THE OLD WARMIN' PAN.

Nine o'clock and upstairs; oh, the breath-

Nine o'clock and upstairs; oh, the breathfreezing room
With its audible silence and tangible
gloom!
Oh, the shivers and dreads of that tortuous hall
Where we bumped our poor heads on the
down-sloping wall—
And the demons that danced down our
candlelight lane
To the squarky quadrille of the old weath-

To the squeaky quadrille of the old weath-

er-vane!

But ah, every terror, each recess of dread

We forgot in the depths of our billowy

When, snuggled therein on the sinkaway In Dreamland 'twas spring, thank the Old Warmin' Pan.

A well-won protection from bogies and

ghosts!
From the farthest confines they might marshal their hosts,
But no spook in the whole vast domain of Upstairs
Could approach, undefiled, this, the surest of lairs, our feethers truly! layers

of lairs.

Deep down in our feathers, twixt lavendered sheets,

Peeking over the counterpane's regular

pleats, We laughed all the bugaboos square in the

Till they make their retreat in the hush

of disgrace— r things! they were awful, but blame them who can, no doubt they b__rudged us our Old Warmin' Pan.

Oh, the Old Warmin' Pan! How the mem

ories hold—
Those days were of silver, those nights were of gold,
And each homely object my childhood held

Has grown to an idol through many year, starlight, the stillness, the frost

gleaming pane, weird-weaving shadows, the wind's low refrain. The hand at the door and the step in the

The low, gentle sound of the motherly

For the lack in the child is the love in the

Toward the genius that wielded the Old Warmin' Pan.

-Art. Wheelock Upson, in Chicago Times
Herald.



CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED. But with the edict that no mor troops should be sent came comfort to the souls of these bereaved ones. Transports would not go without and Mrs. Frank could not go without transports, the journey was
far too expensive. They wished her no
evil, of course; but if they were themselves forbidden how could they rejoice that she should be permitted? They were actually beginning to feel a bit charitable toward her when the Queen of the Fleet herself came in Honolulu with the latest news. The fifth expedi tion had been halted there and put in camp. The hospital held several of ficers. Billy Gray was down with brain fever, and there had been a furious scene between him and his peppery colonel before the breakdown; and by that same steamer Mrs. Garrison had got a letter that had made her turn white and tremble, as Mrs. Stockman saw and told, and then shut herself up in her room an entire day. Now for nearly a fortnight the lovely guest had been daily hinting that she really must go home, "dear Witchie" was surely tired of her; and Witchie disclaimed and protested and vowed she could not live without her devoted friend. But then had come that letter and with it a change of tone and tactics. Witchie ceased to remonstrate or reprove Mrs Stockman, and the latter felt that she must go, and Witchie consented with-

out demur. In no pleasant mood Armstrong mounted and trotted for the east gate. The road was lined with camps and vol-unteers at drill. Vehicles were fre-quently moving to and fro; but the sentry at the entrance had kept track of them, and in response to question answered promptly and positively Mrs. Garrison's carriage had not come that lady's baggage did. I saw the name on the trunks.

coolly surveyed him. "Do you mean Mrs. Stockman's name?" he asked, in quiet tone. "How many trunks were

"Oh, some of them might have had Mrs. Stockman's name, sir; but the two or three that I saw were marked M. G."

This was unlooked-for news. To her next-door neighbor Mrs. Garrison had said nothing about going away with Mrs. Stockman, and Armstrong had grave need to see her and to see her at once. The train for Los Angeles did not leave until evening. Possibly they were lunching somewhere — spending the afternoon with friends in town. He rode direct to headquarters. Some of the staff might be able to tell, was his theory; and one of them justified it.

"Did I happen to meet Mrs. Garrison Yes, I just saw her aboard the China. "Aboard the China!" exclaimed Arn strong, with a sudden thrill of excite ment. "D'you mean she is going?"

"Didn't ask her. They were hustling everybody ashore, and I had only time to give dispatches to the purser; but she was on deck with friends when I

came away.' People wondered that day at the speed with which the tall officer, followed by his orderly, clattered away down Market street. In less than ter minutes Armstrong was at the crowded pier and pushing through the throng to the China's stage. Too late! Al-ready it was swang aloft, the lines were cast loose, and the huge black mass was just beginning to back slowly from

its moorings. The rail of the promenade deck swarmed with faces, some radiant, some tearful. Words of adieu, fluttering kerchiefs, waving hands tossing flowers were there Two officers, Honolulu boung. side. shouted Armstrong's name, and a cheery good-by; but he did not seem to hear. A gentle voice, the voice of all others he most longed to hear, repeated the name and strove to call atten-tion to his gesticulating comrades on the upper deck; but he was deaf to both. Eagerly, anxiously, incredulously he was searching along that crowded rail, and all on a sudden he saw her. Yes, there she stood, all gayety, grace and animation, stylishly gowned and fairly burdened with roses; and it was right at him she was gazing, nodding, smiling, all sweetness, all confiding, trusting joy; with just a little of triumph, too, and a tinge of sentimental sorrow in the parting. Apparently, it was all for him; for her blue eyes never faltered till they fixed his gaze, and kiss after kiss she threw to him with the daintily gloved little hand, and, leaning far down over the rail, lowering it toward him as much as possible, she finally tossed to him, standand spellbound, a ing there stern bunch of beautiful roses she had torn from her corsage. It fell almost at his feet, for in his astonishment and rising wrath he made no effort to catch it. A man, stooping quickly, rescued and handed it to him. Mechanically he said: "Thank you," and took it, a thorn pricking deep into the flesh as he did so; and still his eyes were fixed on that fairy form now surely, swiftly gliding away, and over him swept the consciousness of utter defeat, of exasperation, of dismay, even as he strove to fathom ner motives in thus singling him out for such conspicuous—even af-fectionate—demonstration. Triumph and delight he could have understood, but not, not this semblance of confidential relations, not at least until he felt his arm grasped by a cordial hand, heard his name spoken by a friendly voice, and Mr. Prime's pleasant inquiry: "Have you no greeting for other friends?" Then the hot blood rushed to his face and showed even through the bronze as, turning, his troubled eyes met full the clear, placid gaze of

Amy Lawrence. CHAPTER XIV. Mid October. The Queen of the Fleet, the finest transport of the Pacific serv ice, thronged with boys in blue at last ordered on to Manila, lay at the wharf at Honolulu, awaiting her commander's orders to cast loose. In strong force and with stentorian voices, the Primeval Dudes joined in rollicking chorus to the crashing accompaniment of their band, and, when they could take time to rest, the crowd ashore set up a cheer. The Hawaiian national band, in spotless white, forming huge and meiodious cir-cle on the wharf, vied with the musicians from the states in the spirit and swing of their stirring airs "Aloha Oe! Aloha Oe!" chorused the surging throng, afloat and ashore, as wreaths and garlands—the leis of the islanders —were twined or hung about some fa-vorite officer or favored man. The troops still held to service in Hawaii houted good-will and good-by to those ordered on to the Philippines. The Dudes of the Queen, and the lads from the prairies and the mountains on other transports anchored in the deep but narrow harbor, yelled soldierly conlolence to those condemned to stay. The steam of the 'scape pipe roared loudly and belched dense white clouds on high, swelling the uproar. Dusky little Kanaka boys, diving for nickels and paddling tireless about the ship, added their shrill cries to the clamor. The captain, in his natty uniform of blue and gold, stepped forth upon the bridge to take command, and raised his banded cap in recognition of the con-stant cheer from the host ashore and the throng of blue shirts on the fore-castle head. Then arose another shout, as a veteran officer, in the undress unias a veteran oneer, in the discusse am-form of a general, appeared upon that sacred bound, and, bowing to the crowd, was escorted by the captain to the end overlooking the animated scene below; and then the signal was given, the heavy lines were east off and hauled swiftly in, the massive screw began slowly to churn the waters at the stern. and gently, almost imperceptibly "But," said he, "the wagon with i first, the vacen said the accompanifirst, the Queen slid noiselessly along ment of a little volley of flowers and The colonel turned in saddle and garlands tossed from eager hands, and a cheer of godspeed from the swarm of upturned faces. And then there uprose another shout, a shout of mingled merriment, surprise and applause; for all on a sudden there darted up the stairway from the crowded promenade deck to the sacred perch above, defiant of the lettered warning: "Passengers are not allowed upon the bridge," a dainty vision in filmy white, and all in the next moment there appeared at the general's side, smiling, bowing, blowing kisses, waving adieux, all sparkle, animation, radiance and rejoicing, a bewitching little figure, in the loveliest of summer toilets. The Red Cross nurses on the deck below looked at one another and gasped. Two brave army girls, wives of wounded officers in the Philippines, who by special dispen sation were making the voyage on the Queen, glanced quickly at each other and said—nothing audible. The general, lifting his cap, but looking both deprecation and embarrassment, fell back and gave his place at the white rail to the new arrival, and colored high when she suddenly turned and took his arm. The captain, trying not to see her or to appear conscious of this infraction of a stringent rule and invasion of his dignity, grew redder as he shouted rapid orders and swung his big, beautiful ship well out into the stream. The guns of the Bennington boomed a deafening salute as the Queen turned her sharp nose toward the open sea; and almost the last thing Honolulu saw of

spotless kerchief in fond farewell. iana, a safe old tub, it she was slow; Once clear of the narrow entrance the big troopship headed westward toward the setting sun, shook free the reins, as it were, and, followed by less favored craft, sped swiftly on her way, Witchie Garrison, the latest addition to the passenger list, entirely at home, if not actually in command. Leaning on the general's arm an hour

later and deftly piloting that bewil-dered veteran up and down the breezy deck, she came, just as she had planned to come, face to face once more with

Stanley Armstrong. Well she knew that under the escort of that exalted

rank she was safe from any possibility

she knew that had he heard of her sud-

den determination to go to Honolulu she could not have escaped stern inter-

rogation, possibly something worse; and her heart failed her when she real

ized that the man who had gauged her shallow nature years before, now held a lash over her head in the shape of the

paper that mad vanity had prompted her to write and send to the officer of

the guard the day that Stewart sailed. What madness it was, indeed, yet how

could she have dreamed it would fall

into the hands of the man of all others

she feared and respected—the one man who, had he but cared, could years ago

have had her love, the man who, be-

of cross question or interference. Well

cause he cared not, had won her hate! And, now that he held or had held this paper—nothing less than a forged order in her husband's name as aide-de-eamp to Gen. Drayton, she could have cowered at his feet in her terror of him, yet braved him with smiles, sweetness and gayety, with arch merriment and joyous words, quitting for the moment the general's arm that she might ex-tend to him both her little whitegloved hands. Gravely he took the left in his left while with the right he raised his forage cap in combined salute to the woman and to his superior officer. Gravely and almost instantly he released it, and listened in helpless pa-tience to her torrent of playful words; but his eyes were on the general's face as though he would ask could he, the general, know the true character of the oman he had honored above all her sisterhood on board, in thus taking her to the bridge whereon neither officer nor man nor nurse nor army wife had presumed to set foot in all the six days' run from San Francisco; as though he would ask if the general knew just what was, this blithe, dainty, winsome little thing that nestled so confidingly—indeed, so snugly—close to his battered side, and who had virtually taken possession of him in the face of an en-vious and not too silent circle of her own sex. Truth to tell, the chief would rather have escaped. He was but an indifferent sailor, and the Queen's long. azy roll over the ocean surges was ex iting in his inner consciousness a longing for cracked ice and champagne He had known her but the few days the Queen remained in port, coaling and preparing for the onward voyage across the broad Pacific; but a great function ary of the general government had told nim a pathetic tale the very day of his first peep at the Royal Hawaiian hotel had given him a capital dinner at that famous hostelry, whereat she appeared in charming attire, and in a flow of spirits simply irresistible. Her sallies of wit had made him roar with delight; her mimicry of one or two conscientious but acidulated dames who had come Manila, had tickled him to the verge of apoplexy; but when later she backed him into the coolest corner of the "lanai" with the plash of fountain close at hand, and the sweet music of Ber ger's famous band floating softly on the evening air, and told him how her father had loved to talk of his, the general's, dash and daring in the great days of the great war, and led him on to tell of his campaigns in the Shenan doah and the west, listening with di lated eyes and parted lips, the cam-paigner himself was captivated, and she had her will. A great senator had sne had her will. A great senator had told him how she had come thither to nurse a gallant young officer in her husband's regiment, how she had pulled the boy through the perils of brain fever until he was now convalescent and going on to rejoin his com-rades in Manila, and she, she was pining to reach her husband now serving on Gen. Drayton's staff. Other women were aboard the Queen; could not Gen Crabb find room for her? for a soldier to refuse a pretty woman or a prominent member of the commit tee on military affairs. There was not a vacant stateroom on the ship. Officers were sleeping three or four in a room. so were the Red Cross nurses; and the two army wives already aboard had been assigned a little cubbyhole of a cabin in which only one could dress at a time. There were only two apartments on the big craft that were not filled to their capacity—the room occupied by that sea monarch, the captain and that which, from having been the "ladies boudoir," had been fitted up for the accommodation of the general. The piano had been wheeled out on deck, the writing table stowed away. and a fine new wide brass bedstead, with dainty white curtains and mosquito bar, a large bureau and a wash-stand had been moved in, and these, with easy-chairs, electric fans, electric lights and abundant air, made it most desirable room on the ship. Even Armstrong, colonel commanding the troops aboard, was compelled to share his little cabin with his adjutant, and the general's aides were bundled into a "skimpy" box between decks. There really seemed no place for Mrs. Gar rison aboard, especially when it was found that the passenger list was to be increased by three, a surgeon and two officers going forward from Honolulu; and one of these was our old friend and once light-hearted Billy Gray, now nearly convalescent, but weak and, as all could see, feverishly eager to get on to Manila.

All this was explained to the senator. most the last thing Honolulu saw of her human freight was the tiny, dainty, It was even suggested that there was winsome little figure in white, waving a room for Mrs. Garrison on the Louis- the temptation."—Brooklyr Life.

but Mrs. Frank looked so pathetic and resigned when this arrangement was suggested that no one had tile hardihood to actually dwell upon it, and the senator said it was a shame to think of it. With whom of her own sex could she associate on that long, hot voyage ahead of them? Why not transfer some of the Red Cross nurses to the Louisiana? Mrs. Garrison had no objections, but they had; and the surgeon in charge made prompt and vigorous pro-test. He knew Mrs. Frank, and she knew him and did not in the least despair. She still had a plan. There was a cozy dinner one evening—just the evening before the departure of the Queen, and the gallax captain of the ship, the veteran general, the quarter-master in charge of transportation, the member of the senate military commitee, some charming girls-but none so charming as Mrs. Garrison-were of the party. There was some sentiment and much champagne, as a result of which, at one a. m., the big-hearted sea monarch aforementioned swore by the bones of his ancestors in the slimy grasp of Davy Jones that that sweet little woman shouldn't have to go a-begging for accommodations on his ship. If the general would condescend to move into his room, by thunder, he'd sleep up in his foul-weather den nex the chart room, and Mrs. Garrison—God bless her!—could take the gener al's room, and be queen of the ship-queen of the Queen—queen of queens— by Jupiter! and here's her health with all honor! A soldier, of course, could be no less gallant than a sailor, espe cially as the captain's room was a bit better than the "Boudoir," and had an ice chest and contents that the veteran campaigner was bidden to consider his own. The agreement was clinched that very night before the party broke up; and little Mrs. Frank shed tears of gratitude upon the general's coat sleeve and threw kiss after kiss to the handsome sailor as she hung over the balusters of the broad veranda and waved them away in their swift-run-ning cabs, and then danced off to her room and threw herself on the bad after a mad pirouette about the spacious apartment, and laughed and laughed until real tears trickled from her eyes, and then gave orders to be called at seven o'clock. She meant to be up and aboard that ship with all her luggage before sense and repentance could come with the morning sun-before either soldier or sailor could change

To the amaze of the women already aboard, to the grave annoyance of Col. Armstrong, to the joy of poor Billy Gray, and the mischievous merriment of several youngsters on the **co**mmissioned list, Mrs. Frank Garrison, the latest arrival, became sole occupant of the finest room on the ship; and it was a bower of lilies and tropical fruit and flowers the breezy day she sailed away from the bay of Honolulu.

[To Be Continued.]

FOR HIS FRIEND.

An Instance of Heroic Self Sacrifice in the Humbler Walks of Idfe.

James Brown and Harry Lee were the closest of friends. They were painters by trade and unmarried. James Brown, owever, was the only support of an invalid mother, the fact being well known to Harry.

The two young men were at work up-on one of the high buildings of the city. Which has been felt in regard to the For some reason Harry had occasion to Presbyterian missionaries in the Pe-For some reason Harry had occasion to descend to the ground, and there noticed for the first time how insecure was James' position. At the same moment he was horrified to see him losing his footing.

As quickly as thought can work Harry remembered the invalid mother, and stepped in an instant directly into the spot where James would drop, and braced himself.

By something like a miracle he succeeded in his purpose of rescue. When the two men were brought into the Flower hospital in New York, it was discovered that Harry had not received fatal injury, and that James, for whom he had risked his life, was suffering chiefly from the breaking of both wrists and the bones of one ankle.

Harry, who was the first to be well pleasure in caring for the invalid mothr of his friend as if he were her son.

The doctors of the hospital, who alone pression of gratitude upon the face of James whenever Harry visited him during his convalescence, a look that expressed more than human eyes are accustomed to see or human hearts to reveal.-New Voice.

A Sharp Retort.

A well-known dean of Norwich tells following good story against himself:

Some few weeks ago he came to a stile in a field which was occupied by a farm lad, who was eating his bread and bacon luncheon.

The boy made no attempt to allow his reverence to pass, so was duly lec-tured for his lack of manners. "You seem, my lad, to be better fed than taught."

"Very likely," answered the lad, slicing off a piece of bacon, "for ye teaches Oi, but Oi feeds meself."-London An-

The Merciful Motorman.

"The fellow coming out of that saloon owes his life to me," said the Brooklyn motorman to the new hand to whom he was teaching the business. "How's that?" asked the beginner, as piled all the passengers to the front of the car by a quick movement of the

"One night," explained the motor-



PAID SOME BILLS TWICE. A New Development in the Cuban Pos-

tal Frauds. Havana, June 9.—The troubles of Estes G. Rathbone, former director of posts, seem to be increasing. The auditor's department has thrown out \$15,000 worth of vouchers, including \$8,000 worth of bills which have been paid twice, most of them at Muncie

The Fidelity Co. has been notified that it will be held responsible on Mr. Rathbone's bond. Mr. Miller, the manager of the company, and Mr. Rath-bone have held prolonged interviews during the last few days, but no decision has been arrived at regarding this new aspect of the situation. The authorities contend that the Fidelity Co. is responsible. Mr. Rathbone' friends insist that C. F. W. Neely de eived Mr. Rathbone, who signed at Neley's request without knowing v. hat.

Corydon Rich has been placed un-Corydon Rich has been placed under a \$2,000 bond as a witness in the Neely case. A letter has been received here by a friend of Neely saying that, if forced to return, he will show that Rich is a liar and that the latter received as much as he (Neely) did.

War News Is Scant.

London, June 9.—Gen, Buller has taken the offensive and has secured a position west of Laing's Nek, by which he believes he can make the Boer positions untenable. Presumably he will immediately follow up his secure of Lord Poshyts has communicated the secure of the se success. Lord Roebrts has commu-nicated nothing for three days, nor permitted the correspondents to wire what is going on. A blockade of the wires, owing to the crush of official correspondence, may account for the scanty press dispatches. Some tele-grams filed a week ago are only just ow arriving

In Danger, But Not Yet Harmed.

kin district was partially allayed Friday by the receipt of a cablegram from Dr. Henry, one of the board's oldest missionaries in China. The board cabled on Tuesday for informa-tion, and the reply read: "Still dan-This is taken to indicate that no serious depredations have been made as yet by the Boxers. The Pres-byterian board has 58 American misionaries in Shantung province.

Saloons Will Reopen.

Des Moines, Ia., June 9.—The 60 saloons of Des Moines which have been closed for five months will open today. Judge Bishop, of the district court, yesterday dissolved the temporary injunction held by the Ministerial association and anti-saloon workers. The supervisors completed the canvass of the petition of consent. It took 4,325 names to make the petition good and the saloon men secured 4,435. The anti-saloon men had playtheir last card and the saloon will remain open permanently.

A Fatal Explosion.

Brazil, Ind., June 9.—In an explo-sion at the Indiana powder plant, near Fontanet, Friday, Matthew Reed was killed and several other employes injared. Reed was carrying a pail of nitro-glycerine and he accidentally dropped it, causing the explosion of the contents. Mixer mill No. 1, in which a number of girls were at work, was wrecked. In their endeavor to escape several of the girls wer injured. A man named Edwards i missing.

Bryan Delegates Chosen.

Denver, June 9.—The democratic state convention yesterday chose Gov. Thomas and T. J. Maloney, of Denver; T. Gunnell, of Colorado Springs d Charles Benkle, of Pueblo, as delegates-at-large to the national convention and instructed them for Bryan and the Chicago platform.

Was Easy for the Sailor.

New York, Juen 9.—Tom Sharkey easily defeated "Yank" Kenny in the first round of what was to have been a 25-round bout before the Broadway Athletic club last night.

Jockey Fatally Hurt.

Newport, Ky., June 9.—Jockey J. Perkins, while riding Tenletta in the second race yesterday, was thrown against the fence and fatally injured.

Pio Pilar Is Captured. Manila, June 9.-Gen. Pio Del Pilar, the Filipino leader, has been captured

Story of the Catubig Fight Is Told in Detail.

SIEGE LASTED FOUR DAYS

Thirty-one Americans Held 600 Insurgents at Bay.

A RAIN OF SHOT AND SHELL

Rebels Poured in a Terrific Fire from Rifles and Cannon-When a Relief Party Arrived Only 13 of Our Sol-

Washington, June 9.—Perhaps the most thrilling incident of the entire Philippine war occurred at Catubig, on the island of Samar, where on April 15 last a party of 31 enlisted men of Company H. Forty-third infantry volunteers, held at bay a force of 600 insurgents during four days of fierce fighting, reinforcements arriving just in the nick of time.

The war department has received reports from Capt. H. M. Day, of the Forty-third volunteer infantry, and First Lieut. Sweeney, of that regiment, who commanded the rescue party, giving details of the attack,

ment, who commanded the rescue party, giving details of the attack, the siege and the relief.

According to these reports the at-tack on the garrison at Catubig be-gan without warning on April 15. From the hills on all sides, from ev-ery point of vantage in the town are ery point of vantage in the town and from a deserted church directly ad-joining came a rifle and cannon fire of terrible intensity. On the 17th handfuls of burning hemp were thrown into the barracks from the insurgents in the church and soon the soldiers' refuge was on fire. All efforts to subdue the fire failed, and finally the little band made a dash for the river bank. Some were killed before the bank was reached, others fell dead in a boat in which they were before the bank was reached, others fell dead in a boat in which they were attempting to make the opposite shore, and when a trench finally was dug with bayonets, there were only 16 men out of 31 left to man it.

Here for two more days Corporal Carron, bandling his new with the

Carson, handling his men with the judgment of a veteran, held out under a terrible fire, until Lieut, Sweeney's command which had been sent to Catubia, and was on its river on the steamer Lao-Ang, arrived. Not until within a quarter of a mile of Catubig, says Lieut. Sweeney in his report, did they hear the noise of the engageent. Then he realized that his men were sorely needed and that his men were sorely needed and he ordered the captain of the steamer to run his boat at top speed. The Lao-Ang steamed up to Catubig un-der a rain of Mauser bullets from both shores. The small boats were lowered, a landing effected, and the rescuers fought their way through the open to their besieged comrades the trenches, buried the dead within reach, brought back to the boat the besieged party, numbering now only 13 men, and then steamed down the river.

Captured by Pirates.

Hong Kong, June 9.—A steam aunch owned by Chinese merchants here, towing four junks laden with kerosene oil from Hong Kong for Canton, was attacked Thursday night by pirates in an armed junk off Cape Suiman, eight miles from Hong Ko After looting the junks the pira made off in a westerly direction with the launch and her crew.

Wheat Killed by a Frost.

Minnewaukan, N. D., June 9.—A hard freeze Thursday night formed a quarter of an inch of ice. Much spring wheat was cut back to the ground. The damage is hard to estimate, but the crop cannot exceed half the usual yield.

Molineux's Appeal Postponed.

New York, June 9.—The appeal of Roland B. Molineux from his conviction of the crime of murder, which was to have been heard by the court of appeals at Saratoga this month, has been postponed until next Octo-