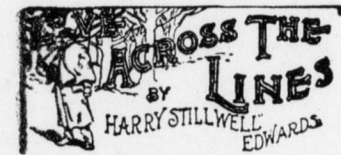


ROMANCE OF THE RANGE.

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—

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



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CHAPTER XV.

Col. Richard Somers dismounted and took refuge upon the veranda of a little cottage that fronted a crossroad near Mechanicsville while his artillery thundered by and unlimbered in position to face the enemy.

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

Somers had made the necessary dispositions and, left alone upon the porch for a moment, his thoughts reverted to the cherished memento in his pocket, the worldless message of love which had so mysteriously reached him.

"He insists upon seeing an officer," said one of them. "Claims to have secrets to tell." "Place him upon the porch and call a surgeon. Where did he come from?" Somers was strangely affected.

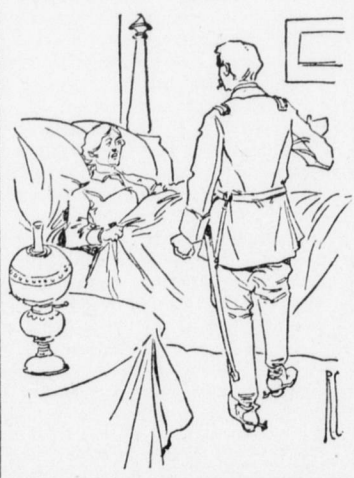
"Don't know, sir. He came riding headlong through the rebel pickets. I think, and they shot him. We didn't shoot at all, for at first the horse seemed to be loose, and when we did see the young fellow on him, we knew he was too near gone to escape. We had orders against unnecessary alarms, and so we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

"What has happened?" she asked, weakly. "Where am I?" "You have been wounded, madam," said the surgeon, "badly wounded; but you are in friendly hands."

"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 negro was with her, and, hat in hand, a young man, her son, was delivering a message to her.

"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—"

"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. A cry burst from the lips of the manly soldier, a cry no less agonized than hers.



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!"

"Yes; in the presence of God!" "Would he lie—oh, would he lie—now?" "No." "Kneel here—I shall tell you—now! I 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.

"I cannot—I would if—" "Believe—believe me—Richard." Her hands tore feebly at a slender chain that had slipped down into her bosom, and drew a little locket into view. He recognized it.

"It is the last prayer of the woman—who in all these years—of suffering—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!"

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

"Yes, sah. But it's er long way 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—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 match only—and I killed him—an innocent man!"

"Keep her alive until morning," he said, to the surgeon. "I will come then—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 you need a horse?" The negro shook his head.

"What! Then that house back yonder! Whose is that?" "Dat's his house, sah, I rec'n. Don't nobody come out but him, to see 'e little gal."

"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 within a shadow.

"So far as the chance of detection was concerned, Richard Somers was as safe on the streets of Richmond that night as in his own camp; but he realized that perhaps he had a difficult task before him to find Raymond Holbin. And if he found him, what then? The city was in a turmoil. Excited

men and women crowded the streets and wounded soldiers were on every 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.

"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."

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

"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!"

WHAT THE FOOL SAID. Story of a Quotation and Much Ignorance Displayed by Instructors.

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.

Spotless Stains. Katie is an interesting figure in the 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.

Poor Target Practice. A general was hard pressed in battle and on the point of giving way, when suddenly a spirit 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, "because in your days of practice you never once hit me."—"A Century 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 wires.

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, the 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, and has developed a new system of wireless 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.



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. Privacy of messages was impossible, 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 wireless 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 score 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 Britain have been fitted with it. Many lives and much property have been saved with its assistance. The Borkum lightship, belonging to the German government, on Borkum reef, reports 555 commercial messages received from May to October, of which 518 came from ships, mostly the North German Lloyd steamers.

If 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 near future.

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: "If 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 known in Chicago, is famous over all the world for his original views and methods on subjects of education. He has long been an advocate of common sense in educating children, and his friends at the convention were



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 of children. Merely to want to become an angel without working for it was too easy, the speakers thought.

These views are along 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. It was 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 Probably Succeed the Late Senator James H. Kyle.

Alfred B. Kittredge, a prominent attorney of Sioux Falls, S. D., and ex-national committee man 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. (Probable Successor of the Late Senator James H. Kyle.)

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, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad companies and has a large and lucrative practice.

Here's a Queer How-to-Do.

Georgia has just passed a law 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 undertakes 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 he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

Victims of Lightning.

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