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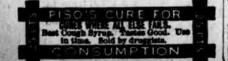
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A Cuban Beggar Girl

By John R. McMahon.

TOOD-BY was a tangle-haired mid-J.get, and came regularly every day to our camp with a two-quart tomatocan in one land and a little bag slung over her shoulder, wherewith to collect the remnants of the soldiers' mess. Her eyer were brown, her cheeks just plump enough, her bare little legs and arms well proportioned; her face always bore an expression of cheerful seriousness. I guess she was about eight years old.

At first when Good-by came to camp she was quite shy, and stood silently near the refuse barrels with her implements of collection, when some of the kinder-hearted men would scrape out the leavings on their plate is to the tomato-can and throw pieces of bread and hardtack into the little girl's bag. Afterwards she acquired confidence, and seven days a week visited our tents at noon mess call, starting at the head of the company street. Some days there would be such a surplus of rations that she would fill her can and bag before she got half-way down the I'me, and then she would trot away, and, I suppose, notify her little companions, at the child-beggars' rendezvous under a big tree outside of camp, that company D had a fine lot of dinner left.

Anita was Good-by's right name, but everybody called her by the other, because that was all the English she knew at first, and because of the way she had of walking into your tent and smilingly saying "Good-by!" as she held out her little hand. She meant: "How do you

"Senorita Good-by," I said to her one day, "what a terrible eater you are for a small body! Here you've got two quarts of olla podrida in your cansoup, meat, potatoes, and I know not what else-besides that large bagful of bread that you stagger under. Do you eat it all? Surely you can't weigh more than three times as much as your booty."

"Oh, Serjento," cried the little crea ture, in distress, "do not think it! I only eat my share. There are five others."

"You have a family, then?" "Well, it is my aunt's family," said Good-by, clapsing her hands. "No hay ni padre ni madre"-I have no father

or mother. It seemed that she was an orphan from earliest remembrance. Her aunt was a Cuban soldier's widow, with four young children. Good-by was the chief

support of the house. Now, among my tent-mates was a blonde-haired giant, rather reckless, but warm-hearted, whose name was George Boutelle. Before he enlisted in the volunteer army to fight Spain (but never got a chance, for the extent of our service was garrison duty in Cuba) his business was that of railroad engineer. A bright, whole-souled fellow, but a little reckless, as I said; a trifle too fond of conviviality. He had been promoted once to a sergeantey, but a glass too much at the wrong time caused his reduction to the ranks. He was always jolly, performed the most disagreeable duty with a joke, and was the best-

liked man in our company. The midget Good-by and the giant Boutelle developed a strong friendship for each other. Good-by, as she frankly told me, infinitely admired the handsome six-foot private-that flower of the splendid race of Americanos. "How easy," she said, reflectively, to me one day, "it would be for Senor Chorge to crush me with one hand! What a big man! I am sure there is no one in the world could resist his strength. Holy Mother! he is so good-looking, too." Boutelle, on his side, grew very fond of his small admirer, with whom, however, he could converse only fragmentarily. Sometimes I would act as interpreter for the two.

One day some cases of yellow fever broke out in the lowest quarter of the town, and in consequence all Cubans were quarantined from our camp. This meant that the little beggar-children also couldn't enter camp any more. We were likewise ordered not to enter Guanajay, and the officers drilled us pretty severely, both to keep us occutive food-collectors were to be allowed by in our tents, nor had seen her at all in the last two weeks.

Boutelle and I went to town together a few days after the lifting of the quar antine. We visited several stores, bought some things in the way of Spanish relies, and finally brought up at a restaurant. The bare-armed waiter was setting the second course of lettuce and fried fish before us, when Boutelle spied Good-by with her tin can and little bag standing among the brigade of beggar-children outside the lattice-work in front of the restaurant. She had just arrived, and would have run away when she saw us, but my companion called her to come in. She en-

tered shamefacedly. "How are you, Good-by?" said Boutelle, pleasantly, holding out his hand. "Sit down and eat with us."

"Do, senorita," I reenforced. "Put down your things and we will have a little chat."

Poor Good-by! She almost cried with pleasure, and yet hesitated greatly about the propriety of accepting the invitation of her exalted friends. "I want to know the news," said Bou-

telle (I translated for him). "You must

sit with us." So the child finally put down her bag and can, and we commanded the prodigiously smiling waiter to post-pone his grinning and set another plate. Good-by ate about as much as a spar- Good-by?"

row's rations, but became quite at ease under our skillful matter-of-course manner, and told of little affairs domestic and civil, such as her baby cousin's development of teeth, her aunt's finding a couple of days' work, the apprehension of a housebreaker, the wonderful progress in the English primer of neighbor Santiago Gonzales, etc. In turn Good-by asked us many questions about America, which seemed to her a land where everybody was rich and happy.

"Are the American ladies as beautiful as the men?" inquired Good-by at length, rather bashfully.

We laughed in our sleeves at this question, and I informed Good-by that times superior to the men in every re-

"Ah!" she cried, "I would like to se

one of those American senoras." "Here you are," said Boutelle, twinkling-eyed, producing a small photograph from his inside pocket. "There's an American young lady. What do you think of her?"

Good-by gazed long and earnestly at the photograph.

"She is very beautiful indeed," she sighed. "Your-your friend, Senor Boatelle?" Boutelle changed color a bit, and re-

sponded: "Yes, Good-by; we're pretty good

friends.' When we had finished the meat, the little beggars from outside came in and collected in their tin cans what was left on our plates; then we had to distribute "oon cent" apiece to them. We parted from Good-by after giving her a dollar for her aunt, and promising to call on the family.

Things went on rather monotonously in camp-the usual round of drill and guard duty; sometimes a skirmish and mock engagement through the neighboring hills. Once we had a real skirmish with a band of guerillas, and captured them after killing two. For amusement we explored the adjacent country by twos and threes, or made excursions to the sea coast at Mariel eight miles away; some took kodak pictures, others collected Spanish relics; some made pets of chameleons, dogs, fighting-cocks and parrots; others passed away the time by writing endless letters. Finally word came that Uncle Sam considered we had done our stint, and that the regiment was to be ordered home and mustered out. Payday arrived about the same time. The double exhilaration of money and superlatively good news for awhile rather destroyed discipline. I regret to say that among the many incarcerated in the guardhouse was my tentmate Boutelle.

Good-by trudged up to camp the next afternoon. She stood in the blazing sun by the side of the read for half an hour before she found courage to ask the fierce-whiskered sentry No. 1 to let her pass the line. She carried, well wrapped up in paper, a Cuban machete, her late uncle's, which she intended to present to Senor Boutelle.

"No," sid the sentry, "you can't pass. Vamoose!"

The officer of the guard emerged from one of the guardhouse tents at this moment, and saw the little girl. what she wanted.

"I want to see the soldier Senor Boutelle." she faltered.

The young lieutenant was a roguish fellow, and amused himself by drawing out the child.

"So," he said, "Anita Good-by, Private Boutelle is your friend. I am extremely sorry to inform you that Private Boutelle is a prisoner. He was found asleep on his post last night. He will be shot in the morning. He's digging a sink now, so you can't see him. Come again at sunset."

The officer chuckled as he was called

away to attend to some business. Good-By crept back to the road with face blanched and her little heart frozen with horror. She wandered slowly up and down the long white highway in front of camp, shading her eyes from the sun's reflected glare with a small brown hand. The full enormity of the intelligence seemed to be more than she could grasp, yet she could appreciate enough to fill her with dreadful stunning grief. Death she had seen; an old, emaciated woman gasp convulsively a few times, and then turn pied and in the best condition to resist | white and rigid. That was not much; the dreaded fever. There was no epi-1 the old woman was scarcely different demic, however, and at the end of a dead than alive. Death she had heard fortnight the quarantine was removed, closely described as it happened in except that for some reason no little na- the ambush when Spanlard and Cuban met. That had not sunk deeply in her in camp. Thus we saw no more of Good- mind. Here was a full-blooded, handsome young man of the superior race. whose vivacious kind spirit was to be shot out of him, his fine, strong body turned to montionless earth in the twinkling of an eye by lead bullets discharged by his own comrades. And he was her friend! Her friend! . .

Good-by's frenzy of woe lasted for some couple of hours. Then she began to think practically a little, and finally translated her meditation into action as follows:

The colonel sat in front of his tent smoking a pipe. He consulted his watch to see how far it was from time for the bugle-call for dress parade, and when he looked up again there stood before him a ragged little bare-beaded beggar girl, very pale, one hand tightly clutching something done up in paper,

and the other hand on her heart. "Hello!" said the colonel: "who are you, and how did you get here?"

"Your excellency," responded Good-by, touching her forehead with her left hand in imitation of the military salute, "I ran across the line when the sentinel wasn't looking. My name is Anita, but the soldiers call me Good-by."

"You ran across the line, eh? That was serious business. Why did you run across the line? Whom did you want to see ?"

"You, Senor Coronel."
"Il What can you want of me, Miss

"Sore his life, corone!!" and, urable beontain herself longer, Good-by burst to a series of little sobs.

"Come, come," said the colonel, with pretended gruffness. "Don't cry. Explain yourself and I will consider your application, whatever it is. Whose life do you want me to save?"

"Senor Boutelle's," gasped the child. "Boutelle. Boutelle," repeated the colonel, in a low voice; "that must be that stalwart Sergt. Boutelle, of company D. reduced for drinking. What the deuce this brat means about him I can't make out." Then aloud:

"Well, my bold young petitioner, how shall I save Private Boutelle's life?"

"You have the power, senor. He-he American women were a thousand slept last night on the guard-line, and they tell me he will be shot in the morn-

"So, so," commented the colonel. 'Who told you be would be shot?"

"An officer at the guardhouse, a licutenant, I think, senor.'

"I'll settle that Lieut, Robertson's business if he keeps on with his joking tricks," muttered the colonel to himself. "I've told him once he ought to resign from the army and join the minstrels.

"Oh, coronel, I beg it of you! If Iif I-"

"If you what?"

"Oh!" eries the child, dropping the wrapped-up machete and passionately clapping her hands together, while tears stand in her eyes, "if I thought my life worth anything I would give it to make my friend live. He is young and handsome, he has many friends and relatives at home in America. Especially there is a beautiful young lady that he-that he is very fond of. I, I am nothing. I am an orphan. I would like to die for him."

The colonel is a man of family, and has a little daughter himself. Very likely he is a bit ashamed of having abetted and brought to this height the torture of the diminutive tangle-haired creature that stands before him with moist eyes and heaving breast.

"Your petition is granted, Good-by," says the colonel, hastily, clearing his throat and tossing his pipe into the

How can Good-by's infinite relief and joy, frantic as her late grief, be described? She cried: "Gracias, gracias! a thousand million thanks, most superlatively kind and great-hearted colonel!" and, rushing forward, seized and kissed one of the colonel's sunburnt paws.

The colonel laughed a little, and, patting Good-by on the head, said:

"Yes, my child, there won't be any executions in this camp while I'm here. You needn't salute my other hand. Now tell me how you came to take such an interest in Private Boutelle. What do you mean by this fiery regard? I think you are the youngest young lady I ever met that was willing to die offhand for somebody else. In America sometimes the young men pretend they are going to die for young ladies, but they hardly ever do.'

Good-by blushed, smiled and endeavored to explain in a happy, serious little voice just how the matter stood, with all the whys and wherefores. "I think." she concluded, "it may be as his reveronce the priest sald one Sunday, that the sun here in Cuba shines down He knew some Spanish, and asked her straight into our hearts and makes them warm and quick. Do you think that is so, Senor Colonel? Are not hearts

also warm and quick in America?" "Well!" quoth the astonished colonel, there is science from babies and sucklings. Yes-I don't know-perhapsyou can study these things in books when you get older, Good-by."

Meanwhile the colonel's orderly had been sent to the guardhouse to fetch Private Boutelle. The well-proportioned, handsome giant of a soldier marched up across the parade ground, and, stopping half a dozen paces from the colonel's tent, silently saluted the commanding officer, at the same time nodding imperceptibly to Good-by, whose strange tete-a-tete with the colonel had perhaps been reported to him by the orderly.

"Boutelle," said the colonel, "what's

your offense this time, anyway?" "Liquor, sir." "The old fault. Now look here, Boutelle. I might tell you what a fine fellow you are and what a bad fellow that friend of yours, the bottle, is. I could preach you a regular temperance sermon, and bring down the house by in- after the Sabbath." "My servants set I troducing the story of this little Cuban at the gates:" His own armed bodygirl that thought you were going to be shot and wanted to give her life for yours. I could, but it's out of my line, and perhaps the chaplain can de it better. The chaplain gets paid to talk on temperance and preach sermons. I suppose I'll give him the story of Good-by so he can work it into a sermon some time up home. All I want to say to you here is this: If had a friend that thought as much of me as Good-by does of you, I'd try never to disappoint or lose that friend. She's persuaded me to pardon in you an imaginary offense whose penalty is death. I suppose that pardon covers all lesser offenses-and you may report to your captain."

When the regiment left Cuba a week afterwards Good-by cried quite a bit, but, as she told me, whenever she thought to herself that Senor Boutelle was going to rejoin his family and the beautiful young lady he was fond of, it made her very glad. Before we went a subscription list was circulated in camp for the benefit of "Anita, alias Good-by, a Cuban orphan," and the colonel's name was at the head of the paper. It became quite a matter of regimental pride to get up a liberal sum for the child's maintenance and education for several years to come. Good-by is now hard at work learning to write, so that she can correspond with Senor Boutelle, her handsome big friend.-Outlook.

Cure for Rervous Disorders. For nervous disorders it is now found. at the finest oure is the simple one KEEPING THE SABBATH

International S. S. Lesson for Dec. 3 1809-Text, Nehemiah 13:15-22-Memory Va. 15-17.

[Specially Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.]
GOLDEN TEXT.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Ex. 20: 8
READ Nehemiah 13, and compare Isalah

56: 1-8; Jeremiah 17: 19:27. TIME.—Probably about 15 or 18 years after the last lesson, summer or early autumn (13: 16) of B. C. 425 or 427.

THE INTERVAL-Nehemiab remained at Jerusalem 12 years, from the twentieth year of Artaxerxes (2: 1), B. C. 444, to the thirty-second year (13: 6), B. C. 453. Then he was recalled. He was in Persia some years, perhaps five, but returned before B. C. 425, the year Artaxerxes died, for he returned by permission of that king (12; 6). PLACE.-Jerusalem and vicinity.

MALACHI, the last of the prophets, be-longs to this period. Prof. Driver places him "shortly before, or during Nehemiah's second visit.

EXPLANATORY. I. The Floodgates of Evil Are Opened.—Vs. 31-5. The reforms of Nehemiah accomplished great things and made an era in the progress of the kingdom of God. But, as in all revivals and reforms, there followed a reaction, especially on the part of those who were carried along by the current of popular feeling, but were not really changed in heart. Doubtless the reaction began during the 12 years before Nehemiah was recalled to Persia; but doubtless in his absence, and after the death of Ezra, those who had been si lenced and subdued by their presence took courage to return to their evil courses, so that a deluge of sins rushed in upon the nation like an overwhelming torrent, carrying away the barriers

promises. II. Undermining the Kingdom of God Through Sabbath-Breaking,—Vs. 15-17. 15. "In those days:" During Neheminh's second visit to Jerusalem, while making the other reforms. "Saw I:" He did not depend on hearsny, but examined for himself and found the facts.

of law and religion and covenants and

Three Forms of Sabbath-Breaking. -1. Working on their farms and keeping their laborers at work. "In Judah:" In the country around Jerusalem. "Treading wine presses on the Sabbath:" The wine presses were large vats into which the grapes were placed and the juice trodden out by the feet of men. "Bringing in sheaves:" Gathering their harvests and bringing them into the city.

2. By transporting their goods. "And bringing in sheaves:" Into the city, and into the other walled towns. "Wine, grapes and figs:" For storage and sale. This required a large working force, and tempted the people to buy and trade on the Sabbath.

3. By the ordinary business and traffie through foreigners, who had no care for the Sabbath. V. 16. "There dwelt men of Tyre also therein:" That is, in the city, Jerusalem. Devoted to commerce, they had formed a little settlement in Judea for the sale of their merchandise, fish (they were a maritime people) and other things .- Prof. Toy. "Sold on the Sabbath unto the chiliren of Judah," who were so contaminated by their heathen neighbors as to yield to the temptation to buy.

The Evil Effects of Sabbath-Break ing,-V.17. "What evil thing is this that ye do?" What they did was evil for themselves and for their children.

III. Nehemiah Makes a Sabbath Reform .- Vs. 17-22. First. He reproved the leaders. He did not reprove the weak and let the rich and strong do as they would. V. 17. "I contended:" Argued and used his official authority, "With the nobles: The higher classes, the people of prominence and influence, who were the most to blame, since they had better knowledge and fuller control of their time, and who could have the most influence in favoring or opposing the reform. Second. He warns them from their own past history. V. 18. "Did not your fathers thus?" Why was Jerusalem destroyed? Where had the nation been carried into captivity? Why were they now weak and poor and scattered? Let the prophets answer. One reason was that their fathers had refused to obey God's Sabbath laws. A broken Sabbath, was the answer (Jer. 17:27: Ezek. 20:13. See also Isa, 58:13, 14).

Third. He Exercises His Authority. -V. 19. "Began to be dark before the Sabbath:" At sunset of the previous day, because their Sabbath began then. "The gates should be shut as usual, only they "should not be opened till guard, whom he could trust. "That there should be no burden brought in:" "Foot passengers were, no doubt, allowed to enter and leave the city on the Sabbath."-Pulpit Com. V. 20. "So the merchants:" Not believing that the command would be strictly enforced. "Lodged:" Camped outside the walls. waiting for the gates to be opened on Sabbath morning, as formerly. V. 21. "I testified against them:" Rebuking, commanding. V. 22. "I commanded the Levites:" The "Levites" would be more appropriate keepers of the city gates on the Sabbath day than his servants, for whom he, no doubt, had other uses. The Levites were therefore ordered to cleanse themselves"—that is, to purify themselves from ceremonial uncleanness, and come and attend to guarding the gates on the Sabbath day as a religious duty, as indeed it was; for it was to sanctify the Sabbath day, to keep it sacred, to save it from violation and profanation by the trafficking of the people.-Prof. Toy.

Ram's Horn Wrinkles.

Growth makes the glad Christian. The engine may be built in a day, but it takes years to perfect the engineer. God may deny you many toys, but He will certainly give you the kingdom. There was more dancing over the

stone. A man is best known by what he does when he thinks nobody is looking at

golden calf than over two tables of

are willing that their brothers should lose life rather than that they should enerifice liberty.

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