MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1900

NO. 47

Captain Brabason

BY B. M. CROKER

ly, with half-closed, glazing eyes. nd to go; but I can't bear to think of your running this risk for me, when every dongs may be full of those fellows, has of bush awarming with them There's not a soul on the veldt but "don't you be uneasy about it. The nlance ought to be here in an hour and a half, and we will have you in camp less than no time. You must not talk

But I must-I have so little time. Say od by to all the fellows for me, and to Farrar, my chum; he took my duty to-Well, I'll never pay him now. What could Miles say? A horrible chill conviction that what Teddy said was true was creeping over him. His failing struggling breath, his feeble voice,

"Don't talk, Teddy, my dear boy," he

not sorry, for I am. She will never know the fate of her mysterious, unavowed now. A pause of some seconds, and lover. He had died, and made no sign. then he spoke again. "Give my love to Gus and Flo and Aunt Jane—yes, and battle, when a solid square of English—with a visible effort, "Mrs. Brabazon—kept the bold and reckless enemy at bay Eame-this will be hard on her," catchin; 'ly returned with the column to Natal. his breath; "but she will marry you, clud to her, for my sake. Kitty," rais

and gently pushed her soft, brown nose

"You will send everything I have-it's not much-to Esme, and let me be buried as I am-in my uniform. I did not wear it long!

'Oh, Teddy!" exclaimed his companion, in a broken voice, "you cannot give yourself up like this. What can I do for you? Heaven knows how gladly I would give my life for yours. How could I go home without you? What could I I go home without you? What could I Everything around seemed out of keeping I'm glad she's going to marry Vashon say to Esme? I dare not face her alone, with the tidings of which he was the he is a good little chap, and beauty is wiping his damp forehead, chafing his hands as he spoke, and pouring the last the doctor have surely left camp by this time. We ought to have them with us in

less than an hour!" come they will be too late. I'm glad you are with me, Miles you who have been a brother to me—it's not so very hard to die, after all. Where is your hand? Let me hold is—for I'm going to act out on a long, long journey-longer than we thought when I left camp this morning"-a pause, then a faint pressur of the hand, and a still faitner, almo inaudible whisper, saying: "Miles, are you there? Tell Esme—it will be all right," and this was the last word.

Vainly Miles spoke, vainly he bent hi ear to his cousin's lips. There was no sound now-only a vast, irresponsive at lence. Thick, black darkness had sudden ly set in; the night was cold, the moment Miles himself was weak from hands; vainly he told himself, "He had His face unconsciously conveys a reflect loss of blood. Vainly he chafed Teddy' only fainted." He strained his ears anxlously for coming hoofs and welcom voices. There was no trampling of horse men, but his practiced sportsman's keer sense of hearing caught another less re assuring sound, the sound of many foot-steps—stealthy, bare footsteps—stealing through the high grass close by. There were great numbers, probably a portion of the impi they had already encountered, for the stealthy march lasted for a long time. The huge bowlder sheltered him effectually, and they passed in the darkness. The last tread at length died away,

and that moment of throbbing suspense was tided over in safety. When the end came Miles never knew: gradually, gradually, the hand in his hand relaxed its hold, had become first cool, then cold, then icy. He was dead. Teddy was dead. How strange, how impossible, it sounded to say, "Teddy is dead." How was this to be told to Esme? Esme, whose whole heart was given to this fa-

bitterly cold it was! The black sky above, the hard veldt beneath him, were whirling and reeling in ion. For once he was glad and thankfu one giddy circle, and he remembered no

Long afterward, when a strong party arrived, with lights and rugs and restoratives, and an ambulance, a party com-prising one or two officers, including Captain Gee, that little gentleman, for once in his life, became livid when his quick eyes rested, as he first believed, on the two dead Brabazons, with the faithful brown charger keeping guard over them.

On closer examination it was discovered that Miles was only insensible from ex-posure and loss of blood; but with the knitted cardigan coat, of which he had deprived himself hours previously, they covered a corpse. Next morning, at daybreak, there was a military funeral, and Teddy was buried sever again would his hearty laugh, and within a short distance of the camp. His constant if somewhat tuneless, whistle. in a sling, walked alone behind the rude again would be pound the field with the coffin as chief mourner, and Kitty follow-ed her master for the last time. The

coffin was covered by a Union Jack, and carried by the men of Teddy's regiment; not a few rough troopers felt a very unheard the hard, yellow earth rattle on the coffin of "Gentleman Brown." dead trooper was buried beside him. They lie on the spur of a hill, around them there stretches a wide sea of waving grass; above their heads are two rude oden crosses. No foot is likely to come that way: no voice, no sound, disturbs that way: no voice, no sound, disturbs that repose; only a vast plain, only an others to whisper that they "wished she others they will be they will be the will be they will be the will be th awful silence, only two soldiers' graves. And Miles was as one who mourned for and the bright face, the cheery voice, that half a dozen times a day had been thrust nto his tent; the face he had known but to recently, and yet had liked so well!

useless, she could not. "I cannot believe it." To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possible it." she said to her sister. "Why should it." she said to her sister. "Why should it." he be taken among hundreds? Even if he be taken among hundreds? Even if he be taken among hundreds? It. No evil will endure a hundred years. How blank were rides and foraging par-ies now, when he was formed to any to dies now, when he was forced to say to himself, "Last time we came here it was with Teddy!"

have no receing about anything now. Gussie was very sorry for Teddy in her tail.

Gussie was very sorry for Teddy in her tail.

After an idea is conceived, the fewer words it is clothed in the better.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of "It's no use, Miles!" he gasped, faint few, and put them up with the aid of the miles! husky, and who many times turned away to rub the back of his horny hand across his eyes. But there was one little box that Miles investigated alone; it contained two photographs of Esme; a small, hattered, brown prayer book, presented ly her ten years previously, in a stragiling round hand-between its leaves were two or three withered flowers; there was his watch, with a broken mainspring; program of the regimental tournamen it York, and last, not least, carefully folded up in silver paper and an envelope, a ed in tears. "I always knew it was a

turned it carefully over, with a lover's critical discrimination. "It probably be-longed to Teddy's nameless sweetheart." other relics, for it told a tale intelligible to him alone; it was not to be thrown implored; "it's the worst thing you can away, this token that Teddy had treasared; no, he himself would keep this lit-Let me go on," with a faint gesture; the tan giove, belonging to a girl he had never seen, whose name he would never he gasped, "and I won't say I'm know; nor would she herself ever learn Miles took part in that fifty minutes' kept the bold and reckless enemy at bay

why should I bear her ill will now?-and by a deadly wall of fire, and subsequent-Of course he was the owner of Kitty, Miles I know it-tell her I said so. And having purchased her for one bundred you will take Kitty-poor Kitty-and be and fifty pounds, a purchase which reduced his exchequer to a very low ebb; but ing his failing voice, "come here; put he was resolved to have her at any price, down your head, old girl, and say good and a feeling that he had the best right o her restrained the lancers from bid-Low as he spoke, her eager ears heard ling for her, when their late brother offihis well-known call, and she came at once per's scanty possessions were sold by the

To Mr. Bell was sent the telegram anouncing Teddy's death, and it was with Teddy's death, and it was with ever, the money is gone, and there's no heart that he walked up to Bar- help for spilled milk; but you stick to onsford that levely June morning. He him, for he's a rattling good fellow; the himself had been very fond of the fam-ly scapegrace, and his usually cheery, dance at your wedding yet. I mean to ruddy countenance was downcast and bring you home a Zuiu lady's full costooked graver and less florid than usual. with the tidings of which he was the party of the party o path, the air loaded with the sweet per-tume of new-mown hay, and birds sing-left her alone with this letter from the ng in the bushes as if they were holding dead.
I morning concert. Mr. Bell, with eight She took it down to Miss Jane, as words in his pocket, is going to turn this she it was who, with faltering voice and house of sunshine and laughter into a many tears—and it is a sad and an unlouse of gloom and mourning. The swing usual thing to see an old woman weep, loor flew back with a bang, and display- they have mostly outlived all emotions d Gussie, tennis bat in hand, a grotesque scarlet felt hat with embroidered sunlower on her head. "Hurry, hurry, Es-ne, don't be all day! Oh, Mr. Bell," as he suddenly confronted him, "this is a plece of luck! the very man to make up set at tennis," she cried, affectionately. 'Come along at once, you shall be my partner. There's going to be a tourns ment at the Clipperton's to-morrow, and we want to get our hands well in."

Well does Mr. Bell know that neither o-morrow, nor for many to-morrows, will there be a tennis tournament for them. tion of his thoughts, his round, merry ountenance looks grave, his twinkling, (rank, blue eyes dim and misty. Annie, who had seen that there was omething wrong at the very first glance, hurried to him with a white, startled face, and said, meekly: "It's not Miles, is it?"

"No." he returned, averting his giance and shaking his head.

"Then it is Teddy," cried Esme, with livid lips, having but that moment come upon the scene. "It is, it is. I see it in your face, Mr. Bell. He has been wounded! I'm sure he has," with sudden con viction, seizing the rector by the arm as she spoke. "Oh," in a voice of concenurated anguish, "do not be afraid to tell ne the worst! I can bear it, I can, inleed. I have a right to know first," inerposing herself between him and the lrawing room door. "Is he badly wound-

"I must see Mrs. Brabazon." he revorite brother! How dark and silent and turned, huskily, pushing her aside with esumed brusqueness, and shaking off her detaining hand with a gesture of decisto seek sanctuary with the head of the use in her own spartment, and to shut out that girl's agonized white face.

What news was he telling Mrs. Brabazon behind that fast shut door? The

three he had left outside steed in the hall in a torture of suspense that petrified the power of speech, but their eyes asked each other the fatal question, "Who was it?" Miles was safe, both Annie and Esme felt with a blessed thrill of relief;

but Teddy, Florian? Alas! they would know soon enough Within haif an hour not only they-the household-but Miss Jane, and the entire village had heard the bad news. either as private nor officer would any of them again see Edward Brabazon; be heard about the Mexton lanes, never harriers on a four-year-old coit.

est for poor Teddy. Mrs. Brabazon wept and wasled and "carried on," to quote the servants; she would set up handkerchiefs with portentious black borders to meet the emergen cy. But while Gussie was almost unrec ognizable from crying, Esme had neve shed one tear! She refused to believe it, she went dry-eyed and stony faced about the house, with an air of ghastly composure, very quiet, very pale, and unnaturally calm. It was useless for the ed relief of tears, she whose tears had always been so easily provoked. It was useless, she could not. "I cannot believe

Saved by a Single Shot.

Flo was quite demonstrative; he order-d himself a suit of black, "for the broth-r" he told his tailor. He put the foltowing notice in the paper: "Killed, near the Umbolosi river, South Africa, Edward Brabason, Lieutenant, Prince's Lancers, aged twenty-four, deeply regretted," and he talked a good deal to the fellows in the club about "My room brothber," said the old quartermaster, as he lit his pipe afresh, and puffed and pulled at it until it was under full | quita. headway, and glowing like a live coal; but the Chilians and Peruvians were in the harbor two weeks, blockaded by the former, who had a fine fleet outside. We were having altogether a lazy time of it in our steamer, and had nothing in the world to do, until the blockade should be raised or an earthquake should shake out some new channel through which we might get to sea. Of ingly. Those who were present will nev-er forget her half-sobbing, breathless cry of boundless relief, of too painful happiof temper, but the rest of us didn't care how long the blockade lasted, as we ness as she snatched it, exclaiming:
"A letter from Teddy! Yes," she gasped, "In his own handwriting! Oh, Gussie! Mrs. Brabazon! Flo!" looking round

have been so good to him when he came home, have him stay in her smart Loudon house, and visions of her handsome lan-cer brother adorning her little receptions, had floated more than once through her brain; but now there was an end to all this and really

this, and really she was very, very sor-ry. How abominally trying mourning was to her, she told herself frankly.

fellows in the club about "My poor broth-er," till anyone would have imagined that

they had been the most devoted of rela-tions; in fact, a modern Castor and Poi-

One morning, about three weeks after

the arrival of the telegram, Mrs. Braba-

zon, in distributing the contents of the post bag, drew out an envelope covered

with foreign stamps, a travel-stained en-velope, and handed it to Esme hesitat-

the table with eyes that were now drown-

mistake—he was not dead—see." tearing it open with trembling fingers. "Here is

proof!" and she began to devour the lines

before her, as well as she could see

through her tears, which were falling

Poor Esme! She did not understand

that the hand that traced the lines be-fore her was stiff and cold, and now that

relegram could come in five hours, and

this is what she was reading with paiping

tating heart and swimming eyes:
"Dear Esme—I've not had a line from

you for ages and ages. This sort of thing

won't do, you know. I've heard the whole

account of your trouble from Miles him-

self. The Marchers are in our column

night on picket, when I was carrying dis-

patches to their camp. He did not know who I really was from Adam, but I had

it out with him next morning, and you

never saw a fellow so taken aback or

of the business now, nor you. I believe

he imagines you will never forgive him,

and he is awfully down in the mouth; but you must, Esme, for I've gone se-

curity for you. It was all my fault from

fully rough that day at Portsm

first to last, as you and I know. If I had imagined he would have cut up so fright-

would have let him into the secret the

moment he landed in the country. How-

They hurried from the breakfast

made her piece to understand and realize

the truth, made her renounce this des

perate clinging to a straw, made her quench hope and embrace despair.

(To be continued.)

Household.

Spiced Plums.—For every six pounds of fruit make a syrup of one quart of vinegar, five pounds of sugar, one ta-blespoonful each of cinnamon and mace and one teaspoonful or cloves. Divide

spices as for peaches, and slowly bring the syrup to a boil. Prick each plum

the syrup to a boil. Prick each plum twice with a small silver fork and place in the pickle jar, shaking down occasionally to fill the interstices. Pour over the hot syrup, cover and let it was the cover and let it.

over the hot syrup, cover and let stand

three days; then carefully skim out the fruit, boil the syrup (uncovered) until quite thick, and for the last time pour

hot over the packed plums. Cover and treat as above.

Plum Dumplings.-These are very at

tractively made by sifting three cup-fuls of flour, with which two tenspoon-fuls of baking powder have been min-

fuls of baking powder have been mingled, slicing in a heaping teaspoonful
of butter, and making into a soft dough
with water. Stir in a cupful of plums
using either stewed fruit or the canned
article, according to the season. Partially fill cups with the batter, set
them in a pan of hot water in the oven
and steam for a half hour. Invert the
dumplings on dessert plates and serve
warm with liquid sauce.

Maple-Sugar Pie.-One cup of maple

sugar, one egg, butter the size of a walnut, and one-half cupful of milk, added at the last. Bake in two crusts.

Apple Lemon Pie.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one large apple, grated rind from one lemon. Chop inside of lemon with apple and bake with two crusts.

Cucumber Sauce.-When grated cu

cumber is served with fried fish as a

sauce, the cucumbers are pared, grat ed and drained. To the pulp of fou cucumbers add a half teaspoonful o

salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of olive off, and a dash

Potato Dressing.-One cupful of

Potato Dressing.—One cupful of mashed potatoes, one egg, a saltspoonful of powdered sage, the same amount of salt and half as much pepper. Add one tablespoonful of flour. Pack in a shallow tin and bake in a quick oven. Place slices around the platter of fish. Or the potatoes may be fried in small long rolls and used in the same manner.

Dixie Cakes.-Pour a pint of boiling

water over one cupful of corn meal and boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one teaspoonful of melted butter,

two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of water, one cupful of milk, and one saltspoonful of salt: Bake in a well-greased griddle. They are delicious.

Milk Shake.-This refreshing drink

is made at home by pouring the sweet-ened and flavored milk, having plenty of crushed ice in it, from one bottle to another, shaking it well until it foams.

There is coquetry so weak that it is

There is codden's entirely harmless.

Where there is the most love of God there will be there the truest and most enlarged philanthropy.

To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possibilative.

Every life touches many other lives

of cayenne pepper.

met him first quite accidentally one

ver the paper now like rain.

were drawing good pay right along. "The town lay in a basin-like forms tion of the shore, with large white stone forts at both ends of the harbor, English make: and there were batteries back of the shipping wharves at the foot of the hills. Our ship lay inside of the forts, and well protected by a stone jetty. She was just out of range of the Chillan fleet, which generally rode at anchor in a line across the harbor's mouth.

"The blockade was not exciting. For days not a shot would be fired by either side; but at other times the men-ofwar, taking advantage of a good tide or wind, would steam in closer and fire away at us in a lazy fashion all day, the forts replying at long intervals. Occasionally the enemy's shell would strike the water or burst quite near us, but us ally the shots passed over and beyond the vessels, falling among small houses, of the poorer class, in the town down by the water.

"The blockaders ventured in too close one day, and, a stiff off-shore breeze springing up, some of the big guns in the fort, served with extra powder charges, plumped a few holes in themto their evident confusion, for they promptly got out of range and there remained. We were usually very quiet at night, but one dismal rainy mos

RECISELY what all the row was to Valparateo for nesp. It came finally, about, I don't profess to remem- in the shape of two brand-new toped boats of German make; each of them was larger and faster than La Chi-

"The day after they arrived, a slight chinery of our little dock companion; and as her native engineer had fallen sick of a fever at the same time, and was not quite up to duty, one of our engineers, a Yankee boy by the name of Clark, from Boston (and a smart fellow he was, too), volunteered to tinker up the engine. While their own course the captain and agents were out | man was up in town getting some supplies. Clark was putting the engine t rights, when a telegram arrived aboard stating that the enemy's two torpedo boats had started early that morning t go down the coast. The lookout at the harbor entrance had sent word that the mounting a few heavy rifled guns, of | fog was becoming heavier, and the Peruvian commander ordered La Chiquita out to take advantage of the situation by doing what mischief she could.

"The boat of course, was ready in a few minutes, but their own enginee was ashore, and the fog prevented their signaling his recall from the town. Go they must, and something must be done at once But what? While they were discussing the question, Clark, who had finished repairing the engine was about putting on his jacket, when the captain drew him aside and, after explaining matters, asked if he would act as engineer for that trip, saying it would be nothing more than an excursion or frolic and that he would be well peen wisning for a trip of this kind, but despaired of getting leave of ab sence for any such purpose. Here was an opportunity, and an excuse for taking advantage of it, and while coolly replying that he would do it 'as a favor,' he turned on steam, and in a few minutes the saucy little boat was lost to our view and speeding out into the fog with a grand scheme of sur-

prise for the Chilians. "But, as very often happens, the sur-



HOW A SHOT WON A FIGHT.

ly stortled by escaping steam. We come. rushed on deck to see, lying beside us in the misty rain, a long, low torpedo boat. We expected immediately to be blown up, and our captain was on the bridge vociferously assuring those on the little stranger that we were neutrals; nor did he stop until one of her officers politely assured him that they were Peruvians, and that, under cover the blockading fleet, they had stolen in

quietly during the confusion. "It did not take long for the blockders to find out that the town had been re-enforced by a torpedo boat, for she immediately began a system of attack and annoyance which made their lives both day and night one continued round of apprehension and misery. "She was a handy little open boat,

with a good outfit, and could steam about eighteen miles an hour. She had been brought from England by speculators and sold to the Pruvians down the coast. They had named her 'La Chiquita,' the Little One. She would lie beside us all day at the stone pler with steam ready, her crew sleeping about the decks in the hot sun, most of the time, while her officers played dominoes under an awning aft, and plotted meanwhile some novel method of frightening the blockaders. Occasionally, when they knew the enemy were at dinner, they would make a rush down the har bor in a most warlike and threatening manner. Then the foe would beat to quarters, slip their anchors, and put themselves in a state of commotion. whereupon the torpedo boat would come leisurely back to the dock. In this way they made the Chillans burn tone of coal which it was difficult for them to get, and for which they had to

pay big prices. "It was at night, however, that La Chiquita was in her glory, for in a few minutes after her departure from the lock there would be banging and boomng of guns along the enemy's line, and we could tell about where she was by the uproar around her. Once she stole out close along shore and with a rush came in from the sea through the Chil-

"Their guard boats were unprepared for this attack: and before they knew and exploded a torpedo which blew up two or three small boats at the gangway, hurt several sailors, and smashed glass and windows. The she made off could be brought to bear on her in the

'Dons,' as the Chilians are called, so run out of the fog and could see the they put their heads together and sent forts, which dared not fire, however.

ing there was a great commotion out-side, with much banging of guns. The other side; for the Chilian torpedo boats reports sounded at one moment like had started down the coast only as a muffled thunder, or, when the wind ruse, and under cover of the fog had shifted against the fleet, like some one stolen back again, and were quietly shutting a heavy barn-door sharply. At lying behind their men-of-war prepared about breakfast time, we were sudden- to give their little annoyer a warm wel-

"Quietly and swiftly La Chiquita stole on until the largest of the enemy's ships was seen to be near-a dull gray mass without a sign of life about her and apparently at anchor. Still closes ran the torpedo boat, and all was onlet on the big ship. She was almost alongside, and yet the sleepy starry did not heed. The young Peruvian captain of the attack of a Peruvian ironclad on rubbed his hands in glee at the glorious opportunity afforded him, and he ha just made the signal for the lowering of the torpedo when 'Bang' went the sleepy sentry's gun.

'Never mind,' cried the gay captain. as he felt the bullet pierce his cap. You are awake at last, my boy, and just too late! But no! A dark object darted out from beyond the ship's stern, and behold-there was one of the absent torpedo boats! To add to the consternation of the Chiquita's crew, the second torpedo boat now hove in sight, rounding the frigate's bow.

'We are in a trap,' yelled the cap tain. 'Stop her! Back her! Starboard your belm. Hard! and he fairly danced with rage as the bullets began to sing about him. "In less time than it takes to tell it.

he Peruvian 'surprise party' was in full retreat through the fog, followed closely by the Chilian boats and a half of small shot which dashed up the spray all around them. The big ships too, were in pursuit, surging and rock ing, their black smoke and their masts visible above the low-lying fog. "For ten minutes the race progres

finely, the crew of the fleeing craft do ing their utmost to escape the fierce pursuers. The officer distributed his men about the boat so as to give her the best possible balance. Soft ewas being burned and dense black smoke and sparks were pouring furiously from her funnel, but it was evident that the two other torpedo boats were overtaking her, although the men-

"The officer looked anxiously at Clark and asked, 'Can you not make her go fater?' Clark glanced at the steamgauge and at the safety-valve, from which a let of steam was already fiving, and shook his head. He screwed down the valve a little, however. The It she was alongside the admiral's ship, gauge showed ten pounds more pressure, but that was all he dared put on. La Chiquita was rushing 'like a streak' through the water, faster than she ever went before, but it was of little use. into the harbor before a gun in the fleet | The larger boats were steadily gaining A few minutes more would have ended it. It was too bad, for La Chiquita "This scare was too much for the was almost in the harbor. She had

of-war were dropping behind.

The Peruvian sallors crouched in the bottom of the boat while Clark coolly tended his eagine, parts of which moved so fast, as he afterward told me they looked like a whirling blue mist. "Senor," said the officer to Clark, we have done our best, but it won't help us." They are too near to us; we must give up,' and as he said this hap proceeded to take from his pocket a handkerchief to wave in sign of surrender. Clark glanced back, and there, not four hundred feet away, was the first pursue, her sharp snout cutting the water like a knife and throwing the spray to each side. He observed quick; that from her brow projected a spar, on the end of which was a large, black, pear-shaped, victous-looking torpedo, its head studded with percussion caps. This torpedo was ready to be thoust further forward to blow up La Chiquita as soon as they should come within and he was with her hid in the house of had sown boat, he noticed in the sternal spanning and the safety alve another twist, then sof his discovered by the complete of the sternal spanning the water like a knife and throwing the spray to each side. He observed quick; that from her brow projected a spar, on the end of which was a large, black, pear-shaped, victous-looking torpedo, its head studded with percussion caps. This torpedo was ready to be thoust further forward to blow up La Chiquita as soon as they should come within and he was with her hid in the house of his own boat, he noticed in the sternal spanning the which the engineer used to 'pick or squireds in the States."

"He motioned to the captain not to wave his flag of surrender. He gave the stage of the sternal spanning the way and the safety valve another twist, then see the engine one more dreuching of oil, and the safety valve another twist, then see the engine one more dreuching of oil, and the safety valve another twist, then see the engine one more dreuching of oil, and the safety valve another twist, then see the engine one more dreuching of oil, and the safety valve another twist, then see the en

the engine one more drenching of oil, and the safety valve another twist, then seized the rifle, carefully adjusted the rear sight, wiped the oil from his trigger finger, raised the plece to his shoulder, and took aim. He stood solid as a rock, with feet wide apart to steady himself against the rolling of the boat. His head was bare and his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. 'What can he be going to shoot at?' muttered the cap. rolled up to his elbows. 'What can he be going to shoot at?' muttered the captain. 'No one is visible on the other boat.' But he noticed that as the pursuing boat, now but three hundred feet away, rose and fell with the swells, and sway, rose and fell with the swells, and sway. The sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway. The sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the swells, and sway is not a sway of the s Its torpedo bent and swayed from side paid. Now, the Yankee boy had long to side on the end of the spar, the muzzle of Clark's rifle was following it Now up, now down, now this way, now that, it swung, as if avoiding that keen eye looking through the sight. But, finally, for one moment it paused and was quiet. It was that for which Clark vas waiting. There was a sharp report from the rifle! the torpedo, struck by the bullet fair and square on one of the caps, exploded with a tremen dous report. The par and torpede flew in fragments through the air, and as the on-rushing boat emerged from the cloud of smoke, it was seen that her bow was shattered and split, and that she was sinking rapidly, while her crew were heard calling upon the other Chillan boat for help.

"Clark laid down the rifle and turned his attention to his engine again as it nothing had happened, and, amid the oming of guns and the dipping o lags in salute. La Chiquita ran into the arbor and was soon at her moorings hanks to the cool Yankee boy who had aved the vessel with one shot."

PUBLIC PARK FOR OREGON. Proposal to Preserve Scenery Aroun Crater Lake.

It has been proposed to park the re gion about Crater lake in Oregon, one of the most remarkable bodies of wate in the world. It fills a large, deep crater in the mountains, and the wall: rise sheer to a dizzying height above the surface. In the Indian tradition: it was the abode of dangerous mon sters creatures that doubtless symbol ized the fear created in the minds of the savages by its wildness, but that among the civilized, gives place to a sense of admiration for its sublimity would take little, if any, money to et aside this district for a park, and t is hoped that the measure offered for that purpose will be successful. We have allowed the vandal to despoil ou wonderful natural scenery at his pleas ure in the past. A growing sense the fitness of things demands that hi pernicious activities shall cease and hat the great body of the people shal advantage by what is finest and no blest in the landscape as in the re sources of the country.

Our finest and most impressive scen ery is in the West, where the popula tion is still sparse and where real es tate values are still low. Indeed, it i not unlikely that the region about Cra ter lake has never been taken up Those who have seen it declare it to b the scenic equal of the Yosemite, and to allow the chopper, the blaster, th shanty builder, the sign painter, the en gine driver to mar it will be to discour age visits to the place and to disgus and dishearten just the class of pec ple who are most naturally drawn t spectacle. In this country we have n immense private parks for titled aris Whatever is best is for th eople. Let them take that best whill t is still to be had and before selfis commercialism bars them from 1 There should be a park in every State Brooklyn Eagle.

The Child Mind. Well, my friends, just as poor a botch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says, "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian siew 40,000 Christians, Diocletian siew 841,000 Christians, Dioc A little girl wishing to get her ca

to be made, hesitated some time, and then brightening up. said: "God looker at Adam and said, I guess I can do bet ter than that, and he then made Eve." Harper's Monthly.

In a perfectly dry atmosphere anims ife can exist at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit. This is 88 degree: above the boiling point of water.

African Languages Africa has very nearly 700 languages and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.

A man cannot be said to be quite a meek as a worm so long as he refuse to go over to a neighbor's for milk.

A poor brass band is a sign that community in which it exists lack. finement and civilization.

for tear of hitting their own vessel. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. it and said, "Susan, never have any more

for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shricks and hands thrown up and struggle and death groan. No mercy! Kill! kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace tun with carnage and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror a fleet footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jeho sheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grand child that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly, but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this compassionlest she be discovered in this compassion ate abduction. Get her cut of the way as quick as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young king and puts him down, sound asleep as he is and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened, and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction and thinks that all the royal family are dead. But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne and to push back into disgrace and death old Athalian.

The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Joash and stand around for vis defense. See the sharpened swords lest she be discovered in this compassion-

take possession of the temple, swear loy-alty to the boy Joash and stand around for its defense. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. Now Joash, half affrighted at the

take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Josash and stand around for its defenses. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. Now Josash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the veciferation of his admirers, is brought it is the veciferation of his admirers, is brought it is not his brow, and the people clapped and waved and huzzaed and trumpeted. "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the trample?" And she flies to see, and on he is the trample?" And she flies to see, and on he is the standard of the trample? "And she flies to see, and on he is the standard of the trample?" And she flies to see, and on he is the standard of the trample?" And she flies to see, and on he is the standard of the trample?" And she flies to see, and on he is the standard of the trample?" And she flies to see, and on he is subject and that we might apprehicate the house of God as the great refuge to the standard of the stan

or Abdaliah, the Arabian martyr, or Anne Askew or Sanders or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus some Joash would spring up and out and take the throne of power and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says, "I will exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the stree for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public square; and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said; "In or Abdallah, the Arabian martyr, or Anne

and learned universities decreed the Bible and of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my 'Age of Reason' I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foc of Bibles and of churches." Oh. how many assaults upon that 'vord: All the nostifities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one book. Said one man in his infidel desperation to his wife, "You must not be reading that Bible." and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that Gol had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contenu into the fire and stirred it with the tongs and soat on it and cursed with the tongs and soat on it and cursed.

Tect of ordinary cones. It is suggested that, improved by cultivation, this coffee should be made a valuable product in Cuba and the Philippines.

—The Republic Iron Company, Muncie, Ind., has notified its nut and bolt workers of a reduction of fifteen per cent.

—The buisness of working up cond dust into bricks or briquettes in order to utilize material that would otherwise be wasted, is extensively carried on in Europe. But as yet comparatively little is done in this line in America.

—Silk weavers at Shanghai, China, are out of work and threaten an outbreak it can be used to cover umbrellas,

parentage, and will come to a throne derous temptations are out for the assas-sination. Valens, the Emperor, was told

"Sure cs Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given
The highest glories earth can yield
And brightest bliss of heaven."