get leave from your mamma to go out Banks will take it for a word."

"But I do not want Banks to take it, nor anyone to see it but you," said Miriam, quickly. "Can't you make some excuse to go out when dinner is going on?"

"Oh, of course, Miss Miriam, I can. I can say I want some colored silk to match your mamma's blue dress I am altering. Or I might say I have a cousin who is ill? But then I'm afraid Mrs. Clyde would not believe me, or might be frightened about me bringing in infection—unless I said it was an accident," added Ford, with another smile.

"I dare say she will not object to your going to get the silk; so, Ford, if you will do this I will have the note for Dr. Reed ready, when you come up before dinner."

"To be sure, Miss Miriam, that will be all right."

"And you have to tell no one I have sent it," repeated Miriam.

"I will not tell a soul, Miss Miriam," affirmed Ford.

"I will write it now, then."

"And I will tell Mrs. Clyde that you have lain down, as she desired me to see that you had the down quilt over you when you did so," said the ready-tongued Ford. "And now, miss, I'll leave you till it's time to dress for dinner;" and Ford went away.

Then Miriam commenced her letter to Dr. Reed with a troubled heart, choosing her words with difficulty and much caution, but feeling all the while that she was committing herself deeply in his eyes.

"Dear Dr. Reed," she wrote; "I am about to ask a favor from your hands, and also to trust to your honor that this letter, and the incident which occurred between us this afternoon will be spoken of to no one. Will you give the little note I inclose to the person from whom you brought the note to me? And do not kindly answer this letter. I am trusting you, and I feel my trust will not be betrayed. And with kind regards, I remain, etc.

"P. S.—Perhaps from time to time you will kindly let me know how your poor patient is?"

Having finished her letter to Dr. Reed, Miriam then wrote on a note sheet four single words.

"Do not be afraid."

These she inclosed in a small envelope without any address, and placed this inside Dr. Reed's letter, and when Ford reappeared she put it into her hand.

"This is the letter, Ford," she said, and Ford at once slipped it into a handy pocket in her dress.

"It will be quite safe here, miss," she said, smiling, "and I've got leave to go out when you are at dinner, and the doctor will have it in the morning. He is a very good-looking young gentleman."

Ford hazarded this last remark, as was curious to know how far "Miss Miriam's affair" with Dr. Reed had gone.

"Is he?" answered Miriam. "I don't think I ever noticed he was."

This reply only convinced Ford that "Miss Miriam was very deep."

However she was quite right to be, afterward reflected Ford; considering she was so soon to be "My lady," it never would do for it to be known she was "carrying on with a doctor." Ford had rather an idea in her sharp head, when Miriam married, of transferring her services from Mrs. Clyde to Lady MacKennon. There would be both more dignity and profit in the latter situation, Ford considered, and then she personally liked Miriam, and thought altogether life would be easier and pleasanter under her rule.

Scarcely were the family at dinner, therefore, when Ford went out on her errand, still carrying the letter for Dr. Reed in her pocket, as she thought it safer there hidden from sight. She went straight to the post-office, resisting the cajolements on the way of one of her amorous orderlies who wished to stop her.

"No, Johnson, I'm in a hurry," she said, but she smiled, and Johnson felt his heart burn within him. So she posted her letter, and then strolled down the high street of the little town, and looked into the shop windows, conscious that Johnson was following her. She liked to be followed and she smiled again as she tripped into the mercer's shop to buy the silk to sew her dress' gown with, and when she had got what she wanted she found Johnson waiting for her at the shop door.

"You here!" she said coquettishly, looking up with her blue eyes into the soldier's face.

"Yes, Miss Ford," he answered. "I'm here, and I'm very glad to have met ye twice."

"Quite a lucky chance," smiled Ford, with a marked emphasis on the last word.

"So it is," grinned Johnson, "and it's a pity to lose it. May I take a turn with ye, Miss Ford?"

After some persuasion Ford consented. She knew she had "Banks" safe, as he was waiting at dinner, and so she thought she might as well amuse herself a short time with the amorous Johnson. They had a stroll along the sea banks, and Ford felt both her complexion and her spirits were improved by the walk. As for Johnson, he was more deeply in love than ever, and felt he must do or say something desperate.

"I could shoot Banks or any other fellow for your sake, Miss Ford," he said, snatching hold of her hand.

"Please do nothing of the kind," smiled the wily Ford. "Banks, poor fellow, is a very good creature, and very obliging."

"He better not be too obliging to you, or I'll punch his head," answered Johnson.

And in this strain the two conversed until Ford declared she must go home, and Johnson said he should accompany her to the Commandant's back door.

But Ford would not hear of this.

"You would not get me into trouble, surely?" she said sweetly. "Mrs. Clyde hates you gentlemen in red coats, and thinks you're very dangerous company for me, and maybe she's right," she added, archly.

Upon which Johnson swore that she was the dangerous one, and that she could wile a poor man's heart out of his body, and bring his soul into very hot water indeed, all for her sake. And Ford listened well pleased. She was essentially of that order of womanhood who live on flattery, and care very little for the provider when the meal is over. Johnson was all very well, but she had no more idea of having anything serious to say to him than of flying into the air. The man, on the contrary, was really ensnared by the maid's blue eyes, and his feelings were stronger than Ford had reckoned on, and Ford unconsciously was playing with fire.

He, however, complied with her request, and parted with her before they came in sight of the Commandant's house. Johnson squeezed her hand ardently, as he bade her farewell, and Ford smiled and showed her white teeth, and then spent the rest of the evening coquetting with Banks, when he was released from his duties at the Colonel's dinner table. But she found time also to meet Miriam Clyde on the staircase, and whispered a word in her eager ears.

"The letter is in the post, Miss Miriam," she said; "and he'll get it first thing in the morning."

"Thank you," answered Miriam briefly, and passed on, for Mrs. Clyde was at no great distance from them.

And Dr. Reed did get his letter by the first delivery the next morning, and read it with a smile.

"So," he thought, "this grand and haughty young woman, whom no one was good enough almost to speak to, had her own little affair, and with a private soldier, too! However, I am bound in honor to hold my tongue, but I am rather sorry for Sir James MacKennon," and again he smiled.

But he felt curious. He went to the hospital before breakfast, and the first patient he visited was the wounded soldier Dare. It was a beautiful morning in the late autumn, and the sun was glinting in golden shafts through a faint haze, and one of these gleams fell on Dare's face as he lay sleeping with his arms flung above his head. The young doctor stood looking at him contemplatively. He was handsome, with regular features, and dark, marked brows and dark mustache and hair. Altogether a somewhat remarkable face, with a full underlip, and a firm jaw and rounded chin. And about him—even in his sleep—was that nameless expression which tells of gentle birth.

"Some poor devil who has come to grief I suppose," reflected the doctor, who was shrewd. But at this moment the sleeping man stirred uneasily.

"Miriam, come away, come away," he muttered in the unnatural tones of slumber; "he is dead—I saw his eyes staring—Miriam come away."

Evidently some scene of horror was passing before his brain, for he clenched his hands and knit his dark brows, and his expression changed. An orderly who had sat up with him during the night, and was now watching him also, said in a low voice to the doctor:

"He's rambled on like that, and talked nonsense a good deal in the night, sir."

The doctor silently nodded his head, and put his fingers on the sick man's wrist, and at his touch Dare started and awoke.

"Well, my man, how are you feeling?" asked the doctor.

For a moment Dare made no answer; he seemed scarcely to understand, and then he smiled faintly.

"I feel weak, sir," he said.

"That is to be expected," answered Dr. Reed, and then he proceeded with his medical examination, and presently sent the orderly for something he wanted, and when they were alone he once more spoke to Dare.

"Well, I gave your note to the young lady," he said; "and this morning I had a letter from her, inclosing this note for you."

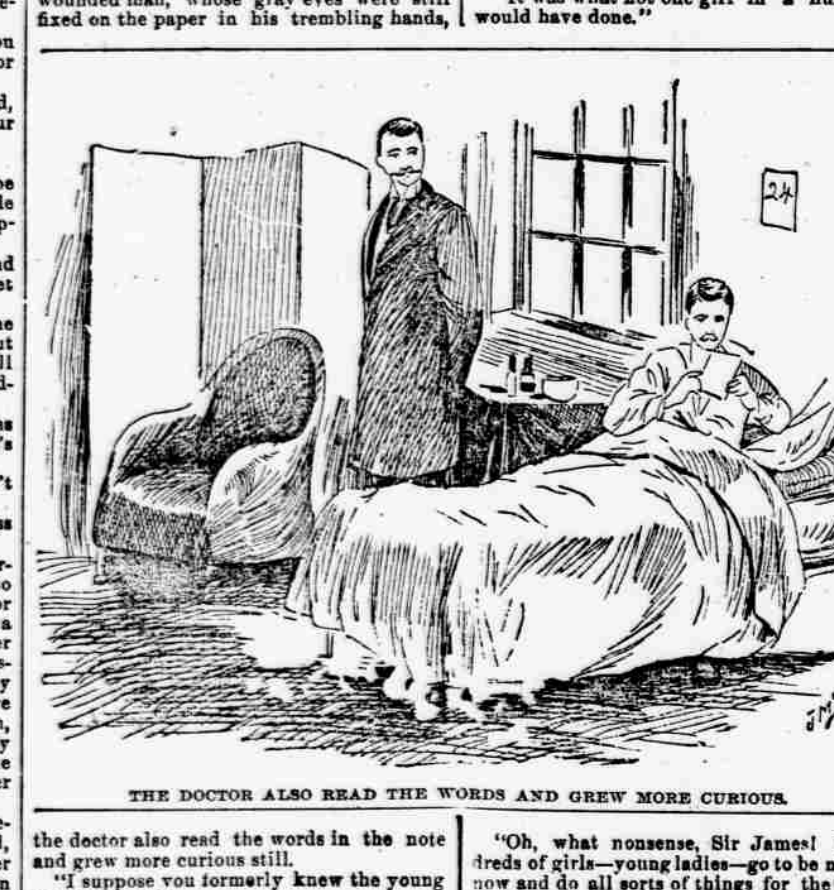
Dare eagerly put out his hand and clutched the small note the doctor handed to him.

"Thank you, sir, I do not know how to thank you," he said, quickly.

"Don't mind me, read your note," smiled the doctor; and having got this permission, Dare nervously opened the envelope and read the four simple words it contained with eager eyes.

"Do not be afraid."

Dr. Reed had turned away his head for a moment, but he was curious and quick-sighted, and as he glanced once more at the wounded man, whose gray eyes were still fixed on the paper in his trembling hands,



THE DOCTOR ALSO READ THE WORDS AND GREW MORE CURIOUS.

the doctor also read the words in the note and grew more curious still.

"I suppose you formerly knew the young lady?" he said.

Dare visibly hesitated.

"Oh! come, I don't want to pry into your secrets," laughed the doctor; "but in her letter to me she asked me to let her know how you go on, so you see she has a strong interest in you."

Dare cast down his gray eyes with their dark lashes, and his lips quivered.

"She is very good," he said, "more than good—" and then he suddenly looked up in the doctor's face.

"You have been very good, doctor, also," he went on, "and—and this I may tell you, though I am sure you will not speak of it—I once knew—or rather saw, Miss Clyde—under circumstances that were greatly to her honor."

"I have no doubt of it, my man," smiled the doctor, who quite understood that Dare did not mean to confide in him; "and you need not be afraid—neither you nor the young lady need be afraid—for I seldom, indeed never, speak of what does not concern me; and now here comes the orderly with the dressings, and I must have a look at your leg."

CHAPTER IV.

FIXING THE DAY.

On the afternoon of the same day Sir James MacKennon arrived at the Commandant's house at Newborough-on-the-Sea, and Banks at once ushered him into the drawing room, where Mrs. Clyde was, for Banks had received orders when Sir James came that she wished to speak to him before Miss Clyde was told of his arrival.

So Sir James strode into the room with his stalwart step, and Mrs. Clyde smiled her welcome.

"Very pleased to see you," she said, sweetly, holding out her well-formed hand; "where will you sit?"

Sir James drew a chair near Mrs. Clyde's easy one, and looked, it must be admitted, rather uncomfortable.

"It's about that little girl of mine, I wished to speak to you,'' she said still smiling. She spoke of Miriam as "a little girl" merely in a figurative sense, Miriam being really tall and slim; "about Miriam—we were talking yesterday you remember about fixing the time of your marriage, and you said you would try to persuade Miriam to fix it soon—in a month I think, was it not?"

"But I tried in vain," answered Sir James with an ingenuous blush stealing over his honest face. "Miriam said it was too soon, and I could not get her to promise to fix any time."

"My dear Sir James, Miriam is like other girls, coy and shy—not that all girls are to be sure!" And Mrs. Clyde gave her shoulders a little shrug, and raised her eyebrows. "But she is, and my other girl, General Conray's wife, was also. In fact, I brought them up rather in an old-fashioned school—to be modest young women, and not forward ones—and therefore you see poor Miriam is so shy about fixing her wedding day that I propose that we should do it for her, and thus spare all her pretty blushes."

"I need not say that I shall be too happy —that anytime—," eagerly blurted out Sir James.

"I am sure of it, and I am sure also that the little girl will be very glad to have it all settled for her. Joan, my eldest daughter, allowed me to settle her wedding day, and I know Miriam will too. Well, you thought of a month? Shall we say a month to-day?"

"I shall be delighted, only too delighted, if you can persuade Miriam."

"Leave Miriam to me," said Mrs. Clyde, with her sweetest smile. "And have you heard what a little heroine she came out yesterday after you left her on the sands?"

"No; how was that?"

"Well, it seems a poor soldier was dangerously wounded when marking at a target, and would have bled to death but for Miriam. She had some ambulance lessons in the winter, and she turned them to good account on this emergency. She stopped the bleeding, and the doctor says saved the poor man's life; her father is very pleased."

"Dear little girl! how brave it was of her," exclaimed Sir James, with emotion.

"It was brave, was it not? But the poor child felt the reaction of the excitement when it was over, and was not very well during the rest of the evening, and her cheeks have lost some of their pretty pink paint this morning, I can assure you. You will have to bring it back again, Sir James."

Sir James blushed furiously.

"In fact, we'll consider it settled then," continued Mrs. Clyde; "settled between you and me, that to-day month has to be your wedding day? Do not, however, speak of it to Miriam to-day—leave me to arrange all about it with her, for she was nervous and upset yesterday with this affair on the sands, so we must keep her very quiet to-day."

"I will say nothing to disturb her; but, Mrs. Clyde, it must be as Miriam wishes—about the time, I mean. I would not, for any selfish feelings of my own, have her worried into anything she did not wish."

"My dear young man, you do not know the feminine heart! Girls—women—like to have a little pressure on such subjects from their lovers and parents. In fact, the like to be wooed and won, seemingly against their wills all the time. I am sure Miriam is greatly attached to you. She would not have accepted your proposal if it had not been so."

"You make me very happy," said Sir James, and again he blushed. "I care for Miriam very much—I never cared for any-one before—and my greatest wish on earth is to have her for my wife."

"Well, your greatest wish will soon be accomplished then. Few men or women marry their first love, and Miriam ought to be proud, therefore, at having won yours."

"I am proud, at any rate, to—to be loved by her. I always feel that I am not good enough for her. Still I will try——"

"Don't spoil her; that is all I am afraid of," said Mrs. Clyde, graciously, as Sir James paused, and while she spoke she rose to leave the room. "Now I will send her to you," she added, "and I hope you will stay and dine with us, Sir James?"

He was only too happy to promise to do so; only too happy when Miriam, pale and embarrassed, entered the room to have her, as he expressed it, "all to himself." But he took her mother's advice, and did not speak on any exciting subject. He told her about the Colonel's "big at home" the day before, and how proud and pleased he was to hear how good she had been "to the poor soldier."

"It was nothing," said Miriam, with a sudden blush.

"It was what not one girl in a hundred would have done."

"Oh, what nonsense, Sir James! Hundreds of girls—young ladies—go to be nurses now and do all sorts of things for the poor sick people. But I am afraid I couldn't; I have not the nerve. Even seeing the poor soldier wounded yesterday has upset me."

"My darling little girl!" said Sir James, and he kissed her little hand. He was longing to tell her how he hoped to take care of her; to watch over her in all their coming days, and to shield herself and her nerves from every possible ill. He was very fond of her, and his heart was very warm and true. Her mother was right when she had told him that Miriam might be proud to have won his love, yet alas! this was not so.

Presently he persuaded her to go out for a walk as the day was fine, and as they passed near the hospital he asked her if she should like him to go in and inquire after the wounded soldier. Miriam hesitated a moment and a flush rose to her face.

"If you like——" she said.

"It's as you like darling; but I thought you would be interested in the poor fellow after doing so much for him?"

"Oh, I am interested."

"Then I'll go; you stop here my darling, and I'll be back in a minute."

So Miriam stood still and Sir James walked quickly to the entrance of the hospital, and as he was about to enter the gate-way Dr. Reed was coming out of it. Sir James knew Dr. Reed slightly, having met him at the Clyde's, and he at once held out his hand to the doctor.

"I have come to inquire how the poor fellow is who was shot yesterday," he said. "Miss Clyde is anxious to know."

Dr. Reed smiled.

"He is going on as well as we could possibly expect," he answered. He lost a bit of blood, you know, but he is a fine, strong, young fellow, and I expect he will pull himself together in a day or two."

"That's all right; how did it happen? Through some blunder?"

"Don't know; there's a kind of report in the regiment that the man who did it—one Smith—had a grudge against Dare, but that will have to be inquired into."

"Of course. Well, doctor, Miss Clyde is waiting for me, so I must say good day."

Again Dr. Reed smiled. Then he took off his hat to Miriam, who was standing a little way off, and the situation inwardly amused him. As for Miriam, she felt overwhelmed when she saw Dr. Reed. She bowed in return to his salutation, but did not look up, and the doctor was too good natured to approach her nearer. So he went on his way wondering how it was possible for any man to trust a woman. Here was a girl sending one lover—her betrothed lover—to inquire after another lover, reflected the doctor, grimly, for he never doubted that in some way or other Dare had been the lover of Miriam Clyde.

"What would her mother say," he thought, "if she knew? By jove!"

In the meantime Miriam and Sir James were going along the sea-banks, and looking at the long rolling waves of the restless sea. Ever had the great mass of blue-green waters a great charm for Miriam, for their mystic murmurs seemed to bring back other scenes more clearly to her brain. It was by the sea—another sea though—that a dark shadow has fallen on her life. She was thinking of this now; thinking of the sudden end to a brief, bright love dream; and over her came a strange yearning toward the past.

Sir James was chatting on about his place in Scotland, where he had expensive estates, and Miriam heard, half vaguely, of the splendid trout stream, of the deer forests, and the blue waters of the loch; but her heart was not amid the heather and the hills. Another picture—the moonlight gleaming on the sand, and a young pair standing hand clasped, keeping their secret tryst—rose vividly before her even as Sir James expatiated on the wild beauties of his native land.

"And your sister and her husband, darling. It will be awfully jolly for us to have them at Kintore, won't it?" she heard him say presently, and his direct question recalled her from her reverie.

"Yes," she said, still with her eyes fixed upon the sea.

"What is your sister like, Miriam?" he asked.

"She is very like me," she answered in a low tone.

"But she is much older, I suppose?"

"No," said Miriam, still in the same low tone, "Joan is only two years older than I am."

"Yet she is married to a General."

"General Conray is quite old; old enough to be her father."

"How funny that she should have married an old fellow like that!"

Miriam bit her lips, and a look of sharp pain contracted her brow.

"It is very strange, is it not?" she said.

"Extraordinary! And she must be very handsome, too, if she is anything like my Miriam."

"She is thought good-looking," answered Miriam and then she changed the conversation. Evidently the subject of her sister's marriage was not a welcome one, Sir James decided, and he determined to avoid it in the future.

But on the whole their walk was a pleasant one, and a little color had stolen back to Miriam's pale cheeks when they returned to the Commandant's white-washed house. Sir James had told her that he was going to remain to dinner by her mother's invitation, and Mrs. Clyde met them smilingly as they entered the hall.

"So you have had a walk, and you look all the better for it, too, Miriam, my dear," she said. "I am so glad you are going to stay to dinner, Sir James, for quite by chance we are going to have an old friend of my husband's, too, Colonel Lowrey. Have you ever met him?"

"Not that I know of," answered Sir James.

"No, it's very unlikely; he's just recently returned from India, and is so brown! But he's a nice man, and we've known him many years; he knew the girls when they were babies."

Sir James laughed.

"I wonder if he'll treat Miriam as a baby now?" he said good naturedly, looking fondly and proudly at Miriam's charming face.

She laughed also, and then went upstairs to dress for dinner, and presently Ford came to assist her.

Ford judiciously made no further allusion to the letter to Dr. Reed, as she wisely considered it was not her place to do so. She brought up some flowers which had just arrived from a florist's in the town, and which she said the boy who had left them had told her that a gentleman had ordered them for Miss Clyde.

"I suppose it was Sir James," said Miriam.

"The boy didn't mention any name, Miss Miriam, only a gentleman," answered Ford, smiling. "Maybe they're from someone else."

Miriam did not answer. She fastened one or two of the beautiful carnations in her dress, and when she went into the drawing room Sir James advanced eagerly toward her, for they were alone.

"Thank you for wearing them," he said; "they were the best I could get."

"Thank you for sending them; they are beautiful," smiled Miriam.

Then a bronzed, gray-headed, soldierly-looking man entered the drawing room, whom Miriam introduced as "Colonel Lowrey." He bore the marks of the land of the sun bravely, and his whole bearing told you he had been a man of war from his youth upward. A spear wound from a dusky Arab had left one of the sleeves of his coat armless, and a purple line on his forehead, which crept under his gray hair, told its own story.

"What a tall girl you have grown!" he said smilingly to Miriam. "I knew this young lady, Sir James, when she was about the size of my hand."

"That is a gross exaggeration, Colonel Lowrey," said Miriam, laughing.

"Well, I had the honor of seeing you when you were exactly two days old, at any rate, Miss Miriam."

"And what was I like?" smiled Miriam.

"I have no very distinct recollection, but I think you are improved by age."

They all laughed at this, and while they were doing so Mrs. Clyde entered the room, gracious and agreeable as usual.

"What is amusing you?" she said, looking at the little group of three.

"Colonel Lowrey is amusing us, mother, by his account of my babyhood."

"She's grown a great girl, hasn't she?" smiled Mrs. Clyde, looking at the Colonel.

"Yes, it's wonderful, and it seems only like yesterday, and yet a great many things have happened since then," and Colonel Lowrey sighed.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Clyde, and she also gave a little sympathetic sigh, and glanced at the Colonel's empty sleeve.

But he had not left his good spirits with his arm behind in the sand of the desert. He was in truth excellent company, and as he was a keen sportsman, he interested Sir James exceedingly in his descriptions of the big game of the jungle and the swamp. The dinner passed off most agreeably, for Mrs. Clyde was a famous hostess, and drew out the powers of her guests with admirable tact. Before the evening was over Sir James McKennon had invited Colonel Lowrey to dine with him at the cavalry mess at Helstone on the following evening, and to go deer-stalking with him in the Highlands; and Sir James looked sentimentally at Miriam as he gave the latter invitation.

They all parted the best of friends, and Miriam went to bed tired, and slept fairly well in spite of certain racking anxieties in her mind. She was rather late in going down to breakfast the next morning, and when she did so she found her father and mother already seated at the table. Mrs. Clyde seemed in good spirits and they discussed the conversation at the dinner of the evening before pleasantly. Then Colonel Clyde, who was in undress uniform, rose to go to his military duties, and the mother and daughter were alone.

"My dear," said Mrs. Clyde, as Miriam finished her breakfast, "will you come up to my room now, as I have got something to say to you?"

Miriam's face flushed and she began to tremble as she listened to this invitation. From their earliest childhood to be requested to go to their mother's room had meant something serious to Joan and Miriam Clyde. There they had received due punishment for their youthful offenses, and there they had been taught to respect their mother's authority. And there Joan had been told she was to marry General Conray at a certain date, and she did marry him. Therefore Miriam was sick at heart as she followed her mother up the staircase, and entered the room where she was sure she was about to hear something she was unwilling to listen to.

"Shut the door, my dear," said Mrs. Clyde, in her quiet but firm way; and so Miriam did shut it, and stood before her mother with her dark eyes cast down.

"I wish to speak to you about your wedding day, Miriam, began Mrs. Clyde, looking steadily at her daughter; "Sir James and I settled it yesterday, we settled it for a month yesterday."

"A month from yesterday!" repeated Miriam, aghast. "Impossible, mother."

"Why impossible, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clyde, calmly.

"Because—because I cannot be married then," said Miriam, in great distress, thinking of a life dearer than her own hanging on the balance, "don't ask me to do this mother, for I cannot!"

"I don't ask you, Miriam, I tell you simply it is to be; everything is arranged, and your father has promised to give me £100 to provide your trousseau, so you see my dear it is no use your making any stupid objections."

Miriam stood silent for a moment, and then with a sudden and passionate gesture she caught her mother's reluctant hand.

"Give me more time, mother," she prayed; "I will try to keep faith with Sir James—but give me more time!"

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

Overcrowded New York.

Buffalo Enquirer.]

We are accustomed to think of London as the worst crowded city in the world, but it is said that the most overcrowded block of Whitechapel streets and alleys covering the same space does not contain more than half as many people as some blocks of Eastside New York tenements in the region of Third street, and avenues B and C. According to the census the block bounded by Second and Third streets and avenues B and C contains over 3,500 people, enough to populate a very respectable country village or a booming young Western city. At one time last summer there were five children in hospitals who had fallen off fire escapes in this block. This was explained by the fact that the population slept not only on the roof, but even on fire escapes in the summer time.

DIAMONDS, watches, jewelry, etc.; no fancy prices; quick sales and small profits at M. G. Cohen's, 36 Fifth avenue.

JIMP AWNINGS are neat and pretty, at Mamaux & Son's, 539 Penn avenue. wsu

MEN WHO MUST SLAY.

How Well-Groomed Citizens Take Spells and Become Savages.

THEY MUST CAMP OUT AWHILE.

Frederick Remington Sketches the True Sport in Pen and Pencil.

FREAKS WIVES CAN'T UNDERSTAND

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

To a civilized man there is only one pleasure which is greater than his first night in camp, and that is his first night out of it, when he has a bath and a good bed with fresh sheets. This is enough to establish the fact that it is only by contrasts that the salient points of things are developed. If a man has a good home and a good bed, and a furnace to keep the house at a proper temperature at all times, he ought to be happy. Add to that a good cook and a happy family, and he should desire to stay in that place and enjoy it. Even if he wants a change and a rest, he

THE SPORT AND THE DOCTOR, TRANSFORMED.

could find places equally comfortable and easy of access; but there are men who get up from the breakfast table and say to their wives, "Now, I can't stand this sort of thing any longer," and the good little woman knows that the spell is on him. He goes off up stairs and gets out a trunk, and then from the depths of a far-off closet he hauls down some disreputable old clothes and lugs out a gun and a lot of rods and fly cases and ammunition and lays them tenderly in the bottom of the trunk. He gets "a shockingly bad hat" and a pipe which Madam will not allow in the settled part of the house and strange cases made of canvas which carry the charms and fetiches of the sportsman. These he places in the trunk. He then overhauls his "kit." He sticks "fly hooks" up in rows in the pillow shams if Madam is not looking.

Where Good Little Wife Appears.

He puts tallow covered cartridges on the lace bed cover and then carefully lays a heavy pair of very greasy and dirty cowhide shoes on his wife's most choice piece of upholstered furniture. In the midst of this in walks the lady of the house, the partner of his joys and sorrows. In this case the joys and sorrows do not mix. Madam says: "Now Jack—I think it is awful for you to put those nasty old things on my bed—you have no consideration, etc., etc.," and poor Jack transfers them all

THE REGULATION LEAN-TO.

to the floor, while off flounces the lady to tell the maid that she must "go through that room thoroughly as Mr. B—— has been packing his nasty old traps and has nearly ruined everything."

Jack is ready and is driven off to the station, where he bids Madam "goodby" and is rolled away happy in the knowledge that in a few days he will be sleeping on a brush heap with rude men and surrounded by mosquitoes and smoke, with tough, soapy bread and black coffee for food.

Madam explains to a lady friend that "Mr. B. is such a curious man—he goes off up there and lives like an wild beast—I do not understand it."

To develop the real sportsman the environment must be favorable at a very early age. If he is favorably situated he becomes possessed of an unbounded enthusiasm and more tools of the sporting craft than has a dentist in his.

America's Spurious Sportsmen.

A great many people are now growing up in America whose tendencies are an illegitimate cross between an English battue and an American summer hotel—they are a sort of "arrested development" between true hunters and fishermen and people who are not financially able to buy a country place. All such are spurious and not to be considered seriously. The genuine American lover of the woods did not gather his theories of how to be happy from "shooting on his estate" or proceeding against tigers with the entire organized population of an eastern principality or from dilettante literature on how to do the thing so that "it will stand wash."

He first passed his boyhood in a country where the squirrels were pretty thick and the trout would bite and the old gentlemen were never ceasing in telling how they killed "the biggest buck I ever sot my eyes onto." He then tried the Adirondacks until they became infested with women and summer hotels. Then he tried Maine, but Maine got filled up with persons who wore two peaks in their hats and ate their dinner on a table, and the guides became servants instead of woodsmen. Then he discovered Canada and the Rocky Mountains, and away in the heart of their wildernesses you will find his "bark lean-to" where the timber grows the highest over the little spring, and where the "dude has ceased from troubling and the cigarette's at rest." This sportsman has got a moral mortgage on a little pond somewhere away off up somewhere, and he won't tell you where it is because he doesn't want you to find out.

How the True Sport Is Manifest.

You may not recognise this man of the woods in New York or Philadelphia, because he has trained himself to be as much like the rest of humanity as possible in order that he may make a little money, so that he can go hunting once or twice a year and be his own natural self for a space. When the buds open and the grass shoots, and the sunlight thaws out his mind, he will manifest uneasiness and become unsettled. You can begin to detect him then. He wont care about the frost and peach crop, or the candidates, or the Anarchists, but will be morbid and go on incoherently about brown-hackels, No. 8 shot, and improved Winchester models and other profitless subjects.

Late in the season he gets down his double barrel and his rifle and begins to oil them up. He takes out his pea-jacket and his oil-tanned moccasins and his jaegers. He is constantly writing letters to "Sam Bushcraft, Mountain Pine, Missoula county, Montana," or to "Pierre Antoine, Temistamang, Ontario, Canada," and receives replies in brown or yellow envelopes signed with his (x) mark. Why he becomes so interested in these half savage men in the waste places only he can understand. This curious person does not want to go with Madam to the White Mountains or the New England coast, begs off and goes up to conspire with his friend, Dr. Swellkill, who is a hunter and old comrade. They go into the doctor's private room and lock the door.

How Good Wives Get Left.

Madam, the doctor, becomes concerned and goes over to see her friend, the wife of the first man, and says: "Your husband has been with the doctor a great deal of late, and I am afraid he will entice him away this summer or fall, and I did so want him to go with me to Mount Desert."

"Well, you know I have no influence with Mr. B. He insists on going off to these strange places—he always has and I sigh to think that he probably always will," condoles the little woman.

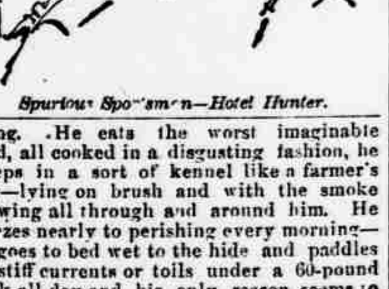
"I am sure then that I can do nothing with the doctor—he too, will go—it is so unfortunate to have such tastes."

From that time on the doctor's health begins to fail. A brother physician recommends the "woods," and while it is so unfortunate to be compelled to leave his patients, yet his health demands it, and one fine morning the man and his friend, the doctor, are missed from the haunts of men.

In a few days the trim, well-groomed city men are no longer recognizable. They sit in the forward end of the canoes with a stumpy beard and a bull-dog pipe, dressed in dirty, greasy clothes, while behind the pans, blankets, packs and guns sits a strange, dark-skinned, beetle-browed, half-breed, with scraggy hair and a bristling beard. The canoes cleave the mirrowed waters, while the yellow reflections mix with the Vandyck shadows of the overhanging forest in the lake. They are happy.

A Settled Fact of Man Nature.

It would be interesting to understand this man so prone to these lapses of savagery. We readily comprehend one who at times becomes awfully drunk for days at a time, and call it a nervous disease and give it a scientific name which clears it of mystery. We know why the man leaves his native city in the height of the business and social season and deports himself to the West Indias—his bronchial tubes are on a strike. We of course see that another takes himself off to Europe, but he goes to cultivate his mind and to be lazy and dissolute, but here is this man whose business and social life call for his attendance, whose health is offensively rugged, and he does this strange



Spurious Sportsmen—Hotel Hunter.

thing. He eats the worst imaginable food, all cooked in a disgusting fashion, he sleeps in a sort of kennel like a farmer's dog—lying on brush and with the smoke blowing all through and around him. He freezes nearly to perishing every morning—he goes to bed wet to the hide and paddles up stiff currents or toils under a 60-pound pack all day and his only reason seems to be a desire to slay.

You doubtless all know one of that sort of men—ask him why? In all probability he will fold himself in his robe of superiority and simply pity your varnished ignorance and will not deign to reply. He will consider you hopeless, weak—lacking character and sentiment—but if you would know why he does it go with him when the spell is on him and find out. If you do not like it you will at least know why.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Tennyson an Admirer of Gray.

A Mr. Stokes once asked Tennyson, "What do you think of Browning?" The Laureate replied, "I would rather not say." Tennyson is a great admirer of Gray and Burns, and once said that he would rather have written the "Elegy in the Country Churchyard" than any other poem.

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WAR AND POLITICS.

Sometimes It Seems the Soldiers Saved This Great Country

ONLY TO GIVE IT TO BAD MEN.

Too Many Jobbers Who Are Putting Plunder Before Patriotism.

A SERMON BY REV. GEORGE HODGES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David; nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord.

That is a paragraph out of the annals of the wars of Israel. David was fighting the Philistines. David and his men held the rocky hills, and the Philistines were in the green valley. And one day when the harvest sun was hot and shade was scanty, and the battle long and wearisome, David grew very thirsty. And he thought, as thirsty people will, of the sweet taste of cool water. He remembered a well at Bethlehem beside the village gate. He had played about it as a boy. He had drunk deep draughts out of the dark depths of it in the hot afternoons. The trees grew near it, the winds blew over it, the grass nestled close to its gray stones, and the clear water, deep in the cool recesses of the rock, was the sweetest in the world to David's taste.

They Served Their Master Well.

He looked out over the tents of the enemy, afar into the green valley, and he fancied that he could almost see the little village with the well beside the gate. And he said, half to himself, "Oh, that I had a drink of water from the well of Bethlehem!" And these three men heard him—these three stout soldiers of his army—and they started for that well. The whole host of the Philistines lay between. Rank upon rank, with watchful eyes and angry hearts and sharp lances, lay this great Philistine barrier. But the men broke through. They did not disguise themselves and steal through. Down they went, defiant as Goliath, and fought their way by strength of arm to the well of Bethlehem and back. And David had his cup of water.

The earth has always been a battlefield. Every day men are drawn up somewhere into array of battle, and other men, for good reason or for bad, are making their murderous way into their ranks. Men began to fight beside the gate of Eden, and have been fighting ever since. History is divided into chapters by the campaigns of the wars of nations.

When Fighters Were the Heroes.

The first hero was the man who had a stouter fist than anybody else in the neighborhood. The first king was the man who was able by his strength and courage to command the respect of a considerable number of heroes. The first statesman was he who planned the first successful attack upon an enemy. The first discoverer ventured into new countries that he might kill their inhabitants. The first poet sang his song over heaps of hostile slain. For ages men were accounted of in proportion to their ability to harm their fellow men.

"Saul hath slain his thousands!" shouted the people—therefore Saul is a great deal of a man; "But David his tens of thousands!" so rang the answer—therefore David is ten times as much of a man as Saul. The whole world was in the condition of our frontier mining towns before the railroad, where every man carried his materials for murder everywhere he went. The priest was set beside the soldier in the estimation of the people, because he was thought to wield invisible weapons, sharper than swords and longer than lances. Women were not considered of much consequence because they could not fight.

War a Natural Ambition.

At first men fought, like animals, for love of fighting. After that they fought for love of reputation. They desired the good opinion of their neighbors. And as ideals had not risen then much above mere physical achievement, and there was no appreciation yet of wisdom nor of sanctity, the man who would win admiration must be strong, fearless of danger, careless of pain. Naturally the ambitious turned to war.

That is what public opinion does. It sets the standard of ambition. It makes a vast difference with the nation whether its people have a high or low idea of excellence. One of the most important definitions in the dictionary is the definition of greatness. What is it to be great? Is it to dangle at our waist a string of scalps? is it to control a ballot box of ignorant votes? is it to live in a large house and to have a bank account running into large figures? is it to bear the name of an ancient family? What a difference it makes what sort of an answer people in general give to these questions! Or is it to be honest in all dealings, to be generous, to be thoughtful of others, to be a learner and a teacher of truths that are worth knowing, to fight for right, and to be of some sort of use in the world? Is that what we account to be the requisite of greatness?

One Mission of the Church.

Certain it is that whatever the majority of people find admirable in human life, thousands of human beings will strive after. A great part of the mission of the Church in the world, is to set a standard of appreciation, and to teach the true definition of genuine greatness.

These three heroes fought that splendid fight of theirs not for love of fighting, and not alone for love of reputation, but for love of David. This they did for him. That which uplifted their adventure above all the brave deeds of their time, was their unselfish spirit.

The ideal soldier fights not for himself. He fights for David. His David may be a great leader, or a great cause, or a great country, but there must be a David. Somewhere behind the soldier, watching his courageous onslaught upon the hostile host, ready to applaud as he faces danger, ready to welcome and reward his victorious return; his commendation the soldier's greatest laurel; somewhere must stand great David.

The day has gone when armies fought, like beasts in the black forests, for sheer love of murder. The day is going when nations join battle, like bullies in back alleys, for reputation, in revenge for fanciful insults, in vindication of what they are pleased to call their honor, or for the sake of stealing one another's goods or lands. We have driven that sort of fighting out of decent society.

War Will Be Recognized as Wrong.

It is left now altogether to fools who make themselves laughing stocks in duels, or to ruffians whom the police carry away in patrol wagons. And by virtue of that elevation of public opinion of which I spoke, by more general learning of the religion of Jesus Christ, we are going to drive it out of the lives of nations. We have not yet quite come to realize that whatever is a crime for an individual is a crime also for a nation. We showed that when we had our recent misunderstandings with Italy and Chile. But we are getting nearer to the truth.

The day will be a long time coming when all the swords may be beaten into plowshares, and no man any longer need to learn the art of war. Because there will for a long time be ignorant people in the world who cannot understand an argument unless it strikes them in the face. Nothing but might can teach them right. The just cause will long need to be maintained and the welfare of the nation need to be defended by the stern hands of soldiers. But the day will come when no good man will fight unless he fights for a cause worth fighting for.

The men whom we had in memory a week ago had a reason for their fighting. The heroes of the army of David adventured their lives for love of David, but these men gave their lives because they loved their country. They died that we might live. This great united nation, with its secure liberties, with its magnificent future, is the heritage of these heroes of the Civil War. Happy the nation for whose welfare her sons are not afraid to die!

Why David Did Not Drink.

Now see what David did when the men came back, bringing the cup of water. He would not drink it. He took that battered cup as if it were the silver chalice of a sacrament and poured the water reverently out upon the ground, like a libation in a sacrifice. But why? It was the same water of which David had drunk before often and carelessly. The look of it, the taste of it, had not been changed. It was a common cup of common water. Again and again at Bethlehem, beside the well, one friend and another had given David the same kind of cup filled with the same kind of water, and he had never thought of refusing it. It was very good water, but it had never occurred to him before that there was anything sacred about it.

But now he would not drink it. Now it was somehow different, consecrated. He could only stand, thirsty as he was, and pour it all out upon the ground, with tears in his eyes. Why? Was it not because that cup of water had become the symbol of bravery and devotion? The cup meant love.

That is what the graves mean which lay marked with flags to-day in all the cemeteries. Sacred graves! Symbols of the love that brave men had for liberty, for union, for our country! It was well to scatter the flowers upon them and to sing hymns of freedom over them, and to stand beside them reverent as David stood. We may not have known the man who laid down 30 years ago in this grave or that, weary with the fighting of our battles; even his name may have a strange sound in our ears. But he was a soldier; he was one of the heroes, who for our sake broke through the host which compassed us about and brought us the water of national life out of the well of liberty. Honor to him, and gratitude, and reverent remembrance!

Politicians and Patriotic Soldiers.

Would that men might love their country in the days of peace as these men loved it in the days of war, and be willing to give their lives still in its service, not by dying, but by living for its welfare. Sometimes it seems as if the patriots, having saved the nation, had given over its best interests for safe keeping to the politicians. There is this difference between the good patriot and the bad politician; the patriot fights not for himself, but the politician fights for himself only, first and last and all the time.

It is the bane of this nation, in our great cities, in the administration of our State governments, in the concerns of the whole country which center in the Capitol at Washington, that the men are few who serve as David's heroes did; or as they did —our heroes—whom we have in grateful memory; for love not of themselves but of a leader, of a great cause, or of a great country. Vampires they are, who are sucking the life blood of this nation for whose honor the veterans who laid last week beneath the flags and the flowers, shed the best blood of their lives.

Every man in every office whose main purpose it is to get our money without giving us any useful service for it, every politician in every party whose feet are swift in pursuit of plunder, who fights for victory only that he may steal afterward, is a traitor to the country. He is a rebel. He must be met and whipped as we met whole armies of men a thousand times better than he is, and sent them flying, in the Civil War.

A Battle Fought With Ballots.

He is a spy sneaking in the camp that he may betray the cause of our Israel into the hands of the Philistines. He must be fought not with bullets but with ballots. It is a great thing to be a good soldier. It is an even greater thing to be a good citizen. It is a great thing to die for one's country—a great and glorious deed is that—but it is even greater and more glorious, yes, and more difficult, to live for one's country, to love one's land and nation with a love so true that when national interests and personal interests come into conflict the personal interests sink out of sight. Thirty years ago we needed soldiers, and men came forward counting even the love of home less than the love of country. To-day the great need is for citizens. We have enough men in this nation, counting men as the census-taker counts them, but what we want is not more men but more man. We want men whom no manner of party allegiance, no persuasion of political alliance, no bribes nor threats can induce to follow any leader who purposes to lead them against the interests of this great nation.

Perish the Democratic party! Perish the Republican party! If the leaders of either one put plunder in the place of patriotism, plan for their own mercenary interests against the welfare of the country, and so turn rebel. Higher than any party is the United States of America, over which may the God of nations, year upon year, extend his protecting benediction.

GEORGE HODGES.

A PROMISING YOUNG ARTIST.

His Novel and Economical Way of Disposing of His Wares.

Chicago Mail.]

Chicago has a promising young artist who has developed traits which should entitle him to diplomatic supremacy. For some time he has been engaged in painting a number of game pieces—canvases with representations of birds, rabbits, etc. He had met with very poor success in disposing of his paintings. For days and nights he sat with his head pressed between his hands endeavoring to evolve some plan for disposing of them.

One evening he attended a party which was given by a lady acquaintance. Various topics were under discussion, and finally the subject of pet dogs was brought up. Mrs. A., who lives on Michigan avenue, and whose husband gives her several thousand dollars per year for pin money, remarked that her little pet terrier was not one-half so well bred as he should be because he was always hungry, and—horrors—he had an insatiable appetite for raw meat. The young artist heard her make that remark and a plan at once was formulated in his head. He knew she had a penchant for art—or thought she had—and invited her to visit his studio on the following afternoon, stating that he had some beautiful game pieces to show her.

That evening he purchased a quantity of raw beef, which he jealously carried home under his coat. The next forenoon he spent in industriously rubbing the raw meat over the surfaces of the game pieces. Mrs. A. called, accompanied by her little terrier, and expressed great pleasure at his work, but when the little terrier sniffed hungrily at the paintings of the birds and rabbits, she was wonderstruck.

"I believe he actually thinks they are alive," she said, with wonder in her eyes.

"I am very proud to have deceived the animal by my art," he modestly said.

And she purchased the lot at a snug figure.

American Periodicals in the Lead.

San Francisco Chronicle.

It is a curious fact that the circulation of foreign periodicals is waning in this country. Time was when *Punch* and the leading German comic weeklies had a great vogue here, but now the demand is well nigh dead because of the growth of strictly American comic papers. In nothing in this country has the development been greater or more rapid than in periodical literature, and we are actually beating the British on their own ground with our illustrated weekly papers and monthly magazines.

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