THE PUNCHING BAG A NECESSITY FOR EVERY BOXER

Splendid Exercise for People in All Walks of Life—Cost of Outfits—Use "Platform" if Possible—Advantage Over Sparring with Partner—Instruction for Beginners.

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, Athletic Expert New York Evening World; Author of "Muscle Building," Etc.

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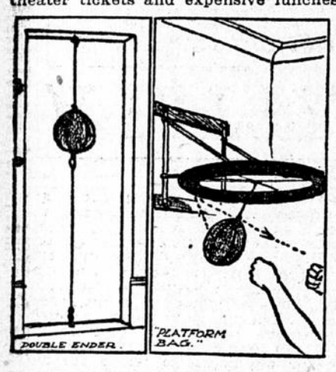
No boy can be a good boxer who does not understand (and constantly practice) bag punching.

Bag punching is to the boxer what scales and "exercises" are to the pianist; what a dictionary is to the student.

Not only does the punching bag teach the best and easiest way of delivering blows and of "getting out of the way," but it is also the best all-around form of exercise I know of. It is as useful to the business man or the society woman as it is to the pugilist. It imparts grace, quickness and accuracy, while strengthening every muscle, developing the figure and affording inestimable aid to the lungs and circulation.

For persons in all walks of life bag punching is desirable. For a boxer it is a necessity.

The whole apparatus required will cost little. The money you would otherwise spend on candy, cigarettes, theater tickets and expensive lunches



THE TWO STYLES OF PUNCHING BAGS.

will in a very short time amount to a sufficiently large sum to buy the whole outfit. And, once bought, it will last for years.

I use daily a punching bag and "platform" that I bought three years ago. Both have stood the heaviest sort of hitting, and both are still in excellent condition. You can, of course, pay fancy sums for such an outfit, but large expenditure is unnecessary.

Here is an "outside estimate" of the cost:

One punching bag	$1.50
One "platform"	5.00
Sash cord	.25
Pair of "striking" gloves	.50
Total cost	$7.25

If you are financially situated as I was at your age $7.25 will look like a decidedly large sum. But if your sparring partner and yourself divide the expense, or if you can induce some other boys in the neighborhood to join you in the purchase, it quickly becomes easier. You may even be able to pick up a good second-hand outfit for half the sum I have named.

If you cannot afford this buy a "double-ender" bag. A "double-ender" will cost from 98 cents to $2. It has no platform, but fastens (at one end with a rope and at the other with an elastic cord) to the top onl bottom of a doorway. Screws and staples are provided with it, and the bag can be adjusted to whatsoever height its user prefers. One staple is screwed at the top, the other at the bottom of the doorway in such manner as not to interfere with the opening or closing of the door. The bag should hang at the height of the user's throat. The apparatus can be put up or removed in half a minute. The bag may be inflated (it must never be flabby) by blowing into it or by means of a bicycle pump. The "double-ender" is most useful to persons who have limited space in which to exercise and whose neighbors object to noise.

The "platform" entails the use of a "single-ender" bag. A ring platform, consisting of an iron or wooden ring, from the center of which the bag is suspended, is best for home use; the flat "ceiling" being noiser and more expensive. The bag should hang from a rope just long enough to allow the center of the sphere to touch the platform. Wooden or iron supports come with these platforms and can be screwed to the wall at the required height. To further assure the platform from "springing" or getting shaky under the great strain put upon it, I re-enforced the supports of mine with two heavy joists of wood.

The striking gloves (padded leather mittens) prevent sprains and bruises, and are an indispensable part of the outfit.

Now for practical work:

Take up the first position in boxing, left foot foremost, right toe about eighteen inches behind left heel, knees unbent, shoulders slightly back and head erect. Each hand, when not in use, should fall back to the regular "on guard" pose.

Hit out with your left in the regular "left lead," striking the bag as nearly as possible on the imaginary spot midway between top and bottom. Throw the weight of the shoulder and of the body into the blow. As the bag is not your sparring partner, you can "slug" it with all your strength. By use of the bag only can you give full force to your blows, and determine accurately your hitting power and scope of reach.

When you land this first blow the bag will fly back against the ring of the platform and will rebound.

If you are standing close to the platform at the time the bag will probably strike you full in the face on the rebound. To avoid this, move your head quickly to one side, or else step back out of reach.

Perhaps you think it is an easy matter for a beginner to hit the punching bag a straight blow and make it rebound to the place whence it started. If so, your first blow will undeceive you. The bag will fly off at all sorts of weird angles. It is difficult, until you learn the trick by experience, to hit the bag in such a way as to make it strike the ring and return to the desired point. A very iittle practice, however, will teach you how to gauge the force and direction of your blows.

Continue this left hand lead until you can hit the bag on its return bound and send it back again. Begin slowly. Hit the bag with your left fist just hard enough to make it touch the opposite side of the platform and bounce back. Then, as it returns, hit it again with your left. Increase the force of your blows as rapidly as you are able to make your accuracy in hitting keep pace with them. If you cannot in the beginning hit the bag on its first rebound wait and hit it on the second.

When you have learned to hit it with tolerable accuracy with the left lead with the right instead, and go thru the same course of accustoming yourself to the bag's eccentric movements.

Then lead with the left, and as the bag rebounds lead with the right, striking it alternately with right and left.

CORRECT POSE WHEN PUNCHING THE BAG.

You cannot at first strike these alternate blows on the first rebound. Strike therefore with the left and then on the second rebound with the right, and so on, increasing the force of your blows until the right-left, right-left, becomes as quick and regular as the tick of a watch.

Do not neglect the pose of the body or the "form" of your blows when striking the bag. Do not maul, slap or paw it. Every blow must be struck with as much precision and form as tho it were aimed at a human opponent.

Having mastered the "left-right" alternate blows on the second rebound, try (slowly at first) the same blows on the first rebound. This is know as the tattoo. With sufficient practice you can work this tattoo so rapidly that the beat of the bag against fists and ring will sound like the continuous roll of a drum. Indeed, the tattoo is sometimes called the "roll" and takes its name from the sound made by drums rolling out the military tattoo.

This subject will be continued in the next article.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS . . . . .

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not to elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

CORSET COVER WITH RUFFLED FRONT 4636.

Every woman knows the advantage of a corset cover such as the one illustrated under the fashionable blouse waists. It is smooth and absolutely without fulness at the back, but is supplied with frills at the front that serve to give the waist just the appearance necessary to style. The model is made of nainsook with trimming of Valenciennes lace and beading threaded with ribbon, but all materials and all trimmings used for

4636 Corset Cover, 32 to 40 bust.

garments of the sort are equally correct.

The corset cover is made with fronts and back and circular basque portions. The back is tucked, but the fronts are plain and gathered at the waist line where they are finished with circular basque portions. Over each are arranged three circular frills that give becoming fulness and that meet at the center, where the closing is made. Neck and arms-eye edges are finished with beading threaded with ribbon.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 1½ yards 36 inches wide, with 2½ yards of beading and 8½ yards of lace to trim as illustrated.

The pattern (4636) is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

In ordering pattern fill in this coupon.

PATTERN NO.....

Size .....

Name .....

Address .....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Patterns of this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address

PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

James Egan and wife to John Gaffney, in section 32, town 118, range 21, $350.

Anna M. Braman et al. to Jonathan T. Grimes, in section 8, town 28, range, 24, $200.

Frank C. Nickels and wife to Siever O. Johnson, lot 40 and west half lot 41, block 4, Prospect Park second division revised, $250.

Wesley J. Morgan and wife to Fred Reitsma and wife, lot 22, block 4, McMillan's addition, $2,300.

Seven minor deeds, $198.

Total, eleven deeds, $3,298.

THE HUMAN BELLOWS ON THE CARS

Why Does He Always Aim His Nozzle Thru the Door, thus Aggravating a Nuisance?

—Brooklyn Eagle.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Fair to-night and Wednesday; warmer to-night.

Weather Now and Then—Minimum temperature to-day, —30 degrees; a year ago, 23 degrees.

Minnesota—Generally fair to-night and Wednesday; continued cold; northerly winds.

Wisconsin—Fair to-night and probably Wednesday; colder in southeast portion to-ight; variable winds.

Upper Michigan—Generally fair to-night and Wednesday; colder in west portion; variable winds.

Iowa—Partly cloudy to-night and Wednesday; warmer in southwest portion to-night; variable winds.

North and South Dakota—Partly cloudy to-night and Wednesday, probably colder Wednesday; variable winds.

Montana—Partly cloudy to-night and Wednesday; variable winds, mostly westerly.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

The cold wave is moving southward. In Arkansas, Texas and northern Louisiana the temperature has fallen from 30 degrees to 36 degrees since yesterday morning. This morning's temperatures are zero as far south as southern Missouri and northern Oklahoma and about 15 degrees in central Texas and northern Louisiana; in Minnesota they are from —18 degrees to —24 degrees. In the Dakotas, Montana and Nebraska there has been a rise of from 10 degrees to 22 degrees in the past twenty-four hours. Light snow was falling this morning near the southern end of Lake Michigan and in the Ohio valley. —T. S. OUTRAM, Section Director.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES.

Observations taken at 8 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperatures in last twenty-four hours:

Minneapolis	—30	Moorhead	—30
St. Louis	—4	Bismarck	—34
Buffalo	8	New York	22
Chicago	4	Washington	24
Duluth	—32	Jacksonville	44
Calgary, Alberta	—2	New Orleans	52
Edmonton, Alberta	—14	Helena	8
Prince Albert, Saskatchewan	—36	Miles City	—14
Swift Current, Assiniboia	—2	Denver	12
Winnipeg, Manitoba	—40	El Paso	24
Kansas City	—8	Portland	32
Omaha	—10	San Francisco	46
Huron	—26	Los Angeles	42

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

Fournier, Mr. and Mrs. Ed, 1238 First avenue N, boy.

Buttler, Mr. and Mrs. John, 3007 E Twenty-ninth street, girl.

Carrier, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, 1721 Fifth street NE, girl.

Hansen, Mr. and Mrs., 3114 Twenty-fifth avenue NE, boy.

Townsend, Mr. and Mrs., 2509 Aldrich avenue, girl.

Engstrom, Mr. and Mrs. Frank, 3419 Pleasant avenue, boy.

Rongerud, Mr. and Mrs. N. J., Thirty-fourth avenue and Thirty-second street S, boy.

Meeds, Mr. and Mrs. A., 2421 Harriet avenue, boy.

Schaub, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W., 2814 Second avenue S, boy.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Fred W. Duncan and Esther Wallace.
Martin B. Moe and Bertha Johnson.
Herman Krieser and Ida Glander.
Edwin Grant Hallock and Ida T. Thompkins.
Edwin Trotman and Blanche Bailey.
Peter J. Olson and Martha Oslind.
Charles A. Envald and Amanda A. Krantz.
Fred Eustis and Ella A. Fox.

DEATHS.

Dutiel, Nancy, 720 Seventh avenue S.
Amundson, Olga Marie, 1412 Ninth street SE.
Farlinger, Charles Henry, 2011 Fremont avenue N.
O'Leary, John J., patrol wagon.
Swenson, August, 2442 Tenth avenue S.
Wolling, Lillian Ruth, 2401 Eight-and-a-half street S.
Nuustdal, John B., Norwegian Deaconness hospital.
Gray, Marion L., 3316 Thirtieth avenue S.
Sexton, Josephine, 425 Second street NE.
McNutt, Josephine, 3126 Queen avenue N.
McLeod, Adam A., 1121 Fillmore street NE.
Morrison, Susan, Northwestern hospital.
Lande, Carrie J., Swedish hospital.
Terry, Corice M., 3009 Pillsbury avenue.
Emery, Sarah E., 705 Second street NE.
Nilson, Andrew, 4917 Lyndale avenue N.
Hoffman, Florence E., 2219 Eleventh avenue S.
Wengberg, Oscar, Swedish hospital.
Brockman, Nahman, 1623 Seventh street S.
Horton, Henry, 3517 Columbus avenue.
Johnson, Annie, 2630 Twenty-ninth avenue S.

The mileage of the United States has reached 208,000 miles of line; gross earnings for the year were $1,891,000,000. Operating expenses were $1,249,000,000. Both the operating and the earnings average have increased in the past year. One hundred and sixty-four passengers were killed in train accidents and 4,224 injured, and 895 employes killed and 6,440 injured. Casualties from other causes than train accidents swell the total to 321 passengers and 3,233 employes killed and 9,975 passengers injured and 59,000 employes injured.

It is not unusual for ocean liners to take in over $180,000 of passenger fares on one trip.

When Will It Stop?

In response to many requests The Journal announces a watch contest for this week exclusively for ladies.

The prize is a lady's gold chatelaine watch and pin with a fine American movement, with the latest art nouveau finish, a watch that any lady can be proud of. It is on exhibition in the show windows of S. Jacobs & Co., Jewelers, 518-520 Nicollet avenue.

The watch will be **wound and started at 9 a. m., Thursday, Jan. 28,** and allowed to run down. Now, the question is, "When will it stop?"

The ladies who wish to try for the watch will only have to send in an estimate of **the time the watch will stop.** The lady who comes nearest to the time the watch stops will get the watch. In case of ties the first estimate received will get the watch.

The announcement of the result will appear on The Journal's Want Page Saturday evening. Estimates must state time of stopping of watch in hours and minutes. For example: "8:11 p. m., on Sunday"; "3:01 a. m., on Saturday," etc. All estimates must be in the office of The Journal by 8:30 o'clock, Friday morning.

No payment or condition of any kind is attached to this matter, except only one estimate from a person will be allowed.

Use this coupon and mail or send to Watch Editor, The Journal.

Watch Editor, The Journal

I estimate the watch will stop at.....a. m.

or.....p. m.....day.

Name.....

(Sign your name in full.)

Address.....

WILL DRINK POISON TO AID SCIENCE

Michigan Members of Alpha Sigma, a Homeopathic Frat, Offer Themselves for Experiment.

New York Sun Special Service.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Jan. 26.—Upper classmen of the Alpha Sigma fraternity at the University of Michigan last night decided to drink an unknown poison till its effects on the human system are known completely to science. The Alpha Sigma is a homeopathic fraternity affiliated with the New York fraternity now drinking the venom of the cobra. Dr. A. E. Ibershoff, head of the Michigan fraternity, will keep the name of the poison secret until the test is complete.

It will be a hitherto untried poison and not a snake venom. Beginning with a minute draught taken once every two hours, the potion will be increased every week for several months until the men begin to have a slight illness with poison symptoms. Individual reports on the symptoms are to be made every two hours and will be sent to New York for classification.

A searching three-fold examination of physical, mental, and moral character is to be given each patient before his experiment begins. Not only his bodily ailments but his mental eccentricities will be recorded by each man with conscientious thoroness.

The treatment will begin in February, and in three months a second three-fold examination will complete the test of one drug. If no serious results are felt the Michigan boys expect then to try snake poison. Of the sixteen members in the fraternity only half have the courage to try the poison, while freshmen are excluded.

Accurate knowledge of every effect produced by the poison is the object of the test. According to the theory of homeopathy, snake poisons will become useful medicines when physicians can prescribe them with a certain knowledge of what human functions will be affected thereby.

A LITTLE TRAITOR TO THE SOUTH

A War Time Comedy With a Tragic Interlude.

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Bishop," The Southerners," "Woven With the Ship," "Hohenzollern," "Border Fights and Fighters," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

The Confession That Cleared.

As the two men left the room the orderly entered it once more and announced to the general that a lady was below who asked the privilege of an interview with him.

"Lady? What lady?" demanded Beauregard, impatiently.

He was in no mood for feminine society after the difficult interview in which he had just participated.

"I think it is Miss Glen, sir. She says she must see you, and—"

"Ah!" interrupted the general, hastily, as he recollected the scene on the wharf the night before, when Fanny Glen had fainted at the news that the boat was going and that Lacy had gone with it. "Show her in here at once, orderly."

He had intended to seek her in her house in the course of the morning and break the melancholy news to her that the torpedo boat was lost in all probability with all on board, for from her agitation on the wharf he inferred that her affections were bestowed upon Lacy. He was very sorry for her, of course, but knowing Lacy as he had and estimating Fanny Glen as he did, there was a certain sense of relief that she would not be condemned to a lifetime of misery which such a marriage would inevitably have entailed. Still he pitied her profoundly, and he pitied her more when she came into the private office in the wake of the orderly and threw back her veil. Her beautiful face showed the sorrow under which she labored. Suffering had thrown a blight upon it, the freshness and youth seemed to have departed from it. She was a piteous little spectacle indeed.

The general received her with the utmost cordiality and consideration. He handed her a chair, and bade the orderly see that they were not disturbed on any account.

"Miss Fanny," he began, gently—the war had brought the general and the brave girl very close together—"I was coming ove rto see you in a little while. You have shown yourself a brave little woman many times. You need all your courage now."

"Yes, General," said the girl, faintly, "I know."

"You have sustained a terrible loss."

"Is—is—Mr. Sempland—?"

"He is well enough at present. I refer to your friend, Major Lacy."

"Is he—?"

"I am sorry to say that in all probability he has lost his life in the torpedo boat. We can get no tidings of her or of any of her crew. She—"

"Did you succeed, sir?" interrupted

"Did they succeed, sir?" inetrrupted Fanny Glen with an anxiety and an apprehension too great to be controlled.

"They did," returned Beauregard somewhat surprised at her question, "but the torpedo boat, I think, went down with the ship she blew up, and no one has seen her or any of her crew since the explosion. I knew that it was almost certain death to them."

Fanny Glen sank back in the chair. She almost lost consciousness in her agony. She murmured strange and incoherent words. The general did not understand them, but he rose, came to her side, bent over her and took her hand, patting it softly.

"I know, I know, my dear child," he said gently, "how you must suffer. Many another woman has had to give up her heart's desire for our beloved country. Think of the service he rendered, to you and to all of us! Think of his noble sacrifice, his death! Cherish his memory and be proud that he loved you and that you loved him. Few women have done more for the south than you, and there is still much to do. Work will assuage your grief," continued the general, laying his hand tenderly upon the bowed head. "You will always have the deathless memory of his heroism."

"Oh!" cried the woman, throwing back her head, "you are wrong. You don't know, you do not understand. I honored Major Lacy, I rejoiced in his courage, but I do not love him. It is not he that I think of. It is my father."

"Your father? What do you mean?"

"Admiral Vernon."

"What!"

"Yes, he is my father. My name is Fanny Glen Vernon."

"Good heavens! It cannot be possible."

"It is true. My mother was a southern woman, one of the Glens of Halifax—"

"I knew her!" exclaimed Beauregard.

"She died when I was a child, and I was brought up by her sister. My father—I did not see much of him. He was a sailor, and after my mother's death he sought constantly to be in active service. When the war broke out he said he must stay by the old flag. I strove to persuade him differently. It was horrible to me, to think that a son of South Carolina, and my father, would fight against her. There was a quarrel between us. I told my father I would not acknowledge him any longer. I repudiated the Vernon name and came here and worked for the south, as you know. When I learned yesterday that you were going to blow up the Wabash—"

"But, my dear girl," interrupted the general quickly, "we didn't blow up the Wabash."

"But you said that Major Lacy had succeeded!" said the girl in great bewilderment.

"He did. The Wabash and Housatonic exchanged places during the night and the latter was sunk. The Wabash is all right. For your sake, my dear child, I say thank God for the mistake."

"Then my father is safe?"

"He is. Some Yankees we captured this morning say that he is to be relieved of his command and ordered north on a sick leave. He will no longer be in danger from us, you see?"

"Thank God, thank God!" cried the girl, and the relief in her voice and face seemed to make another woman of her. "It was wrong, I know. It was treason to the south—I love the south—but I strove to prevent—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Beauregard. 'I have it now! Sempland—"

"Oh sir!" cried the girl, "where is he?"

"He is preparing," continued Beauregard coolly—he had the clue to the mystery and he determined to follow it to the end—"to be tried by a court-martial—"

"By a courtmartial, General Beauregard! For what, sir?"

"For disobedience of orders and neglect of duty, in the face of the enemy. And I am in two minds whether to these charges should be added cowardice and treason or not!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Fanny Glen.

"Miss Glen, it is an absolute fact. He came to me yesterday afternoon and volunteered for the command of the exepdition, begging for it, in fact, Major Lacy reluctantly, but generously yielded to him with my conent."

"It was for me he sought it," said the girl full of reproach for herself, "I had mocked him for his lack of distinction, sir, before he saw you. He hazarded his life for my approval and for the cause of the south."

A fuller light broke upon the general's mind. He understood all now, yet he went on pitilessly.

"After getting command in this peculiar way he failed to present himself on the wharf at the appointed time. We waited ten minutes for him, as long as we dared, in fact, and then as you know, sent the boat out under Major Lacy."

"He was detained," said the girl faintly.

"So he said when I arrested him last night, and he repeated the statement this morning. I pressed him to tell me by whom and where he had been detained, but he refused to tell. I plied him with every argument at my command. I pointed out to him the consequences of his action, his failure to justify himself, that is, showed him clearly the penalty which the courtmartial would undoubtedly inflict upon him—"

"That is?"

"Death, madam! He will probably be shot to-morrow, for his guilt is clear."

The girl's head fell forward in her hands. There was a little silence in the room. The general watched her narrowly, but said nothing further. He was waiting, in full confidence that she would speak. He could afford to be patient now.

"General Beauregard," she whispered at last, "I am the traitor. He was detained by me."

"That doesn't excuse him," said the general severely. "Any man who fails in his duty because he succumbs to a woman's wiles, even tho that woman loves him, has no plea to urge in justification. He is a soldier. His duty to obey orders is first of all."

"But—but—you don't understand. I—I—kept him there by force, sir. Major Lacy told me of the expedition—he and Mr. Sempland had called upon me in the afternoon. They—they had each of them asked me—in—marriage. We—we quarreled. Mr. Sempland left me in anger. Major Lacy divined that I—I—cared for Mr. Sempland. He came back later in the evening and told me Mr. Sempland was going to blow up the Wabash, and he begged me to see Mr. Sempland again and bid him good-by. I had only two thoughts—that it meant certain death to my father and possibly Mr. Sempland—the man—I—. What was I to do? I might have sacrificed myself by letting Mr. Sempland run the risk, but my father, sir—"

She stopped and looked at him in pitiful entreaty.

"Go on," said the general inflexibly.

"I had Mr. Sempland ushered into the strong room of the house—the old Rennie house, you know, sir?"

The general nodded.

"The door was locked on him after he entered. My three negro boys kept watch outside. There was no escape for him. He beat and hammered on the door until his hands bled. He begged and implored to be released. It was agonizing to hear. I did not realize that he was telling the truth when he said he was being dishonored. I had no time to consider anything. I only thought of my father—helpless in that great ship—the sudden rush of that awful little boat."

"You were a traitor to the south!" said General Beauregard coldly.

"Yes. God pity me, I see it now," answered the girl.

"How did he get away? Did you release him?" continued the general.

"He swore that he would kill himself if I did not open the door."

"Did you open it?"

"Yes."

"Then did he burst thru you and the men?"

"No. They were armed and would have killed him. He could not have made his escape that way. He begged me to speak to him alone for a moment. I went into the room and shut the door. He seized me in his arm and put his pistol to my head, threatening to kill me if I did not order the door opened."

"And you obeyed?"

"No, I refused. Then he called out to the slaves to open at once or he would kill me, their mistress."

"What happened then?"

"I ordered them not to open the door, to let me die. But they did as he said. He made them leave the hall. They obeyed him in spite of my protests. Then he threw me aside, and ran to the wharf. I followed after. The rest you know. It was useless after all. I thought no one would go if he did not. I thought if I could detain him a night—get some delay—I would come here in the morning and tell you the truth and ask you to spare my father."

"Miss Glen," said the little general, "I would not spare my own father if my duty demanded that he be sacrificed."

"I suppose so. You are a man, you cannot understand. I am a woman. There were but two I loved on earth. I was ashamed of my father, but I loved him. Four years of war have taught me other things. I am sorry that he did not go with the south, but it is not for me to judge him. I could not see him condemned to death and not raise a hand to save him. And I discovered too late that I—I cared for Mr. Sempland. I drove him from me in scorn and contempt—I taunted him. He sought that detail to prove his courage, I could not let him go to certain death. If he did it would be my fault. I would have murdered him. Pity me! I am only a woman. Try to understand!"

"But the young man has proven his courage—"

"I know, I know! I never doubted it," she interrupted.

"By keeping silent this morning, by facing certain death upon charges that are worse than the punishment to a soldier, in that they blast his fame."

"Thank God for that kindness to me!"

"And he did all this for you."

"He loves me, as I love him."

"But your love has disgraced him, his has protected you."

The girl shrank before the stern words of the soldier.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

France's import of raw material in the three months ended March 31 increased $6,867,300; its exports of manufactures increased $4,463,000.