as he presented arms to the tall soldier

spurring past the guardhouse. "I envy no one who has to put to sea this day,"

aid Armstrong to himself, as he turned

to the right and reined up in front of

little brown cottage peeping out from mass of vines and roses, shivering

ook 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 com-

gain and still again, and no one came

white lace curtains hung there draped as prettily as ever. Fresh flowers stood on the window sill. A shawl and

pillow, the latter indented as by a human head, lay in the lounging chai

on the little porch. Another chair stood but a few feet away. There was

ven a fan, though fans in a 'Fris

summer are less needed than furs; but nowhere saw he other sign of the tem

porary mistress of the house. He went round to a side window and rapped.

No answer. Then he turned to the

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

for Los Angeles that night. Odd! In 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 ga

ison 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 en-joyed 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 em-bowered porch. The last expedition

had borne off almost all the "regular"

poor, for, fast as camp grounds could

be made ready for them, vastly to the disgust of the saloon keepers and street

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 cavalier

whose wives and sweethearts, as a rul-

console such as were so bereft. The chafing dish and Scotch and soda

en who didn't at all fancy Mrs. Frank, and spoke despitefully of her among

with various visitors—it was so lon some and poky over home with the chi

dren asleep and nothing to do. Wome there were who never darkened Mr

Garrison's door after the first formal

calls; but they were of those who deep ly felt the separation from all they hel most dear, and who, forbidden them

tress her gay assertion that she would

sail for Manila the moment the Queen of the Fleet was ready. From what

[To Be Continued.]

A Natural Mistake.

G. Thurman, of Ohio, was engaged as counsel in a lawsuit which was tried before a country judge in one of the

state. Opposing Judge Thurman was

wore his hair pompadour, assumed an

air of great dignity and was apparently greatly impressed with his own impor-

the progress of the trial Thurman re-ferred to his legal opponent as "Mr.

Necessity." The young man arose whenever this occurred and with great

gravity reminded the court that his

offense had been repeated about a dozer

times, the pompous attorney exclaimed

"I must again remind counsel upon the

other side that my name is Cassidy.

can't understand why he persists is maintaining that it is Necessity. "

beg the gentleman's pardon," said Thurman. "The reason I keep getting

sume, due to the fact that the latter

Civilization and Judgment.

"You look sweet enough to eat," he exclaimed, carried away by his admir-

"I mean," he corrected, seeing that he had made a mistake somewhere,

'that you look sweet enough to kiss.

"Ah," she replied, now entirely appeased, "there spoke a civilized man of judgment."

Sometimes but a single missionary

is needed to bring about a conver

But It Always Does.

Uncle Bob—Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

Johnny-I wish ma's slipper didn't

Worry and Work.

It is said that worry kills more peo-ple than work—probably because more people worry than work.— Chicago

him confused with Necessity

'Cannibal!" she hissed.

sion.-Chicago Post.

-N. Y. Journal.

knows no law."

ation.

Upon several occasions during

was Cassidy. Finally, after the

A few years before his death Allen

-or eircumstance-did she de

car magnates who had

element at the post, but had not left it

ago, and Mrs. Stockman was to leave

There was no answer. He rang

in the wet wind. Half a dozen stric

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.

Oh, the music of her laughter! Oh, the sunshine in her eyes!
How it lingers, long time after!
When Rosina comes to see us
Gladness comes, and discord dies.

Oh, the sympathy and sweetness That she has for everyone!
Sorrow flies with sudden fleetness
When Rosina comes to see us—
As the mists before the sun.

She's a bit of Heaven's own beauty-And to her, what is, is best—
Life means love—and sweet is duty.
When Rosina comes to see us
On that day we have been blest!
-Judith Spencer, in Good Housekeeping.



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 extenuation, they were members of the same college societs 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. 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 "Killar-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 de-partment commander. He never got the permission, and the carriage went to the wrong camp. Lieut. W. F. Gray was released from arrest and returned "I shall never be able to thank you

enough," said he, sentimentally, to Miss Lawrence, at the Palace that evening They were strolling up and down the corridor, waiting, as was Schuyler, for Mildred to come down for the theater Gray's curly head was inclined toward the dark locks of his fair partner. His eyes were fastened on her faintly flushing face. They made a very pretty pic-ture, said people who looked on knowingly, and so thought the officer in the uniform of a colonel of infantry, who while talking calmly to Mr. Prime full 30 yards away, watched them with eyes that were full of sadness. How could he see at that distance that her eyes, clear and radiant, were seldom uplifted to the ardent gaze of her escort, and were at the moment looking straight at him? How could he hear at that distance the prompt response, given with an inclination of the bonny head to indicate her meaning?

'There's where your thanks are due, Mr. Gray.

Quite a gathering of army folks was at the Palace that night. So many wives or sweethearts were going home wives or sweethearts were going nome, to many soldiers abroad, and Mrs. frank Garrison, gay and gracious, passed them time and again, leaning on the arm of Capt. McDonald, a new devotee, while poor Cherry, with an enamored swain from the Presidio, languished in a dim, secluded corner. She had been recalled by parental au-thority and was to start for Denver under a matronly wing on the morrow.

Mrs. Frank had been bidden, and expected, to go at the same time, but that authority was merely marital. Up to this time not one army wife had been permitted to accompany her husband on any of the transports to Manila, though one heroine managed to get carried away and to share her liege lord's stateroom as far as Honolulu. The general and his staff, with a big regiment of volunteers, were to sail on the morrow, the other regiments as fast as transports could be coaled and made ready.

Something in Mrs. Garrison's gay triumphant manner prompted a sore hearted woman, suffering herself at the coming parting, to turn and say: "Well, Mrs. Garrison, I suppose that after your husband sails you'll have to follow the rest of us into grass-widow

One thing that made women hate Margaret Garrison was that she "could never be taken down," and the answer came cuttingly, as it was meant to go, even though a merry laugh went

"Not I! When the ship I want is ready

But as she turned triumphantly and there was an instant's falter. though he had heard her words, Stan-ley Armstrong too had suddenly turned and stood looking sternly into her eyes

CHAPTER XIII.

Still another expedition, was destined to start for Manila, and keen was 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. The transports that had conveyed the earlier expeditions to the Philippines be gan to reappear in the bay, and coaling and refitting were hurried to the ut most. The man most eager to get away was Stanley Armstrong; and if merit were to decide the matter it was con-

petitors, even though every competitor pelieved 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 Sar 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.

But Armstrong had been studying the situation and was not easily daunt ed. He was a man whose opinion car ried weight, and from the very first he had maintained that while 15,000 or 20,-000 might be men enough to hold Manila, 50,000 might not be enough to sublue at once the forcès of Aguinaldo ir case they should turn upon the Ameri-cans, which, said he, placidly, they will nost certainly do before we are a year

The Dudes, therefore, much to their isgust, were kept steadily at work Other regiments, profiting by example followed suit; but in others still, a small proportion of their membership believing, as they said, that the "jig was up," took to lawless and unhal lowed expression of their disgust and became thereby a nuisance to the neighborhood. San Franciscans, who had wept copiously when others sailed away, would have seen these patriots

"Every man of this command will

yet be needed and yet be sent," said Armstrong. So, too, did the veteran division commander, and the brigade took heart accordingly. The last of the regulars, with the recruit detachments for regiments already in the Philip pines, had been shipped to Honolulu there to await orders, and September seemed destined to go by without a change for the better in the prospects of the men still left in camp about the reservation. The Primes, convinced at last that the boy they sought was not to be found in California, had gone to Santa Anita visiting their kindred, the Lawrences; and Armstrong, buckling down to hard and constant work, was striving to persuade himself that he did not care that the mornings no longer brought with them the carriage and the fair face of that gentle girl; the department commander himself had gone to take a look at his new responsibil-ities in Hawaii; little Mrs. Garrison still held court, though with diminshed retinue, at the Presidio, when one lay, just as October was ushered in. there came a message from the adju-tant general in town. Would Arm-strong drop in at the office at the first opportunity? A matter of some importance had come up in the general's first letter from Honolulu, one on which Armstrong's opinion was desired; and the colonel, hoping for tidngs of a chance to move even that far to the front, made immediate oppor-tunity and took the first car for the Phelan building. The adjutant general looked up from a littered desk as

Armstrong entered.
"It is good of you to come so promptly," said he. "I'm in a stew, to tell the



truth and I want your advice." Ther be tapped his bell. one who comes for the next ten mir said he to the attendant who "I have business with Col entered. Armstrong.

No soner did the orderly vanish than man of the saddle. "Armstrong," said he, "you defended Gray and proved him innocent. What else has Canker gainst him? "Nothing that I know of-why?"

"Because he's got him in arrest again at Honolulu, and the chief is worked up over something. Look here—do you suppose—did you ever hear about cerain letters that were stolen from Gen Dayton's tent?"

"I heard—yes. Why?" And the look of disappointment which had appeared in the grave face of the colonel gave

way to one of alert interest.

"Just read that," said the staff official, holding forth a letter. "Begin there at 'Later!"

And Armstrong read, his forehead slowly grooving into something very

"Later. I may have to remain here several days. Canker, with the
—teenth, went ahead before news of the protocol could stop him; but he leaves here a number of sick—Lieut. Gray, charged with using threatening and in subordinate language to his command-ing officer, among them; and Gray is down with brain fever. The doctors ay he is too ill to be disturbed, and his side of the story is hard to get at, as is too flighty to talk sense From Canker's own admission I learned that he accused Gray of having knowl of the whereabouts of that packet of letters stolen from Gen. Drayton's tent, and the youngster's reply was furious. Canker had to place him in arrest and prefer charges. When asked if he were sure of his ground in making so serious an accusation, he declared he had proof positive, at least he would have the instant they reached ceded among the volunteers that in point of style and equipment the boy along with him to be tried there by court-martial, where 'no meddling' fever and remain, perhaps happily, un- Daily News.

outsiders,' as he said, could buy off witnesses. It was plain that he considered himself out of my jurisdiction, and that he resented my staff officer's what would be her sensations. Down questions. But Dr. Morrow had apealed 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 e Armstrong and tell him about Gray as soon as I return. Canker evidently He probably believes that he will find a more credulous and complaisant lis-tener 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 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 that 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 ex-pense 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.

"And that brings me to another mat-I declined positively to allow two or three ladies, wives of officers, to go on to Manila with Canker's command; and they said that as I had promised Mrs. Garrison a passage I had no right to refuse them. Pressed for their authority, two very estimable women told me that, at the Presidio two days before we sailed, Mrs. Garrison openly boasted of having my promise to send her on the very next steamer. Now, who is really the fabricator? I told her positively that, with my consent, she should not go; and she laughed de-lightedly, and said she only asked as a matter of form-the whole thing had already been settled. Just see that if any more transports start before my return no woman is permitted aboard except, of course, authorized nurses. Gray is a very sick boy tonurses. Gray is a very sick boy to-night, but you might wire his father, saying nothing of the arrest, that the doctors are confident of his recovery in course of time."

Armstrong read these pages twice over before he looked up.
"How did this letter come?" he asked.

"By the Salvador yesterday. "And the next mail for Honolulu?" queried Armstrong, rising from his chair and handing back the folded let-

"The next mail closed an hour ago, man. The China sails at two. No other boat for a week. Where are you going

"To camp for ten minutes, then to the Presidio."

"Oh, come over to the club and have evenings were on, and to stay and chat

the Presidio."

"Oh, come over to the club and have a bite first?" said the adjutant general, rising and wriggling out of his uniform cont as he did so. "I won't keep you half an hour."

"That half hour may prove precious."

"That half hour may prove precious answered Armstrong, already at the door. "Many thanks, all the same."
"Well, hold on. What am I to say to the general as to Gray and those letters?" asked the staff officer, intent upon the subject uppermost in his mind t the moment.

"You can't say anything that will reach him before he returns. You have just told me no other boat would start for a week. By that time he'll be coming home." And with that Armstrong ing home." And with that Armstrong let himself out and strode to the elevator, leaving his friend to cogitate on the question over his luncheon. It was decidedly that officer's opinion that small towns in the central part of the Armstrong knew much more than he

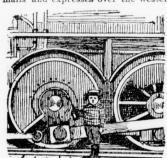
But Armstrong knew much less than he himself believed. Hastening back to camp and ordering his horse, he was soon speeding up the slope to the wind swept heights overlooking the Golden The morning had opened fine as silk, but by noon the sky was hid den in clouds and the breath of the ser blew in salt and strong. The white caps were leaping on the crest of the surges driving in through the straits and the surf bursting high on jagged rocks at the base of the cliffs. A little coast steamer from Santa Barbara way came pitching and plunging in from sea, and one or two some craft, heeling far to leeward tore through the billows and tossed far astern a frothing wake. With manes and tails streaming in the stiff gale, the troop horses of the Fourth cavalry were cropping at the scanty herbage down the northward slope and the herd guard nearest the road lost his grip on his drab campaign hat as he essayed a salute and galloped off on a stern chase down the long ravine to the east, as the colonel trotted briskly by. One keen glance over the bay beyond rocky Aleatraz had told him the China was not yet away from her pier. He might have to send a dispatch by that swift steamer, and even then it would be six days getting to Hawaii. If the department commander should by that time be on his homeward journey the information would still be or interest to the general commanding the new military district at "the Cross Roads of the Pacific," and of vast benefit, possibly, to his late client, Mr. Gray wondered what Canker's ground could be for saddling so foul a suspi-cion on the boy's good name. He wonBOY WITH A HOBBY.

Master Hume Gibson Richards Is a the winding, sloping road he urged his way, Glencoe, his pet charger, marvel-Mechanical Prodigy. ing at the unusual gait. The cape of the sentry's overcoat whirled over the sentry's head and swished his cap off

Although But Four Years of Age He Can Run a Locomotive and En-joys a Night Ride Over the

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. knew every part of the intricate loco-motive, 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. would look over the demolished loco-motives just as an "old-timer" would do, and within the same length of time give with technical skill a detailed ac count 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.

Many is the time he has sat in the cabs of locomotives that pull the fast mails and expresses over the western



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 mand 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 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.

Master Richards has not reached his

fifth year, nor is he even able to read. He is too young to be sent to a kindergarten, his father preferring not to push him into the schoolroom before he is at least seven years old. His first love was a locomotive, and he studied it in his own peculiar way, without for-getting the smallest fact or part. He also took a keen interest in the late American-Spanish war, and has on his tongue's end the name of every battleship, cruiser, torpedo boat and other crafts of importance that took part in that conflict on both sides. Further, he knows every state, territory and is land, lake and river of the United States, and can bound many of the states without the aid of a map. It is one of his pleasures and pastimes to take imaginary trips around the world, and in these he rattles off the seas straits and other bodies of water pa through, as well as the names of the countries skirted, for he is equally conversant with the countries of the world and their inhabitants. He knows more about the causes that led up to the American-Spanish war and the results than many of matured years. In fact, he is full of the Filipino war, Cuban annexation and Porto Rican liberty, and can bound these new possessions of Uncle Sam with readiness.

Master Mchards, says the Chicago Tribune, was born in Chicago on July 15, 1895. His father moved to Lincoln Mrs. Richards died a year ago and Master Richards has since been with his grandfather, Henry A. Richards, formerly of Chicago.

A Noted Noble Oarsman

For his years, Sir Charles Dilke is probably as fine an oarsman as could be found. One of Sir Charles' favorite recreations is sculling. When at his riverside retreat at Shepperton he is often to be seen in a pair-oared boat in company with some famous rowing man, pulling away with as much energy as an athlete balf his age.

Clearing Vessels of Rats

Dr. F. Apeny, a Constantinople scientist, says ships and warehouses can be cleared of rats by using carbonic acid gas, which being heavier than air, will sink to the bottom and suffocate them

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.

AN AGED PENSIONER.

Hiram Cronk, the Only Man Survivos 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 100 years old. He lives at Dunn Brook, Oneida county, N. Y., and is the only pensioner of that war. He was born in Frankfort, 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.

While Hiram was still a beardless youth, his spirit was aroused over the



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

issues of the war and he, with his father and two brothers, John and Jeptha, 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 built that the other soldiers tried to joke with him, saying that if need be his father could pick him up and carry him into a place of safety. Such an act was, 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 suc'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.

Mr. Cronk cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson and has continued to vote for the democratic ticket on down through the years, his last vote being for Cleveland. He is a devout Methodist, and often, while in conversation, will start out in a fairly clear voice on some old familiar hymn. It gives him special pleasure to have anyone listen to his story of his conversion and it is one well worth the time. A family reunion was held on his hundredth anniver-

TO BE MADE KING.

Swedes Desire to Retire the Venerable Oscar and Elevate Gustaf to the Throne.

Prince Gustaf of Sweden and Norway, in whose favor it is proposed to re-tire 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 re-



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

ported that the cabinet will request the king to al cate 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 peo-ple the choice would undoubtedly fall on Prince Karl, the third son of Oscar II. Gustaf is very radical in his conceptions 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.

This Clock is a Wonder.

Joseph Jenson, 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 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.