

IN THE LANE.

By Victor Grey.

Through the lane the setting sunlight
Falls in misty, golden showers,
Tinting with its shimmering lances
All the little, nodding flowers,
Shining 'mid the emerald foliage,
Where the birdies, blithely singing,
Fill the woodland all about us
With a sweet and joyous ringing.

Don't you love this lane, my darling?
When I think of those sweet hours
We have spent within its cloisters,
'Neath its trees and 'mid its flowers,
Every blade of grass grows dearer—
Every tiny fragrant flower
Seems to bring in swift succession,
Memories of some happy hour.

Here it was we met, my darling,
On that blissful, sunlit morning,
When the woodland's robe of emerald,
Fringed with summer's fair adorn-
ing,

Gleamed with shimmering diamond
dewdrops,
And the birds were blithely trilling
Happy lays—sweet morning carols—
All the woods with rapture thrilling.

Here, within its dusky shadows,
Sauntering down the lane together,
Love around us cast his fetters—
Fetters that would bind forever.
Here it was I told my story,
And my happy answer guessing,
Held you in my arms a moment,
Sweet, red lips the while caressing.

There we had our lovers' quarrel,
'Mid those clumps of fragrant clover;
Here it was we grew repentant—
Begg'd forgiveness o'er and o'er;
Then I kissed your cheeks' soft roses,
And your eyes with teardrops shin-
ing.

Not content until your ringlets
On my heart were safe reclining,
Yes, I love this lane, my darling,
With its fringe of wildwood flowers—
Love it for the joy that crowned me
In those happy, happy hours;
For, though years since then have
vanish'd—

Youth's fair bloom is ours no
longer—
Still our hearts as one are beating,
And our love each day grows
stronger.

A Terrible Moment.

Yes, terrible—that is just what it
was. I shall never forget it, even
should I live to one of those won-
drous ages at times recorded in the
papers. Moreover, it was not a thing
for a man to forget. Many events
may slip from our mind, but never
that moment when we stand on the
brink of the grave, brought thither by
the probability of an awful death.

It happened in this way. I had been
in Australia for about five years, dur-
ing which time I had amassed a tol-
erable fortune, when I began to long
to see the old country again—a desire
considerably strengthened by the fact
that the girl I loved, and who had con-
sented to be my wife, was going to
England, and I could not bear the
thought of such an extent of ocean be-
tween us; so I determined to go too,
and let our marriage take place there.

My Brodstone was the only daugh-
ter of a well-to-do squatter, and the
prettiest, nicest girl for miles round
the station, though, until I had become
acquainted with her, rather fond of
a bit of girlish flirtation. This was the
worse for me, as it turned out.

Among her many admirers was one
Jacob Kiel, dark-haired, dark-eyed,
dark-complexioned, he was of that
class of men who feel strongly, and
who never forget an injury—like wild
cats, they are nasty customers to of-
fend. Well, May, I fear, had flirted
somewhat with Jacob Kiel, who, I
really believe, loved the very ground
she walked on, though she declared—
and I knew it was true—that she had
never given him the slightest hope.

It was about this time that I ap-
peared upon the scene, and she dis-
covered that she had found the right
man, as I had found the right girl.
May Brodstone instantly gave up all
her admirers, was as steady and quiet
as a gun-tree when no wind blows,
and finally said the "Yes" upon which
my happiness depended.

Old Mr. Brodstone knew that the
match would be a good one, and read-
ily gave his consent, so that our en-
gagement was soon made public. I
was present when the news reached
Jacob Kiel. I shall never forget his
face. His lips were compressed, his
dark eyes contracted; he looked from
May to me, and I felt if he could he
would do much mischief. Without a
syllable he quitted the place. A
strange sensation ran through me as
he departed; and May told me that a
cold shudder had run through her
veins.

We did not see much of Kiel after
this, though we knew he was often
about the station on business; but the
man somehow threw a kind of shadow
over May's and my happiness, and we
were not at all sorry when we got on
board the steamer and steamed off
towards Old England. We had not,
however, got cleverly out of sight of
land when May, giving a little cry, put
her hand on my arm, and, slightly nod-
ding her head towards the lower deck,
said—

"Oh, Edward, look—he is here too!"
And so he was. Leaning quietly
over the side, watching the land ap-
parently, was Jacob Kiel—a passenger
for England, like ourselves. I will
own that I was considerably annoyed,
though when May, drawing nearer,
exclaimed, in a low, startled voice,
"Edward dear, I don't know how it is,
but I dread that man—I cannot divest
my mind of the thought that he means

us harm," I laughed, and tried to ban-
ish so absurd an idea. And certainly
it appeared I had every right to do
so. Save by a casual interchange of a
few words, Kiel never troubled us;
and we were making a capital jour-
ney, when, just as we were within
twenty degrees of the line, we were
struck by a hurricane which the cap-
tain declared was almost a cyclone in
violence.

The vessel could not weather it. The
masts crashed overboard, taking sev-
eral of the crew with them, and, be-
fore the wreck could be cut adrift, a
portion of the broken spars, dashing
against the ship, had caused a leak
below the water-line, and the cry
was—

"We are sinking! Lower the boats
—the pumps are useless!"
The captain was marvelously firm
and cool, and by his example made us
all the same.

The boats were rapidly lowered and
filled, while, thank Heaven, the storm
seemed to abate. The women went
first, of course, and all who proceed-
ing well, when, just as the last boat
was being filled, I remembered that in
my hurry I had left my mother's mi-
niture in my chest. There was plenty
of time to fetch it, and in a second I
was down in the cabin. Flinging the
lid open, my hand was already upon
the likeness, when I heard a foot upon
the stairs. I turned, and by the dim
light yet swinging from the roof per-
ceived Jacob Kiel.

Good Heavens! The diabolical ex-
pression on his face, the fiendish mil-
lence in his dark, snake-like eyes, re-
vealed his intention in a moment. He
had come to do me some deadly harm.
Leaping up, I seized my revolver, to
be on my guard; but an attack was
not his purpose. Before I could pre-
vent him, he had quickly closed the
cabin door, and locked it on the out-
side.

Like a flash of lightning all the hor-
rors of my situation instantly flashed
before me. I was a prisoner in the
sinking ship! Uttering a loud shout of
fury, I sprang forward; the cry was
echoed by a laugh from Jacob Kiel.
I heard him say, "Who will marry
May Brodstone now?" and then his
feet went rapidly up the stairs.

I called aloud for help; the uproar of
the storm drowned my voice. I
paused. Just then the wind lulled,
and I heard an order to push off; the
speaker was Jacob Kiel. I again
shouted in my agony; but my voice
and the wind rose together—I was not
heard. I continued to shout like a
madman, though I knew that all hope
was gone—that I was alone, like a
trapped rat, in the sinking ship.

Furiously I beat the door, all the
while painfully conscious that rescue
was impossible and death certain, for
it was night, and, as no doubt the
storm would separate the boats, my
absence would not be discovered until
the vessel had foundered.

Could I expect aught else, when in
the occasional lull of the hurricane I
heard the rush of the deadly waters
in the hold, and felt the ship lurch
more heavily each moment as she
plunged in the trough of the sea? Sud-
denly she gave a terrific heel over, and
a wave came rattling down the com-
panion ladder like thunder, rushed
under the door and inundated the
cabin.

I shrieked in agony, believing that
all was over—that I was to die thus,
not even with the chance of battling
for life.

I felt that I could meet death calmly
if I were on deck, with the heavens
above me; but my very hair stirred at
the thought of being buried in the
sea as it were in a box. Was there
really no way of escape? I looked
round and gave a great cry of joy,
leaped forward, careless now that the
water mounted higher and higher.

"Fool! Idiot!" I exclaimed. "You
are your own murderer!"
My eyes had rested upon my re-
volver. In a second I had fired two
of its barrels into the lock of the door,
shivering it to atoms, and the next
minute I was upon the deck—only just
in time, for the vessel was settling
fast, it would have settled long be-
fore, but that the storm had abated.

With a wild hope I looked for the
boats. Near or far all was alike—
darkness hid the waters. But, hav-
ing succeeded so far, I resolved not
to despair. One by one I discharged
the remaining barrels of my revolver,
and then plunged into the sea, to swim
as far as I could from the ship before
it sank, hoping that I should find
some pieces of wreck. I did so before
I had proceeded far—a mast, with
cordage attached. This helped me;
for, after lashing myself to the mast
as well as I could, the waves bore me
away. Suddenly, however, a fearful
rush of water seized me. I was drawn
rapidly back, and then down as in a
whirlpool—lung, it seemed, here, there
and everywhere—after which I re-
membered no more. When I came to,
I was in one of the boats, with May
Brodstone leaning over me.

It appeared that directly morning
dawned the boats were called together,
and the captain went over the names,
when mine was found missing; upon
which he had resolved to row back,
and see if he could not find me, urged
thereto by many of his companions,
who wondered—as did not Jacob Kiel
—what could have prevented my get-
ting into one of the boats.

The sea was nearly calm, the sun
shining, and their search was not diffi-
cult. Approaching it, they found it to
be myself, clinging like grim death to
the wreck, but laughing and yelling
like a maniac. In fact, I was mad, and
for some time after they managed to
get me into the boat I remained so;
then I became calmer, though I was
delirious for a whole day and night.

Directly sensibility returned I told
my story, filling every one with hor-
ror, especially May Brodstone.

"I see it all!" exclaimed the captain.
"The villain! Last night our boats
separated in the darkness; this morn-
ing the one bearing Jacob Kiel and the
worst of the crew was missing. He
has either steered the boat into a dif-
ferent track, or paid the fellows to de-
sert us, fearful of the punishment
that might have awaited him when
we touched land."

Whether this was so I do not know,
for we never heard of Jacob Kiel
again.

That day we were picked up by one
of Green's ships, homeward bound,
and in due time were landed in Eng-
land, where May and I were married,
and where we now reside; for my wife
will not hear of crossing the ocean
again, as she cannot forget—that most
terrible moment of my life.

SAN JUAN'S FORTIFICATIONS.

Morro Castle Dates From the Time of Ponce
De Leon.

In the Century there is a richly il-
lustrated article on "The Island of
Porto Rico," written by Mr. Frederick
A. Ober. Writing of the fortifications
of San Juan, Mr. Ober says:

Morro Castle dates from Ponce de
Leon's time, but the Morro as it
stands to-day was completed in 1584.
The faro stands here, with a first-class
light, and within the Morro's walls
are buildings of a small military town
—quarters for troops, a chapel, bake-
house, and guard-room, with dungeons
down by the sea and underneath. This
is the citadel, the initial point of the
line of circumvallation, composed of
connected bastions, castles, and fort-
alezas, running from west to east, to
the Castle San Cristobal, thence north
to the ocean.

The oldest portion of the line is at
the southwest angle, and is called the
"Fortaleza," the platform of which
supports the captain-general's palace,
and was built in 1540. The sea-wall
to the north is pierced by the gateway
of San Juan, which affords entrance to
the glacis of San Felipe del Morro, be-
tween the palace and semi-bastion of
San Augustine. Turning southwardly
from the Fortaleza, we note the bastion
of La Palma, and the semi-bastion of
San Justo, in the curtain between
which two is the arched entrance to the
Marina, or outside ward, to the in-
tramural city, and known as the
Puerta de Espana. Beyond it, to the
east, are the bastions of San Pedro
and Santiago, the latter in the eastern
wall, the middle part of which is
pierced by the landward gate called
the Puerta de Santiago, protected by
a ravelin of the same name. The fort-
ress San Cristobal, though sometimes
called a castle, is in reality an am-
plification of the fortifications facing
east, or landward, and extends from
the bay on the south northward to the
ocean.

These fortifications in their present
shape were projected in 1630, and vir-
tually finished between 1635 and 1641;
but San Cristobal and the outworks
were not completed until the compar-
atively modern date of 1771. The ear-
lier advanced works consist of two
lines of batteries, protected by a deep
moat, of the small fort at San An-
tonio at the bridge of that name; and
at the extreme eastern end of the islet
a still smaller fort, San Geronimo,
which defends the bridge of Boqueron.

A Joke on a Chicago Doctor.

Dr. Charles Gatchell, of Chicago, is
not telling this story. The reason is
that he is too deeply concerned. But
the story is a true one.

Dr. Gatchell is a bachelor, and for
that reason his embarrassment is
greater than it otherwise would be.
When he and other members of the
medical profession started from Chi-
cago to attend the national homoeo-
pathic convention in Omaha, they
occupied a sleeper. Dr. Gatchell was
assigned to lower six, and being tired,
retired at an early hour. When the
train arrived at Galesburg the car was
set out to wait for a train following;
some of the physicians desiring to go
later from Galesburg.

That evening there was a wedding
in high life at Galesburg, and of
course the usual amount of ribbon de-
corating and rice throwing. Some of
the contracting parties had engaged sec-
tion six in a sleeper, and they deter-
mined to decorate it up. By mistake
they got into the wrong car. Dr.
Gatchell was peacefully sleeping and
alone in the car. The decorators set
to work, and in a short space of time
had the section nicely decorated with
ribbons and flowers. Then they hid to
await the coming of the groom and
bride, first sending out a spy to report
their arrival.

Presently the spy sneaked out and
reported that Mr. and Mrs. Blanke
were in their car, which was down
the track a short distance. But the
decorators knew nothing of this. They
rushed into the car they had first vis-
ited, pulled the curtains of section six
aside, and before the astonished doc-
tor could protest he found himself bur-
ied beneath an avalanche of rice, old
shoes and flowers.

When Dr. Gatchell recovered from
the awful shock to his bachelor nerves
he began to talk. He talked earnestly
and well, but the merry crowd fled
before he could finish his rather tor-
rid speech.—The Omaha World-Her-
ald.

Twenty-nine sheep introduced into
the Australian colonies in 1788 are
now represented by 120,000,000 of the
finest wool sheep in the world.

The trees in the streets of Paris,
France, are looked after by a public
official appointed solely for that pur-
pose.

Smallpox is the most infectious dis-
ease. Then comes measles.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

England evidently is now for peace
at any price. She has decided to spend
\$75,000,000 for new battleships.

Times are bound to improve. It
costs five cents this year to send a
letter to Porto Rico. Next year it will
cost only two cents.

Full dress in the Philippines seems
to consist chiefly of a gold collar richly
decorated.

As a matter of economy Spain can
now abolish the office of minister of
the navy.

According to the latest official figures
Italy has 50,135 public schools, of
which 21,254 are for boys, 18,703 for
girls and 10,173 mixed.

Japan's friendly attitude towards
this government in connection with
the Philippines is another evidence of
the little island's sagacity.

There is gold in the Klondike region,
but if the word of returned miners
may be taken it comes high. Sick-
ness, privation and frequent failure
are a big price to pay, even for gold.

Since many children die every year
from eating poisonous berries and
plants, colored charts are now shown
in some German schoolhouses illus-
trating those that must be avoided.

The work on the Swiss Jungfrau
railway is proving less expensive than
had been estimated, and it is expected
that in five years the summit of the
mountain will be reached.

The farmer holds the key to the
industrial situation. If he prospers the
railways prosper and all productive
activities are quickened. This means
prosperity for all classes.

In Vienna is a monkey that rides a
bicycle. Its photographs show an up-
right attitude greatly in contrast to
the Simian pose of the ordinary
scorcher.

A Georgia judge is credited with
saying in giving a formal judicial
opinion: "Indeed it is always proba-
ble that something improbable will
happen."

The Undertakers' Review prints a
strong editorial denunciation of "adul-
terated coffins." This does look like
an unjustifiable imposition on the
dead.

It is estimated that the capital in-
vested in Germany in hotels amounts
to \$300,000,000, giving employment to
a million persons. The capital invest-
ed in Swiss hotels amounts to \$80,000,-
000, yielding a profit of 4% per cent.

Professor Lennegou, President of the
General Association of Physicians of
France, announced recently to his
colleagues that the time was approach-
ing when the average receipts of a
doctor would not exceed \$900 a year.

Ex-Queen Lili can yet be a Queen,
even in her native country. Let her
return to Honolulu, take the oath of
allegiance to the United States and
thus become Americanized. All Ameri-
can women are queens.

There are at present on the Euro-
pean Continent fifty-seven railway
lines on which sleeping-cars are oper-
ated, and fifty-eight with dining-car
service. They are all operated by one
sleeping-car company, with a capital
of 19,000,000 francs.

The citizens of St. Louis, Mo., voted
more than three to one against a
proposition to expend \$20,000,000 for
public improvements. About 43,200 votes
were cast, and only 9,700 in favor of
the proposition.

Foreign countries owed us a net bal-
ance of \$615,000,000 as the result of
last year's commerce. That is a de-
cidedly practical answer to the old
question, "What have we to do with
abroad?"

If this were England there would
be several very notable additions to
our house of peers just about now,
nurses the San Francisco Bulletin.
Along with the "Earl of Manilla," once
plain George Dewey, there would be
"Lord Shafter of Santiago," and "Vis-
count Schley," with a seat for Miles
as "Baron of Porto Rico."

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania
has pronounced unconstitutional the
act of June 15, 1897, imposing upon
the employers of foreign-born unnat-
uralized male persons over twenty-one
years of age a tax of three cents per
day for every day such persons are
employed, the amount of the tax to
be deducted from the wages of per-
sons affected by the provisions of the
act.

The area of Great Britain is 120,979
square miles and that of her depend-
encies 16,622,073 square miles. The
population of the mother country is
39,825,000; that of the colonies and
subject countries, 322,000,000. It
seems like a small dog to have such a
big tail, and the figures suggest the
idea that old Ben Jonson was right
when he intimated that some day the
tail might become too large for the
dog to wag.

Suicides in Italy, caused mainly by
destitution, increased last year in num-
ber fifty per cent. The number of "vol-
untary" deaths enumerated by the sta-
tisticians does not include thousands
of frantic women and men who rushed
despairingly on the bayonets of the
soldiers in the great bread riots of
last spring—the awful but ineffectual
protest of a starved people against a
government responsible for the cause
of their starvation.

Two of the most reliable evidences
of the increased purchasing power of
the farmer are the reduction of mort-
gage indebtedness and the increased
sale of manufactured goods that are
made expressly for farmers. Millions
of dollars have been paid out in wip-

ing out farm and chattel mortgages,
while the trade with farmers has in-
creased from ten to 500 per cent over
the corresponding seven months of
last year. Manufacturers of agricul-
tural implements report a particularly
heavy increase in sales.

The 980 savings banks in this coun-
try in 1897 had deposits of \$1,939,376,-
025—an amount more than 100 per
cent greater than the interest bearing
national debt, and depositors of 5,201,-
132, a number for in excess of the total
population of the country at the
time of the revolution. Our country
is first among the nations in the
amount of deposits in savings banks,
and next comes Prussia. But while
the savings banks of Prussia have
nearly one-third more depositors than
ours the total of their deposits is only
about one-half as large.

It has been decided by the Depart-
ment of Agriculture, Washington, to
locate a number of experimental sta-
tions in Alaska, and increased appro-
priations have been received from
Congress for this purpose. Professor
C. C. Geogerson, who formerly occu-
pied the chair of agriculture at the
Kansas Agricultural College, has been
appointed to take charge of the work,
and will make his headquarters at
Sitka, conducting in the vicinity a
number of experiments with various
crops. Points north of Sitka will also
be visited and a thorough investiga-
tion made of the agricultural condi-
tions and possibilities of the territory.
Additional scientific work in the line
of meteorology is also to be done in
Alaska by the Weather Bureau; and,
besides locating a station at Alaska,
instruments will be distributed to vol-
untary observers, who will make regu-
lar observations at different places
and forward the results to the chief
station. Considerable work has been
done in Alaska by the Geological Sur-
vey, and the results of this attempt by
the Department of Agriculture to im-
prove and extend agricultural inter-
ests will operate to the great benefit
of the territory.

TALE OF A TREASURE CAVERN.

The Marvelous Romance of Captain Charles
A. Henderson.

Captain Charles A. Henderson, who
claims a residence in Philadelphia, al-
though for several months he has
spent little time there, has just re-
turned from an island off the northern
coast of America, where he claims to
have recovered a pirate's treasure val-
ued at \$175,000. Captain Henderson is
now the guest of his lifelong friend,
Mayor W. L. Grimes, of Jackson, O.,
and recently gave an account of his
adventures. He exhibited as a re-
sult of his voyage a certificate for
\$150,000 on the Third National Bank,
Philadelphia, besides other treasure.

In 1856, shortly after Captain Hen-
derson had begun his career as a
sailor, he shipped from Philadelphia
on the brig Lark, supposed to be en-
gaged in the fruit trade with the
West Indies. It did not take long
for Henderson to discover the craft
was a smuggler, if not worse. Her
captain, named Summers, took a liking
to him, and as a result Henderson
lost his scruples and stayed on the
craft. In 1865, when in South
American waters, the Lark sighted a
Spanish man-of-war, by which she
was chased to a cluster of isles, about
150 miles off the South American
coast, and driven into a reef-filled
channel Summers knew well.

After night fell the Lark was scut-
tled and Summers and Henderson se-
creted in a cavern \$175,000 in money
and precious stones. The crew and
officers then attempted to escape in
small boats. Henderson and one com-
panion reached a South American
port, but learned afterward that Sum-
mers and the other men had been cap-
tured and hanged from the yardarm
of the Spaniard. Henderson's com-
panion died of smallpox and he thus
became the sole survivor.

Henderson since that time has made
several unsuccessful efforts to reach
his treasure cavern. The Flora K.
Fine, which he took from Philadelphia
in his first attempt, was wrecked off
the coast of North Carolina. Then
Henderson went to New Orleans, pur-
chased the Louisa B., and sailed from
there February 22 last for the Tristan
Acunha Island, thirty-five miles south
of which is the treasure land. He
reached this on April 14, and found the
Lark in the bottom of the bay where
he had left it thirty-three years ago.
The gold and jewels were also in the
treasure cave as he had left them, ex-
cept that the bags holding them had
been destroyed by dry rot.

The exact value of the treasure se-
cured is said by Henderson to be \$173,-
320. On the return trip Henderson's
vessel was chased by what is supposed
to have been a Spanish gunboat. He
escaped under cover of darkness and
reached New Orleans in safety. Claude
Thompson, of Jackson, accompanied
Captain Henderson on the remarkable
trip.—New York Journal.

Third-Class Matter.

"Say" said the bookkeeper, address-
ing the cashier, and winking know-
ingly at the office boy, "do you know
anything about this new stamp tax?"

"Sure," replied the cashier, "what do
you want to know?"

"Suppose," continued the b. k., "that
I wanted to express by opinion; would
I have to stamp the express receipt?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the cash-
ier. "But if you will allow me, I
would suggest that you forward your
opinions by mail."

"And why by mail?" asked the auto-
crat of the ledger.

"Because," replied the cashier, "as
they have no weight, it would be
cheaper."—Chicago News.

FOUGHT LIKE CLOCKWORK.

So Worked the Gunners on the Oregon in the
Fight.

The Somerville (Mass.) Journal
prints a letter from Ensign Charles L.
Hussey of the Oregon to Fred E. La
Warren, his old New Hampshire
schoolmate, in which he says:

"I volunteered for duty with the
prize crew on board the Cristobal
Colon. It was six hours of experi-
ence we had there, transporting her
crew, (prisoners of war,) tending her
wounded, and burying her dead, and
all the time trying to save the ship.
But she continued to make water, and
finally rolled over on her side. I had
the satisfaction of running up the
Stars and Stripes over her quarter
deck before she went down. The
Colon was a fine ship, and may be
saved yet.

"I have been fortunate in getting
special duty that has given me an in-
sight into most of the operations. Of
course our engagement of the 2d of
July stands way ahead of anything
since 1863. My own station in battle
is on the upper deck—in fact, on the
rail, where I have a battery of ten
rapid-fire guns, six-pounders.

"During the engagement the Oregon
fired 1,776 rounds—note the good his-
torical number—several of my guns
firing upward of 250 rounds, and the
actual battle lasted only a little over
an hour. The guns were so hot that
the rapid fire that the water used in
sponging them out boiled in the bore.

"Only three of the enemy's shots
struck us, but they played a merry
tune about our ears for the first half
hour; then the enemy's fire weakened.
One shell struck an eight-inch turret
upon which I was standing, which was
quite close enough. But it was those
ricocheting over our heads that made
us duck—a useless operation, as you
know.

"After the first ten minutes our men
at the guns were like clockwork; such
steadiness I had never expected to see.
In fact it was the old story of quick
loading and fine pointing. The Span-
iards captured said that their men
could not face such a shower of rapid-
fire projectiles. Some even jumped
overboard to save their lives.

"The question that is asked more
than any other is, 'What are the feel-
ings of being under fire?' We had had
a half dozen bombardments to break
us in, the one on July 2 being espe-
cially at close range, so when the fleet
came out we were to a certain extent
seasoned. From my position on the
rail or on top of the turret I could see
everything going on, but our own
heavy guns made such a continuous
roar, augmented by the crack! crack!
of the rapid-fire guns, that it would be
impossible to tell where a shell struck
the ship unless a fragment came our
way.

"We simply concentrated our mind
on the nearest ship. She must be
sunk. And then the daily drill that
we have had for a year gets in motion,
and it is like clockwork. Fortunately
the clockwork has not had a toothed
wheel knocked out yet. May it con-
tinue ever so!"

Told by the Haversack.

"A good general never overlooks a
point in the game," said an ex-army
officer who grieves because time has
ruled him out of the service. "Nothing
escapes him and that should be re-
membered by these curbstone and
corner grocer strategists who gather
a little surface information and then
howl because campaigns are not car-
ried on in accordance with their
plans.

"Apropos to this, I recall what
seemed a little thing that happened
before we attacked Fort Donelson,
and yet there is no measuring the ef-
fect it may have had upon our history.
General Grant called a council of war
to consider whether they should at-
tack at once or give the troops a few
days' rest. The other officers favored
a rest, while Grant smoked and gave
no opinion.

"There was a deserter brought in
this morning," the general finally said.
'Let us see him and hear what he has
to say.'

"The first thing Grant did when the
fellow came in was to open his knap-
sack. 'Where are you from?' the gen-
eral then asked.

"Fort Donelson."

"You have six days' rations, I see.
When were they served?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Were the same rations served to
all the troops?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gentlemen," said Grant, 'tro