

SINCE WE SHOULD PART.

(Founded upon an old Gaelic love song, and to an air in the Petrie Collection.)

Since we should part, since we should part,
The weariness and lonesome smart
Are going greatly through my heart.
Upon my pillow, ere I sleep,
The full of my two shoes I weep,
And like a ghost all day I creep.

'Tis what you said you'd never change,
Or with another ever range,
Now even the church is cold and strange.
Together there our seats we took,
Together read from the one book;
But with another now you look.

And when the service it was o'er,
We'd walk and walk the flowery floor,
As we shall walk and walk no more.
For now beneath the starry glow,
While ye step laughing light and low,
A shade among the shades I go.

(Alfred Perceval Graves, in The Spectator.)

A WAR OFFICE SECRET.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

"Wallingford shoot?" said Sergeant Harding. "Of course he can. A man on the staff at Hythe has a rifle in his hand all day and every day. Even you could shoot under such—well, perhaps not you, for you never know what you can't do until you try. Do I know the School of Musketry? I do know it—lock, stock, barrel and cleaning rod, or, I should say, in these Lee-Metford days, clearing rod, for the cleaning rod's as dead as Queen Anne or the pig-tails for which the Welsh Fusiliers still wear the 'flash,' though the powder and pomatum from which the 'flash' protected the coat of hair has been gone for the best part of a century.

"Now, you all know why foreign military attachés are in England. They are here to see the rights of all improvements in the army—in men, in tools, in the handling of either. They notice a new explosive or a new drill movement, and if the Horse Guards gave me a commission I reckon they would notice that, and would tell their respective war offices that they had better look out now. Our military attachés are abroad for the same purpose. They're just spies in peace time. Why, I remember when cordite came out how one of the Continental war offices sent a gunner officer over here—they said to learn English. I know the man at Woolwich who gave him the cordite, and how much he got for it. I know the Englishman who found the man at Woolwich who would do the job. I know how much more he got for it. But would I breathe the name of that Continental Power to make international complications? Not me. I know better what's due to my country. All which leads up to this. When I was at Hythe qualifying for two guns and a crown over my three stripes there was a great mystery about the Maxim; in fact, we who were undergoing instruction as instructors were never shown the mechanism of the block. The instructor of the Hythe staff used always to take that out of the gun and hold it behind him while he explained the other parts. And that was what made me curious to see the block. I was working very hard in the evenings; yet for my health's sake I had to walk now and then into Folkestone and along the Leas. And there I met a young foreign person, who told me she was a lady's maid. How did I make her acquaintance? If you don't know a simple little thing like that, you ought to. We learn in the army the art of mixing gracefully in female society. And the young foreign person, who spoke English beautifully, said to me one evening, as we were sitting in a quiet spot away from other people and from gas lamps:

"I do love to hear about all that concerns you. Tell me all about what you do at the School of Musketry."

"Oh, it's all very simple, Mam-selle," said I. Then, just to show her what a clever fellow I was, I began to give her a full account of all the difficult things we had to do. And, of course, among other things, I spoke of the machine guns.

"Those are the horrid things that go crk-crk-crk-crk, are they not?" asked she, as she imitated perfectly the venomous spit of the beasts.

"That's it."
"Tell me about them. I think they are wonderfully interesting. How well educated a soldier has to be nowadays to understand such things!"

"It's quite true that a first class certificate of education, which a sergeant is now bound to have, is not got for the asking." Then I went on to tell her the mechanism of the Maxim.

"But the funniest thing about it all is that they won't let us see the works of the block, although we are to qualify for musketry instructors."

"And of the most important part of the gun you know nothing?"

"I have a general idea."

"A man who is as clever as you in mechanics and mathematics ought to know all about it. I should be curious to know if I were you."

"I could easily find out all about it if I cared to take the trouble."

"Trouble! What is trouble to a scientific man? If I were you I should think nothing of any little trouble. Now, I will spur you for your own good and to advance you in the service. I am curious, for your sake, to know about this gun. I'll bet you what you like you don't explain the mechanism of the block to me within a month. Your explanations make even dry old figures interesting."

"And I can name the stakes?"

"Certainly."
"A kiss, then."
"I can't bet you that."
"But I was to name the stakes."
"Oh, I couldn't think of it."
"There's no need for you to think of it, Mam-selle. You've only to do it. I have your word, you know. If you are honorable—"
"Sir!"
"Then the bet is off?"
"No. I gave you my word. It is annoying. But I will keep my word."
"And I can give you my word that I shall win. So, perhaps, in case you change your mind, I had better have the kiss now."
"The rest of the evening has nothing to do with the story."
"Now, I had been working hard at the mechanics of guns before I went to the School of Musketry, so that I might do well. And I had a natural taste for such things in the blood, probably because my aunt married a smith, to whom I was to have been bound apprentice, only I would none of him and his smithy. So you only had to show me the cocoon in gunnery mechanics and I tumbled to what kind of milk was inside. The next Maxim day we were gathered round the instructor, who was reeling out his Maxim yarn. He had taken out the block, and was holding it in his fingers behind his back. I had my notebook in my hand, and I slipped behind him. In a very few moments I had a sketch of all that appeared on the surface, and a very good idea of what was beneath it.

"That evening I was sitting among a lot of other men who were swotting for the exam. I had a sheet of foolscap and was busy making a sketch of the action in Indian ink.

"Hullo, young man," said the instructor, who had been looking over my shoulder unbeknown to me, "what have you got there?"

"You ought to know as well as if not better than I, sergeant-instructor."

"I do know. But where did you get it?"

"That's my business."

"Well, you must give it up."

"Oh, no, I shan't."

"But you must."

"It's mine, and you can't take it away from me."

"We'll see what Lieutenant Brown says about that."

"If Lieutenant Brown says I must give it up, I will. But not unless."

"Come along, then, to his quarters."

"This is Sergeant Harding, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, sir," said the sergeant-instructor, when we reached Lieutenant Brown's room. "He has a sketch of the Maxim secret action, and refuses to give it up."

"How's this, Sergeant Harding?" asked Lieutenant Brown.

"The sketch is my own, sir. I refused to give it up to the sergeant-instructor, but said I would give it up at once, if you ordered me. But I have made one sketch, and, if you take that away from me, I have the action in my mind, and can always make another sketch."

"That's quite true. Yet such things had better not be knocking about. You will destroy the sketch, Sergeant Harding?"

"Yes," thought I, "when I have shown it and won my bet."

"And how did you get hold of it?"

"Must I tell you, sir?"

"Yes."

"I took it down in my notebook while the sergeant-instructor held the block behind his back."

"The sergeant-instructor looked foolish, and Lieutenant Brown drawled:

"I think, sergeant-instructor, you had better

have settled this little matter without appealing to me. Good night, both."

"The sergeant-instructor was too upset to want to see the sketch destroyed. I lost very little time in strolling down to that quiet spot where I might chance to light on Mam'selle. Not that, in view of what is to come, I wish in any way to say, or to hint, or to imply that she was French. Far from it. I used the name 'Mam'selle' as meaning young foreign person, as a sailor uses 'Dutchman' to mean a foreign sailor, usually a Norwegian or a Swede. She was there.

"Good evening, Mam'selle," said I. "Had you any idea of going on the pier this evening, or do you prefer to stop quietly here?"

"To stop here, I think; that is," she said hurriedly—"I wonder why—if you're going to behave yourself properly."

"Well," said I, "as I've won my bet, I think I may as well collect the stakes."

"You've won? You know all about the Maxim?" asked she, so excitedly that her words tumbled one over the other.

"I have told you so."

"Yes; but you are sure?"

"Quite. I have an Indian ink sketch of it on me."

"Let me see it—let me see it," she repeated. And her eyes gleamed.

"Quite so," said I. "Seeing's believing; but—I should like to collect my stakes."

"No longer coy, she flung her arms around my neck and kissed me till I had no breath with which to repay her kisses. But she herself had breath enough to gasp:

"Give me the paper."

"I put my hand in the breast pocket of my serge, which I always used to wear under my greatcoat. I began to pull out the drawing. Just then I heard the drawing voice of Lieutenant Brown come from the darkness—for we were in a very quiet and cosy corner:

"I thought as much, Sergeant Harding. You are under arrest. Follow me to quarters."

"I turned toward the voice, and then toward Mamselle—or toward where she had been, for she was gone.

"I rose and saluted."

"May I ask you, sir—?"

"You're a lucky man that I had a suspicion of the facts. You're fool enough to do a lot of harm, but too big a fool to know you're doing it. You Cornish chough, do you believe one of the prettiest women in Folkestone and one of the cleverest women in the world is in love with you? You were just on the point of giving a drawing of the secret action to the smartest unofficial military attaché—and that is a spy—of —"

"Shall I name the country which he named to me? Not I. No strained relations, no wars and rumors of wars, shall come upon England through me. I want no secret dossier—whatever that may be. But so long as I live it shall be a collecting for which War Office Mamselle was collecting information.

"Her profession was bad; but her kisses!—ah, they were good."

A NEW KIND OF CARTRIDGE.

From the United States Consular Reports.

Consul Hughes, of Coburg, says: An Italian electrician has invented an electric cartridge, which he offers as a substitute for dynamite and smokeless powder in mines, rock blasting, and for heavy ordnance. The composition used in the cartridge is made up of carbonates of potash and chloride of ammonia, the proportion varying according to the use. The discharge is effected by an electric spark, which produces electrolytic effects upon the chemicals. The inventor claims that the cartridges, until subjected to the effect of electricity, are entirely inoffensive and perfectly safe; so that there will be no necessity for isolating the magazines where they are stored.

CHILDREN'S HOUSE PARTY.

TWO HUNDRED GUESTS OF THE TRIBUNE FRESH AIR FUND ONCE A FORT-NIGHT AT ASHFORD HILL.

Almost every person who has visited New-York has admired the large and beautiful country homes which her citizens have built themselves on the surrounding hills and shores. They have told their friends at home of the size of these country mansions and have not always been believed. If they should tell these same friends that one of these homes entertains two hundred guests at a time throughout the summer it is not hard to imagine the laughter with which the statement would be greeted. And yet such a place exists. It is the home at Ashford Hill, N. Y., where The Tribune Fresh Air Fund sends two hundred guests every fortnight. Of course they are diminutive, these fresh air guests. They are all children from the tenement districts of New-York City, for it is the business of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund to send this sort of children away from their hot tenement homes and off to cool places in the country. They go for a fortnight, thousands of them every summer, and they are all little children under twelve years of age, so they do not take up much room. Therefore, The Tribune Fresh Air Fund does not brag about its big house party. It points only to the "before and after" of its little guests. What the life of the tenement child is in such weather as prevailed last week is told only too well in the city's mortality tables. The life of the little guest at Ashford Hill is not exactly the same.

To begin with, the scene is a little different. Instead of block after block of stifling, closely packed tenements of brick, there is an open farm of seventy-five acres. It is right on the top of Ashford Hill, which is near Ardsley, N. Y. The surrounding country is a succession of hills and dales, covered with alternate patches of woods and fields. In plain sight of the hill the St. Andrews Golf Club has recognized the beauty of the region and has established there its golf links. As a place for a good view this country is deserving of its fame, but the cream of the whole region is the top of Ashford Hill. There stand five cottages, far above the surrounding country, and every breeze that blows by gives them some of its refreshing coolness. The largest of the five houses is so spacious that it is hardly a cottage. It is the old Viele homestead, and the entrance to it runs between two high stone gates, which are flanked by weeping willows, the growth of slips cut from the willows overhanging Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. In this house is the big dining room, where the two hundred children all eat at the same time. All of the cottages, as well as "the big house," contain beds for the children, and each bed is a white, neat little affair, with plenty of room around it and generally near a window.

Eating and sleeping are the chief uses of the houses at Ashford Hill, for the children are there for fresh air and they spend most of the time out of doors. This begins before 7 o'clock in the morning, when breakfast is finished. The whole two hundred of them run out into the sunshine then, and the day's work for the attendants has fairly begun.

There are twelve attendants at the home, six men and six women, all of whom have had experience with children, and they perform the task of keeping the children out of harm's way and giving them at the same time such a continued picnic of fun as they will never forget. After breakfast the boys run off and have a ball game. The girls go swinging in the dozen or more big swings provided, or else they take walks through the woods and fields and gather berries, apples or wild flowers. Dinner at 12:30 o'clock brings the whole company together again, and then they are off once more, the boys to a brook about a mile away for a swim and the girls for a long afternoon of fun of their own kind. Supper is at 6 o'clock, and that leaves about an hour of daylight, which is used in playing games and singing songs. All the children gather on the "big rock" on top of the hill, and the sound of their childish voices can be heard miles away. The minute it becomes dark all hands are sent to bed for a long sleep.

That is the way The Tribune Fresh Air Fund carries on its house party. On rainy days they play in the barn, on sunny days they do the things just spoken of, and, rain or shine, they have more fun and receive more physical benefit from one day at Ashford Hill than from one year of the poor little lives they lead in the tenements of a big city.

The Ashford Hill home is owned by the Church of the Holy Communion of this city, and is given to the use of The Tribune Fresh Air Fund every summer free of rent. Two hundred children are sent there every two weeks right through the summer. In addition to the two hundred children and twelve attendants at the home, there is a force of six servants, five of whom are Japanese. The expenses of the home are covered for the most part by special contributions to The Tribune Fresh Air Fund.

SHOULD REMEMBER HIS HOUSE.

Lincoln letter in The Chicago Record.
Colonel Bryan's house stands on the edge of the city, a modest cottage neatly painted in yellow, with trimmings of Indian red. It bears the number 1,625 in the street. The house next door is number 1,621, and a wagish friend has suggested to him the advisability of trading numbers with his neighbors, so that the figures of his threshold may be the shibboleth of his campaign, 16 to 1. (A diagram will be furnished all who do not see the joke.)



AUCTIONEER—LOT FIFTY-TWO. A GENUINE TURNER PAINTED DURING THE ARTIST'S LIFE-TIME. WHAT OFFERS, GENTLEMEN!—Punch.