EUGENE CITY.....OREGON

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will survound you in sunshine.

A Virginia woman named Susan Smith has been elected sheriff. It is pretty safe to wager that when she issues an attachment she will get the man she goes after.

According to the naturalists there are 366,000 distinct species of animals living at the present time. The mammals number 2,500, birds 12,500, fishes 12,000, mollusks 50,000, and Insects 230,000.

A Kentucky scientist claims to have seen a spot on the sun 48,000 miles long. He probably can are equally queer things also by looking at the moon. It all depends on the glass that is used.

It is not what we read but what we remember that makes us learned. It is fatht wishes but a life-long struggle that makes us vallant.

Chicago Times-Herald: A Missouri man has just been sentenced to the penitentiary for 102 years. Missouri would get along much better if she would not in the penitentiary, twenty-five years aplece, beat one sent up for a century.

There is more beroism in the youth, who resigns his dreams of ambition and refuses the opportunity of distinguishing bimself because an aged parent or dependent brothers and sisters need his bility. presence than in one who goes onward, reaping triumph and fame at every

Prize Fighter Duffy, who died in the ring, is said to have "succumbed to overexcitement due to enlargement of ed that nothing tends to increase one's lently over the heart, whether it is enlarged or not.

That the gentler sex is fast becoming emancipated is shown by the fact that in 1896 there were in the United States thirty-two women woodchoppers, 147 bartenders, twenty-four hostlers, twettty-nine sailors, four locomotive engineers, twenty-three plasterers, fifty-nine blacksmiths, and six boller-makers.

A real live English lord calling himself Lord Cyril Athol has been arrested in Oakland, Cal., for the larceny of a horse, buggy and harness. There is no accounting for tastes, but if Mr. Athol had appropriated a burro there would be a near approach to family astuteness and the brain power supposed to belong to British "nobility."

Scattered brains, poetle or otherwise, make poor janliors for the home; and the high-flown identities do less for comfort, good living, and fair repute than do the commonplace virtues. Appearances have to be studied, self-respect has to be considered, punctuality must be provided for, and the opinious of others must be at the least respected, if not always followed.

The high theater hat ordinance seems to be a cruel piece of legislation anyway. If a lady happens to be bald, or wears a wig, or is prematurely turning gray, there is no better way to disguise the fact than by covering such defects by a tall hat, and the unfortunate woman ought to have the right to do it. Of course if there is no reason for wearing an eclipsing obstruction no thoughtful woman will do so.

Rurgiars are the great terror of Mme, Patti's life at Craig-y-nos Castle, and she has had all the window shutters fitted with electric bells, which start ringing at the slightest touch, "round" duty, it is added.

Mr. Edward Whymper, the noted mountain climber, has carried the alpenstock for more than thirty years, and has scaled Chimborago and the Matterhorn, besides hundreds of lesser peaks, thrilling advenutres, including a fall or sustained any serious injury. He stairs in England and fractured his

It is all right to put ample confidence in an employe whose life presents a record of probity, because it encourages zeal and inspires energy. But when it takes the form of actual carelessness the tendency is to incite robbery and the culmination is loss of money on one side and of character on the other. A duty of the employer is to maintain at all times a keen scrutiny into the affairs of the dem. Employers who fulfill this obligation rarely suffer loss from dishenest employes.

Some idea of the difficulties that a progressive statesman has to combat in a land like China is revealed in the fact that the railway which is to connect Pekin with the coast-700 miles long-will not be permitted to enter the capital. Tradition, religion, what not, regards the purely industrious as degrading in the sacred precincts of the celestial city; the terminus must be put of escaping steam.

000, and if put under the hammer, man, a premise of the future. those conversant with the real condi-S12,000,000, and possibly very little over life; if you must fall, fall easy.

instead of being one richest of the bonanza kings, died the prepose. Morsley to-day is worth \$10,000,000. James L. Flood died worth \$20,000,000. O'Brien. had nearly as much to leave, while the man who was the commanding genius that paved the way to the gigantic wealth these four amassed, in the end was outclassed in the race. Should the trust be knocked out, the direct heirs will receive about \$3,500,000 apiece,

New York is actually frightened over the diminishing proportions of her ex- "I'm all grown up!" she delefully said. port grain trade, and the trunk lines. are about to take a hand in its restoration. As to its contentions with Bairt. more and Philadelphia the West cares but little, but the trans-Mississippi States have turned their traffic toward New Orleans and Galveston and what New York has lost from those graingrowing States it will never regain. Commerce is certain to find the shortest route to tide water, and this is the route to the Gulf from the States which lie west of the Missouri.

There is no better illustration of the progress made by Egypt under British supervision than the transformation of not what we intend but what we do | Port Said. A few years ago it was the that makes us useful. It is not a few | most vile and repulsive town of the Levant. To-day it is connected by rail with Ismailia, Cairo and Suez, abundantly provided with fresh water, intersected in every direction by broad streets, lined with attractive and linposing shops, while big hotels, conducted on the best lines, have taken bunch her hits like that; four rascals the place of all the low cafes and restaurants which formerly abounded. In "I watched in the garden last night at one word, all the disreputable features which formerly contributed to render the place the plague spot of the Mediterranean have disappeared, and to-day Port Said bears an aspect of dignity. prosperity, and, above all, of respecta-

The relations between the French Legislature and the French navy are considerably strained at the present moment. The other day, during the disensalon of the naval budget, some of the radical politicians held up to obthe heart." Close observers have notice loquy Admiral Duperre, the senior officer of the service, for having, during excitement more than to pound him vio- the war of 1870, respected his word of honor not to take any further part in the conflict, after having been released on parole, the speakers holding that considerations of patriotism took precedence of those of honor. The Minister of Marine thereupon in an impassloned speech intimated to the members of the Chamber of Deputies that they were not capable of understanding or appreciating the conceptions and ideas of a French officer with regard to honor and to the value of a plighted word.

The Army and Navy Gazette calls attention to a remarkable feature of the Queen's reign, the enormous number of wars, "little and big," that have marked its progress. Scarcely a twelvemonth of this period has passed, in some part of the world. Here is a Raffir war, 1846; second war with China, second Afghan war, 1849; second second Kaffir war, 1851-52; second Burtiny, 1857; Maori war, 1860-61; more Maori war, 1863-66; Ashanti war, 1861; war in Bhaoian, 1864; Abysshilan war, 1807-68; war with the Bazootees, 1868; third Maori war, 1808-09; war with Looshals, 1871; second Ashanti war, 1873-74; third Kaffir war, 1877; Zulu war, 1878-79; third Afghan war, 1878-80; war in Basutoland, 1879-81; Transvant war, 1870-81; Egyptian war, 1882; Sondan, 1884-85-89; third Burma war, 1885-92; Banzibar, 1890; India, 1890; Matabele wars, 1894 and 1896; Chitral campaign, 1896; second Soudan campalgn, 1896.

Chicago, with a population gathered from nearly every portion of the globe. is a city of many surprises and sensawhile by the same machinery a gun is tions, especially in the matrimonial fired and a number of dogs are let loose line. One of the recent legal cases in in the grounds, we are calmly told in that city is a suit for \$2,560, brought by Cassell's Saturday Journal. Special a real estate man against a former watchmen are told off every night on friend for introducing him to a whlow said to be worth \$500,000, and whom he subsequently married. The new prosecuted busband admlts that be stened a note agreeing to pay the real estate man \$2,500 should a marriage follow the introduction, and to show that as a lover, he was active, vigilant, and, although he has had numberless | brave and successful, it may be only necessary to add that the marriage folof 600 feet, he never fractured a limb lowed one month and five days from the date of the introduction. The lorsdid, however, tumble down a flight of | band's excuse for now refusing to pay is that he looked upon the note as a loke. He did not imagine that the real estate man was in carnest in demanding a brevet dowry. Moreover, he claims that he did all the courting, and that demanding pay for an introduction is blackmail. The "satchen" or the marriage broker is a recognized feature in some portions of Europe. But in the Chicago case the parties at odds are Americans, and cannot plead the customs of their former home. And as free and independent Americans, publie sympathy will be with the man who wen the widow. To demand pay for introducing couples who might possibly marry is striking a blow at the court ship business, and may decrease the recelpts of the Marriage License Bureau. Besides, his wife advises him not to

Civilization's Work.

A man carrying an armful of firewood would not ordinarily be made the subject of comment. When, the man represents a people who used to think that such labor was a degrawhere the screpe cars of priests and dation, he is interesting from a sociomonarch shall never be disturbed by logical point of view. A correspondent the shrick of locomotive or the screech of the New York Evening Post, writing from Montana, tells of seeing a Cheycone Indian walking from the brush up According to the San Francisco to his lodge carrying wood. 19 his side Chronicle the children of the late Jan. | was a tiny girl with a backload of little G. Fair are likely to be confronted with twigs. A few years ago an Indian the unpleasant news shortly that their would have been ashaded to be seen Inheritance has been heavily overval- doing what he would have called a ued. The truth of the matter is that squaw's work. To-day to tribes are the Fair estate has depreciated in value directly, and consciously, and of news since the death of the man who made sity adopting civilized ways. The little it. To-day it is not worth over \$15,000. girl at play represented the past; the

During slippery weather, fall easy, tion of affairs say, it would not bring if Jos unst fall. It is a good rule in

She was sitting up straight in a straightbacked chair: These wash't a snart in her shining hair. There wasn't a speck on her drinty dress, And her rosy face was full of distress.

When I drew near to this maiden fair, She suddenly rumpled her shining hair, And dropping down "in a heap" on the Unlifted her voice in a wail most sore.

"Now, what is the matter, my pretty

maid?" "And I'm lonesome, as lonesome as lone some can be,

For Humpty Dumpty and Riddle-Me-Ree "There's Little Boy Blue, who used to

Under our haystack, and fall saleep; He isn't my friend since mother dear 'Did up' my hair in this twist so queer!

"And the Dog and the Fiddle, they left the, too, When the buby into a woman grew;

The Dish has hidden away with the And the Cow has stayed at the back of

the moon! "The Little-Old-Woman who-Swept-the

Is caught in her cobwebs high and dry: And Jack and his Beanstalk I cannot find Since I began to improve my mind.

"I wouldn't be scared-not a single mite-If the Bugaboo I should meet to-night; The Bogy Man I'd be glad to see-But they'll never, no, never, come back to

A fairy favor to find, but-bark! My mother is calling-don't you hear?-

dark.

Young ladies don't sit on the floor, my -Zion's Herald.



Young Jimmy Steevens went from the plow to the bayonet, with little intervening time in which to prepare for the handling of his new implement. The intention had been that young Steevens should stick to the plow, for his father and mother were getting old. and the two elder brothers had already gone to the war, expecting to be home In three months, and now two years had passed without their return; one of them, indeed, it was guessed, would never come back, although his name was not in the list of dead, but in the apprehensive roll-call of the missing. Much as the farm needed Jimmy, his country appeared to need him more. and it called out his name blindfold. indeed, withour finding England at war by means of the draft. There being no money in the Steevens family to buy list of the principal campaigns and ex- a substitute, Jimmy let go the handle peditions: Afghan war, 1838-40; first of the plow and shouldered a gim. China war, 1841; Sikh war, 1845-46; There was little time to waste in the camp of Instruction, for the country was loudly calling for more men, and Sikh war, 1848-49; Burmese war, 1850; a farmer's boy can stop a bullet as well as the most expert soldier, even iose war, 1852-53; Crimea, 1854; third though he may not direct it with much war with China, 1856-58; Indian mu- accuracy. So with the farm-yard cries scarcely out of his ears, Jimmy found nwake if I am to stand still." wars with China, 1860 and 1862; second himself in the rough and ready turmod of the camp, flung unprepared into soldiering; splendid material to make a warrier of in time, through the hard unsympathetic handling of that great machine, the army. If but the bullet that was searching for him failed to find him for some months, what with marching, countermarching and sleeping in a blanket, Jimmy would be as good a soldier as the rest of them, ready

to kill or be killed. Hard as farm work may be, it is at least regular, and in the quiet of the country a man gets a good night's sleep. Jimmy found that the only regular thing about soldiering was its irregu larity. He had been up two days and a night on the cars, he had marched not knowing where he was going, counter-marched, halted, slept when he could, bugled up again, as it seemed, almost before he had lain down, and of all things on earth that Jimmy most wanted was one uninterrupted good night's sleep; but grim fate, who was waiting for him, decreed that Jimmy should be sent out from midnight till \$ o'clock as a sentry, where, most important of all things he was not to do, he must not fall asleep. The Captain had the unfortunate idea that young fel lows fresh from the farm, or from the workshop, made better sentinels than the old stagers who were up to the tricks of the trade.

It was ten minutes to 12 when Jimmy was awakened by a rough shake from a rough hand grasping his shoul der. He was drunken with sleep, and would have given anything for another hour of it, but he was marched through the camp, and then across a narrow field to the edge of a plantation; here he relieved a man whom he could not see in the darkness, and who had been standing under a tree.

Jimmy's instructions were that h was not to march up and down nor to move from the foot of the tree; he was not to fire his gun unless directly attacked, but if he heard anyone apstiently as he could and give warning. If suddenly surrounded, he was to are hls gun, but it was impressed upon him that the great point was to keep the enemy in ignorance of the fact that he was there; therefore he must not walk. nor move, but stand with his back against the tree and keep his ears wide

The relieved man of the guard walked noiselessly away, and Jimmy was left alone in the heef darkness caused by the overshadowing tree. He was at the edge of a wood, on? if the enemy

forest. The ght was very clear very silent. and very dark. The clearnes of the air was shown by the brilliant twings ling of the stars. Jimmy pulled our his open-faced silver watch, and found that by holding it at a certain angle, the light from one clear star would just enable him dimly to discern the time. although he had to look sharply to see

0

0

\$10,00,000. If this is the case, Fair, THE LITTLE GIRL THAT GREWUP. Jimmy to himself, repeating the words within. The Sergeant, or whoever be THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS. over and over, but somehow they seemed to convey little meaning to his partially-stupefied brain. "Five minutes after twelve," he relterated, and closed his fired eyes for a second until he could comprehend what he was saying to himself; when he opened them and stared again at his watch he was startled nearly out of his wits. At first he thought the minute hand had dropped ten minutes. It was now a quarter after twelve. In that seeming second he had been asleep ten minutes, standing with the watch in his hand. It swoke, frightened him to think that this was possible; he imagined that under such circumstances a man would have fullen. If, with his back against the tree. he could sleep as comfortably as lying in his own bed at the farm, what might not happen before his long four hours watch was over? If he could only pace up and down, he night keep himself awake, but to stand there like a statue -the very thought made him shudder. The safety of an army probably depended upon his vigilance. He must keep awake at all hazards, for the for himself." army's sake, if not for his own. He knew that the penalty of sleep was cer quietly. "Take him away, Serdeath. "I must keep awake; I must geant." keep awake," he kept repeating to himself; then he was astonished to hear his father say: "Come, Jimmy, it is out of the tent. time to get up; this will never do, you know." He saw the kindly face of the old man before him.

"It isn't daylight yet, father," he said, and as he spoke he saw above him the clear starlit sky, and he gasped, "I have been asleep again."

With trembling hands he took out the silver watch. Actually the bright star seemed to have shifted in the sky. He rubbed his eyes two or three times be fore he could persuade himself that the watch was not playing tricks with him. It was seven minutes to I o'clock,

"I have been asleep for nearly three quarters of an hour," he said with horor, as he placed the watch in his vest pocket again. He picked up his gun with a bayonet on the end of it, and swung it backward and forward from and to hand to keep himself awake; all at once by missed it, and it fell clattering among the dead leaves at the foot of the tree. He picked it up quickly and stood, at once all alert, at the foot of the tree to listen. Nothing but the deepest stillness surrounded him. He leaned the gun against the tree and moved his arms up and down. He blinked at the stars, and the movement of his arms seemed to become more and more mechanical, until at last a wagon half-laden with new-made hay drove up beside him, and he saw his father on

the load driving the horses. "Come, Jimmy," he said, "this is the last load, and it looks like rain." "I don't see, father, how I am to stand sentry and load bay at the same time,"

replied Jimmy. "Oh," said the old man, "it's quite easy. You may as well be doing that as moving your arms up and down." Jimmy saw there was truth in this, and noticing the haycocks beside him he took a pitchfork in his hand and dag deep futo the sweet-smelling hay. The pitchfork sank down through the bay and struck something; then wagon and haycock both disappeared, and

"I may as well lie down and be shot for it," he said dismally. "I can't keep

Jimmy found himself trying to extri-

cate the point of his bayonet from one

was in despair.

He looked again at his watch. It was twenty minutes past one. He had some thought of saving blusself by rushing into camp and crying that he heard bear. some one coming through the wood, but he knew that would be treachery to comrades, all of whom were doubtless sound asleep. So he set his ingenuity to work to keep himself awake. He needed a sharp lesson, he told himself. and so he prepared one.

Searching his pockets, he found a piece of string. He made a loop with pidity, and his breath came in thick t which he put round his wrist; then, over the lower branch of the tree, he erapped the unlooped end of the string



"PT'S TIME TO GET UP, JIMMY,"

weight of his arm came upon the loop the cord would untwine from the branch and his hand would come down. He leaned his gun against the tree with the bayonet point upwards, and his open palm hovering a few inches above he sharp needle of the bayonet.

"I shall stand this way till four o'clock," he said," and if I fall asteen my hand will drop upon the bayonet

Again be looked at his watch and saw preach he must make for the camp as it was half past one. Two hours and a half still to s and guard! As he stared out into the night be suddenly saw an officer and soldier before him. The officer had spoken in a low, threatening voice, but the import of the words were completely missed by Jimmy's dared

> "What did you say, sir?" asked Jim-"You were asleep at your post," said

the man.

"I swear I was not," cried Jimmy and then we wondered why his hand had not dropped on the bayenet point. came, it would be through that bit of He few for his gun; it was not the . "You need not search for your weap "Portab! pertab!"

on," said the officer. "I have it. You were asleep at your post. Here, John son," be added a low rolce, "take this follow place. Come, sir, you are San Francisco, you know," said the Enmy prisone"

Jingery hadn't a word to ar, but folpassed between the silent tents, seeing sentinels standing here and there like the position of the large hands on the statues. At last, near the center of the Order. She-What is the Mana? He-

0

eruit to know the distinction of the army), raised a flap of the tent and entered. An officer with stern and haggard face looked upefrom a rough table whereon he was writing. The Sergeant said to him:

"Caught asleep at his post, sir." "Ah," said the officer with a deep frown on his face, and drawing a long

"I took his gun away from him and had to speak twice to him before us

"Ah," repeated the officer; then Jimmy: "What have you to say, sir? "I suppose it's true," admitted Jim my. "I did my best to keep awake."

"The usual excuse," repiled the officer, turning to his writing again. "Place him under guard till daybreak. Then have out a nie of twelve men and

"Good God!" eriod Jimmy, "you sure ly don't murder a man who has come to fight for you in that off-hand way withont even hearing what he has to say

"I have heard you," rejoined the offi-

The Sergeant grasped young Steevens roughly by the arm and led him

"This isn't right, you know," protested Jimmy. "I must be tried by a jury or something.

"Oh, don't trouble about that, sonny," replied the Sergeant. "What the General says is usually right; if there is anything wrong about it there will be an inquiry later, but that won't help you much. See, it is beginning to get light in the east already."

"What time was it when you found me?" asked Jimmy, in despair.

"We found you at four o'clock, when we came to change goard." Then Jimmy saw that further protest

was useless. He had slept two hours and a half.

"Oh, if I had only another chance." he grouned. "I don't feel much like sleep now. Don't you think the Genenil would give me another chance?" The Sergeant shook his head unsym-

nathetically. "Too much depends on it," he said. "The General has wanted to make an example for some time, short and sharp, and you're the man to furnish

the example. The Sergeant turned Jimmy over to two armed men.

"Guard this youngster," he said. 'He's to be shot at daybreak, and it's getting near that time now. I'll go and rout out a squad. Don't waste any time lamenting, youngster." This to Jimmy: "If you have any prayers, now's your time."

"It's all irregular," cried Jimmy to the sentries on each side of him. "A min's life can't be taken away at the simple word of another man."

But the sentries' business was not to answer, so they stood, two grim, voiceless automatons, one on either side of dia. All the time there was running n Jimmy's mind a borrible sense of the rregularity of it all. If the country, if the newspapers knew of this, there when the fuss came it would be too and fifty yards of Coffee, the smoke late to help him. The steady tramp of a number of men broke into his reverie. of the gnarled roots of the tree. He The gray of the coming day was spreading over the east.

"Right about! March!" said the Sergeant, and Jimmy mechanically marched as he was told. They stood him up with his back

against a tree, the twelve men drawn and dying redcoats. By the time the in line before him, and appallingly rifles were wiped the British line was

said Jimmy, "I want to see them fire." "Very well," replied the Sergeant, putting the handkerchief in his pocket nonchalantly, as if it were a point not

heart was beating with tremendous ragasps. There was a short, sharp command from the Sergeant and the twelveritles were leveled at his breast. He heard the word "Fire," and then the duging of a dozen shots, and it struck him as curious that they did not go off simultaneously, but with a perceptible interval between, as if some had hesitated to pull the trigger. Then the amazing fact struck him that all the bullets had gone through the paim of his hand, which was the more astonish. ing because he had kept his hands behind him. He found himself looking curiously at the palm of his hand, and feeling the warm blood trickle over it. The flash of the twelve rifles had at once whed out the daylight, and Jimmy stood under the tree with the glittering stars once more over his head. The twelve men and the Sergeant had vanshed, but the sharp pain was still in his hand, and the warm blood was trickling from the wound.

"Well, I'll be blessed," said Jimmy; this was a dream, too, but what a horrible one. My hand has come down on the bayonet point, after all. I wonder how long I've been asleep this time. It was half past one when I last looked at my watch!

Jimmy pulled out the big silver timepiece once more, and turned it toward he glittering star. It still seemed to be half past one, but as he look of closer he saw that the minute hand had moved just perceptibly beyond the hulf-past

"Good heavens!" gasped Jimmy in amazement, "have I dreamt all that ghastly stuff in thirty seconds. But, hang it, I knew the General's proceedbus weren't regular."

The pain in Jimmy's paim kept him awake till four o'clock and release came.-Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free

A Traveller's Forethought. Little things illustrate certain En-

gishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman who had taken the Pacine express at Philadelphia called out on going to bed before the train started;

The porter@ame. "What is it, sir?" "Please wake me : when we get to

glishman.

He-I her that the count incurred the deadly hostility of the Mana, some time ago, by violating the rules of the encampment, they came to a large tent A secret organization designed to reg- to shepherd a flock of sheep is consid-"Five minutes after twelve," said which showed that a light was burning ulate the retail price of peanuts,—Puck. ered a sagacious animal, but a shep-

General Jackson. In the Century William Hugh Roburts has an article entitled "Napoleon's Interest in the Battle of New Orleans," In this is quoted a hitherto unpublished letter written by Gen, Jackson to Mr. James Monroe. A portion of the letter RWOIIS1

There was a very heavy fog on the river that morning, and the British had ormed and were moving before I knew The disposition of the riflemen was

very simple. They were told off in numbers one and two. Number one was to fire first, then step back and let numer two shoot while he reloaded. About six hundred yards from the riffemen there was a great drainage canal running back from the Misalssippi River to the awamp in the rear of the tilled land on which we were operating. Along this canal the British formed, under the fire of the few artillery pieces I had near enough to them to get their range. But the instant I saw them I said to Coffee, whom I directed to burry to his line, which was to be first attacked: "By ---, we have got them; they are ours." Coffee dashed forward, and riding along his line called cut, "Don't shoot till you can see their belt buckles." The British were formed in mass, well closed up, and about two companies front.

The British, thus formed, moved on

at a quick step, without firing a shot,

to within one hundred yards of the kneeling riflemen, who were holding their fire till they could see the belt buckles of their enemies. The British advance was executed as though they had been on parade. They marched shoulder to shoulder, with the step of veterans, as they were. At one hundred yards' distance from our line the order was given, "Extend column front." "Double quick, march! Charge! With bayonets at the charge, they came on us at a run. I own it was an anxious moment; I well knew the charging colnam was made up of the picked troops of the British army. They had been trained by the Duke himself, were commanded by his brother-in-law, and had successfully held off the ablest of Napoleon's marshals in the Spanish campaigu. My riffenien had never seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp; their powder might not burn well. "God help us!" I muttered, watching the rapidly advancing line. Seventy, sixty, fifty, finally forty. yards, were they from the silent kneeling riflemen. All of my men I could are was their long rifles rested on the logs before them. They obeyed their orders well; not a shot was fired until the redconts were within forty yards. I heard Coffee's voice as he roared out: "Now, men, alm for the center of the cross-belts! Fire!" A second after the order a crackling, blazing flash ran all along our line. The smoke hung so heavily in the misty morning air that I could not see what happened. I called Tom Overton and Abner Duncan, of my staff, and we galloped toward Coffee's line. In a few seconds after the first fire there came another sharp, ringing would be a fuss made, but he felt that volley. As I came within one hundred lifted enough for me to make out what

was happening. The British were falling back in a confused, disorderly mass, and the entire first ranks of their column were blown away. For two hundred yards in our front the ground was covered with a mass of writhing wounded, dead reformed, and on it came again. This time they were led by General Pakenham in person, gailantly mounted, and riding as though he was on parade. Just before he got within range of Coffee's line I heard a single rifle-shot from a group of country carts we had Jimmy felt as if he would choke. His been using, about one hundred and seventy-five yards distant, and a moment thereafter I saw Pakenham reel and pitch out of his saddle. I have always believed he fell from the builter of a free man of color, who was a famous rifle-shot, and came from the Atakappas region of Louisiana. The second advance was precisely like the first in its ending. In five volleys the 1,500 or more riflemen killed and wounded 2.117 British soldiers, twothirds of them killed or mortally wounded. I did not know where Generat Pakenham was lying or I should lave sent to him, or gone in person, to effer any service in my power to ren-

I was told he lived two hours after he was hit. His wound was directly through the liver and bowels. General Keene, I hear, was killed dead. They sent a flag to me, asking leave to gather up their wounded and bury their dead, which, of course, I granted, I was told by a wounded officer that the rank and file absolutely refused to make a third charge. "We have no chance with such shooting as these Americans do," they said.

How Cubans Get Arms and Powder.

It was an interesting revelation

which we got in a recent Havana letter to the Sun that the Cuban patriots have frequently procured military munitions by purchase from the officers of the Spanish army. It was stated in the letter that two Spanish colonels belonging to the garrison at Guanabacca had been implicated in secret dealings with the revolutionists. "The Spanish soldiers," said our correspondent, "are so bungry and so ill treated that they sell their cartridges to the insurgents." There are not a few Spanish officers in Cuba who have made money during the war by blackmall, by the plundering of villages, by levying assessments upon planters and manufacturers for protection, and by selling arms to the enemies of Spain. The Cubans have many times procured military supplies by capturing them upon the bartlefield. by buying them from the commanders of Spanish garrisons, and by the help of adventurers who have taken them to Cuba in ships. At all times, in peace or in war, the political and military agents of Spain in Cuba have made ! their chief business to secure riches at the expense of the Cuban people. When Weyler shall leave Cuba for Spain he will take with him the fortune which he has gained by havoc and fraud-

Crane instead of Collie.

herd bird that will drive its charges to easture, protect them from prowling animals, and, gathering them carefully ogether at nightfall, brings them safe. ly home again, is something till recent.

ty unheard of in this part of the world. Such a bird is the yakumik of South America. The settler in Venezuela and British Guiana needs no dog to care for his sheep and poultry. He has an eff. eient guardian in the shape of a crane which he, or an Indian for him, trains to obey the voice of its master,

To the care of this bird he intrusta his sheep or his ducks and other poul try, and sees them depart to their feed. ing-grounds secure in the knowledge that the crane will bring them all back safely. Wee to the unlucky animal that, prowling about to steal, is detocted by the vigilant yakamik. The bird savagely attacks the marauder with wing and benk, and forces it to retreat in baste. A dog is no match for the crane. At nightfall the bird returns with its

flock, never losing its way, no matter how far it may wander, for its sense of location is very acute. Arrived at home, it roosts upon a tree or shed near its charges, to be ready to resume its supervision of them when they are let out again in the morning.

The bird is as affectionate as it is trustworthy. It will follow its master about, capering with delight, and show. ing its appreciation of his caresses by the most absurd movements.

Mr. Carter Beard, in an article in the Popular Science News, says that the yakamik is so jealous of other house. hold pets that when it appears at meal. times it will not take its own food until it has driven off every cat and dog and secured full possession for itself. It can bear no rival in its master's favor, and will not even tolerate the negro waiters unless it knows them

The Last Dollar.

A prosperous New-Yorker, who h the course of twenty-five years has me tained high distinction in his profes sion, attributes his success in large measure to his father's good sense la appealing to his manliness and pride. He had been an indolent student at

college, and had made a poor use of his advantages; and as soon as he was graduated he had asked his father to allow him to go to New York and to study law. The father's reply was brusque and forcible. "So far as I can make it out, you have wasted your time at college," he

said, "and there is no ground for faith in your success at the bar. Still you may do as you like. I shall give you one hundred dollars; but remember that when you have spent your last dollar, it will be useless to ask me for This reads like an unkind, unsympathetic speech, but the son treasures it

to this day as a rich legacy from a wise father. It helped to develop in him a spirit of manly independence. It made im set his teeth together, and resolve that under no circumstances would be ask his father for another dollar.

A strange glow of excitement brightens the veteran's face whenever he tells the story of his last dollar.

When he reached New York the letters of introduction upon which he laddepended failed to secure an opening for him, and he found himself without a friend in the great city. Week after week he walked the streets in search of employment in stores, factories and offices, and he received no encourage ment. His lodgings became poorer and poorer, his luncheon was dropped, and

at last he had only one meal a day. There came a day when he had only one dollar left in his pocket. It was late in the afternoon, and he had eaten nothing since the previous night. With this last dollar unbroken he secured a clerkship in a dry-goods store, and the crisis of his fortunes was passed. Six months afterward there was an opening for him in a law office, and events

ally he became a successful lawyer. A metropolitan banker recently re marked that his bank was an asylum for millionaires' grandsons. "I have six of them in training as clerks," he said, "and not one of them has the energy required for earning his living upaided. If they were poor men, with out having the prospect of inheriting great wealth, they would find it for their benefit to learn something in my bank, and to fit themselves for useful careers."

That was a cynical remark at the expense of rich men's sons; but it is true that hard and painful experiences. like the young collegian's search for employment with his last dollar in his pocket, toughen the fibre of one's manhood and develop force of character and, with the possession of good mental qualities, contribute to success in life--Youth's Companion.

Not What They Expected.

Burglars make a mistake when they tackle a physician's house. One broke into a London doctor's consulting room a short time ago, and the doctor thres at him the first thing he could lay his hands on. It happened to be a bottle of oil of

the neck and broke. The thief got away, but the next day the police suiffed at every suspicous character they met, and soon secured their man-Twenty-four hours later when are

peppermint, which caught the thief in

raigned in court, he still recked of the peppermint. Not many weeks previously another thief was discovered by a physician in his room.

The doctor pretended that he thought the intruder was a new patient come for a consultation, and thumped and pounded him for ten minutes in the most professional manner, pronounced him perfectly sound, and charged him

Under That Head. Mrs. Closs-Why. Hannah, the Rev.

Mr. Whitechocker says he called on his sleyele yesterday and you said I was Hannah (from Boston)-Yes, ma am

you told me if any peddlars called I was to say that you were not at home. -Cleveland Plain Dealer. Kemarkable.

"I talked yesterday to 500 men, all under conviction," said one preacher let "You did? Well, that was remark

able! Where was 11? "At Sing Sing!"-New York Herald.

It is not a question so much of being an old maid or married, as it is appear tion of a salary or a man.