

, F. SOHWEIER,

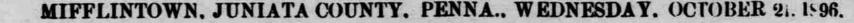
THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

ard him tell the story of his life. He had

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tione.

CHAPTEP XXIIL-(Continued.) he saw the dying form of Philip Sme The day dawned upon the plateau; a don. few straggling rays of the sun illuminat- Kneeling by the bedside, and praying

ed the great glacler above and turned its while she sobbed bitterly, was a lady dead gray snow and ice into a pure, warm whom Lord Penlyn knew to be Smerdon's while the mists rolled away from mother. the high mountains keeping watch above: She rose at his entrance, and brushed the high mountains keeping water, and at the tears from her eyes. and below on the smaller glacier, and at "Your friend has come, Philip," she body of Philip Smerdon.

Two guides, proceeding over the pass to meet a party of mountain climbers. reached the plateau at dawn, and sitting a hollow voice he asked her to leave them down upon the stone to eat a piece of bread and take a draught of cold coffee saw his knapsack lying beside it. said, "and the time is short." "Yes," he said when she was gone, and What does it mean?" the one said to

the other. "It means death." his companion replied, "the railing 's broken! Some one

who said he had come as quickly as pos-sible, "yes, I know it. I expected you. has fallen And now that you are here can you bring Slowly and carefully, and each holding, yourself to say that you forgive me?" to one of the upright posts, they peere For one moment the other hesitated, then he said: "I forgive you. May heavover and down on the glacier, and there they saw what was lying below.

A whispered word sufficed, a direction given by one to the other, and these mountaineers were descending the moraine, digging their sticks deeply into the stones, and gradually working their way skillfully to the glacier.

"Is he dead, Carl?" the one asked of his friend, who stooped over the prostrate for mand felt of his heart. "No; he lives. How has he ever fallen

here without instant death? But he must See, his bones are all broken!" and as he spoke he lifted Smerdon's arm and

touched one of his legs. "What shall we do with him?" the other

known. I did not go to the 'Chase' on that morning, but, instead, tracked him from one place to another, disguised in a "We must remove him. Even though suit of workman's clothes that I had he die on the road, it is better than to bought some time ago for a fancy dress leave him here. Let us take him to the ball. I thought be would never leave his house of Father Neumann. It is but to, club that night; but at last he came out. the foot of the glacier." and then-then! I grow weaker !-- I did

Very gently these men lifted him in 11 their arms, though not so gently but that they wrung a groan of agony from him as they did so, and bore him down the ae listened to this recital, and ance he made a sign as though begging Smerdon glacier to where it entered the valley; and to stop, but he did not heed him. then, having handed him to the priest, who lived in what was little better that Tunis, a long, sharp knife of the kind used a hut, they left him.

by the Arabs, and I loosened it from its Late that afternoon the dying man open sheath as we entered the park, he walk-ing a few steps ahead of me, and, evied his eyes, and looked around the room in which he lay.

At his bedside he saw a table with lamps I quickened my pace and passed cross laid upon it and at the window of him, and then, turning round suddenly, the room an aged priest sat reading Breviary. to the heart. It was but the work of a

"Where ain 1?" he asked in English. The priest rose and came to the bed, and then spoke to him in German

"My son," he said, "what want of yours can I supply ?" me where I am," Smerdon an-

swered in the same language, "and how it I saw that he was dead. The work long I have to live." "You are in my house, the house of the ins. Late at night they saddled again and rode cautiously forward till they Tell me ho were not more than forty r s fro me no more." "There is no more-only this, that I the trocha itself. They could see the watchfires on the further side of the am glad to die. My life has been a curse great redoubt, shining between the since that day, I am thankful it is at an strands of the barbed wire fence end. Had Guffanta not hurled me on to the glacier below, I think I must have stretched along the brink. Between them and the trochs lay a taken it with my own hands." "Guffanta!" Penlyn exclaimed, "Is it he dangerous obstacle, an ingenious dethen who has done this?" fense, composed of a number of wires "It is he! He followed me from Engfrawn six inches apart and a foot above and here—in some strange way he was a witness to the murder—we met upon the pass and fought, he taxing me with the ground. This formed a network over which it was impossible to ride. and as its width was uncertain, was And slowly and painfully, and with eyes being a murderer and a thief, and-anddangerous to leap. Slater knew of this ah; this is the end!" His eyes closed, and Penlyn saw that impediment, however, and had made his plans accordingly. Half a dozen his last moment was at hand. He called getty to Mrs. Smerdon, and the came in and, throwing herself by the side of the bed, took his hand and kissed then dismounted in silence, and taking each a pair of alppers from his saddle bags, crept forward into the darkness it as she went. The rest of the troop sat silently on The Cure entered at the same time and horseback harkening to the sounds and voices from the Spanish camp, and to the occasional clicking noise right shead where their comrades were cut



n group that say come, leaving the cut wires and the round the campfires of Blater's Horse. ; rows of dead to mark where they had The troop numbered twenty men all assed. A minute more and they were told, drawn from every one of the Announted and thundering across the clo-Saxon races of the planet. There country again.

were Americans, Englishmen, Cana-As they rode Sister said to the man dians, Australians, and South Afrisearest him, a graduate of Harvard: cans, and they had come from the ends "We have singed the Spanish king's of the earth to take part in such a row beard, eh?" as promised to follow when Cuba Lib

And the other replied: "Precisely, ra set up her flag against that of Spain Then, after a mile or so: "They won' Their leader was a Virginian, there let this pass, do you think?" was not a Cuban or a Spanlard in the "What do you mean? That

company, and the name of Slater's follow us?"

to Sagua la Grande.

malan.

time to time.

was fixed for the next night. A dash

across the country, a stealthy advance

on the fortification, another dash, sa-

bre and revolver, and a triumphal re-

treat-this was the program that Sla

Next morning they rode up and down

the rolling hills in the early dawn for

two hours, and then rested for the

heat of the day in a cool and very se-

cluded grove, where they would be

screened from any wandering gueril

ter's Horse proposed to itself.

"Yes." Troop was a name of terror to the government forces from Pinar del Rio

"Nonsense. Not a bit of it." He was wrong, for there was at that

To see them thus encamped no on noment rage and cursing in the Spanwould have supposed that they were ish camp. The officer in command at engaged in one of the most daring raids that point had laid a heavy wager ish camp. The officer in command at that had been adventured since the that the rebels would never break the war opened in '95. The officers-there | lines. Naturally, he was furious. That were but two-sat democratically on the majesty of the powers of Spain the ground among their men; there was, should be slighted, that the works should be broken, that his men should a tinkling of banjos, and a mingled sound of confused talking and of jovial, be elaughtered-this was bad enough free-handed profanity. The shadows of the men loomed big on the backin all conscience, but that he should lose his gold doubloons-this was unbearable. He fumed, and swore, and ground of tropical vegetation, where the red fire light finshed fitfully from called to him a captain of guerilla cay-

time to time, and now the form of a airy. tethered horse, and now the figure of a "Osptain." "Senior." sentry leaning against a smooth coated

"You have a hundred men in you

It was no small affair that these men were engaged in--nothing less, in fact, "A bundred and fifty."

"Good. Pursue these acc than a raid on the "trocha" itself. It is not the policy of the Cuban leaders cans. There are not more than thirty to risk a pitched battle, so to arouse Follow them to Santiago, if necessary but catch them, dead or alive." the enthusiasm of the men, and at the "Very well, General," replied the guerilis, and retired to muster his men same time keep the enemy on the alert.

such expeditions are undertaken from and to sound the "Boots and Saddles." A hundred to twenty would be long They have encamped some fifty mile dds, even for Slater's Horse. from the Spanish lines and the attack

So it came about that when Slater's men drew rein, fifteen miles from the trochs, and sat allent, a clustered black



All this flashed before the me eyes in a moment. There was no hesitation, nor were there any orders giv en. Those of Slater's troop were accustomed to follow when Slater led, and they galloped at his beels as he spurred furiously down the hillslope. The Spaniards by the house were sud-denly aware of a mingled rattle of heefs and pistol shots, and beheld a rush of men sweeping down upon them, brandishing weapons and volley-ing forth curses and bullots at once. moment-and they were struck rushed, ridden down. The sheet weight of Slater's headlong charge scattered them in every direction. At

gan to reeve a rope over a convenient

By. "Now, hard ahead! And before the Spaniards had recovered from the shock their assailants were dashing past the outbuildings of the haciend and had disappeared behind the sheds At the same time the guerillas swarm ed in, and the soldiers also mounted and followed the chase.

Meanwhile, Slater's men had met un xpected obstacles. A high and strong wire fence stood firmly across their way; it was apparently designed to be torse-proof. There was no gate, and the ends were not in sight.

"Well, cut it then," shouted the least er, with a rattle of oaths, when its im pregnability became apparent, "and -a quick, too!" He drew his machote and slashed as furiously at these wires as he had done at those of the trochs.

In a minute or less an opening had

ravine suddenly appeared ahead. To mble in and out of it with suffi cient rapidity would be impossible for the tired horses, two of which car-ried double loads. To have cast the women saids might have facilitated



REV. TALMAGE DR. The Eminent Divine's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "Divine Chirography."

TEXT 'Rejoice because your names art ac.tea in heaven."-Luke z., 20.

Chirography, or the art of handwriting, live the scence of acoustics, is in very un-satisfactory state. While constructing a satisfactory state. While constructing a satisfactory state. While constructing a variet, and told by some architects that the twice would not be heard to a building shaped like that proposed, I came in much anxiety to this city and consulted with Prof. Joseph Eepry, of the Smithsonian Institution, about the haw of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead so I build your church in the shape pro-posed, and I thick it will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two anditoriums may seem to be exactly alike; and in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. In the same assatisfactery stage is chirography, although many declare they have reduced it to a science. There are those who say they Chirography, or the art of handwriting,

ing wildly into the swirl of fight with revolvers. Five of Slater's men had gone down beneath the blows that came from the front and rear alike. There were but twelve left, and these redeubled their efforts to break through the trap that held them fast. Slater rode in front, alashing to right and left with a huge machete. He cut down an opposing trooper, plstoled the borse as the rider fell, and spurred forwaru into the space thus provided. His into the space thus provided. His names with the height and width and scope onnes with the height and width and scope of the name of John Hancock on the immor-tal document. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertain, our blessed Lord in our text presents the ohirography celes-tiat. When addressing the seventy disciples standing before Him, He said: "Rejolce bemen followed, and by sheer dint of blows managed to gain a few yards more. But the foe gathered close, and again two of the handful went down. The air was all a-quiver with steel

cause your names are written in heaven." Of course, the Bible, for the most part, when speaking of the beavenly world, speaks figuratively while taiking about books and blades about the fight, but now that the insurgents, had got fairly in motion once more, they were slowly yet about trumpets, and about wings and about gates and about golden pavements and about orchards with twelve crops of fruit-one crop each month-and about the white horses of heaven's cavalry; but we do well to surely thrusting their way through the ircling crowd. But they lost a man for every yard they won. Pistol bullets hummed through the melee, strikfollow out these inspired metaphors and reap from them courage and sublime expectation, and consolation and vietory. We are told that in the heavenly library there is a Book ing down friend and foe alike. One of the women was hit as she fired into the dense gray ranks; the other, either wounded or fainting, slid from her sad-

of Life. Perhap: there are many volumes in it. When we say a book, we mean all writ-ten by the author on that subject. I cannot tell how large those heavenly volumes are, nor the spiendor of their binding, nor the dle, and both disappeared beneath the nor the spiendor of their binding, nor the number of their pages, nor whether they are pictorialized with some exciting scenes of this While Slater's horse thus melted apace. Slater rode in the front, and knew not how the others fared. He world. I only know that the words have not been impressed by type, but written out by some hand, and that all those who, like the only knew that he was hewing his some hand, and that all those who, all was sevenly disciples to whon the text was spoken, repent and trust the Lord for their sternal salvat on, surely have their names written in heaven. It may not be the same name that we carried on earth. We may lesperate way forward as a bushman hews his way through the tropical jungle. He had lost his hat and his hair was clotted and dripping with blood, but he took no heed of the wounds; all through the inconsiderateness of parent have a name that is uncouth or that way his affort was to reach the open space afterward dishenored by one after whom we were called. I do not know that the seventy beyond. And at last, bleeding horse and man, he swaye ' into the clear entrances of the names of the seventy dis ground and looked about for his men. ciples correspond with the record in the genealcycical table. It may not be the name by which we ware called on earth, but it wil be the name by which heaven will know us Not one had followed; he was alone. The women he had rescued were gone, too. He stared about as if dazed, and we will have it announced to us as we while the Spaniards stood and wonderpass in, and we will know it so certainly that ed rt the man who had done so might-ily in the battle. The blood was pour-ing from a deep cut in the neck of his Sanuel "Marthat Marthal"

In examination of your name in the heavenry archives, if you find it there at all, you will find it written with a bold hand You have seen many a densitier the head horse. The animal's knees began to totter, and presently it sank to the dered and muffled by the foliage, thou

Again, if according to the promise of the

of a conductor, and regiments, in this wise, mistaking their instructions, have been sacrified in battle. I asked Bishop Cowie, in Auckland, New Zealand, the

beard him tell the story of his life. He had for many years been troubled with insomnia, and was a very poor sleeper, and he always had the window curtain of his room up so as to see the first intimation of sunrise. When he was breathing his last in the morning hour, in his home in the Massachusetts vil-lage, the nurse thought that the light of the rising sun was too strong for him, and so pulled the window curtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain up. He wanted to depart in the full guesh of the mcrining. And I thought it might be helpful and in-spiring to all Christian souls to have more light about the future, so I pull up the cur-tain in the glorious sunrise of my text and say, "Bejole that your names are written in heaven." Bring on your victories! Pull up all the curtains of tright expectations! Yead hold the window itself and let the perfame of the "morning glories" of the Kong's gar-den come in, and the music of harps ail stremble with symphonies, and the sound of the surf of seas dashing to the foot of the throne of God and the Lamb. But there is only one word on all this sub-ject of Divine chirography in heaven that confuses me, and that is the simil adverb which St. John adds when he quote thetext in Bevelation and speaks of some "whoes

per of Divine entropraphy in metered that confuses me, and that is the small adverb which St. John adds when he quote: the text in Bevelation and speaks of some "whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb alain." Oh, that awful alverb "not!" By full submission to Christ the Lord, have the way all cleared between you and the sublime registration of your name this moment. Why not look up to see that they are all ready to put your name among the blissful immortals? There is the mighty volume: It is wide open. There is the pen: It is from the wing of the "Angel of the New Covenant." There is the ink. It is red from the Galvarean anarites. And there is the Divine Scribe: the glorious Lord who wrote your father's name, and your moth-er's name there, and your child's name there, and who is ready to write your name there. Will you consent that He do it? Be-fore I say "Amen" to this service, ask Him to do it. I wait a moment for the tremen-dous action of your will, for it is only an action of your will, for it is only an action of your will, there some one sava, "Lord Jesus, with pen plucked from angelle wrig, and dipped in the red int of Golgotha, write there either that which is now my aarthly name." I pause a second longer that all may consent. The pen of the Divine Scribe is in the fingers and is lifted and is lowered, and it touches the shall be my heavenly name." I pause a second longer that all may consent. The pen of the Divine Scribe is in the fingers and is lifted and is lowered, and if touches the shall page, and the word is tracel, in trembling and bold and unmistakable letters. He has put it down in the right place. And if there be in all this assembly a hope-iess case, so-called hopelees by yourself and others, I take the responsibility of saving that there is a place in that Book where vour ane would exactly fit in, and look beauti-ful, and you can, quicker than I can elap my hands together, have it there. A religious

thers, I take the responsibility of saying that there is a place in that Book where your name would exactly fit in, and look beauti-ful, and you can, quicker than I can elap my hands together, have it there. A religious meeting was thrown open, and all those who could testify of the converting grace of God were asked to speak. Silence reigned a mo-ment, and then a man covered with the marks of dissipation arose and said: "You can see from my looks what I have been, but I am now a sayed man. When I loft home a thousand miles from here I had so disgneed my father's name that he said, 'As you are going away I have only two things to ask of going away I have only two things to ask of you, first, that you will never come home sgain, and next, you will change your name. I promised. I have not heard my real name I promised. I have not heard my real name for years. I went the whole round of sin, until there was no lower depth to fathom. But I am by the grace of God a changed man. I wrote home asking forgiveness for my waywardness, and here are two letters, one from my father and another from my sister. My mother died of a broken heart. But these two letters ask me to come home, and boys, I start to-morrow morning." The fact was that his name was written in heaven, where I pray God all of our name heaven, where that his hame was written is heaven, where I pray God all of our names may be written though so unworthy are the been to us, and all of us. If you have ever been in the thick woods and heart the sound of village bells you know the sound is him

dered and mumod by the foliage, though somewhat sweet, but as you come to the edge of the woods the sounds become charar, and more charming and when you step ou from the deep shadows into the sunlight you hear the full, round, mellifluous ringing o the bells. Ohl ye, down in the thick shadow

of unbellet and who hear only the fails notes of this Gospel bell, come out into the clear sunlight of purdon and poace, and hear the full chime of cternal harmonies from al the towers of heaven. Oh! Come out of the

He Happened to know Hex.

fellow-passenger on the rear platform

of a Baker st eet car, "but of all the

outlandish hats I ever saw on a woman

that takes the case! I mean that

woman near the front door on the

"Yes, she looks like a foot" renited

"The idea of a woman 40 years old

"I wonder if she has any idea how

Here occurred a painful pause,

lasting a full minute, during which

the two men avoided looking at each

other. Finally No. 1 made a great

"Maybe you are the husband him-

"Yes, I'm the one," answered No.

2, "and if it won't make no great

difference to you we'll change the

subject and talk about the weather.

Do you think we've had rain enough

But No. 1 saw a man on the cor-

ner who owed him \$2 or something

or other and hurriediv jumped off to

collect it and get down the side street.

Willing to Try.

are good qualities in a servant. M.

Martins's new valet possessed these

qualities though he certainly had his

faults. A day or two after Baptiste

"He went out, and has not re-

Three days late: Baptiste came

"Where have you been?" his em-

"Monsieur, I had seen your house

but once," replied Baptiste, "and it

took me all this time to find it

"That is a very poor excuse," said

came M. Martins inquired where he

Presence of mind and willingness

getting such a hat as that must make

all her relatives tired."

"Yes, it probably does."

"Well, by George!" he said to a

woodsl

right."

the other.

"Yes."

effort. and said:

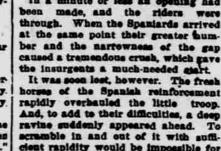
-Free Press.

No young was.

back.

for corn and potatoes?"

turned," some one said.



their escape, but no one seemed to

the same time the deadly machete and for a little, that they would win through more deadly sixshooter were at werk the Spanish ranks. "Throw the women across your shoul ders," reared Slater. They were jerk The guerillas next the troop exchanging desperate sword-strokes ed up in an instant by two brawny with their antagonists, while those fartroopers. It was no time for cerem ther out were pressing closer, and fring wildly into the swirl of fight with

Cure of Sastratz. For the span of your life hone can answer but God. But, my uld do ill if I did not tell you that your hours are numbered. The doctor from St. Christoph has seen you." "Give me paper and ink-

"My son, you cannot write, and----" "I will write." Smerdon seid faintly,

"even though I die in the attempt." The Cure feit his right arm, which was not broken like the other, and then he brought him paper and ink, and holding the former up on his Breviary before the dying man, he put the pen in his hand.

that occasionally closed, Smerdon wrote: "I am dying at the house of the Cure of ! Sastratz, near the Schwarzweiss Pass; from a fail. Tell Gervase that I alone murdered Walter Cundall. If he will It he will come to me and 1 am still alive. I will PHILIP SMERDON." cell him all.

Then he put the letter in an envelope and addressed it to Ida Raughton. And are he once more lapsed into unconscionsness, he asked the priest to write another for him to his mother, and to address it to an hotel at Zurich.

"They will be sent at once?" he asked faintly.

Surely, my son."

CHAPTER XXIV. It was late on the evening of the fifth day after the letter had been sent to Ida Raughton, that a mule, bearing upon its back Lord Penlyn and escorted by a guide,

stopped at the house of the Cure of Sastratz.

The young man had traveled from Lon don as fast as the expresses could carry him, and had come straight to the village ging at the entrance of the Schwarzweise Pass, to find that from there he could only continue his journey on foot or by male. He chose the latter as the swiftest and easiest course-for he was very tired and worn with traveling-and at last he ar rived at his destination. When the first feeling of horror had

been upon him on reading the letter Smerdon had written, acknowledging that he was the murderer, he had toid Ida Raughton that he would not go to see him even on his death bed; that his revulsion of feeling would be such that he should be sply able to curse him for his crime.

But she, with that gentleness of hear that never failed her, pleaded so with him to have pity on the man, who, however deep in sin, had sinned alone for him, that she induced him to go. "Remember," she said, "that ever

though he has done this awful deed, he did it for your sake; it was not done to benefit himself. Bad and wicked as it was, at cast that can be pleaded for him." "Yes," her lover answered, "I see his

reason now. He thought that Walter had some between my happiness and me for ever, and in a moment of pity for me he fid the deed. How little he knew me, if e thought I wished him dead!" But even as he spoke he remembered

that he had once cursed his brother, and had used the very words "I wish be were lead If it was upon this hasty expres

erdon had acted, then he, too was a murderer. He left Belmont an hour after the letter and arrived, and so, traveling as above fescribed, stood outside Father Neu-mann's house on the night of the fifth

The priest answered the door himself, and as he did so he put his finger upon his

"Are you the friend from England that aspected?" be asked.

"Yes," Penlyn said, speaking low in an-swer to the sign for allence. "He still lives?" "He lives: but his hours draw to a close and you not come now you would not

"Let me see him at once."

ne. His mother is with him." He followed the Cure into a room and salvation for pence and half-pence; sparsely furnished, and of unpolished and he sells his soul with it, like brown pine wood; a room on which there was no paper, into the bargain. earpet and but little furniture: and there

A light came into his eyes as he.saw

"I have something to say to him,"

do so likewise."

speaking faintly in answer to Penlyn,

"Ah! that is it-it is that that makes

leath terrible! But listen! I must speak

This is my last hour, I feel it, I know it!

"Do not distress yourself with speak-ng. Do not think of it now."

forgotten it! Come closer, listen! I thought he had come between you and

Miss Raughton forever. I never dreamed

of the magnanimity he showed in that let-

thought I could do it without it being

Penlyn burled his head in his hands as

"I had with me a dagger I bought at

tently, thinking deeply. Between the

I seized him by the coat and stabbed him

moment and he fell instantly, exclaiming

only as he did so. 'Murderer!' Then to

give it the appearance of a murder com-mitted for theft, I stooped over him and

wrenched his watch away, and as I took

Then I determined to kill him-I

"Not think of it! When have I ever

at once. I have but a short time t

bent over him, and taking the crucify from his side, held it up before his eyes. Once they were fixed upon Penlyn with an imploring glance, and once they rest-ed on his mother, and then they closed

"He is dead!" the priest said, "let us pray for the repose of his soul." It was a few days afterward that Ida

Raughton, when walking up and down the paths at Belmont, heard the sound of carriage wheels in the road outside, and

knew that her lover was coming back to He had written from Switzerland saying that Smerdon was dead, and that he should wait to see him buried in the churchyard of St. Christoph-where many other English lay who had perished in

the mountains-and he had that morning telegraphed from Paris to tell her that he

of the morning room, and advanced towards her.

he said, when he had kissed her. "It only remains for me to tell you that he died penitent and regretting his crime. It had weighed heavily upon him, and he was

world, Gervase, we have nothing but his memory to cherish. We must never for get his noble character." "It shall be my constant thought," Pen-

lyn answered, "to shape my life to what he would have wished it to be. And, Ida, so long as I live, his memory shall be sec-ond only in my heart to your own sweet self. Come, darling, it is growing late; let us go in."

(The end.) No grave can be made deep enough to I old the truth. There are times when standing still is a greater test of faith than going to the lion's den.

enerally becomes poor with the same rapidity.

Nature made us men.

in deep waters.

fails.

ting the bostile wires. In the course of half an hour the nen came back, and in whispers reported the way clear. The wires had

leave a road of sufficient width for the passage of the troop, even in the hurried retreat which must follow. The whole party than dismounted and led the borses stealthily forward, till al-

clearly rest scrambled into the ditch and up the other side.

was coming by the mail, and should be with her in the svening. She walked swiftly to the house to meet him, but before she could reach it he had come through the French windows

"You have heard that he is dead, Ida?"

"And you forgave him, Gervase?" she asked.

"Yes. I forgave him. I could not but remember—as I saw him stretched there crushed and dying—that, though he had robbed me of a brother whom I must have come to love, he had sinned for me. Yes, if forgiveness belonged to me, I forgave foe.

"Until we meet that brother in another

The man who gets rich in a hurry

Life itself is of less concern than duty, for life is a failure where duty

Before man made us citizens, great

The best pilot always steers his . hip

Many a man sits retailing out Heaven

spot on the moonlit road, they heard a low thunder come rolling up from had caused them to be overtaken. Sia boofs. "By Jovel" said the Englishman, whe was related to the eminent author. "Not three miles away," asserted the

Canadian, who had just come from the Egyptian Soudan. "Forward, then," said Slater, and been cut and dragged aside, so as to away they went, up and down the roll- the other accepted the fact. ing hills whither the ill-made road led them. The country was too rough to allow of taking to the fields, where the Spaniards might be thrown off the most at the very brink of the trochs. trail, but it would be smoother in the The Spanlards on the other side were course of a few leagues. All night they rode hard and sometimes the following thunder was loud and often visible, while they themselves were hidden in deep shadows, and the faint, but never wholly died away.

The guerillas were well mounted, and Slater's horses were not fresh. The So quietly was all this done that the pearly dawn came up before them, whole performance passed unobserved and then the sun was trailing long till Slater sprang upon the parapet and shadows behind them as they galloped. began slashing at the wires with his It was 4 o'clock, and forty miles back machete. Then there was a shout and shot from the nearest Spanlard, to the trochs.

And now at last they seemed to have followed by a miscellaneous rattle of rifles along the lines. The troops distanced their pursuers, for no rumble came out of the west. They fed their horses a few armfuls of the green swarmed out, and saw a string of men hacking furiously at the wires with one hand and plying a revolver with tops of the sugar cane, refreshing and stimulating, and gave them a little the other. In the dim fire-light their water from a readalde brook, and numbers could not be ascertained. rubbed them down as time would per-At this amazing spectacle the soldiers mit. That was not much, for before they had finished the sounds of purared a volley-that is, discharged their

rifles in the general direction of the suit again grew upon them. When the smoke blew off, this operation seemed to have produced no "Forty miles farther and we will be effect on the invaders, who had now in our own lines," remarked Slater. cut and torn the strands apart and For three hours more the wiry little were actually within the inclosure. Cuban horses bore their riders swiftly. though the sun grew high and angry. They bore down in the line on the Span-They had struck off the highway, ridlards, revolver in one hand, blade in den through a field of cane, and were the other. No soldler-marksmen were they, but men whose lives had often now galloping down a wide stretch of and often bung upon a pistol shot, and sloping prairie, dotted with cocoa now their enemies feit the effect. In paims. They scarcely expected that ten seconds thirty of the gray uniforms the enemy would fail to notice where were writhing on the sod, and the re the chase had left the road so they

were not disappointed when the long mainder beheld the machetes flashing in their faces. The Castillians are not wash of breaking stalks announced without a proverb that teaches that dis that the guerlilas were riding down the cretion is the better part of valor; they field they had just passed through. drew back. Their shots seemed to The pursuit was gaining fast. In andrew back. Their shots seemed to have no effect on these madmen, whose | other minute there was a roar of shouts pistols emitted a continuous stream of and cheers from behind, and turning. fre. The withdrawal became retreat they saw the bill side crested with a -the retreat a papic. They crowded to long line of galloping, gray-coated men. sether and ran for the tents-a hun The peril was imminent, yet the dred men routed by seventeen. Slater staunch beests had the material in them did not pursue them further. The long for a good ten-mile burst yet, and this roll was sounding up and down the would be more than enough to lead

a dozen regiments in five minutes. He the two bands swept, a full mile be. of a bullet, had crashed into this had done all that was necessary, had tween them, and up another, when an shrinking spot and sunk right in for cut up the enemy's lines with a small astonishing sight met them as they five horses' lengths. There was a shimquarter of a company, and without topped the rise. mer all about as the men swung the loss, so that it was time to retreat as Away to the left in the following val- machetes above their heads and urged

wiftly as he had made the attack. ley smoke was rising from a burning on the plunging horses. The Span-A torch was thrust into the nearest cluster of tents, the Maxim guns within reach were tumbled into the disch, and the little band went bad as ther had the be the the the bad went bad the b

A BUSH OF MEN SWEEPING DOWN UPON THEM. dream of such an act, nor was then a word of regret for the delay which

the west-the thunder of pounding ter drew in his horse, and the others gathered round. "Way's closed," said the leader, sea tentiously. "Got to fight here or fur render."

> "Or cut our way through," suggest ed the man from Harvard. "The women," remarked Slater,

"If they were only mounted!" tered a trooper.

The Spanish riders were now draw ing in, and a volley of carabines ran before. They had aimed high, with the result that three men of the troop toppled from their saddles. This lef the number of mounts free. "Can't you ride, Senora?" said Sh

ter. Both replied in the affirmative "Then mount here, if you please, must try to cut our way out . Are you afraid?" "It is the privilege of a Cuban wom

an to fear nothing except capture by

The man from Harvard was struck by her courage, but he could not stop to admire it. The women were helped astride the dead trooper's saddles-it was no time for false modesty-and the rest formed up around them. One of the women held out her hand to ward Slater's holsters, but he pointed out the fact that there were pistols already in the holsters before them. They took these out and handled them with

familiarity. The Spaniards had paused a few hundred yards away, and were scrutinizing the men they had parsued. I do not know why they did not rush down and overwhelm them by sheer weight. Possibly so much coolness made them suspect a ruse or ambuscade. At any rate they stood still a moment till they saw the band form in hollow square,

with the women in the center, and charge down upon them. Slater was leading. The guerillas assayed to move forward to meet the attack, and when they came within fifty advantages of the gas.

yards the pistols began to crackle on oth sides. A charging horse stumbled heavily to the ground, throwing

his rider headlong. An incessant volley poured from the deft revolvers of the assailants, and the Spaniards recoiled from the spot on which it was directed, where men and horses rolled the little company, with the impetus of a bullet, had creashed into this That i is often so hard to get the cat back into the bag again after having once been let out? That victims of radical self-esteem the little company, with the impetus of a bullet, had creashed into this That a large amount of happiness

That a large amount of happiness mer all about as the men swung the

That a large amount of happiness may be wrought out of many small things, when rightly handled? That a great amount of both happiness and misery may be wrought out from very little things, and happiness from very great things, counting the adjectives by measure "after the man as of many"-Good Housekeeping.

You have seen many a signature that because of slotness or old nge had a tremor in it, yel it was no bold as the man who wrote it. Many an order written on the battlefield and amid the thunder of the cannouale has had Slater fell with it. The troops rushed forward, but when they came to him he was dead, with the red blade evidence of excitement in every word and every letter and in the speed with which it was folded and hunded to the officer as he still clinched in his fingers.

And the women for whom this score was folded and handed to the officer as he put his foot in the swift stirrups, and ye that commander, notwithstanding his trem-bling han't, gives a boldness of order that shows itself in every word written. You do not need to be told that a trembling hand does not always mean a cowardly hand. I was with a very trembling hand Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, signed his name to the Deciaration of American Independence, but no signer had more courage and when some one said, "There are many Charles Carrolls, and it will not be known which one it is." he resumed the scen and wrote Charles of men had recklessly thrown away their lives lay trampled and crushed beneath the hoofs of the guerilla horse. But shall it therefore be said of Slater's troops that their sacrifice was made

"Mor'n You'll Keep."

round

Some years ago an old sign painter. sho was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo.

Carroll of Carrollton. Troubling hand no sign of timidity. The daring and defiance scen in the way your name is written in heaven is a challenge to all earth and hell to He worked two days at it, and at the and of the second day the pastor of the come on if they can to defeat your ransomed church came to see how the work prog-

text, you are permitted to look into the volumes of eternity and see your name there, The old man stood by, smoking a you will dud it written in lines, in words, in letters unmistakahls. Some people have come to consider indistinct and almost unshort pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets.

ietters unmistatable. Some people have come to consider indistinct and almost un-readable genmanship a mark of genius, and so they affect it. Because every paragraph that Thomes Chaimers, and Dean Stanley, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Choate and other potent men wrote was a puzzie, imita-tors make their penmanship a puzzie. Aler: ander Dumas says that plain penmanship is the brevet of incapacity. Then there are some who, through too much demand upon their energies and through lack of time, lose the capacity of making the pen intelligible, and much of the writing of this word is in-deelpherable. We have seen plies of liner-plicable chirography, and we ourselves have helped augment the magnitude. We have not been sure of the name signed, or the sentiment expressed, or whether the rely was affirmative or negative. Thr ugh in-distinct penmanship last wills and testa-ments have been defeated, widows and of a conductor, and regiments, in this wise, mistaking the time transec, in the may have heer, bile we her, but it did no good, "quietly replied No. 2. "Oh! then you know him?" "Yes." "Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the working of the precepts; "why, you careless old man, you have left a part of one of the commandments entirely out: don't you see?"

"No; no such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no; nothing left out-where?"

"Why, there," persisted the pastor, "look at it in the Bible; you have left some of that commandment out." "Well, what if I have?" said old

Obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work; "what if I have? There's more there now than you'll seep!

Another and a more correct artist was employed the next day.

A Good Thing.

A Lewiston (Me.) confectioner has ap-

A Lewiston (Me) confectioner has ap-plied for a patent on a process by which pasteboard boxes may be so treated that lee cream packed in them will remain solidly frozen for twenty-four hours. Carbonic Acid Gas in Cars. For some years inventors have been trying to transport fruit in cars filled with carbonic acid gas. Inasmuch as the germs of fermentation cannot live in this gas it is assumed that no ice would be needed, and since this is both heavy and expensive it is thought that

in this gas it is assumed that he ite would be needed, and since this is both heavy and expensive it is thought that fruit can be transported for long dis-tances much more cheaply in the new way. A car load of fruit in one of these cars was lately sent from San Jose, cars was lately sent from San Jose cars was lately sent from San Jose cars was lately sent from sent sent contraining the sums of the re-deemed, say: "Read it for yourself. That f sent fit so ften so hard to get the car be boldness of the laters? Isit not as plain as yonder throme, as plain as yonder gate? Is it not the name numistakable and the bandwriting unmistakable? The crudited bandwriting unmistakable? The crudited bandwriting unmistakable? The crudited bandwriting unmistakable and the bandwriting unmistakable sent dand date the sent sent