Set on every shoal and danger, Sending out its warning ray To the home bound weary stranger Looking for the landlocked bay.

In my farthest, wildest wanderings I have turned me to that love,
As a diver 'neath the water
Turns to watch the light above.
-John Boyle O'Reilly.

A BIG RUNAWAY.

When Tom Raffles took the queen's shilling at St. George's barracks in Trafalgar square and found nimself duly enlisted for Indian service, he beheved that his career was made.

He pictured the day when he would return to his native Norfolk village Victoria cross. This was a foolish dream, but his 29 years had been spent that," he cried. "Trust to me. entirely in the country.

Tom was a genial fellow, with many Ghazi fanatic. Under different circomstances all that was best in him went to India in a time of peace. He host of minor evils. His popularity increased among the men in proportion to his bad record among the officers.

At the end of a year Tom Rafiles was regiment-in all India, some did not scruple to say. Half his time was spent the guardhouse or doing extra duty. More than once he tried to reform, but failed. Then he became reckless a d took life on the fatalist theory.

different military stations. ... nen the obeavy battery-for Tom w a gunner was transferred to Le ore, away up in the Punjab.

The officer under a mose command the ford, a rigid ma linet, but withal a just man. His sections were centered on his (7-year old son Bertie, who had re cently to be out from England, Bertie was bandsome and plucky a lad as bluff. Do you understand?" could wish to see. He did pretty officers and men alike.

Bertie immediately struck up an ac-Both bailed from Norfolkshire, and they sailing and fishing on the famous

Raffles believed that Bertie was ignorant of his bad reputation, so he bebavel himself admirably for a whole the two elephants.

were not going to fight. This double blow was togemuch for

the cantonments.

Two days later a squad of cavalry plied the prod. found him at the palace of the rajah

This meant court martial, and waf-O

Then it chanced that the governor tear of inspection. A grand review and maneuvers were ordered at Lahore through with a tremendous splash. cantonments.

eccasion. Raffles had even more control precedent by granting Raffles a short eave of absence from the guardhouse.

At surrise on the appointed day the plain before the cantonments was a scene of martial glory. Bodies of cavalry and infantry moved to and fro amid a sparkle of arms and equipments. The heavy battery came last-six polished guns, mounted by six proud artillerymen. Each gun carriage was top of each elephant was a turbaned Hindoo, with a steel prod in his hand.

At last the governor general and staff arrived from Labore, and the cereionies began. A certain order was given to the heavy battery. As they ell info ncon Bertie Stratford leaped apon Rafiles' gun carriage.

Raffles wished that he could sink out of sight. His face turned red and pur-1-1 thought you were at Rawal Pindi," he stammered. "I came back Raffles, I'm awfully sorry for you.

Whatever possessed you to"-'I'm afraid you'll get in trouble for this," interrupted Raffles, pretending tion of his life. not to understand. ' The colonel will carriage at such a time. Why, we're

right in the middle of the review. 'He den't see me yet, ' said Bertie. He's too much taken with his lordship. Anyway I can't jump off now." This was true, since the battery was

undling along at a rapid gait. Raffix accepted the situation without fur-The battery was performing a cir-

cular movement which was to bring it a triumph past the governor general and staff. It was now on the opposite ide of the circle and close to the tracks of the Peninsular railway.

Just as the leading gun carriage vered off to left, the fast express train from Peshawn came dashing along with lond jingle of bells and hissing of

It was a most unfortunate encounter. the whole 12 elephants but two were constoned to the railway. Sultan and Nabob, who drew Raffles' gun cartage, both hated and feared the steam They reared and plunged and supeted shrilly. Then, mad with or and deaf to the exhortations and og of the native mahouts, they of of line and dashed up a rocky iside, straight away from the retiewing staff and the rest of the force. The disaster was instantly observed.

There was no lack of discipline. The sattery balted, and its commanding officontery halted, and its commanding offi-cer spurred after the fugitives on horse-ack. Then, by the figure of the fugitives on horse-Then, by special order, a troop of cavalry clattered over the plain. The embniance corps wisely followed.

Tigs is serious, Stratford," said the governor general, "I know what mad deplunts are. The brutes will likely plunge over youder bluff." Peering through his fieldglasses, he added, There is some one on the carriage beside the gunner."

The colonel took the glasses with a trembling hand. "It is Bertie," he gasped, and digging the spurs into his sorse he was off like a whirtwind.

Meanwhile the huge, panic stricken elephants had actually gained on their pursuers as they strode recklessly up the hill, over rocks, bushes and everything that came in their gag. Raffles realized the danger. He had but one thought-how to save Bertie.

The lad's first impulse was to jump. wearing an officer's uniform and the but Raffles caught and held him, "You'll break your neck if you toy

Side by side they clung to the nart seat. It was a miracle that they ere good traits, and the blind avery of a not pitched off. Finding they c ald do nothing with the maddened br .es, both drivers jumped at the say of instance might have come to the front. But he One poor fellow struck 1 ad first on a rock and never moved the other landfell among bad companions and became ed in some bushes, but he was not far addicted to drinking, gambling and a enough out of the lay. He uttered a piercing screar as the heavy wheels rolled over his leg.

Bettie she ered and clung tighter to his come tion. The elephants dashed considered the worst scapegrace in the on fast than ever. Just ahead was the p of the bill. The other side de pped down at a frightful angle for everal hundred feet. It sickened Raffles to think of what would happen when the maddened brutes should reach the verge. In vain he shouted to Sulin three years he served at many tan. He looked back at the pursuing horsemen. No hope of aid there.

Then Tom remembered that a road led along the browsof the hill and finally turned down to the River Ravi at a point where the slope was not so prepattery now can was Colonel Strat- cipitous. Like a flash be formed a desperate resolve.

"Hold tight, my lad," he said. "I'm going to leave you. It it comes to the worst, jump off before we go over the

Bertie nodded. There was a grim ach as he chose and was idolized by and plucky expression on his pallid TROO.

The next instant an agile spring landenaintance with Tom Raffles, and it ed Raffles on Nabob's back. By clingassedily ripened to fast friendship, ging to the stoat harness be worked his way forward. A second spring carried had gany a reminiscent chat about him over the gap between the two elephants, and he was quickly perchedon Sultan's neck.

Fortunately, the mahout had left the The colonel was secretly strove to turn him to one side. He pleased. He sometimes allowed Bertie stormed and threatened and called him to ride on Raffles' gun carriage behind by name. Sr a minute of keen sususe the issue trembled in the balance. But evil days were coming. Bertie Then, when the dizzy precipice was west north to Rawal Pindi on a visit, only a few yards distant, Sultan obeyed and the next day it was reported offi- the prod and swung to the left into the cially that the Black mountain tribes road. Raffles waved his hand at Bertie. "Stichinght, lad," he shouted.

But We danger was not yet over, nor Raffles. In a freak of madness, in- had the elephants recovered from their dated by intoxication, he surreptitious- fright. As madly as ever they dashed ly borrowed an officer's uniform and along the rough road, at times swinging borse one dark night and rode out to perilously near to the outer verge. In vain Raffles coaxed and threatened and

Of their own accord the brutes took of Multon. He had just dined with the turn toward the river and swept of Multon. He had just dined with the turn toward the river and swept the native prince and was expatiating the heavy gun carriage down the hill does she loved does with the love the dogs. on the merits of his host's costly cigars at a frightful speed. Bertie had all he have—the love that never quits. She was

its resigned himself to the inevitable reached, Raffles vainly tried to turn the Joe's girl we gets word to Joe and is laring the week that he lay in a dark elephants aside. They rushed madly us. forward and clattered out on the pontoon bridge which spanned the river. general and his staff come north on a In midstream the frail structure gave way, and elephants and gun went

A plank struck Bertie on the head Colonel Stratford was in a quandary. with such force as to stun him. He fence named Ignatius Fuchs was to put up He had no gunner whom he could trust floundered helplessly alongside the to fill Raffles' place on so important an struggling elephants, who were submerged to their necks. From this ever the two elephants than their native place of peril he was rescued by Rafdrivers. Sultan, the leader, was great- fles, who caught his collar and swam y attached to him. So, rather than with him for shore. The swift current ten the risk of spoiling the review, the bore them down some distance, and colonel decided to establish a military when Raffles finally landed with his precious charge he was well nigh exhausted.

A score of borsemen were quickly on the spot-among them Colonel Stratford, who had been a witness of the his arms be looked at Raffles, and that and the others had 40 talks. look wana source of consolation in the gloomy days that followed. Of course the review was spoiled, for

drawn by two burly elephants, and on it took the rest of the day to get the elephants and the gun out of the river. That night, and for several succeed ing nights, Raffles slept in his old cell Then, instead of appearing before a court martial, he was reprimanded and discharged.

> He afterward had a private interview with the colonel, and for a whole year he was the best behaved soldier in the cantonments.

Then the savages of the Chataquay hills revolted, and Raffles went eagerly last night," replied Bertie. "I say, off to war. It was a little bit of a war. but it was desperate enough for him to earn a corporal's stripes and the Victoria cross, which had been the ambi-

Rafflesoftributes his good fortune to be furious to see an outsider on a gun Bertie, and he is not far wrong. -Wilitam Murray Graydon.

Asks Protection From a Weman Masher. One of the numerous New York gentlemen who are afflicted with the fatal gift of beauty (and know it) makes the follow-ing pathetic appeal to the New York Sun: "In common with other fellow travelers I have been an indignant eyewitness of the ofessional woman masher and a victim This woman generally gets on the elevated train at Chambers street, and sweeping through the carshe picks out the best look ing man she can find, stands opposite to him and stares him out of countenance until be either moves from his sent or takes another car. She, the masher, rather tall and thin, with large puff sleeves, black eyes, rather long nose and affects ecru lace. If she fails to attract the man's attention with her (alleged) fascinating glances, she will lean over him in a semiaffect; mate way, apparently innocent ly, but always premeditatedly. often endured this affliction in silence that I appeal to your esteemed journal, hoping always goes at 1.
this may reach her eyes and serve to sup ... Couldn't you

The jude mines in upper Burmah promise to become a more regular source of ustional presperity than the raby mines themselves. Jade is going up in value, on ing to the large demand from China, where cups and various vessels are made of the precious material, besides ornaments.

press her.

THE BUZGLOAK A PHILOSOPHER.

He Kept Cool and Outwitted the Sheriff He Matches Grows Confidential.

You want me to tell how Joe Dubuque breaks jull?" The speaker was John Larney, alias John Dolan, alias Mollie Matches, says writer in the Washington Post. do it, though for a hard, crooked in and enter Mollie Matches @ getting rather Joe gets lagged. He starts to do an old the row party who was to draw big money out of a



THE DUZGLOAK.

draw, about \$0000, and starts over to his stack of hills Joe taps him on the shoulder. Joe had stood at the desk making a fake of writing a draft when the man comes up to count his stuff. Joe tap him all at once off the shoulder, as I say and points down with his penholder a "Beg pardon, says Joe, but you've

dropped some money." Sure enough, there's a \$20 bill on the prod sticking in the harness. With this floor. Of course the man stoops to get it. Raffles belabored the unruly brute and There ain't a man on earth who won't When he straightens up, the \$1,000 he's been counting is gone. Dubuque's pal swipes it from the other side the the party ducks his nut for the \$20. See!

It's at this point the man does a sur prising thing. He grabs Dubuque. Naturally you'd think he'd turn after whoever took the stuff. This would give Du-buque a show to flit. But, no. This man grabs Joe and yells like a tiger. they had Joe cooped, it didn't take the Hawkshaws and Diamond Eyes very long to find out it's Joe Dubuque

They locked Joe up in jall. Of course was among 'em. We used to get word to Joe through his girl. She was a bird, too, and she looks so soft and good, with her tired brown eyes. The sheriff gets daffy When the bottom of the hill was doors pinched her fingers. It was through Wild Willie was what we called her

'Our lay was to settle-pay off the party his \$4,000 and give him the run out of town. But he gets funny and wants \$10. Joe's pal, who grabbed the roll in the bank, was still in the town under cover and laying dead. He still had the bundle \$4,000, and he stuck that in. Me and a the other \$0,000. But Joe on the inside sends out word 'no ' We can beat 'em, he says, on the trial. They had no evidence against him, he says, which was true only he forgets one thing—he was Joe Du ne, a world over crook. When De Wolf, the lawyer, brings that out, the jury takes two looks—one at each other and one at Joe—and hands him out ten spaces at hard labor. Then the case goes to the

About this time we made up our minds we must get Joe out. We must beat the jail too. If they ever took him to the pen, it would be Katie bar the door whole affair. As he clasped Bertie in It was the jail or not at all. Fuchs and I took word to Joe, and he sends back word to us. We made up a big bundle and tried to do something with the sheriff. He was



THE PENCE.

square man, liked Joe and felt bad for Wild Willie, but when he saw the glimn of money he just gives the gang the laugh. We couldn't touch him

All this time Joe had been planning and thinking. Wild Willie tipped it off to us so we could do our end. Wild Willie took him in a bar of rubber an inch and a half square and a foot long. It was heavy and limber. You could knock an elephant down with it. The girl gets it into the jail under her freek, and when the guard was talking to a prisoner who had called

im away she passes it in to Joe There was two or three things to get roady, and Joe puts off his coming out a week. He was to come on Saturday. The Tuesday before, as Wild Willie is going into

the jall, the sheriff stops her, polite and What time will you see Joe tomorrow? says the sheriff.

morrow, says the sheriff, and take din

Joe, thinking hard, and wants you to Record.

come?' After a fut he says, 'Ask the turn-

key to give you a morning paper.

"When he looked at it, he all at once There Is Now a Strong Reactionary Senti-When he looked at it, he ail at once broke out: 'That's it. The train goes south at 1:33 o'clock. That's the train he takes to the pen. Matches and the Sheeney lion of Europe that disarmament is only Stirring Episode of the Insurrection of 1871. Told In the Picturesque Lingo talking money to him made him leary, and he takes me to the pen tomorrow at possible as the result of an exhausting and he takes me to the pen tomorrow at peneral war, and that it is impossible to 1:35 to get me off his mind. He don't general war, and that it is impossible to have to hold me here while the case is in postpone that war after the limit of pre-

With the Assistance of a Faithful Wife and Good Friends Outside the Jail-Mot- his round. The light in Dubuque's cell not surprising therefore, that the

enter Mollie Matches @ getting rather gins unlocking the cell door. Dubuque as authority for a proposed project for gabby lately. Joe Dubuque is an English sits up, looking shaggy and ugly. Just as Jurial relief from the present situation. thicf and about as fine a worker, too, as ever we 'bed Scotland Yard. They used to call J. They used to call back was toward Dubuque—he gets a slap with the rubber billy on the neck. It joined the present with the rubber billy on the neck. It joined the ped like he'd been hit with a mallet. It don't know, It was in a big northern city Joe gets lugged. He starts to do an old.

The pinch has come. It's too dim a light five or seven years' service, and that in cage to recognize him, but he will time of peace three years' service has now have to run the gantlet of three gas not such superiority over one year as to lit offices and half a dozen deputies loafing "But I don't go back alive, says Joe.

jail. Joe forgot to take thenguard's pis-tol, and he twists around until he gets hold of it and fires it as it lays in his

in the offices. The out-side guard tore his patible with universal service. one of those high desks by the wall to door wide open, and Dubuque, quick as a 'Nothing, therefore, is more logical count it. Joe tries the drop trick with flash, does the same with his. And then humans or conformable with economic him. It's easy and it's sure. About the every guard and deputy runs through the time the party had thumbed half through two doors into the jail like rats into a two doors into the jail like rats into a trap. When the last one's in, Dubuque the burdens which lafe as the purpose the street like and from which lafe as the sale locks the inside door and walks through the deserted effices into the night. As he



WILD WILLIE. turned away he could hear his neighbor inging 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' like his opes of getting out depends on it.

Dubuque walked ten rods from the jail and turned up a stairway. It was about man, the man of degraded taste or of fee-s o'clock, and light still burned in a law-ble intellect, will have little chance of find-

'Is Mcl'arland in?' asks Joe as he ens the door. he'd gone out to draw a will for a dying commendable later and the least commend-man and would be back as soon as ever he able latest of all. As a natural conse got through. Joe knew all about it. He quence, the best men and women will marknew it was I who had touted the lawyer ry the earliest and probably have the larg away and had the office kept open for him est families. The result will be a mor

to go to cover in. 'I'll wait until Mr. McFarland comes

The office was in the second story and ad a balcony which overbung the street. Joe takes a chair and steps out on the salcony. Somebody might come in, and e didn't care to take any risks. While he sits out there the chase after him runs up measures in connection with dangerou and down beneath his feet. Fifteen min and injurious occupations, so that the utes after Joe gets out a telegraph call rings in the central detective office and all the police offices. It ticks:

"Dubuque just seen driving west on Detroi treet in a baggy. Horse on the ran.

McHannon.

Captain Fourth Precinct.

That was enough. Every fly cop was chasing out Detroit street in a moment, going miles from the game. Who worked the wire? Fuchs, the fence.

"Dubuque still sat on the balcony. The the table. Five minutes goes by, ten min utes, twenty. Everything's getting still a closed carriage draws up over across the but hails the carriage with his eyes. In a moment a white handkerchief shows with a pale flutter at the window. Dubuque gets up and steps back into the office. Th

kid looks up more a half asleep.
"Tell Mr. McFarland Til see him to morrow, says Dubuque and saunters off down stairs. The door of the carriag swings open, and he steps inside. arriage started the arms of Wild Willia went round his neck, and for the fire time she begins to cry. Joe's arm goe round her, but he says nothing. As they drive by the jail they hear Joe's neighbor singing Where Is My Wandering Boy To No matter where they went. I've kept my promise and told you how Du buque, the Buzglock, bent the sheriff.

A Valuable Paperweight. Acatudent at Jefferson college owns highly prized paperweight, inherited from his father, who was a student at Heidelberg university, which is said to have no counterpart except one owned by W. W. Astor, who was also a stu

dent there. It is a limestone stalactite about a upper Rhine, mounted on a pedestal of nyx and encircled with a narrowsilver band, whose whorls, like that of a sien der shaving, extend the whole distance at irregular intervals from base to sum

These intervals mark the different stages of the stalactite's growth, seientifically calculated, and on the band, which was affixed by a learned Heidel vy says the merit.
At 1 o'clock," says Wild Willie. She berg professor, are engraved the various Couldn't you make it ii o'clock to periods of time. First come the geo logical eras, when the whorls are widely ner with Joes I'm going to blow Joe off separated. Then narrowing into the historic periods come the Babylonic and Wild Willie never changed her baby Egyptian, the Roman and renaissance took and didn't besitate. She said she'd or modern epochs. The first periods are come at 11 o'clock. But she knew that something was up. She told Jee the mother than the latter by varying halves, quarters t she got in.
'Going to feed me at 11 o'clock,' says' and eighths of an inch.—Philadelphia

DISARMAMENT OF EUROPE.

the high court, and he's going to get rid paratory resources has been reached, of the risk of me. If I get out, it's got to be tonight. See Matches and do your part tain nations are already beginning to any the penalties of overtraining while That night at 8 o'clock the jail guard sthers have attained their maximum ide yelled. Lights out? Thus he made splitting power. This is the real explananot surprising, therefore, that the pos-"Turn out your gas, Jos, he says sibility of a peaceful attainment of the

through the grate.

"Turn it out yourself and be d—d Newspape@ reflect this spirit from Newspape@ reflect this spirit from says to you, says Dubuque from where he lays ratious continental capitals. The Times "The guard shorts out an eath and be- quotes an unnamed foreign statesman

ing increased.

party who was to draw hig neoney out of a bank. Joe and a pal shadowed the many the bank as stiff and helpless as a poker all the afternoon. At last he makes his All he could do when he got over his daze meddled with. The average length of was to look at Jee with his eyes and froth active service is three years. Now it where the gag filled his mouth. Joe takes has been proved that a single year is amthe guard and poks liber in the cage where you them how to handle arms. The other two years are devoted to movements cage. The outside guard is just swinging is called seasoning the men. Many good open his door, and Joe is turning to lock judges hold that the training which the inside door, like the guard would do, makes old soldiers is acquired only by

> justify triple the expense. The only means which I can see of already beginning to sniff the outside air.
>
> Just as Dubuque braces himself for a to make a 12 months' service obligatory urge through the office the unexpected on all. If anybody should propose a universal service of five or seven years, he would be thought mad. Universal It was on the fourth tier, back in the service has been considered compatible with a reduction of seven or five years to three, thus materially lessening the experse. After years of experience it is There was a big scramble of deputies now seen that three years are also incom-

"Nothing, therefore, is more logical, ble, and from which before long the paly way of escape will be by utilizing the engines of destruction so that war will have to be made for its own sake, and it will be better to perish in action than at peace.

This is the most significant utterance thus far evoked in the reaction against the war spirit which for the moment is checking the monotonous storm of gloomy foreboding.-London Cor. New York Sun. WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.

A Darwinian Philosopher's Views on Cumlog Natural Selection. I believe that improvement will be effect ed through the agency of female choice in marriage. As things are, women are constantly forced into marriage for a barellying or a comfortable home. They have practically no choice in the selection of their partners and the fathers of their children, and so long as this economic neces sity for marriage presses upon the great bulk of women, men who are vicious, de-graded, of feeble intellect and unsound bodies will secure wives, and thus often perpetuate their infirmities and evil habits. But in a reformed society the vicious most perfect and beautiful in body and mind, the men of spotless character and stuck fast. I slid over his head and strug rapid increase of the good than of the bad and this state of things continuing t says Joe to the kid. 'I want to see him work for successive generations will at length bring the average man up to the

level of those who are now the more advanced of the race. On the whole, then, it is probable that in the society of the future the mortality of males will be less, owing to prevently and injurious occupations, so that the number of marriageable men will be equal to that of women. Add to this that there will be an increasing proportion of wom who will prefer not to marry, and it is clear that men desiring wives will be in excess of women wanting husbands. This three vigorous palls and hitches I contriv will greatly increase the influence of women the cask with myself in it seems to be a second or contribution of the cask with myself in it seems to be a second or contribution of the cask with myself in its en in the improvement of the race. Being in the minority, they will be more sought after and will have a real choice in mar

riage, which is rarely the case now. Broadly speaking, I think we may trus kid snored in agyhisper with his head on the cultivated minds and pure instincts ofChe women of the future in the choice of partners. The idle and the selfish would be almost universally rejected. The coarse and sensual man, the diseased or weak it intellect, those having a tendency to in sanity or to hereditary disease or who pos seas any congenital deformity, would rare ly find partners, because the enlightene voman would know that she was commit ting an offense against society, against humanity at large, in choosing a husbar who might be the means of transmitting disease of body or mind to his offspring Thus it will come about that the lowe types of men, morally and physically dis eased, will remain permanently unmarried and will leave no descendants, and the ad vance of the race in every good quality will be insured .-

A Detective's Story. "The colosest call I ever had," said a

detective," was in southern Indiana, where a posse of us had gone to capture son sunterfeiters. There were five of us is the party, and as I had previously been over the ground and located the house was deputed to watch the front while the others deployed in the rear, and we wer o come together at a given signal and make a rush for the house, which was a log cabin standing in an open field. It be gan to rain soon after we separated, and seeing a new weatherbounded house ahead foot high, obtained from a cave near the of me and knowing that I was in the right neighborhood I concluded to stay there a few hours until after the rain subsided There was no danger of the counterfeiters Knocking at the door, I was ad mitted. Inside were five men and a woman They showed me up stairs to my room and as the man who piloted me left I heard him turn the key in the door, and I knew that I was a prisoner. Then I saw that the house was of logs and had been recently wentherboarded. In a few minutes beard them consulting together in the hall. In a few minutes and I felt that my doom was being sealed Dropping out of a small window at the as they discovered my escape, and the ball from a rifle whistled past my head as I nounted the horse. A regular fusillade flowed, and the bullets came close enough for me to hear them. But I succeeded in reaching my companions, and we surrounded the house just in time to catch them as they started home "-St. Louis

AN ADVENTURE IN CUBA

tion of 1873.

Led Into a Trap and Betrayed For a Reward-Closely Pursued by a Band of greeted-new the site of the Philadel-Spanish Troopers, He Eluded Them by a phia Continental hotel-for this display It was a hot night in 1873, the worst

ear of the Cuban insurrection, when Cu-

rather than let them furnish food for the evening about 3,000 persons. At near government forces; when the wells and 9 o'clock the manager of the building springs were choked with carcasses so that came to the leader of the meeting, white not a drop of good water would relieve in the tops of the ceiba trees to give warning of the approach of an invading column. For three months our little company of 46 men, under Captain Green, had been living as best we could in the monte, to the northeast of Puerto Principe, often in feet in height, would collapse and be

Principe informed us that the enemy had taken the town and had surrounded a mpany of patriots at the sugar mill. Ten to one it's a lie and perhaps a guard to open the outer door. Joe unlocks the inner door and lets himself into the sund marches, or, in other words, to what tell, and I wish one of you look would go down and see what's the matter.

writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. That aft-

ernoon we had gone out to Tunas, and

there, just at nightfall, a negro from Puer-

The lot fell upon me. A fairly good horse and a negro guide were found for

When it had grown dark, I set off and by 4 o'clock we had arrived among the quintas which skirt be town. There I "You shall not," said the leader; putting an end to the senseless outlay is | who could probably tell us the news. He | Five minutes' dels, may kill us altosaid that four battallons of infantry and a company of cavalry had entered the town the previous day, but that there had been

If there had been a battle, he would have en sure to know it. Moreover, he seem friendly and gave us oranges and bread

This being the condition of affairs. I determined to retrace my steps and get away from the place before sunrise. We had rid



CROSSING THE RIVER

den an hour perhaps along the road when directly ahead I heard a loud "Hola!" and saw a squad of Spanish cavalry coming ipon as at a furious gallop. The negro had probably gone on the in-

stant of my departure and betrayed me, in hope of a reward. The black boy with me eried out in abject terror, and slipping off his mule took to the hedge. Not caring for a hand to hand fight with eight or ten troopers, I wheeled through a gap in the bedge on the other side and rode for life, keeping to cover of a row of palms.

Crack, crack, whiz, whiz, went half a dozen carbine shots past me. They were hard after me, and my borse was nearly exhausted.

Beyond the cane was a belt of low orange trees, and through these I went down the bomb exploded in the French is-

upon the bank of one of those deep, sing-gish Cuban creeks half choked with high rank grass. There was no time to look for a ford. I spurred my out with himself. On the other hand, the first spring he landed in the middle, ove his back in mud and water, and there McFarland was not in. The boy sald reputation, will secure wives first, the less gled to the farther bank, wet to the skin and plastered with mud. On that side were also orange trees, and through these, the water streaming off me,

I ran, stimulated by the crack of a carbine from bolind, for a trooper had seen me. emerged from the orchard at full run and came upon a deserted sugar warehouse where, in a large storage shed, I saw 30 c 40 hogsheads of molasses ranged in a row, on their sides, upon a platform against the back wall. Suddenly a thought flashed into my mind. I quickly rolled two of the full hogsheads

back a little from the others and placed in the gap an empty hogshead with the open end turned to the wall. Fortunately the outer head was painted red, like the oth ers. To toss my carbine into the well and slip my body down beside the wall and into the empty hogshead was only the work of a moment, and then by two or ed to work the cask with myself in it so far back that the open head could not readily be detected, even by one passing close to the row. My hogshead thus resembled the others.

Thus enseenced, I drew my revolver and waited. Scarcely had I got inside when with a loud "Hola!" and shouts of "Car ramba!" "Perro Americano!" four or five troopers, who had managed to get their horses through the creek, came galloping up to the mill, followed by others on foot all wet and swearing.

Through a tiny crack in the dry head of my cask I could eateh glimpses of them. They had tracked me to the shed, and now I shuddered to see that they had detected my footprints on the platform. rushed along past the row of hogsheads, following my last tracks to the well. This they examined closely and even threw down six or eight heavy stones, thinking that I might be ducking under the water Then they came back, past the row of hogsheads, fuming and execrating me

One of them ran along on the tops of the hogsheads and came slowly back, actually standing for several seconds upon the very one in which I was doubled up. A minute later, and they all hurried away to search the engine house and other suildings. For fully half an hour I heard their rummaging and shouting. Twice their officer came back to the well, and the Twice

lown more and heavier stones, seeming to be of the opinion that I must be down is dangerous. Accordingly I obeyed the At length they went on, to search furthr, no doubt. I kept close to my tub for in hour or two, and then, unable to bear the cramped position longer, crept canionsly out and hid in the engine house, where I remained all day. When it was dark? I sallied forth and made my way

back to Tunas on foot, where I was warmly welcomed by my comrades in arms.

Standing Room Only. I was intensely amazed and amused when in a cable car in New York one day to hear the conductor call, just before the car turned onto Fourteenth street, "Hold fast!" and the way standers made wild grasps for straps made one think perhaps the car was about to perform some sort of pas seul. But-noi. at all! It merely slewed around the corper as our cars do every few minutes without the warning of any conductor, and not until it was humming well on its course up Broadway did people relax their holds and the fixed tension of their expression .- Cor. Boston AdverA MOMENT OF SUPREME PERIL

How Courage and Presence of Mind Saved Bundreds of Lives.

There are still persons living in London who can recall the magnificent Chinese museum collected by Mr. Nathan Dunn, a munificent merchant of Philadelphia and Hong-Kong, which was first located in Philadelphia, and then AN AMERICAN'S NARROW ESCAPE. brought to London in the early years of the queen's reign. It was intended as a donation to the public, but was unfortunately burned. The building first of the treasures of the then sealed kingdem had an upper room which was about 35 feet high and very long and han planters were destroying their own narrow. In the center part of this implantations and slaughtering their cattle drop of good water would relieve Even the women watched all day good and sank nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tennents of the joists might be out of their sockets. The floor would then fall through on to want of food, but ready to fight, says a precipitated, with the rof, upon the assembly.

This might have caused the death of these present-the foremost people in Philadelphia. The leader explained to the person whom the andience expected next to hear at by ad essing the astrick," said our captain. "Still we cannot sembly from the end of the hall be could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people. The reply to this was that his family was in the audience,

"You shall not," said the leader; "a hitched up the animals and went on foot hint of danger-a re-h-and we shall with the negro to the but of a black man, all be under the fallen walls and roof. gether."

As a boy in the audience, I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood-the orgen loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front, the flooring rese six inches. The people were entertained, partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a velce without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed. Not a single individual in that great assembly was sware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. Three thousand persons were saved from being buried under two side walls 69 feet high, pressed down by a heavy roof.

The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the conequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the tailure of the courage of this man. All use of the room was of course suspended till it was effectually strengthened. So well was the secret kept that I only learned it long afterward. I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manager of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now. The terror of those minntes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose toward its level was such that he never, even in hissown family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for 40 years afterward. I know not if the self possession of M. Dupuy, when sembly, was greater than this hitherto unknown act of heroism.-R. P. S. in London Spectator

THE BELLS OF LIFE.

The birth bells are ringing a joyous chime For a white soul hid in the lap of love, A spirit flower from the fleids above, To bloom for a day on the shores of time.

The wedding bells swing to their gladden Proclaiming the good that the full years bring in the circling band of the marriage ring.

From the brazen depths of their giant throats In the beifry of time the death bells toll The entrance to heaven, the end of earth, The death that is only a grander birth, As life's bondage falls from the passing soul. firth bells, marriage bells, death bells, you

have rung The story of life since the world was young --Rose Hartwick Thorpe in Detroit Free Pre

MET A BAD MAN IN TEXAS.

An Army Officer's Experience, Which Included a Drink of Poor Whisky. "Only on one occasion in my life have I felt the need of a weapon," said an officer of the United States army. have never carried a gun, but it has sometimes occurred to me that no man ought ever to be without one. One cannot be sure but that some time the weapon would save one's life. For instance, I will recite to you a little experience of my own. It was in a wild mountain region of Texas. I was riding along a lonely path, mounted on a government mule. Not a thing did I have on my person which could have been regarded by the most impoverished citizen as of value. Whistling as I went, I appreached a large rock, about which the path ran to avoid a sharp ascent. Just as I reached it a fierce looking man rose out of the bushes and cried

say that I ought to have charged upon bim with my government mule, overpowered him, taken away his arms and demanded why he should thus obstruct what was the best substitute available for a public highway. I did nothing of the kind. The only reason I can allege is that I was afraid. Such a method of ast time he had two of the men pitch dealing with highwaymen does well enough in story books, but in real life it suggestion of the bold bandit and halted. For a moment my heart jumped into my throat as I saw him thrust a hand into his hip pocket. He drew from it something and pointed it at me point blank. I perceived that the something was not a pistol; it was a bottle-a large black bottle. Said the highwayman, 'Drink!'

"What could I do? Perhaps you will

"I held out my hand and grasped the bottle with more than ordinary eagerness. I drank. It was the worst whisky I over tasted, and that is saying a good deal, for I had lived in the wilds of the west for a number of years. But to me it was a grateful draft. I handed the bottle back to the highwayman, and as he went his way with a benevolent smile upon his countenance I resumed, with a thankful heart, my journey upon my government mule. I had meant to offer him that mule, but would hardly have had the nerve perhaps, for he mirld: have regarded the proffer of such an a viously valueless gift as an insult."