, however, was saying little, for she hated writing. "Gov" was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how nervous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise and did his best to be loving and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health, and, in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let "Gov" return to America. At last one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wandering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fitful, restless and moody all day. No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a grassy bank that ran down to the rippling water's edge, while in reckless abandonment he threw himself at full length on the dewy grass. Instantly the last doubt vanished. Bending over him, her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "Gov, dear boy, is it so very hard? Would you like to go to her at once?"

And the boy buried his face in her lap, twined his arms about her slender waist, and almost groaned aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake help me if you can, Mildred, I'm almost mad." Early in August the swiftest steamer of the line was splitting the Atlantic surge and driving hard for home, with "Gov" cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in mingled delight, triumph and dismay at the card in her hand; delight that she could show these exclusive Pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her beck and call, dismayed to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy

when he saw the devoted attention she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around, and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different cavaliers every day of her life. There were some few people among her accusers, demure and most proper—even prudish—women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could be said.

"Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the coalbin rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted German leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-busted fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face: "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is daft about Nita, and of course she can't let him take her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort to-night."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

KISSED BY THE QUEEN.

Reminiscence of a Bugler Who Was Once Granted Distinguished Consideration.

"To be Knight of the Thistle is a big honor, of course," remarked an old quartermaster sergeant, amidst a discussion among some military men at Chatham, "but I can claim a distinction lots in front of that, or of kissing hands with the queen, as they say of the custom observed by cabinet ministers when taking over the seals of office." "You're chucking it, mon," observed a stalwart sergeant frae the far north. "Well," the veteran non-com. went on to explain, "the good fortune which befell me was to be kissed by the queen," an intimation which caused the little party to gather round yet closer. "You're having us, Jock," observed a credulous corporal, "and if you want the hatchet say so, for the present holder is fair outgassed." "No," the distinguished soldier, as he claimed to be, contended, "it is you that's out of it, as you will see. You may have heard of my being the youngest bugler that took part in the Crimea, and such fact secured for me a place among the survivors who were inspected by the queen after peace was proclaimed."

"When the wounded went by, some in chairs—" "Quite so. Well, I was then a little flaxen-haired, red-cheeked youngster, small for my age, and I suppose contrasted a good deal with the worn veterans. When my turn came to pass her majesty asked how old I was, and on replying a little over 13, at the same time giving quite the best salute possible, the queen said: 'Dear little fellow,' and then gave me a kiss on the cheek. So you see how I came to receive a gracious distinction which from generals downward no other soldier has ever been able to lay claim to. That honor's mine alone."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Necessity.

A physician, returning from his daily rounds of visits, overheard two colored citizens conversing as they plodded homeward from their work. "Is you gwine ter prayer meetin' dis evenin', Jim?" asked one of the pedestrians. "Yes, indeed! I is dat. Is you?" replied the other. "You bet I is!" said the first. "I tell you, I considers religion one uv de necessary ebils!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Soldiers and Capitalists.

Records of the war department show that the whole amount paid by the government for its soldiery for all purposes, including bounty, commutations and pensions, since 1861 to June 30, 1899, is \$2,658,000,000. Treasury records show that the whole amount paid to the creditors and bondholders since 1861 to June 30, 1899, was \$5,768,000,000, or more than twice as much.—Chicago Chronicle.

Terrible Ordeal.

"If you'd been half an hour later," she said, "I don't know what I should have done." "What happened?" he asked. "Why, Mrs. Gadding, next door, has been in here with such an extraordinary tale, which she made me promise I would never breathe to a living soul, that it has seemed as if I positively couldn't wait for you to come home to tell you about it."—Tit-Bits.

Ordained.

"There is no reason why a politician should not be honest." "No; it's just one of those things that happens. There is no particular reason why grass shouldn't be black, but it's green, just the same."—Philadelphia North American.

DOESN'T KNOW RIGHT HAND.

Some Women, Says This Account, Find It Difficult to Distinguish Right from Left.

In some of the little things of life women are absurdly ignorant, says the Chicago Chronicle. "I saw by a paper last week that a colored woman was excluded from testifying in court because she didn't know her right hand from her left, and was, therefore, esteemed too ignorant for her evidence to be of any value," said an observant Chicago man the other day. "Now, do you know I don't believe one woman out of six knows her right hand from her left without stopping to consider the matter."

"I was standing in the foyer of a theater the other day at a matinee watching the audience, mostly fem-

WHEAT FOR MACARONI.

A Foreign Industry Which May Be Suppl'd Soon by American Wheat.

The bureau of foreign commerce has received a letter from Mr. James B. Simpson, of Dallas, Tex., in regard to the wheat which was sent to France to be tested as to its fitness for use in the manufacture of macaroni and similar edible pastes. Mr. Simpson says in part:

"It has been demonstrated beyond question that all northern Texas is perfectly adapted to the growth of the hard, glutinous wheats now in such great demand in France and Italy. The grain I transmitted through your kindness to Consul Covert, of Lyons, upon analysis shows the value of this hard wheat to Texas. With the port of Galveston now

JUDGE WILLIAM H. KING.



The recent special congressional election in Utah, held to choose a successor to Brigham H. Roberts, who was turned down by the house of representatives, terminated in the election of Judge King, the democratic candidate, who ran upon a platform deploring the action of congress in refusing to administer the oath of office to Roberts. The republican convention ignored the Roberts question altogether, and this caused dissatisfaction among the voters of that party who favored a positive utterance against polygamy. The new congressman is a Mormon, but he has never been a polygamist.

ine, as it passed in. Well, each maid handed her check to the usher and he called out: 'First door to the right,' or 'Second door to the left,' as the case might be. With hardly an exception those girls turned in the wrong direction; then they'd pause to consider, exclaim: 'We're going the wrong way,' and skurry back again. "This happened so often that I spoke to the usher about it. "They always do it," he replied, laconically. "I usually point so they'll know the way, but I've neglected to do that to-day. They're all right if they stop to think, but they never do think." "I myself know an intelligent young woman who has to make a little motion as if she were writing with both hands before she can determine the right one, and she declares that all her acquaintances are affected in like manner, so, perhaps, this is a general

open, giving us easy access to Mar-seilles, this wheat is calculated to revolutionize production here. "But the difficulty lies in this: Our farmers here through negligence have mixed the hard and the starchy wheats, and we find it almost impossible to obtain the pure hard grain. I did the best I could in sending Consul Covert the two bushels for analysis and in sending five bushels at your request to the Paris exposition, but all had some grains of soft wheat in it. If the farmers here could obtain the Taganrog hard wheat for seed it would be but a few years before Texas would control the French and Italian markets in this hard wheat."

The Notch.

This is known sometimes as the Crawford Notch, to distinguish it from others in the vicinity. It is a beautiful and impressive valley between Willey

WHEELING IN THE FROZEN NORTH.



Oliver Lawson was the first person riding from Dawson City to Skagway on a bicycle. The entire distance was registered by a cyclometer, with the exception of a boat ride over two lakes, and it was shown to be 34 miles, the first nearly accurate measurement recorded. The ride was accomplished in 14 days. It was not found possible to ride all the way, but Lawson believes that with the lakes frozen and the trails packed hard the time could be reduced to four or five days. The picture here given depicts the adventurer's start and how he carried his baggage.

feminine failing, and the colored witness was unjustly excluded."

Ring in Love and Witchcraft.

The ring has figured not only in domestic concerns—in affairs of love and witchcraft—but in church and state. The Greeks of ancient days elevated the ring from a mere bauble to a sentimental distinction, and ever since that time the ring has assumed a significance accorded to no other article of personal adornment. By them it was regarded as a type of eternity, and became the emblem of stability and affection.

Rio Janeiro's English.

The following amusing notice is written in a cemetery at Rio Janeiro in several languages: "Noble mesdames and gentlemen who may desire a dog to follow in this tombyard will not be permitted unless Jim drawn by a cable round him throttle."

mountain and Mount Webster, in the White mountains of New Hampshire. It contains the famous Willey view and presents a splendid picture, viewed from the surrounding mountains and hills. Speaking of the view from the top of Mount Willard, Bayard Taylor said: "As a simple mountain pass, seen from above, it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland. Something like it I have seen in the Taurus, otherwise I can recall no view with which to compare it."

Cortege of the Czar.

The czar of Russia's suite consists of 173 persons, of whom 73 are general, and 76 extra aids-de-camp. To the suite belong 15 members of the imperial family; 17 princes of not imperial birth; 17 counts, 9 barons and 11 other noblemen. Their nationalities are: 128 Russians, 30 Germans, 6 Finns, 1 Pole, 4 Circassians, 2 Greeks and 1 Roumanians.