AN ARMY WIFE

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER V.

It was October before the surveyors finished their work in the Mescalero mountains and Merriam and his men were recalled to Sedgwick. Late in July Billy Whittaker had been relieved by his restored comrade and returned to headquarters. He lost no time in calling on the Haynes, and between him and that charming little army matron, Mrs. Hayne, there were exchanged significant smiles and knowing looks, and not a few confidential words, to all of which the blond, Norse-looking captain and husband seemed to give hearty approval. And letters from the cantonment—long letters—came to Mrs. Hayne from her friend Mrs. Tremaine, and long, loving, blissful missives from Florence, and when the Haynes, father and mother, boys and girls, all presently went into Chicago for a month at the fair it leaked out in some way that Mrs. Hayne left freighted with mysterious commissions from her friends at the cantonment, Tremaine's reverses permitting no such extravagance as a journey, especially in view of the many new and lovely items that women decreed as indispensable now. And presently it was known at Sedgwick that, despite his complete recovery, Mr. Merriam seemed to find it necessary to leave the detachment in the mountains and make frequent, even hazardous rides, with only a single orderly, down deep into the canyon of the Catamount, and so on back to Wells and the cantonment. Long before the Haynes returned from Chicago, therefore, the sweet secret was out, and all Fort Sedgwick was talking of Merriam's engagement to Floy Tremaine. She was but eighteen; he twenty-eight. She was shy, sensitive, an idolized daughter. There were times when she was actually lovely, so deep and tender were her eyes, so winning her smile, soft and caressing her voice. He was stalwart, soldierly, fine looking certainly, but a man few heartily liked, while few thoroughly knew him. He had been wild, extravagant, and some said dissipated the first two or three years after his graduation. He was known to be frank and truthful, and as a giver and lender had been decidedly too generous. He was a conscientious officer in many ways, except when he was serving under Buxton. He couldn't bear "Bux," and Bux not infrequently spoke disparagingly of Merriam's ability, a thing that might have hurt him in the eyes of his superiors but for the fact that they knew Bux far better than he knew them. Among officers of his own grade there were none whose opinion was worth having who really disliked Merriam, but very few who felt themselves sufficiently intimate with him to actively like. They had nothing against him except a certain indifference of manner, and nothing that called for enthusiastic praise. His conduct in returning to his regiment from an expensive Eastern station and putting himself en retraite until his debts should be lifted and his duns appeased, met with general commendation. His course in taking the Mescalero detail off a brother officer's hands was held to be characteristically generous. He had lots of good points, had Merriam, they all conceded, but there were not four people, officers or ladies, in either the cavalry or the Rifles, who thought him good enough for Florence Tremaine.

"Wish her joy? Aye, with all my heart," said the old colonel when the news of the engagement was brought to him, "but can we hope it?" Even Captain Hayne was not sure, though he tried to be, and found comfort and inspiration in the enthusiasm of his devoted wife and in the stanch opinions of Billy Whittaker. These two were the two at Sedgwick to whom the engagement brought gladness without alloy, and since there were not four people in the combined commands who could thoroughly approve the match, it follows that at most, therefore, there could be only one more, but that one was the most confident, the most enthusiastic, the happiest, the gladdest, the proudest, the fondest girl that ever lived—Florence, her own sweet self. In a passion of tears one exquisite moonlit evening late in June she had thrown herself upon her knees by her mother's side and sobbed out the news that Merriam had told her he loved her dearly and had asked her to be his wife, and when the mother drew her to her bosom and held her there and mingled her tears with those of her beloved child her heart went up in prayer to heaven, for she knew that which Tremaine could not understand, that so deep, so fond, so all possessing was the love with which Florence would love, probably did love, that there could be no listening to reason. She had pinned her faith on Randolph Merriam and it could not be shaken.

But neither wife nor daughter knew that night that, earlier in the evening, Merriam had sought the husband and father and opened his heart to him, told him his whole story, and begged of him his consent and blessing. "I did love Miss Hayward," he said. "I was fascinated beyond expression and was stunned by the abrupt end of our engagement, but all that passion was killed by the details that have reached me, and in its place have grown up an admiration and love for your daughter that far exceed anything I have known before. I have had hard lessons, sir. I am not worthy the love of one so pure and true as she, but it shall be my constant endeavor to make her happy."

Tremaine could not answer for a moment. "What have you told her thus far?" he asked, though not unkindly.

"I told her before I was summoned back to the detachment, after that shooting scrape up in the mountains, about Miss Hayward and my broken engagement and her prospective marriage. I do not think I had any business to do even that—to tell her anything that might seem to single her out as confidant, but the impulse was stronger than I was."

"Was that—the day before the courier came down with the news of the fight?" asked the captain, with uplifted brows. He was thinking of how Florence had been found by her mother in tears that very afternoon.

"Very possibly, sir, though I cannot recall the day."

Then after a pause: "Answer me this question, Merriam," said the old officer. "If Miss Hayward were to treat this man as she did you; if she were again to come into your life and say, 'Come back to me,' I do not ask you what your answer would be—I ask, what would your heart say?"

"Nothing. Even if she were not his wife I could not think of her again without aversion."

"Yet she is accomplished and a beauty, you say; which my Florence, they tell me, though I cannot see it, is not."

"She is accomplished—too much so. She is a beautiful woman, but I look in your daughter's eyes, sir, and I see her as you see her. God knows I marvel that any one can fail to see her except as you do and as I do."

And Tremaine held out his hand, gripped hard the lean, brown fingers that clasped in his, essayed to say something that was still weighing on his heart, but gave up.

"She is all I have to give, Merriam," he presently said, "but she is all the world to me."

And so when Merriam returned to Sedgwick to face the volleys of congratulation and the occasional shakes of the head with which his seniors said to him, "She's a heap too good for you, man," he could not but be aware of the trend of public sentiment, and though time and again he had said as much to her, to her parents, to himself, it must be owned that here was a case where it was not entirely flattering to find the world of his own expressed opinion. It nettled him not a little, and even Whittaker and Mrs. Hayne could not entirely comfort him. It was all very well to say, "You must remember that Florence has been the pet of our regiment ever since she was born. I declare it makes me jealous at times for my own babies," as Mrs. Hayne did. It was gratifying and complimentary to his taste that the commendation of his gentle fiancee was so general, but, no matter how conscious a man may be of his own shortcomings is it ever a comfort to find that all his friends are equally aware of them? It must be owned that there were moments when Merriam grew impatient of these comments upon his unworthiness, expressed or implied, even while his heart rejoiced over the enthusiastic interest displayed by all the garrison in his wife that was to be.

And he was a very devoted lover, too. Only twice a week did the mail rider go out to the cantonment, but Randy wrote to her long, crowded pages every day, and her letters came even longer and brimful of love and sunshine and happiness. He had sent to St. Louis for her engagement ring, and her delight over it and its beauty was something delicious to see, though she properly rebuked him for his extravagance, and warned him never again to spend so much money in jewelry for her while he was yet a poor lieutenant. By and by, when he became a great general, as surely he must, then it might be permissible, but no matter how great or distinguished he might become, never could she be prouder of him or of his love than now, never, never.

As the late autumn wore on it was arranged that the wedding should take place at Sedgwick, and both Riflers and troopers, the —th foot and the —th horse, were to give the happy couple a glorious send-off. Both bride and groom-elect had seen much of the East and South within the ten years preceding this of '92, and Merriam suggested southern California, Coronado Beach, Santa Barbara and Monterey for their honeymoon trip. Florence would have gone without question had he said Kamchatka or Timbuctoo. Once—twice during the autumn long letters had reached him from Ned Parry—letters over which he pondered long and gravely. Mrs. and Mr. McLane, said the second letter, were once more in Gotham, the vortex of a gay circle, but Mrs. Parry had declined to go East again. He himself had not cared to go, and did not call upon the happy couple or upon their revered uncle when, as it happened, he did have to go. "Mr. Mellen has never written me since my letter to him telling him why I could not attend the wedding," wrote Parry. "Yet he and I have got to have an accounting, and in the near future, too. But first, my boy, I must look up that California story and we are to meet. It may be weeks yet before I can get away, but when I do I'll wire. If possible get a brief furlough and join me. I'll come by way of Sedgwick, and Charlotte—will not be with us."

And though Merriam soon answered that letter, he made no mention of his engagement. Cards in due form were issued in January just a fortnight before the ceremony, and that was Parry's first intimation of "the impending crisis." Charlotte was astonished. Both were rejoiced on one account, yet both wished, for the girl's sake again, that he had not been so precipitate. Each believed that the old love still smoldered and could be fanned into flame. They sent a beautiful gift to the bride—some rare cut-glass pieces, over which Florence almost cried with delight, and for the first time in long weeks Charlotte Parry wrote to her fair sister in Gotham, and told her of Mr. Merriam's engagement to such a charming girl, the only daughter of a distinguished officer, the pride and beauty of the regiment, the toast of all the cavalry, and other elaborations, some of which, it must be owned, Mrs. Parry coined, but most of them she compiled and evolved from the letter Merriam wrote to her two days after he had posted the cards.

The wedding was lovely, as army weddings usually are. The day was perfect, the music grand, the assemblage all that could be desired; the ceremony, despite the mist of tears in many eyes and Tremaine's manifest emotion, had gone off without a jar. The reception at the Haynes' was simply perfect, as everybody said, and then, though it was a manifest "give-away" of the young couple and probably very bad form indeed, dozens of men and women had ridden to the junction to meet the westbound train and see them off; and hardly had their fond faces faded in the distance than another, a very different one, a radiant, smiling, beautiful face, was unveiled to the startled vision of the bride, and the woman who was said to have wrecked Randolph Merriam's life a few months gone by was there in most bewitching guise, despite the dust and grime of railway travel, to overwhelm her with pretty speeches and charming compliments—and complete dismay.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

MR. LOWELL AND THE QUEEN.

Not His Literary Rank That Made Him a Favorite.

George W. Smalley, in Harper.

The respect—it is in truth something more than respect—in which the Queen is held in America makes her Majesty's opinions of things concerning Americans of interest to her admirers in this country. It is perhaps known already that she liked Mr. Lowell, and that he was a favorite and favored guest at Windsor castle. We are apt to think that our author's literary renown won him the general regard of England. That is so, but it hardly explains the Queen's interest in him. The Queen of England is not among those who think that the authors of that country are its chief glories. Literature has seldom or never in her time been a passport to royal favor. It is not a literary family—not a family which reads much, except dispatches and state papers and the curt summaries of parliamentary proceedings which the Prime Minister, or minister who leads the House of Commons, writes on his lap toward the close of each sitting for her Majesty's information. Not many marks of distinction have been conferred during the present reign on eminent English writers. Still less, then, was it likely that an American writer should be singled out for notice because he was an American writer. It is probable that the Queen knew that Mr. Lowell had published books; less probable that she had read them; least probable of all that they were the foundation of the regard she had for him. The regard was due to his personal qualities, and to the fact that he was known to her as the advocate of a good understanding between the kingdom over which she rules and the great commonwealth beyond the seas which her grandfather flung away. For the Queen has ever been the advocate of friendly relations with the United States. She knew how much this American minister had done to promote them, and valued him accordingly. Upon acquaintance with Mr. Lowell she came to value him for his own sake, and not least, I have been told, for his somewhat unconventional independence of speech and thought. The imagination cannot conceive of Lowell as a courtier. He had—which is a totally different matter—an admirable courtesy, whether to the Queen or to the flower girl in the street of whom he bought roses for his buttonhole and his friends. But to the Queen, as to everybody else, he would speak his mind. The freedom he used sometimes left courtiers aghast, but gave no offense to the Queen. It may have amazed her because of its originality; it certainly increased her respect and liking for the loyal gentleman who thought the ties of humanity universal. There was no fault of good breeding in it; there was, no doubt, a certain indifference to court customs. A breath of fresh air swept through the presence room when Mr. Lowell entered it. He was not afraid to be himself; to be simple, entertaining, literary even, or to pour out his stores of wit and learning where such gifts are unusual. There are one or two other cases which might be mentioned of men—Englishmen these—who venture upon plain speaking to the Queen, and with similar results.

A New England Lady.

As I write the words, a quaint, small figure steps noiselessly out of the past, a slight figure, too, though well-knit, weighing scarcely ninety pounds. The face is gently old and withered, like a late-hanging peach, keeping still a shade of its youthful pinkiness. The hair, brown and fine, with a wide, white parting and snug twist that curls when released, is kept in unvarying place by an old-fashioned back comb. Two small, flat curls are held close to the delicate ears, partially covering them, by modern side combs.

The eyes, gray-blue and clear, look out on a world that has been hard to their owner, who has not repaid it in kind. She must have wondered often at its hardness in the years before she accepted it bravely as something in the general plan.

The gown, clean and becoming, is of fine, old-fashioned calico—always of calico and always clean—chocolate brown in color and lightly sprinkled with tiny sprigs of white. A gingham apron of blue check is tied with smoothly ironed tape strings around the waist, which is trim as a young girl's. About the neck a kerchief of thick muslin, that might be cousin to the Breton coif, carries with it the thought of spotless purity that always attached to Aunt Lois.

She was aunt to the town—never invited, but always bidden to its festivities, to take the part she loved best, without which, tea party, sleigh-ride supper, winter dance and wedding feast would be incomplete. When she appeared, serene and capable, responsibility dropped at once into her hands, and the satisfied house-mother took no more thought for the day or the morrow.

Aunt Lois was by no means the grande dame, the fine lady, of whom we think and speak vaguely. She was too fine, too grand, for careless speech. From her early youth she had been a bearer of almost incredible burdens—burdens borne in silence, with such dignity and sweetness that they became blessings.

"You see, I never had rheumatism or any ailment, not even a headache, so I could always work right along, day after day. My back was strong, or I couldn't have done a great many things that were necessary. Many a time I carried my first baby two and three miles to do house-cleaning, and back again at night. He was so good I could put him to sleep and tuck him away in a rocking chair where nobody could sit on him. So you see he wasn't much hindrance. But I went a little early and stayed later, of course, to make up the time I lost, and right thankful I was to be able to do it."

Aunt Lois had mothered not only eight children, but a good-natured, worthless husband to boot, who sawed the wood for home use and kept the kettle boiling whenever he could be spared from the more hilarious pastimes of the tavern. No work was too hard or too disagreeable for Aunt Lois, no weather too wet or too cold. She was happiest, perhaps, at those embarrassing times when one family was moving out as another moved into a house, and she, as capable high priestess, had charge of the lares and penates of both.

"But what are you going to do for your dinner?" one would ask. "There is positively nothing to eat in the house since that last load went, not so much even as a spoonful of tea!"

"Now, child, don't you give it one single thought," Aunt Lois would reply comfortably. "There's a kettle full of hot water. It's better for most folks than tea, you know. I never was much of a tea-drinker; and I put a cracker in my pocket, too, this morning, for I knew you'd be all stirred up to-day. It's all I want, certain. 'Tisn't so easy to starve as you think, and I never was hungry like some folks. I rather think the Lord knew when he made me what sort of work he'd laid out for me."

And never was back more beautifully fitted to its burden. On being remonstrated with one day for carrying a heavy basket up three long flights of stairs without stopping to take breath, she said authoritatively, as she kept on: "Don't say a word; don't say one word! Some folks don't have any stairs!"

When Aunt Lois was in full vigor and nearly seventy years old her youngest child, a life-long invalid, died suddenly. This daughter was the cheerer and comforter of her life, inheriting the high courage and fearless faith of her mother. The neighbors near and far, in tender appreciation, sent flowers and messages to the bereaved home, and two ventured to go in person, dreading, as all did, to see this personification of strength and cheer reduced to the pitiful straits of ordinary humanity when its last prop is gone.

The little house stood quite by itself, a mile outside the town, which had gradually drawn near. Poverty marked it for her own—a little, one-story, dingily brown house. Its tenant was one of the folks who had no stairs. Three rooms and a roof to cover them were all she owned, but these her labor of years had paid for. She welcomed her guests with the same quiet composure that attended her alike on solemn or joyful occasions, giving them the two chairs near the fire, fetching foot-stools, begging to remove and dry their wraps, for the night was damp.

"Her face shone," said one of them afterward. "We couldn't speak of the dead, but she did. Tears came when she asked us to take her dear thanks to the people who had been so kind to her. She had not expected such things. She said heaven had always been rather a lonesome spot to her. There seemed to be so little to do there, according to all she had heard and read. But now that Amy was there, as she hoped, 'twas a good deal to look forward to. Other people had more ideas about it, she supposed. A good many of her babies had gone before when they were little things, but Amy——" Not a word of her own sore grief, of her utter loneliness.

In straits of unexpected guests, in house-cleanings, weddings, funerals, nothing was ever quite orthodox without Aunt Lois, who lived on alone in her desolate house. Her husband had died years ago, so little missed that the neighbors soon forgot him; her one remaining child had married hundreds of miles away, into poverty more dreary than any she had ever known at home, and her going was to the mother like going out of the world. The son-in-law was undesirable in various ways; but Aunt Lois, when questioned, said serenely: "Susan likes him, and she's the one that's got him to live with; so if she can put up with his ways it isn't for me to complain. It doesn't become me to be talking about their affairs. Most children marry away from their home, and why should I be treated different from other folks?"

Mother-confessor was Aunt Lois to half the village, but never did anointed priest guard more sacredly the secrets of the confessional than she. No engagement, however unsuitable, however queer, could surprise her, for had she not stood sponsor to the fancy in its callow infancy, long before it hardened into fact, and attended the shrinking victim through the long course of chills and fever preceding the consummation? All heartaches, and backaches, and fingeraches went to Auna Lois for consolation, and the least of them never went in vain. She knew the hidden virtues of all simples, and her head carried an endless-chain procession of recipes of all sorts, from wine-making to root beer, and from raspberry shrub to catnip tea. Measles and chicken-pox, mumps and whooping-cough lost their terrors when Aunt Lois appeared, confident and cheery, to charm away crossness and fidgets with stories of when she was a little girl. A plain and homely enough little-girlhood, but one that made the utmost of everything and saw more possibilities in a sand heap than modern children find in a fully equipped dollhouse.

The rocking-chair creaked contentedly as she crooned a tired baby to sleep, her own calmness going out to the rasped nerves and setting them in order and harmony. All night long she could watch with the sick without a wink of sleep, and no one could persuade her to so interfere with the order of nature as to rest by day. Work was her panacea; a dash of cold water outside, a cup of weak, hot tea for refreshment, and her day was well begun. She took no sugar in her tea nor butter on her bread, because these luxuries were not afforded at home, and she could not be persuaded to pamper herself elsewhere.

At spring cleanings she could take down a sooty stovepipe tidily and set its perverse joints together again with an unruffled spirit. She could make wedding cake or clean a cellar, scrub kitchen floors or do up laces as if she had been the proverbial angel called from governing a kingdom to sweep a street crossing.

Gentle, refined in thought and speech, with a low voice, a quiet step, a comforting presence, a heart that held no suggestion of wrong, a nature of utmost charity, which believed no fleeting gossip, Aunt Lois saw deep beneath the surface to the honest heart of things, but could never recognize any faults but her own.

Hating sin, she loved the sorry sinner, and could find a ready excuse for any fault or incompetency outside her own door. From the very slenderest store she gave so graciously that the gift itself seemed great, whatever it might be—a marigold growing by her doorstep, a plump head of fennel or dill, a root of sweet cicely, a handful of checkerberries or wild strawberries in their season, a few radishes from her garden-bed, a stick of candy, perhaps, to a child—the saved-up gift of some lover of her own among the children—or bits of silk to make a little girl's eyes shine, bright fragments treasured from some wedding trousseau of the past.

The world was poorer when she went out of it, to meet her Amy, we trust; to sit resting in the heavenly place, with folded hands, perhaps, and spotless kerchief—for we can only think of her humanly—ministered unto at last, but with the bright hope shining in her clear eyes of ministering in turn, after earth's ninety years of tiredness was past.

—Alyn Yates Keith, in New York Evening Post.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What We Are Coming To.

Puck.

Photographer—Photograph, sir?

Customer—Yes, sir.

Photographer—Inside or outside, sir?

His Definition.

Puck.

Ikey—Fader, vot is spondaneous compustion?

Fader—It's a gag vot some beeple gif der insurance gompanies.

Doing His Best.

Puck.

Mrs. Slocum (to her husband's chum)—Tom, I wish you could break George of playing poker.

The Chum—I did break him, only last night.

All for Honor.

Puck.

Ethel—George, won't you take me to the Saturday matinee?

George—My oath to the union won't permit; we patronize only houses that close on that day at 12 m.

Noblesse Oblige.

Chicago Tribune.

One of the Sweet Young Things (at the menagerie)—O, here is the musk ox! Do let us stop and look at it!

Chaperon—By no means. Musk is decidedly vulgar. Young ladies, we will pass on.

"Cherches la Femme."

Punch.

"I see you charge me elevenpence for your mutton, Mr. Barton. Why is it Mr. Read in the High street lets me have it for tenpence?"

"I'm sure, m'm, I couldn't say—unless it's he's taken a fancy to you, m'm."

The Way It Goes.

Chicago Record.

"Mr. Badger, when is a woman in the prime of life?"

"Well, Mrs. Badger, when she's thirty-five."

"And a man?"

"Oh, anywhere from twenty-one to eighty."

A Gentle Reminder.

Philadelphia North American.

Ratcliffe—Do you know my wife used to sing that beautiful song, "Little Fisher Maiden," to me before we were married?

Burns—Yes.

Ratcliffe—She did. And I believe it was through that that she was enabled to hook me in.

Possibly a Participant.

Washington Star.

"Do you take an active part in politics here?" said the stranger in Kentucky.

"Well," he answered, thoughtfully, "not ez yet. But I'm lookin' to j'ine in most any minute."

"What's your business?"

"Undertaker."

The Association of Ideas.

Puck.

Canvasser (in Maine)—Can't I sell you the new "Life of Napoleon?" Most wonderful account of the achievements of the "Little Corporal—"

Farmer—Thought he was a major. But, anyhow, young man, we're all for Tom Reed round here, and you'll find your man McKinley ain't in it.

The Reason Why.

Puck.

Chicago Man (proudly showing his city to New Yorker)—Yes; we have the highest buildings in the world; and, would you believe it, the higher up the rooms the more the demand for them.

New Yorker (who doesn't like the town)—I have no doubt of it. I suppose people like to get as far out of this place as possible.

A Slight Difference.

Chicago Post.

"As I understand it, doctor, if I believe I'm well, I'll be well. Is that the idea?"

"It is."

"Then, if you believe you're paid, I suppose you'll be paid."

"Not necessarily."

"But why shouldn't faith work as well in one case as in the other?"

"Why, you see, there is considerable difference between having faith in the Almighty and having faith in you."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

In Russia the principals in a duel partake of breakfast together before going out to fight.

Between 1782 and 1815 Napoleon lost 2,250,000 French soldiers in his attempts to conquer Europe.

It is estimated that of the 90,000 paupers of London two-thirds are able bodied and capable of working.

There are more than 500,000 telephones in use in the United States, and they are used about 2,000,000 times daily.

The statistical returns of the various Methodist bodies give 25,000,000 as the total membership throughout the world.

Silk is the strongest of all vegetable or animal threads. It is three times as strong as a flaxen thread of the same size.

An orange sixteen inches in circumference was taken from a tree at Pomona, Cal. It is to be sent to Europe as a specimen of California fruit.

A New York florist has just paid $10,000 for the sole rights to the Michigan carnation known as "Murella." It is a very large flower of a deep-red color.

About two thousand sailing vessels of all kinds disappear in the sea every year, carrying down twelve thousand human beings, and involving a loss of about £20,000,000 in property.

School teaching seems to be the most popular of all the fields that are open to college women. In 1890 there were in the United States 735 women who were professors in colleges and universities.

During the winter just ended Alaska experienced the coldest weather known there for twenty years. During January and February the temperature was never above zero at Juneau or Sitka, and snow fell almost continuously.

It has been observed that poplar trees are particularly subject to be struck by lightning. Recent experiments show that woods containing fats are poor conductors of electricity, while those containing starch are better conductors. To the latter class belong the poplars, oaks and willows, consequently they form natural lightning rods. Some authorities are of the opinion that poplars planted near buildings would afford excellent protection from lightning.

O man near Newkirk, O. T., took his neighbor's cat, saturated its tail in kerosene and set it on fire, thinking it would run home and burn the neighbor out. Instead, it turned and jumped into the barn of the perpetrator and burned it down.

A deer walked leisurely up the main street of West Bristol, Me., one day last week. Its walk would not have been a long one a few years ago, but Maine's game laws are very strict, and, it being now close time, the deer ambled through the town in perfect safety.

War horses were not shod in any way in early days, for Alexander is said to have marched until the feet of the horses were broken; while in another expedition of ancient days the "cavalry was left behind because the hoofs of the horses were in bad condition."

It is not generally known that the polka was invented by a Bohemian girl named Hanickza. She was a blooming young peasant maiden, and the best dancer in the village of Costelec, on the river Elbe, and used to perform solo dances of her own invention at the various village festivities.

Here is an instance of a fire that has been burning for centuries. According to the testimony of the Duchess of Cleveland the great hearth fire in the hall of Baby castle has never been suffered to expire. This castle is, perhaps, the noblest and most perfect specimen of feudal architecture in Britain.

In 1780 slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania by gradual emancipation; in New Hampshire in 1784, and in the same year this example was followed by Connecticut and Rhode Island. Emancipation came in Vermont in 1799, and in the same year in New York; in New Jersey the slaves were compelled to wait until 1804.

The Cocopah volcanoes, seventy-five miles southwest of Yuma, Ariz., were in violent eruption a week or so since. The larger ones were emitting great volumes of smoke and some flames, and the smaller ones were throwing out quantities of water, stones and mud. The roar of the eruption could be heard twenty miles or more.

Sudden death, except from accident, is far less common than most people imagine, and death with no preceding sign of illness is very rare indeed. Practically there are but three conditions by which men going about in apparently active health are at one blow brought to the grave—heart disease, aneurism and apoplexy.

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 267; in Britain, 278; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 302; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 303; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 312.

The smallest republic in the world is Tarolaro, a small island in the Mediterranean, about seven and a half miles from Sardina. The island is only one and a half miles across, and has only fifty-five inhabitants. The President is elected for six years, no public official recives any salary, and women have the same voting rights as men.

A "midget" Testament, three-quarters of an inch long and half an inch wide, weighing only twenty-six grains, and a "mite" Bible, one and three-quarters inches high by one and one-eighth inches wide, containing 936 pages and weighing 180 grains, have just been published by a Glasgow firm. They are said to be the smallest Bible and Testament in the world.

Of all the numerous instruments employed in our times the oldest and most widely known are the drum, harp and bagpipe. The first of these, simple as its construction is, has literally played an important part in music. It originated in the north of Asia, and was for more than 2,000 years the only instrument known to the rude and roving Tartars.

There are in Arizona 10,000,000 acres of desert land capable of reclamation to agriculture through irrigation. Already some 997,000 acres have been reclaimed, and are bearing profitable crops of various kinds, and various enterprises are now under way which it is expected will in the next two years insure the reclamation of almost 2,000,000 acres more.

The Gettysburg Battlefield.

Philadelphia Press.

Two important bills were introduced into the Senate last week relating to Gettysburg battlefield. One by Senator Cullom, of Illinois, appropriates $50,000 for a statue of President Lincoln on the battlefield, which he helped to dedicate in a speech as immortal as the event which it commemorates. It is altogether fitting and proper that Abraham Lincoln's statue should occupy a prominent position on Gettysburg battlefield and be placed there by the National government. The other bill is by Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, and seeks to correct a strange lapse in the Gettysburg National Park law passed at the last session of Congress. That act authorizes the Secretary of War to take title to the land of the Battlefield Memorial Association, with all its improvements, and to open as many additional roads as are necessary. It then authorizes the Secretary of War to acquire additional lands occupied by infantry, artillery and cavalry on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863, but does not give him express authority to improve and maintain the public roads within the limits of the park jurisdiction over which jurisdiction has been or may hereafter be ceded to the United States. It would seem that this right is fairly implied in other provisions, but in view of the fact that Senator Hawley is moved to ask Congress to make a special grant of this power it may be assumed that the War Department doubts its possession of full authority in the matter.

We Have Them Now

The new Spring Capes, and none too soon, as the weather for them is here, too. "Bright days have come again," getting more and more common. They will be the rule shortly. Your winter coat is a burden such days. Better take a look now at the delightful harbingers of beautiful spring in our Cloak Room.

The latest novelties in Silk and Velvet Capes, $3.75 to $10.
Strictly all-wool Spring Capes, 75c.
Lot of all-wool Capes, worth $1.50; this week, 98c.
Habit Cloth Capes, all colors, handsomely trimmed, $1.75.
Embroidered Broadcloth Capes, $3.50.

Separate Skirts

Black Figured Skirts, lined all through; this week, $1.49.
Black Brilliantine Skirts, worth $3.50; this week, $2.25.
All-wool Novelty Skirts, best rustle lining, regular price, $5; a leader this week for $3.75.
Fine all-silk nine-gore Skirts, worth $15; this week, $9.50.

Tailor-Made Suits

Full width Skirts, lined with the best Taffeta lining, deep Velvetine facing, regular $7.50 suits; Easter week price, $4.95.

Great Values in Dress Goods

Everything that is right in Dress Goods is here—everything in Dress Goods that is here is right.
1,000 yards Novelty Dress Goods, all colors, 9½c.
1,500 yards Two-toned Novelties, 25c grade, 18c.
1,500 yards Fancy Silk-finish Dress Stuffs, 25c.
25 pieces all-wool Henrietta Cloths, 25c.
48-inch Henriettas, black and colors, regular 50c quality; this week, 37½c.
All 50c Cloth Novelties, all the new effects; this week, 39c.
Great lot of Dress Goods at 49c. 48-inch Serge and Henriettas, worth 85c to $1; Fancy Novelties, worth 65c to 75c; 54-inch Habit Cloths, worth 75c; choice, this week, 49c.

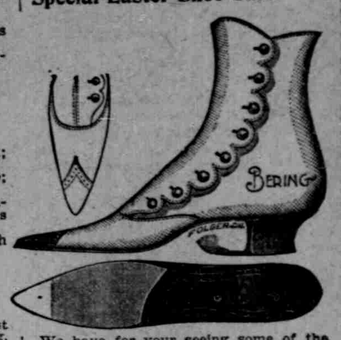
Waist Silks

65c Figured Silks go for 39c.
$1 all-silk Figured, Two-toned Taffetas, 59c.
$1.25 Dresden and Persian Silks; choice, this week, 98c.
36-inch Figured Black Taffetas, all silk, 75c.
New Changeable Silks, all colors; this week, 25c.

Special Sale of Corsets...

50c Corsets; this week, 39c.
75c J. C. Dress Form Corsets, 50c.
Dr. Warner's $1.25 Health Corsets; this week, $1.
Loomer's $1.25 Mode Bust Corsets, 98c.
Shilling's $1 French Shape Corsets; to close, 50c.

Special Easter Shoe Sale



We have for your seeing some of the daintiest styles your eyes ever looked upon. And the prices are far below your expectations.
Ladies' Twentieth Century Shoes, button or lace, former price, $4; this week, $2.85.
Ladies' $3 Hand-turned Shoes, all style toes; a special leader, for $1.98.
Special value in Ladies' Dongola Shoes, button or lace, from the narrowest toe to a common sense, $1.49.
Four styles in a Ladies' Spring Heel Shoe, button or lace, $1.33; the $2 kind.
New spring styles in Oxford Ties. The largest and best assortment we have ever carried. Special values for this week.
Gents' $3 genuine Calf Shoes, four style toes, $2.
500 pairs Gents' $2 Shoes; to close, this week, at $1.33.
Gents' $4 Patent Leathers; this week, $2.50.

Easter Hats and Bonnets

Enough new Hats and Bonnets will be ready to-morrow morning to set the town a talking. Some are imported and some are our creations—$2 to $10—and not one of those sold this week shall be duplicated. Exclusive, stylish, low-priced Millinery.

Lace Curtains

We are selling the entire sample line of one of the largest manufacturers in the country. Curtains from 98c a pair up to $5. And every one worth almost double.

Easter Shirt Waists

Laundered Percale Waists, largest sleeve made, 50c.
Laundered Percale Waists, worth $1; this week, 75c.
The new Tan Waists, $1.25 grade, $1.

Special Sale of Hosiery

Case of Ladies' full, regular made Black and Fancy Hosiery; sells the world over for 25c; your choice, this week, 19c.
Ladies' Black and Colored Opera-length Hose, 25c.
Ladies' absolutely Fast Black Seamless Hose, 10c.
One case Ladies' Fast Black Hose, 5c a pair.

Easter Gloves

Regular $1 Kid Gloves; this week, 69c.
Regular $1.25 French Kid Gloves; this week, 98c.
Regular $1.75 La Tosca Kid Gloves; this week, $1.25.

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174 and 176 W. Washington Street.

THE McELWAINE-RICHARDS CO.,

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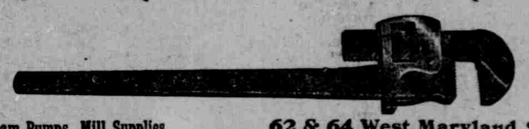

Fitters' Tools, Hose Goods.

Snow Steam Pumps, Mill Supplies.

62 & 64 West Maryland Street.

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Rapid Growth Marks our business. Bicycle Riders all return the same verdict: "IT'S THE BEST WE'VE SEEN IN EVERY WAY—the Perfection of High-Grade Wheels."

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Show the result of 18 years' experience in cycle-riding and making, backed by sufficient capital to carry out the ideas.

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