## WIZARDS OF INDIA

in the Land of Blavetsky.

A THEOSOPHIST MASTER AT HOME.

Deadly Cobras Conjured in Daylight From

Empty Space. CASTE PREJUDICES OF THE HINDOOS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.



BOMBAY, May 20 .- India is the land of Madam Blavet. sky, of Mr. Isases and of the "light of Asia." It is here that the esoteric Buddhists look for their instruction and many of the theo sophical societies of America have Indian teachers, with whom they corre spond and from whom they expect to get some of that wonder ul sweetness and light, which is supposed to exist in its purest form in this

A Mountain Pink, land of mystical thought. Through them they would learn how to annihilate space, to disembody their souls for the moment and'send them on serial errands to other parts of the world. They would master that wonderful concentration of soul which enables its possessor to dissolve matter into the elements from which | taing great leaves. This he will pull up by It was made by a word, and by another word "Presto!" to turn it back into the solid or liquid form, from which they decomposed it. One of them, who is now traveling in India and searching for the masters, tells me he has heard of Indian theosophists who, by a wave of the hand, can change a glass of water into the oxygen and hydrogen of which it is formed, and by the same motion balls of stone almost as big around as your dissolve the glas particles into their original dissolve the glas particles into their original fist. He spits fire, as does the American elements. Another wave and the glass con-wizard; pulls miles of string from his stomtaining the water reappears before your eyes, just as full and in exactly the same position as it was before. I asked the man whether be had seen such a miracle performed. He replied "no," and upon further conversation I found that he had as yet seen nothing which could be called supernatural. "I have had several talks with the mas-

baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not wonderful things, one of which was mixing How Male and Female Jugglers Work

> The mango trick is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod, The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mango bulb about the size of a walnut and putting this into the earth he throws a cloth over the tripod. He now blows upon his horn, makes mysterious passes and after a few moments raises the cloth and you see the mange tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments during which the showing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot



Theosophist Master at Home and the plant has grown about a foot above There is more watering and more incantation and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, conthe root and show you the seed at the bot-tom. It is a wonder ul trick and how the man is able to manipulate the different plants with nothing else but a thin cotton cloth to help him, which, by the way he allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a dozen other sleight-of-hand per-

formances equally as wonderful. He puts a little shell into his mouth and appears to choke as he draws out coin after coin and ach, sticks pins through his tongue without hurting himself, and ends the performance with a snake trick, which is to me the most

Charming the Fatal Cobra.

In doing this snake trick he asks for a piece of paper and asks you to hold out ters," said he, "and I have been told that I | your hand. You do so and he places the



INDIAN JUGGLERS.

week, and I hope there will be no natural law that will prevent it. I will wait in India until I receive it." This was three weeks ago, and at last ac-

counts the man was waiting yet.

Intellectual Acrobats

I have received several letters from America asking me to look into this wonderful Indian theosophy. I have looked, but it may be that I lack faith, I have talked with several of the masters. They are bright, intellectual acrobats, and some of the greater of them are more gross than spirituelle. I have also discussed Madam Blavetsky with the English residents of India, among whom she has lived, and I have yet to find one who thinks her anything else than a very clever fraud. It may be the case of a prophetess being not with-out honor, save in her own country, but I give you her reputation as I find it here. I am told that an expose has lately been made of her manifestations, and those tricks of hers which she is reported as performing are to me no more wonderful than the jugglery which I see here on the streets every day. Might it not be that her study of Indian philosophy was accompanied with the teaching of Indian jugglers? I know not, but I do know that the street jugglers of these Indian towns could, by mixing mystical philosophy with their slight-ofhand performances, easily humbug the eyes of that large class of people in America who are ever praying for some new thing in religion and in psychological thought.

Let me give you a picture of an Indian juggler! One stands outside my hotel window as I write. He is performing his tricks in the dusty road without a table, cabinet, patent boxes, or any of the accompaniments of the American wizard. His sole possessions consist of three small baskets, ranging in size from half a peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long and held together by a string at the top. Three little wooden dolls with red cloths tied around their necks and each not over a foot long are the gods which enable him to do wonderful things. He has a flute in his mouth and a little drum in his hand. He is black-faced and black-bearded, and his shirt sleeves are pulled up above his elbows. His only assistant is a little turbaned boy, who sits beside him, whom he will shortly put into a basket not more than two feet square, and with him will perform the noted basket trick of India. This trick is one of the wonderful juggling tricks of

The boy's hands are tied and he is put into a net, which is tied over his head and which incloses his whole body so that he apparently can not move. He is now crowded into this basket. The lid is put down and tight straps are buckled over it. The juggler now takes a sword and with a few passes of these little Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations as a preliminary, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket, There is a crying as though somebody was in terrible pain is the voice of a child and the sword comes out bloody. You hold your breath, and did you not know it to be a trick you would feel like pouncing upon the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the juggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps and shows you there is nothing within it. He calls, "babal

would receive a manifestation. It may come paper upon it. He then begins to play within a few days and it may not come for a upon his pipe and to dart out his eyes as | 13 servants. I met last week an English though he saw something near your hand. His whole frame becomes transformed and he dances around you like a wizard, playing all the time and keeping his eyes on your hand. Now he starts back and points at it. You look and see nothing and he begins to play louder and dance wilder than ever, Remember his arms are bare to the elbow and both of his hands are on his pipe, Suddenly he drops his pipe and continues his dance with incantations. He points to the paper again, and while you look and see nothing he claps his hand down upon it and pulls up three great cobras, which raise their hooded heads and dart out their fangs in different directions, and squirm and wriggle as he holds them up before you. You jump back, for the bite of the cobra is deadly, and I am told that the snakes used have in some cases not had their fangs drawn. A juggler was killed a week ago in Bennres by the bite of a cobra, which he was using in this way, and they are the most terrible snakes I have ever seen. At another performance of this same kind I was present with a party of four and we all decided to ascertain, if we could, how this trick was done. I stood upon a chair and overlooked the man as he snatched up the snakes, but I could not see where they came from and I only know that he had them and that they were so big that he crowded them with difficulty into a little round basket the size of a peck measure.

Wonderful Snake Charmers. These jugglers are wonderful snake charmers. They make the snakes do as they please, and the snakes they use are of the most deadly kind. I was told by an Englishman at Benares of an incident which



happened there a short time ago. A juggler was performing with snakes and a Hindoo standing by said that the fangs of the snakes had been drawn and that any man could do the tricks that he was doing. The juggler replied that they were not. The Hindoo protested, and in spite of the warnings of the juggler seized one of the snakes. It was a cobra and it sunk its fangs into his arm. A moment later the man dropped to the ground, saying he was poisoned, and in two hours he was dead. I am told that the cobra will not bite unless he is angry and that it is only when he is in this condition that his mouth fills with venom. The jugglers rely upon this fact and by petting the cobras make them so docile that they can work with them without great danger.

I saw two women jugglers at Cappore.

know. I only know it was a sleight-of-hand performance and wonderfully well done.

handful of sand, which they filtered through their fingers as dry as before it went in. The youngest of these girls was perhaps 15. She was tall, well formed and fine looking. She had bracelets on arms and on feet, and her eves were as beautiful as those of a gazelle. One of her tricks was the lifting of a heavy chair by her eye-lids, the thought of which almost makes my eyes sore. The chair was a heavy manogany one, which belonged to the room in which I was staying. She tied two strong strings to the top of this and affixed the of these strings to her eyes by little round metal cups, each about the size of a nickle. These fitted over the eye-balls and under the lids and she bent over while they were so fastened. Raising herself she pulled up the chair with these strings, with the muscles of her eve-lids, and carried it from one side of the room to the other. It was a horrible sight, and as she took the metal cups from her eyes they filled with water and she almost sank to the floor. I told her the trick was disgusting and that she ought never to try it again. Still, for this and the rest of the show these girls were well satisfied with two rupies of about 70 cents. The Belles of India.

wonderful things, one of which was mixing

up sand in water and then putting the hand

into the discolored fluid, they brought a

Here at Bombay are the prettiest women of India. They are the parsees. With delicate, olive-brown skins, they are tall and well shaped, have beautiful eyes and fine, intellectual faces. They dress in silks of the most delicate colors, and the dress seems to consist of one large piece of silk, which is wound around the waist and then carried up over the body and the top of the head so that the face looks out and the whole hangs in a beautiful drapery. Many of them I note, have silk stockings and slippers to match the color of their dresses, and they are the brightest and prettiest women I have

The parsees are sun worshipers. There are only about 70,000 of them in India, and 50,000 of these are here in Bombay. The men dress in long, preacher-like clothes of black, with hats shaped like coal scuttles, and they are very fine looking. Their dress, when not in business, is often of the whitest of linen coats and shirts. They are the best business men in the world. They own millions of dollars' worth of property here in Bombay, and are largely interested in the trade of India. They are more akin to the Christians than the Hindoos in their methods of living. They believe in spending their money, dwell in good houses and drive about in fine carriages. They are charitable as well as rich, and some of the finest of the public buildings of Bombay have been built by them. They are of Per-sian descent and have temples in which burns the sacred fire of Zoroaster.

Hindoo Aristocrats.

I had a curious illustration of the prejudices of the Hindoos in regard to caste this afternoon. The native sweetmeats of India are by no means bad eating, and I had stopped before an itinerant sweetmeat mer chant, and was bargaining with him for some candy. As I did so I happened to touch some of the stock on his basket-like table, and he begged me to be careful, as the Hindoos would not buy anything a foreigner happened to touch. Nearly every Hindoo cooks for himsel while traveling, as he would lose caste if he ate anything cooked by a man of a different caste from himself, and on some of the boats I saw Indian rajahs, who are nothing from the beginning to the end of the vovage on this account. In the jails of India, which are managed by the English, the cook is always a Brahmin or of the highest of the Hindoo castes. The lower classes will eat after his cooking and are not thus defiled. It a cook was chosen of a lower caste many of them would starve rather than eat. I am told that prisoners have been flogged and have starved to death rather than eat from the hands of a man of a lower caste.

Caste Prejudices.

This caste prejudice enters into everything in India. It forces the foreigners to keep a dozen servants to do the work of the household, and I am told that it is almost impossible for a family to get along with less than preacher, who had an income of \$1,500 a year, and he told me it was absolutely im-possible for him to live in India without 13 servants. Said he: "They are paid but low wages, but there are so many of them that the sum total is large. You have to have a man for everything you want done and he will do nothing else than that one thing. The man who washes the dishes will not make up the beds, and the cook will not attend to the washing of the dishes. If you keep horses you must have a groom for every horse, and for every two horses you have to keep a man to cut grass for them. The woman servant who waits upon your wife does not consider it her business to wait upon you, and the servants who do the other work about the house expect you to have a body servant to run your own errands. If you ask a man to do anything out of his regular business, he says it is contrary to his caste, and you then know that you have to submit. There are hundreds of castes in India. They are based on religious differences, on trade arrangements and on social distinctions. There is a caste of barbers, of beggars, of thieves and of water carriers. There are the Brahmins, the Sudras, the cow-skinners. the corpse-bearers and dozens of others, divided and subdivided until only the Hindoo can tell you their numbers and differences. FRANK G. CABPENTER.

EXECUTION BY CARBONIC ACID.

A Chemist Says it is Less Elaborate and Barbarous Than Electrocution.

New York Letter in Boston Transcript.1 In one of to-day's papers I read that in a neighboring town application has been vainly made to Mr. Edison and various electric light companies to provide for the killing of stray dogs by electricity. In Europe it is well known that for this purpose carbonic acid gas is often used. That reminds one that clever a chemist the other day ridiculed execution by electricity as a crude and bungling method of quickly and humanely depriving a human being of

The really scientific way to cause death is by carbonic acid gas. All the apparatus needed would be to have built one air-tight cell above another, with a connecting tube and a stopcock between them. The gas, which is very cheap, should be put in the upper chamber, and the prisoner, with a good eigar, if you like, on a lounge, in the ower. On turning the cock, the gas would descend, and first slumber and then death would ensue very quickly, and absolutely painlessly. Compared with this the electric appliances, with helmet and foot pieces, and damp sponges, and chair especially con-structed, are absurdly elaborate and curi-

New York Weekly. Stranger (in Chicago)-I don't see how you can sleep nights when you know that bloody Jake is roaming around loose. Chicago Man-Jake don't do anybody

any harm now. He's been given a nice position on the police force.

Detroit Free Press. John Swift, a Connecticut man, lived to the age of 88 without being sick one hour in his whole life. He never had mumps, measles, headache nor toothache, and when he died it was more because a tree tell upon him than from any fault of his,

SAVED BY A DEAD MAN

First Mate Marks' Awful Experience in the North Pacific

WITH MUTINEERS AND MAN-EATER

Seamen Kill Their Captain and Throw Him Overboard

DENVER, June 22 .- There passed through this city to-day a man whose terrible experiences in the North Pacific Ocean equal those of the famous Robinson Crusoe, whose adventures has been the astonishment of

JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE MATE'S LIFE

American youngsters for several decades. This gentleman was N. C. Marks, a sea captain, en route from Portland, Ore., to the Atlantic coast, and the story as heard from his own lips, is as follows:

"I was wrecked on the coast of British Columbia during the terrible gale which recently swept from one end to the other of the Pacific coast, and am now on my way to report to the owners of the ship and cargo. She was a whaler named the Blanche Buckingham, and hailed from the Pelican Inlet, on the coast of Main. We sailed from port nearly three years ago with a crew of 11, beside the captain and two mates. I was the first mate. The captain was an old whaler named Captain Leroy Autrey, and

he has been the friend of my lifetime. He and my father had first shipped together and this friendship had never been broken. "After striking the whaling grounds we had excellent luck, and was stowing away considerable oil. Everything on board was peaceable, with the exception of two men who had hard feeling for the captain, and conducted themselves in such a manner as to cause them to be thrown into irons upon two occasions. Upon the last occasion they seemed to have repented and promised better behavior, and everyone supposed all trouble had been amicably settled.

MUTINY AND MURDER. "Some two months ago we were off the coast of British Columbia, some 600 miles from land, and one day when I was out with nine of the crew in two yawls, one of my crew noticed a signal ing worked from the main mast rigging. It was evidently one of distress, and I at once hastened toward the ship. It was a little after midday. My mind was filled with forebodings, for the captain and the second mate had remained on board with the two men I have spoken of, and the cook. As we neared the ship the man in the rigging proved to be the second mate, who warned us not to come along side, and said the two men had killed the captain, and that he had only saved his own life by springing into the rigging armed with a harpoon, which prevented the murderers from tollowing him. The cook was threatened, but begged for his life, and had been secured in the cabin. My first thought was to board the

cronched on deck, armed with harpoons, so Waiting until after dark I rowed to within a short distance of the ship, and re-moving all my clothing, I armed myself with a meat knife, slipped into the water, and struck out for the ship, and what happened to me in the next few minutes would fill the pages of a lifetime."

ship, but the mate told me the men were

"All the firearms on the ship were locked in a strong iron-bound box, the only smartness and intelligence, and gave him Aunt Flutterlip, who was emersed in her key of which I had in my possession. I intended swimming to to her, climb upon the rudder, secure the pistols, and either capture or kill the murderers.

"I had succeeded in swimming about 100 yards from the yawls, when my heart was almost paralyzed with horror as I became aware of the presence of a shark. I could hear him rushing toward me, its dorsol fin cleaving the water like a streak. The horror of a terrible death crept over me, and in an instant I seemed to live an age of suspense. Quickly drawing my knife, and as I felt the swell on the water which preceeded the monster, I gathered myself for a desperate attempt to dive, which was successfully done, and the huge form shot over me like a flash far out into the depths bewas desperately wedged between two foes, which I knew to be equally dangerous.

SAVED BY A CORPSE. "If I cried to the mutinous seamer aboard, they might refuse me assistance and it not, would perhaps save me only to be butchered. To escape the shark was next to an impossibility which I recognized as I heard the baffled monster making the water boil as he turned to renew the attack. I realized it would be but an instant before the "man-eater" would be upon me again, and I fairly threw my body out of the water in making such strenuous efforts to gain the ship's rudder. I could again hear that chilling sound like the cold cutting of a knife through the water. I felt the swell of the monster behind me, and every fiber in my body was struggling to escape.

My breath was suspended and my eyes
seemed springing from their sockets trying
to measure the distance to the place of safety. All at once the near approach of the fish filled me with the horror of failure, and I turned to meet it with the knife which shot over me into the sea, and I was nearly drawn into the vortex.

"I heard the steel-like jaws of the mon ster close upon and crush the unknown object as I grasped the rudder, and, almost senseless, yielded to relaxation. I don't know how long I lay there, and never an infant, pillowed against its mother's bosom, rested more sweetly than I. It was a moment of peace with all the world, and my entire being seemed going out in a prayer of thanksgiving for my miraculous escape.
"Hearing the sound of voices above me,
I recognized the speakers as being the two
seamen. "The old brute will never put us in irons again,' I heard one of them say and I knew that the murdered captain had saved my life; that they had thrown his body into the jaws of the hungry shark, and the friend of my life-time, while cold in death, had become my savior.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

"Aroused to action, I climbed up the rudder-post and finally reached the open-ing, through which I crept into the pantry. I crept into the spartment where the ordnance chest was kept, though the room was inky dark. I found it, and, had opened the lid, when I heard men at the door. I sprang to tasten it, but it was too late, and one of them entered with a lantern in his hand. He uttered a curse of surprise as he recognized me, and in the same instant I kicked the lantern from his hand, and we were in total darkness. Quickly drawing my knife, I plunged it into his body, and with a dying yell he sank to the floor; so deeply was the knife thrust into his body that the handle was drawn from my grasp as the dead mutineer dropped. The other man was carrying an ax, with which to chop open the arms chest, and as his comrade went down he struck at me, the keen edge crushing into my side. Mad with pain, I clinched with him, and with both edge crushing into my side. Mad with pain, I clinched with him, and with both my hands caught him by his long, full if not longer. Moreover, a certain proporbeard. With the madness of a maniae I tion of them may be still further gratified pressed him to the floor with the determinapressed him to the floor with the determina-tion of crushing him to death. He was a smaller man than I; but, crazed with pain, and growing weak from the loss of blood, I made one determined effort; I doubled him Dr. Roose, must have been "a singularly duty respon". Sharmers the loss of a maniac I to learn—the average street-boy will delight in it—that cleanliness is, seemingly, by no means essential to longevity. We read of a feminine centenarian who, according to up, and, bending my entire force upon him, I heard the cracking of joints, a groan, a gurgle and a yielding of the muscles. A dizziness came over me, and I swooned.

wale to signal my crew to come, but could not get above the deck. I thought of the mate in the rigging and called him to come down, but he did not recognize my voice, and thought it a trick of the two seamen to decoy him to the deck and made no reply to my calls. After some time spent in this manner I again swooned. Nothing more was known to me until two days afterward, when I came to consciousness surrounded

when I came to consciousness surrounded by a portion of my crew. Daybreak ap-peared soon after I swooned, and the mate peared soon after I swooned, and the mate in the rigging recognized me lying on the deck and notified my crew, who were waiting a few yards away. They came on board and found the corpses of the dead seamen; one with a knife pieroing his heart and the other with his neck broken.

"Soon after regaining consciousness we put for the land, and on the way encountered the gale which drove us ashore. We all escaped with our lives, but the vessel

all escaped with our lives, but the vessel was dashed to pieces by the waves. I cannot begin to tell you what we passed through for two weeks tramping along the coast toward civilization. But here I am safe, though considerably the worse for wear, but still thankful that all our lives were

HE TAUGHT HIM TO STEAL.

The Story of a Mysterious Dog That Frightened the Natives of an Indian Town. The following story of a soldier's dog is told by a correspondent in an Indian newspaper.

Shortly after things settled down at Lah-

ore, a great excitement was created in the bazaar and cantonments by a dog or dogs that stole rupees and gold mohurs, from money changers' stalls. Soon after dark a dog, sometimes of one color and sometimes of another, would, without previous bark or warning, spring on to a podder's platform, now in this part of the bazaar and next in that, and grab all the gold mohurs and rupees it could in its mouth. and then dash away with its prize in the darkness. The thing occurred about once a fortnight or so for months. The natives said the dog was many devils in one, as he was never of the same color twice, and could never be traced, and when they saw it bolting through the bazaar they got out of its way. Men with sticks were stationed all over the bazaar, but the theft went on all the same, and the dog could never be hit or

The bazaar began to be abandoned, and the podders to close their shops at dusk. The cantonment magistrate was at his wit's end, and did not know how to catch or kill the thief. He communicated his trouble to the officer commanding the cavalry regiment, who agreed to send him a dozen mounted men for an hour or two every evening. The dog was chased more than once, but always got away in the direction of the barracks. At last the troopers were ordered to use their pistols, and the poor doggie, black on this occasion, was bowled over while dashing away after one of its

On examination the black dog turned out to be a white one belonging to a soldier in one of the regiments. The man was arrested, and most of the money, to the value of 100 rupees in gold and silver, stolen by the dog was found in his box. He made a clean breast of it, and explained that he had trained the dog to commit these thefts. had trained the dog to commit these thefts. He would visit the bazaar with the dog, point to what he wanted, and then go back to the barracks. At a suitable spot he would halt, cover the dog with brush and blacking, and send it back to bring what had been pointed out at, receive the loot, wash off the blacking, and return quietly to barracks. The court martial admired his smootheses and intelligence, and gove him six months for his roguery.

ENGLISHMEN AND TRAINBOYS.

comfort of Being Pestered.

The London Standard in commenting upon improvements in railroad accommodations says: But though we may look forward to the general adoption of inter-communicating carriages as one of the first steps toward an improved system, we trust that the arrangements which are in vogue in America will not be adopted in their entirety. Few who have crossed the Atlantic, and explored the mysteries of the "Paryond. The ship was only a few yards dis- lor Palace Car," or the "Sleeper," however tant, and I realized it was a fight for life. I | much they may commend the accommodation as a whole, fail to complain of the annovance caused by the constant stream of boys and men passing through the carriages hawking every sort of object, from Colonel Ingersoll's works to the inevitable "candy." Our American cousins seem to find no discomfort in being perpetually pestered by itinerant venders, and are rather amused than otherwise by the persistent intrusion of urchins with something to sell. To most Englishmen, however, the nuisance is intolerable, and to purchase protection from it they would willingly forego even the luxury of a dining car. But there is no

reason why the advantages of the American system should not be enjoyed without its drawbacks. By all means, let every properly-ap-pointed train have a bookstall and a buffet, as well as dining and amoking carriages but let them be conducted by stationary not peripatetie, tradesmen. If care is taken to prevent the introduction of this nuisance, to travel by the English express train of the future, will indeed be a luxury. Not only will there be the coffee-room and drawing room appointments of a good inn, but every carriage will be lighted by electricity, while, by one of the most remarkable of recent discoveries of the scientific world, the passengers will be able to dispatch tele grams from the train while in motion. This atest invention is, we believe, already in use in America.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

some of the Conditions Essential to Lon gevity-The Secret of It. What is the secret? everybody will say. Well, the chief feature of it appears to have been discovered long ago by Heine. "A man should be very careful," said that brilliant cynic, "in the choice of his forefathers." The great thing, in fact, to begin with, is to come of a good stock-to have had a line of ancestors physically and men-

Then, we gather, the next step is to be born woman, or more strictly speaking, a female, "Women," Hufeland declares, "are more likely than men to become old." Of the 52 centenarians referred to by Dr. Humphry, 36 were of what is absurdly called "the weaker sex."

Thirdly-It is well, apparently, to be either a clergyman or a lawyer; such men live the longest. It would take too long to inquire why; suffice it that the statement carries conviction with it.

Fourthly—It is pleasant for many of us to know, on such good authority as Dr. Roose's, that wealth does not necessarily insure prolonged existence. The poor ought to have every consolation possible, and it should gratify them to know that, if dirty person." She smeared her face with lard, and thought that if she washed she would be sure to catch cold. But perhaps it would not be wise to argue too rigidly "When I revived it was still dark, and in a weakened condition I crawled upon the deck. I tried to draw myself upon the gun-

Watten for The Dispatch by

CHAPTER I.

T is a dazzling morning at Hampden Harbor. The Maryland sun has wooed everybody out to the wet sands, and some of the privileged favorites have taken possession of the very unwarlike parapet of Fort Gates. The sea breeze flutters the awning, a few lazy

gulls are sailing, very white, over the deep blue of the tranquil bay. With the sparkle of the seas in our eyes and the soft sephyrous touch of the air on your cheek, you would scarcely believe it was December. But these Maryland days are common in midwinter, and this old resort, half military post, and half watering place, has long been noted for

At this particular time it was strangely and exceptionally lethargic. Nearly every other resort of human beings in the land was agitated by excitement or held in the painful suspense of expectation, for the country was on the eve of civil war. But Hampden, quaint old Hampden, with its Government school of disarmed cadets, its detail of loafing officers, and its one hotel, half full of Southerners, who had been coming there for generations, was not in a condition to be excited. On its military side it had 40 dismounted columbiads on the sand and one brass field-piece for salut-ing. Secretary Floyd had removed almost everything but the columbiads, and there was an uneasy feeling among the Northern officers that an order might come at any moment to take these guns to Georgia. On its social side the visitors were nearly all Secessionists, and its residents nearly all Northern officers, and to preserve anything like the appearance of amenity it was

necessary to avoid all reference to the existing state of affairs.

The broad old-fashioned esplanade and parapet are still the most delightful places in Hampden when the weather is pleasant, and at this time they were taken possessio of by the pleasure seekers, who spent most of their time in chaffing each other and in watching the sea gulls. The flag staff was bare of any bunting, and the casemates were guiltless of guns. Camp stools were scattered about on the parapet under the awning, and Cadet Randolf Flutterlip, whose aunt was reading a novel, amused himself by dangling a piece of the old halyards over the battlement to a casemate below, where another cadet was trying to catch it. Lean-ing against the flag staff, musingly looking out to sea, stood Lieutenant Auson Harold, probably thinking of his home in northern New York, and the jolly, sharp Christmas times that were just going by, up there. For he took no notice of the two or three women who were strolling about, nor of novel, with her yellow parasol on one side of her head, entirely ignorant of the deliclously bilious complexion that it gave her Suddenly the sound of voices in concord came floating up to the parapet, boys'
voices, and they curiously took on something of the brightness of the sunshine.
"What's that?" said the maiden lady,

suddenly and somewhat sharply, as sh brought her parasol up to a carry arms. Nobody answered. "What's that?" she repeated, taking

rocal aim at the Lieutenant. "That," said he, without turning his head, "is the crew of the absent schoolship



On the Esplanade.

crowing. When they are not drilling they are trilling."
"Crow," repeated Miss Flutterli
some maiden astonishment; "crow?" repeated Miss Flutterlip, with "No," remarked the Lieutenant; "I said crew, past tense."
"Crewing," persisted Miss Flutterlip,

with deliberate obtuseness; "absurd."
"No, hang it, crowing. These cadets haven't got any arms, so they drill their voices. It's a song of welcome they're re-hearsing for the new commandant of the

post."
The petulant manner in which this information was given betrayed not so much the speaker's opinion of Miss Flutterlip as his general anuoyance at the situation. The idea of saluting the new Commandant with a song instead of a salvo, struck him as being too humiliating to be talked of the structure. being too humiliating to be talked of pleas-

Miss Flutterlip relapsed into her novel and Lieutenant Harold folded his arms and resumed his study of the sea gulls, until his friend, Charley Oakland, came up the steps puffingly, and laid his hand on his shoulder.
"I say, old fellow, do they teach the cadets

"Yes, it's to give the place tone."
"O come now." broke in Flutterlip immediately, "if they wanted to do that they'd teach the officers silence."
"Events are doing that," said the Lieutenant sotto voce, "a loyal man don't dare to open his mouth here." "What's the matter with you," asked Oakland, "you look as blue as a fresh

"Come over here out of reach of that woman's ears." The two men walked to the end of the parapet. "It's enough to make a man go into the drygoods business," said the officer. "Look here, Oakland, you don't take much

stock in the country, I know, as an English-

man, but you must take some interest in the game that's going on here, merely as a "Yes," said Oakland, "it amuses me." "You knew Lieutenant Franklin Breeze you met him at Cowes?"
"Yes," replied Oakland, rather languidly, "a first-class brick."
"Well, it's his father that had been or-

dered to this post; do you know what for?"
"Don't ask me any riddles about your country. I'm blessed if I don't get myself in a muddle the moment I try to compre-

"Commodore Breeze," said the Lieuten-ant, "is one of the oldest and most distin-guished officers in the navy, and he's loyal

NYM CRINKLE

to his country and to the Government in and out. That man Floyd hates him and has assigned him to this post to ruin him."
"On general principles," remarked Cakland, "it is an outrage; on specific lines it's lacking in lucidity."
"The Secretary of War," continued the

Lieutenant, "is removing all the war material South, the country does not know it, but there are a few of us officers who see the work going on. When the Commodore gets here these guns will be ordered South; by that time the country will be in a wild state of excitement, and will hold the Com-modore responsible for the their, for that is what it will be. He will be powerless to prevent it, but he will get the ull benefit of public indignation. Why, there isn't a hand grenade in the fort, and there are not gad, sir, there spoke the unbounded enthusiasm of the sunny South. There's no schoolmarm, skinflint spirit in that. By gad, sir, the woman who has the whole sex muskets enough to arm a squad of ma-

"And if there were," said Oakland, mus-ingly, "you couldn't use them against the Secretary of War."
"He's got his agents here, watching us

all," continued the officer, without deigning any reply to his friend's suggested dilemma. That woman Preston-

"Oh, don't lug her into the political whiripool," said Oakland. "She's an honor to a watering place, and her wit would have done credit to a De Stael." "I do not question her wit," said Harold, and I do not deny her beauty; what I particularly object to at this time is her influ-ence with the Secretary; between us, she is

the commandant here." The two men sauntered along toward Flutterlip as they spoke, Oukland merely remarking with his superb nil admirari manner, "Well, old fellow, as a neutral manner, "Well, old fellow, as a neutral party, I wish one side or the other would take control; it's awfully rough on us society men not to know in the morning what will take place before night. If it weren't for the charming women here I'd pack up and get outside of the States."

"Women," exclaimed Flutterlip, "I like that; as if there was more than one woman here for any of you."

"By George, madam," said Oakland, "you do yourself injustice; when we are tired of the raillery of one woman, we restore ourselves with the envy of another." "That Preston turns your collective heads. I hope the new commandant is fire-Just at this moment Master Randolf, who

was half way over the coping, exclaimed, "There goes the Commodore's pennant." "Then," said Harold, "he is coming here. I did not know he had arrived."

"It seems to me," said Oakland, "ths "It seems to me," said Oakland, "the patriotism in this country is a good deal like costume and depends for its texture and color upon what part of the country you happen to be in."

"He means by that," said Flutterlip, "that the farther South you get the thinner it grows."

it grows."
"No," rejoined the Preston, "he means that it's like all the other masculine virtues, you put it on and take it off at pleasure; I've seen a man wear three suits of devotion in one day, because he met

three women."
"O ho," cried Oakland, "then I'll be bound you were not one of the women."
"But you dare not swear," she rejoined, "that you were not the man."
"Yes, that's just what I shall swear al-

ways, when you are present; my constancy is like the needle to the pole." "More like the pole than the needle, I think; for nobody's been able to discover it. If ever I find a man who loves me for a week, I'll agree to love all men for the res

In the burst of merriment that followed this sally, the Colonel's peroration was

"By gad, sir, there spoke the unbounded



Three Cheers for the Lieutenant

at her feet, is indignant because her foot is too small to plant it on all their necks." As the laughter subsided there was heard distinctly the roll of drums, and Master Cadet Flutterlip, who had taken no interest in the conversation, suddenly shooted: "There comes the commandant." There was a general stir immediately.

Miss Flutterlip got up with dignity; everybody felt the importance of the occas the Preston. "Don't run, my dear," she said to Flut

terlip," he sban't hurt you."

Before Flutterlip could throw back the repartee that rose to her lips a file of marines came upon the parapet, and as they fell on either side of the entrance way, Commodore Franklin Breeze entered. He wore his un-I did not know he had arrived."

The two men bowed, and were about to leave the parapet, when there appeared at His bronzed face, his white hair and flash-

"Ah," he said, "I cannot be mistaken;

"Years sometimes separate friends like

"Neither ever separate true friends. I

"Which by the bond is part of the Re

public and by the grace of God will remain

so. I assure you, Miss Preston, that a State that produces such women will never be permitted to belong to anything else,"

Preston would say something that would

irritate his fiery spirit. With some vague idea of relieving the situation of this strain of badinage with a practical word, Harold asked with all the official seriousness that

"Are there any additional orders, sir,

The Commandant turned from the ladie

and moved a step or two away.
"Why is the flag not on that staff?" he

"I believe, sir," replied the Lieutenant,

"its absence is a concession to popular opinion."
"See that it is hoisted at once," said the

veteran. "One moment," he added, as his

Lieutenant Harold saluted his superior

officer with all the solemn formality that he

could summon for the occasion. He had some kind of a consciousness that it was

necessary to show the group what was due the veteran. But he said to himself as he

the veteran. But no said to time the turned, "Frank coming here this morning, what does that mean?"

The moment the Commodore was released the Preston set her skirmish line again.

this parapet, Commodore," she said, "my headquarters are on this side." The old warrior touched his hat, "I trust,

The old warrior touched as shall have no ladies," he said, "that we shall have no other battles than those in which you are

"But this is a watering place, remember,

I only wanted to warn you that if you were attacked you could call on me."
"Madam," replied the indomitable

warrior, "you are an enemy that can best be

"I am not so sure of it, Commodore. If your tactics are as clever as your compli-

ments, you deserve a better battle field than

a watering place."
"All fields are alike when it is a question

only of duty to an officer."
"We were just discussing that when you

arrived, and we couldn't decide whether an

fought by keeping out of your sight."

"We shall have to throw out pickets on

about your quarters or accommodations

he could command:

mediately."

always victorious."



THE COMMANDANT'S GALLANT DEFENSE.

the top of the stone steps three new comers' ing eyes betokened the veteran and his The first was a tall and handsome brunette, manner indicated the man accustomed to authority. He east a glance at the bare pole, acknowledged the salutes of the officer, and then his eye fell upon Miss elegantly dressed, certainly not over 25, and wearing the unmistakable air of a favorite. She was followed by Colonel Teeumseh King, familiarly known to the old guests at | Preston. the fort as the Fire King, mainly on acthis is an unexpected pleasure. Miss Preston, I am delighted; it is some years since I met any of the Prestons of South Carocount, no doubt, of the pyrotechnical quality of his elecution; and by a daudy darkey, who kept in Miss Preston's train and

answered to the name of Flick. The moment Colonel King stepped upon differences of opinion," replied Miss Presing round, remarked, in a fine oratorical manner: "This is the airiest place on the station; everybody comes here who loves the had the honor of knowing your father intimately; he was a soldier of the Republic."
"He was a soldier of South Carolina,"
said Miss Preston.

moment's hesitation, and with delightful flippancy replied: "So I should think, by the number of sailors I find here; they prefer it to the sea itself."
At this sort of work Oakland was evidently not to be outdone, so he bowed and said:
"To those who know both I assure you the

and the Commodore bowed in the courtly sea is the least dangerous."

Whereupon the Preston, putting a pair of glasses to her handsome black eyes, and looking straight at the Fiutterlip, remarked: "Why, there doesn't appear to be anything There was a not very comfortable feeling in the group that the Commodore was get-ting the best of the fusillade, and that the very dangerous here."

"Dangerous?" cried the explosive Colo-nel, as he waved his arm. "Dangerous, bab, why even the dogs of war take their teeth out when they come here." "Some of the dogs are so old they drop

out before they get here," replied Miss Preson with a laugh. Lieutenant Harold turned away, "Infanous!" he said between his teeth, and just then a gun was heard. "What's that?" asked the Preston with

unconcern, as she dropped into a camp chair and gave her skirts a swish. "That's the new commandant putting his teeth in, I suppose," replied Harold.
"Who's he going to bite, I wonder?"
"Bite!" cried the ebullient Colonel,
"bite, nonsense, he's barking, barking up officer was about to obey, "Lieutenant Breeze will be here this morning; I have wired him. See that he reports to me imthe wrong tree. In the name of Genera Jackson and John C. Calhoun, bite what?"

As he was looking at Lieutenant Harold with a glittering eye that bulged with inter-rogations, that officer felt called upon to re-mark that he had said nothing about biting "I should think not, I should hope not," continued the Colonel. "Biting means coercion, and coercion means nothing more or less than an exploded Bunker-Hill-un-derground -railroad - New - England-witch-burning piece of infatuation, sir, by gad." A general laugh interrupted this perora-tion. When the hilarity subsided he fin-ished the oration: "A Southern man, sir, is

never coerced by anything"—and then seeing Flutterlip looking at him with amazement, he added—"but beauty," and then
took a camp stool beside her.

It was just like Oakland to say without
any definite nurnose: "But my dear any definite purpose: "But my dear Colonel, the new Commandant is celebrated for being a patriot," and the Preston, lol-ling back in her chair and lifting her glasses slowly looked at Oakland and ad-dressing the Colonel: "Why so he is.

What is patriotism, Colonel?' "Patriotism," said the Colonel promptly, "why, patriotism, if we've got to take the definition of a crew of psalm-singing, dough-nut-eating, tract-distributing, abolition fa-

natics, is making other people think as you do at the point of the bayonet."

The glasses turned slowly around in the direction of Harold, "That isn't your definition, Lieutenant, is it?"

nition, Lieutenant, is it?"

"No, not exactly. Patriotism, as I was taught, is nothing more than keeping your oath and doing your duty. It's a very common virtue."

"And only paraded by very common people?" with just the slightest shade of interconstion.

terrogation.
"Perhaps so, for the common per the most at stake in the matter."

officer's duty was born with him like his bones or laid on like his pipe clay."

The Commodore had turned to go: he paused, his scarred face showed a flush of indignation through all its honorable veneer; but he only said with admirable

"Yes, I believe it is a watering place no tion that an officer's allegiance to his country is shaped to the folly of every school district to which he may happen to be sta-

There was another courtly bow, a word of