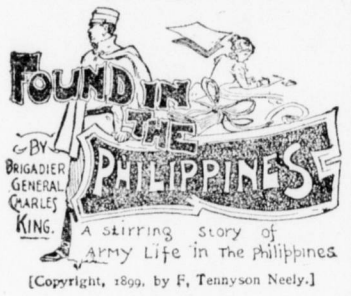


WHEN ROSINA COMES.

Rain may fall a pouring torrent,
Skies above be dark and drear.
Winds may howl with sound abhorrent—
When Rosina comes to see us
All the world seems bright and clear.



CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

And Canker came and listened. It was admitted that Gray had had a long talk with the prisoner, took him his overcoat, newspapers, etc., but, in extension, they were members of the same college society and their social standing was, outside the army, on the same plane. Gray deserved reprimand and caution—nothing more. As to the carriage, he had nothing to do with the one that drove to camp that night. A man in the uniform of a commissary sergeant giving the name of Foley (how Canker winced) had ordered it at the stable and taught the driver "Killarney." Gray had phoned for a carriage for himself, hoping to get the officer of the day's permission to be absent two hours to tell his story in person to the general, who was dining with the department commander. He never got the permission, and the carriage went to the wrong camp. Lieut. W. F. Gray was released from arrest and returned to duty.

petitors, even though every competitor believed itself more than a match for the Dudes if actual campaigning and fighting were in contemplation. Senators and members from the states represented by the volunteers at San Francisco led burdensome lives, for officers and men were pulling every wire to secure the longed-for orders for an immediate voyage to Manila, when, all on a sudden, the hopes of all were crushed. Spain had begged for peace. "No more men can be sent to Manila," said the officials consulted, and Camp Merritt put on mourning forthwith.

CHAPTER XIII.
Still another expedition was destined to start for Manila, and was known as the rivalry among the regiments held to daily drill at San Francisco. The rumor was current in the camps that the next review was to decide the matter, and that the commands pronounced to be foremost in discipline and efficiency would be designated to embark.

outsiders,' as he said, could buy off witnesses. It was plain that he considered himself out of his jurisdiction, and that he resented my staff officer's questions. But Dr. Morrow had appealed to me in behalf of Gray. Said that if compelled to continue a prisoner aboard that transport under Canker's tyrannical rule Gray might be goaded into insanity. He was in a condition bordering on brain fever when Morrow came to see me, and in another day was raving. That settled it. I ordered him taken off and placed in hospital here, and Canker had to go without him. But I wish you would see Armstrong and tell him about Gray, so that I may know the whole situation as soon as I return. Canker evidently intended not to let us know his proofs. He probably believes that he will find a more credulous and complaisant listener in Drayton; but his insinuations pointed to Gray as at least an abettor in the theft, and he went so far as to say that if Armstrong could be brought before the court some very interesting testimony could be dragged from him. and, finally, that both Armstrong and Mrs.—well, the wife of a staff officer who is already well on the way to Manila—might be compelled to testify. I cannot bring myself to repeat more of what he said; but he was in ugly and almost defiant mood, and I had to give him a dressing down. You may say to Armstrong for me that I do not believe one word of Canker's calumny at his expense or that of the lady in the case. But he declared his intention of laying the whole matter before Gen. Drayton immediately on his arrival, and it is best that Armstrong should be prepared. As for the lady, Canker said she and Armstrong were very close friends when they were at Fort Stanhope ten years ago, though they no longer meet as such.

Uncle Bob—Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.
Johnny—I wish ma's slipper didn't.—N. Y. Journal.

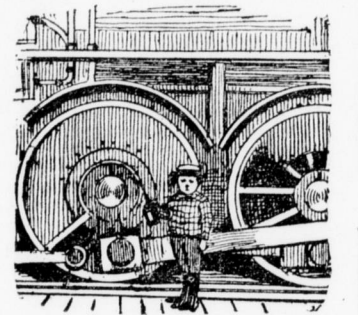
conscious of this latest indignity, he wondered if Amy Lawrence yet knew of that serious seizure, and, if she did, what would be her sensations. Down the winding, sloping road he urged his way, Glencoe, his pet charger, marveling at the unusual gait. The cape of the sentry's overcoat whirled over the sentry's head and swished his cap off as he presented arms to the tall soldier spurring past the guardhouse. "I envy no one who has to put to sea this day," said Armstrong to himself, as he turned to the right and reined up in front of a little brown cottage peeping out from a mass of vines and roses, shivering in the wet wind. Half a dozen strides took him across the narrow walk and up the wooden steps. With sharp emphasis he clanged the little gong bell screwed to the back of the door and waited impatient of the servant's coming. There was no answer. He rang again and still again, and no one came. A glance at the windows told that the white lace curtains hung there draped as prettily as ever. Fresh flowers stood on the window sill. A shawl and a pillow, the latter indented as by a human head, lay in the lounging chair on the little porch. Another chair stood but a few feet away. There was even a fan, though fans in a "Priso" summer are less needed than furs; but nowhere saw he other sign of the temporary mistress of the house. He went round to a side window and rapped. No answer. Then he turned to the walk again, and, taking the reins, bade the orderly inquire next door if Mrs. Garrison could be found. Yes, was the answer; she went driving to Golden Gate Park with Mrs. Stockman an hour ago, and Mrs. Stockman was to leave for Los Angeles that night. Odd! If Mrs. Garrison drove to Golden Gate Park the easiest and best way was that along which he came, and he had met no carriage. In fact, not since that night at the Palace had he set eyes on Mrs. Garrison, or until the coming of this sorrowful news about Gray had he cared to. From all that he heard Mrs. Frank was enjoying herself at the Presidio. Cherry having gone one way and her devotee another, Mrs. Frank speedily summoned a chum of old garrison days to come and keep house with her for awhile, and Mrs. Stockman, whose lord had left her at the call of duty, and gone to Manila with his men, right gladly accepted and much enjoyed the fun and frolic that went on night after night in Mrs. Frank's cozy parlor, or the mild flirtation, possibly, in the recesses of Mrs. Frank's embowered porch. The last expedition had borne off almost all the "regular" element at the post, but had not left it poor, for, fast as camp grounds could be made ready for them, vastly to the disgust of the saloon keepers and street car magnates who had reaped rich harvest from Camp Merritt, regiment after regiment, the volunteers came marching over from the malodorous sand lots and settled down in sheltered nooks about the Presidio. So cavaliers in plenty were still to be had, cavaliers whose wives and sweethearts, as a rule, were far away; and Mrs. Frank loved to console such as were so bereft. The chafing dish and Scotch and soda were in nightly request; and even women who didn't at all fancy Mrs. Frank, and spoke spitefully of her among themselves, were not slow to come "for just a minute," as they said, as the evenings wore on, and to stay and chat with various visitors—it was so lonely and poky over home with the children asleep and nothing to do. Women there were who never darkened Mrs. Garrison's door after the first formal calls; but they were of those who deeply felt the separation from all they held most dear, and who, forbidden themselves, heard with envy and even distress her gay assertion that she would sail for Manila the moment the Queen of the Fleet was ready. From what source—or circumstance—did she derive her influence?

They are afraid of War.
One cause of the increase of immigration into the United States is said to be the apprehension of a great war in Europe.

BOY WITH A HOBBY.
Master Hume Gibson Richards Is a Mechanical Prodigy.

Although but Four Years of Age He Can Run a Locomotive and Enjoys a Night Ride Over the Western Mountains.

Master Hume Gibson Richards is the youngest locomotive driver in the world. Indeed, he is not only a mechanical prodigy, but is as remarkable for his knowledge in other lines. Before he was three years old he astonished the railroad men of the west by his great knowledge of mechanics. He knew every part of the intricate locomotive, could name those parts by their technical terms, and describe their functions with exact precision and readiness. Repeated tests have been made of his singular knowledge of mechanics by experts, and the results have astounded the wise ones. On one occasion Master Richards was taken to the locomotive works of one of the Chicago railroads and he named the various parts of a locomotive before they were put together. Those who witnessed the test were forced to the belief that the youngster could build a locomotive by direction. He has been to the scene of wrecks several times and the points of interest to him were the smashed engines and cars. He would look over the demolished locomotives just as an "old-timer" would do, and within the same length of time give with technical skill a detailed account of the damage sustained by the engine. There are thousands of railroad cars operated in this country and Canada by the various railroads. Master Richards has never failed yet in designating the roads to which these cars belong. He knows by the initials painted thereon.



OILING AROUND THE ENGINE. (One of the favorite occupations of little Hume Richards.)

plains and mountainous highlands. To him such experiences have become as commonplace as to the engineers themselves. In fact, he is as much at home in the cab of a locomotive as the man at the throttle or the man who shovels coal in the firebox. Fear has never entered his mind while riding at the greatest speed in the cab of an engine. On some of his trips to and across the Rocky mountains he has fallen asleep alongside the boiler on the fireman's side of the cab. He would slumber soundly while the iron steed whirled around reverse curves, thundered up and down steep grades and through deep-walled cuts and rolled over level plains along those western overland routes. To him nothing is more interesting and absorbing.

AN AGED PENSIONER.

Hiram Cronk, the Only Man Survivor of the American War with England in 1812.

While many thousands of those who participated in the civil war still live and draw pensions, only one survivor of the war of 1812 exists. He is Hiram Cronk and is 190 years old. He lives at Dunn Brook, Oneida county, N. Y., and is the only pensioner of that war. He was born in Frankfurt, Herkimer county, N. Y., of sturdy Holland Dutch stock, of the family which has become famous through its litigation to regain the Cronk estates in the fatherland.



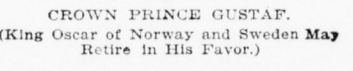
HIRAM CRONK. (Only Male Survivor of the Anglo-American War of 1812.)

Issues of the war and he, with his father and two brothers, John and Jephtha, enlisted in the United States army and went to Sackett's Harbor, where he served for about 100 days. Hiram was so young and of such slight build that the other soldiers tried to joke with him, saying that if he were his father could pick him up and carry him into a place of safety. Such an act was, however, unnecessary, for in a skirmish with the British the youthful soldier carried himself so well and with such a military bearing that Capt. Davis, who had command of the troops, said that if he had a regiment of such soldiers he could go into Canada and fight the enemy on their own grounds. For his services Mr. Cronk receives a pension of eight dollars per month.

TO BE MADE KING.

Sweden Desires to Retire the Venerable Oscar and Elevate Gustaf to the Throne.

Prince Gustaf of Sweden and Norway, in whose favor it is proposed to retire King Oscar, is the heir apparent to the throne and represents a political party diametrically opposed to that which rallies around the aged monarch. His majesty's recent expression of sympathy for Britain has roused popular feeling in Sweden, where the masses are all for the Boers. It is reported that the cabinet will request the king to abdicate on June 16, which is the birth anniversary of the crown prince. Gustaf is the most unpopular member of the royal family. If the election of a king were left to the people the choice would undoubtedly fall on Prince Karl, the third son of Oscar II. Gustaf is very radical in his opinions of the correct policy toward Norway, and it is known that he is bitterly opposed to the late action of the king in recalling Swedish officers from the sister country at the request of the Norwegians.



CROWN PRINCE GUSTAF. (King Oscar of Norway and Sweden May Retire in His Favor.)

Joseph Jensen, a clockmaker, of Richfield, Utah, has just completed an interesting clock, which, besides striking the hours, halves and quarters and showing the phases of the moon, tells what time it is in every city in the world. This is done by means of a globe which revolves within a transparent globular glass. On this glass is marked a line representing 12 o'clock noon, and as the globe revolves this line is always directly over that part of the world where it is noon at that time. There are other lines representing the different hours, and in this way it is a very simple matter to get the exact time at any given place.

Progress in Dawson City. Dawson City has two steam fire engines, 14 patent fire extinguishers, one hook-and-ladder truck, two hose carts and 6,000 feet of hose and has a paid fire department of 20 men.