

RUSSIA'S RULER IN PERIL.

An Attempt to Take His Life on the Anniversary of the Assassination of His Father.

St. Petersburg, March 15.—It was semi-officially stated today that Sunday the police were informed that an attempt might be made on the life of the czar on that day, it being the anniversary of the assassination of his father. As a result the police arrested near the imperial palace several persons discovered holding dynamite bombs in their hands ready to throw at the czar as he emerged.

LONDON, March 15.—The Russian embassy in London has received dispatches confirming the reports of a discovery of a plot to assassinate the czar and the arrest of the ring-leaders. These dispatches say that no actual attempt was made to kill the czar, as the plot had been discovered before he left the palace. The British government has received dispatches to the same effect from the British ambassador at St. Petersburg.

PRETTY NEARLY SUCCESSFUL.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Daily News says: "While the czar was remaining from the requisition services in the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul a bomb attached to a cord was thrown in his direction. The intention was to tighten the string, which was connected with the mechanism and thus explode the bomb, but before it could be executed the criminal and a suspected accomplice were seized. It was found that they lived together in a lodging house in a suburb of the city. The police visited the house and discovered there a quantity of explosives and a number of revolutionary pamphlets. Over 200 persons have already been arrested in connection with the affair, and domiciliary visits are being made throughout the city.

"The German police had warned the Russian authorities that an attempt was to be made against the czar's life, but the latter failed to trace the plotters."

A telegram from Vienna confirms the News' dispatch, and says that the bomb was thrown under the czar's carriage and that it was shaped like a book, so that it could be carried in the hand without exciting suspicion.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Standard says that one of the six students arrested in connection with the plot carried a hollow bomb containing a bottle filled with dynamite and poisoned bullets. The others had parcels and bags containing bombs.

The dispatch also says it is alleged that a woman was arrested who had a bomb concealed in her muff.

WARNED BY THE POLICE.

A St. Petersburg dispatch to the Times says: "On Sunday the route which was to have been taken by the czar was crowded with gaily dressed people. Before the imperial party left the fortress, the police telegraphed that they had grave reasons to believe that violence would be attempted, and advised their majesties to change their route. Accordingly the royal party drove by way of the New Quay and a circuitous route, avoiding the town squares where the arrests were made at the corner of the Newsky Prospect and the Great Morskai, where the plotters expected the imperial party would slacken its pace upon turning the corner. On Monday many of the 200 persons arrested were taken to a special council held on Sunday night, Grand Duke Vladimir presiding. The would-be assassin is of short stature. He refuses to reply to any questions.

Sunday morning the czar had no suspicion of any danger whatever. He had been congratulated by General Gresser upon his continued safety. He cried on hearing of the danger which he had escaped. He did not learn the particulars until he arrived at the Gatchina palace.

The persons arrested with the plot indignantly deny that they are in any way connected with the outrage, and repudiate any idea of conspiracy. They say: "The czar is the people; with the czar or against the czar."

CONGRATULATING THE CZAR.

LONDON dispatch: DeStaal, Russian ambassador at London, has received from all diplomats in London and from Prime Minister Salisbury expressions of congratulations on the czar's escape from assassination last Sunday, and of horror over the plot against his life.

St. Petersburg dispatch: The Official Messenger publishes the following: "Sunday last at 11 o'clock in the morning three students at St. Petersburg university were arrested in Newsky prospect, having in their possession dynamite bombs. The prisoners admitted that they belonged to a secret criminal society. The bombs found on them were charged with dynamite. Each bomb was arranged to throw eleven balls, and all these balls were filled with strychnine. The czar and courtiers came back from Gatchina to St. Petersburg this morning and attended a ball given by Grand Duke Vladimir and returned to Gatchina in the evening.

RUSSIAN PEOPLE INDIGNANT.

VIENNA, March 15.—It has been ascertained that the discovered conspiracy of Russian land owners and tradesmen to overthrow the czar's government was very extensive and included a number of military officers, and that it was chiefly on that ground that the czar was adverse to embarking in war.

NO CRUELTY WITALETER.

SOFTS, March 15.—The medical commission appointed at the instance of the czar to investigate the stories about cruelties being perpetrated on the rebel prisoners reports that there is no truth in them.

Patriotic But Not Warlike.

As it was said of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, "It is magnificent, but it is not war," so that it may be said of the bill requiring the new guns for our coast defenses to be of American manufacture, "It is patriotic, but it is not warlike."

It is, of course, desirable that home industries should be fostered, and a nation that expects to be involved in hostilities should endeavor to become independent in the manufacture of implements and munitions of war. But if the emergency for national defense is as great as the Senatorial alarmists indicate by their action, it is the height of folly, not to say of madness, to leave the arming of the nation to the slow development of the science of gun-making here. Krupp, the great gun-maker of Germany, has a plant for the manufacture of cannon which could not be equaled in this country in ten years, even under the stimulus of big appropriations. Any cannon that we have now, or can make within the next five years, would be a mere toy beside some of Krupp's monsters. We cannot approach in this field the work of the English foundries.

Now, while it would be highly patriotic to man our coast defenses and arm our own war ships with "American guns," made of "American steel," both protected by the highest tariff in the world, the fact that a Krupp gun or a piece of heavy English ordnance would knock into junk, in our own hands, anything could bring or interpose against them, would make the combat more daring than satisfactory.

If the nation is really in danger of assault, should it not arm itself at once with the best guns, projectiles and steel plates that science has devised and that money can buy? Should we not profit by other people's costly experience instead of learning it dearly for ourselves? This would not be so jolly for our iron and steel monopolies and the contractors, but would it not be more rational?—New York World.

Kiddleberger Wants No Treaties.

Senator Kiddleberger, in a letter to Patrick Ford of the Irish World, explaining why he voted against the fishery retaliatory bill, says: "I regard such legislation as child's play. What we want is coast defenses, cruisers and men-of-war, to resist the inroads as they are offered. If we would have the respect of England we must command it. A beginning with retaliation, so called, will ultimately end in treaties which may swap American citizens for British subjects and give us better guarantees against insults and injuries than paper treaties.

Hints to Officials and Teachers.

"I don't care how fine a scholar a person is, if he lacks character he has no business in the school-room."

It was our old friend, Mrs. Gray, who made the above remark, and I had scarcely time to join the group surrounding her when the lady continued:

"Now just let me tell you a few plain facts. No class of people exercise so direct and lasting an influence for good or evil as teachers. Therefore no class is so important a factor in the solution of human progress. The teacher is, to a great extent, responsible for the future of the child, for he not only receives him at so pliant an age, but has control of him for so long, that he may be said to mould his character.

"Children in the first stage of development learn by observation. They are imitative. The impressions made during childhood are lasting, for nature intends the child to store up facts by which in after years his expressive, and still later his connective faculties may be developed. Childhood is, therefore, the time to make correct impressions, and the child who is so fortunate as to breathe the pure rural atmosphere of a good man or woman will be saved the pain of spiritual amputation in after years. Children are not able to appreciate moral lectures, indeed much harm is often done by those same moral lectures, so that the example of a teacher is of much more weight than anything he might say, and any act or word of his that awakens suspicion is extremely unfortunate. No child will respect or love a person whom he mistrusts, and the teacher who occupies this relation to a child can hope to accomplish little. Children are good critics. They detect better than grown people blemishes in character, and the remark, 'I do not like my teacher,' is often the result of a child's moral strength in detecting and condemning wrong.

"The character of teachers, therefore, should be a question of grave importance. Much attention has been given to intellectual attainments, and wisely too, but physical and moral qualifications have been largely overlooked. Thousands of persons are licensed to teach every year of whose character superintendents know absolutely nothing. We see the result of such carelessness in vicious and ill-mannered children.

"Is it profitable? Is it humane? Is it right?"

"To obtain proper qualifications to teach is the work of study, experience and moral growth, but following are some hints teachers might find useful:

"Never be too busy to greet your children pleasantly.

"Don't be afraid of your dignity. If a boy begins talking to you about baseball, listen gracefully and tell him anything of interest you may know about the game; it is your duty to be interested in what interests your children.

"Never be afraid children will know you too well. If you are what you should be, the more they learn about you the better they will love you.

"Don't see anything that occurs in the schoolroom; you will be happier, and so will the school.

"Never use authority simply to test it. Its efficacy depends very much on the stage of the disease.

"Never punish because you can but because you must.

"Never consider anything troublesome that gives your pupils either pleasure or profit. Make each pupil a study and do not try to use them all alike." Did you ever hear of a physician using the same remedy for all diseases?

"Give a child time to grow into good habits, and do not be foolish enough to teach him deception by compelling him to do impossible things; no one ever got his growth in one day.

"No child is thoroughly bad. The teacher who arrives at that conclusion is not a good judge of character.

"Don't think it a crime to laugh.

"Don't mistrust your children; lying and cheating are the results of poor management.

"Do not preach too much, especially to boys.

"Do not frighten children by severity, no, repel them by coldness. Take them into your heart of hearts, and watch them bud and blossom in the sunshine of love."—C. E. Raymond, in The Current.

Living on Sparrows.

Frankford has a curious character in the person of Samuel Johnson, who devotes his whole time to shooting sparrows. The man inherited a competence several years ago on the death of his parents, and has since then led a sort of hermit's life, surrounded by his guns and cats, for he detests a dog, and will not tolerate one in his neighborhood. He is never seen in the street without a gun, and is generally accompanied by several small boys, who take turns in carrying the game bagged by the indefatigable sportsman. His favorite fowling piece is an argumentative-looking weapon he steals on his prey, and with unerring aim tumbles the chattering sparrows from trees and house corners as he passes by.

Not long ago as he was passing up one of the side streets, armed with his cane gun, in pursuit of his favorite game, with the inevitable trail of youthful admirers carrying a string of birds, the boys were stopped by an old lady who took the young huntersmen to task. Johnson stood a few feet away, and copying a sparrow in a tree near by he raised his murderous cane and brought the bird to the ground within a few feet of the lecturer. It is intimated that Johnson annually slays five hundred dozen of these birds. It is supposed by some that the birds form the chief diet of the man and his cats, while others of a cynical turn say they are sold for their feathers.—Philadelphia Record.

Won't Work There.

"If misfortune overtakes you, smile," advises a poet. That's all well enough, but suppose a misfortune overtakes you in a strictly prohibition town?—Burlington Free Press.

ADMIRED IF NOT LOVED.

The Power Exercised Over Man by Vain and Foolish Coquettes.

Theoretically, men hold coquettes in detestation. Unfortunately in this work-a-day world theory and practice are very often out of harmony, and as we sometimes rise above our creeds, so sometimes we fall below them. It is men who sink most frequently below their cherished theory, for, though the fact may be disputed, it is the coquette who absorbs the lion share of their admiration. We do not speak here of the old campaigners who have had their fling, and have outgrown the piquant charms of girlish wiles, but of the young men who have still to learn by direct experience that the thralldom of two blue eyes may be a cruel thralldom and a hell-dame sans merci a little mistress. They may not love these capricious flirts with the best love of which they are capable; they may not respect them but they like them and admire them, and talk to them, and flirt with them, and seem to love them.

Is such an admiration worth the having? Perhaps not. But a woman's nature, which craves love so intensely, the real thing he denied her finds some solace in its brilliant semblance. Paste diamonds will sometimes serve the purpose of the pure gem. The homage and admiration of the many can not atone to her for a lost love, but to some degree they will bring salvation. A crust is better than no bread.

To some men, notoriety is so necessary that they would rather be notorious by evil doing than languish in obscurity, mediocrity, and unknown. By women, who are too often vain and self-conscious, admiration, which is love's counterfeit, is unduly prized. They have missed the reality; but while they clutch the shadow it is possible to deceive others as to their real loss; for here truth and falsehood are so deftly mingled that dreams will pass for realities and realities for dreams. It is something to know one's self enviable if enviable only by reputation. Such misplaced envy can scarcely fail to fill them with scorn and wonder and bitterness; and yet, because human magnetism is so potent, they are tempted to fancy that after all there is something in it. And if the young men of their acquaintance, young men who are for the most part cynical or frivolous, prefer paste jewels, who can blame them that, instead of striving to be sterling diamonds, in loftiest aim they scarcely soar beyond a polished imitation.

Naturally, men turn to women for the chief pleasure of their leisure hours, looking to them to soothe and soften and to render pleasant a thorny way; but it is not to the women who have chosen to become their rivals that they care to turn. Such women may instruct, but our gilded youth do not wish to be instructed. What they desire is to be entertained; and here the fair coquette will serve their purpose. The woman who has made it her aim to please is never dull; her highest aim is to give pleasure, and because she is content to spare neither time nor pain, she will succeed. Consequently, of these two classes there is no doubt which is the more pleasing to creation's lords. The generality of men—there are of course honorable exceptions—have a strong prejudice, almost amounting to antipathy, against learned women. They feel their own domain to be invaded, their oldest and most cherished principles to be violated, and though they are too valiant to acknowledge the uncomfortable suspicion that they may be some day called upon to vindicate their superiority is displeasing to them. Their cause is good, and they have no fear for their inherited laurels, but long inaction has made them indolent, and ease is a pleasant thing, and they would rather go on a good old way, as in the good old days. It is hard, after generations of undisputed sovereignty, that a fight for it should be remotely possible. Women, say the so-called lords, are charming—in their place, if only they would, know their place, and—keep it.

To such men, and emphatically they are many, the vainest, foolishest coquette is in comparison a household deity. Be it reasonable or not, such feelings are not unnatural. There is something ignominious in the thought of being superseded, and by a woman.

—Chambers' Journal.

Dangerous Surgical Operation.

A month ago J. M. Smith entered the city hospital at Louisville, Ky. His case is a peculiar one, and is attracting much attention in the medical fraternity. The frontal bone of his head is decayed so much that it is necessary, in order to save his life, to remove it. As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made this will be done, and a silver plate put in its place. The operation will, of course, be attended with danger, and its result will be watched with interest. He is a painter by trade, and formerly hung out his sign at No. 27 Sixth street.

Some time ago he went to Missouri on a trip. He reached Eddy's Landing by boat, and as he had missed the stage he determined to walk to Gayoso, six miles away, where he could take a train to his destination. The weather was warm, and being fatigued he dropped his grip sack, which he was carrying, and lay down by the roadside to rest. While there he fell asleep, and did not wake till the next morning's sun was shining full in his face. Then he roused himself. He found that the forehead had a deep gash in it, from which the blood had flowed in a copious current and clotted over his face and clothes. His valise was gone, and a small roll of money and a silver watch had been taken from his pockets.

He went to a neighboring farmhouse and told his story, and a search was instituted for his assailants, but they were never caught. The people of the surrounding country made up a purse for him, and he was sent to Memphis, Tenn. The authorities of that place, however, thought it the best to send him to the hospital at Louisville.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Rye Mullins.—One pint of flour, on pint of rye-mel, too tablespoonful yeast; milk enough to make a thick batter.

Oil for Red Furniture.—Take linseed oil; put it into a glazed pipkin with a much alkali root as it will cover. Let it boil gently, and it will become of a strong red color; when cool it will be fit for use.

Good Suet Padding.—Chop finely six ounces of beef suet, add to it one pound of flour, half a tablespoonful of salt; mix with half a pint of milk and water; thicken in a well floured cloth and boil two hours and a half.

Polish of Mahogany Color.—Two ounces of beeswax cut fine, spirits of turpentine, one ounce; one dram powdered resin. Melt at a gentle heat, and add two drams of Indian red to give a mahogany color.

Fifteen Minute Cake.—Two cups sugar, three eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful flavoring. Bake in four layers fifteen minutes and use any kind of icing you desire.

Curried Kidneys.—Make one teaspoonful of curry powder, one of flour a little pepper and salt, into a smooth paste. Split the kidneys, spread the paste over them, and fry in as little butter as possible. Serve hot on fried sippets.

Steamed Indian Pudding.—One and one half cup sour milk, two eggs well beaten, one scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water; stir it into the mixture; it is a little thicker than for griddle cakes; then add of any kind desired, and steam; boil one hour. Use sweetened cream for sauce.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Boil two cups of corn-meal in a quart of water till it is almost like lumpy pudding. Add one tablespoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, and spice according to taste. Bake one hour in a slow oven.

Breakfast Fritters.—One cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one tea spoonful of salt, two eggs beaten lightly, two teaspoonful of baking powder, stirred into the flour, and enough milk to make a thick batter. Fry light griddle cakes.

Potted Finnan Haddies.—Cold boiled haddies, of any that is left from had dock at dinner, must be pounded fine with a little butter, cayenne pepper salt and an atom of mace, or sprinkle of curry powder. Serve in a mound, with hot dry toast.

Graham Pudding.—One cup graham flour, half cup milk, half cup molasses, half cup raisins or currents, chopped fine, one teaspoonful soda, Steam three hours and serve with either cream sauce or one made by creaming butter and sugar, and flavor with vanilla extract or wine.

To Bake Chicken.—Dismember the joints in the same manner as for stewing; lay the pieces in a shallow dish, and pour over the meat sweet cream in proportion of one-half cup to each chicken; season to taste. Baste occasionally with the liquor formed by the cream and juice of the meat, and as fast as the pieces get browned turn them.

Oat Meal Gems.—Take a cup of oat meal and soak it over night in one cup of water; in the morning add one cup of sour milk, one tea spoon of salaratus, one cup of flour, a little salt, they are baked in irons as other gems and muffins; if on the first trial you find them moist and sticky, add a little more flour, as some flour thickens more than others. Or use sweet milk and baking powder.

Wafers.—One pint of flour (prepared is best), one cup of milk, one table spoonful of butter and a tea spoonful of salt. Rub butter and salt into the flour, wet with the milk and roll out as thin as possible; cut into rounds with a cake cutter and roll out again, this time surpassing the former "possible." They should be actually translucent. Transfer with care to a floured baking pan and set in a quick oven until delicately browned. They will be deliciously dainty.

Fruit Cake That Will Last a Year.—Wash and drain well one pound of currants; chop coarsely one pound of raisins; chop, or slice, one-half pound of citron. Beat five eggs and two cups of brown sugar together; then add to this one cup of butter, one cup of molasses one-half cup of sour milk, one tea spoonful of spices to taste. Stir into this mixture six cups of flour, reserving one half cup to mix with the raisins, to prevent their settling to the bottom. Add fruits last.

Resemblance and Difference

A gun is like a bank cashier. Not only 'cause it has its stock, but that it's apt in going off. To generate a little shock. Herein, 'tho', is a difference. To which your reason will assent. The gun is often charged with shot. The cashier with embezzlement. —Yonkers Gazette.

Esthetics in Hosiery.

There are certain rules about dressing the legs that must be followed to secure a good effect. Now, in fancy stockings the lower part should be dark and the upper part light. That gives the effect of smallness at the ankle and plumpness at the calf. Reverse the position of the colors and the leg will look as straight and ungraceful as a stick. Then if the dark shade does not go all around the lower part it should be at the back and not in front, for in that case it gives the ankle a flat look. The hosiery that is figured with an imitation boot coming up to the swell of the calf gives a leg the best appearance. —Home Journal.

His Occupation.

"What are you doing now young man?" asked a gentleman of a person whom he met at the theatre. "Oh, I have gone into the undertaking business."

"Rather a grave occupation I should judge."

"It might be so considered, when a man is undertaking to live on twenty dollars a week from ten dollars salary." —Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

Roach Remembered Him.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

An intimate friend of John Roach told this of him at the time of his assignment: "At twenty-two he had a wife and two children. At this time he was a slight slip of a fellow and did not weigh much over 120 pounds. He became ill and was confined to his bed until all of his moderate savings were gone. One night, when there was scarcely a penny in the house, the physician came to see him, and after examining him said, 'John Roach, you should know the truth. You must die. Your lungs are hopelessly affected. I tell you this so that if you can make any provision for your wife and children you will yet have time.' Roach was in despair. He saw absolutely no hope for him in the future. He did not fear death, but the thought of leaving his wife and children to a destitute, poverty-stricken life pierced him to the heart. He prayed all night that he might live. In the night a vision came to him. It seemed as if he were looking directly into heaven, and from that abode of happiness came a promise to him that he would live. The next day a fellow-workman came to see him. The workman was going West.

"He came to see John Roach, he thought, for the last time. He bent over him and kissed him good-bye before he went away. After his departure John Roach found that he had left under his pillow his week's wages in the very envelope given at the works. John Roach did not die. With the modest help of his friend he got a start. Thirty-three years after he was walking down Broadway when he saw the back of a plainly-dressed man whose figure seemed familiar to him. He was moved by some spirit or desire to speak to this man. He stopped him and said: 'I do not know your name, but I ought to know it. What is it?' The man gave it. It was the name of the workman who had befriended him on his dying bed. Said Roach: 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'I am John Roach,' was his reply, 'the shipbuilder.' 'Yes, I have heard of you in the newspapers. But you must excuse me, I have in hand a very pressing matter of business.' 'Wait a moment,' said Mr. Roach. 'Did you ever know another John Roach?' 'Yes, but he died some thirty odd years ago.' 'No, he didn't; I am that same John Roach,' was the shipbuilder's reply.

"The man was very much astonished, but he again made a move to pass on, as he was pressed for time. But Mr. Roach made him stop and tell what his business was. He found that his friend had a small house and shop in Brooklyn. It was to be sold under the hammer to redeem a mortgage at 12 o'clock that day. It was 11 o'clock. The man was hurrying to see the sheriff to ask him if he could not put off the sale a little longer. Mr. Roach said to him: 'I know that sheriff well. You will lose no time stopping with me.' He dragged him into a restaurant, where they had a hurried lunch. During the stay in this place Mr. Roach made out a check for the full amount of the mortgage. He then took his old friend in a carriage and they reached the sheriff's office in time to redeem the property. One of the sons of Mr. Roach afterward married a daughter of his old friend."

An Eccentric Western Character.

Henry Clay Dean, who died at his home in Putnam county, Missouri, was probably one of the most eccentric characters in the West. A few years ago, when he erected a new dwelling, most of the house was built in Missouri and the rest of it in Iowa; but as Missouri had the largest part, he claimed that state at his home. For a number of years he had been a delegate to the Democratic national conventions either for Missouri or Iowa. He never failed to attract attention in these bodies by his eccentric ways. A writer in the New York Star says:

He claimed to be a farmer, although he also practiced law, but, above all things, he was a student. He was considered an eminent scholar in his part of the country, and had a very fine library of rare works. He probably had the bitterest tongue of any man in the West, and he never was so happy as when abusing some one or some thing. Probably his most marked feature was his dirty habits. It is an actual fact that he would go at least six months without changing his shirt, and he was as frequently referred to as "dirty shirt" Dean as by his proper name. He had a very strong face, full of character and determination, and with a certain charm of manner, so that his habits did not bury his attractiveness. He was in some respects a miser. He would stay in one of these little towns at the leading hotel, and always manage not to pay any board. He would insist to the landlord that he was an attraction to the house, and therefore, should not be expected to pay anything. I remember meeting him once in Ottumwa, Iowa. Everybody there knew him and considered him one of the strongest men in debate they had ever heard. It was very difficult then to get him into a discussion, and if he did not feel called upon to speak no amount of persuasion could induce him.

Here is a story said to be a true one. At any rate it is good enough to be true: It was at Liverpool docks. A party of American tourists were about to take the steamer for home. As they sailed along the gangway to the tender's deck one of the three paused in the centre, and stretching out his encumbered hands, dramatically addressed the surrounding scenery. "If there is," he hoarsely exclaimed, "one blasted Britisher on this confounded island that I haven't given a shilling to, let him come forward and get it. It's his last chance!" Then he stalked on board with an air of great relief.

AN HEROIC SOLDIER DUDE.

How Brave "Little Dandy" Died for His Flag, N. Y. Journal.

"Little Dandy" the boys called him. He joined our company at Vicksburg just before the siege, and none of us felt enough interest in him to make any inquiries, says the Atlanta Constitution. His extreme youth—he was about sixteen—would have excited our sympathy under other circumstances, but the war-worn veterans in the trenches had no use for the curled darlings of the parlor, and "Little Dandy's" appearance was against him.

The lad wore the gray uniform of a private, but it was of the very finest material, finer than anything worn by our Generals. His buttons had an unsoldierly glitter. He sported white handkerchiefs, carried a pocket mirror, and every morning he combed and curled his golden locks until they looked like a girl's tresses.

"Hello, Little Dandy!" yelled the soldiers whenever the young fellow passed them.

To the rough salutation he always responded with a bow and a smile, but his soft ways did not win favor. When we met him in town we passed him by without notice, and in camp we let him alone. Little Dandy was proud after a fashion, too proud to notice the many slights heaped upon him. He went through the routine duties without complaint, but nothing could induce him to abandon his pocket mirror and his fancy toilets.

The siege was well under way, and we were no better acquainted with Little Dandy than at first. He shared our meals of mouldy corn bread and mule meat without a murmur, and it must be admitted that this somewhat raised him in our estimation. But we still had to learn what a true heart beat behind those glittering buttons.

An angle of the enemy's works was dangerously close to our entrenchments, and we had to keep our heads well sheltered. When we raised a hat on the muzzle of a musket it was invariably riddled with bullets. One morning we found our men being picked up by an unseen sharpshooter at the rate of five or six an hour. This astonished us, because we were all keeping under cover, and the men who were killed all occupied well-protected positions.

Where was the sharpshooter? This was the hypermost question in every mind. We were not long in satisfying ourselves on this point. Just outside the angle of the Federal works stood a giant oak, whose leafy top afforded an admirable covert for a rifleman. A vigilant scrutiny convinced us that the man who was doing such deadly work in our ranks was concealed in this tree. To reach it he must have made his way there during the night and he would have to remain there all day.

But we could not stand it even one day. His aim was so unerring that every time his rifle cracked a Confederate bit the dust. We tried a rattling discharge of musketry, but a moment later the reports of the rifle rang out and another of our comrades fell.

It was evident that from our position it was almost impossible to hit the Federal rifleman. If we succeeded in bringing him down it would be by some lucky random shot. Possibly a man outside the works would be able to draw a bead on our wary foe, but he would be under the guns of the enemy, and there would be a thousand chances against him.

"I'll kill him or die!" cried a shrill voice.

"Good God! It's little dandy!" shouted a dozen men.

At the risk of our lives we peeped over our breastworks.

Little Dandy had already made his way to the open space between the works, and was edging around the right of the tree. The Federals saw what he was up to, and fired a broadside. When the smoke cleared away and they saw the boy, with a flushed face and streaming hair, aiming his gun at the top of the old oak, there was a tremendous cheer. It rolled along both lines, the hoarse Federal shout mingled with the wild "rebel yell."

"Bang!"

A man in blue came tumbling and crashing through the tree and struck the ground with a dull thud.

It was the sharpshooter!

Another cheer rent the air, but this time it came from the Confederates alone. A sheet of flame blazed along the Federal works, but when the smoke lifted we saw Little Dandy coming full tilt in that direction with a smile on his face.

"Three cheers for Little Dandy!" leaped from hundreds of throats, as he vaulted over the breastworks, and we rushed upon him to hug him in our frenzy of admiration and joy. But Little Dandy sank down on a heap of loose dirt, and then we saw the crimson stain on his breast.

"I kept my promise," he panted. And then as our colonel took his hand the little chap looked into his face and said:

"I'm afraid I've made a poor soldier. Sometimes I've bothered you, I know. But I always wanted to help you. Please remember that I was not very strong, and—and, I did the best I could."

His head fell over. Poor Little Dandy was dead!

Girls on Horseback.

Girls look pretty on horseback, and we love to see them. We popped the question to a lady we now board with while we were cantering side by side in the long ago. She jumped at the chance, and we've been jogging along together ever since. In a town like ours, where horses are plenty and other out-door amusements not numerous, we think all the girls should be encouraged to become accomplished equestriennes. Let your girls ride horseback. It will makethem healthy, strong, active and self-reliant; and, gracious! don't they look handsome, prancing along on a spirited charger. —Quitman (Ga.) Free Press.