

AN UNWRITTEN STORY.

Before Brook went on the New York — he had a pretty hard time of it as a Philadelphia newspaper man. He had been on the local force of the the —. But going to fires, and weddings, and funerals and hangings seemed a bit out of his line. So he went in for special work. He wasn't a brilliant success at special articles—he was only paid for the space his stories occupied when accepted. And so here he was, on this June night, with just \$1.11 in his pockets, as he moodily walked into Logan Square and sat on a bench.

This June night it was too hot to think. So he closed his eyes and listened lazily to the car bells and to the hum of the insects, and wondered if life was always as prosy as he found it.

"Warm, Benny, isn't it?" said a voice at his elbow.

"Hello, Kate! What brings you here?"

"Breath of air," she answered. Then—"Husband died last week."

"You don't say?" said Benny. "Why, I didn't know you were married."

"Yep. Been married six years. Say," she broke in quickly, "still reporting?"

"No; I'm doing special work now. Writing anything writable."

"Well, I got a good story for you. Give me half of what it brings and I'll tell it to you."

"It's a go," said Benny. "I need money badly now. Fire ahead."

"Well, lets go on the river, Benny. It's cooler there."

"Can't afford it, Kate. I've only got a few pennies over a dollar, and that wouldn't go far, you know."

"That's so," she assented. "Well here goes for the story, then. First, Benny, you must understand that I was a great deal prettier six years ago than I am now, and I wasn't so—er—er—well, I was different. There were two fellows that wanted me—both good-looking fellows, and moved in good society. I was pretty tame then, and I acted awful innocent and spoke grammatical. But six years of bad company can change anybody; can't it, Benny?"

"Yes; I guess it can," he answered.

"Well, Walter Baring and Joe Davis were the two fellows. Baring got killed in Fennessy's. Remember that night, Benny? You got around just after the shooting, and I hustled out the back way just before the patrol came up."

"Baring went in to drag a little flower girl out of the dive, didn't he?"

"Yes; it seems that Baring was one of those good-goodies that wanted to save the world. He went in to tell the girl to come out, and one of the fellows struck her, and Baring struck him. Then some one fired a pistol, and Baring dropped."

"Yes, yes; I remember now. So Baring was one of the fellows that loved you?"

"Yes; but Joe Davis married me. Joe told me all about it afterward. You see, it was his way, Joe and Baring were chums, and both loved me. Another friend of theirs, Harry Canton—"

"The insurance man?"

"Yes; the one with the big whiskers. Well, as I was saying, Canton saw which way the wind was blowing, and he went around prying. Then he invited Joe and Baring up to his house one night, and said something like this: "You fellows both love the same girl, and are chums. In olden times you'd settle who loved her the better by shooting at each other. Whoever wasn't killed would marry her. But we're civilized now, and I'm going to see which of you idiots loves her."

"I'd die for her," said Baring; but Joe didn't say anything at all.

"Well, I don't think either of you want her," said Canton, "for I found out something that will surprise you. Her mother is in jail now, and her father was shot for stealing horses out West. The girl has the instincts of both, and some day it will crop out. This is as true as God is above me, boys," he said. "Pretty mean in him, wasn't it, Benny, going and finding out the family secrets?"

Benny said it was pretty mean; and the girl went on with her story.

"Well, Baring jumped up and caught Canton by the hand. 'Thank you, old man,' he said. 'I'm done with her.' But Joe just sat still and quiet like. 'Well,' Joe said, 'what do you think of her now?'"

"I love her," said Joe, very quietly. "I love her, Canton; and what her father was or mother is doesn't make any difference. I love her."

"Well, they tried to talk him out of loving me; but they couldn't; and me and Joe got married. That was his way, you know, always quiet; but when he decided on anything you couldn't move him."

"His folks took on terribly when we got married. He was in his father's store—sort of partner, you know—and his father broke up the partnership and wouldn't have anything to do with us. So we got a couple of rooms, and Joe gave me nearly \$4,000 to put in the bank. But I lost the money somehow or other, and Joe felt awful about it when I told him. He didn't scold me, Benny. He just said it was unfortunate."

"Why, how in the world did you come to lose it?" queried Benny.

"Dunno. Suppose I wasn't strictly sober at the time, and wasn't used to so much money in my clothes. I ought to be excused on that score, oughtn't I, Benny?"

"I suppose you ought," he said.

"Well, then, I got to like some of the fellows pretty much, and Joe found me out. He used to take me in his arms and reason with me, but I suppose there's something in that law of heredity—"

"Heredity?" hazarded Benny.

"Yes, that's it. There must be something in that law, for I felt the very devil in me at times, and I'd go off and leave Joe for a week at a time. But he was always patient, never scold, never seem cross—only hurt. He often said that he loved me too much. He was the patientest man I ever knew."

"Didn't he ever say he'd made a mistake, Kate, in marrying you?"

"Never once, Benny. He was very considerate of my feelings, and I sorter feel sorry now that I'm a widow. But he died peaceful, Benny. Carrie said he went off smiling."

"Who in the mischief is Carrie?" asked Benny.

"Oh, she's my friend. Joe got consumption and just sorter faded away. His mother heard of it, and every day would drive up in her carriage and spend two or three hours with him. It was the first time she'd come in the whole six years, and I feel glad that she had to call on me first. It isn't ladylike, is it, Benny, for the bride to call on her husband's folks before they call on her?"

Benny said he wasn't quite sure, as the customs changed so frequently.

"Well, she was a very sweet woman, and her and Joe cried together an awful lot. She said: 'Oh, Joe, if I could only get you out of these dreadful lodgings.' And Joe said: 'No, mother, my place is by Kate until I die.' He was a very affectionate man, was Joe, and a perfect gentleman, too, Benny. Wasn't that gentlemanly in him not to leave me and go with his rich folks?"

"Yes, it was," said Benny.

"Well, he lingered for four months, and then he died. I was off on an excursion with the Glen Social club, and we were gone two weeks. He died the day before I got back. Carrie said she was the only one in the room with him and that he asked her to get my wedding ring from the bureau. You know I never wore it on excursions, for it's so conspicuous. Don't you think wedding rings conspicuous, Benny?"

"They are, indeed," said Benny.

"When Carrie brought him the ring he put it on his finger and then kissed it. 'For better or for worse,' he said, and his face lit up wonderful; and he told Carrie I should be sure to kiss him when I got back. Then he fell asleep and died."

"Poor, poor fellow," said Benny.

"But I gave him a splendid funeral. Joe was a very nice fellow, and I thought I'd do my duty by him and bury him right. And I just covered the coffin with flowers. That was a week ago, and to-day I was out driving with Canton—he was Joe's friend, you know—and he said I certainly did the square thing by Joe. What time is it, Benny?"

"Just 10 o'clock," said Benny.

Kate got up from the bench and, linking her arm in Benny's, they walked out of the square.

"I'm going down Race street," she said, "and I suppose you are going down Eighteenth. When are you going to use the story, Benny? Remember, I get half what it brings."

"Why, Kate," said Benny Brooke, slowly, "I don't think I'll use the story."

"Why not?" she asked quickly.

"Well, the fact is, his folks were very decent, and he's dead now. He seemed to be a gentle sort of fellow, true as steel to you, and honorable—a gentleman all the way through—and a story about him now would be a rather small thing for a fellow to write. He always was good to you, Kate, and you ought to be good to him—now that he's dead."

"Yes, I guess you're right, Benny; but I thought you said you needed money."

"So I do, Kate, but I don't need it that badly."

"Just as you say," she responded, and she held out her hand. "Good-night, Benny, and try and drop around and see me some time."

"I will," he said, as he took her hand. "Good-night, Kate."

And Benny Brooke walked slowly down the street, thoughtfully jingling the loose change in his pocket.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Reports of a Norwegian Sailor Arouse British Interest.

Three great British scientific societies are agreed that it is the duty of the British government to fit out an expedition for thorough antarctic exploration. In November, 1893, the Royal Geographical society appointed a notable committee to inquire into the propriety of such an expedition and report. They reported in favor of having the government send two suitable vessels to explore the south polar regions and keep them at it for three years. The report was adopted and transmitted to the royal society, which, in turn, appointed a powerful committee which, in May, 1894, reported strongly in favor of the proposed scheme. At the beginning of the present year the council of the British association gave the plan its vigorous indorsement, and it doubtless took further action on it at its recent annual meeting in September. The plan of Dr. John Murray of the Challenger, who addressed the Royal Geographical society on the subject two years ago, was to send out two suitable government steamships of about 1,000 tons each, have them start in September, land a company of about ten men somewhere south of Cape Horn and another in Victoria Land, and have these parties spend two years or more ashore, exploring the antarctic continent. The ships would land the shore parties the first summer, visit them the second and take them off the third, and would spend their own winters and all their available time in deep sea and other observations along the outer margin of the antarctic ice.

What may be found on the antarctic continent no man can say. Animal life in abundance was found last year at Cape Adair by C. E. Borchgrevink, a young Norwegian, who sailed there as one of the crew of a whaler, and whose account of his experiences excited great interest at a recent geographical congress in London. Mr. Borchgrevink wants to go back, and writes to the London Times pressing for "further and immediate research within the antarctic circle." It is held to be possible that a new race of men may exist somewhere within half of the south pole, and that such creatures as the ichthyosaurus may still survive in the antarctic seas. Seals and sea birds are abundant there; what else no one can say, but many inquisitive persons want to know.

Our countryman, Dr. Frederick Cook, greatly desired to fit out an American south pole expedition to start out this fall and catch the next antarctic summer, but his efforts in that direction seem not yet to have come to anything. Perhaps he will do better another year; but, at any rate, there seems a real prospect that a serious attempt to find out whatever can be known about the antarctic continent will be made before the present century ends.—Harper's Weekly.

A WAR INCIDENT.

How Jackson's Men Came Upon the Eleventh Corps.

We of Devens' division, Eleventh corps, had been idling away the whole day at Chancellorsville. Gen. Hooker's army had crossed the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg to flank Lee out of his position on the hills above the town. The general idea was that we were to move down on his flank and rear, and why we should waste time in the woods was a mystery to all. Reports had come to us that there had been fighting with Stonewall Jackson's corps over on the Furnace road. We wondered why we didn't move out across the line of retreat, but officers and privates alike were kept in ignorance of Hooker's intentions. Some said we were to move toward Fredericksburg that night; others that we would follow after Lee; others yet that Hooker was spreading his net to capture the whole Confederate army on the morrow.

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front. On the right flanks, where the guns had been enfiladed on the plank road, the rail fences were torn to splinters, the ground cut as by a hundred drags and scores of Confederates lying in the highway ditches were killed by stones, splinters and fragments of rocks.

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MAY EASE FATIGUE.

A Little Anatomical Knowledge of Interest to Bicyclists.

With the aid of a slight knowledge of anatomy and a common sense application of it, bicycle riders may avoid much of the fatigue that very often makes trips of greater than customary length anything but pleasurable. Fatigue is a necessary evil, even on a perfectly adjusted wheel that moves like the wind at the touch of the foot, and particularly is this true of young and inexperienced riders. Complete freedom from it is only gained by keeping in constant physical training, a condition which few persons in these busy days are able to fulfil.

But much relief may be gained by a study of one's muscles and an adjustment of the position of the body and limbs, so as to distribute the strains and change the form of action demanded of the muscles. The Chicago Times-Herald has been making a study of this matter for the benefit of its cycling readers, and the information is reproduced here for the benefit of bicyclists.

In the illustration the places where bicyclists feel fatigue are marked X. Fatigue at the wrists may be relieved by changing the grip, so as to catch the handles with the palms up; also, by raising or lowering the shoulders, so as to change the angle at which the wrist is bent. This, as well as changing the grip, will relieve pain on the outer side of the arm. Sometimes pain is felt at the elbow joint, especially when the arm is bent at the joint and the road is rough. This is relieved by sitting up straighter and thus straightening the arm. Fatigue of the pectoralis major (chest muscle) is almost always due to bending the back over, thus keeping the pectoralis ma-

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Just at sundown Jackson grew restive under the terrific fire and ordered a general advance. Long lines of men sprang to their feet and rushed forward with cheers and yells, determined to have the guns. It did not seem as if anything living could cross that open space of 600 feet with such a tornado of canister sweeping over it,

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Men have said that the panic would have extended no further, and that the corps would have speedily recovered from the surprise, and men have written that but for one man's coolness at the critical moment Jackson would have driven a wedge into the Federal army. Gen. Pleasanton, then commanding three regiments of cavalry and a field battery, lay in position to be run over by the frightened fugitives as they sought a place of safety. In the midst of the most embarrassing confusion he sent a regiment of dismounted cavalry forward to form a line and check the Confederate advance and the other regiments, mounted, at once charged into the mass of fugitives and drove them clear off the field on the left of the plank road. Then on by one twenty-two guns were brought to the front and unlimbered. It was in the cleared field to the left of the Chancellorsville plank road and about half a mile below the famous brick house. Those guns enfiladed Jackson's whole front, and the moment his lines broke cover they were met with such storms of canister that whole regiments lay down after the first volley. For the first quarter of an hour these guns were supported by the cavalry alone, but as regiment after regiment was picked up, whirled about and sent to the gap, the support soon became a disorganized mass. Other batteries were rushed down the plank or across the field, and by and by Jackson's golden moment had passed. The Federal army had faced to the rear and the great gap had been closed by artillery.

Just at sundown Jackson grew restive under the terrific fire and ordered a general advance. Long lines of men sprang to their feet and rushed forward with cheers and yells, determined to have the guns. It did not seem as if anything living could cross that open space of 600 feet with such a tornado of canister sweeping over it,

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