Be glad when the flowers have faded?

Be glad when the trees are bare?

When the fog lies thick on the fields and

moors,
And the frost is in the air?
When all around is a desert,
And the clouds obscure the light,
When there are no songs for the darkest

No stars for the longest night?

Be glad when the world is lonely When of all the loves of the young spring

time
Scarcely a friend is left?
Be glad in the desolate valley
After the sunny hills?
When the joy of the morning is far behin
And the gloom its task fulfills?

Ah, yes! for the truest gladness

An, yes: for the truest gladness
Is not in ease or mirth!
It has its home in the heart of God,
Not in the loves of earth.
God's love is the same forever,
If the skies are bright or dim,
And the joy of the morning lasts all day
When the heart is glad to Him.
—Marianne Farningham, in Christian
World.



CHAPTER XVII.-CONTINUED.

Another week rolled by. The tide of battle had swept inland and northward; and all eyes were on the plucky advance of MacArthur's strong division, while far out to the south and east the thinned and depleted lines of Anderson held an insurgent force that forever menaced but dare not attack. The Primeval Dudes, sorely missing their calmly energetic colonel, had drifted into a war of words with their nearest neighbors on the firing line, a far western regiment gifted with great com-mand of language and small regard for style. The latter had crowed mightily over their more rigorously disciplined comrades because of the compliments bestowed on them in an official report wherein the Dudes received only honorable mention. It was Capt. Stricker of the volunteers who had led the dash on the rebel works across the Tripa to the left of Blockhouse 12. It was their Sergt. Finney who whacked a Filiping major with the butt of his Springfield, and tumbled out of him the batch of reports and records that gave the num bers and positions of every unit of Pilar's division on the southward zone. It was their Corporal Norton who got the Mauser through the shoulder just as, foremost in the rush, he bayoneted the last Tagal at the Krupp guns in the river redoubt. It was his devoted bunky, Private Latrobe, who volunteered to carry the division com-mander's dispatch across the open rice field and the yawning ditches that sep-arated the staff from the rest of the charging -teenth, and who died gloriously in the rush on the rebel works Man after man of the woolly westerners had been referred to by name, while the Dudes had nothing to show but their wounded colonel's modest report that "where every officer and man appeared to do his whole duty it would be unjust to make especial mention of even a limited few." The Dudes were getting hot over the taunts of the "Toughs," as some one had misnamed their neigh bors; and one night when there was more or less interchange of pointed chaff in lieu of a fight with a common foe there was heard a shrill voice from the flank of the rifle pit nearest the westerners, and what it said was repeated in wonderment over the brigade before the Dudes were another day

"Well, dash your thievin' gang! We made our record for ourselves, any-how. We didn't have to rely on any dashed deserters from the regulars-as

And that was why Sergt, Sterne, of the Dudes, was sent for by the field officers of both regiments the following morning and bidden to explain, which he did in a few words. He was ready to answer that the wounded Corporal Norton was the very same young man he saw in the adjutant's office of the —teenth regulars at Camp of the —teenth regulars at Camp Merritt, and was then called Morton And that evening the veteran sergeant major of the -teenth was bidden to report at the reserve hospital in Ermita, close to the Malate line, was conducted to the bedside of a pallid young soldier whose ticket bore the name of Norton, and was asked to tell whether

he had ever seen him before.
"I have, sir," said the veteran, sadly and gravely. "He is a deserter from the
—teenth. His name on our rolls was
Morton." And that night Col. Armstrong cabled to "Primate," New York, the single word "Found." Nor was it likely the lad would soon be lost again for a sentry with fixed bayonet stood within ten feet of his bed with orders not to let him out of his sight a second

Mrs. Garrison appeared at the hospital that very evening and heard of the episode, and reached Billy Gray's bedside looking harassed, even baggard. During the past three days she had been accorded admission, for Gray was so much improved there was no reason to longer forbid; but on each occasion the wounded volunteer officer and the brace of attendants present had precluded all possibility of confidential talk. must bide her time. Gray would be up in a few days, said the doctor; and ther nothing would do, said Mrs. Garrison, but he must be moved to their big, roomy, lovely house on the bay side, and be made strong and well againmade to give up those letters, too, thought she; for she had wormed it out

dier to the lieutenant, and she well knew what it must be. She had even penned him a little note, since not a whisper could be safely exchanged, and headedit: "Give this back to me the mo-ment you have readit." Init she reminded him of his promise, and—did he need to be reminded of hers? She knew that packet of Nita's letters had been intrusted to his care. She assured him she had it straight from the surgeon who attended both Latrobe and himself, and they must reach the hands of no man on earth, but must come to her. Would he not give them at once or tell er where she could find them?

He gave back the note, but closed his eyes and turned away. In the presence of Armstrong day after day, and in the recollection of Latrobe's dying face and the last parting touch of his stricken hand, Gray's eyes were opening to his own deplorable weakness. She plainly saw her power was going, if not gone. He had wrapped a silk handkerchief about the packet and still kept it, with his watch and purse, beneath his pillow. He would not tell her where it lay. She smiled archly for the benefit of the attendant; but her eyes again eagerly claimed a look from his, her lips framed the word "to-morrow."

But neither on that morrow nor yet the next day came her opportunity. The gallant fellow who had lain there for days, dumb and patient, but a barrier to her plans, had taken a turn for the worse, and she was again denied admission. Then came the tidings that the barrier was removed, the long fight was over; and the heartless woman actually rejoiced. Now at last she could talk to Will Gray; and when midnight came she knew that now at last she must, for Frank Garrison, worn and weary, returning late from the front, briefly announced that Gen. Drayton purposed visiting the hospital the following afternoon, and long be-fore noon—long before visiting hours, in fact, she was there with flowers as winsome as her smile, and some jelly as dainty as her own fair hands. She was there, and the instant the hour sounded was ushered in, and Billy Gray, propped on his pillows, was writing to his father, and alone. No time was to be lost. Any moment the attendant might return. She threw herself on her knees beside the homely, narrow cot, seized his hand in hers, and harrow cot, sezzed his hand in hers, and to looked him in the face. "Where are they, Will?" she pleaded. "Quick! I must have them now!" But well she realized that the spell was broken—that the old fascination had died its death. Then it was useless to hint at love; and in a torrent of impassioned words she bade him think of all he owed her, appealed to his sense of gratitude and honor, and there, too, failed, for, admitting all she claimed, he clumsily, haltingly yet honestly told her he saw now that it was all for an object, all done in the hope that he might become her instrument for the recovery of those compromising letters; and now the fate had delivered them into his hands he was bound by honor and his promiseheard, unspoken perhaps, but all the same his promise—to the dead to give them to Gen. Drayton.

Then rising in fury and denunciation, she played her last trump. Trembling from head to foot, pale with baffled purpose and with growing dread, she bent over him, both hands clinched.

"You mad fool!" she cried. "Do you know what I can do—will do—unless you give them to me here and now? As God hears me, Will Gray, I will give that other packet to Gen. Drayton myself and swear that Col. Canker was right-that you were the thief he thought you, and that I got those let-ters from you."

For a moment she stood there, menacing, at his bedside, looking down in almost malignant triumph on his amazed and incredulous face; and then, with an awful fear checking the beat of her heart and turning her veins to ice, she grasped at the flimsy framework that supported the netting over the cot, and stood swaying and staggering, her eyes fixed in terror on the man in the uniform of a colonel, who, quietly entering, stood between her and the door, two papers in his half-extended handa man whose voice, long and too well known, cut her to the very quick as she heard, in calm and measured tone, the

"Mrs. Garrison, here are two reasons why you will do nothing of the kind. Shall I hand these to Gen. Drayton-or to your husband?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The long wait for the coming of the big transports with the regulars was over. For the first time in history America was sending her soldiery past the pyramids and through the Indian landing them, after 40 days and nights of voyaging, upon the low, flat shores that hem Manila bay, and shovng them out to the hostile front before their sea-legs could reach the swing and stride of the marching step; yet, to all appearance, as unconcernedly at home as though they had been campaigning in the Philippines since the date of their enlistment. This, to be sure, in the case of more than half their number, would have given them scant time in which to look about them, since raw recruits were more numerous than seasoned men. But no matter what may be his lack of drill or preparation the average Anglo-Saxon never seems to know the time when he doesn't know how to fight. So, with all the easy assurance of a veteran, our Yankee Tommies" wriggled into their blanket rolls and trudged away to the posts assigned them; and once more the army

issumed the aggressive. There were changes in the composi-tion of the forces even before the move began. The dudes and the "toughs" parted company; and the former, with Stanley Armstrong once more riding silent at their head, joined forces with Stewart's riddled regiment up the railway toward Malolos. Col. Frost had

as his name itself in such a clime and climate, and was in daily expectation of an order home. Billy Gray, mending only slowly, had been sent to Corregi dor, where the bracing breezes of the China sea drove their tonic forces through his lungs and veins, and the faintly rising hue of coming health back into his hollow cheeks. The boy had been harder hit than seemed the case at first, said the fellows of the -teenth; but the wise young surgeor of the "Second reserve" and a grave faced colonel of infantry could have told of causes little dreamed of in the regiment—were either given to telling the half of what he knew.

That something most unusual had oc curred in the room of Mr. Gray the day that the sad-faced, kind old general visited the hospital at least half a dozer patients could have told; for an at tendant went running for one of the women nurses, and the doctor himself hurried to the scene. It was on his arm that, half an hour later, Mrs. Garrison slowly descended the stairs, her flimsy white veil down, and silently bowed her thanks and adieux as the doctor closed the door of her carriage and nodded to the little coachman. was the doctor who suggested to Col Frost that Manila air was not conducive to his wife's recovery, and recommend ed Nagasaki as the place for her re-cuperation until he could join her and take her home. The Esmerelda bore the White sisters over Hong-Kong way within a week; and they left withou flourish of trumpet, with hardly the flutter of a handkerchief; for, since the battle of the 5th of February, neither had been seen upon the Luneta. Their women friends were very few; the men they knew were mainly at the front The story got out somehow that Garrison had asked to be relieved from further duty as aid-de-camp and returned to duty with his regiment, and that Drayton would not have it. The general's manner toward that hard-work ing staff officer, though often preoccu pied as of old, grew even kinder. He did not see the sisters off for China— he was "far too busy" was the explanation; but he offered Garrison a fort night's leave and urged his taking it and was obviously troubled when Garrison declined. "You need rest and the change of air more than any man I know," said he; but Garrison replied that change of scene and air would not help him.

There were two young fellows in tal launch on the back trip from Corregidor one warm March day. One wore the badge of a subaltern of the —teenth regulars, the other the chevrons of a corporal and the hatband of a famous



fighting regiment of volunteers; yet the same carriage bore them swiftly through the sentineled streets of the walled city, and the guards at the Ayun tamiento sprang to their arms and formed ranks at sight of it, then dispersed at the low-toned order of its commander when it was seen that, in-stead of stopping at the curb and diselderly general officer, i whirled straight by and held two youths in field uniform.

"One of 'em's young Gray, of the -teenth; he that was hit in the charge on the Panay road," said the officer of the guard to a comrade. "But who the devil's the other? He had corporal's chevrons on. Some fellow just got a commission, perhaps." And that was the only way the soldier could account for a corporal riding with a commissioned officer in a general's carriage these two; and the corporal told Gray as he already had the general and Col. Armstrong, much of the story of his friendship for "Pat" Latrobe, of that poor fellow's illness at San Francisco and all the trouble it cost his friend and chum. There was a strong bond between them, he explained; and the blush of shame that stole up in the face of the narrator found instant answer in that of Billy Gray. Determined to see service at the front and not return to punishment in his regiment, never dreaming that, in quitting a corps doomed apparently to inaction at home and joining one going straight to the enemy's country, he was committing the grave crime of desertion, "Gov" Prime had spoken to some men in Stewart's regiment and was bidden to come along and fetch his friend; for they were just as ignorant as he. Having still considerable money, "Gov" had bought civilian clothes and all the supplies they needed while about town, and hired ; boat that rowed them, with certain items contraband of war, to the dark side of the transport as nightfall came; and they were easily smuggled aboard and into uniform, and then, during the few days' stay at Honolulu, were formally enlisted and no embarrassing questions asked.

And now poor Pat was gone Prime's father had been cabling for him to return home; but there was that awk ward matter about the desertion. Gen Drayton was trying to have it straight-ened out at Washington, for he had been kindness itself the day of his visit to the hospital, where almost his first act had been to seek out the wounded young soldier who had been his beloved nephew's boon companion, and at one of a bystander that a packet of some succeeded in convincing the surgeons nephew's boon companion, and at one kind had been given by the dying solthat he would be as much out of place time sole support. The sentry was re-

Norton transferred to Corregidor to re cuperate; and now that both lads were well on the road to recovery, Drayton had sent for them. Strictly speaking, some one should have seen to it that Corp. Norton, of the volunteers, was shifted back to Private Morton, of the -teenth, and the chevrons stripped from his sleeves; but no one had cared to interfere where the worsted was concerned, especially as the boy had won such praise for bravery at Concordia Bridge. So there the chevrons stood when the two were ushered into the presence of the gray-haired chief, and he arose, and, stepping forward, held out a hand to each.

"I want you, boys," said he, "to be ready to take the next transport home. The doctors say you need a sea voyage, Gray; so there is the order. The doctors say your father needs you, Prime; and the record will be duly straightened out in Washington—the charge of desertion, no doubt, will be removed. It's a matter of influence. To-night you dine with me here; and I have asked your good friend, Col. Armstrong, to

[To Be Continued.]

THE FEMININE OBSERVER.

ome of Her Homespun Philosophy About the Peculiarities of Men and Women.

A woman wants to be truly lovedand to be told so.

A woman's voice is the greatest evidence of breeding, or the reverse. Many a man's resolutions regarding

noney-saving go up in smoke. A woman who owns palms thinks think they are as much trouble as a

sickly baby. How many persons who tell a dog to speak" would survive the shock if it

Following in the footsteps of duty leads to mental tranquillity-however

great the cost. Resolutions are not carried out as often as are the men that make them-

from saloons. There is not such a great evidence of genius as an actor when a man plays

he fool successfully. No matter how intelligently a man may be, he always seems silly to a wom-an when he wants to marry her.

A word of prat for a dinner often more than cor tes a woma the trouble of it reparation. tes a woman for all

No matter how sensible a woman may be, she is willing to stint herself on food to pay for anything recommended to make her beautiful.

If the photographs in our rooms were to suddenly come to life what a horrible quarter of an hour the hostess would have in her efforts at making agreeable to each other .- Philadelphia

City of Crime.

The Italian city of Artena, situated about 40 miles from Rome, is known as the City of Crime. Ever since the sixteenth century every criminal who has escaped from prison or done Lis time has emigrated to Artena, and to-day practically every inhabitant is a criminal or the child of criminals. Every family takes the law into its own hands. and it is reported not a day passes with out many murders being committed in the streets. The Italian authorities have now come to look upon Artena as hopeless, and remark that it is far bet-ter that criminals should kill criminals than that innocent persons should be their victims. It is said that on one occasion, when 23 murders had been committed in that city in one day, the fact was reported in one of the Italian papers in the following terms: "Since our last issue (24 hours before) there have been 23 sudden deaths in Artena.' And no further notice of the murders was taken or expected. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Polite. At a recent church dedication the breacher, who was a stranger, folowed up his sermon by an earnest appeal for the balance of the money needed to pay for the building. The collectors went round, and promises came in. As the subscriptions were one after another read, a collector announced, "The five Black children, one dollar." The courteous preacher quickly amended the statement by announcing, "Five little colored people, one dollar." Amidst an outburst of merriment, the pastor hastily ex-plained that the donors were white children of the name of Black .- Short

Decidedly Worse.

Mrs, Morrall-How our ideas of love and matrimony have retrogaded durng the last century.
Mrs. Frank—In what particular?

Mrs. Morrall—Why, in the difference between the old and new regard for the actuating motive for matrimony; what for instance, can be worse than the modern custom of marrying for

noney? Mrs. Frank-Why, er-marrying for it and not getting it, of course.-Richmond Dispatch. Caused a Slight Family Jar.

"Maria, did you read about that

Philadelphia woman who was cured of her mental troubles by fasting 45

days? I believe such a treatment

would cure that unhappy temper of

"Yes! It would make an angel of

me! Is that what you would like, John Billus?"—Chicago Tribune. True Art. "Does Daubthick get a sufficiently avage expression on his Indian por-

traits?"
"Yes, indeed; they look like football players."-Chicago Record.

Would Ward Off Water. The Physician-You have a coat on

your tongue.

The Colonel--I sincerely hope it is a mackintozh.-Indianapolis Journal.

LITTLE MISS LIBERTY.

She counts the stars in the dear old flag— This dear little maid of three, Her small feet tread where no other foot Could tread, unchallenged or free.



She kisses the bars of the stars and

stripes, And she kisses his picture, too, For in far-off climes her dear papa fights To-day for the red, white and blue! —Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE SAGACIOUS RAT.

A Little Story for Young People from Which They Can Draw a Valuable Lesson,

One day a well-fed and sagacious rat came across an object made of stout wires, whose sole occupation seemed to be to take care of a liberal piece of cheese. Having had several years' experience with men and their machinations, the rat looked the ground over with great care, and he was still engaged in this occupation when a mouse appeared and wanted

to know what was up.
"Why, the fact is," replied the rat,
"I have more cheese here than I can ossibly eat at one meal, and as cheese quickly spoils in this climate, I was waiting for some one to come along and accept a portion."

"You are very, very generous," said the mouse.

"Don't mention it. Just step inside and pass the cheese out, will you?" The mouse no sooner nibpled at the bait than there was a crash, and he found himself trapped.

"Ah! that's the way it works, is it?"
queried the rat. "I couldn't just
make it out. Um! I see. Spring
there somewhere. Very good idea."
"But I'm caught!" exclaimed the mouse, in great agitation.

"So I observe."

"And what's to be done?" "Well, I leave that for you to decide. I let you in on the ground floor, and my responsibility ceased there. Fine day. Hope we shall have a large harvest.

There is a good moral to this anecdote. Think it out.—National Rural.

HE WAS IN A HURRY.

That Is No Doubt the Reason Why the Boy Got the Position He Was After.

The merchant had arrived at his office rather early in the morning, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking, bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying At the end of two minutes he

coughed slightly and spoke.
"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm
in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.
"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me.'

"Oh, do you?" roared the merchant. "Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yester-day afternoon to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me say so and I'll go. The only place where I can stop long is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock. "When can you come?" he asked.
"I don't have to come," replied the

youngster. "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you had

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants one.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

The janitor in an American school gave up his place the other day. When asked what was the trouble, he said 'I'm honest, and I won't stand being suspected. If I find a pencil or hand kerchief about the school when I'm sweeping I hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher, or some on that is too cowardly to face me, will give me a slur. Why, a little while ago seen wrote on the board: 'Find the least common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret for that multiple and I wouldn't know the thing if I met it. Last night, in big writing on the blackboard, it said: 'Find the greatest common divisor.' 'Well,' I says to my self, 'both of them things are lost now and I'll be accused of stealing 'em; so

Artful Man.

If men can't love—well, this I state
With no intimidation—
They have the kanck of getting up
A first-class imitation.
—Chicago Record.

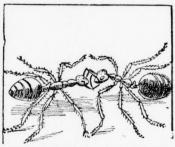
LIFE IN AN ANT HILL.

It Is More Like Our Own World Than That of Any Other Insect or Animal.

Even if you don't know anything about their habits it is very interesting at this time of year to watch the ants. Here and there across any meadow and in the woods you will come upon little mound with a ridge of earth, like a circus ring, and a hole in the center from which the earth slopes up to the edges. The ants have been building their houses and these mounds are made of the dirt they carried out, each piece in a little grain about the size of grain of sugar.

There are so many ants in one of these homes and they dart about so fast they don't seem to be going anywhere in particular—just hurrying back and forth. This is because the ants all look alike to us unless we get well acquainted with them, and what seems to be one ant running into the hole and coming right out again is in reality two ants, one of which had important business inside the nest-in the back room in the top flat perhapsand the other, who has just come from the nest, something equally pressing to attend to on the outside. Perhaps these two ants met and seemed to rub noses as the Eskimo do when they say "good morning." If so they were talking to each other. For the ants use their long feelers, called antennae, to keep one another posted about what is going on in the ant world. This picture of two ants talking is taken from the book "Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans," and illustrates one of the things Franklin found out about ants when he was a boy.

And a very important and interesting world it is—this ant world—more like our own world than that of any other insect or animal. The ant's house, for example, is built in several flats or stories, and these stories are divided up into rooms. During the night the baby ants are carried by their nurses into a room of the nest furthest away from the opening and "the front door closed" by being stopped up with dirt, to keep out the



ANTS TALKING TO ONE ANOTHER.

chill night air. The next morning, if the weather is good, the baby ants, wrapped up in their little white bundles, are brought back to the outer rooms where they can get the heat of the sun and if the weather is particularly fine they are taken out into the sun. But the moment the weather looks threatening, the babies are hurried back into the house as fast as the legs of the nurse ants can carry them. Ants not only have nurses but they keep cows, and in some countries there are ants which carry off the eggs of other ants, and when these hatch out keep them and raise them up to work for their captors. Among some kinds of ants the business of life is so divided up that while some spend all their time being nurses to the baby ants, others which have particularly large and strong jaws are the soldiers of the ant nest and defend it against the attacks of enemies.—Little Chronicle.

BUILT IN TWO DAYS.

How a Railroad Company Created Booming City in Little Over 48 Hours.

There never was such another country as this in the celerity with which plans are made and carried into effect. Think of a city built in two days! That is what happened in 1867 on the line of the Union Pacific railroad in Wyoming. move its shops and establish a new town. The site chosen was on the plains, where there was neither tree nor stone. Every other lot in the town was to be given free to the person who would build a house.

The day after the offer was made the railroad had difficulty in moving all he people who wanted one of those lots. Free trains were run from as far east as Chicago, and in 48 hours 2,000 people were on the ground, scrambling for a place to construct a home. As fast as location was secured the building of a home began. A good many of the ouses were of the "knock down" style of architecture. They could be folded up and hauled in a wagon, and some of settlers had brought these houses with them. For a year the railroad company continued to give away lots. There were no paved streets nor sidewalks. A man who had a home on a roadway where the sod had been scraped up in a ridge in the center re-

garded himself as an aristocrat.

The city is standing to-day, but it is larger and more substantial, and the 'knock down" houses have given place to something finer. The city now bears the name of Cheyenne.

How Various Sounds Travel.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard ,300 yards through the air, the noise of the railway train 2,800, the report of a rifle and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, an orchestra or the roll of a drum 1,600 vards, the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards, the croaking of frogs 900 yards, the chirping of crickets 800 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air above to a distance of 000 yards; from above it has a range of only 100 yards downward.