

## A BREVET-BACHELOR.

HERE are more things in the service than brass buttons and dashing cavalrymen, and dying at the post of duty, and the rest of the stock phrases of romance. There are a few fixed principles and some prejudices which it is just as well not to run up against, because the service can take revenge upon occasions. Ordinarily a moderate amount of tact and common decency will take you through until you have learned those things which are set down in neither the drill manual nor the regulations. But Miss Hadley had only beauty and pure cheek. She came from somewhere down the southern way—Los Angeles, or San Diego, or something, to visit the Strongs at Angel Island. And from the moment she set foot upon the landing she began to make herself unpopular. She had had visions of stepping ashore among a group of kneeling lieutenants, rather after the fashion of the accredited paintings of the "Landing of Columbus" or the "Jesuit Fathers." But the lieutenants were busy, or they were taking naps, or sitting on their front porches, with their feet on the railings. They crossed the bay to the city daily, and graced every cottillon and function worth speaking of, and beautiful girls were not new. They had never even heard that Miss Hadley was beautiful. They were in deep darkness concerning the local belles of—wherever it was, down south.

However, several of them met her at dinner that night, and the rest called afterwards, as is the custom. Miss Hadley did not know it was the custom. She thought it was all on her own account, and that the post was beginning to come to its senses, which made her yet more arrogant. Some dispositions thrive upon being made much of, returning courtesy with good coin; but the latent meanness of others warms to life as the snake on the wood-chopper's hearth. As if there were not enough unattached men to occupy her, she turned her attention pointedly to La Roche, and when she saw his wife wince she redoubled her energies.

La Roche was French, and flirtatious, and clever. And whatever else was to be said of Miss Hadley, she was clever, too, in a worldly sort of way. But Mrs. La Roche was stupid, and blushingly aware of her stupidity. Still, she was a good-hearted little thing, and had done a kind turn to every one in the garrison at one time or another, and it resented seeing her made jealously wretched, her pale eyes filling and her lips quivering, as the beauty drew La Roche to a remote corner and leveled her batteries upon him. Everybody was scandalized—and the feelings of the bachelors were hurt. It was just a little too insolent. So they sought a punishment to fit the crime, and this is what they devised:

There was one man who had not called that first night. It was Proctor, the adjutant. He had been over in the city at a dinner. When he came back by the first boat, in the morning, a deputation met him at the wharf and carried him off to his quarters, and told him what was expected of him.

"I'm not sure that I like the part, though, you know," said Proctor, when they had explained. They impressed upon him that the dignity of the service demanded it—also that it would be very good for the girl. Proctor said it would fall through at once.

"We only want it to last a day or two," said the deputation.

On that understanding he consented. "But I won't lie you know," he told them. "You'll have to do any of that."

"It won't be necessary," they assured him. "If she asks—which is unlikely—we will say with one accord that you are a brevet-bachelor." You will not find the definition of that in the tactics.

So Proctor went over to the Strongs' quarters, and found Miss Hadley, gotten up in the sort of morning-robe that it is not customary to display to the gaze of several hundred soldiers, more or less, in a corner of the porch with La Roche. Proctor ousted him in about ten minutes. He fought openly, dwelling upon the charms of La Roche's four small children, the details of the cunning things they said, and of the last attack of croup of the youngest; how its "Da-da" had nursed it, and how the babies loved him. Miss Hadley laughed. That hurt La Roche's self-esteem, and he went home.

Then Proctor started in to do as he was bid. It was a pleasant game enough. Miss Hadley could be agreeable when she chose. She was the one-man-at-a-time stamp of girl, and for the nonce Proctor was the man. He stayed all the morning, also to luncheon, also all the afternoon. Part of the time they played together on the mandolin and guitar, and for the rest they talked. Then he stayed to dinner, and until some time after taps. When official duties called him off he was back again surprisingly soon.

Of course there was the chance in this kind of thing that Miss Hadley might

grow sick of him. But he took it. There was the better chance that she would be very much flattered, and Proctor believed that he was the sort of fellow who could be interesting for eighteen hours at a stretch.

"It's not fair," Mrs. Strong protested to her husband.

"You'd have thought it so, if it had been me instead of La Roche," he suggested.

"But it's not fair to Ella," she insisted, weakly.

"Ella will think it's a good joke, which it is. He has written her the whole thing. He told me so."

"But is it right of us? Miss Hadley is our guest."

"Oh, no, she's not; that's a mistake. We are here on sufferance. You are useful to order the meals and I to guard her against intruders on their tete-a-tetes." He reminded her of episodes in proof of this.

"Has she asked you about him?" Mrs. Strong wanted to know.

He said that she had. "And I told her that he was a brevet-bachelor. Proctor himself came in at the moment and she dropped it. Now you be still for a day or two and let things take their course." And they took it, at hand-gallip.

Miss Hadley might have guessed that one first lieutenant could never have afforded all the fancy boxes of flowers and candles that came over for her, in Proctor's name, by about every boat. But she did not stop to reflect probably; and she was mightily pleased, both with herself and him. Whereupon she was still more disagreeable to every one else.

But a tiny cloud began to float across her blue sky. The flowers and sweets were many and arrived regularly, and when they wanted Proctor at the adjutant's office they sent for him to the Strongs'. And yet, though the week of her visit was drawing to a close, he was no nearer to love-making than upon the first day. She grew a trifle uneasy. It was not that she wanted Proctor, but that she wanted to know she could have him. So she condescended, in the dilemma, to speak to her host. "Mr. Proctor is a desperate flirt, don't you think?" she asked. It was meant to be light, but it was a shade unkind.

That would have been Strong's chance to have put an end to a joke that was going too far. It had gotten away from them, and the man to stop it refused to arise. Strong funkled. He looked mean, and said that he had never known Proctor to flirt. "He is swathed in red tape, as a general thing, has notions of duty and the rest of it." Then he went off and swore at Proctor in his own breast. Which is human nature.

Proctor for his part swore at everybody else openly. "I'm so far in it now that I don't know how to get out," he said; and they grinned and suggested that he tell the truth and shame the devil.

"And feel more of a confounded ass than I do now."

"Consider—you are avenging us," cooed the bachelors.

He said rude things about them. They asked what he would like them to do.

"Shall we come in a body the next time you are en tete-a-tete and explain, or shall we do it while you are absent and can't defend yourself? Any way you put it you will look a good deal of a cad, you know." They chuckled.

Proctor sulked. "Mrs. Strong has got to do it," he announced.

"Mrs. Strong won't. She feels about as small as you do. She goes around with the look of a stage conspirator. You might draw off gradually," they advised.

"I might make a qualified flat of my self!" said Proctor; "I've done it, as it is." He departed to keep an engagement to walk around the island with Miss Hadley.

When they started he made the solemn resolve that before they got to quarantine station she should know all. But she swung into the post as blissfully ignorant as she had left it. He had funkled again.

And at this point Fate came to his aid. They sat on the steps of the Strongs' quarters, resting, when an orderly brought a telegram for him and a box for Miss Hadley. The box contained violets. Proctor was pleased to think what those little attentions were costing the other bachelors, but he glanced at his own card, lying in the purple fragrance, with loathing. Then he opened the telegram, and put it hastily in his pocket.

Miss Hadley asked what it was. He said that it was from some one he had to meet at the train to-morrow.

"Which train?" said Miss Hadley.

"The train from the East," said Proctor.

She told him that she, too, was going to the city on the early boat for a few hours. "We may strike the same one coming back."

He thought it would probably be his unmentionable luck.

And it came to pass as Miss Hadley had predicted. They struck the same boat. She came aboard hurriedly, just as the gang-plank was being drawn in, and she looked about for Proctor, gaining, possessively, as though he must, of course, be there. But he was not to be seen. So she stood and talked to a group of post people, as the boat swung out into the bay and the foggy wind blew stiffly about them. She was not sensitive, yet she was dimly aware that they were civil beyond their wont; even there seemed a vague sympathy in their manner. But she was busy and abstracted, watching for Proctor. He might be below deck, or in the cabin.

At length he appeared, from the other side of the deck, walking with—another girl. The girl glanced at her with a half-smile. She was so pretty that Miss Hadley's lips set, and she forgot what she had been saying.

Proctor and the girl strolled to the stern and stood there. Then Proctor caught Miss Hadley's amazed eye, and he raised his hat. But she beckoned. It was assurance, to say the very least, but he went to her, leaving the other girl. The group would have been glad to melt away, but some way it couldn't.

Then Miss Hadley's admirable and perfect cool cheek reached its zenith. "Who is your pretty friend?" she asked. Brummel could not have been more superb.

There was a pause. Some one might have helped Proctor out, but no one did. A snicker came from the group and turned into a cough. Then the man in Proctor came to his aid, the realization that it was all everybody else's fault, anyway—Miss Hadley's in particular. He looked at her in stern reproach. "She is my wife, Miss Hadley."

The very winds and the screw were hushed. In the silence Proctor's eyes began to shift. But Miss Hadley's own were on his face, and they never wavered. Somewhere in their limpid depths there was a twinkle. About the corners of her month there was an unmistakably amused twitch. She raised a bunch of violets to hide it. They were the ones that had come the day before. He moved uneasily and met the eyes peering above the flowers again. This time they held him.

"I wonder"—Miss Hadley's voice came slowly, with a distinctness that must have penetrated even to the stern—"I wonder whether it is I or you—all, who feels the most cheap? Take me to meet your wife, Mr. Proctor."

And he took her.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### Unpleasant Bedf Hows.

The adventures of naturalists in odd corners of the globe rival the experiences of explorers in variety and interest. Dr. Maximilian Schumann, a Belgian naturalist, journeyed through Mexico, not many years ago, and here is one of the reminiscences which he brought back with him:

I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas toward the southeast to examine some ancient Toltec ruins.

I arrived at my destination late at night and lighted a fire within the ruins to make my supper. After eating I spread my blanket and lay down. When I awoke in the morning my first impulse was to stretch out my hand. I threw it out from under the blanket, and as I did so it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake, quietly coiled by my side. I escaped by the merest chance.

Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see six other rattlesnakes coiled at intervals over my body.

The reptiles did not belong to the variety commonly known in California, but were of a peculiarly poisonous species found in hot regions. When I lighted my fire in the evening it was too dark to see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls.

The altitude of the ruins is nearly 8,000 feet, and so the nights are cold. My fire had attracted the reptiles. When they approached it they found my bed, and discerning the warm blankets, crawled upon them and went to sleep.

I extricated myself from the blanket with infinite care. Once on my feet I was no longer afraid of the reptiles, but as I already had specimens of them in my collection, I killed them all and nailed them to the adobe wall with my card on each.

### Klondike Punishment.

According to the Omaha Bee, the people of Dawson City have adopted a novel and effective cure for crime. It is a monster wood-pile, of a size to awe the most hardened offender.

A man convicted of any offense is compelled to saw wood. He saws ten hours a day steadily, day after day, until his sentence expires. He must saw regardless of the weather. In the most intense cold, the hardest rain, the fiercest snowstorm, he is compelled to continue sawing; and if the day has not ten hours of light, lanterns are provided to enable him to put in a full day.

When the pile of sawed wood begins to get low, the authorities sentence men for very slight offenses, and the natural result is that everybody is kept on his good behavior.

The proper place to keep money is in a sugar bowl, but if you want to be absolutely secure, keep your money in your stocking, and wear the stocking.

### FUNNY OLD RAILROAD.

Cars Drawn by Locomotives Which Could Not Turn Round.

According to Dr. W. W. Smith, of Williston, S. C., the first railroad in the United States was the South Carolina Railroad, afterward called the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, running from Charleston to Augusta, a distance of 140 miles. The road was begun in 1826 and completed in 1833, says the Augusta Herald.

Some of the queer things which distinguished it from the roads of to-day were:

The first motive power used on this road was wind, utilized in sails made of cloth on the cars.

The locomotives had two smokestacks, one at each end. In going to Charleston one of the stacks was used, and in coming back the other.

There were no spark arresters, and everybody along the route had to watch his property to prevent its being burned up.

One hundred miles a day was good traveling in those days.

When night came on all hands struck camp and waited for daylight to come in order to proceed.

The track was composed of ties and thirty-foot stringers, on which a band of iron like a common tire was laid and nailed down to the wood.

A track walker went ahead of the engine every day to knock down the "snake-heads" or nail heads to prevent accidents. The dread of the engineer was the "snake-heads" or nails protruding above the iron rail, for they were prolific sources of accidents. The conductors collected the fares from the outside, walking on boards about like the open street cars are now arranged.

There were no conveniences on the cars as in this day and time. The cars stopped at stated intervals for the convenience of the passengers.

The mail facilities were meager and very primitive. A split stick served for a mail bag, as letters were put in sticks and handed up to the conductor, and were thrown out the same way.

The coupling links were made of wood, so that when a car ran off it would break and save the others from running off.

## TALKS ON ADVERTISING

### How Doctors Advertise.

The keen-eyed stranger sidled up to the tall man who was hurriedly looking through his letters.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but if I am not mistaken you are one of the physicians of the great author who is lying dangerously ill?"

"I am," remarked the tall man.

"Thank you," said the stranger. "Then I assume that yours is one of the names that appears on the hourly bulletin?"

"It does," said the tall man.

"Thank you again," said the stranger. "And now, what I want to suggest to you is that you permit me, for a handsome compensation, of course, to add these words at the bottom of each bulletin: 'Use Bulger's Blood Bitters! They fight off disease?'"

"Sir!" roared the tall man, trembling with indignation, "those bulletins are not advertisements!"

"Aren't they?" screeched the peppery stranger. "Then take your own name off 'em!"

And he stalked away, leaving the tall man speechless with rage.—Publicity.

### A Dorky's Delusion.

A story is told about an old Southern colored man who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock. "I want yer to fix up dese hands. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six munfs."

"Well, where is the clock?" responded the watchmaker.

"Out at my house."

"But I must have the clock."

"Diddn' I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid de clock 'cepting de han's? An' here dey be. You jest want de clock so you kin tinkler wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem hands." And so saying he started off to find an honest watchmaker.

### The Military Salute.

The war has brought the half military salutation into still more popularity. Even ladies consider that it is much more reverent and popular than the old custom of the gentlemen lifting their hats to the women, and many of the "sex divine" are now returning and giving the half military salutation instead of the old-time formal bows. It is a little awkward at the start, but the half military salutation is the most graceful manner of greeting friends, and besides it is much more dignified than old-time "bowing and scraping."

### Quaint Old Custom.

At Christmas parties in the last century Twelfth Night cards representing ministers, maids of honor and other attendants of a court were dealt out, and the characters had to be sustained until midnight.

Didn't Work.  
"What a beautiful lounge!"  
"Yes. That's a birthday present from my husband. He always gives me a present that costs him as many dollars as I am years old."  
"That's nice of him. It reconciles one to growing old. By the way, I have a lounge at home like that but not nearly as fine, and we paid \$88 for it."  
"Is that all? This—this didn't cost nearly as much as that."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Mystery of Dust at Sea.

It is a puzzling fact that the decks of sailing vessels show dust at night, even if washed in the morning, and no work is done during the day. This is like indigestion and dyspepsia, which creeps on one unawares. The only way to cure them is by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also prevents malaria, fever and ague.

The consumption of cotton per head of Germany's population has been more than doubled since 1875.

### He Caught On.

He—Do you believe in hypnotism?  
She—I heard the other day of a man who was hypnotized by being made to look for some time at a diamond ring.

He—I wonder if any bright piece of glass would have done it as well.

She—Perhaps so, with a man, but not with a woman.

He (at a jeweler's the next day)—I want a diamond ring, lady's size, brightest you have.—N. Y. World.

The German military experts who are superintending the construction of the Southwest African railway from Swakopmund to Windhoek—about 400 kilometers—estimate that it will cost only \$3,000,000. More than a quarter of the line is already completed.

### STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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### Not Fond of Company.

Quericus—Is Nearleigh hospitable?  
Cynicus—I should say not. Why he wouldn't even entertain a doubt.—Town Topics.

India has perhaps a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world, having 15,000 native species, while the flora of the entire continent of Europe only embraces about 10,000.

One of the richest copper deposits known in the South lies in Pearson county, N. C. The mine is taking out about 100 tons of ore a day. This ore, when cobbed—that is, picked for shipment—will average 30 per cent of copper.

Of all the curious kinds of lace, especially old lace, the most curious is that which is called point tresse. It is very rare, and was made of human hair. French collectors say it exists in the present day only in their cabinets. It was confined to the early part of the 16th century.

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