

THE NAMELESS HERO.

There are countless heroes who live and die,
Of whom we have never heard;
For the great, big, brawling world goes by,
With hardly a look or word;
And one of the bravest and best of all
Of whom the list can boast
Is the man who falls on duty's call,
The man who dies at his post.

While his cheek is mantled with manhood's bloom,
And the pathway of life looks bright,
He is brought in a moment to face the gloom
Surrounding the final night.
He buoyantly sails o'er a sunlit sea
And is dashed on an unseen coast—
Till the ship goes down at the helm stands he—
The man who dies at his post.

Who follows the glorious tide of war
And falls in the midst of fight,
He knows that honor will hover o'er
And cover his name with light,
But he who passes unsung, unknown,
Who hears no applauding host,
Goes down in the dark to his fate,
The man who dies at his post.

Who bears with disease while death draws near,
Who faces his fate each day,
Yet strives to comfort and help and cheer
His comrades along the way,
Who follows his work while he yet may do,
And smiles while he suffers most,
It seems to me is a hero true—
The man who dies at his post.

There are plenty to laud and crown with bays
The hero who falls in strife,
But few who offer a word of praise
To the crownless hero of life.
He does his duty and makes no claim;
And to-night I propose a toast
To the silent martyr unknown to fame,
The man who dies at his post.
—Denver News.

PROVIDENTIAL.

At sunset in a little town of Queensland the proprietor of the best hotel the place could boast of was surprised, not to say flattered, to see a gentleman, gold headed as to his cane, and evidently rich and influential to judge from his servant and luggage, alight from the coach with all the appearance of one who was going to stay at least a week in the place. He was distinctly American, with a twinkling gray eye, a long aquiline nose, a clean shaven upper lip and a small goatee which he smoothed meditatively as he stood like a long legged Colossus of Rhodes, in trousers of a very broad check pattern, surveying the pride of the proprietor's heart—namely, the hotel.

"I guess it's not unlike my stables in Connecticut," he said presently, as the proprietor came down to meet him.

"You must have fine stables, then," was the reply offered gently in the hope of turning away not the great man himself, but only his wrath.

"We have, sir, our stables are considerable. And I say it in praise of your shanty that it reminds me of my stables in Connecticut. I suppose you can give us a loose box for a week maybe?"

The landlord recognized the free and easy American with plenty of money—the kind of man who was never slow to give offence because he was master of the situation by reason of the almighty dollar; he recognized the "colored" and the "general," the man who travels as he lists the wide world over, and gets ready respect and deference from everybody.

"Certainly," he replied; "for a week or as much longer as you like."

"Well, I guess I only want to stay a week. You see I arranged to wait here for Viscount Thurilton, who is going to join me next Thursday, and then we're going along to the new diggings just to reckon things up a bit to see whether the place is worth working on a large scale as we do it in America. But I say, boss, this place is real dull after Brisbane; isn't there any theatre or place of amusement? I reckon I shall die of dullness right here."

The landlord, already under the distinguished patronage of Viscount Thurilton, became oily, almost greasy, in his manner. He explained that there was no troupe at the theatre at present, and that the only excitement was the trial of a man who was supposed to be concerned in a daring coach robbery committed some little time before in the neighborhood.

"Ah! that would be interesting," said the stranger. "I should like to see that. Stuck up the coach, did he?"

"Well, they say he did, but he himself swears that he is innocent, and that he was in Brisbane at the time the coach was stopped. If you would care to hear the trial, sir, I can get you a seat easily."

"I guess I'll take you up," returned the stranger, and it was agreed that the proprietor should escort the great man to the courthouse on the morrow, and by his influence secure him a good seat, just to enable him to while away the time until Viscount Thurilton came along.

It so happened, however, that when they arrived the body of the court was full, so that the distinguished looking American was accommodated with a seat on the bench, where he not only had a good view of the proceedings, but was seen and known by every one

as the friend of Viscount Thurilton, and a wealthy American who was going to buy up the new digging township to "work it" as an ordinary man might work a potato patch.

The prisoner was standing in the dock with his eyes cast down listening in despair to the conclusive evidence against him. Presently he raised his eyes at some direct question from the Judge, and was about to speak when his eyes fell upon the stranger sitting on the bench. He paused and staggered, then gripped at the air and fell senseless in the dock.

When at last he was brought round he stood up and, pointing at the stranger, gasped for breath and tried to speak.

"What is it, my man?" said the Judge. "Steady yourself. I ask again, have you anything to say in your own defence?"

"Oh, Your Honor!" said the prisoner at last. "I am saved—saved at the last moment. I have already said that I was in Brisbane at the time of the robbery, and there is the man who can prove it."

All eyes followed the direction of his finger and rested upon the stranger, who started, looked confused, then irritated, and finally bewildered, as if he fancied the prisoner must be mad.

"If that gentleman will answer my question," resumed the prisoner, "I think I shall be able to prove to every one that I was in Brisbane at the time I said."

The stranger shifted in his seat nervously, and at last said in tones of annoyance and expostulation:

"Your honor, I've never to my knowledge set eyes on the prisoner before, and I don't see how I can fix up his innocence. Besides, I guess I didn't come here to be questioned by every son of a gun that holds up a mail coach—I beg your pardon, your honor, but you'll allow the annoyance is considerable anyhow."

His honor admitted it was, but straightway appealed to the stranger's best feelings on behalf of the prisoner until he was somewhat mollified, and remarked, "Waal, if he thinks it's straight wire he can start in, and I'll answer his questions. I don't mind taking him up on that."

The stranger was then sworn, and he stood in the witness box the prisoner addressed him.

"Sir," he said, "do you remember on the third of July a man running after your hat in the street in Brisbane, and bringing it back to you on the pavement?"

"I can't say that I do," replied the stranger, after a little thought; "No, I can't fetch it."

"Do you not remember his saying that he was out of work and his three children were starving? And then can you not recall giving him a sovereign and saying, 'Here's a shilling for you'?"

The stranger was silent as if he wished to remember the occurrence, but presently he shook his head slowly and said, "No, it's no use—you must be mistaking me for some one else."

"Stay!" cried the prisoner again, in a voice of terrible tension, for it was his last chance. "Do you remember, before giving the sovereign, that the man told you he had fought in the Crimean war and could show wounds—that he had helped his country, but his country wouldn't help him? Yes, you must remember his showing you the scars—one at the back of the head, another on his right breast?"

The stranger interrupted him with a sudden exclamation. "I do, I do! The scar on your breast is a long one—a sabbat cut. Your honor, I remember meeting this man! I must apologize; his life was in my hands, and I nearly let him fall through. He is the man I saw in Brisbane."

There was a profound sensation in court as the prisoner steadied himself and wiped the cold moisture from his brow.

"Can you remember the date on which this happened?" asked the prosecuting counsel.

"Ah, I'm afraid I can't," the stranger returned; "but I know this—it was three days after the Carlisle Castle arrived at Sydney, if it's possible to find out what date that was."

The newspapers of the first week in July were then consulted and it was found that the Carlisle Castle arrived at Sydney on June 30, so that three days afterward brought it to the exact date required.

Again there was applause in court as the prisoner was formally acquitted. Finally, turning toward the stranger, the judge remarked: "In the interests of justice I thank you, sir, your presence here to-day is one of those remarkable dispensations of providence which are seldom met with."

That night the acquitted prisoner, the American gentleman, and his servant rode through the bush in a jovial frame of mind. For reasons best known to themselves they wished to put as great a distance as possible between the township and themselves before morning; and as they went they planned how they should hold up the mail a second time at no very distant date. But it was the last time the trick was played successfully in that neighborhood, for the distinguished American decamped without paying his hotel bill; moreover, Viscount Thurilton never arrived, and a rat was subsequently smelt and seen floating in the air of the neighborhood of the coach house—a rat which had grown considerably beyond the "bud" stage.

No fewer than seventeen well identified diamonds, varying in weight from one-half to more than twenty-five carats, have been discovered in the region of the great lakes.

Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world, covering 32,000 square miles.

PUZZLES FOR JUDGES.

Decisions That Have Been Made on Not Evidence.

Presumption of survivorship constitutes a very knotty point which comes up for solution from time to time in law cases. If two or more relatives, heirs to each other, perish in one common accident—e. g., shipwreck, fire or a falling building—and no evidence is forthcoming as to which was the last to die, the question of survivorship, important to the executors of each, has to be decided on purely presumptive grounds, and the arguments brought forward when such cases come into court are often in the highest degree ingenious and interesting.

A few examples, culled from the records of the last three centuries, are well worth consideration. In 1629 a French lady and her little four-year-old daughter were drowned in the River Loire. Some important property was involved, and, on appeal, the parliament of Paris decided that the daughter succumbed first, being by far the weaker of the two parties. On the other hand, a case, also in France, was decided in a contrary way only a few years later. A mother and two children of tender years were murdered in the dead of night. The widower claimed his wife's property on the ground that the children had survived their mother, and the property was adjudged to him, the argument admitted being that the murderer would first dispatch the victim he feared most.

A singular case was recorded in 1658. A father and son, fighting in the French army, which, in alliance with that of Cromwell, defeated the Spaniards at the battle of the Dunes, fell during the engagement, which commenced at noon. A daughter of the father, on the same day at noon, became a nun, thereby rendering herself dead in law, and the court had to settle which of the three survived. It decided (1) That the daughter died (in law) first, because her vow, being voluntary, was consummated instantaneously, whereas her father's and her brother's wounds were not necessarily immediately fatal; (2) that the father, not having the physical powers of resistance possessed by the son, died before him; (3) that the son therefore survived. A case somewhat similar to the last came on in the English Court of Chancery fifteen years later. Gen. Stanwix, his second wife, and his only daughter by his first wife, were drowned in a shipwreck in the Irish Channel. A nephew of the general, as his heir, claimed his property. An uncle (on the mother's side), as heir to the daughter, did likewise, and a representative of the second wife also claimed.

On behalf of the general's heir it was argued that the ship having foundered in a storm, the general was probably on deck, and his wife and daughter, being probably below, would be drowned first. Counsel for the daughter's heir urged that the general was old, and consequently feeble, while the daughter was of particularly strong constitution and nerve; and counsel for the wife's heir brought arguments as to the probability of the wife having been the last to expire.

Not a soul was saved, and there was, therefore, no shred of evidence as to the incidents of the disaster, and the case was so complicated that the court, in despair of arriving at a conclusion, advised a compromise between the parties, which was eventually adopted.

Where drowning has been the cause of death the fact that one of the parties and not the other could swim is sometimes adduced, and the height of ingenuity was, perhaps, reached by the executors of a lady drowned with her husband, when they contended that in his efforts to save his wife the man doubtless exhausted himself and so sank first.

Cases such as these continue to arise not infrequently, and, although they are usually settled without going into court, it is felt that it would be an advantage if the law on the subject were more clear than it is at present.

Bright Sayings of the Wee Ones.

"Can any of you tell me the use of the collar bone?" asked the teacher of the junior class in physiology. "It is used for the collar to rest on," promptly replied the small boy at the foot of the class.

"No, Tommy," said his mother, "one piece of pie is enough for you." "Well, I can't understand it," responded Tommy. "You said the other day I should learn to eat properly, and now you won't give me a chance to practice."

"Mamma," said small Johnny, "I thought you said Mr. Jones was a very wise man." "Yes, so he is," replied the mother. "Well, I don't think so," said Johnny, "cause when I told him I was in school he wanted me to tell what time it is without looking at his watch." "How can he tell?" asked the lady. "I don't know," replied the little fellow, "but when I ask him what time it is in the morning he says it's time to get up. And when I ask him in the evening he says it's time to go to bed."—Chicago News.

A peculiar explosion occurred Sunday at the home of Mrs. R. S. Garnett. She had some potatoes baking in a stove. In the oven was also a roast of beef and other good things. Without warning an explosion occurred, blowing open the oven door. The toast came tumbling out of the oven, followed by other eatables. Upon investigation it developed that a mild-eyed Irish tuber had swelled up and let go. A similar accident occurred near Monterey, in which a potato exploded in a kettle, throwing hot water on the lady of the house and seriously wounding her.—Owenton (Ky.) News.

BRIDE OF THE ADMIRAL.

PERSONALITY OF THE WOMAN WHO MADE DEWEY CAPITULATE.

She is Wealthy, Vivacious, Middle-Aged, Rosy, Stout, Theosophical, Entertaining and Popular—She Selected the Future Home of the Hero of Manila.

On the morning after Admiral Dewey announced his impending marriage the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun wrote:

Now that Admiral Dewey has in his characteristically matter-of-fact way announced his engagement to Mrs. Mildred B. Hazen, the public is beginning to wonder just a little, although the inevitable few are present who proudly say, "I told you so." And strangely enough, so they did, for more than one newspaper published at the time of Dewey's arrival home the gossip floating about among the knowing ones in Vanity Fair. The basis of this gossip was the fact, which leaked out through a government officer, that the gallant admiral had sent a brief cable message on his own account from each of the posts where the Olympia touched on her historic and deliberate voyage from the far East, to a certain lady residing at the home of Mrs. Washington McLean on Connecticut avenue and Seventeenth street, which was the admiral's headquarters while he was being officially welcomed to the capital, Mrs. McLean and her daughter, Mrs. Hazen, to whom the cable messages were addressed, living meanwhile at the country place of Mrs. R. McLean in the suburbs. Nobody appeared to believe the reports, however, preferring to think that they were due solely to the friendship between Admiral Dewey and the McLeans. So the admiral's announcement, made through Secretary Long at the theatre, has caused surprise.

A local paper dares to place the age of the naval hero's fiancée at 43. Her first husband, General Hazen, who had been a prominent officer in the civil war, was not by any means a young man when he died—as of course he could not have been, and that was in 1887. Mrs. Hazen was not thought to be so very much younger than her husband, but then it is never gallant to speculate about a woman's age. Suffice it to say that the fiancée of the admiral is a young looking, bright eyed, rosy cheeked little woman who has long been a favorite in Washington society. She is short and stout, a demi-brunette, whose hair is sprinkled with gray, and with agreeable manners and marked vivacity if not brilliancy. She is the daughter of the late Washington McLean, founder of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and has lived in this city with her mother since the death of her husband, the Washington McLeans having moved to Washington about fifteen years ago, where the head of the house invested largely in real estate and local securities, which investments have since been assumed by Washington McLean's son.

A few years ago the elder Mrs. McLean removed from Lafayette Square to the house on Connecticut avenue, one of the numerous pieces of property purchased by the McLean estate and which was erected by "Boss" Shepherd for his residence in the "boom days" of old Washington, when Shepherd was the mayor, common council and board of public works combined.

Mrs. Hazen bears a striking resemblance to her sister, the wife of Captain Nicol Ludlow of the navy, to whom she was married in 1868. Her first husband having been Frederick Bugher. The sisters have been quite prominent in Washington society and perhaps because of their wealth, which they inherited from their father, they have been reported as being engaged to almost every eligible bachelor who has appeared on the carpet, including those perennial beaux, General Joe Wheeler and ex-Secretary Herbert.

Mrs. Hazen lived while her husband was at the head of the signal corps of the navy in their own house at 16th and K streets, which was recently the home of Secretary of War Alger.

The social and family connections of the McLeans are such as to make them an influence in Washington society and in official and political life as well. John R. McLean about fifteen years ago married the daughter of General Edward F. Beale, a gallant army officer and Republican politician, who was prominent in the politics of California, where he owned a large stock ranch. The widow of General Beale lives in the great square brick house at the corner of Lafayette Square and H street, in the same block where the Washington McLeans formerly lived. The Beale residence is known as the Decatur house, having been built by Admiral Decatur. General Grant used to stay with the Beales when in Washington before and after his election to the presidency. Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. John McLean moved to the Fernando Wood house, once the residence of Hamilton Fish and Roswell P. Flower, and to which they have made extensive improvements, including a large art gallery and ball room. Mrs. McLean is prominent in all charitable and social movements. The brother of Mrs. McLean, Truxton Beale, Minister to Persia under Harrison, married Miss Hattie Blaine. She has since been divorced from him and lives here during the winter with her mother, Mrs. James G. Blaine.

Neither Mrs. Hazen nor Mrs. Ludlow has been noted either for personal beauty or intellectual brilliancy, but perhaps because of their unassuming manner, strength of character and general attractiveness have been quite popular. Neither has been a society

woman in the ordinary sense of that term, but their homes have been the rendezvous for what is perhaps a strong element of Washington society. Mrs. Hazen is something of a student, and is, moreover, a Theosophist. She does not belong to the local society, but has contributed articles to the Theosophic publications.

Admiral Dewey was quite devoted to Mrs. Hazen while he lived in Washington before going to Manila, and she was one of the first to cable congratulations on the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Mrs. Hazen's son was fatally injured while fox hunting on Long Island about a year ago, and she has since lived in retirement, her sister also being in mourning. They were conspicuous figures in their widows' weeds as they drove about the streets of the West End, and their resemblance was so strong that the general public was not able to distinguish between them, and referred to them frequently as the "McLean widows."

When Admiral Dewey and Mrs. Hazen were married they will of course occupy the modest but handsome and well located home presented by the contributions of the people, and which it now develops Mrs. Hazen and not the admiral finally selected. Had this house not been purchased, however, Dewey and his bride would not have been without a roof to shelter them, as Mrs. Hazen, her mother, her brother and her sister have houses enough and to spare. The admiral indeed will marry a wealthy woman, charming enough to have won two gallant husbands and old enough to know her own mind.

WHEN GROWING THE BEARD.

Awful Spectacle the Human Face Presents at That Period.

Whether he intended to do it at the start or fell into it by accident will never be known. All Mrs. Carruthers can testify to is that she first observed that her husband had not shaved for three days, and thought he had neglected that toilet necessity through lack of time. When she delicately hinted as much to her liege lord he grunted, passed his hand over the red stubble on his face and said "that was all right." Although Mrs. Carruthers did not coincide in that opinion she held her peace, as a good and dutiful wife who wants to live a peaceful life, and trusted to Providence that Carruthers would see the error of his ways and visit the barber before he came home from business that evening. But he didn't, and the crimson jungle on his face looked worse than ever that night.

Then things came to an issue when, after dinner, she looked him squarely in the eye and said:

"James Carruthers, what do you mean by going around with a face like a burglar? You're a sight! Do you intend to get shaved or don't you?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Carruthers, cheerfully.

"What?" shrieked his wife in alarm.

"I'm raising a beard," asserted the head of the house, and Mrs. Carruthers looked her head, snorted that he'd be a fine looking specimen with a red beard, and retired from the field.

At the end of the first week Carruthers looked like a returned Klondiker or a member of the Peary relief expedition. Mrs. Carruthers absolutely refused to speak to him, which saved him between \$10 and \$20 that week.

Things got worse and worse as the second week went on and Carruthers began shunning his former haunts and clinging close to his own steam coil. He forsook the club entirely, and spent his odd half hours gazing into the mirror at the sunset scene which his chin and cheeks presented. He began to grow proud of it. Along in the third week Mrs. Carruthers conquered her pride and said:

"James, are we going to the Hartleys' Thursday night as we promised some time ago?"

"Why, certainly," said Carruthers in surprise, "why not?"

"Well, er—do you intend to go calling on your friends with those—with that—your face in that awful condition?" she demanded.

"Well, I don't know why I shouldn't," said James, caressing the bristly spikes which now looked like a wheat field after it had been shaved by a reaping machine.

"Well, if you will, I won't," said his wife decisively. "If you have no more respect for yourself and for what you owe to me than to go about that way—oh, dear, I don't know what I shall do," she continued and retired in tears.

They didn't go to the Hartleys', but as the fourth week drew on the forest acquired sufficient length to permit of pruning, and Carruthers came home one night with a beautiful Vandyke beard. And his wife, with charmingly feminine consistency, said it was lovely, and he never looked better in his life.—Chicago Chronicle.

Why Chestnut Coal is Scarce.

A Milwaukee coal man explains why there is often a shortage of chestnut coal and why that size of coal is dearer than some other sizes. There is a great demand for chestnut coal, while the supply here is limited. The coal man, who is noted for his veracity, says that the consumption of chestnut coal is 60 per cent of all hard coal, while the production of this kind of coal is but 24 per cent of all hard coal. In the transportation and handling of coal many of the larger pieces are broken. In screening the coal in the yards additional coal of the chestnut size is obtained. Chestnut is the size the poor people, who are supplied by the county, use. On account of its scarcity coal men say they had to put up their figures pretty high in bidding for the county contract or else remain out of the competition.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

FREAK TOWNS.

Cities of the Old World with Very Queer Inhabitants.

About one-third of the population of the Flemish city of Ghent are lunatics. Those mentally deranged are sent there from all over the Continent, the idea being that the freedom given in this town, which lives on lunatics, will help to cure the patients. Yet the cure is founded on a very improbable legend. A king's daughter having, during the Middle Ages, eloped to this city with a forbidden lover, was followed by her father, who, chancing to meet her at a street corner, promptly cut off her head. Two lunatics passing at the time were so shocked by this act that they regained their reason, and the town got its livelihood.

The town of Gibraltar, owing to its position in regard to Spain, has practically been in a state of siege for over two centuries. At sunset the drawbridges are raised, and at sunrise they are again let down to the tune of the reveille. The whole town is kept under strict military rule, none but Englishmen being allowed to enter without a pass, and none but residents under any conditions being allowed to sleep within the town.

The town of Iquitos, in South America, is a seaport situated some 4,000 miles from the sea. Yet it boasts some of the finest dock yards in the world. Ships from every port and of every build, from the tramp steamer to the Atlantic liner, can enter its port by sailing or steaming up the River Amazon.

There is a large city in Northern China whose inhabitants, numbering many thousands, never speak to one another, eat or drink. It is a city of graves. The corpses are deposited in earthen urns, and having left a little rice and opium for the spirits of the departed to eat or give as offering to the national dragon, the living relatives hurry away from the town of the dead. But at nightfall, from out of the hidden caves, and even sometimes desecrated urns, creep lepers and outcasts, who, while they make merry with the viands, laugh at the simple faith of the givers, who suppose in the morning that the gods have devoured them.

There are two cities many of whose inhabitants have never seen God's sky—Epernay, in France, and Wielicka, in Poland.

The former consists of miles upon miles of subterranean streets hewn out of the chalky soil, and cemented with millions upon millions of champagne bottles of all blends and vintages, left there to ripen.

Wielicka is hewn out of salt—in fact, a great salt mine, so large that the workers in it are also inhabitants. Many families date back three or four generations since any of their number have seen the world—from the outside.

Many centuries have passed since a woman was seen in or near the town of Caryes, situated on the coast of Macedonia. The town is dominated by a large monastery, and no woman is ever allowed to enter its gates. Even the inhabitants and Turkish guards are obliged to be bachelors. The greatest punishment in the Turkish army is to be sent to Caryes.

Loud's Island, lying off the coast of the State of Maine, is ideal from one point of view and also unique. It boasts of no police or ruling power of any kind, and, consequently, no taxes. This town, which has a population of nearly 1,000, was started by a deserter from the British navy, one John Loud, and his descendants to-day are the aristocracy. It speaks well for this town that no murder has ever been committed there, and only once have the inhabitants been called in to settle a local dispute, and then the evidence was so strong for both parties that to restore peace it was decided that both were in the wrong, and if they did not keep the peace they would have to give up their right to live in Loud's Town.

The Cat and the Cuckoo.

Do you know of a good Christian home for a cuckoo clock? A few days ago I installed one at my residence, and Harlem has been to pay there ever since. Slumber has been sadly interrupted, and at the midnight hour especially the cuckoo gets in one of his longest and most effective solos. Every one in the household but myself mentally vows to wring that bird's neck before another sun-up. Even the house cat has joined the majority in a conspiracy to extinguish the interloper who has disturbed the serenity of this usually quiet home. When the cat first discovered the "songster" he made an unsuccessful effort to capture what appeared to him would be a choice morsel. And he hadn't had a bird to eat since frosus came. Patiently he watched for the bird, who appeared "on time." From the floor a music box and then on top of a library lamp was the work of an instant only and a final spring at the clock brought no results except the smashing of the globe on the lamp. The little door on the clock "blew shut" just as puss got there and the bird was saved this time, but I am apprehensive of the future, hence inquiry.—Correspondent of Har Courant.

Considered a Business Partnership.

In Maoriland and Burmah there is no ceremony, marriage being regarded as a business partnership. It is said by one who has lived there that all the gods and goddesses of Maoriland help the Maori whose wife betrays or dishonors her husband. But she may trade or exchange him to suit her own sweet will.

The United States steamer Michigan is said to be the oldest iron steamboat afloat.