AN ASTONISHMENT.

The-e's a mighty curious feller who is livin' out our way,

He never seems as anxious as the rest to
have his say.

He listens to an argument as quiet as kin
be

ever makes an effort to break in an

referee.
An' once upon a time—us folks is talkin' bout it yet—
W, asked him his opinion so's to help de-

cide a bet.

It was on a general topic that excited high and low.

This feller thought a minute. Then he said he didn't know.

We'd heard a lot o' people who had strug-

We'd heard a lot o' people who had struggled to explain

Each query. It 'ud give you palpitation of the brain

To hear the way they figured. An' their words were of such length

That tryin' to remember them was jes' a waste of strength;

But the wisest of them never, with their great display of wit,

Within my recollection made the memorable hit

That he scored when, after thinkin' very carefully an' slow,

He faced the situation, an' confessed he dildn't know.



CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED

Armstrong took the missive held out to him and slowly read it, the general studying his face the while. The let-ter bore no clew as to the whereabouts of the writer. It read:

"March 1, '98. "March I. '98.

"It is six weeks since I repaid all you loving kindness, brought shame and sor row to you and ruin to myself by deserting from West Point when my commission was but a few short months away. In a six of the week since it is the way of the same of the week short months away. In a six of the week short months away. was but a few short months away. In an hour of intense misery, caused by a girl who had won my very soul, and whose words and letters made me believe she would become my wife the month of my graduation, and who, as I now believe, was then engaged to the man she married in January, I threw myself away. My one thought was to find her, and God knows what beyond.

"It can pever be undone. My career is

what beyond.
"It can never be undone. My career is ended, and I can never look you in the face again. At first I thought I should show the letters, one by one, to the man she married, and ask him what he thought of his wife, but that is too low. I hold them because I have a mad longing to see her again and heap reproach upon her, but, if I fail and should I feel at any time that my end is near, I'm going to send them to you to read—to see how I was lured, and then, if you can, to pity and forgive. then, if you can, to pity and forgive. "ROLLIN."

Armstrong's firm lips twitched un der his mustache. The general, with moist eyes, had risen from his chair and mechanically held forth his hand. "Poor lad!" sighed Armstrong. "Of course—you know who the girl was?"

"Oh, of course," and Drayton shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we'll have to go," and led on to

the misty light without.

Over across the way were the head-quarters tents of a big parade, hope-fully awaiting orders for Manila. To their left, separated by a narrow space so crowded were the camps, were the quarters of the officers of the -teenth infantry, and even through the veil of mist both soldiers could plainly see along the line. Coming toward the gate was Mr. Prime, escorted by the major Just behind them followed Mildred and



The letter bore no clew to the whereabouts of the writer.

the attentive Schuyler. But where was Miss Lawrence? Armstrong had already seen. Lingering, she stood a Billy's tent front, her ear inclined to his protruding pate. He was saying some-thing that took time, and she showed no inclination to hurry him. Miss Prime looked back, then she and Schuyler exchanged significant smiles and glances There was rather a lingering hand-clasp before Amy started. Even then

she looked back at the boy and smiled.
"H'm!" said the general, as he gazed. "that youngster wouldn't swap place with any subaltern in camp, even if he

is under charges. There was no answer from the strong oldier standing observant at his elbow But when the chief would have moved Armstrong detained him. "One more question, general. In case you were away and wanted something you had eft in this tent, you would send an aide -or orderly, or-would an order signed by one of your staff be sufficient?"
"H'm, well—yes, I suppose it would,"

said the general.

CHAPTER XII.

Opinion was divided at Camp Merritt st to whether Billy Gray should or should not stand trial. Confident as were his friends of his innocence of all complicity in Morton's escape, there remained the fact that he had telephoned for a carriage, that a carriage had come ful. Full of her purpose, yet fearful that with delay might come timidity, parently soldiers, had driven rapidly she looked up in his face:

townward along Point Lobos avenue. It was seen by half a dozen policemen as it shot under the electric light or gas lamp. Then there was the bundle inside his rolled overcoat that Gray had per-sonally handed Morton when a prison-er. Everybody agreed he should have sent it by orderly—everybody, that is, except some scores of young soldiers in the ranks who could see no harm in it having been done that way, especially two "Delta Sigs" in the -teenth. Ther there were the long conferences in the dark. What did they mean? All things considered, the older and wiser heads saw that, as the lieutenant could or would make no satisfactory explana-tion of these to his colonel, he should to a court-or take the consequences.

"You've made a mess of the thing and an ass of yourself, Billy," was Gordon's comprehensive if not consolatory summary of the matter, "and as Canker has been rapped for one thing or another by camp, division and brigade commanders, one after another, he feels that got to prove that he isn't the only fool in the business. You'd better employ good counsel and prepare for a

"Can't afford it," said Billy, briefly "and I'm blowed if I'll ask my dear old dad to come to the rescue. He's had to cough up (shame on your slang, Billy) far too much already. I tell you Gordon, I'm so fixed that I can't plain these things unless I'm actually brought to trial. It's—it's—well, you have no secret societies at the Point as ve do at college, so you can't fathom t. I'm no more afraid of standing trial than I am of Squeers—and be

"Good Lawd, youngster-you, you aren't quite such an ass as to suppose a court is going to regard any schoolboy obligation as paramount to that which your oath of office demands. Look hyuh, Billy, your head's just addled! I can't work on you, but somebody must!"

And Gordon went away very low in his mind. He liked that boy. He loved a keen, alert, snappy soldier on drill, and Billy had no superior in the bat talion when it came to handling squad or company. The adjutant plainly saw the peril of his position, and further consultation with his brother officers confirmed him in his fears. Schuyler, the brigade commissary, being much with the —teenth—messing with them, with the —teenth—messing with them, in fact, when he was not dancing attendance on Miss Prime—heard all this camp talk and told her. Thus it happened that the very next day when he drove with the cousins (Mr. Prime being the while in conference with the detectives still scouring the city for the young deserter, who the father now felt confident was his missing boy), Miss Lawrence looked the captain full in the face with her clear, searching eyes and plumped at him the point-blank question:

"Capt. Schuyler, do Mr. Gray's brother officers really consider him in dan-ger of dismissal?"
"Miss Lawrence, I grieve to say that

not one has any other opinion now."

There could be no doubt of it. Amy Lawrence turned very pale and her beautiful eyes filled.

"It is a shame!" she said, after a "It is a shame!" she said, after a moment's struggle to conquer the trembling of her lips. "Has—is there no one—influential enough—or with brains enough (this with returning color) to take up his case and clear

him? They were whirling through the beautiful drive of the Golden Gate park, passing company after company at drill. Even as Amy spoke Schuyler lifted his cap and Miss Prime 'owed and smiled. A group of regimental officers, four in number, stood, apparent ly supervising the work, and as Miss Lawrence quickly turned to see who they might be, her eyes met those of Col. Armstrong. Five minutes later the carriage returning drew up, as though by some order from its occupants, at that very spot. Armstrong and his adjutant were still there and promptly

joined them. Long weeks afterward that morning lived in Stanley Armstrong's memory It was one of those rare August day when the wind blew from the south east, beat back the drenching Pacific fogs and let the warm sun pour upon the brilliant verdure of that wonderful Earth and air, distant sea and dazzling sky, all seemed glorifying their Creator. Bright-hued birds flashed through the foliage and thrilled the was not chance that brought the stalwart soldier instantly to Amy's side. Her gaze was upon him before the carriage stopped, and irresistibly drew him. The man of mature years, the hero of sharp combats and stirring campaigns with a fierce and savage foe commander of hundreds of eager gallant men, obeyed without thought of demur the unspoken summons of a girl yet in her teens. There was a new light in her clear and beau tiful eyes, a fluch upon her soft and rounded cheek, a little flutter, possibly in her kind and loyal heart. Heaven knows his heart beat high with an emotion he could not subdue, though his bearing was grave and courteous as ever, but about that sweet and flushing face there shone the balo of a woman's brave determination, and no sooner had he reached the carriage side than, bending toward him, she spoke. Mildred Prime could not repress a little gasp of

"Col. Armstrong, will you kindly open the carriage door? I want to talk with you a moment."

Without a word he wrenched the as a bird she sprang to the ground, her fingers just touching the extended hand. Side by side they strolled away across the sunlit lawn, he so strong virile, erect, she so lissome and graceful. Full of her purpose, yet fearful

to-day that Mr. Gray is in really serious

danger. Will you tell me—the truth?"
Just what Armstrong expected it
might be hard to say. The light that
had leaped to his eyes faded slowly and
his face lost something of the flush of robust health. There was a brief pause before he spoke as though he wished time to weigh his words.
"I fear it is true," he gravely said.

Then in a moment: "Miss Lawrence. will you not take my arm?" And he felt her hand tremble as she placed it there. It was a moment before she began again.

"They tell me he should have counsel. but will not heed. I have not seen him to-day. There is no one in his battalion. it seems, whom he really looks up to. He is headstrong and self-confident. Do you think he should—that he needs one?" And anxiously the brave eyes

sought the strong, soldierly face.
"It would seem so, Miss Lawrence." She drew a long breath. She seemed to cling a little closer to his arm. Then straight came the next question:

"Col. Armstrong, will you do me a great favor? Will you be his counsel?" He was looking directly to the front as she spoke. Something told him what was coming, yet he could not answer all at once. What did it mean, after all, but just what he had been thinking for ek, that the girl's fresh young heart had gone out to this merry, hand some, soldierly lad, whom he, too, had often marked with keen appreciation when in command of his big company at drill. What possible thought of hers at drill. could he, "more than twice her years," have ever hoped to win? She had come to him in her sore trouble-and her lover's-as she would have gone to her father had he been a soldier schooled in such affairs. Armstrong pulled himself together with quick, stern self-com-

Looking down, he saw that her eye were filling, her lips paling, and a rush of tenderness overcame him as he simply and gently answered:

Yes, and there is no time to be lost.' All these last days, it will be remem pered, Mrs. Frank Garrison with pret ty *Cherry Ripe" had found shelter at the Presidio. The palace was no place for a poor soldier's wife, and there no longer a grateful nabob as a possible source of income. It is doubtful indeed whether that mine could be further tapped, for the effusive brother-in-law of the winter gone by had found dis Illusion in more ways than one. Garrison, busy day and night with his staff duties, had plainly to tell his capri-cious wife that she had come without his knowledge or consent, and that he could not think of meeting the expense of even a two weeks' stay in town. He could not account for her coming at He had left her with his own people where at least she would be in comort while he took the field. He desired that she should return thither at once She determined to remain and gayly tapped his cheek and bade him hav no concern. She could readily find quarters, and so she did. The regu-lar garrison of the Presidio was long since afield, but the families of most of its officers still remained there, while the houses of two or three, completely furnished so far as army furnishings go were there in charge of the post quar termaster. From being the temporary guests of some old friends, Mrs. Frank and her pretty companion suddenly opened housekeeping in one of these vacated homes, and all her witchery was called into play to make it the most popular resort of the younger ele-ment at the post. Money she might lack, but no woman could eclipst her in the dazzle of her dainty toilets. The Presidio was practically at her feet before she had been established 48 hours Other peoples' vehicles trundled her over to camp whenever she would drive. Other peoples' horses stood saddled a her door when she would ride. Other peoples' servants flew to do her bidding. Women might whisper and frown, but for the present, at least, she had the men at her beck and call. Morn, noon and night she was on the go, the mornings being given over, as a rule, to a gallop over the breezy heights where the brigade or regimental drills were going on, the afternoons to calls, wherein it is ever more blessed to give than receive-and the evenings to hor at the assembly room, or to entertain ing-charmingly entertaining the little through the foliage and through of her own sex, sure to group in an ear with their caroling. The plash of fountain feli softly on the breeze, minspend an hour. "Cherry" played and spend an hour. "Cherry" played and sang and "made eyes" at the boys. Mrs. swarm of officers with occasional angel ous to everybody, and when Garrison hymself arrived from camp, generally late in the evening, looking worn and jaded from long hours at the desk, she had ever a comforting supper and smil ing, playful welcome for her lord, mak ing much of him before the assembled company, to the end that more than one callow sub was heard to say that there would be some sense in marrying, b George, if a fellow could pick up a wife like Mrs. Frank. All the same the post soon learned that the supposedly l aide-de-camp breakfasted solus on what he could forage for himself before h mounted and rode over to his long day labor at Camp Merritt. Another thing was speedily apparent, the entente cordiale between her raidiant self and the Primes was at an end, if indeed it ever She, to be sure, was sunshine itself when they chanced to meet at camp. The clouds were on the faces of the father and daughter, while Miss

> They were lingering in 'Frisco, still hopefully, were the Primes. The detectives on duty at the landing stage the evening Stewart's regiment em-barked, swore that no one answering the description of either of the two oung men had slipped aboard. Those in the employ of the sad old man were persistent in the statement that they had clews—were on the scent, etc. He was a sheep worth the shearing, and so, while Mr. Prime spent many hours in

Lawrence maintained a serene neutral

"Col Armstrong, I have heard only | consultation with certain or these socalled sleuth-hounds, the young ladies took their daily drive through the park generally picking up the smiling Schuyler somewhere along the way, and rarely omitting a call, with creature comforts in the way of baskets of fruit, upon the happy Billy, whose limits were no longer restricted to his tent, as during the first week of his arrest, but whose court was ordered to sit in judgment on him the first of the com ing week. Already it began to be whispered that Armstrong had a mine to spring in behalf of the defense, but he was so reserved that no one, even Gor-

don, sought to question. "Armstrong is a trump!" said Billy to Miss Lawrence, one fair morning "He'll knock those charges sillythough I dare say I could have wormed through all right; only, you see, I couldn't get out to find people to give evidence for me."

"Do you-see him ofter?" she asked. somewhat vaguely.

"Armstrong!" exclaimed Billy, in open-eyed amaze. "Why, he's here with "But never," thought Miss Lawrence,

"in the morning—when we are."

The eventful Monday was duly ush-

ered in, but not the court. That case



"Armstrong will knock these charges silly,

never came to trial. Like the crack of a whip an order snapped in by wire on the Thursday previous—three regiments, the -teenth regulars and the "Primeval Dudes," Armstrong's splen-did regiment among them—to prepare for sea voyage forthwith. More than that, Gen. Drayton and staff were directed to proceed to Manila at once. Two-thirds of the members of the court were from these regiments. A new detail would be necessary. The general sent for Armstrong.

"Can't we try that case here and now?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Armstrong, "if you'll send for Canker that he may be

[To Be Continued.]

Sage of Sawhaw Says

A man can fight at the drop of the hat, but you can't count on his paying for his wife's in any such spontaneous fashion. The only way to find out what you

really amount to is to get the opinion of an intelligent and honest antagonist. A fool's mouth is always open for en-

gagements. People who arrive at the top Fame's tower in an elevator soon be-

ome dizzy and tumble off. Don't flatter yourself to save others the trouble. They won't appreciate it.
Some men are only prevented from grumbling all the time by the necessity

of sleep.

A boy's greatest hero is the man who

tells him the biggest lies. The man who laughs at his own jokes should wear a placard citing his excuse for living .- Chicago Democrat.

Saved His Pet's Life. Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, when he was gig's midshipman in the Tweed at Rio, got hold of a small monkey, which he smuggled aboard in the captain's cloak bag, and then stowed in the scuttle of the mid's berth, as pets of that nature were not allowed. When under sail Keppel was invited to dine with the captain, and unluckily the monkey, who had been let for a run by a mess-mate, found its way to the cabin. The captain called the sentry and ordered him to throw the poor little beast overboard, but the marine's first movement frightened the monkey and sent it flying onto Keppel's shoulders, clutching him round the forehead with its paws Of course this at once proved who was the culprit, but the captain relented and the monkey was saved .- Chicago Times-Herald.

High Lights.

Follow the straight line in morals and the curved line in manners If gratitude is allowed to cool it will

be found only half as troublesome.

Anything worth doing at all is worth doing before you get out of the notion If a man gives a girl his picture in a frame, she thinks it is as good as a pro-

When one small boy halloos any other boy answers him, no matter whether he knows him or not. Man is the architect of his own for-

tune, but he couldn't put the preliminary contract in writing.

People who can enjoy only the best of everything acquire a self-satisfied air, but they miss lots of fun.—Chicago

Out of the Mouths of Babes

A small boy, on hearing some people say that they should not consider themselves properly married if they were not married in church, said: "I should consider myself properly married if I got a good wife."—Sidney Town and Country Journal.

Sometimes a Drawback.

Many a man's ability to get credit has prevented him from acquiring wealth.—Chicago Daily News.

A GREAT FAILURE. Morning

A New York Firm Makes an Assignment.

Price, McCormick & Co., Cotton and Stock Brokers, Suspend Payment —Liabilities are Said to Aggregate Nearly \$13,000,000

New York, May 25 .- Price, McCormick & Co., one of the largest brokerage houses in the city, failed Thursday with liabilities estimated at \$13, 000,000. The firm is a member of the 000,000. The arm is a member of the stock, cotton and produce exchanges and of the Chicago stock exchange, and has branch offices in about 30 cities throughout the United States. The failure is ascribed to the fact that the firm was long of cotton in the face of a fast falling market. A notice on the doors of the offices of the company referred all inquiries to William J. Curtis and William N. Cromwell, assignees. Mr. Cromwell said the total liabilities are about \$13,000,000, nearly all of which is se-

cured.

The firm is composed of Theodore
H. Price, William G. McCormick, R.
G. M. Stewart-Wortley and Walter W.
Price, with George Crocker, of San
Francisco, a special partner, on an
investment of \$500,000. Mr. McCormick
is of the well-known Chicago family
of agricultural implement fame, and of agricultural implement fame, and Stewart-Wortley is a son-in-law of Rear Admiral Schley. The firm was organized January 2, 1897. Of the partners Mr. Crocker is now in Eu-rope and Mr. Stewart-Wortley is on his way back from Europe. Early in the day rumors were cur-rent that a prominent firm was in trouble and shortly before the official announcement of the suspension was

announcement of the suspension was made, it was generally understood that Price, McCormick & Co. was the house referred to. Prior to the for-mal announcement the cotton market had broken over 20 points under terrific selling for both accounts from all directions. The firm has long been regarded as the leading support-er of the market, and at one time it was said they were going to put August cotton up to ten cents. The de-cline of the past month, however, was against them, and despite their efforts they could not hold the mar-

ket up.
Following the announcement of Following the announcement of the failure the cotton market became panic-stricken and broke 10 to 13 points. The extent of the decline from the highest price when the bull movement culminated has been 122 points. Later in the session the market became more quiet, but continued the points of the market became more quiet, but continued to show a weak undertone on the generally very favorable crop ac-

Early in the day rumors were current on the stock exchange that there was some outside trouble, and by the was some outside trouble, and by the time the failure was formally an-nounced from the rostrum of the stock exchange the room and the street were prepared for the news. Nevertheless, it had its effect. There was a rush to sell that carried prices down sharply. There was a decline of about 1 per cent in the standard railway shares and from 2 to $2V_2$ per cent, in the balance of the list.

list.
While the firm was also a member of the produce exchange, the effect of the failure there was almost wholly sentimental.

ly sentimental.

Assignees Curtis and Cromwell make the following announcement regarding the failure:

"To the creditors of Price, McCormick & Co.: We ask and advise that creditors holding stocks, bonds and other collateral to loans, and already wall margined below." well margined, hold the loans until reasonable opoprtunity be afforded the assignees to deal with the same, that unnecessary loss may be avoid-

ALLEGED DYNAMITERS.

Trial of Men Accused of Trying to Destroy a Welland Canal Lock Begins. Welland, Ont., May 25.—The trial of Dullman, Nolin and Walsh, chargd with attempting to destroy Lock No. 24 of the Welland canal, was be gun here Thursday.

Mr. Johnston, the crown prosecu-

tor, in addressing the jury, said he proposed to show in the evidence that Walsh and Nolin committed the crime and to show the connection of Dulltrolling the other two.

Several witnesses were heard, the several witnesses were heard, the evidence being with a view to identifying Walsh and Nolin as the men who took valises to the Welland canal on the night of the explosion. Miss Constable swore she had seen the two men go to the lock with their valises and leave hurriedly just before the explosion. the explosion

Anti-Saloon League's Convention.

Chicago, May 25.—The annual convention of the Anti-Saloon league began a four days' session here Thursday, 30 states being represented. At day, 30 states being represented. At the close of the address of President Price, Rev. H. H. Adams, superintend-ent for Iowa, said: "What can you tell us, Mr. President, of the stand of President McKinley on the liquor question?" Objections were made to the timeliness of the query, but Pres-ident Price overruled them and said: ident Price overruled them and said:
"I sat for years by the side of Wil-liam McKinley in the house of repre-sentatives and know him for a very pure and clean man. My opinion is that he is a practical temperance man."

Wood Orders an Overhauling.

Havana, May 25 .- Mr. Bristow, actng director general of posts, has abolished the solicitor's bureau, appointing in its place a law clerk, with pointing in its place a law clerk, with one stenographer, and thus saving \$2,700 annually. Many other reforms are promised. The inspectors are still basy over the postal accounts, and they say it will be a month before their report will be ready. Gen. Wood has ordered that every department of the island be thoroughly overhauled. The auditors are now dealing with the treasury and with the North American Trust Co.

Tiredness.

fs a serious complaint. It's a warning that should be heeded. It is different from an honest tired feeling. It is a sure sign of poor blood. You can cure it by making your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is what other people dothousands of them. Take a few bottles of this medicine now and you will not only get rid of that weak, languid, exhausted feeling, but it will make you feel well all through the summer.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired feeling and did not have life or ambition to ac-

ing and did not have life or ambition to ac complish my usual amount of household work. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief and also cured a scroʻula tendency." Mrs. R. Merritt, Dowagiac, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best Medicine Money Can Buy.

RAIN THE FOOD DRINK.

Coffee injures growing children, even when it is weakened. Grain-O gives them brighter eyes, firmer flesh, quicker intelligence and happier dispositions. They can drink all they want of Grain-O-the more the better-and it tastes like coffee.

All grocers; 15c, and 25c.

In the Lake Country

In the Lake Country
of Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, there are hundreds of
the most charming Summer Resorts awaiting the arrival of thousands of tourists
from the South and East.
Among the list of near by places are Fox
Lake, Delavan, Lauderdale, Waukesha,
Oconomowoc, Palmyra, The Dells at Kilbourn, Elkhart and Madison, while a little
further off are Minnecqua, Star Lake, Frontenac, White Bear, Minnetonka and Marquette on Lake Superior.
For pamphlet of "Summer Homes for
1900," or for copy of our handsomely illustrated Summer book, entitled "In The Lake
Country," apply to nearest ticket agent or
address with four cents in postage, Geo. H.
Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old
Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Golden Rule in Texas.

The Golden Rule in Texas.

When men learn to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, horse trading will have become one of the lost arts.—Galveston News.

The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the feminine organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a wo-P222 P2 ..

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FOR THE COMPLEXION Price 26 Cents Purely Vegetable.

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