

A Dog Robber's Charge.

By P. Y. Black,
Author of "The God Sentations," "Sergeant of the Guards," "Old Hearts Alamo," Etc.

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Spud's face gloomed. "I'm fond of a good time on pay day, doctor, with the boys, but since this here miserable racket I've sworn off. What'll I do? My righteous example ain't no good. He breaks out in spots, and there ain't no knowing when Sammy's gobs to break out. That's the worst. Some day he'll do it at the wrong time, when I ain't around, and then he'll break the old man's heart."

He looked at the now sleeping officer in despair. "Wish he'd get shot before it becomes known," he muttered fiercely. "Doctor, the boys will do anything for me. Doctor, this is for me. Don't give it away. Cure him. Here's a good sort."

The kid hummed gently: "That I may die and not disagree I intend divy." "Did the senator drink hard, Murphy, when he was trading in politics in that sweet land you're so fond of—the ward?"

"Why, sure, sir, they all did," said Spud, "but he took it like a man." "And his father, I suppose," said the kid grimly, "took it like a man, and his and this poor devil is the result. Murphy, my lad, when you say your prayers or tell your beads or whatever you do, pray that drinking may again become fashionable—in the interests of Lieutenant Owen. And in the meantime, before he wakes and gets the blues, you had better corral his cartridges."

"I done that," said Spud, "though it might be better they way too." "No, Murphy," said the kid. "That would be a bad expose. Soldiers must all other people with bullets, but should scrupulously respect their own persons."

The kid respected Private Spud's anxiety to save the unhappy lieutenant from dismissal. He watched over Owen's "attack of malaria" personally, so that even that critical outbreak of the man's passed unnoticed by the adjutant or men. In a week Owen was back with the troop, grayer and thinner, quieter and graver than ever, but with the same nervous courtousness which made his troopers as also his comrades regard him with a pitying liking.

The little doctor and Owen had a long private talk, and it is to be supposed the kid dabbed a nostril outside the regular pharmacy of the faculty, for he and Owen took together four weeks' leave of absence, and the doctor brought the lieutenant back to Spud looking better than ever he had since the craving had burst upon him.

"Take him, Murphy," said the kid confidently, "and you can let him have the run of the pistol cartridges." "The blessing of the ward is on ye," said Spud, with great joy, and thereafter permitted himself to mingle as freely as in former days with the troop, to take his regular break at the post trader's and to share the glories of the ward and of the Owen family as magnificently as before. Again the old saloon keeper received a letter from his son, which he showed to the senator, and again was the old lawbreaker's heart borne up within him, as he dreamed of glory—real glory, not of the political order, whose hollowness he knew—for his boy.

For war with the air, the Maine went down, and then war came. "That was six months after the kid had brought Owen back to duty. During the last three of these the soul of Murphy had been possessed with doubt. Something was wrong with his charge. Just what he could not say. It was not the old trouble—nor once had the minor child consumed the officers—that seemed to have left him. Whatever it may have been, a something of alteration was in the eye and step of the lieutenant. Now he was listless; he took no part in social gatherings; he avoided any more duty than was absolutely necessary. Before, when not incapacitated by his vice, he had been a burning student, indefatigable in helping his troop to star rank in the regiment. Books no longer interested him nor drills. He cared not whether his men were marksmen or sharpshooters. Spud took heart of grace and wrote to the kid, who had been sent to another station, and the kid replied, a little anxiously, but hopefully.

"In changing his inherent nature in one direction," said he, "it is possible that other traits may have been weakened, but it is probable he will be his busy self again in time. So long as the great object was attained by my cure I really don't care much about the rest." But Spud did. The troop was crazy with delight at getting the route for Cuba. Owen disguised his own feelings from every one, but not from the watchful attendant.

"Hully gee," Spud moaned, "he—he don't want to go." The dog robber gazed, and it is to be feared that when in attendance on his master in the seclusion of the latter's quarters, things passed which had better fitted the long gone days when they were only big boy and little boy on the block, and Spud had forced the child to fight or be thrashed. It resulted in Owen's trusting aside his listlessness for a time and moving around with some enthusiasm in the preparations for departure. The dog robber, however, was gravely indignant in heart as he watched the lieutenant's condition.

"By gee," said he, "I asked him to cure him of drink, but not to take all the spirit out of him. What'll I do? A coward's worse than 'other thing." Then it came about that on a very hot day in the afternoon a ship strange in these waters crept closely in to the Cuban coast. She steamed slowly along, her bulwarks lined with watchful armed men, whose wide, gray camouflaged beach stretched, a shining ribbon, along the edge of the sea, and great clouds of surf sparkled in the sun as the waves broke on the coral reefs a little cut from the shore. The land

within lay a garden of the gods, as green, as fruitful, to all seeming as peaceful. A net of jungle, of trailing, thorny vines and tropical bush, with bamboos and hangars and clumps of cocoa palms, reached back from the beach, rising gently until some miles inland the dark ridges of the hills loomed in the horizon.

No sound came from the land, no foe showed himself as the ship drifted gently in and then lay still some hundreds of yards from shore. Swiftly from her sides two longboats were lowered, and each was filled with men with carbine, ammunition belt and pistol.

"Lieutenant Pauks will take charge of boat No. 1, Lieutenant Owen of No. 2," said the commanding officer. "You have your instructions, gentlemen. Good luck to you. In an hour or two I shall expect you back with the information and the scouts."

That No. 1 was lying ready and impatient when Mr. Pauks swung himself in the stern. "Give way, men," said he. "See if we can't beat the other boat ashore. 'Now then," he added to the Cuban at the tiller, "look out for the reef. I'd as soon get there dry as wet."

"Where is No. 2?" a soldier queried as they shot forward. "Lieutenant Owen," said the commanding officer impatiently, "what is the matter? Your men are all in the boat."

A voice from the stern of the boat spoke up, gently, sedate and respectful as need be, yet with a curious note in it. "The things is all with me, lieutenant. There's nothin left behind," it said.

Owen started at Spud's rebuke, a rebuke only to his ears, and in his turn swung over and seated himself in the stern close to his attendant. "Give way," he said, but there was no jolly appeal to his squad to beat the others. The men looked gruffly as they noted the start the others had.

"Them fellows have the luck," one growled. "They will be first ashore." Spud had a corner of his eye on Owen's face. In the crowded small boat their shoulders touched. The officer's face was gray, his foot trembled.

"This is black ruin," thought Spud; "black ruin and disgrace for him and the ward. If I—if I dared!" He watched the men furtively. One man nudged another, and both looked at Owen and sneered. Spud ground his teeth and marked them for future slaughter.

"They know; they see it," he inwardly growled, "and will be eternally disgraced. Oh, Sammy, Sammy, if only I could give ye a jolly good hildn to wake ye up!" He slipped a hand to a hip pocket and held a small bottle, but he did not show it back again with great distress of face.

"What's to be done? D—n the kid does! Shall I burst the cure or—Oh, this is the devil sure!" The other boat was drawing away ahead, for their officer was cheering the oarsmen on. He waved from his place in the stern a hand to Owen and cried back gayly, "You're not in it, Owen."

The men looked at Owen. He made no response. There was a certain hope or in being first to set foot on the shore, but the soldiers saw disgustingly that their officer did not desire it. Danger was there, and he—be f—unked it. That was the sudden thought that sprang to each man's mind, and they looked blackly on him.

Spud moved in the boat, standing up so that he hid the lieutenant while he stooped on some pretense. He held out a black bottle and whispered angrily. "Drink, Sammy, drink, and God forgive us both!"

The lieutenant looked at him in sudden horror. It was as though one's guardian angel, who had watched for long, should abandon his task and assume a demon's form. "You—you want me to?"

"Drink and say nothin," said poor Spud, "for if fightin's to be done that kid, and the soldiers say it. Drink!" He drank quickly and deeply. He handed the bottle back to Spud, who slipped it away. In a minute Owen's face flushed, and his eye brightened. He stood up and spoke to the men and bade the rowers pull. He was more like himself, and their faces brightened.

"Pull boys," he said, "and we'll beat those fellows for all their start. Murphy," he whispered as he sat down again, "give me that bottle." Spud moaned, but the first step was taken. He passed it over, and again the officer drank, and this time he kept the flask. Over the blue waters they skimmed. The reef was near.

"Two to one in V's we beat you, Owen!" sang Pauks. "Done. Give way, men!" Owen cried, and the men laughed. Spud brightened up. The poison was working. He knew what the doctor would say, but bade the morrow begone! Enough to live bravely through the day. At the reef a false turn at the tiller capsize Pauks' boat, and Owen gained and passed them. They cleared the surf. They ran high on the white shore. They formed skirmishers 20 yards apart and plunged into the jungle without waiting for the other boat. These were almost immediately after them, however, yet Owen had time to stop and in the shelter of a bush gulp down another drink. The blood dashed through his veins. Blood filled his eyes. He was a new man from the listless craven an hour ago. Danger, certain fighting, was before him, and he knew and welcomed it. Spud was by him and was astonished. If the doctor had been there, the kid could have told the dog robber that his master had been returned nervously to a boyish condition, and the liquor would act on him as it would on a boy who had never touched it before. But Spud was almost scared, so red were Owen's cheeks, so full of vivacity his manner as he led his men, now following him with cheerful amazement. In the jungle the two boat loads joined and completed a skirmish line of some 50 men. They panted onward. Crash! From in front of them came a sudden volley. "Down!" yelled Pauks. "Down and steady! Return the fire lying!"

Down they went, and the Spanish bullets flew over their heads. They fired back at the puffs of smoke, but Owen stood up, waving his sword.

Pauks was his senior and called out to him: "Owen, they are in force and must be in rifle pits. We should draw back to the boats for further orders until the gimblet shells them out. What do you say?"

Owen was hidden from view for a moment. When he appeared again, he had finished the fateful bottle and thrown it and discretion away. "Nonsense!" he cried. "They are on! Spaniards anyway. At them, boys! Commence firing! Forward! Double time! Commence firing!"

The men cheered, cheering, and gained 20 yards by the rush, when they went down again and peeped away. Again Owen commanded, and again they rushed. Now they gained a rise and saw ahead of them a little way—saw the mounds of a row of rifle pits. "Owen!" yelled Pauks. "It is madness to take them with our force. They must be shelled!"

A hissing volley of Mauser bullets streamed from behind the earthworks and drowned Owen's reply. The men, lying down, escaped injury, and at once Owen's voice was again at them in a frenzy. "Curse 'em! Forward! Commence firing!"

Pauks was overborne! The spirit of Owen had permeated the men. They were laughing and swearing and cheering and making a grand series of rushes, with every now and again a gap of more than the ordered 20 yards in the line. The daring thing had its immediate effect. A Spaniard bounced up from back of the rifle pits and dashed into the farther jungle. Another and another.

When a batch of goods is needed for the market, the stock in the pans is broken into pieces and put into a boiler surrounded by a steam jacket. It is reduced by heat to the consistency of taffy at an old-fashioned candy pull. Skilled workmen shape the mass into long strips that lie like golden snakes on a board table.

They are fed to a cutting machine, a noisy little monster with an insatiable appetite for sweets. You could almost cover the machine with a hat, yet it turns out malt creamlets nearly as fast as a Maxim gun hurls a storm of bullets. Besides, his staff always suggested good headlines, and that was one of Storey's hobbies.

"On one occasion the correspondent sent up about 700 words which went into 100, with nothing over. On the 100 words I constructed a headline which was right up to the mark. The next day I was instructed to tell the man who made out the checks for the country correspondents to knock \$5 off the correspondent's pay."

"When he received his check, he wrote to Mr. Storey saying that under ordinary circumstances he wouldn't kick about the deduction, but in this particular instance he did because a fool headline over the item made by a fool telegraph editor had infuriated the man whose name was mentioned in the dispatch and brought on a fight between him and the correspondent, the result of which was that the correspondent was fined \$5 in the police court."

"Mr. Storey was a very just man when you got at him the right way. He instructed the cashier to send the correspondent the amount of the fine and raised my salary because the headline I wrote had caused a row. That was his way of encouraging a headline writer."—New York Sun.

Cities Without Slums. Berlin has none of the horrible areas which disgrace London and so many other English towns. Even in the poorest quarters the dwellings are good, the streets well paved, clean and comparatively wide. It also has no slums in the English sense of the word. Kioto, in Japan, and Sevastopol, in Russia, both boast an absence of slums and paupers. In England the largest amount of slum which is free from this reproach is probably Huddersfield, and after that would come Leamington Spa and London by the Sea.—Pearson's Weekly.

There They Were. "I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow prisoners, "the result of a moment of abstraction." "And I am here," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things." "And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself."

"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."—Kansas City Independent.

Sleeping Rooms. In all sleeping apartments where carpet is used, in the interest of health, an uncovered painted margin should entirely surround the room so as to prevent the accumulation of dust, possibly containing dangerous microbes in the cracks. If this border is regularly washed with water containing a disinfectant, it will also aid materially in purifying the room.

Not Overloaded. "I suppose," said the effusive lady who was visiting the Meektons, "that your wife is sure that she has the best husband that ever lived?" "Yes," answered Meekton, with some things like a sigh. "But at the same time I don't believe she thinks that is saying much for me."—Washington Star.

Advice From Way Up. "Understand me," said the balloon to the parachute, "I wouldn't for the world encourage drinking habits in the young and innocent, but at the same time I don't think a drop would hurt you in the least."

Whereupon the parachute dropped.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Expensive Tastes Satisfied. Nell-I didn't think Cholly would ever make up his mind to get married. He had such expensive tastes.

Belle—That accounts for it. He says his wife is the dearest girl in the world.—Philadelphia Record.

Tough World. "I tell you," said the curbstone moralist, "this is a tough world." "That's so," the busy man took time to reply, "and very few of us will get out of it alive."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

CONFECTIONS FROM GRAIN.

Wheat and Malt Used in the Manufacture of Candy. A manufacturing plant in New Jersey, formerly used as a manilla paper mill, is now operated by a corporation engaged in the unique industry of making confections from wheat and malt. About the last materials in the world one would expect to find in candy.

In the earlier stages of the process the grain is fanned, ground and mixed in proper proportions. Then it is cooked to a mash, from which a thin sirup is squeezed by hydraulic presses and conducted to a great iron evaporator. Thence the sirup is carried in pipes to a vacuum pan. Here it is vigorously stirred and further evaporated. The thickened sirup is drawn off into huge, shallow tin pans, where it is cooled and hardened. Plain or flavored with peppermint, the mass is a rich golden brown in color. Combined with chocolate it is dark as the familiar caramel in the candy shops.

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AN EXPLANATION.

If you'll make a diagnosis when you're feeling sad and dreary. As you would with any everyday disease. If you'll simply question science as to why you're gloom and weary. And everything seems dull and ill at ease. Perhaps you will discover, after devious calculations. The cause of all these symptoms which assail, and you'll smile as you reflect, in spite of various irritations. That it's nothing but the weather after all.

You'll find a sigh denoting neither sorrow nor contentment. A tear drop not indicative of care. They are products of the meteorological condition. Of extra moisture that is in the air. Or perhaps it's not in reason fortune's chance to be revelling. Or when the sun comes out again, again we will be smiling. It's nothing but the weather after all. —Washington Star.

SPIRIT SLATE WRITING.

How the Mysterious Sentences Are Prepared in Advance. Spiritualistic slate writing, if cleverly done, always makes a marked impression on a manager's audience because it utterly baffles their efforts to detect the trick. They see a small cabinet suspended above the stage by means of cords or ribbons. It has an open front and is empty. The magician turns it around so that every part of it may be seen and taps it inside and out with his wand to show that it is hollow.

On a stand near by he has a small case, a common school slate, a bottle of India ink with a quill pen in it and a few sheets of ordinary white writing paper. All these he passes around among the audience for examination. Then he fixes a sheet of the paper to the slate by means of wafers, places the slate on the case and the end in the cabinet, together with the bottle of ink, the latter having the pen still in it.

Having allowed the audience to see the articles thus arranged in the cabinet, he throws a large silk handkerchief over it. Mysterious sounds are immediately heard, and the cabinet shakes as if some living thing had entered it. When the sounds and the shaking cease, he removes the handkerchief, showing an inscription written in bold black letters on the paper and the pen not in the ink bottle, but lying on the bottom of the cabinet. He then removes the paper from the slate and passes it around for examination, when the writing is immediately recognized as having been done with India ink.

The explanation of the trick is simple. The writing was done in advance by the performer, the fluid used being a solution of sulphuric acid of the purest quality. To make the solution 50 drops of the concentrated acid are added to one ounce of filtered water. Writing done with this solution is invisible until exposed to heat. When so exposed, it comes out perfectly black, looking exactly like dried India ink.

The heat is applied by means of an electric current running over wire with which the slate is wound. The cords by which the cabinet is suspended conceal copper wires, which conduct the current to the slate. Black silk threads suitably attached enable the performer to make the sounds in the cabinet, to cause the cabinet to shake and to jerk the pen out of the ink bottle.

Several sheets of paper are prepared in advance, each with a different inscription, the performer telling one inscription from another by secretly marked pin pricks.—New York Herald.

Keeping at It. There is a very old but very good story about a boy who was engaged one winter day in putting a ton of coal into a cellar. His only implement was a small fire shovel. Noticing this, a benevolent old gentleman expressed surprise and commiseration.

"My son," said the gentleman, "you surely do not expect to put in all that coal with that little shovel?" "Oh, yes, I do," replied the boy cheerfully. "All I have to do is to keep at it."

There is a lesson in this story for young and old, and it is exemplified in the lives of the great men of the world. It is a mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great strength and many opportunities.

"Keeping at it" is the secret of success.—Exchange.

Left Handed Medicine. An Atesion druggist tells this story and declares that it is true: He had tonsillitis, but did not send for a doctor, as he knew he would be all right as soon as the swelling "broke." But his wife was worried and insisted on sending for a doctor. When the doctor arrived, he looked through his medicine case, and said he had nothing suitable for the patient; that the medicine he had was for the right side, whereas the swelling in the throat was on the left side. Then he hurried away to get his left handed medicine.—Atesion Globe.

Never Wanted to Be at Home. "Oh, you men, you men! When you used to call on me before we were married, it was all you could do to tear yourself from me at midnight. Now you are never so happy as when you are away from home."

Mr. Griffin—But you seem to forget, Fannie, that I was away from home in those courtin' days when it was so hard to tear myself away.—Boston Transcript.

Reviews. "That must be a pretty bad tooth-ache to swell your face like that. Why don't you see a dentist?"

Mr. Griffin—But you seem to forget, Fannie, that I was away from home in those courtin' days when it was so hard to tear myself away.—Boston Transcript.

The Strength of a Shark. Given special advantages, such as that of holding the end of a stout rope at the other extremity of which is a hook fixed in a shark's mouth, man may, with the assistance of a number of his fellows, have the best of the shark. But alone and in the water the advantage is wholly and absolutely the other way, and the strongest swimmer and the bravest heart fail when the tyrant of the sea seeks to make his acquaintance.

The shark is a creature gifted with great strength, a savage temper, dogged perseverance and exceptional power of jaw. The lion and tiger may mangle, the crocodile may lacerate, the bulldog may hold fast—the shark alone of living creatures possesses the power of nipping on a human limb at a clean bite.

In Illinois the foreign white persons and the native white persons of foreign parentage represent a little over one-half the entire population, 40 per cent in Idaho, 18 to 20 per cent in Delaware and the District of Columbia, over 8 per cent in Florida and less than 2 per cent in Georgia.

How to Wash Gilded China. Never put soda in the water in which you wash china that has any gilding on it. Soda injures the gilding. Instead use soap, which answers just as well and has no ill effects.

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The Discovery of Electricity.

Children rub together bits of amber picked up from the ground and find that when rubbed these small pieces of waxlike substance are excited to attract particles of light substances, like straw and feathers. Could anything be more elementary or seemingly further removed from the mighty mechanical developments of the electrical powers which now surround us? Yet that simple frictional play was the starting point of all we now possess electrically. It lay by as a child's sport for ages—lay by for Sir Isaac Newton himself to look at, contained only to a box with a glass lid containing paper figures, which would move when the glass surface was excited by friction. A little later, and the flat glass surface became a tube, a globe, a globe revolving on a frame, a machine, an electrical battery, and so steadily onward until, each step marked by a gentle advancement upon advancement, lightning and thunder themselves were the inventions of man as well as of nature.

All Cook.

"There goes a man with two cork legs. You'd never think it, would you?" "Go away! Didn't I just see him running across the street like a deer to catch that street car? He couldn't do that with cork legs, could he?" "Certainly, if, as happens to be the case, he was born in Cork."

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