She's bin out here a-teachin' fer this winter now a-past, An' I hear that she's a-tellin' that this

winter is her last— That she's goin' to quit the schoolroom an' goin' home to stay—
somehow I'm jes' hatin' fer to see her
go away.

Fer us fellers think that schoolmarm is an

angel; yes we do.

A little blue-eyed angel, yit a woman thro'
an' thro';

An' she treats us all so kindly, jes' th' same
most ev'ry day,

n' somehow I'm jes' hatin' fer to see her
go away.

She hain't never give me reasons fer to think I'd have a show
To win her, but I'm honest when I say I like her so
That I dread her time fer goin', countev'ry

assin' day, I'm hatin', jes' a hatin', fe**r to s**ee Cause her go away.

'Well, her term is 'bout completed, an', say, I don't think I

Have got th' nerve to greet her an' to say
a last good-by;

Seems so tough! Oh, well, I'm feelin'—
call it heartsick, if you may—
An' I'm hatin', jes' a-hatin, fer to see her
go away.

LATER.

LATER.

Oh, say, I'm 'bout as happy as a feller wants to be;
Went to see her an', by jimmy, she jes' upped an' cried—you see

Eight there I had to say it, what so long
I've feered to say,
An' now we've went an' fixed it so she'll never go away.

—Chicago Evening Post.



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CHAPTER XV.

Col. Richard Somers dismounted and took refuge upon the veranda of a little cottage that fronted a cross road near Mechanicsville while his artillery thundered by and unlimbered in position to face the enemy. Men, horses and officers were worn out with fatigue and hard fighting and eager for an opportunity to snatch a few hours of rest. The two great armies had entered upon the memorable seven days' fight which was to swing around Richmond and leave a bloody path to Malvern Hill. The cottage seemed deserted, but presently an aged negress made her appearance from somewhere and pathetically attempted to extend its hospitalities to the officers who began to swarm into the yard. Clinging to her skirts was a little girl of six or seven years, whose fair complexion, blue eyes and milken curls bespoke a patrician parentage, but whose frail figure and incessant cough gave evidence of a

"Her ma is done dead, sah," said the old woman, respectfully, when Somers hurriedly questioned her con-cerning the family, "an' her pa left "fo" you-all come; done come vistiddy an' go right back to town. He don't stay hyar anyhow.'

"But that child must not remain here; she is in danger every moment. You must move out!"

"Whey we goin' move, sah? Don't know nobody any better off'n we are roun' hyah. Marster tell me to stay right hyah, an' I goin' ter stay hyah. Better tek yo' folks an' move on, sah, whey you started." Somers had other things to think about, and turned away. Very likely the movement next day would carry them beyond the cottage, and the danger was not press-ing at the moment. In the morning the child might be sent to the rear if necessary, and to-night he rather welcomed the adjuncts of refined life. He had use for the old woman, for he was but recently out of hospital and somewhat spoiled by nursing made himself and officers com able in the best rooms after the manof old campaigners and prepared for the short rest which he so much meeded.

Somers had made the necessary dispositions and, left alone upon the porch for a moment, his thoughts reverted to the cherished memento in his locket the worldless message of love which bad so mysteriously reached him. I was just one slender curl-the curl that had touched his cheek, he was sure and with it a name. They were enough; no words could have summoned more vividly the scenes of that dark ened wing-room, nor have told him more eloquently that within the ex there was one heart which held no hatred for him. It was no hour for dreaming, and he roused himsel to the present. Around him were con tending hosts of doomed men, the spir-it of war hovered over the rude camps and death lurked in the shadows, eager for his harvest. From the distance, the echoes of dropping shots came faintly to the ear, and presently what seemed to be a small volley. This volley claimed his attention and that of the junior officers, and he had ordered a sergeant up to inquire as to the cause when the sound of rapid hoof-beats approached upon the road, and in the dim light as he waited a frightened horse, pursued by half a dozen troopers, sped by. Presently the men returned lead-Its late rider. The latter was youthful and clad in confederate gray, which was drenched with blood and covered with dust; for the wounded rider, clinging desperately to the mane of the horse as he lay extended upon its deagged until the weight stopped the runaway. The face of the unfortunate fellow had escaped, and so young and so fair was it, even the hardened soldiers were touched.

"He insists upon seeing an officer," said one of them. "Claims to have se

"Place him upon the porch and call a surgeon. Where did he come from?' Somers was strangely affected.

"Don't know, sir. He came riding headlong through the rebel pickets. I think, and they shot him. We didn't think, and they shot him. shoot at all, for at first the horse seemed to be loose, and when we did see the young fellow on him, we knew he was too near gone to escape. had orders against unnecessary alarms, and so we ran him down." The surgeon came and laid open the jacket of now unconscious sufferer. He waved back the curious group and motioned

for Somers to approach.
"A woman!" he whispered.
"Is it possible! To my room—to my room! The rough soldiers again lift ed the frail form tenderly and placed of the battlefield without a tremor. it upon the bed inside. A hurried exmination disclosed the wound; a shot from behind had passed entirely papers-duplicates-duplicates! Rich-

through the body.
"She cannot live," said the surgeon, gently, as he arose and covered up the white form. "There is not the slight-est chance for her." The sentence of death seemed to inspire her with a sudden consciousness. She opened her eyes widely, and they rested in wonder upon the blue uniforms and strange

"What has happened?" she asked, "Where am I?" weakly.

"You have been wounded, madam," said the surgeon, "badly wounded; but you are in friendly hands."

-Raymond-told me-that he had-had arranged with-the picketsudden return of full consciousness she cried aloud: "My papers!—they are valuable!—where are they?"

"I have you "We have none, madam

"Oh, God!—what agony!—oh, sirs, I suffer, I suffer so—!"
"Drink this," said the surgeon, plac-

ing a glass of stimulant to her lips; "more if you can; it will sustain you." "In the saddle pockets-my papers!" Her eyes closed in exhaustion. officer who was sent to find the documents came back quickly:

"Saddle trailing underneath; pockets empty." She heard him and un-

"Lost! Then-I, too-am lost, Ravmond!—Raymond!" She turned her a message to her. Somers caught face away and wept silently.

"Gentlemen," said Richard Somers, hoarsely, "will you leave us? I know this unfortunate woman." He was instantly the focus of wondering eyes, but for a moment only. The little group saluted in silence and with-

"Louise!" he said, sadly, standing by her side. The eyes of the woman were fixed on him as he sought to

control his voice.

"Who spoke—who called Louise?"
"It was I—"
"Richard!" 'Yes; sadder, older-but Richard still. God knows I speak the truth when I say I have nothing in my heart for you but the tenderest sympathy Her eyes clung to his face through the spasm of pain that twisted her body and drew the beautiful mouth into a thin line of scarlet.

"How may I help you? I would help you?—Louise, if I might."

"Tell me-upon your soul's honor-is-it-death?" He covered his eyes and stood si-She waited in agony; he did

not answer her. "Death!" she said, in horror. "Help me! help me, Richard!" Sobs shook her, and she stretched out her hand to him as one who is drowning. cry burst from the lips of the manly soldier, a cry no less agonized than hers.

"Louise! Louise!-I would give my life to help you! Don't speak, don't look at me that way!"



"LOUISE!" HE SAID, SADLY, STAND-ING BY HER SIDE

come-he won't refuse now! He was -to.come-soon! The marriage-must-must-be fulfilled! Bring him -bring him-to me! Bring my child!"

"Impossible, Louise," he cried "You do not know what you are saying. He is beyond the enemy's lines!"
"Ah—but—but he is—coming! Water—water!"—he placed the drink quickly to her lips—"coming, Richard! Bring him—I am dying—tell him—I am dying—tell him—I am dying—I—Louise—dying!

"I am a soldier," he said, "sworn country's defense. My life belongs to my country—not to myself. No one would give me permission to go on such an errand. And if I were captured I should die as the spy dies! "Richard-you and I-are-in God's

presence!" "Yes; in the presence of God!" "Would - lie-oh, would-I lienow?

"Kneel here—I shall tell you—now! swear in His presence—I have loved no man in life-but you-but you!'

"Hush!" he whispered, chilled and shocked, seeking to release his hand. "Believe, oh, believe me!"
"I cannot!"

"Believe!"

"I cannot-I would if-"

"Believe-believe me-Richard." Her that had slipped down into her bosom, and drew a little locket into view. He recognized it.

"I believe you," he said, gently, at length. And he did; he had never doubted it in his heart.

"It is the last prayer of the wom-an—who in all these years—of suf-fering—shame—has loved you! Go to him! He will come-my child's life—save the child for—her mother's sake! Let me see her!"

The soldier had faced every danger agony his heart failed him. "The lost is yours—Lee's army—de-d!" He stood up then, and was ond stroyed! cool, his eyes reading her pale face as an open book. He turned to the door.

"Surgeon," he said, "come to this poor girl. Louise, I will return. He rode to headquarters and laid before his chief all the facts. A long discussion followed.

"It is a desperate venture, general, and if I fail-death! I know that. But if I succeed, it may mean life for many a man in this army. Still, let me be frank; I shall go not for that alone.'

"The decision is with you, colonel. to pretend only to fire—oh, they have—

killed me!" She shuddered, but with yet—if that information opened the My advice is against your plan. And road to Richmond-it would mean

"I have your permission?" There as no answer. "I shall start in 30 was no answer. "I s minutes, then," said minutes, then," said Somers. The general gave his hand in silence and

urned away.
"Avoid capture," he said, sadly. Day by day familiar faces were passing from him.
"I shall not be captured. If it

comes, it will be a soldier's death,' was the reply. He reentered the presence of Louise clad in the uniform of a confederate captain. The old negress was with her, and, hat in hand, a young man, her son, was delivering enough of the words to gather that he came from Richmond.

"How did you pass through the lines?" he asked, abruptly. The ne-gro grinned and was silent. "Can you guide me through—quick, man, speak." The negro looked at the uniform. "Yes, sah. But it's er long ways

"Yes, san. But it's er long ways now—an' through the swamp, too."
"Louise, for your sake and the child's I shall try. If I return no more—it will be because I—have failed!"

"Come-to me, Richard-kneel. And now, God-bless you. 'Tis a sinful woman's prayer-but He will hear-'Tis a sinful even me, a murderess!' "Murderess! Louise!"

"I tried to kill him-tried to end it! I fired to kill in my despair—it was the wrong man. I saw dimly through the blinds-another woman's room-under the light of a only-and I killed him-an innocent man!"

"Louise-in Richmond-through the

blinds—a year ago?"
"Ah, you heard of it?"

"I was the man."

"It was a wing-room. She was and kneeling before me, and the bullet A struck here!' He drew aside his hair and rested his finger upon a white spot. "Brodnar—"

emy tongue, but—how stup-pered. "The rest will come." Tears streamed down her cheeks from her asking me has knocked it of closed lids. Somers chose the mo-ment to leave her.

"Keep her alive until morning," he said, to the surgeon. "I will come then—or not at all." And then to

"No horse can cross whar I gointer to." He led away briskly into the Chickahominy swamp, and when Richard Somers found the stars again he was within the lines of his ene-Richmond lights in sight. Not until then did he remem-

"Do you know Mr. Holbin in Rich-mond," he asked of the negro, "Mr. Raymond Holbin?"
"Yes, sah, 'course I know him. We

all b'longs to es ma.' "What! Then that house back yon-

der! er! Whose is that?"
"Dat's his house, sah, I reck'n. Don't

nobody come out but him, to see es lit-tle gal." "His girl! Her name-what is her name?"

"Calls 'er Chicky most generally. Sometimes he called 'er Nanon. ers stopped then and stood with his face toward the stars in breathless

reverie a few moments.
"My boy," he said, "you saw the woman who was shot?"

"Yes, sah." "She is dying; that is her child and

she does not know it. Here is all the money I have with me; it is yours if you will go back with all your might and tell her about the child. Do this my boy, and God will bless you." "How you gointer get back, mars

"That doesn't matter!-go! go! Here

is your money—be quick now!"
"Bring it along wid you, marster The negro vanished as a shadow with-

in a shadow.
"And now, Louise," said the soldier, as he plunged on into the city, "God is comforting you!"

So far as the chance of detection vas concerned, Richard Somers was as safe on the streets of Richmond that night as in his own camp; but he re-alized that perhaps he had a difficult task before him to find Raymond Hol-

men and women crowded the streets wounded soldiers were on every hands tore feebly at a slender chain side. There was to be little sleep that night in Richmond or in the next five to come, for the fate of the city hung in the balance during the seven days' battle. Somers carried off his novel experience boldly, and, passing into the Spotswood hotel, he sought a directory. His search for Holbin's name was at once successful, and, taking a note of the address, he went forth and prepared himself for the final trial. His safety lay in the character of the service he was rendering to the woman to whom Holbin owed much. At least he argued so. How little he knew the depths of villainy he was about to probe!

A policeman directed him to the address secured, and he found himself before a spacious and pretentious mansion of the older style. There were lights in front and he hesitated, prompted by some intuition. If he could get to the rear, he imagined and question a servant, the risk would be less. There seemed to be a garden and a wing, and upon a side street he found an entrance through an iron gate, which stood ajar. Entering and passing a horse tied in the shrubbery, he approached the wing-room without connecting the place with any impression of memory; but suddenly, as he neared the closed door, the plashing of a fountain smote his ear, and the experience of a memorable night rose mind. The iron gate, the gravel walk, the shrubbery and the wing-room! All were there; and above all the low music of the fountain. Then, swift as a flash of lightning, rose his promise. He was pledged not to enter. But as he stood, his mind confused and without power to measure the significance of the new facts, the door opened and a young woman stepped out. The light from the iron lamp swinging overhead fell full upon her. He saw that her face was womanly, sad, and beautiful, a face hallowed by the sufferings of others like unto those he had seen so often in the convent and hospital. vague half memory of it arose in his mind. He lifted his hat instinctively as she paused in surprise.

"I fear you have made a mistake," she said, gently. "Whom do you seek?" At the sound of her voice he uttered a low cry; and then—

"Frances!" At the same instant she recognized him and started forward; but, checkimpulse, she drew back, stunned and distressed.

[To Be Continued.]

WHAT THE FOOL SAID.

Story of a Quotation and of Much Ignorance Displayed by Instructers.

An Ignoramus, not knowing the author of the line, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," appealed to a Person of Discretion, says the New York Sun. "You don't mean to tell me you don't know?" laughed the Person of Discretion so rudely that the Ignoramus slunk away, ashamed.

Plucking up his courage he approached a Diplomatist. "The same author who penned the line, 'Consistency, thou art a jewel," was the answer. The Ignoramus asked a Man Who Is Never Caught Napping. "Of course, I know the author," said the Man Who Is Never Caught Napping. "It's—ahem—confound it, I've forgot-ten. The name is on the very tip of my tongue, but-how stupid-I know asking me has knocked it clear out of my head."

The Ignoramus went to a Wise Man and told him all. "Three separate students upon three separate occathen—or not at all." And then to the negro: "Now, my boy, \$100 in gold if you guide me safely into Richmond and back. Will yon need a horse?" The negro shook his head.

"No horse can cross when I cause of the aurora borealis?' the third: 'What is the source of animal heat? To each question each student gave the same answer: 'I did know, but I've forgotten,' and each instruc-tor, it is said, made the same comment: 'To think that the only man ment: To think that the only man ment: Still mystified, the Ignoramus stopped, amazed that he had failed in this vital matter.

ment: To think that the only man ment: Still mystified, the Ignoramus asked a Fool—there was no doubt about his being a Fool, because everyabout his being a Fool, because everybody said so. His answer proved it. "I don't know," said the Fool.

Spotless Stains,

Katie is an interesting figure in he studio of one of the art colonies of this city. She is a maid from the "old sod," and as faithful to her mistress as she is devoted to art. Natarally Katie hears a lot of "shop talk. and appropriates the profes sional terms to her own use. itor to the studio recently proved rather irritating to Katie's nerves and after the door had closed upon the obnoxious party Katie drew the portiere with a jerk, exclaiming: "Sure, she is as you see her; there's no background." Upon another occasion Katie was admiring in extrava gant terms a picture of Queen Victoria. "Ah, but there's a foine wom an for ye! And look at all the ili gant childer she brought up." ing a smile on the face of her silent listener, Katie bristled up: "Well what have ye agin her? Sure, there's not a stain upon her that isn't pure and spotless.—N. Y. Tribune.

Poor Target Practice.

A general was hard pressed in bat tle and on the point of giving way when suddenly a splicit soldier came to his rescue and enabled him to win a great victory. Prostrating himself on the ground, he asked the spirit's name. "I am the god of the target," replied the spirit. "And how have I merited your godship's kind assistance?" inquired the general. "I am grateful to you," answered the spirit, task before him to find Raymond Hol-bin. And if he found him, what then? The city was in a turmoil. Excited of Chinese Literature,"

HAS MADE PROGRESS

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph More Than an Experiment.

Young Inventor Claims That It Will Play an Important Part in the Industrial and Trade Life of the Future.

In a recent lecture delivered before the British Society of Arts, Guglielmo Marconi, the perfecter of wireless telegraphy, reported progress. Marconi has been actively at work for several years on the commercial installation of his system throughout the world and in developing, experimentally, new devices and methods of transmitting signals through space without wire An authoritative statement from him amounts to a summary of what been accomplished up to date with the new wonder.

First reports of the work of the wireless telegraph indicated that, while it was extremely interesting from a scientific standpoint, in practice it possessed such important limitations as to make it of no great commercial value, except in a few places where conditions were peculiar. The reports of the failure of the system as tried during the operations of the British army in South Africa tended further to confirm the idea that the wireless telegraph would never reach a position of great industrial value.

To people possessing these ideas says the Chicago Inter Ocean, statements of Marconi will carry great enlightenment. By a number of most ingenious inventions and devices he has done away with the principal drawbacks at first experienced, has developed a new system of wire-less telegraphy which is as far ahead of the one used by him at the beginning as his first work was in advance of the original experiments of Hertz and Henry. In fact, he states that the system and apparatus he first put in use are out of date and practically valueless, and are being rapidly superseded by his new inventions.

The principal and vital objection observed in the first installations of the



GUGLIELMO MARCONI. (Inventor and Perfecter of Wireless Telegraphy.)

wireless telegraph was that there was no way of protecting messages from the disturbances caused by other messages or by meteorological conditions. and too many stations caused hopeless confusion of signals. By the invention of an object which looks like a big cylinder of copper, with a wire reaching from the ground up through its center, Marconi has succeeded in making the messages sent at one station receivable only at the particular station intended. He has thus made it possible to increase greatly the number of stations in a given locality without causing trouble. A flexibility of operation approaching that of the wire telegraph has been the result.

Other great improvements recently developed in wireless telegraphy have reduced enormously the height of the wires necessary to transmit and receive signals, and have increased the distance to which messages can be sent. A portable apparatus which can be attached to a railroad car, and be ready for use even when the train is moving, is another development of interest. According to Marconi, the problems which proved too severe for wire-less telegraphy in the Boer war in

South Africa are now easy of solution. Marconi devoted a large part of his address to refuting the statement that the wireless telegraph was not yet a commercial proposition. He named a core of places in various parts of the globe where public messages were being handled at regular rates with profit. Over 35 ships of the British navy have been provided with the apparatus, and practically all lightships and detached lighthouses belonging to Great Pritain have been fitted with it. Many lives and much property have saved with its assistance. Borkum lightship, belonging to the German government, on Borkum riff, reports 565 commercial messages received from May to October, of which 518 came from ships, mostly the North German Lloyd steamers.

improvements continue to be made in the next five years as in the last five it is safe to say that wireless telegraphy will play a large part in the industrial and commercial life of the

Why Everybody Laughed.

At a revival meeting in a Georgia town a man arose and said that he was the wickedest man in the city.
"I'd go to perdition if I should die to-night," he concluded. Immediately an old deacon started the hymn: "I you get there before I do, look for me—I'm coming, too." Then the deacon wondered why everybody laughed.

FRANCIS W. PARKER.

Famous Chicago Educator Who Doesn't Like to Hear "I Want to Be an Angel.

Dr. Francis Wayland Parker, who, at the recent convention of the Society of Religious Education in Detroit, declared it was folly for children to stand up and say or sing: "I want to be an angel," is the head of the Chicago institute in Chicago. Dr. or "Col.," Parker, as he is better or "Col.," Parker, as he is known in Chicago, is famous over all the world for his original views and methods on subjects of education. He has long been ax advocate of common sense in educating children, and his friends at the convention



COL. FRANCIS W. PARKER. (Head of Chicago Institute, Founded by Mrs. Emmons Blaine.)

not surprised when he took the stand in his speech against the theme of one of the best-known Sunday school hymns. He declared that young persons should be taught more practical desires than to become "angels." Such expressions were silly, he said.

Col. Parker was not the only noted educator who expressed himself on the question of Sunday-school hymns at the convention. Prof. L. H. Jones, of Cleveland, also expressed some original views. The idea of both speakers was that practical ingenuity should be instilled into the minds dren. Merely to want to become an angel without working for it was too easy, the speakers thought.

These views are slong the line of Col. Parker's ideas on education, which Chicago people have long been familiar with. They were developed by him while he was president of the Cook county normal school. to enable Col. Parker to put his views of education into practice without being hampered by politics that Mrs. Emmons Blaine endowed the Chicago institute and placed him at the head.

ALFRED B. KITTREDGE.

Sioux Falls Lawyer Who Will Proba ably Succeed the Late Senator James H. Kyle.

Alfred B. Kittredge, a prominent attorney of Sioux Falls, S. D., and ex-national committeeman for South Dakota, to whom all signs point as the fortunate republican who will be appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late United States Senator Kyle, is a native of Cheshire county, N. H. He was born March 28, 1861. In 1878 he entered Yale, from which he graduated in 1882. From that time until 1884 he studied law at Rutland, Vt., when he entered the Yale law school, from which he graduated in the spring of 1885. He was admitted to the bar by



ALFRED B. KITTREDGE. uccessor of the Late Senator James H. Kyle.) Probable Succe

the supreme court of Connecticut the following June. Then he came to Sioux Falls and engaged in the practice of law. He was elected state senator from Minnehaha county in 1889 and in 1891 was reelected. At the republican national conventions of 1892 and 1896 he was elected as South Dakota member of the republican national committee. He is the local attorney of the Great Northern and Chicago, Milwauke & St. Paul railroad companies and has a large and lucrative practice.

Georgia has just passed a law to this effect: "If a woman fails to manage the house according to the husband's ideas, he is justified in insisting that his ideas be carried out." It is solemnly made his prerogative "to determine what servants shall do and not do, the hours at which meals must be served and the menu at each meal." The man that under-

takes to act upon that law will have more experience to the square inch than he ever had before. It were better that a millstone were hanged around his neck and drowned in the depths of the sea.

Victims of Lightning. Out of every three persons struck by lightning two recover from the shock,