AN ARMY WIFE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XII.

When Florence regained strength enough to move she crept slowly back to her little parlor, where the beacon lights that were to summon her husband were still faithfully, fruitlessly burning. She looked in at the dining room and its preparation for cheer and welcome, and turned away with a shiver of disgust, and, then, with a moan of pathetic misery, threw herself into an armchair and tried to think. What should she do? What could she do? Her love for Randy was so fond, so glowing, that she had gifted him with the qualities of a god, leaning upon him in everything, trusting him in everything, relying upon his word as though it were a pledge from on high; and yet within these few hours he had, all unasked, given her his promise not to see or speak with that—woman again except he came first to her—his wife—and told her the need; then had gone secretly, almost directly, to meet his old love in the shadows of the night long after the hour that usually saw the last light extinguished along officers' row.

If her old friend from baby days, the colonel, had come to her and said that Randy was false; if her idol, her beloved father, had added his confirmation of the colonel's views, she would have laughed them down so long as Randy—her hero Randy—swore that he was true. Many a woman will stand by her lover against a world in evidence, yet turn to stone against him when she sees one apparent sign of interest in another. Poor girl! He was her first, her only love. He was hers and only hers, and should be only hers, for when that other—creature had scorned and denied him, had he not been brought sore-stricken to her doors? Had she not won him back to life through the wealth and glory of her own unsuspected love? From the day of her wedding until this woman came never had she known a wish that was not his. Day and night she dreamed, planned and thought for him, sought only to make herself worthier his love, dearer to his eyes—sweeter to his caress. Who was there to compare with him in manliness, in courtesy, in knightly bearing? What officer was the peer of Randy—what officer even in the dear old Riflers with whom had been her home from baby days? They chided her, some of the girls, in what they called her defection. "You used to say there could be no regiment like the Riflers, Floy. You used to vow you'd never marry out of the old regiment." "Aye, but that was before Randy came," was her simple answer, and then they told her Randy was her world, and proudly she answered, "I believe he is." They warned her—some of the older and wiser matrons—and God knows they had much on which to base their views—it was never safe to love any man too much, even Randy; to which she answered with sunshine in her eyes, "How could one love Randy too much?" Mind you, she never volunteered these overflowings of her heart, but these women had been her friends from her earliest days. She was still shy, even with him, but such well-meant warnings always seemed to put her on the defensive, as it were, and, poor child, she believed it her duty to her husband that she should never allow him to go undefended, even though the attack were intangible as a woman's sneer. And they looked so well together, and he was so proud of her, so devoted to her, "so conscious of her," as some one said. Nowhere in that garrison was there man or woman who was able to say that Randy had not borne himself as an almost ideal lover and husband ever since that sunlissed wedding day. Many could even feel a sense of what is called "agreeable disappointment," which always strikes me as a phraseological parallel for that other remarkable euphemism of so many of our countrywomen—"she's enjoying poor health." Yet withal, Florence had the sympathy, the genuine affection of all Fort Sedgwick, even in—or rather notwithstanding—her enthusiastic estimate of Randy's qualities as husband and as man, and her own extreme beatitude as wife. Then Mrs. Buxton ventured to fire a shot, as she stood watching them strolling homeward together after parade one evening, absorbed in one another, and to observe to her own supremely indifferent lord, "There now, Bux, there's another girl making a fool of herself over a man, only she's the sweetest fool I ever knew in my born days."

Bux himself roared it out for Floy's benefit not long after, and did it so that half Fort Sedgwick heard it, for the one valuable quality Bux possessed as a cavalry officer was his voice. The volume of sound he could produce when bellowing instructions to a regimental skirmish line was something prodigious, but of so rasping and exasperating a timbre that his old-time derider, Blake, likened it in force to a fog-horn and in staying power to boiled cabbage—not a neat comparison, but one expressly fitting.

And now, strangely enough, this maddest of nights poor Florence could not get those words and that tone out of her head. She had flushed and turned speechless away at the time, hurt to her soul and indignant, too, but the training of her youth was strong. These were people her father and mother had taught her to respect, and though angry, indignant remonstrance was in her heart, she stifled the words that strove to spring to her lips.

"I expect I've put my foot in it again today," reported Bux to his better half, when he got home.

"Well, I'm sure I'm never surprised," was the lady's prompt reply.

"I fear I've been rude to Col. Buxton, Randy," faltered Floy, when that gentleman came in from troop drill an hour later.

"You couldn't be rude even to Bux, my darling," was his answer, as he folded her in his arms.

And these are not types of the "first year wedded" and the "quarter-century mated" love as seen in the army. I have known many and many a couple who have risen together through every grade in the line, loved, loving, and lovers to the end.

At 1 o'clock Florence had set her lights in the parlor window. At 2, with that booming, gong-like sound reverberating in her ears, that incessant repetition of Buxton's coarse words, she had sprung from the chair in which she had been brooding, writhing, shuddering for half an hour, and then, tearing down the shade, close looping the curtains, she hurried to the hall and locked and bolted the door. "Another girl making a fool of herself for a man—another girl!" God! how the words rang—resounded through her brain, buzzed and whirred like angry wasps in her ears, hissed and rattled, aye, stung like the venomous reptiles she had learned to shun from early childhood. "Making a fool of herself for a man who would leave her—so soon—for that painted—yes—that padded thing!" They'd soon learn that an army-bred girl loved, indeed, with all her heart and soul, but could hate, hate, hate as well!

Wild-eyed, with beating heart, she rushed through the little dining room to the dark kitchen beyond and rapped imperiously at a door. "Hop Ling!" she cried; "up, I need you." No answer. "The brute," she murmured to herself, as she threw herself heavily upon the door, and if flew open and plunged her in. The Chinaman's little sanctum was deserted. She kept no maid. One schooled Chinaman easily and efficiently did all the housework of a lieutenant's humble quarters and was generally employed in that capacity in almost every garrison of the far West. She flew to the rear door and locked that, then up to the second story where the pretty guest rooms as well as their own—hers and Randy's, with all their closets and nooks and corners. She took one rapid survey through them, and then one fierce, wild look at herself in the mirror of her dainty dressing table. Are you Floy Tremaine? Are you the little girl who was reared in the Riflers? Are you to make a life-long fool for any man? And as she spoke she began to open the dress she had been wearing for Randy's benefit. The folds of the stylish skirt, one of Mrs. Hayne's planning when in Chicago, were tossed in reckless disorder upon the snowy coverlet of the bed, and her precious locket—Randy's locket—was as suddenly unclasped from the round, white throat, and in all the tumult in her soul she heard no sound of the sudden stir and sortie at the guard house. She never knew that there was no sentry faithful to his watch along the rear of officers' row, to take up and pass on the stirring, reassuring cry that no army girl can hear without rejoicing or miss without alarm—"Two o'clock, and all's well."

The dawn was breaking over the far Jornada, and turning the distant Guadaloupe into gold when the Riflers rolled away—officers and men, "barring the band and Company 'Ike'" at Sedgwick," as the cav-

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"By war department order a few years years ago Companies I and K of each regiment of infantry were "skeletonized" by transfer of their men to other companies, leaving those two merely paper commands. Just as "Company Q" has been for years the derisive title of the guard house prisoners, so does "Company Ike" begin to appear as a name for the bereaved and friendless commands referred to.

airy trumpeter remarked to the gunner when they were going out to stir the echoes with their reveille; only these at Sedgwick, and one stalwart old captain with his devoted half-hundred, Tremaine, still doing duty at the cantonment—fond, lonely old father, whose heart was wrapped up in that one child, yet could not deny her to the man she loved so well. Sedgwick was beginning to yawn and stir. The night owls in the canyons were hooting back to their nests, dismayed by the howlings of the human night owls tacking home to duty, already half regretful of the whisky wasted, while before them was that remorseless wrath to come. The cooks were astir in the barracks, and filmy smoke-veils were sailing straight aloft from the chimneys of half a dozen company kitchens. Already, too, the household servants along the row of cavalry officers' quarters, that which backed to the south, were lighting their little morning blazes, for Sedgwick lay beyond range and anthracite. In the good old days of twenty years before, the cocktail, not coffee, was the necessary prelude to reveille and morning stables. Now, with the wisdom that comes long after the war, only case-hardened, red-nosed, furrowed-cheeked, bandy-legged old dragoons ever dreamed of a drink at that hour of leap from sleep to life; the inner cavalryman craves the juice of Mocha and mocks at rye. From every "set" of cavalry quarters then the kitchen chimney sent aloft its feathery plume, with one exception—a subaltern's house well over toward the western end of the row; and toward the gate thereof, edging away from the ribald homeward-bound of the main road and shuffling stolidly across the Mesa, Hop Ling was making his rapid way. Fan-tan had gone against him, and but for his hands his pockets were empty. Hop bore with him an air of depression, and was followed by a faint fragrance as of mandragora. His bleary little eyes were searching furtively along that line of fence and stables for the gleam of the sentry's carbine and cap ornaments. He must place that watchman of the night and know his ground before he entered post. 'Spose the officer of the guard had happened to meet him during the night. 'Spose somebody sick. "Spose Misse Mellium she wantee chow-chow?" Bang the morning gun roared its lusty summons to be up and doing, and skulking coyotes squatted lower as they sneaked away from the outlying quarters, no chicken the richer, and the guard turned out with twenty additions to Company Q and more still a-coming; and the telegraph instrument in the clerk's office began to call "Lalarrup—Lalurrup—Lalurrap," and the soldier operator, washing his face in a tin basin outside glanced up and said, "You be damned! You always call when I'm washing. What'n hell's up now?" and had to drop ablutions and, wringing his hands as he ran, to answer the sharp, insistent summons; and as he listened his face grew keen and excited, and, checking the rapid clicking of the key one instant, he yelled to the drowsy clerk in the adjoining office, "Billy—quick! Tumble up and see if Lieut. Merriam's back. I've a message for him," and then clicked and listened and noted again; but the reveille was chirruping its merry music, and the sweet, cool, morning air rang with the melody, and the troopers were tumbling out from the barracks, and ever across the parade officers came stalking forth from their doorways, for the —th were sticklers about morning stables and roll call; and, most prominent figure of all, streaking across the mesa with pigtails and pajamas a-flying, with his felt-bottomed boots fairly flashing, with flaring eyes, distended for once at least with mad appeal and dread in every feature and shrill distress in his chattering tones, came Hop Ling, straight for the guard house and shrieking for "Mellium."

A new officer of the guard, a scowling and unresponsive man, turned from his survey of the array of grinning prisoners, forgetting their own troubles in the contemplation of Hop's grotesque misery, and this new official, Whittaker by name, sternly shouted, "Stop your infernal noise, you clapper-jawed heathen. What the devil's the matter?"

"Mellium! Mellium!" was all poor Hop could pant.

"Mr. Merriam isn't here," said Whittaker majestically.

"Oh—wha he gone?—Misse Mellium gone! She gone—Minon—allee gone!"

"Whew!" said Whittaker. "Sergeant, take charge of the guard. I've got to go up to Capt. Grafton's and report this. Come on with me, you heathen," and forgetful of the officer of the day and only too ready to visit Grafton's and bask under that window, the lieutenant hastened away, Hop obediently and hopefully following. Matters weren't so bad perhaps, then, after all, thought he. Odd though the freak might be, his master and mistress might possibly have trotted away together for a very early morning ride and would soon be back demanding breakfast.

But Grafton was out in an instant, and together did the three hasten to the pretty nest which Randy had so proudly furnished for his bride. Hop ushered them to the dark, empty parlor, then to the empty rooms above.

There on the rumpled bed, just where she had thrown them, were the garments Floy had hastily discarded. There on the dressing table were toilet articles in wild disarray. "She's heard in some way of his orders to chase those damned greasers," said Whittaker sullenly. He, who hated the name of Fanny Hayward a year gone by for having filted his fondest friend, now well-nigh hated him because the woman sought him again, and Whittaker knew it.

"We can soon tell," said Grafton briefly, "by following her trail."

Down to the little stable they went; but first Grafton stepped back into Randy's bath and dressing room. Yes, just as he thought, there was a note stuck in Randy's mirror, but no womanly little scrawl, no young wife's cooing confidence to her devoted mate. It was in a stout envelope, and the superscription, in a hand that spread itself over the entire face, was formal, indeed menacing:

LIEUT. MERRIAM,

Private

and personal. —th Cavalry.

The captain's face grew quickly grave as he came forth and closed the door behind him.

"Which way did Merriam head?" asked he of Whittaker a moment later, as the three regathered back of the line.

"Straight off to the southwest," said Whittaker, "and here go her tracks—by Jove! Straight away for the end of the row—and—from there?—"

The two officers looked in each other's eyes a moment, then strode hurriedly to the west end of the line. Before them there—broad and far spreading, brave in the slanting sunshine, the rolling reach of the mesa toward the Santa Clara. Beyond that valley the slow-rising stretch of desert toward the old, old mission miles and miles away. Beyond all, the far foothills and glistening range of the Mescalero.

But not toward these did Mignon's dainty foot-tracks lead. Straight as the crow flies they clipped the sandy barren when once well out beyond the line and hearing of the westward sentry. Straight, swift and sure, like homing pigeon, Floy had evidently shaken loose her rein and bade her pet and precious bear her, swerving never, far at least as strength would last, to where there was ever waiting her the changeless love and pity and protection of the sheltering arms at the old cantonment, now her only hope of home.

(To be Continued.)

REMINISCENCE.

A light has passed that never shall pass
away,
A sun has set whose rays are unquelled
at night,
The royal grace, the courtesy bright as
day,
The strong, sweet radiant spirit of lift
and light
That shone and smiled and lightened on
all men's sight.
The kindly life whose tune was the tune
of May,
For us now dark, for love and for fame
is bright.

Nay, not for us that live as the fen-fires
live,
As stars that shoot and shudder with
life and die,
Can death make dark that lustre of life, or
give
The grievous gift of trust in oblivion's
lie.
Days dear and far death touches, and
draws them nigh,
And bids the grief that broods on their
graves forgive
The day that seems to mock them as
clouds that fly.

If life be life more faithful than shines
on sleep
When dreams take wing and lighten
and fade like flame,
Then haply death may be not a death so
deep
That all things past are past for it
wholly—fame,
Love, loving kindness, seasons that went
and came,
And left their light on life as a seal to
keep
Winged memory fast and heedful of
time's dead claim.

Death gives back life and light to the sun-
less years
Whose suns long sunken set not forever.
Time,
Blind, fierce and deaf as tempest, relents
and hears
And sees how bright the days and how
sweet their chime
Rang, shone and passed in music that
matched the clime
Wherein we met rejoicing—a joy that
cheers
Sorrow, to see the night as the dawn
sublime.

The days that were outlighten the days
that are,
And eyes now darkened shine as the
stars we see
And hear not sing, impassionate star to
star,
As once we heard the music that haply he
Hears, high in heaven if ever a voice
may be
The same in heaven, the same as on earth,
afar
From pain and earth as heaven from
the heaving sea.

A woman's voice, divine as a bird's by
dawn
Kindled and stirred to sunward, arose
and held
Our souls that heard, from earth as from
sleep withdrawn,
And filled with light as stars, and as
stars compelled
To move by might of music, elate while
quelled,
Subdued by rapture, lit as a mountain
lawn
By morning whence all heaven in the
sunrise welled.

And her the shadow of death as a robe
clasped round
Then: and as morning's music she passed
away,
And he then with us, warrior and wan-
derer, crowned
With fame that shone from eastern on
western day,
More strong, more kind, than praise or
than grief might say,
Has passed now forth of shadow by sun-
light bound,
Of night shot through with light that is
frail as May.

May dies, and light grows darkness, and
life grows death:
Hope fades and shrinks and falls as a
changing leaf:
Remembrance, touched and kindled by
love's live breath,
Shines and subdues the shadow of time
called grief,
The shade whose length of life is as life's
date, brief.
With joy that broods on the sunlight past,
and saith
That thought and love hold sorrow and
change in fief.

Sweet, glad, bright spirit, kind as the sun
seems kind,
When earth and sea rejoice in his gen-
tler spell,
Thy face that was we see not; bereft and
blind,
We see but yet, rejoicing to see, and
dwell
Awhile in days that heard not the death-
day's knell.
A light so bright that scarcely may sor-
row find
Our old sweet word that hears thee and
mourns—Farewell.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

CUBAN WAR SONG.

From the Spanish of Francisco Sellen.

When a people at last from oppression
awakes,
Hurrah for the war that its bondage
breaks,
Let the warm blood flow, let the cannon
roar;
At the gleam of steel
Let the tyrant reel.
Let the charger prance amid havoc and
gore,
When a people at last from oppression
awakes,
Hurrah! for the war that its bondage
breaks.

Spare not the ball, nor the spear, nor the
brand;
Be nothing but ruin on every hand;
Let the warm blood flow, let the cannon
roar:
In the desperate strife
It is war to the knife,
For those who have sworn to be slaves no
more.
When a people at last from oppression
awakes,
Hurrah! for the war that its bondage
breaks.

For the patriots of Cuba no terror hath
death;
O'er mountain and valley, through forest
and heath,
Let the warm blood flow, let the cannon
roar.
At duty's stern call
We have come, one and all,
To redeem from the despot the land we
adore,
When a people at last from oppression
awakes,
Hurrah! for the war that its bondage
breaks.

—F. J. Amy.

Question as to an Exception.

Browning, King & Co's Monthly.

He—I feel like a fool tonight.

She—Why tonight?

A Disastrous Failure.

Financial convulsions which disturb the equilibrium of the business world are productive of far less mischief than the failure of the kidneys to perform the office assigned to them by nature. When these organs become inactive the circulation acquires impurities which bring on dropsy, diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel, catarrh of the bladder and other maladies. To impart to the kidneys and bladder a healthful impetus, very different from the excitement produced by an unmedicated alcoholic stimulant, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest diuretic in existence. This excellent remedy for inactivity of the kidneys is also of the greatest service in malarial, dyspeptic, bilious and rheumatic troubles, and has received the unqualified sanction of eminent physicians. The nervous, the elderly and infirm and convalescents derive unspeakable benefit from its use. Use it with persistence and at fixed intervals, and anticipate with confidence the happiest results.

TWO HEROIC FIGURES.

Czar Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden.

DUEL OF THE NORSE AND SLAV.

The Muscovite Triumphs at the Battle of Poltova—Genius of Victor and Vanquished.

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The first decade of the eighteenth century witnessed the greatest personal duel of modern times. Two really heroic figures, one Norse and the other Slav, emerged from mediaeval barbarism, faced each other with their armies and fought for the mastery of Northeastern Europe. The men were alike in personal prowess and hardihood. Neither was acquainted with fear. Each was susceptible of the rage of battle. Each was supported in the duel with the whole force of his own nation, besides allies and contingents.

It was the manner of Charles XII., of Sweden, to reply to a bombshell with a burst of laughter. It was Peter's style to answer defeat with a witticism. When the one was hampered with conditions and threatened with ruin, he reddened with the madness of resistance. The other under like conditions had a twitching of the muscles that amounted to a paroxysm. The one had educated himself by reading the Sagas and the stories of Alexander the Great. The other had got his culture by prowling around Moscow in the night with a band of foreign outlaws, afterward by hewing masts in the shipyards of Holland, still later by playing with monkeys in the library of Sir John Evelyn. The genius of each reached to the verge of insanity. The men were alike in greatness of stature. Peter was taller than Lincoln, and Charles was taller than Peter. Each had the strength and the build of a giant. Each had confidence in his personal power.

Charles was, at the close of the seventeenth century, in the eighteenth year of his age and the third year of his reign. Europe had no opinion of his capacity. The old soldiers of Germany smiled at the idea of an invasion of the "Snow King," as they called him. The league contrived by Patkul went on well until in October of 1700. Peter, with a large army of Russians, came on for his part of the war against the town of Narva, on the river of the same name, eighty-six miles southwest of where St. Petersburg was presently to be founded. The young Charles first threatened the king of Denmark and forced him to sign a treaty. Then the king of Poland was in like manner obliged to raise the siege of Riga and flee away. Charles was thus left free to give his attention to the czar, who had begun the siege of Narva.

A few days after the Poles fled from Riga, Charles, marching across Livonia, came by forced stages to that place. His approach was like that of a storm. The like of it had not been witnesseed in modern Europe. The Swedes, coming on under cover of a snowstorm, fell upon the outposts, which were held by 6,000 Russian cavalry, and swept everything into rout. Peter's forces were composed of about 40,000 men. Part of them were regular Russian troops, another part a division of Strezui, a third part Cossacks, and the remainder raw levies of no military reputation.

The battle was fought on the 30th of November, 1700. The Russians could not see the enemy twenty paces away, for the blinding snow. The assailants leaped the fosse and climbed the parapet, and a sudden panic ensued. The German commander, the old Herzog von Croi, was distrusted by the Slavs, and with the break of confidence between him and his men nothing remained but to surrender. A thousand fugitives were drowned in attempting to swim the Narva. The favorite regiments of Peter got themselves into an extemporized fort, but the Russian army was divided and routed in detail. Those who still attempted to defend themselves after the first assault capitulated during the night. The greater number were granted the privilege of a free retreat, with arms and standards and baggage. Those in the fortress had to surrender at discretion. The general result was that the Swedes, under the reckless Charles, no more than 8,400 in numbers, utterly routed and overthrew the czar's army of more than 40,000 men! It was doubtless the most conspicuous victory achieved in Europe since the dark ages.

Peter's activity knew no bounds. In the three or four years of lull that followed Narva he applied himself with the greatest diligence to the tasks of empire. The first of these he conceived to be the creation of a new capital. The czar believed that he could not modernize Russia from Moscow. He accordingly determined to get his government to the sea. Russia must be commercial and international, and to this end the capital must be an emporium. The fatal mistake was that instead of looking to the sea of Azov and the establishment by that way of a warm water route into the Mediterranean and thence to all seas and shores, he looked to the gulf of Finland, bleak and frozen. Goethe says that the place reminded him of Amsterdam, or of Venice, the Italian Amsterdam—which was correct if we subtract the winter. Peter selected the place where the Neva divides into four arms, and these into others, until the volume of the river is separated into fourteen water courses, besides the lake and the canals. The site is subject to inundations when the howling black winds out of the west drive the Baltic brine in huge freezing billows back on the Neva.

There Peter, in the year 1703, founded his new capital. There he built the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. There he made his own wooden house on the right bank of the river. There he gathered his soldiers—Cossacks, Tartars, Kalmucks, Ingrian and Karelian barbarians, and half savage wood peasants from the interior—40,000 strong. In November of that year Peter piloted the first merchant ship into his new harbor. He gave the captain exemption from customs and also presented him with 500 ducats. He would have civilization, and it should consist of order by force, of commerce and internationality.

For several years Charles XII. prosecuted his wars in Germany, but in 1706 he was a again ready to turn his attention to Russia. He made his way to Volhynia, destroyed the electoral states with extortions and requisitions, and made a wide ruin in the country. The czar awaited the coming of his foemen in the Ukraine, while King Augustus, his half-treacherous ally, stood on his guard in Lithuania. But for the present, Charles attacked neither the one nor the other. He turned rather into Poland and Saxony, leaving behind him a small force to hold the conquered territory. It was in the midwinter of 1708 that he at last issued from Saxony with an army of 43,000 men, and marched on the Niemen.

Having crossed the river, Charles first encountered the Russians at Grodno, and came near taking the czar a prisoner. Peter adopted the same tactics pursued by Alexander with Napoleon 104 years afterward. He receded into the interior in the direction of Moscow, and the Swedes came after him. When Peter made overtures for peace, Charles replied: "I will treat with the czar in Moscow." Peter answered: "My brother Charles is going to be Alexander, but he will not find Darius in me."

The next stage of the Swedish march was to the Berezina. Soon afterward, at Golotsvin Charles attacked and routed 20,000 in battle, but their courage showed him that he was fighting a rising foe. After the battle the Swedes were almost hopelessly involved in the Russian forests and swamps. At Dobroe he fought a second battle, and the czar was again overthrown, but the Swedes lost heavily, and the fall had already come before they could resume the invasion. Meanwhile a division of 10,000 men under Gen. Lowenhaupt was delayed and was intercepted and defeated by the czar in person. Only a wreck of Lowenhaupt's army succeeded in reaching the camp of Charles. The czar for his part returned to Smolensk as a victor, and entered the old town with salvos of artillery and other signals of rejoicing.

Already the king of Sweden found himself the victim of his own imprudence. He moved into the Ukraine under the persuasions of the celebrated hetman, Mazeppa, immortalized in Byron's poem. But the inhabitants of the Ukraine did not rise in favor of the Swedes, and Mazeppa himself became a fugitive and had great difficulty in getting the remnant of his forces united with those of Charles on the Dnieper in the dreadful winter of 1708-9. Already the same scenes were enacted in the Swedish camp as were to be witnessed on a larger scale in the French campaign of 1812. The same horrors were repeated. The Swedes began to freeze to death. The crows that would have eaten them were frozen dead on their bodies.

With the opening of spring, 1709, the czar followed his antagonist. It was now the countercharge. Baturin, the capital of Mazeppa's hetmanate, was taken. Charles got himself to the town of Poltova and there awaited the arrival of the Turks and Poles, who were never to come. In June, 1709, the czar, with 60,000 men, protected by intrenchments, offered himself for battle. The Swedes were by this time reduced to fewer than 30,000, and these were weakened by suffering and privation to the point of exhaustion. Only the fires of the Norse Sagas still flamed in the breast of Charles and warmed his soldiery. Peter had seventy-two cannon and Charles only four. Meanwhile the Swedish king, wounded in the heel, had been subjected to a severe surgical operation, so that he could not ride on horseback. He ordered himself to be put on a litter on the day of battle and drawn from place to place, according to the exigency of the fight.

The battle of Poltova is one of the famous conflicts of history. The qualities of the czar came out in his address to his soldiers. He said: "The moment is come. The future of our country is to be decided. You must not say it is for Peter we fight. No. It is for the empire confided to Peter. It is for Russia. It is for the orthodox faith, for the church of God. As for Peter, know that he is ready to sacrifice his life for a glorious and prosperous future for Russia."

The battle was begun by the Swedes. They rushed to the attack with the fury of madmen and took two redoubts. The czar and the king were both in the midst of the melee. Peter had his hat shot through, and Menshikof had three horses killed under him. The Swedes fought like the men of Thor, but their savage onset could not avail. Menshikof, in the whirl of the lines, got on the Swedish rear and planted himself between the main body and their camp. The Russian artillery fire in front swept down everything. The horses of Charles' litter were killed, and his halberdiers carried him hither and yon according to his orders until of the twenty-four all but three were shot down.

At length disorder ensued, and the Swedes fled, Charles himself being forced away with the stream of fugitives. It was only by the strenuous exertions of Mazeppa and Poniatowski that he was carried as far as the Dnieper on his way to the dominions of the sultan. There for three years he continued his intrigue, hoping to combine the Ottoman power with his own and still overwhelm his enemy. But the effort was in vain. Nor need we follow further "the last of the Variagi" on his decline and through the scenes of his humiliation until he was struck down at last by a random shot from an unknown hand far away before the walls of his own town of Frederickshald.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Ingersoll on Prayer.

New York, May 15.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll consented to talk last night concerning the assertion made by Dr. Quayle in the Methodist conference at Cleveland that it was idiotic to pray for him. "I think Dr. Quayle was right," said he, "when he said that to pray for the conversion of Robert G. Ingersoll was idiotic. He seems to take the same view of prayer that I do, and to be consistent he ought to stop praying. He ought to tell all his Methodist brethren to stop advising and bothering God, and that over every Methodist pulpit should be painted in large letters: 'To pray for the redemption of anybody is idiotic.' Dr. Quayle seems to have the true spirit of his church."

"What do you think of the Methodists' plan for putting God in the constitution?" "I think that if the fanatics get God in the constitution there will be no room left for man. Our fathers in 1787 retired all the gods from politics and established a secular government, in which the power to govern does not come from God, but from the consent of the governed. Let us keep the aristocracy of the air from governing the land in which we live."

The Oregon Tested by a Gale.

Santa Cruz, Cal., May 15.—The battleship Oregon arrived in port this afternoon from Santa Barbara. She encountered a severe gale, the wind blowing fifty miles an hour. She sailed an average of seven knots an hour, and behaved splendidly all through the gale. She will sail for San Francisco tomorrow morning, as she did not desire to reach San Francisco during the night. Everybody aboard is happy over the result of the trial trip.

'A man likes to feel so strong, so full of pent-up vitality, that he could cope with anything that comes before him. He likes to know that when he is put to the test in a matter of manly power he is equal to the demand. It is the commendable desire of every man to be the equal of his fellow-man.

This strength is simply one element; it is not alone muscular power, nerve power nor mental strength. It combines all in one. It is vital force—the foundation of all human power; it is the element of all organic, nerve, muscular and mental energy—it is Electricity.

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A God-Send to Him.....

Leon, Clackamas County, Or., Feb. 20, 1896.

Dr. A. T. Sanden—

Dear Sir: I desire to make a statement in regard to what your Electric Belt has done for my boy, as I feel it my duty to do so. Two months ago he was suffering from epileptic fits. He got so bad that he could not speak, and could not move for days at a time. I tried all the doctors in this part of the country without avail. They could do nothing for him, and as he would have four or five fits every hour I began to despair of his ever recovering. As a last resort, I decided to try one of your Belts, and am happy to state that I did so. I called at your office and stated the boy's case, and you said you thought it had gone too far, but still there was hope. You advised your Belt No. 1, which I purchased, and went home with a heavy heart. I charged the Belt, according to your directions, and applied it immediately. In two days I noticed a decided improvement in my boy's condition. The fits were less frequent, and also less severe. From that time he has gradually improved, and after wearing the Belt six weeks there was no sign of a fit, and he has had none since. At present he appears to be in perfect health, runs and plays around the place, and is growing stronger every day. He is 10 years old. I make this statement for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to humanity. I cannot say enough in praise of your most wonderful appliance. It has been a God-send. You can refer any one to me. I will answer all communications with pleasure. I am, yours very truly,

GEORGE GOODMAN.

There are so many grateful men who speak of Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt that it is hardly necessary any more to give names of people cured, but hundreds of them, and some very valuable information on the subject, can be found in the little book, "Three Classes of Men." Get it free on application, or by mail, sealed.

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Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.

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Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price 25c.

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Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in 3 minutes and cure permanently. Price $1.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—price 25c—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—price 25c—cleanse and heal the parts.

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‡ No. 3.	‡ No. 1.	Lv.	Ar.	‡ No. 2.	‡ No. 4.
4:00pm	9:00am	Seattle		5:25pm	10:45am
6:04pm	10:15am	Wood'ville		4:19pm	9:20am
6:19pm	.....	Redmond		.....	9:06am
6:53pm	.....	Issaquah		.....	8:32am
7:01pm	.....	Snog'mie		.....	7:40am
7:55pm	.....	N. Bend		.....	7:30am
8:07pm	10:55am	Snohomish		3:01pm	6:38am
7:20pm	11:46am	Arlington		2:33pm	7:41am
8:05pm	12:31pm	Woolley		1:35pm	6:39am
.....	4:00pm	Anacortes		9:00am	.....
.....	1:20pm	Hamilton		12:50pm	.....
.....	2:55pm	Wick'ham		1:24pm	.....
.....	5:40pm	Burnas		11:55am	.....
.....	5:50pm	N. West'er		9:10am	.....
.....	.....	Vancouver		9:00am	.....

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