

AN ARMY PORTIA.

By CHARLES KING, U. S. A., Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Deceiver," "From the Banks," "Dunraven Ranch," "Two Soldiers."

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"Oh, Fred, and we've got to say yes, for Mr. Hearn won't come," answered Mrs. Mabel, with grief in her eyes. "We've got to say, 'Bring him by all means,' and yet how I hate to have our pretty dinner spoiled! If the train could only be late!"

"That would spoil it still more, Mabel, for then you— Oh!" said the captain, suddenly recollecting himself, and turning back to his particular little shaving mirror, before which he began busily arranging the loop of his gold helmet cord.

"For then?" exclaimed pretty Mrs. Lane, speeding across the space between her toilet table and her liege lord's shaving corner, and laying her white hands upon his shoulder knots and gazing up into his half averted face with sparkling eyes—"For then, you dear old— You haven't sent east for flowers?"

"Perhaps it was some other fellow then," said the captain, daintily. "Oh, Fred, you darling! I hadn't hoped for anything half so lovely. Will they be here on this train, really? That's why you didn't want dinner served until so late, was it? Georgia and I were saying just now if we only had a few flowers the table would be perfect. I must run and tell her." And impulsively she raised her soft lips to his face and kissed him enthusiastically. "You are so thoughtful, Fred!"

"Very," he responded, with much gravity of mien. "And that's what prompted me to suggest to your ladyship the propriety of throwing a wrapper over those snowy shoulders. The orderly has left the hall door open, and all Central City seems out here to-night. There goes the 'assembly,' and your train should be here in fifteen minutes. I suppose I can tell the colonel as he drives past on the way down to meet him?"

Ordinarily the announcement of the advent of some such high functionary as the judge advocate of the division would have been quite sufficient to induce the colonel to turn over the command at parade to Maj. Kenyon and to go forthwith to meet the coming man. But here was the elite of Central City, as well as a strong delegation of the masses, gathered to see the garrison, and Morris particularly prided himself upon the soldierly grace and style with which he presided at the most stately ceremony of the military day. If he were to fail to appear at the head of his troops, if all that line of officers were to march to the front and salute Maj. Kenyon instead of him, people might really get the idea that it was the infantry field officer who was the post commander, not himself.

No. In all the yellow radiance of his cavalry plume Morris strode forth from his veranda and stood revealed in the rays of the western sun. His orderly hastened through the groups on the graveled road in front, and, halting, raised his hand in picturesque salute, the eyes of Central City looking on:

"The colonel's messages are delivered, and the carriage will be at the station." "Very well, Brooks. Now you yourself go down and be on the lookout for Col. Lawler, a tall, sandy haired, sandy bearded man, rather slender, nearly 60 years of age; report to him and get his baggage into the wagonette and bring him here to my quarters, and say that I would have met him but was detained at parade."

Again the orderly saluted, then faced about and strode away through the swarm of curious eyes which followed him a moment, then turned once more upon the gorgeous and gleaming proportions of the warrior putting on his white leather gloves and buttoning them at the wrist with much deliberation. Mrs. Morris being in her own room, arraying herself for the Lane dinner party, and the veranda being vacant, he then called to his adjutant, who came along the pathway at the moment, a vision of floating yellow plume and brilliant aiguillette, and after a moment's conversation with his chief that young gentleman made his way to where a couple of town carriages were drawn up along the edge of the parade and presented the colonel's compliments to the occupants, the ladies of the postmaster's and leading banker's households, inviting them to bring their friends and come and sit on his piazza.

Mr. Abrams, of Chicago, who was at the moment the center of a knot of men, young and old, quitted their society, and with his customary deliberation sauntered over, opened the colonel's gate and with careless ease of manner accosted that official, "Fine evening, colonel," and then lowered himself into the nearest chair just as the officer, with a face that flushed unmistakably, excused himself, passed him by and hastened down the steps to greet the entering ladies, while the adjutant, hurrying on to where his sergeant major was awaiting him at the edge of the greensward, signaled the band, and the stirring notes of "adjutant's call," followed by the burst of martial strains in swinging six-eight time, heralded the coming of the troops of the whole command.

Company after company, the cavalry from the west, the infantry from the east end of the quadrangle, came marching forth upon the level green carpet, seemingly intermingling in confusion as they neared the center, yet unerringly and unhesitatingly marching onward, until presently, with the solid blue and white battalion in the center, and with the yellow plumed helmets of the cavalry parading afoot on both flanks, the long stately line stretched nearly half way across the longest axis of the quadrangle. Company after company, the white gloved hands clasped in front of each man as its commander ordered "Parade rest," and Col. Morris himself, who had with much deliberate dignity of manner marched out in front of the

center, now stood in solitary state with folded arms and glanced quickly along the motionless line, while back of him some thirty yards, all along the edge of the parade, in buggies, carryalls, "busses, in long somber rank afoot, Central City looked admiringly on. For a moment the main interest seemed to center on Lieut. Hearn, and fingers could be seen pointed, and voices heard announcing, "That's him," as he stood tall and erect in front of the troop he was commanding in old Blauvelt's absence.

With flourish of trumpets and three resounding ruffles the band swept out from the right front, and then all eyes were suddenly greeted by an unaccustomed sight. On the troops, long schooled in military etiquette, the effect was not at the time apparent—neither by word nor sign was there indication that anything unusual had occurred; but in the populace, long accustomed to individual visits to the fort and to observation of its military requirements, "Keep off the grass," and by no means intrude upon the space reserved for military exercises, the sensation was immediate. Elbowing his way through the crowd standing at the edge of the parade ground, with cigar tip tilted in his mouth, his light spring overcoat thrown back, with the same cool deliberation that characterized all his movements, the representative of The Palladium sauntered forth upon the sacred precincts, and never hesitating until he had almost reached the commanding officer, presently came to a species of "parade rest" of his own, half sitting on the backs of his hands, which were supported on the knob of his massive cane, and there coolly surveyed the proceedings from the very spot reserved for the adjutant, one yard to the rear and three to the left of the commanding officer.

Some of the soldiers in ranks, unable to repress their merriment at the sight of so unusual a breach of etiquette, could not refrain from tittering. The voices of the file closers could almost be heard in stern, low toned reproach. "Stop that laughing, Murphy!" "Quiet, there, Duffy!" Morris himself could see that something unusual was going on, but, totally unconscious that his own official precincts were the scene of the solemness, never changed his position, but stood there stately, soldierly and precise, all unconscious of his self appointed staff officer slouching behind him. As for Mr. Abrams, happy in the conviction that the people could not but look on and envy the proud prominence of the representative of the press, he appeared to have no other care than that of the criticism due the public of the martial exercises now taking place. That it was probably the colonel's intention to make a speech of some kind to his men Mr. Abrams did not doubt, and that The Palladium should have every word of it he fully intended.

The band by this time was hammering half way down the line, and the officer of the day, coming suddenly in the northwest gate from a visit to the guard, became aware that something was exciting the merriment of the few men on the verandas of the cavalry quarters, and then caught sight of this strange figure out on the parade. He looked hurriedly about in search of the colonel's orderly, but Brooks, as we have seen, had already gone on his mission to the station. Not a soul was there to whom he could intrust the duty, yet he knew he could not allow such a breach of military propriety to occur right under his eyes. There seemed no help for it; he had to go himself; and, by no means liking his duty, Capt. Cross, of the infantry, hastened out on the parade, and with the eyes of both lines upon him, though the heads of the troops remained scrupulously fixed to the front, he stepped up to Mr. Abrams, tapped him on the shoulder, and civilly said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but no one is allowed on the parade ground. I shall have to trouble you to fall back to the roadway."

Mr. Abrams looked angrily around. What! Be compelled to quit his position!—to fall back in humiliation before all those people and meekly take his station among them, and actually to have to confess that, after all, a newspaper man wasn't the monarch of all he surveyed! Never!

"I'm here in the interest of the journal I represent, and I have full authority from the commanding general to inspect anything at this post," was his instant answer, accompanied by a shrug of his shoulders and an ugly scowl.

"I cannot help that," was Cross's cool yet civil reply. "You can see just as well from the edge of the parade, and here you will be in the way."

"I can't see it clear back there, and I mean to stay where I can see and hear. If there's anything I don't understand I wish to be where Col. Morris can explain."

Thanks to the banging of the band, all this was inaudible to the colonel, who remained in blissful ignorance of the colloquy taking place so near him.

"You cannot stay here, sir," was the firm, low toned answer. "I will take pains to explain everything to you after you retire some twenty yards, but I trust you will not make it necessary for me to be more imperative. Come, sir!"

And so, with the worst possible grace, Mr. Abrams had to give ground, and, accompanied by the officer of the day, fall back to the general throng. To cover his mortification as much as possible, Cross, in a smiling and courteous manner, went on to explain the purpose and details of the parade. But Abrams only turned angrily away. Twice he essayed to stop and face about, but Cross was getting his blood up by this time, and determinedly marched along to the very edge of the tittering line of townspeople, and there, raising his cap, said with the utmost civility:

"And now, sir, if I can be of the faintest assistance in making this ceremony clear to you, command me. You will observe that the adjutant is coming out to occupy the very position you were in."

But Mr. Abrams was in the sulks, as was to be expected, and still more wrathfully turned his back, refusing to listen, so that Cross promptly left him to his own devices. The representative of The Palladium had sense enough not

to attempt to resume his place, but he had lost interest in the performance simultaneously with his own loss of prestige and with the crowd, and so, after a moment's wavering, he turned about and shouldered his sullen way toward his buggy, only stopping long enough to inquire of a civilian the name of the officer.

"Cross, eh? Capt. Cross. Sure of that, are you? All right, I'll fix him," he growled between his set teeth as he strode away.

When a few moments later the long line of officers halted in front of the colonel and raised their hands in simultaneous salute he responded with something less than his customary graceful deliberation and inquired:

"What on earth was going on there that there was so much giggling in ranks? It was mainly in front of you, Mr. Martin. Have you been attempting any witticisms, sir?"

"Not that I can now recall, colonel," responded Martin, with his usual drawl. "Possibly the appearance of our Chicago friend in the role of adjutant was what prompted their merriment. If you invited him to accompany you I trust you will excuse it."

"Whom do you mean, and what do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Abrams took post on your left and rear, sir, until Cross invited him elsewhere. I'm sorry for Cross; he has a wife and family; and yonder goes the gentleman, bound for the telegraph office no doubt. What won't The Palladium say now?"

"You don't mean he was right here by me during parade?" said Morris, growing very red.

"Certainly, sir," spoke Capt. Brodie. "You could have smelled his cigar if the wind hadn't been blowing from the stables."

But the appearance of the wagonette whirling into garrison with the tall form of Col. Lawler, a dust colored figure from the crown of his felt hat down to his very boots, put an end to further remarks. Morris hastened to meet his guest, merely nodding response to Lane's courteous invitation to bring him to dinner.

CHAPTER X.

Capt. Lane's quarters, as has been said, were charmingly furnished, and adorned with attractive pictures and bric-a-brac. The dining room was small, as dining rooms generally are in army garrisons, but by dint of moving out the stove, which until now had cumbered one corner, and then crowding the sideboard into its place, sufficient room had been gained to admit of extending the table diagonally and seating fourteen people thereat, and now, with the curtains drawn, but the soft evening breeze playing through the open casement and the broad hallway, in the soft, yet brilliant light of dozens of wax candles set in sconces on the walls or in heavy candelabra on the damask covered board, a merry party had gathered for one of the "lovely dinners" for which Mrs. Lane was already famous.

Probably few people who have read the countless stories of the savage shark, the "bandit of the seas," as he is called, know that he is a very useful creature for man. The liver is found to contain an oil of a beautiful color, which never becomes turbid and possesses medicinal qualities of a very valuable character. The skin, after being dried, takes the polish and hardness of mother of pearl, and on being marbled bears a resemblance to fossil coral, so that it is employed by jewelers for the manufacture of fancy objects, by binders for making shagreen and by cabinet makers for polishing wood. The fins, independent of use by some as an article of food, are superior for conversion into fish glue, competing in this line with the well known sturgeon glue prepared in Russia, and are used for clarifying beer, wine and other liquors, also for the preparation of English taffetas and as reagents in chemistry, etc. The flesh, too, despite its oily taste, is in some places eaten as food, and along with the bones, is converted into a fertilizer.

—Revue Scientifique.

A Use For the Shark.

A Narrow Shave.

Human Sympathy.

Surely Not.

Not That Time.

What I Want to Know.

Not This Time.

Not This Time.

Not This Time.

Not This Time.

Not This Time.

Not This Time.

Not This Time.

The Singing Children of Horning. A row of children suddenly filled the river front. They seemed to come forth, as if at a preconcerted signal, through the low doorways and over the narrow doorsteps of the Horning cottages. Without further delay they burst into a song. They were in excellent practice, for the words of the song were made quite clear: Ho, John Barleycorn! Ho, John Barleycorn! All day long I raise my song To old John Barleycorn! When the song was done, some 24 childish eyes were fixed on the strangers in the boat.

The Ingenious King. Apropos of Queen Margherita's devotion to her husband, a little anecdote is told which I believe to be perfectly true. The locks of King Humbert, he it told, were formerly as black as a raven's wing, and the pride of his charming consort's heart. Almost suddenly these locks turned white, and the queen, like the fond wife she is, quite fretted over the fact. A certain little delicacy of feeling prevented her from referring to the matter with her husband. So, without saying a word, she purchased a bottle of black hair dye, and one morning placed it on the king's dressing table.

PUT IN JAIL. An Attorney's Peculiar Predicament in a Justice Trial. "I was imprisoned in a stable once," said a well-known attorney to a Washington Star writer. "I had been retained to recover a mule in a mountain county of North Carolina. The mule had been taken from my client and I obtained a writ of replevin, under which the sheriff turned the animal over to me. He was placed in a log stable until the case could be tried the next morning. Court convened about sunrise, under a big oak tree, and the mule was sent for, but the brute had escaped and could not be found.

QUER FACTS ABOUT AIR. The celebrated chemist of the sixteenth century who argued that it would be impossible for us to live on the earth's surface if the atmosphere would suddenly increase to twice its present thickness could not have been far wrong after all; that is, if the experiments of Dr. Arnott are to be taken as conclusive. In his observations on atmospheric pressure at the bottoms of the deep mining shafts of Europe, Prof. Arnott has found that the change between the readings of a barometer at the bottom of a four-thousand-foot shaft and one at the surface is great enough to warrant him in making the statement that air at the bottom of a shaft twenty miles deep would be as dense as water. Figuring on the same basis he finds that if a hole could be sunk forty miles into the bowels of the earth the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of silver.

A Nation of Coffee Drinkers. The Americans are a coffee-drinking people. The last fiscal year the value of coffee imported into the United States exceeded the value of any other single article, amounting to a total of \$96,139,717. Ordinarily sugar stands at the head of the list of imports, but the excessive importations of sugar in 1894 in anticipation of the tax imposed by the tariff cut importations down from \$128,508,882 in 1894 to \$77,788,727 in 1895. During the current fiscal year a large increase in the revenue may be anticipated from increased receipts from sugar duties.

Not That Time. "What I want to know," said the early oyster, "is whether I am to be in the swim this season." "Not this time," said the cook, as he scooped him into a pattie.—Detroit Free Press.

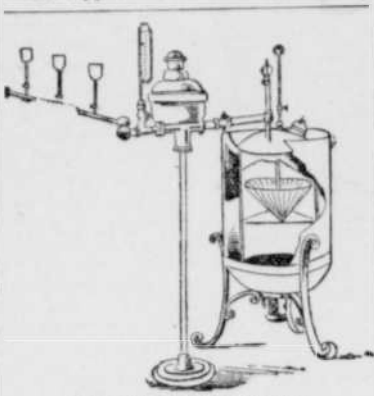
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ACETYLENE GAS. Something About the Production of the New Illuminant. By heating in an electric furnace a mixture of lime and carbon a combination of the two substances ensues, and a stone-like material, the calcium carbide, is produced. When water comes in contact with it, part of the hydrogen of the water combines with the carbon, forming acetylene; the rest of the hydrogen, with the oxygen of the water, combines with the calcium, forming calcium hydrate. This apparatus is of the type of the



familiar hydrogen gas generator of the chemist. In all such apparatus for the production of acetylene due regard has to be had to the extraordinary rapidity of evolution, comparable only to the evolution of carbon dioxide gas from sodium bicarbonate and acid. In the other casing, which is about one-half filled with water, a fixed bell or receiver is inverted, whose lower lip reaches to within a short distance of the bottom of the containing vessel. A rod passes through the top of the receiver, the joint being made gas-tight by a stuffing box, so that the rod can be pushed up and down. To the lower end of the rod a conical wire basket is secured. From the top of the receiver a tube passes off to conduct the gas to the burners, and a hole with tightly fitting screw stopper is provided in the top for the introduction of calcium carbide.

Yeast—Do you give your dog apples for exercise? Crimmonbeak—Oh, yes; he gets a tramp nearly every day.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—I wish you wouldn't smoke at the edge of my presence. He—Well, I'll throw it away. "On, I didn't do that."—Life.

"Tommy, do you love your teacher?" "I would if she wasn't my teacher," said Tommy. "She's awful nice."—Indianapolis Journal.

The safe flew open, and there inside it a receipted gas bill lay. The baffled burglar shook his head. "I've come a little too late!" he said. "And he mournfully turned away."—Chicago Tribune.

She—I have heard that you said I had a fond of the sound of my own name. He—Well, you have yourself admitted that you like music.—Philadelphia Record.

She—I think I will do the cooking such a self awhile. He—H'm. That was what you wanted me to take out more life, the insurance for, was it?—Indianapolis Journal.

Crimmonbeak—Are you going to imitate me? Yeast—Yes; I expected that. "How are you going?" "Going home, that."—"That'll be no disguise."—Yonkers Statesman.



You've seen them more than once twice. These vagaries of fate. The thinner Johnny thinks the ice, the worse he wants to skate. "In love? I guess not!" "How do you know?" "They never sit silent a minute!"

He (to elderly young lady, after a long waltz)—You must have been a splendid dancer!—Punch.

Duzzy—What's in that bottle more son? Dooly—I guess there ain't no there isn't any label on it.—Roxbury Gazette.

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