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e Court

ES KING, U. S. A., Colonel's Daughter," "The rom the Ranks," "Dun-ich," "Two Soldiers."

by J. B. Lippincott Company, and published by special arrange tly sauntered over and tried ing to the dining room.

e key if you want to go in Hearn. "I have kept all cked since Blauvelt left exne and my bedroom upstairs. oor is locked, too. Jake als in the front way. I don't y one has come through the ice the day the captain's fam-

Welsh have to come here for asked Lane.

but he was under guard at the and a sentinel over him-and both nd I were here. He took nothing this house but his own personal beat day. I couldn't help it, but after a him with Schonberg today the xplanation of my loss that occuro me a moment ago was-Welsh. low could be have been the man?" ere was another moment of silence. stood thoughtfully examining the of the desk, then strolled into the and tried the key of the front door. up the clink of an infantry sword was rd at the gate and the voice of Capt.

s hour of the peaceful night? Come here and worship nature and visit and no woman too old to receive them. tries for me. Oh! beg your pardon, ne: I thought it must be some of the

Maj. Kenyon and I have been keep-Hearn awake," was the answer.

Hello, Brodie," quoth the major, as too, came forth. "Have you been to how Brent is?" Delirious, I'm told. Only the doctor steward are with him. I was just ting for 12 o'clock to go down and up the sentries. There ought to be but calvalry officers of the day at post, by Jove! so that they could around among those outside sen

It's too far for a Christian to twice in twenty-four hours. Thank there's the call now. the first words from the lips of the try at the guard house the lamps at wo western gates were promptly quished, and then the forms of two

could be discerned flitting from to post, extinguishing each lamp in Soon the entire quadrangle was apped in total darkness, and the silent rs gleamed all the more brilliantly in unclouded sky. Far over to the tward the reflection of the electric ts, a pallid, sickly glare upon the vens, suddenly faded into nothing-

'hat's the first time the town clock urs have been so close together v coming to the garrison. Where et this custom of dousing the dnight?" asked Lane.

started that when they it from town perhaps. t," answered Brodie. "I sentries down toward

though borne on the night wind, the call of unded. It was now the st sentry, No. 8, whose he winding road at the ood yard. A rich, muice, softened by distance. tier troll-ei-ve o clock-and

/ho goes there? Halt! Halt! a-ard-Number 8!" Bang! the first of the four officers running down the road past the outward after the bars were cut.

bles, and without hesitation followed out and forming. It was the ser- to him, the customary report to Capt. die, as the officer of the day came z to the spot:

he guard is present and the

lible snicker in the prison room I these words. A corporal file epped back into the guard room uffly ordered silence among the ers, which only evoked more titterd whispering. A sudden thought ed to the officer of the day.

ng your lantern here," he said, as de through the guard room into rrow passage beyond. On one s the prison room whence oise proceeded, on the other were the

"Open these doors," he ordered. "There's only one cell occupied, sir; the third.

Open that, then." The heavy door creaked on its hinges. gust of cool night air blew through e cell. The window was wide open. iron slats were sawed away. had flown. Private Goss, the ast of Corp. Brent, was gone.



at but little of their was abors, and even the broad verandas of to have taken a tm. as corner. Mrs. Lane and Miss Marshall attributed this to the fact that the sun on its westward way passed behind their

cozy home and left the front piazza cool and shaded, whereas even the canvas hangings in front of the Morrises' could not cute shut out the glare. But Mrs. Morris laughingly declared that since their coming into the society of Fort Ryan she had become "a decided back number. Whether the theory of the colonel's

wife was true or not, it must be said to her credit that she accepted the situation with charming grace, and was quite as frequent a visitor at the Lanes as many of the younger women. Her own guests had departed, leaving her somewhat lonely, she said; and while she thought it by no means a proper or conventional thing that she should be so constantly visiting people who so seldom honored her she could not but have ocular proof at all hours of the day that Mrs. Lane and her fair friend, Miss Marshall, could not sally forth to make calls except at the price of leaving a number of callers in the lurch. There were other young ladies in garrison just then-Miss Wharton visiting her brother and Miss McCrea staying at the Burnhams'. There were several pretty girls in the neighboring town who frequently came out and spent a few days with the families at the post, he stood there under the swinging and all these of course, as well as the period the clink of an infantry sword was a young married ladies, were the recipients of much attention on the part of the officers, young and old. It is a fact well understood in army circles that few officers are too old to tender such attentions

> And Mrs. Lane was rejoicing in the success of her projects for the benefit of Georgia Marshall. Her friend was a pronounced success from the day of her arrival; and yet it was somewhat difficult to say why. She was not a beauty, despite her lovely eyes; she had none of those flattering, soothing, half caressing ways some women use with such telling effect on almost every man they seek to impress. She was not chatty. She was anything but confidential. rather silent and decidedly reserved yet a most attentive listener withal; and then she had the courage of her opin-Her prompt and prominent part in the little drama enacted the night of her arrival had made her famous in the garrison; her frank, unaffected, but gracions ways had done much to make her popular.

> The statement that she was an orphan and poor, combined with the fact, which the other women so speedily determined, that she was not pretty, had removed her, presumably, from the range of jealousy. The other girls found her very entertaining, since she let them do much of the talking, and were willing to accord to her a certain quiet style of her own. The men were glad to be civil to any friend of Mrs. Lane's. And vet Georgia Marshall had not been there a week before, as Mabel confidently predicted, she was having in abundance tetes-a-tete of her own.

It was the third morning after the escape of the prisoner Goss, and for forty-eight hours nothing else had been talked of among the soldiers, and nothing had excited so much comment among the families at the post. Up to this moment not a trace had been found. The two iron slats in front of his window had been cut through swiftly and noiselessly from within with watch spring saws, and the tallow and iron filings lay about the stony window sill. He had been thoroughly searched before being put in that cell, and it was absolutely certain that neither files nor tallow were then in his possession. The guard swore that no man had had access to him afterward. A wire netting prevented anything from southwest gate. He could being thrown to him from the outside, tfalls of the officer of the and this had been forced upward and

The sergeant of the guard was sure guard was hurriedly turn- that no man had touched or even spoken except when he himself had who faced it to the front and seen his dinner and supper handed in. There could have been no collusion on the part of the sentries, for the men on No. 1 all through the day and night were of the infantry, and warm friends of Brent, who would have lost no chance of putting a bullet through the supposed assailant in the event of his attempting to escape. The blacksmith said it would take several hours—at least five—to file through those two bars, and the man must have worked with the patience of a beaver. It was a drop of only seven feet to the ground without, for the window overlooked the uphill slope back of the guard house; and yet, as he probably had to come through head first, that was quite a fall. The prints of his outspread hands were found in the dust eap, and it looked as though he must have lain there some moments before

stealing away. The sentry far down by the wood yards, No. 8, stated that just as he was calling off and standing faced to the east so that his voice might carry to the guard house, he heard a sudden stumble behind him; a man tripped over a log between him and the road, then ran like mad down toward the old station. was too dark to recognize who it could be. The officer of the guard had stopped to interrogate the sentry on reaching his post, but Mr. Hearn had pushed ahead, and down at the foot of the hill had plainly heard a horse's hoofs and light rumble of wheels cossing the bridge and going at a yet soldiers returning king trot; pass, relianor heard ole men, had neither n the flats borse or wagon any slong which lay the own. An the wheel effort had been me though a tracks from the trees near place was found and buggy the old statioor three had eviden determine hours, it v r crossing which wa the strea vorning ing fror

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the colonel's quarters on the north side though there was still danger, there was were no more popular or populous than hope. What struck many inquirers was the fact that the doctor seemed ill at New York," said ease, and invariably evaded the ques tion, when pressed as to the nature of Brent's delirium. This, of course, sim ply served to whet public curiosity; and the young soldier became, all unconsciously, an object of greater interest only one of a dozen or a score, big and than ever. The ladies of the infantry, little, in this city. The members, or who had known him by sight some time, were certain that from the very first he had borne all the outward appearance of a gentleman, and in every word and gesture had "given the world assurance of a man" of birth and breeding. Their sisters of the cavalry, who had but recently reached Fort Ryan, were not slow in accepting their theories

Such things were by no means un common in the service; and wouldn't it be delicious, now, to have a romance in the ranks at Ryan? Only fancy, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Brodie, and, above all, Mrs. Graves, were quite ready to go to the hospital at any time the doctor would permit and become the nurse of the young corporal; but the medical man almost bluntly declined the services of two of these ladies, and with positive insolence, said the third, had told her she could much better devote her ministrations to her own children. "Just as if I didn't know best what my children needed!" said the offended matron.

And it was about Dr. Ingersoll that Mrs. Graves was discoursing this very morning on Mrs. Lane's piazza, while her own olive branches were clambering the fences and having a battle royal with the progeny of Mrs. Sergt. Flynn at the other end of the garrison. And, as luck would have it, who should come along the gravel walk but the major and the doctor, arm in arm, at which sight Miss Marshall's expressive eyes, brimming with merriment, sought the half vexed features of Capt. Lane, who had been fidgeting uneasily in his chair during her ladyship's exordium. Like many another excellent soldier, this practised trooper had no weapon with which to silence a woman's tongue.

"You'll find I'm right, Mrs. Lane. See if you don't," proceeded Mrs. Graves, all unconscious of the coming pair. "You found I wasn't mistaken about Mai. Kenyon: and they are just as like as two peas in a pod-both of them."

the situation by the mirthful gleam in and caught sight of the object of her dissertation.

it?" she hailed. "I was just talking about you.'

"Then how could you find the heart to laugh. Mrs. Lane?" said the major, raising his cap with simulated reproach of mien. "Does it amuse you to see fellow mortals flaved alive? Is it not bad enough that, like Sir Peter Teazle, I families to go away at all, and they am never out of Mrs. Graves' sight but can't keep them away after the first that I know I've left my character behind me? The doctor and I were wondering whether there was a vestige left of the good impression we strove to make upon Miss Marshall."

"I'm sure you ruined all possibility of that three days ago, major, when you showed her what a cynical old party you were. No wonder the young officers in our regiment lose all love for their profession after hearing you talk. If I were Col. Morris I wouldn't have you contaminating the lieutenants of the Eleventh the way you were trying it on Mr. Hearn the other day."

"Where is Mr. Hearn, by the way?" asked Mrs. Lane, eager to put an end to such an unprofitable controversy. hasn't been in here for nearly two days. Come, major—come, doctor, walk in and sit awhile. We want to hear how Corp. Brent is, too."

"Brent seems easier, Mrs. Lane, thank you," answered the surgeon. "I cannot just now; we came over to meet the mail, for the orderly seems to have an unusually big load this morning. Here office now.

And as he spoke perhaps half a dozen young cavalrymen, still in their riding boots and spurs, as though they had but just returned from drill, came slowly up Wharton had an open news paper which he was reading aloud; the others were hanging about him, evidently listening with absorbed attention, to the neglect of their own letters.

'What's the matter with the boys?" asked Kenyon, whimsically, as they ap-"They look as solemn as proached. owls.

Naturally all eyes were drawn toward the coming party. Lane, bending for-ward, saw that Hearn's face was pale, even under the coat of tan and sunburn. He would have passed them by, simply lifting his cap, as Wharton half folded the paper when the group filed in through the main gate, but again Kenyon spoke: "What makes you look so like a pack of mutes, lads? What's gone wrong? Is

congress sailing into us again?"
"Maj. Kenyon," said Martin, deliberately, halting in front of the gate, "I

said some disparaging things about your remarks here the other day. I beg your pardon, sir. You were right; I was Hold on, Hearn; don't go now and brood over this thing. Stay with the crowd, and we'll take it all to-

Lane had half risen, anxiety deepen ing in his dark gray eyes. What is it, Hearn? Come in here.

come in, all of you.' And Georgia Marshall, glancing from one face to another, noted the silence and gravity that had fallen on each. Some looked full of surppressed wrath, others simply perplexed and annoyed. word to any one Hearn

stepped in and stood beside her chair. "You best know your own papers, major: you read this aloud," said Martin. And Kenyon, looking about in momentary surprise, unfolded the great pages of the Chicago daily. His eye amed as they caught the heavy head.

lines at the top of the sheet. [TO BE CONTINUED.[ in the world are going on right here in | resp New York," said a hotel man. "Take that concern there," nodding at a huge hotel up town. "Neither the phalanstery at Guise nor any other socialistic community compares with it, and it is guests, as you may choose to call them. put their money into a common fund, and they live in style and comfort that would cost them easily two or three times as much if they didn't have cooperation. They are in a fireproof building, heated with steam and lighted by electricity; the fittings and plumbing are the finest that a millionaire could get; they have private telephones in their rooms and trained servants are at hand day and night. How many of them could afford such things in a private house? That's what socialism will do. 'Does it pay? Well, rather. A hotel

in New York is either a gold mine or a bottomless pit to drop money into. It is generally the former if it is a first class hotel with plenty of capital back of it. Otherwise men wouldn't be so eager to invest millions in hotel property. firm is reputed to have divided \$150,000 the first year. The wife of the manager of another hotel is famous even in New York for her diamonds. The number of hotels not particularly well known that bring their owners from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year is surprising, if half the stories told are true. These are hotels that do a transient trade. The place across the way expects to have 500 or 600 guests living there the year round and paying something like \$1,000 a Some pay a good deal year apiece. more. All the proprietor has to do is to take in the money and keep his guests from kicking. That's where the brains come in in the hotel business-keeping your guests from kicking. Why do some hotel keepers fail? Well, one reason is that some of them make so much money that they want to be Astors or Vanderbilts right away and so listen to schemes their guests have to propose. It takes brains to salt money away as well as to make it.

"There is one thing about these socialistic hotels here in New York that outside hotel keepers don't like. That Then, recalled to the possibilities of old joke about New York being the finest summer resort in the land is grim Miss Marshall's eye and the audible earnest for them. New Yorkers who chuckles of Mr. Lee, she whirled about own places in the country are staying at them longer and longer each year, but the season at summer hotels is "Oh, it's you they're laughing at, is growing shorter and shorter. I know one place that could reckon confidently upon a season of three months. Last summer its season was not more than six weeks. People used to be crazy to get into the country and sorry to come back to the city. Now you'll find that husbands and fathers have to coax their cold spell gives them an excuse to come back. I don't suppose that people like the country any less than they ever did; but the country hotels can't keep up to the standard that people have been taught to expect here, and people won't put up with the deprivations and discomforts they have to suffer in the country. So the luxury of living in New York is killing the summer hotel business, and New York is getting to be a greater summer resort every year."-New York Sun.

Three Young Ladies of Odessa

There are in Odessa at the present time three young Russian ladies of great wealth, who are engaged in the useful calling of selling coal, washing linen and serving in a farm, and the charbonniere, the washerwoman and the farm servant have received and divided among them during the last few weeks 863 offers of marriage. They have been called the Cinderellas of Odessa, because their strange fate found them out in that town. "I think that very few have sighed, when fate at last has found "I think that very few have them," writes Praed, and though these ladies have some cause to sigh their trouble is a passing one.

A wealthy Russian had lately died at ssa and left them a fortune of many million rubles, but on the condition that each and all should take their turn at 15 months' servile labor in the conditions already specified, "to the end that, having known the life of the poor, they may rightly embrace the life of the rich." They may, if they think well, afterward form a league of heir esses who shall follow the same course to matriculate as millionaires. An amusing feature is the noble self renunciation of the 863 suitors, who one and all agree to overlook the 15 months hard labor in consideration of the sunny years which they, the heiresses, will enjoy and share ever after. "Your experience," writes one, "will be invalnable to me. You will not only be my partner, but my charge d'affaires. Pall Mall Gazette.

Judic's Opinion of the Kaiser.

We had a drama this week, but we had also a comedy. Mme. Judic's de-parture for Berlin has given a gay note to the tune of the hour. She made one forget almost M. Jaures' oaths. Mme. Judic has been questioned by a German correspondent, and she has declared that she would sing with pleasure to the Berlinese in general and to the emperor in particular. There is nothing to say to this, but it is Mlle. Nitouche's judgment on William II that is worthy of record:

"He suits me, that sovereign. He has style. He knows bow to take the French. To take what from them? Villages.

-Paris Illustration

No Wonder. "I cannot account for it," said the doc

"but this is a severe case of mal de "I know it, doctor," said the sick man

"it is all caused by the soprano in the next flat practicing on the high C's."—Detroit

side of the first consul's nature that time dominant. So far as cor with his aspirations for personal and glory, he put into practical of tion many of the most important re lutionary ideals, failing only in ti which sought to substitute a natio for a Reman church. But in this process he took full advantage of the state of French society to make himself indispensable to the continuance of French life on its new path. Incapable of the noble self abnegation which characterized the close of Washington's career, by the parade of civil liberty and a re stored social order he so minimized the popular, representative, constitutional side of his reconstructed government as to erect it into a virtual tyranny on its political side. The temptation to make the fact and the name fit each other was overpowering, for the self styled commonwealth, with a chief magistrate claiming to hold his office as a public trust, was quite ready to be launched as a lib eral empire under a ruler who in reality held the highest power as a possession. Napoleon," by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

Forrest's Tribute.

Nate Salsbury once met Forrest, the great actor. But he had better tell the story himself: "It was at Columbus, O., in the railroad station at midnight. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, and the old fellow hobbled up and down the platform, but there was majesty even in his very hobble. An undertaker's wagon pulled up at the station, and a corpse was removed from it. The baggageman carelessly bustled the body into his dray and wheeled it down the platform. he halted, old Forrest broke out into the most herrible cursing, and with his tongue lashed the baggageman for his careless handling of the human clay. Then he turned, approached the corpse, and broke into the oration of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar. No one was there but the frightened baggageman and a handful of actors. The great actor's voice rose and fell, and the sub tle tears and resolute thunder of the oration awoke the echoes of the station as a grand organ in a majestic cathedral. He read every line of the oration, and said in an aside speech, as a climax: There, take that, you poor clay in the coffin. I'll be dead myself inside a year. And he was.'

The First Dress Suits. "I have read," writes a correspondent from Jacksonville, "the remarks made by the Rambler apropos of the introduction of the dress suit in Cincinnati and the uncertainty of the date of that important event. Permit me to suggest that it was some years earlier than you indicate. If I am not very much mistaken, I saw a dress suit in Cincinnati in the year 1869. It was worn by a gentleman who had just arrived from the east, and I remember it attracted a great deal of attention. This was really the pioneer movement, and the first people to follow it were the volunteer firemen, who were greatly pleased with the low cut vest which permitted such a liberal display of shirt front. They wore their suits on Sundays and occasionally on other days when some celebration was in progress. The habit became general in 1876, or 1878 as you say, and there were a number of men who owned their own evening clothes in those years. "-New York Mail and Express.

A Club to Which Garfield Belonged.

The death of Mrs. Dr. J. H. Robinson et Mentor a few days ago, better known as "Aunt Betsy," leaves only one member surviving of a club of five which was organized at the opening of the When the late President James A. Garfield enlisted, the club was organized and was composed of General Garfield, the Rev. Isaac Errett of Cincinnati, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Robinson of Bedford, and the Rev. Harrison Jones of Union. The club covenanted to give sympathy, encouragement and aid to each other in sickness or trouble whenever needed. Of the club there is but one member now alive, the Rev. Harrison Jones, 88 years of age, who is living in Mount Vernon. Garfield's funeral Dr. Robinson charge of the ceremonies, the Rev. Mr. Errett made the address, and the Rev. Mr. Jones offered the prayer .- Ohio State Journal.

Thief to Catch a Thief.

A noted ex-burglar is employed as a private detective in one of the largest retail 'ty goods stores in New city, and a gentleman connected with the house said recently "that the excrook's services are invaluable. was engaged on account of his wide ac quaintance with shoplifters. A number of professional shoplifters, with whom he is acquainted, are aware of the position he holds and consequently keep away from the building. A female exthief is also employed in a similar capacity in another large house. The policy of setting a thief to catch a thief ap parently works well there .- Pittsburg

Cruel Examiners.

A reporter for the Cincinnati Tribune lately overheard a dialogue between two suburban gentlemen. 'How did your daughter pass her ex-

amination for a position as teacher? asked the first man. "Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't

pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, out they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born.

A Conceited Man.

Edith-Harry is the most conceited man I ever met.

Ethel-What makes you thinks so? "Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual, and in ev ery respect a paragon, and then asks mi if I do not love him. "-Brooklyn Life

above, a the road, Fretting i -Helen I Every shop This custom ha "The Store of th may be no more t

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carries a stock v But in the lar bers of finely stous classes of I tile establishm custom of pelo terbalances an

on the part of When you be a tiny tin cylin up in the she body, marked

Every time t a bean is droppeand at stated times th and for every 16 or 1 the generosity of the lowed threepence in This custom must b tiquity. - London Cor.

A Novel Cos

To a Berlin factory credit of having found It had been noticed for every Saturday she v about toothache, which disappeared by Sunday sure as Saturday came as be seen with her face sw ages, but otherwise att auties as usual. Finally came curious as to what e ular recurrence of the evi the foreman in the factor bandage, and, lo! there w of mustard plaster on her close questioning she conf had done the same thing e in order to have nice red going to church on Sund The plasters hurt her so she preferred a little pair appear more winsome morning and at the dance

Mottoes For Embroiderin For embroidering on tri "I'll put a girdle round al or the phrase, "Traveler tent," will form a wel upon the perennial "Be button bag may announ above buttons." Emb slips may allude to "T

dream," or ejaculate 'with us." A veil case Mysterious veil of brig That's both her luster or "The veil spun fro The pretty cloths which the ears of corn hot w be marked, "Corne, w of life," "When corns to reape," or Whittier golden corn." Bread "Bread which str hearts."—Ladies' Ho

The Man H

A gentleman rece to the notice of a city fellow who was look Some few days after and the gentleman a had proved a wise o

'Not at all!" rep. "Dear me!" thought he would h to the ground; so fo "Yes," responde

was too full of s gone, and £1,000 o "You don't say he was exactly the looking for."

'So he is!" e is!"-London Tit-

What a " "Harricane" is for a West Indies by modern meteo long continue lence. In Beanm winds are classed "fresh" and "next is a "stiff" wind and then v The "gales" run classes, the last

An authority hysterical pers influence. own fancies-n they prove very passes off very

ricane.

When Edwa the Countess to put her to e a large iron ca to the execual lish rabbig

Prossian

ashes of the