

HELD BACK.

A Story of Two Women's Hearts.

By ROSE WILLIS JOHNSON.

Hanna Allen stood at the window, looking wistfully toward old Boar's Back, reading grim and black against the sunset. Dead weeds shook and swayed across the climbing path. She, too, shivered, turning to the warmth within.

"Barbara is late!" she sighed. "I wish she would come!" "She'll go meet her?" Mr. Hayden asked.

"She is not alone—you know perfectly well in whose company you would find her! Why don't you do something to save the child?" "What can I do to save her? Does she want to be saved? She knows the man, Gold gives. What can I do?"

"He stood looking down at his hands—his hands that had held a hammer and a plane, rough-hewn, full of strength. It seemed the proper thing to lift this catapillar from his neighbor's wall, and fling it down."

"What can I do, Anna?" "Marry her yourself! Isn't she sweet enough, and pretty enough?" "Sweet are her lips, but she has blown roses into their souls, and she would dare!"

"The moon blossomed in the fork of a gaunt, dead tree. It was the great, calm rose of night. She watched it, growing quieter. The words of prayer ceased, and her hands unlocked, letting the lines go."

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"Never—until you are in my little book! And not there unless you are ready. Shall we go to the spring? The water is deliciously cool—come, I'll make a fair cup for you!"

"Fine girl!" he thought, his brow clearing. "Fond of me. The other is too sure of her power. She will have to choose between me and that long-legged fellow, or I'll—"

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"The hall door stood open—a man's voice came from the living room. It was a familiar voice, very earnest, and a little unsteady."

"But it is not Haney I love, Barbara; it is you. Could you do me a favor as a poor man's wife? I have little to offer you but myself, Barbara."

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PERSONAL.

The profound sorrow was caused all over the Pennsylvania Oil Region by the death of Maj. John B. Maitland, of Oil City, who has been one of the foremost and ablest of the Standard Oil Company's lieutenants ever since the organization of Blair's Corners in 1838, and was a clerk in a general store at the outbreak of the Civil War.

It looks very much as if the Maryland Democrats are getting together very effectively upon Senator Gorman for the Presidential nomination. State pride is invoked, and the anti-Gorman Democrats are coming cordially into line.

Mr. Spencer C. Jones, the probable Democratic candidate for Governor of Maryland, has the distinction of having been indicted by the Grand Jury of Frederick County, Md., for "waging war against the State of Maryland." He was a citizen of Frederick when the war broke out, but enlisted in a regiment that went into the rebel service, and on his return after the war was promptly indicted.

The youngest son of a veteran reported to date is Theodore Roosevelt Sigmet, who was born to Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Sigmet, of 2110 Chestnut Ave., in McKeesport, Pa., July 2. Conrad Sigmet is 62 years old, and was for some years Chief of Police in McKeesport, and this is his 20th child.

Gen. Russell A. Alger has won the suit which he brought to recover \$280,000 which he had sold to him under false pretenses. The court ordered the lands sold, and Gen. Alger bid them in for \$400,000.

Commissioner Ware's son, Eugene F. Jr., has led a squad of young society men to buy a house in the city to work in the harvest fields, where they have a contract at \$4 per day and expenses, including railroad fare. There is lively betting in Topeka as to how long they will stay.

A LINCOLN PARDON. Commissioner Ware's Interesting Relic of the Civil War. (Kansas City Journal.) United States Pension Commissioner E. F. Ware, who is in Topeka, brought with him an interesting relic of Abraham Lincoln and the civil war. It is in the form of a pardon issued by President Lincoln to one David Levy, a deserter from the Union army, and the story of it goes as follows:

In the summer of 1864 David Levy, a private soldier, was sent to one of the army hospitals while suffering from some small ailment, which, however, was sufficient to incapacitate him for duty. One day he was taken to the hospital. It was found later that he had deserted and gone home, his later explanation being that he thought he could recover his health quicker at home than in the hospital. In due time he was apprehended by the military authorities and returned to the front, going by way of Washington.

While in Washington under guard and awaiting transportation to the front, he was brought to the attention of President Lincoln. The President sent for him, heard his story, and closed the incident with a pardon. He also learned from here the story skips some 38 years. In December last the Pension Department received an application for a pension from David Levy. In looking up the records in the Adjutant General's Office it was discovered that David Levy was carried with the word "deserter" opposite his name. He was informed by the Pension office that he was not eligible for a pension. He replied that it was true that he had been a deserter, but that he had been pardoned by the President and had served his country during the war. The Pension authorities answered in turn that if he had a pardon he must produce it, as the records bore no evidence of the existence of such a document. And thereupon Levy set the matter on foot with the President, together with the statement that he had kept it safe all these years.

The pardon is written on a bit of paste-board about the size of an ordinary visiting card. The writing, though dimmed by age, is clearly legible, and would be recognized at once by those familiar with the handwriting of the martyred President. There is no circumscription or legal verbiage about it. It goes straight to the point as follows: "If David Levy shall enlist and serve faithfully for one year, or until otherwise honorably discharged, I will pardon him for the past. "January 12, 1865. A. LINCOLN."

THE AMERICAN SPANISH WAR.

low us to walk about the cell and told us to sit on the corner. On the morning of the 25th of July, about 7 o'clock, the doctor came in and told us that he had been ordered to notify us that we were to be exchanged that day. He said that we might as well be ready about 2 o'clock. But no one came until about 3 o'clock the next day. Then it was the doctor who made his appearance and wondered why we were not gone. At 8 o'clock that night the Aid-de-Camp of the General came and asked if we had any complaints to make against any of the officers for anything that had happened while we had been in prison. We said no, but, alas, we had plenty of them to make! At 7 the next morning the doctor and the Aid-de-Camp both came and notified us from the General that we were to be exchanged at 10 o'clock that day. Then the doctor shook hands with us all, saying that war was a bad thing and that they were going to have a battle at 5 o'clock that evening, and added, "Perhaps you will be killed, but I don't know. He told us to be ready at 10 o'clock. We said that we would not accept the exchange unless Hobson was to be released with us. Then an officer ordered us to handkerchiefs and blindfolded us, leading us to the place of exchange. We sat there about half an hour, until our officers brought the 10 Spanish prisoners to exchange with us. Then the Americans, but the Spaniards would accept only for man for man. We were then taken to the American lines and were received with loud cheering. We had another hearty cheering and reception when we got on board the New York at Siboney.

On the morning of the 6th of June they came to the cell and awakened us, telling us to get dressed, as we were to be removed from Morro Castle to the prison in the town, about six miles away. When they got ready, they formed a line of 50 soldiers. There were also a Sergeant and one officer. We were made to go in single file, with 15 of the guard in front and fifteen behind. They marched us over hills and over the rocks for the purpose of fooling us in regard to the roads. When we had marched about three miles they handed us over to another guard, a body of 15 men, a Sergeant and an officer, who took us the rest of the way. Along the road the women were crying, thinking that we were going to be shot. When we got to the city, the women were crying and cheering, and the severer of us into one cell, with cots in it. We were taken out in the day time. Every morning they used to let two of us out at a time to wash, with a glass of water, and to form a square around us while we washed.

During all this time they did not believe that we belonged to the navy, but thought that we were deserters from the army, and they were of the purpose of sinking the Merrimack. They thought that navy men would not do such a deed. Every day for about eight days some of the Spaniards would come to our cell, making motions with their hands as if bringing a gun, and saying that in about two hours we should be shot. This continued until the English Consul put a stop to it. We also received reports to the English Consul in regard to the complement of bread with which we were served. Some days we would get two ounces, other days three, with rice and beans and olive oil mixed up together. Besides this, there was a sardine and a half for each man and two bottles of wine. The wine was of the best, and was brought to the English Consul by the navy. The English Consul brought us 85 biscuits, which cost 20 cents apiece, some sugar and some coffee. He told us he could not do any more, as there was nothing else in the place.

THEN I TOOK THE FEVER. and so did Dan Montague. We had it badly. A Spanish doctor visited us every morning, and he always complained of very bad smell in the cell. There was but one opening about 18 inches square. That was all the ventilation we had. Exercise we had none. At last the English Consul requested the General to remove us to the place where we could get more fresh air, saying that we should all be down with the fever. So they removed us to another block, which had a prison, a prison and hospital and barracks. There we had plenty of fresh air and a new doctor to attend us who could speak good English. We began to recover, and the doctor said the treatment he gave us. But they never let us out of this place to wash. They would not allow us to go to the beach.

What a Knock-Out Blow Does. (Medical News.) Inasmuch as all boxing contests which terminate speedily are, as a rule, ended by this character of coup de grace, the physiology of it is of great interest. A man struck with any degree of force upon the mental area of the jaw, although he may be perfectly conscious, and may be instantly paralyzed and falls to the ground. The attitude assumed in recovery, which may be instantaneous or delayed some minutes, is most characteristic. He squirms about, raises his head and rolls his eyes in an effort to locate himself. He tries to get on his side and elbow. He endeavors to rise upon his hands and knees. If he regains his feet he staggers like a drunken man, and should be allowed to reopen hostilities, he usually promptly "put out" by his adversary. The blow is practically never fatal, the heart's action is never unduly accelerated, the pulse and respiration are normal; the pupils are normal; there is no pallor—none of the ordinary signs of shock or concussion. James G. Duncaison (British Medical Journal, April 4, 1903) believes the condition to be one entirely to a shag up the endosym in the semicircular canals. When the blow is administered there is a violent over-twisting of the head, which is held in its ante-posterior position by muscles which, compared with those of the neck, are very small and puny. The result is that the head flies around with a jerk and the fluid in the canals is subjected to a greater disturbance than by any other trauma. There is a slight reason to doubt that this is the interesting pathology of the well-known but little understood coup de grace.

The Decadence. Mr. Herlihy looked at his latest photograph, taken in his Sunday clothes, and his gaze bespoke keen disappointment. "O'd never 'a' had this 'uk if it hadn't been for them children telling me about the improvements in photographing!" he muttered, holding the card upon which his likeness was so far from the truth. "Improvements is it? O'd loike to show this picture soide be soide wid the wan O'd had twenty years ago, and lave it to anybody which o' them two made the better 'un be me. There's an old, good 'un, 'ere, look to this new wan that was niver in the o'ok."

There may be improvements in photographing," said Mr. Herlihy as he posed the cabinet-sized card face down. "I usually 'repose, 'but O've face to see 'em."

Senator Cabot Lodge denies that he is to succeed Senator Hanna as Chairman of the National Republican Committee. He is to be succeeded by Senator Hanna as Chairman of the National Republican Committee. He is to be succeeded by Senator Hanna as Chairman of the National Republican Committee.

Senator Platt announces that Senator Dewey will be given another term. It is inconceivable to leave Senator Hanna of the National Republican Committee and retain ex-President Cleveland. Cleveland was 63 years old last March, and will be 68 upon his inauguration should he be elected. Hanna is six months his junior.

A rumor is current that the various anti-Lafayette Republican factions in New York are to be united under the leadership of Senator Jones. Commissioner Jones, when interrogated about the matter smiles blandly and says little.

THE ASSOUAN DAM.

There is a dam on the River Nile that may have an important effect on the future of the American's greatest industries. It is located at Assouan, and was completed a year ago, in time to store up enormous quantities of water last winter. Because of the average acreage devoted to cotton raising in a large tributary country of water has now been released, and an office for the American success of all the Summer crops is assured.

How far this dam and others that have been built or are projected will increase Egypt's cotton output remains for the future to show. The crop of 1901 was about 1,200,000 bales, grown on 1,300,000 acres of land. The United States cotton crop in the same year was about 10,500,000 bales. The area in Egypt produces most 500 pounds of cotton, as against 200 pounds per acre in the United States.

The Assouan dam is an enormous structure. Together with a smaller dam at Assiout, the cost has been \$24,000,000 and the money has probably been exceedingly well spent. The Assouan dam towers 70 feet above the river bed, and is about 6,000 feet long. It will store up 1,000,000,000 tons of water, more than the equivalent, it is estimated, for a full year's domestic supply for the United Kingdom.

An Iowan Sees a Missouri Comrade's Views. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I like the ring of Comrade R. G. Smith's article in your valuable paper of April, headed "A Missouri Comrade's Views." While it is true, "Only remember for what we have done," yet, in a broader sense, he who, leaving his plow in the furrow, went to his country's call and was faithful, as his discharge will show, is the fruit of every other comrade so doing. All refuse to accept a certificate of perfect health from a Board of Review sitting at Washington, while they suffer from the infirmities of advancing age, who with life blood coursing swiftly through bodies animated with loyalty to the best Government ever existing, kept step with the slowly-advancing armies of the Union. Do away with "incompetent" men, and find the better method of equalization in a good round "service pension" of \$20 per month as Comrade Smith suggests, thus sending the circulation from the congested centers into the halcyon of a new retirement, who, bless you, will soon pass it along.—CHARLES WORTH POWELL, First Lieutenant and Adjutant, 14th Ill. Adair, Iowa.

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"Barbara's lover looked upon the growing friendship distrustfully. Generally it was Hanna he found unengaged—bright, clever, intelligent Hanna. He rather liked the girl—very certainly she liked him. She wasn't bad looking either, and always well-groomed. Not a bad companion for an empty evening—only he preferred to read. Confusion take the preacher fellow!"

The school children picked in the Allen woods when the first violets came, Strenuous winter was over—all young people were glad. Barbara's shadows were there, and so was Hanna. She hovered in her sister's wake, neat, attractive, watchful. There was a whisper among the village folks that she, too, coveted the handsome fellow."

It was impossible for Worth to make open protestations of love to one sister in the presence of the other. It seemed impossible to be alone with Barbara any more. He had to make up his mind to ask her to share his gift throne with him. Why did she not give him the opportunity? She was clever enough about most things. What need to be so shy?

Below them on the rocks Philip Hayden told stories to a group of little folks. Barbara watched them pensively. She knew the delight of his story-telling. Hanna, too, was telling a story, a true one, to Emmet Worth.

"Destitute, forsaken, with a sick child, I know you will be glad to help her—for she is our neighbor, you know. Crisis comes to individuals as well as to nations. This is her hour. She married beneath her heart. The man has tried to break her heart. You will join us?"

"Lady Hamilton, certainly. I sympathize deeply with your deserving poor—they are always thriffling. Give them a year's income, they will buy a piano. What shall I rent, then—or doctor's bill?"

Philip said "Tell me how to help her, and still spare her pride!" Barbara moved restlessly. The hem of her dress touched his polished boot—she drew it aside. "The piano might be a necessity," Hanna was speaking sweetly. "It is not for me to limit your generosity!"

"What shall I do, Barbara?"

He leaned forward, venturing to touch the rosy band so near him. She slipped from beneath his touch, bright-eyed and blushing. Philip, glancing up, had met her look and smiled.

"I'll go ask Mr. Hayden," she said, obeying the voice of her heart. The child-dren sent up a welcoming cry as she went toward them, springing from point to point. He paused until she had joined the circle, the smile in his eyes deepening.

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