black frown on his brow.

"Go in and do what you can for her,"

he briefly said. "I thought-she'd be

glad to know that-that-fellow would

trouble her no more."
"That fellow?" she gasped. "You

"I mean-Yes-Latrobe-killed and

buried a whole week ago."
"And you told her!" she cried clinching her little hands in impotent wrath.

AN INFAUT PRODIGY.

Lawrence Attracted the Attention o

Garrick, Foote, Burke and Sheridan.

Raphael, with genius at his back, did not come to maturity so quickly,

nor did Rubens, triumphant at Ant

werp, hold popular applause so long; for Lawrence kept his admiring pub-

lic to the last, and was something of a wonder both as man and boy. His

whole career was brilliant, yet not through intrinsic force; his art was

successful without being great; he was honored and praised down to his grave,

and yet he possessed no genius. There are men who achieve popular success

without genius. Lawrence was one of

The father was a man of some birth

and education, but he had what is called "the poetic temperament," and

never got on very well in the world. He was at different times a barrister

without a brief, an actor without a part, a keeper of the White Lion inn

at Devizes without guests enough to make it pay. When young Lawrence

was three years old his father made a

Black Bear inn. It was here that the

boy was placed upon a table to recite Shakespeare for the guests. Here

also he developed a wonderful gift of making portraits in pastel of the pass-

ing public. A guest could have a por-trait painted while he waited, and the

speed of the artist was not less won

derful than his age. The duchess of Devonshire and Lord and Lady Kenyon

were among his early sitters, and the record is preserved that Lady Kenyon's

likeness was drawn in profile because, as the child artist declared, "her face was not straight." In a short time he had attracted the attention of Garrick,

Foote, Wilkes, Burke, Sheridan and Johnson, and his father began traveling

with him about the neighboring coun

try and exhibiting him as one of the

PRISON BABIES.

The Little Newcomers Always Cre-

ate a Flutter of Excitement in

Their Gloomy Birthplaces.

Very few people outside official circles know what a large number of ba-bies are born every year in the infirm-

aries of prisons and penitentiaries, the little people always causing quite a

flutter of attentiveness and excite

ment among female warders and pris

Of course, there is a vast difference

in prisoners, and sometimes the per-

son least attentive to the prison baby is the mother herself; but, on the oth-

oners alike.

wonders of the age .- Century.

change of base and moved into

'You-brute!"
[To Be Continued.]

WINNERS AND LOSERS.

he man who quits at the first rebuff.
Is one of the men who fail;
And the man who deems three efforts
enough

enough
Is one of the men who fall!
The man who believes, down in his heart
That he never was born to sway,
Or to go to the front in a leading part—
To rise o'er the crowd, some day—
Is one of the men who fail!

The man who labors but for himself 's one of the men who fail;
'No matter how vast his piles of pelf, He is one of the men who fail!
The man who has never enjoyed the thrill That follows a kindness shown Has never won, and he never will:—Though the earth were all his own, He would still be doomed to fail!

The man who never gives up is one
Of the "lucky men" that win,
Who believes that his best has never been

Who believes that done done Is one of the men that win;
Is one of the men that win;
The man who has faith in himself and stands
Forever ready to try
Whatever men do with heads or with hands

Will be numbered, by and by. As one of the men that win.

As one of the men that win.

The man who praises wherever he can
Is one of the men that win;

Who raises the hope of his fellow man
Is one of the men that win;

A man may shiver and starve, alone,

And die at the foot of the hill;

But if he has loved and if he has known

What a child's love is he still
Is one of the men that win!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

All along the line from right to left there ran the cross-country road connecting the broader highway, from Ma-late to San Rafael and Paranaque on the west, and from Paco by way of Sin-galon to Passy. In front of the right wing all was swamp, morass or rice fields. In front of the left wing all was close, dense bamboo and jungle, save where the broad, straight roadway led on past Block House 13, or the narrower cart track stretched southward, overarched in places by spreading branches. and commanded at its narrowest path by the swarm of dusky fighters Block House 14. A year before the blue shirts stormed these forest strongholds from the south, and took them from the troops of Spain. Now they were com pelled to turn and storm them from the north; for, just as Stanley Armstrong said at San Francisco, the Filipinos had

turned upon their ally and

Sam.

friend. Aguinaldo had bearded Uncle

would-be

And while the volunteers and regulars to the right could only remain in support, it fell to the lot of the left wing of this brave brigade to assault in almost impenetrable position an enemy armed with magazine rifles or breech loaders, and entirely at home. The bugles rang the signal; the officers in silence took their station, and, stepping into the narrow pathways through the jungle, crouching along the roadways or crashing through the stiff bamboo, the blue shirts drove ahead. Two, three minutes and their purpose seemed undiscovered. Then suddenly Block House 14 blazed with fire and a storm of bullets swept the road. The earthworks in the thicket to the right and left seemed to be crowded with a running flame; and down on their faces fell the foremost surviving men to get to cover. Venge-fully now the "Krags" opened in reply to Remington and Mauser. The blueshirts struggled inch by inch through the network of bamboo. Still the storm swept up the roadway, and no man could hope to face it and live. But. little by little, the low-aimed, steady through the canebreak, or by company pline of the little brown men in the bamboo. Their shots flew swift, but wild and higher. Then a daring lad, in the rough field uniform of a subaltern of infantry, sprang like a cat into the fire-flashing lane, and, revolver in hand and a squad of devoted fellows at his heels, dashed straight at the wooden walls ahead. In frantic haste the occupants blazed shot after shot upon him and his heroic followers. One after another three went down; but in another instant, the lieutenant leading, they reached the block house and darted through the open doorway, the last its garrison fleeing before such unheard-of daring and determination. And then came the rush of comrades

But, over along the next lane. parallel track through the timber, there had been as stern a check; and the fury of the fire from the trenches in the thickets forced brave men to cover and dropped others in tracks. "By God, we must have it!" most screamed a tall captain, pointing with his sword to the flashing block house half hidden in the trees. "Hear those fellows on the other road? Don't Come on, lads," and out he darted into the open, an instant target for a score of Mausers. Out, too, eaped half a dozen men, one a tall, lithe, superbly built young athlete, with a face aflame with resolution and rage of battle. Out leaped Billy Grav from the corner of the crossroad, and, and in his presence or hearing any conchering madly, called on others to Down went the captain, shot Abrough the knee. Down went the near- he probably would not. In this embar- drive, she must see Will Gray.

cheering down the lane, tumbling over

the earthworks and the luckless gang

that, still crouching there, held to their

position, and all the southward leading

most man, the tall youth who was first to follow. Down west a brawny ser-geant, who had stopped to raise his fallen captain; but on swept a score of others while the bamboos blazed with the fierce volleying of the Krags. Forward in scores now, yelling like Apaches, rushed the regulars; and somehow, he never just knew how it happened, Gray found himself a moment later straddling an old field gun in a whirl of dust and dirt and smoke and cheers, was conscious of something wet and warm streaming down his side and of being tenderly lifted from his perch by brawny, blue-sleeved arms, given a sip from a canteen, and then, half-led, half-supported back to where the surgeon was already kneeling by the tall young soldier on whose brow the last dew was settling, on whose fine, clear-cut face the shadow of the death angel's wings was already traced. The poor fellow's eyes opened wearily as he sipped the stimulant pressed upon him by eager, sympathetc hands, and glanced slowly about as though in search of some familiar face; and so they fell on those of Billy Gray, who, forgetful for the moment of his own hurt, threw himself by the stranger's side and seized his clammy hand. A half smile flitted over the pale face, the other hand groped at the breast of his blue shirt and slowly drew forth a packet, stained and dripping with the blood that welled slowly from a shot-hole in the broad white breast. "Give to —Gen. Drayton— Promise," he gasped, and pushed it painfully toward Billy Gray. Then the brave eyes closed, the reary head fell back; and Gray, staring as though in stupefaction into the placid face, found himself drooping, oo, growing dizzy and faint and reelng, but still holding on to his trust.

"Don't some of you know him?" asked the surgeon. "He's past helping now, poor lad. Here, you drink this, Billy;" and he placed a little silver cup at Gray's pallid lips.

"He came a-runnin' from over at Block House 12 with a note from division headquarters just as we went in," said a veteran sergeant, drawing the back of a powder-stained hand across his dripping forehead, then re-spectfully stepping back as a young officer bent down and glanced at Gray.

"Much hurt, Billy, old man? No Thank God for that! Look at who Where? Why, God in Heaven, it's Pat Latrobe! Oh, Pat! Pat! dear old boy -has it come to this!"

CHAPTER XVII. In the fortnight of incessant action that followed the mad attack of that

starlit Sunday morning, there was no place for Billy Gray. Sorely wounded, yet envied by many a fellow soldier for the glowing words in which the brigade commander praised his conduct and urged his brevet, the boy had been carried back to the great reserve hospital at Malate. The breezy wards were filled with sick and wounded, and certain of the rooms of the old convent once used for study and recita-tion had been set apart for officers. There were three cots in the one to which they bore him, and two were already occupied. Even in his pain and weakness he could hardly suppress a cry of dismay; for there, with his arm bandaged and in splints, his face white from loss of blood, lay Stanley Armstrong. Time and again the boy's heart and conscience had rebuked him for the estrangement that had arisen be tween him and this man who had proved his best friend. Time and again he had promised himself that he would strive to win back that friendship; but well he knew that first he must reinstate himself in Armstrong's respect; and how could be hope for that so long as he surrendered to the fascinations soldiers, their gallant leader shot that kept him dangling about the through and through, plunging head-long, yet in his dying agony waving his Oddly enough, the boy had hardly bothered his head with any thought of what Frank Garrison might think of his attentions or devotions, whatever they could be called, to this very captivating and capricious helpmate. When a hus-band is so overwhelmed with other cares or considerations that he never sees his wife from morn till night, sowolleys, driven in by squad and section ciety seems to correspondingly lose through the canebreak, or by company sight of him. Down in the depths of his heart the boy was ashamed of himawamps, told on the nerve and disci- self. He never heard Armstrong mentioned that he did not wince. He knew and she knew that, coming suddenly upon them as Armstrong had that tropic night on the Queen, he must have heard her words, must have realized that some compact or understanding existed between them, which neither Gray nor Mrs. Frank could palliate or explain. It had not needed that episode to tell her that Armstrong h her in contempt; and yet, when they chanced to meet, she could smile up into his eyes as beamingly, as guileless ly, as though no shadow of sin had ever darkened her winsome face. But not so Gray. He moaned in secret over the loss of a strong man's confidence and esteem. He longed to find a way to win it back. He had even thought to go to the colonel with his trouble, make a clean breast of it, tell him the truththat he had fallen deeply, as it was possible for him to fall, in love with Amy Lawrence; had hoped his love was re turned; had found it was notshe had only a frank, friendly, kindly interest in him; and that, wounded and stung, he had fretted himself into a fever at Honolulu, aided by Canker's then-well-any man aspersions, and is liable, said Billy to himself, to get smitten with a woman who tenderly and skillfully nurses him day after day; and that's just what Witchie Gar-But somehow the opportunity to tell him never seemed to come and now, now that Armstrong and himself were thus thrown together with the prospect of being in the same room day and night for the best of the month a third officer, a stranger, lay there, too

Armstrong encouraged them, which

rassment Billy's wish was that the colo nel were fifty miles away. It was fate and a hard one, thought he, that brought him there-an ever-present reproach. It was luck of the worst kind that they should be confronted under such circumstances, since neither could retreat. He submitted in anxious silence to the keen, quick examination of the skillful surgeon in charge and to the redressing of his wound. He could have been proud and happy but for that shadow on his life, of which Armstrong's presence would so con-stantly remind him. He could not even think how his dear old dragoon daddy would rejoice in the congratulations that would surely greet him when the story of the brave dash of the -teenth, Billy among the foremost, should reach the states. He could not even Billy dream how it might affect her—Amy Lawrence. He was beginning to be ashamed now in this presence to think how that other—how Margaret Garnow that other—now Margaret Gar-rison might be impressed, forgetting that, to the army girl who has lived long years on the frontier, tales of heroism are the rule, not the exception. He wondered how long it could be be-fore she would come to him to bring him comfort. Surely by this time she knew that he had been seriously, painfully wounded. He did not know, however, that at the very first sound of battle Frost had bundled the sisters aboard his launch and steamed away transports. Yet, what comfor could her visit bring to him with that stern censor lying there, seeing and hearing all? Billy Gray that Monday night could almost have wished that Armstrong's slumber might be eternal, never dreaming that before a second Monday should come he would thank heaven with grateful heart for Armstrong's presence, vigilance and inter

In three days the colonel was able to sit up. Within the week he was permitted to take air and exercise in the spacious court of the old college, his sword arm in its sling. But Gray and the young officer of volunteers were too seriously wounded to leave their pil-The —teenth had occupied a new line far south of the old one; but, at one time, several of Billy's brother officers had dropped in to see him and tell him regimental news; and one of them, the young West Pointer who had broken down at sight of the dy stirring Sunday morning. old him of Latrobe's soldier funeral and of Gen. Drayton's presence and speechless grief; and Billy's hand groped beneath the pillow for that little blood-stained



"Give to-Gen. Drayton-promise-packet still undelivered. He had promptly caused the information to be conveyed to the veteran commander that it was his own lost nephew had died his soldier death in front of the firing line; but the packet still remained in his hands; and even before the tiny thermometer confirmed his views, the keen eye of the surgeon saw that something had heightened Billy's fe-ver that day; and so, when just at sunset there came driving into the court the most stylish equipage in all Manila, and Mrs. Garrison fluttered up the broad stairway and confidently asked to be announced to Mr. Gray, the steward in charge of the door was very, very sorry, but—the doctor had given instructions that no more visitors should see the young gentleman that day.
Mrs. Frank smiled indulgently, and asked for the doctor himself, and beamed on him with all her witchery and begged for just a few words; but the suave, placid, yet impenetrable doc tor said he, too, was sorry-sorry that Mr. Gray was not able to see anyone else, but such was the case. Mrs. Garrison said she thought if Mr. Gray knew that it was-but perhaps Dr. Frank didn't know it was she who had nursed Gray so assiduously at Honolulu. Dr. Frank did know that and more; but he did not say so; neither did he yield There were tears in her eyes as she sprang into her carriage again; but they were tears of anger and defeat. She dashed them, away the very next instant and smiled joy and congratula tion, even adulation, at sight of the tall, stalwart officer, his arm in a sling, who stood the center of a staring group as her carriage flashed by. She would have ordered stop; but while the rest of the party had gazed as they lifted their Armstrong's uninjured hand per formed its duty, his cap had been lifted with the others, but not so much as a glance went her way; and Margaret Garrison, bitter in spirit, drove on down past the old cuartel to her luxurious quarters where Nita, a piteous shadow of the "sweet girl graduate" of the year before, was awaiting her coming. With the insurgents' retreat and the advance of the American lines there had been a gradual return of the refugees among the transports; and Frost had finally brought his birdling back to shore; but Nita dare not drive, she said, for fear of again seeing those stern, reproachful The guard at the gate had received orders to admit no more of the rank and file, even when they came as messengers; and so the child was safe, said Margaret. As for herself, she must

But the instant she reentered SOUTHERN SHIPPING. house Mrs. Garrison knew that during her brief absence some new trouble had come. Good heavens, could she never

Sentiment Regarding Its Restoraleave Nita's side that harm did not be fall her! At the head of the broad flight tion to the Seas. of stairs stood her brother-in-law, a

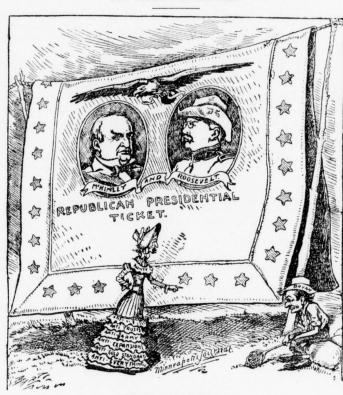
> National Aid Viewed with Favor by Shippers of the South-Advantages of Trade with 0ther Republics.

The rapid growth of manufacturing in the south, and its beneficial effect upon other industries, are arousing in the minds of the people new thoughts and hopes for the future of their great section of the union. One of the most reliable authorities on southern progress and development is R. H. Edmonds, the well-known Baltimore publisher, who keeps in constant personal touch with the up-to-date sentiment of the leading manufacturers, bankers and influential men of the south. It is his repeated declaration, and as a result of his own observations, that the southern business men are almost a unit in favor of national aid in the reestablishment of our ships upon the seas. He finds the sentiment among men representative of southern industrial and commercial progress quite at variance with that disclosed by their representatives and senators in congress. The latter seem to represent a theoretical opposition to the utilization of modern methods for the advancement of industrial prosperity that has kept back southdevelopment for fully a genera-n. In the foreign trade of the United States as conducted between southern and foreign ports, one of the

tering the United States, and that for other states to flourish while southother states to nourish while southern cities were falling into decay.* Lieut. M. F. Maury, famous for his invaluable aids to mariners upon the oceans, was impressed with the immense benefits southern states would derive from the establishment of steamship lines between southern and steamship lines between southern and European ports. For many years he urged the investment of southern capital in such lines, showing the great and growing power her rich foreign commerce was giving to New York, and deploring the fact that the south was missing its opportunities to share therein. He saw for Norfolk, Va., pos-sibilities of development which have never been realized, but which it seems possible are likely of fulfillment through the growing scarcity of Euro-pean coal and the inevitable dependence of the world in the future for the greater part of its coal supplies upon the United States. In our trade with other American republics Lieut. Maury saw advantages even greater than those possible through our commercial intercourse with Europe, and he was never done urging upon the peo-ple of the south the wisdom of generously encouraging American mari-time development through the estab-Ishment of steamship lines to the West Indies, Central and South America. He advocated a ship canal across the American isthmus and predicted enor-mously beneficial results to our trade and shipping to follow.

Away back in 1858 the assembly of Virginia incorporated a \$50,000,000 steamship line under the name of the Atlantic Steam Ferry company, but which failed to carry out its designs be-

TOO MUCH FOR BRYAN.



AUNTY-Well, William? BRYAN--!t can't be beat

er hand, the general body of the wom-en prisoners make the most pathetic efforts, by means of all manner of trifling scraps and odds and ends, to fabricate articles of wear and ornaent for the out-of-place stranger. Quite three-fourths of the wom volunteer to tend it, and it is often the case that the most refractory and difficult of the prisoners soften and greatly alter by being allowed to do little things for it; indeed, it acts throughout like a veritable ray of sun-shine among the whole of the poor prisoners, who generally manage get themselves into great good numor by suggesting as volubly as the prison rules will permit fantastic names for the child. Within a certain period of the most advanced of southern the child. Within a certain period of the child. Within a certain period of the most advanced of southern the child. Within a certain period of the child. Within a certain period of the child. get themselves into great good humor away from the mother and are tended elsewhere with the utmost care and humanity.-Cincinnati Enquirer. Castle Campbell. There are few more picturesque spots in Scotland than Dollar Glen, and no more interesting ruin anywhere than the grim old castle of the Campbells. known in the olden time as Castle Gloom. Once visited, the castle will never be forgotten. It is not only beau tiful for situation, adding might to the majesty of the everlasting hills, but it abounds with weird traditions that give the added charm of romance. To visit the glen by moonlight and to see the bare walls of the castle gleaming white

ber of visitors find their way to thi most beautiful part of the Ochils.-Scottish American. An Enterprising Merekant.

through the trees, is to be filled with a

mysterious feeling of awe, that is in

tensified by the rushing of the water in

the deep, black chasms beneath. It is a scene to uplift the soul—a glimps

of nature in her wildest and most im

pressive mood-and it is not surpris

ing that every year an increasing num

A town which has played its part in history for more than a hundred years ought to be forgiven for being a little sleepy by this time, although its newer neighbors may be inclined to poke fun at it. It is told that Bladensburg merchant was dozing i his store one day, when a little gir came in with a pitcher and asked a quart of molasses. The merchan yawned, stretched himself, half opene his eyes, and then said, in an injured tone: "Well, ain't there nobody sells molasses in Bladensburg but me? -Youth's Companion.

rarest sights is the American flag floating from the sterns of the ships conducting that trade. That the demand has grown in the south for national legislation for the upbuilding of our merchant marine seems to Mr. Edmonds to be logical. He sees in the realization of the growing hopes of his people in this respect much of permanent benefit to the section he represents. He has made an especial study of ante-bellum sentiment on the subject of American maritime development, and was surprised to find that as far back as 60 years ago the sentiment in favor of safeguarding and promoting our merchant marine commanded the thoughtful attention of the most advanced of southern In an association, at Charlotte, North Carolina, recently, Mr. Edmonds stated that in 1843 John C. Calhoun presided at a convention in Memphis at which the subject was discussed. In 1851 a report was made at a Virginia convention in favor of facilitating the mails through the establishment of steamship lines running between Hampton Roads and European ports. Another convention in Memphis, held in 1853, favored government encouragement and protection in the estab lishment of steamship lines between southern and European ports. The Charleston convention of 1854 urged congress to encourage the establishment of mail steamships, even to the extent of granting state bounties in the form of rebates to shippers emploving American vessels. In 1856 Louisiana's legislature passed an paying \$5 per ton bounty on all ships exceeding 100 tons burden built in the state. A report made to the legislature of Alabama as far back as 1838 showed that her citizens contributed \$1,800,000 a year to get their cotton to Europe, and contained the query "If this amount must be paid, why should it not be paid to our own citizens? No wonder a score of years later Alabama's legislature passed an act granting a bounty of \$4 per ton on all steamers built within that

At Charleston, in 1839, Robert Y. Hayne discussed the subject before a commercial convention neld in that and southwestern states were producing nearly three-quarters of the domestic exports of the union. although importing not to exceed one-tenth of the foreign reaches.

tween the north and south. The scheme involved the immediate construction of four ships of the Great Eastern class, to regularly run between southern and European ports. Their great value as auxiliaries to our military resources were then clearly pointed out, as well as their usefulness as nurseries for American seamen who would be ready to respond to their country's call if needed. No wonder, in these circumstances, Mr. Edmunds in his speech made it very clear that the revival of our foreign-going shipping is not a sectional or partisan question, but is a purely industrial, commercial and auxiliary naval question. He said: inating, as the south is already doing, about \$400,000,000 worth of foreign exvear shinned ly in vessels that fly the British, German and other foreign flags, the south may well be deeply concerned in the upbuilding of a merchant maxine because of the magnitude of its present export trade." This trade he expected would rapidly multiply, and he pre dicted a cotton crop in the not distant future of 100,000,000 bales.

It is not surprising to find that both of the great political parties are now vying with each other in their espousal f an American merchant marine. That the representative men in both parties the representative men in both parties have formally and finally rejected the suggestion of "free ships"—which means the purchase of British instead of American-built ships for our maritime needs-may be taken as an indi-cation of both the conservatism and progressiveness which augurs well for early effective and permanent legisla-tion in behalf of our too long neglected shipping upon the seas. It is this una-nimity of sentiment that is converging upon a demand for such legislation will have become so insistent and imperative as to compel such legislation at the next session of congress.

Mere Talk.

Those who are olde enough to remember will recall how the democracy asserted that the country was drifting into imperialism because there was talk of nominating Grant for a third erm. Yet they nominated Cleveland three times, and now talk of imperial-ism because McKinley is to be elected

a second time.

though importing not to exceed one-tenth of the foreign merchandise en-