The author kissed her fervently; "Pray, let us wed!" he cried in haste, For he discovered instantly She had a literary taste! -Lippincott's.



IN THE SHADOW OF A GRAY WALL OF A TRAVELER'S HOUSE BESIDE A WELL Illustration from ROBERT MICHENS THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

Trial Marriage, by F. Frankfort Moore, | them, somewhat after the fashion of a certain occurrence narrated in Genesis.
Aligi's women folk are doubtful of Mia's reputation, and cry, "Out with her."
Like a prophetese of old, Mila shrinks within the fireplace and says to Aligi:

Astonishment was expressed when George Meredith unfolded before a wondering world his doctrine of limited wedlock. But Mr. Moore is more daring in his novel, which has caused a good deal of discussion in England, plcturing a mythical state known as Asalea, where there are no policemen, churches or law, where children are taken when one year old from their parents and brought up by the government, and where marriages are only for the term of three years.

It is not possible to yawn when reading "A Trial Marriage," Yea, to skip even one page is out of the question. The reader is on the hunt for surprises and certainty gets them. The epigrams are strong and so is the character work, while the general subject is handled with boldness and evivacity.

When Millionaire Steve Stunt, presumbly an Englishman, found that he had more money than he knew what to do with, he was prevailed upon to start a sew state which blossomed into Asalea, located "In a land which had been so ong reckened among the dead places of the earth, that nature and the requirements of man had space to re-create; I The country which was the site of Azalea had been forgotten nearly 1000 years, and its chief harbor had ceased to be practical about the time of Charles I."

Money without stint was poured into how were the principal qualification, it began to be noticed that both the birth and marriage rates showed a decrease.

Alighe women folk are doubtful of Mila's reputation, and cry, "Out with the fireplace and early still the same of the same in the city of the stone of the laws of the hearthstop—a same the old laws of the hearthstop—a same time that the best and certainty gets them. The epigrams are atrong and so is the character work, while the general subject is handled with boldness and evident subject is handled with boldness and evident subject is handled with boldness and evident subject is handled with the general subject is handled w Astonishment was expressed when

every married person wishes to change

ne married woman, not blessed with d looks, instinctively knows that her shand will disown her and she fears

that she will not be able to captivate a second victim:

A girl who has beauty can look around and make her choice. I had to use all my arts to entrap—I don't mean that, of course—I mean to—to captivate—to captivate—the one who was inclined to look on me with some favor. You do not know what I suffered when he was making up his mind. Oh, my God is there any tongue that can tell the tragedy of the plain woman who knows that she is plain? God as merofful to most of them. He has withheld from them the knowledge that they are plain, so that they go along merifly for a time; but I knew it from the first, I had brothers and sisters and they rubbed it in without compunction. After sil—I wasn't so very plain. At any rate, I got a susband and the two sisters who used to make a mock of me are still unmarried. But what good is a husband to me now? He will fing me away from him like an overripe orange the day the three years of the new system come to an end, and there is the finish of my feel paradise.

But the plain people of Azalea rise up in their wrath, sweep away the laws of antocracy, and make a popular hero of Basil Ridgemount, who promises to restore an until-death-marriage and children to their parents, Basil is pretty much of a fool in social behavior and he is in luck that his wife wisely shuts her yes to his roaming fancies after another

The novel is written after an English pattern, and is not so much of a shocker.

c. Boston.

An angel with one hand uplifted in protest and with the other covering her eyes, is pictured on this book cover and the scene is an advance hint of the pustoral tragedy told on the printed pages within. d'Annunzie delights in the impressional and tragic, and now he gives full rein to his excelle imagination. his exotic imagination.

"The Daughter of Jorio" is a three-act play of Latin color. It tells of primal passions and lust of savage blood. The setting is Italian setting is Italian. Indeed, no other cou try under the sun except Italy has the d'Annunsio atmosphere. For instance, you would not calmiy think of Sweden, Germany or Scotland in this connection. The scene of the play is the land of the Abruzzi, an Italian region where grows the vine and clive in sunny slopes run-ning seaward to the Adriatic and shut from the touch of Western Europe by the towering ridge of the Apennines. Mediae-val and pagan worlds still mingle to-gether, and romantic shepherds make poems about their sweethearts and often about their flocks. The time of the play is placed by Michetti about the 18th cen-

Mila Di Corda, the daughter of Jorio, Mila Di Corda, the daughter of Jorio, the sorcerer dalle Farne, is the heroine, and Aligi, shepherd-artist, is the hero. He has just espoused Vienda Di Giave, selected for him by his mother, and Vienda and his relatives are gathered around him in the rustic home of his parents, when Mila, running, panting from fright and exortion, and covered with dust and briars, like a hart pursued by a pack of hunting dogs, enters the family circle asking refuge from laselvious rustics.

a breath.

"What?" she blankly inquired.

"The nart that made her marry him in
ie first place."

A look of puzzlement came into her "The love. I mean," he explained.
"Love!" she cried. "Love! O Billy, quit
or kiddin." J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

The illustration on today's book page is taken from Robert Hichen's "The Garden of Aliah." a book which was reviewed in last Sunday's Oregonian. "The Garden of Aliah" deserves all the good things said about it. Not for years has there appeared such a strong story of human experience and desert life.

It is lucky for David Grayson that he has kept his identity, and especially his residence, the scene of "Adventures in Contentment," a secret; for his publishers are being overwhelmed with requests to know where the farm is. The author would have a settlement on his hands in no time.

News comes that Alfred de Musset's housekepper, Adele Colin, possessed at her death some 3000 lines of his works in manuscript, and from these a selection of considerable length will soon be published. It seems that when De Musset was lit—which was often enough, during the later years of his life—he employed the housekeeper as amanueniss, and the result remained in her hands. 

There is hardly a series of social political facts more significant to one who believes in democracy, or to one who wishes to resist democracy understandingly, than those which have accompanied the development of the Swiss Commonwealth. These facts Mr. Lloyd has sought into studiously, appreciatively, fairly, and presented with elearness and insight in his new book "A Sovereign People."

A "players' edition" of Anne Warner's

Sovereige People."

A "players' edition" of Anne Warner's popular story, "The Reduvenation of Aunt Marry, has just been issued, containing additional illustrations from scenes from the play in which May Robson is starting. Originally published in 1905. "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" proved to be as popular as the author's original Suran Clegg stories, for the new players edition makes the seventh time "Aunt Mary" has been some to press.

Mrs. Harriet T. Comstock's new novel, "Janet of the Dunes," will be issued temorrow. Mrs. Comstock, known as the author of two admirable historical romances of the days of Elizabeth, "Tower or Throne," and "The Queen's Hostage," has now produced a story that in construction and human interest surpasses anything she has hitherto written. The scenes in "Janet of the Dunes" are laid on the dunes of Long leinand, in and around the Summer homes of a colony of artists.

Life, America's unique satirical and himorous journal, is just now celebrating its 25th birthday. The event takes the form of an auniversary number whose cover is ernamented with reductions of many of Life's most famous cartoons and electhes. The text is largely made up of reminiscent articles by John A. Mitchell, E. S. Martin, James S. Metcalfe and Thomas L. Masson. Among its other attractive features is an impressive full-page drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, whose newer work has not been seen in America since his departure for Europe to study in foreign studies.

for Europe to study in foreign studies.

Rudyard Kipling's publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., predict an early revival of interest in Mr. Ripling's work. The response to books which they issued last Pali—his "Collected Verse," the holiday edition of "From Sea to Sea" and "Many Invantions"—has shown that there is a widespread intent interest in Mr. Ripling's writings which may be counted upon to spring into great activity on any likely occasion. They feel confident that his next book, announcement of which will be made shortly, will be greeted with enthusiasm.

legislation, it began to be noticed that both the birth and niarriage rates showed a decrease.

Attempting to save society, the Azaleans decreed that in three years time all present marriages should be annulled, and should thereafter last just as long, and should thereafter last just as long, if the two parties were willing to continue living together. Just as the new law goes into effect, the hero and heroine, Basil Ridgemount and Violet Castledone, marry, and in their case the experiment was peed in agines that he has discovered his "affinity" in another woman. The new law turns out to be unpopular, as nearly yeary married person wishes to change of the arms of the troe and heroine, and the class of the same of the troe and the close of the famous point. Appleton & Company, New York," was the recent address on a letter inclosing a country review of a new collion of the famous point, and should thereafter last just as long.

Mr. Harriman's new novel sparkles with its knowledge of feminity and shirewd comment wrapped up in slang.

Who is Sadle, by Karl Edwin Harriman. D. Appleton & Company, New York," was the recent address on a letter inclosing a country review of a new collion of the famous point, and solicited "Miss bilizabeth Barrett Browning. A letter, and shrewd comment wrapped up in slang.

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Who is Sadle, by Karl Edwin Harriman. D. Appleton & Company, New York," was the recent address on a letter inclosing a country review of a new collion of the famous point, and solicited "Miss bilidents and solicited "Miss bilidents and solicited "Miss bilidents." The woman whom thou gavest. writes a breezy letter to "a lady friend

to emigrate to Bagaida, on the odes of the Arlboun desert, from whence show the transpose of the arrow better to "a lady trust the present that maned Pan."

""Gay, Fan, remember what. I wrote you about Mr. Thempoon last Fall' well, but there yes shit, but I couldn't for a but the street of the s

chanced to be there, and I asked if he would place his name among the autographs of which I was so proud. Birch and I had an engagement and he said he would write while we were absent. Very shortly we returned, and I found a charming poem, a good! large page in length, written in my henor. I me longer wondered at his facility, though facility is the gift of few. This young artist-author was Robert W. Chambers whose prolife pen is the delight of the reading world. He has published his volume of poems, also, and I sentetimes wonder if he ever returns to his casel, in memory of the past, or selices again his palette and large on his colors with the cathusiasm that drew him to Julien's Academy in Paris more than 20 years ago. Mr. Chambers newest novel is "The Younger Set." The latter has led one composer, Paul Keiser, to write a walls and name it after the book. "The Younger Set Walts" is published in Philadelphia. HOW IN LONG

Flotion often outruns fact, but can hardly go farther. The extremely ingenious idea of Arthur Train's "Mortmain" is based on the transplanting of the human hand. The hero, Sir Richard Mortmain has an accident requiring the amputation of his hand, and on the stump is successfully gracted another one, bought at great price of a man, who, after selling it, dies from the loss of it. This places Mortmain in a bad situation, for it is in law a morter to commit such fatal mayhem. Also, the man who sold the hand was a criminal, annuch-wanted one, and the police have a record of his thumb-print, One does not sellow mortmain can possibly escape the consequences of his dilemma. He must be proved guilty of murder in either gaze, it seems; but the suthor, who is a lawyer, relieves our feelings at the last moment. Doctors are debating the possibility of hand-grafting, but all the tread seems to be that way. It is possible how to knit arteries and herves together, but the transplanting of a hand is yet for the future. Dr. Alexis Carrel, however, recently grafted the thigh of one dog on another dog and the circulation was perfect. Blood poisoning set in, however, in four days and the degree of the pertial success of the operation is encouraging as a beginning, and gives a new reality to the situation of which Mr. Train has made such clever use.

gives a new reality to the situation of which Mr. Train has made such clever use.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post says he has discovered a similarity between the central situations of Mrs. Wharton's novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," and Ibsen's play, "Rosmersholm." After outlining the principal elements of hoth, he proceeds to demonstrate his point that the three leading characters of "The Fruit of the Tree" stand in the same relation to one another as Rosmer, Heata and Rebecca. "Amherst, like Rosmer," he says, "is a man of "advanced" thought, an idealist and would'se reformer. Bessie, like Beata, is incapable of sympathy with her husband's theories. Justine Brent, like Rebecca, is a friend of the wife who comes into the family, becomes intimate with the husband, and sympathizes with his aspirations. Like Rebecca, since is a girl of singular personal charm and persubsiveness. "There's nothing you can't make people believe, you little Jesuit!" Amherst says to her. To save Bessie from needless anguish, Justine gives her an overdose of morphine. Afterward she marries Amherst. Her motive, unlike Rebecca's, its selfish, but the outcome is the same that Ilchecca planned. Like Rebecca, Justine conceals her share in the wife's death as long as she cap." Another reviewer notes a similarity between Mrs. Wharton's novel and Edouard Rod's "La Sacrifice," Issued in France some ten years ago, but as yet unpublished in an English translation.

### WOMEN WORKERS FOR PAY

Injuring Marriage Chances by Going Into Business.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins in Success. "No one will marry you, my dears!" says the alarmist to the young women of business. If they are young enough they answer; in their hearts, "Nonsense!" whatever their lips may say; as they grow older, the inner repudiation may be come tempered with a faint doubt.

It is certainly true that the modern man-of the educated world-marries less early and often than did his grandfather, and any grandmother can give you the reason. But, in spite of the increased cost of living, in spite of the turn given by sport to energies, that once knew no outlet but lovemaking, and in spite of the comforts of clubs and bachelor apartments, still many men do marry. I wish I could say that the modern preference is clearly for the alert, self-helpful women of affairs, the girl who has mas-

We have traveled a long way since the odious Dr. Maginn made his sneering comment, "We like to hear a few words of sense from a woman as we do from a parrot, because they are so unexpected"; but the level head is still outrivaled by the curly head, whether we like the admission or not. Statistics may prove the contrary; but it has seemed to me that the women who work and who are thrown with men in daily practical contact are less apt to marry than those who meet men only by lamp and candle light. Vanity suggests that this is the woman's chalce, but I do not believe it. I believe that nearly all single women past 30, no matter how brilliantly successful their lives may be, are secretly crying in the

chaice, but I do not believe it. I believe that nearly all single women past 39, no maiter how brillantly successful their lives may be, are secretly crying in the wilderness; they want love and children, and the want cannot be stilled or tis-fied with anything else.

To the frank this would seem like an argument against going to work, but there is an argument for it so vastly greater that it overwhelms this-which is, after all, only a general tendency and need not apply to the particular case. On the other side lies the splendid fact that the woman with a trade of her own does not need to marry. She may wait until love comes, with no anklous thought of "chances." no compromise with her heart or head; she may keep the door open for the best thing of all, instead of shutting it on a possible half best. If she misses altogether, she is not an economic hanger-on, a maiden aunt to be passed about among relatives, but an independent factor in the world's processes. When hope goes, she still has dignity and a purpose; she still has her independent personal importance. Whatever the field with a lingering good-by to his young family, the writer was off to war. At the place of rendezvous 25,000 men had gathered as one man to resist all invasion of and by an armed foe, impetuous and invincible when familiar with the use of such weap-ons of warfare as may be provided. We find it thus with Jackson at New Orleans, as well its with the Rough-Riders as San Juan Hill.

With the toesin of war sounding, there was but one segtiment formed as but one segtiment throughout the coming storm. Our Union must and shall be preserved. There was haste, haste everywhere; regiments formed in Cetober. Leaving the plow in Cetober. Leaving the plow in the universe further were in the field doing battle in October. Leaving the plow in the universe further were in the field doing battle in Cetober. Leaving the plow in the universe further were in the field doing battle in October. Leaving the place of real execution of the place of real execution and a purpose; she still has her in pendent personal importance. Whate the risk, the sum of the argument is on the side of work.

### Phonograph to Scare Burglars.

Mansfield (Ohlo) Dispatch.

Once more the phonograph has been called upon for greater service in a household, and this time it takes the place of a night policeman. bichard Reilly, who lives near here, has all doors and windows of his house especially wired and connecting with the taiking machine. When the family relires at night as throws the switch and from that hour the opening of any window or door will start the following from the phonograph start the following from the phonograph in a gruff voice: "Get out of here, or I'll fill you full of lead." Relliy has invited burglars to visit him to give his in-vention a practical test.

# FATE OF A CARFARE NICKEL

HOW THE GREAT NEW YORK STREET RAILWAY COMPANIES DISPOSE OF THESE COINS

NoT one person in 100 who pays for a ride in a streetcar or an elevated or subway train ever gives a thought to what becomes of his nickel hundreds of thousands of other nickels handed to conductors and ticket

As a matter of fact the pennies nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dolars taken in by conductors and ticket agents in Manhattan and Brooklyn go o two big financial concerns, and from there are put in circulation again. The Manhattan lines send their coin to a bank here and the Brooklyn roads ship theirs to the Subtreasury in Wall street every day. There is a constant demand by banks and storekeepers, big and little, for coin, and they got most

The bank that takes the pennies, The bank that takes the pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half-dollars of the Manhattan roads makes a special business of collecting coins. This bank has coin counting-machines of its own, and these, besides counting the coins, turn them out in paper-covered rolls in various amounts. It is in these rolls that the change is sold to storekeepers and other banks. A small commission is charged to cus-

This long experience in handling coin makes the counters experts in detecting counterfeit money. Any of this they discover is laid aside and the conductor who turned it in is notified to

to collect these bags and take them to the main office of the company in Montague street. The wagons start from the stable at half-past 8 they pull up with their valuable loads in front of the Montague-street office.

Then begins the work of getting the money ready to be sent to the Subtreasury. Only the coin goes there, From the wagons the bags are taken to the 'treasurer's office, where they are turned over to 14 receivers. These raceivers are expert coin-counters. One bag at a time is opened by a counter and the money dumped out on a table. The slip put in the bag by the conductor is compared with the record shown by his car's register, which is also sent to the office.

The money is sorted according to denomination. All the bills are laid out first. As they are not sent to the Subtreasury, they go to the cashler's office. Next the coin ig counted. If the count of the receivers corresponds with the conductor's record, all is well But if there is a shortage note is made of it and the conductor must make good.

This long experience in handling coin makes the counters are present in detect-

### **INSANITY OF** THE SANE

N England the increase of insanity bue been appailing. In 30 years the number about one of every 520 of the population was insane; in 1890 the ratio reached one

And the majority of the insane, doctors tell us, are not recognized as such. Thousands of persons are walking the streets-persons likely at any moment to fall victims to a homicidal desire; thousands of persons are living in families persons entirely unsuspected of murderous intents.

Listen to what one of England's greatest living experts on insanity says:

"Tomorrow's criminal may be the man we brushed against on the street today. Statistics of recent date show that, of the thousands of persons in England who are

alry in thar, heaps on 'em."

Our company was quickly deployed, skirmishers to lead in this rapid movement. With nearly 80 muskets we formed a line over 200 yards long, and with our bright rifles glistening in the crowds we mingle in."

There are in England, according to this expert 120,000 persons in asylums. Our expert 120,000 persons in asylums.

expert, 120,000 persons in asylums. One-fourth of these are subject to attacks of homicidal mania. "In 12 months more, fourth of these are subject to attacks of homicidal mania. "In 12 months more, at the rate lunacy is growing, our insane will be increased by 6000 or 7000. Today we meet them on the street, or on, the 'bus' top. One cannot help thinking of possibilities."

And right here in America, so doctors declare, things are going from bad to worse. According to Dr. John D. Quakenbos, of New York, thousands of apparently same people are likely at any time

agine that microbes are playing tag on your coat sleeve; or, if you happen to keep bees in your cellar, you may be afraid of going into the cellar for fear of

tions in cities, consangulaity, and hereity,
"Without doubt," declared a prominent
physician recently, "the terrible franzicil
pace of modern finance is driving hundreds of men insanc. The terrible strain
of working the stock market is weakoning
the minds of men. Worries over money
losses are sapping the mental and physical strangth of hundreds of thousands.

Japan's mining production last year, according to returns published by the Japanese Department of Agriculture and Commerce, amounted to \$32,130,884. In 1886 the corresponding value was \$5,000,000. The value of Japan's mining output is trabling overy decade.

# BLOOD-SEEKING **SOLDIERS**

enthered, all imbued with the same spirit—to do if we could, or die if we must.

A new life was opening to us, and, as first impressions sink deepest, we were shown the sunny side of the soldier's life. Military exactness was slow in coming. Company drill was made a pastime; enlivened by the fife and drum. pastime: enlivened by the fife and drum, we were stepping to the music. Then the dress parade, in which each man was taught to look his best; at guard mountained and the stepping was ever the dress parade, in which each man was taught to look his best; at guard mountained and the stepping was ever the state of the sight without fear. Then came the manual of arms, here was our first genuine disappoint ment; our first source of real grievance was when the old Beigian musics were put in our hands as weapons. All failing of builets, cuttling the leaves off the put in our hands as weapons. All failing of builets, cuttling the leaves off the mulberries over our heads, brought me to a sense of duty. In an instant my whole being changed; from a peaceful the carliest date possible, we managed to swallow down this bitter pill. Love of country is but the counterpart of the ties of home and kindred. With spirits made buoyant by continuous good health, we were 'loyous in expectancy; illness changed all this to ardent longings for home, and it is my belief that had these pracepts of our nature been carefully observed and the invalid sent at once to his home thousands of lives would have been sayed.

We dalled only long enough in this camp to obtain a change of raiment, put on the blue uniform and, with the ap-

The Moniter.

We being to Star.

Of clock stand, on de mantal shelf;
Nuffin' much te flee excep' a talkin' to hisself;
Tellin' bout de days between de snowtsorma an' de flowers;
Jes' a sing song story, for de mos' be has to beeved and the invalid sent at once to his home, and it is my belief that had three precepts of our nature been carefully precepts of our tature been carefully precepts of our precepts of our precepts of our pattern been carefully precepts of our precepts of our precepts of our sature been carefully precepts of our prece

ources. The reply of a comrade to an legantly dressed Southern lady expressed the impressions that met us here. Where did you all come from?" He answered: "From the North Pole, madain, and they were beating the drum for more when I left."

THE reverses met with by our Arry at the first battle of Bull Run, forlowed by that disaster at Ball's Bluff, was paralyzing to our Government at Washington. Consternation everywhere reigned; even the iron-willed Stanton was filled with dismay.

I have said all; no, not all. The placid Lincoln alone remained imperturbable. He of all men knew wherein lay our resources; that the sinews of war would come, from the great Northwest, in border more extensive than all our guarded coast line—our frontier, with its million of young men, all rifemen to the manner born; sharpshooters ready at his call. From the farms, shops and schools came 300,000, riflemen by inheritance. They had surveyed the coming storm, had weighed its magnitude, and, as minute-men, stood in readiness.

tored a profession or the one whose trained mind can put through a real estate transfer or a deal in May wheat; in time, I believe that this may be true; but, as yet, a limited personal experience says otherwise.

We have traveled a long way since the office of the profession or the one whose trained mind can put through a real estate transfer or a deal in May wheat; in time, I believe that this may be true; but, as yet, a limited personal experience said every stump; and later when that army of invasion, marching across Kendolius Dr. Maginn made his sneering comment. "We like to Bear a few words wast army had rathered in defense of the comment of them 90.000 squirged hunters (in less than 34 hours this comment." We like to Bear a few words wast army had rathered in defense of the comment of the processing of the processing and hold it."

With eager cars we listened, and in our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten. Adding to our excitement, a delegation our interest our burdens were forgotten

skirmishers to lead in this rapid move-ment. With nearly 80 muskets we formed a line over 200 yards long, and with our bright rifles glistening in the sunlight the sight must have been a pleasing one to our friends who followed. "Forward, double quick!" rang out the commands of our colonel. When we thought the city within our grasp an un-foreseen obstacle met us; we brought up on the banks of a river, whose murky on the banks of a river, whose murky waters looked threatening-unfathom-

waters booked threatening—unfathomable.

"Forward; forward!" again came those
stern commands. Surely, he did not
know, could not mean; but he did,
though. An insignificant river was no
barrier to his impetuosity. I was on the
extreme flank, left guide. I could see stern commands. Surely, he did not know, could not mean; but he did, though. An insignificant river was no barrier to his impetuosity. I was on the extreme flank, left guide. I dould see my comrades on the right making a crossing on the timbers and logs of a bridge now burning in the river. With a pang of doub, and uncertainty I slid down that bank of mud, up to my armpits into water loy cold. Happily I found it no deeper, but then came the bank on the other side, six feet of almost perpendicular clay. How I manaaged to reach terra firms will always remain a mystery to myself; water soaked

most perpendicular clay. How I manaaged to reach terra firma will always remain a mystery to myself; water soaked
as I was I felt I weighed a ton. I lay
long enough to get my breath and drain
out a little, then took my way up a lane
that came out on the main street. I
was aware that I was in advance of the
line, and up to this time had seen no
enemy.

In another moment the clattering of
horses' feet on the stony road made me
aware that something was coming fast;
and then from around the corner came a
cavalcade of horsemen, vying with each
other as to which should be foremost.
With their steeds under full run they
passed me without deigning a word or
look. I must have been spellbound, for
there I stood within a few feet of their
flight, viewing the sight without fear.
When the rearmost men had passed me,
about 356 yards, they came to a halt and
sent me their greetings.

A courage bad joined me. The whist-

From "The Merchant of Venice." Tell me where is Fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head? How begot, how nourished? Reply, reply.

With gazing fed; and Fancy dies In the cradle where it lies. Let us all ring Fancy's knell; Fil begin it—Ding, dong, bell. Ding, dong, bell.