THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

BY NYM CRINKLE.

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"Now then why not tell me the rest of it? These men can do you no service now, and the friends of the administration will secure your pardon if they are furnished with all the facts. You have told me enough to make it worth my while to stay here another day to get the rest of it and I'm anxious to get back."

The governor shot the bolt and opening the door looked in.

"Time," he said.

Kent appeared to be so engrossed in his interview that he did not instantly perceive the entrance of the officer, but went on talking to Laport. "Think it over," he said. "Your own personal comfort if not your freedom may be involved ... it."

Then he and the governor left the cell.

The first thing that Kent did was to tell the governor that he had succeeded

"I HAVE COME HERE TO LIBERATE YOU!"

in unsealing Laport's lips and had already got from him some intimations of the political gang which had attempted to use him. He then narrated a story of his own invention which was so ingeniously fabricated that the governor was deeply interested and himself proposed that Kent should stay until he had got the whole of it and this Kent at last consented to do, merely remarking: "I'd keep the fellow in that cell till I get it, if I were you. The confinement galls him and I have no doubt he will sooner or later give away the whole matter in order to get back to the workshop. Keep him locked up twenty-four hours longer."

The next day there was another interview. The moment Kent was alone with the prisoner, he asked: "Did you get the stone out?"

Laport took from his breast where it had been concealed under his woolen shirt, a small folded packet. Kent took it, fingered it a moment, and put it in his hip pocket. The two men then went to the dark corner of the cell and Laport, getting down on his knees, showed him that he had loosened one of the small flagstones in the flooring. Kent looked closely at the work, saw that no one could perceive the difference in the seams unless he brought a light to it and merely said: "Good." Then the two men sat down on the edge of the iron bed.

Kent had brought with him a circular steel cutting saw which fitted into the case of his gold watch. The brace and other appliances he took from different parts of his person, and Laport, with the instant divination of a mechanician, fitted them together. They were slender and apparently fragile, but had been made by a surgical instrument manufacturer, and were of the finest material. Laport examined them with unconcealed admiration.

Kent, however, did not allow him to waste the fraction of a minute. "Put it away at once," he said. Laport touched the flat stone with his foot on one corner; it tipped at the pressure; he inserted his finger and, lifting it up, placed the implements in the space beneath. He also received from Kent a little coil of steel wire. "It is to let you down from the window to the laundry roof," he said. "Every inch of it has been tested up to five hundred pounds. But all this mechanical assistance is of no sort of avail if you fail to follow out my schedule of time and scrupulously fit every move to my arranged programme. You will cut the bar to-morrow while the engine in the laundry is running. How long do you calculate it will take you?"

"If it is an iron bar, I can do it in two hours with that saw."

"Very good. You are to leave a segment of iron to hold it in its place and rub the rust into the fresh cut. You are to get out the window on Saturday morning at exactly half-past two to the minute. I will bring you to-morrow a tiny duplicate watch set to one I have myself, and a little box of wax matches. I will also bring you a pair of kid gloves padded, so that you can use the loops in the wire without cutting your hands. You must be at the far angle in the wall exactly ten minutes later and you will find the other wire thrown over for you. It will not do to have it there before and you are to pull it after you when you are on the other side. One other thing: You must manage in some way to set the bar back in its place. No one will look into your cell till five o'clock from the wicket in the door, but the absence of the bar might be detected by the patrol on the wall. He carries a bull's-eye. Can you do that?"

"Yes," said Laport, "if I have any foothold on the wire and you can bring me half an ounce of gum shellac softened in alcohol."

"Very good. You will have eight minutes to get over the wall and you will land in a high clump of jimson weeds. I want you to remember the rest of my directions. It is necessary that you commit them to memory. At the time you land in the weeds, there will be a man on a horse in the road and he will start east at break-neck speed. You are to give no heed to him, but cross the road, drop over the bank left in shale and cinders and will leave no footprints—and turn to the left and follow it west for one hundred feet where you will come to a culvert and brook crossing. You are to take to the middle of this stream and follow the bed five hundred feet, rolling your trousers up so as to keep them dry, until you come to an outhouse painted red, which overhangs it. Light a match and if there are two crosses in chalk on the lowest clapboard, you will know that is the place to turn. Then follow the path from the outhouse up to the dwelling, but be careful to walk on the gravel and not in the grass. There is a back kitchen with a side door and a common latch. It will be open. There will be a hot fire burning in the large kitchen stove. You are to lock the door and divest yourself of every bit of clothing and burn it there before doing anything else and see that all the shreds are destroyed. When that is done, go to the second story, front room, where you will find the disguise you are to wear. In the breast pocket of the blouse are three photographs of the man who has been wearing it. You are to be careful about the wig and mustache. You ought to be in the upper room not later than four. The alarm will be given about five-thirty. That will give you an hour and a half to complete the disguise and the sun will be up. At that moment you will take a paint pot and brush which are in the room and get upon the ladder in front of the house and proceed to paint the siding at the place where the job is left unfinished. You are to speak very little English. You will be fifteen feet above the street. You are to answer all questions in a guttural and unintelligible manner. The main entrance of the prison is nearly opposite that house. The men in the prison office are already familiar with your figure on the ladder and regard you as a stupid Alsatian who has hired the place and is fitting it up as a saloon. At five-thirty I expect a wire will be sent from the nearest hamlet (fifteen miles east) that an escaped prisoner has passed through on a horse. You will be able from your perch if you are quick-witted, to discern by the movements at the prison entrance if the chase is taken up in that direction. If it is, you will have twenty-four hours start, for they will not catch my man inside of that time, and when they do, they will be unable to identify him. In the blouse will be a small pocket compass and a little map. At exactly twelve-fifteen, when all the farm hands are at dinner, you will take a basket on your arm and set out leisurely across the stubble-field, south of the house. You are to follow the path across the field in a southwesterly direction. When you reach the stile at the stone wall, two paths are seen on the other side; take the path that goes down to the wood. The moment you are in the densest part of the grove, you are to make the most speed you can, following the path by the brookside until you come to an old and ruined mill a mile west. You will sit down on the old mill stone in the grass and wait till you hear some one singing "Home Sweet Home." It is the signal that all is safe and it will be a woman's voice. You are instantly to enter the old mill and follow exactly the directions of the lady you will meet there, bearing in mind only this, that a woman has not a man's sense of time, and you will be missed and inquired for some time during the afternoon and everything will then depend on your speed of movement after you leave the mill. The arrangements from that point are perfect. Delay alone may make them miscarry. Can you repeat all these points to me?"

CHAPTER IV.

Laport marveled at the particularity with which the escape had been planned and at the address of Kent in hoodwinking the governor while conspiring to free his prisoner. Without reasoning upon the matter deeply he set about following out the programme laid down for him and his methodical training enabled him to do it carefully. Laport was over fifty-five but he was made of tough vital material and the prospect of liberty stirred all his old sagacity. Kent saw him for the last time in prison on Friday morning; gave him his additional instructions and tools and left ostensibly for New York at noon, much to the regret of the Ixtels.

Kent's provision had been unerring with regard to Laport, but he made one or two miscalculations about his own movements, and as the governor's special efforts were directed to *his* capture, stimulated no doubt by the chagrin on having been so successfully duped (he having learned that his guest was unauthorized and unknown in the New York newspaper office), one of the best detectives in the country got upon his track and followed him to Louisville, Ky., when the trail was a week old. From this point he traced him into western Tennessee and there the pursuit ended. Kent had disappeared from the surface of the earth. What is remarkable about this part of the hunt is that nothing occurred publicly to awaken the suspicion that Bench and Kent were the same person.

Laport's escape from the prison was effected with but slight variations as it had been planned for him, and there was nothing in his methodical execution of the plan but a grim and uneventful determination accompanied by a silent apprehension, until he arrived as arranged at the old mill, and there the whole character of the proceedings changed as if by magic and began to wear the aspect of a sixteenth century romance.

While yet some fifty feet away from the mill and hidden in the brush, he listened and distinctly heard female voices of merriment coming from the other side. His heart sank. Some picnicking party had taken possession of the secluded retreat and cut off his last chance. There had been no provision for this contingency in Kent's plan. While Laport stood listening to the bursts of laughter and subdued screams that mingled with the voices of men in some kind of sport, he distinctly heard some one singing the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," in a clear soprano. It might be one of those fatal coincidences, for the air was one that anybody would be apt to warble.

He considered a moment and determined to take the risk.

Working his way through the thickets he came out on the overgrown bank where the mill stood and went deliberately round to the side from which the voices proceeded. He had scarcely turned the corner of the mill before he found himself in full view of a party of ladies and gentlemen who had evidently rendezvoused here for a lunch. Their horses were tied to the neighboring trees; a white cloth was spread upon the grass; a colored servant was opening wine. They were elegantly dressed and were unmistakably people of means and leisure taking an outing.

At the same moment Laport saw protruding from the grass almost at his feet the circular form of an old millstone and, with a feeling of helplessness, he sat down upon it.

A minute had not passed when he was aware that some one was approaching him. It was a woman. She had left the group immediately and was standing very near him. He looked at her with the greatest amount of interest and suspense. She was handsomely and jauntily dressed in a riding habit and appeared to be at least thirty years of age. Her whole bearing was easy, but dignified. Her handsome oval face was expressive of determination, softened by sensibility. She carried a riding whip.

"You are late, professor," she said, looking at her watch, "and have kept us waiting. Did you meet anyone after you left the stile?"

"Yes, I did," answered Laport. "I met a woman in the wood road going to town with a basket, and she regarded me suspiciously."

"Then we have no time to lose," said the woman, calmly. "These people are all friends. You are to change your garments immediately. My servant will help you. Explanations and further directions must wait."

She called the negro servant and said to him: "Now, then, Fan, be as quick as you can. We are fifteen minutes late."

"This way, professah," said the servant, with a grin, as he pointed to the old mill.

Laport, without further words, made a bow and followed the negro into the dilapidated structure. Here, in one of

DR. SAMUEL FRANKLIN, OF CINCINNATI.

the recesses where there remained a clear space and a flooring, there was a hamper such as is used at picnics. There were one or two plates and a napkin conspicuous on its strapped lid. The negro brushed them away and hurriedly tore open the basket. It was packed tightly and carefully with a complete outfit of clothes, which the man lifted out and spread in a pile upon a clean newspaper. Laport was watching him with curious interest.

"Excuse me, sah," said the servant, "you ain't got no time. You got to git dem duds off lively. I'se goin' to dress you. Take 'em off—take 'em off—I'se got to put 'em in dis yere wicker works."

Thus recalled to the urgency of the moment Laport began at once to divest himself of the disguise he wore. As fast as he relieved himself of his clothing, the negro placed it in the hamper, and when it was full he excused himself and carried it away.

He was not gone more than five minutes, and when he came back he was empty handed. What he did with it Laport never knew. But even then he had an instinctive feeling that its complete destruction or effectual hiding had been provided for.

Fan then proceeded to dress him in the most expeditious, but the same time the most scrupulous, manner. In spite of the nervous anxiety of Laport, he could not help wondering at the systematic provision that had been made for a thorough and complete change of appearance. The linen, cuffs, collar, studs, sleeve buttons, finger ring, watch chain, had not been forgotten. He was quickly dressed in a handsome suit of gray tweed, an immaculate vest and a fine soft black hat with a broad brim. He was shaved with marvelous dexterity, fitted with a flowing gray wig and gold glasses, a pair of silk stockings and riding boots with spurs, a field glass thrown over his shoulder and rouge given to his face; and when Fan held up a little mirror before his eyes, Laport saw himself transformed into a comfortable well-to-do governor with a florid face that indicated good living.

"Excuse me, sah," said Fan, as he admired his work. "You'll hav' to sojer up; jess frow out your bress and put yer shoulders back. Yer got a bad sag in yer backbone. Der duds ain't made for it. Jess one more pint—good nuff, if yer can hold him dar."

Fan ran his eye over the details and looked at a little watch that he carried in his vest pocket. Laport saw that it was exactly like the one Kent had given him and that the woman had exhibited while he was on the millstone. Indeed, it reminded the servant to replace in Laport's vest pocket the timepiece that Kent had given him. He did this with the remark: "Dat's de general's time. T'other one's for to make a gallus show."

A moment later he had gathered up all the evidences of his work and summoned the lady who appeared to be his mistress. She came in flushed, as if she had been riding, looked at Laport critically and said:

"You are Dr. Samuel Franklin, of Cincinnati, and I am your daughter. You are to assume, to the best of your ability, the manner of a rather peremptory but kind-hearted parent. You can scold me for my extravagance a little if you like. You are to carry this roll of bills and when called upon pay our expenses. You are also to take this little checkbook and draw your check as I direct. Further directions I can give you as we journey. The horses are at the door."

Five minutes later Laport was on the back of a handsome horse, riding by the side of a jaunty and spirited companion. Immediately behind them rode three others, who made up the group. The way for some distance was across fields, but presently they came into one of those grass-grown lanes that divide farms, and a little later struck a common country highway running southwest. Not a word was spoken by Laport's companion for a mile or two except an occasional direction as to speed. But after an hour's ride they came to a group of houses, when she said: "It is necessary that we show ourselves here. You are to preserve the air of the father of the family—that is all."

At the largest of the houses the party drew up and asked for a drink of water of a man at the door. While it was being served Laport remained in the road—the rest drew up chatteringly at the door and managed adroitly to tell the man how they had been disappointed in their ride and were hurrying back to Shirleyville. Some questions were also asked about better roads; and then, with flippant jests, some coin was flung to the man and they started off again. It was now half-past three o'clock and a ride of half an hour brought them to an intersecting and evidently not much traveled road. "We turn south," said Laport's companion. "The rest go on to Shirleyville. Do you understand? There is no telegraph on our route."

The moment they were in the new road she said: "I shall have to ask you to make the best time you can for the next five miles, until we come to another highway. Your horse has a good gait—let him have his head."

She then struck her animal and Laport followed her. The pace was a painful one, for he no longer had the suppleness of youth. But determination supplied him with endurance, and they rode at a rapid pace through an uninhabited tract, and he was much relieved when they turned once more into a well-traveled road that ran in a westerly direction, and his companion said:

"You can take it easy now. We'll walk our horses here and let them dry. We are safe. If you are pursued the scent will lead to Shirleyville."

She drew up by his side as she spoke. "I can now tell you," she said, "what your route will be. We shall stop for the night at a hotel in Charlotte. It is ten miles farther on. You will pay our bill in the morning with a check which the landlord will cash because I have already cashed the two which Mr. Kent got you to sign, and the landlord knows they are good. There is a branch railroad running from Charlotte to Penkanky—thirty miles west. We shall succeed in the morning in getting off with our horses on a trip to the Penkanky glen. The horses will go on to Brankenford, where they will be taken care of, they having been obtained there. At the Penkanky house we give out that we are going to stop with a friend in town and leave the hotel in the evening. You will then have to walk three miles to reach a trunk line railroad. If we catch an express train we shall most likely be in Wheeling just six hours ahead of a dispatch."

"But if we do not?" asked Laport with considerably more curiosity than apprehension.

"In that case we shall have to depend on the discrepancy between the description and the appearance. The probability is that the pursuit will be thrown off at Shirleyville. There is no means of knowing that we left the party until the pursuers reach the party. They will then have to retrace their steps. The landlord at Charlotte will tell them that he has been receiving your checks before the date of the escape, and saw you sign one with his own eyes. It will take some time afterward to ascertain that we are not in Pankanky yet. If, however, the telegraph is used without waiting to ascertain that fact the detective will board the train when we pull into Wheeling."

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"Are you prepared for that?"

"Yes. You change your disguise before taking that train."

"Ah," said Laport, with relief.

"And you go on alone," added the woman.

"Yes?" said Laport, inquiringly.

"You reach Cincinnati and go to the Columbia hotel, an obscure place. You will look on the register for Bernard Biddle. He's your old friend. He will get you over into Kentucky that night. On Friday morning at ten o'clock you will be at the rendezvous appointed by Mr. Kent. I will myself join you three days later. Once at that point you are absolutely safe from pursuit."

Laport looked at her. "I do not quite see how that can be," he said.

"You will see clearly enough when you arrive there," replied his companion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

A Tragi-Comedy of Garrison Life on the Frontier.

They certainly were made for each other. Everybody saw that. The young lady herself saw it better than any. They were beautifully matched in every way. He was a dapper little cavalryman who only exceeded the regulation height by two inches. She was a dowdy little person, about as big as a twelve-year-old child. He was handsome, in a French miniature sort of way, and she was pretty, with the bread-and-milk beauty of extreme youth. As to mental qualifications, no two could have suited better, for his love of domineering was that not only of the little man but of an army officer to boot; and she was submissiveness itself; it really was a pleasure to her to be walked over and stepped upon by anything masculine, which just met the young officer's ideas as to what a wife should be. As if to leave nothing wanting to complete this match—so evidently of celestial making—fortune had given to her only a spendthrift father, and to him the vast wealth of a second lieutenant's pay. They could have loved very comfortably on such means, and paid off their accumulated debts of years when he came to be captain, as others have done before. But they may as well be introduced; you may meet them some time. She, then, was Miss Ruggles, daughter of Capt. Ruggles, of the ——th infantry; he was Second Lieutenant Patten, of the ——d cavalry.

The thing started beautifully. Patten had been twirling his thumbs between reveille and taps, with more or less cursing of fate, for a year. He was pretty badly in debt to the sutler, and was likely to become more so if he was not given something to do with his evenings very soon. He did not like reading; he was too lazy to hunt, and there was nothing but the elusive prairie dog to hunt in any case; he was the only bachelor at the fort—which was a hundred miles from the railroad, by the by—and the married women could not be induced to flirt—with him, at any rate. So the soil was ripe.

Now, just in the nick of time, Capt. Ruggles' pretty daughter came on from a New England boarding school, as innocent, simple, pink and white as such girls should be. Of course Patten called on her the night of her arrival, as is customary in army posts. He found her quite interesting. She sat and smiled and drank in his poured-out wisdom as the soil of the plains drinks a rain, and the wisdom was lost in the sandy depths of her unsophisticated soul, as is also lost the little rain which falls on the parched prairies. However, she evidently admired him, and he went home convinced that this really was his first love, this time. In New England boarding schools a man is never seen, so he was Miss Ruggles' first experience of the sex, and she was sure, too, that this was not only her first, but her only love. Now Patten liked the sensation of thinking of some one else; it was novel, and there was "blessed little novelty" in the post at any time, as he said—only he did not say "blessed" exactly.

The trouble with novelties is that as soon as they are experienced a few times, they cease to be novelties, and so lose their spice. That was the way with this one. After a week or two of thinking of Miss Ruggles—whom he fondly called "Bertha" in what answered for his mind—Patten got tired of it, and concluded that "old things are best," that he preferred his quondam occupation of thinking only of himself, and he went back to it—it was far less trouble, and he objected to trouble, attending reveille was enough of it for him in one day. Then a delightful element was added to his former employment; he discovered in a short time that some one else was thinking of him. That was charming; he sat back and enjoyed it, absorbed it. Heretofore the garrison had never bothered its head about him, and he had had only the sickly comfort of telling himself that he represented pearls, the garrison swine. Here, however, was a girl who knew a priceless jewel when she saw it. He admired her taste, and smiled on her approvingly. She smiled back, even more sweetly, and, in little ways entirely original and clever, she tried to lead him on. For instance, she walked up and down her porch on nice starry nights, and coughed now and then, a gentle little cough. She would go to the sutler's for crewels and ribbons at the hours when Patten was likely to be there for his mail. Her horse never would stand still at the mounting-block, the exasperating animal! If the young officer were in sight. All these little tendrils reaching out are such, we all know, as the world has never known before.

But there was a good deal of the nature of the government mule about Patten. The instant he could see that some one was attempting to lead him he would refuse to advance a step; and he did see, despite Bertha's wholly original methods of procedure. So he stood still, and the poor girl tugged and pulled, but Patten refused to move ever so little. She really became quite desperate and struck him in the face, metaphorically, with some remarks that were meant to be scornful and sarcastic. Of course, if she had known anything about mules she would have been aware that such treatment only makes them jump back; but she was of the infantry, and can be excused for not knowing anything about live stock. Experience taught her, though, and she came to learn to let the mule think he was free and going alone. The experiment worked like a charm. Patten began to fear that he was losing the adoration, and advanced a few steps. Bertha received his overtures with delight, and Patten was wise enough to keep her a little delighted all the time. He did not think, now, that he was really in love; on the contrary, he was sure that his first love was yet to come; but Bertha was a pastime, at any rate.

Things progressed nicely now. Patten and Miss Ruggles took frequent horseback rides, and often did not get home until after dark. The first time this happened, Bertha approached her mamma's presence with fear and trembling; she did not know what her mother would say, but she was sure of a good berating from a none too gentle tongue. Fancy, then, her surprise and delight at being met with a sweet "go and eat your dinner, dear; I've had it kept warm." At the monthly hop Patten danced most of the time with Bertha, and forgot to complain of the scratches she made on his beautiful pumps. Every one was sure they were engaged; only Miss Ruggles and her mother were the least bit uneasy.

It happened, as it sometimes did, that a day passed without Bertha's spending several hours in the lieutenant's society, home was made generally uncomfortable for her, for at such times Mrs. Ruggles' temper returned to its natural state, from which it only emerged when Patten's form rose against the horizon.

There came a time when the lady's temper did not sweeten for whole weeks—it was when the troops were ordered away.

Patten's troop was among them, and Capt. Ruggles' company was not. This was bad; it meant that Bertha would be "the girl he left behind him" if she did not manage to "land her fish" before the appointed time, which was only a fortnight hence. Time wore on; only a week was left, and things were at a standstill. Bertha was nervous and her mother cross. The week became a day, and still things were the same. There remained one more chance, however; it was a forlorn hope.

The troops were to camp the first night only ten miles away from the post, and most of the ladies of the garrison were going out to take supper with the departing officers, then they were to ride back by moonlight. Now or never must Patten declare his intentions. When he rode away with his troop that last morning, he stopped at Bertha's house and impressed upon her that she must not fail to come out that evening, he "wanted to see her very much," he added, in what the listening Mrs. Ruggles considered a very significant way. The good woman actually kissed Bertha after the lieutenant had ridden away, and the child was so surprised that she forgot to cry because her "warrior bold" had ridden "bravely to the fray."

She really looked very pretty when she cantered off to the camp that afternoon; she felt quite confident of victory; it seemed to her that the others went very slowly through the pine woods. She would have run her little bronco every step of the way had she been alone. Lieut. Patten was mounted when the party arrived, and he suggested that he and Bertha go for a little ride, if she were not too tired. Tired! not she; she fairly beamed with delight. But after an hour's scramble on the foothills, they came back, and matters had not progressed at all. Patten was lovely, but not quite lovely enough. Visions of maternal wrath began to float before Bertha's eyes and dimmed the glory of the sunset which she and the young cavalryman watched together from under a big pine. Sunset is the accepted time for saying those things which Patten should have said; but he did not seem to know it.

Then they had supper, cooked over the camp fire. The married women seemed to find it very jolly, Bertha thought, wistfully. It was determined after supper that a couple of "A" tents should be prepared for the women, that they might spend the night in camp, and a courier was sent off to tell those left behind.

There was still life and still hope, thought Bertha, but every moment was precious. Why, then, should those women, with all the traditional barbarity of chaperons, say that they were tired and carry Miss Ruggles off to bed? But so it was; and that evening, which might have turned out so well, was spoiled and lost forever.

At daylight, however, Bertha emerged from her tent. She looked haggard after her sleepless night, and the cold, cruel light of the morning was not becoming.

The soldiers had been up several hours already, and breakfast—real camp breakfast of bacon, coffee, yeast-powder biscuits, and canned beans—was nearly ready. Miss Ruggles felt her breath come in gasps as Patten strode up to her and doffed his campaign hat. He only mentioned the weather and asked how she had slept. Bertha said: "Not well," in a tone that should have melted the heart of any officer; but he only "supposed it was the mosquitoes—they had bothered him, too." Then they had breakfast, and Miss Ruggles hid her white face behind the regulation tin quarteup of coffee.

After that the tents were struck and the wagons loaded with true soldierly dispatch, and the men stood, foot in stirrup, awaiting the order "Mount." Patten and Miss Ruggles stood a little apart. He was already on horseback, and she, in her habit, stood beside him, giving him a cup of coffee. Her whole anxious little soul was in her eyes and she beat the toe of her broad little boot nervously with her willow riding-switch.

Patten leaned over her. "This is a stirrup-cup, I suppose," he said; "let's call it so anyway; it sounds romantic and"—tenderly—"I love romance, don't you?" Bertha said: "Yes." The lieutenant raised the cup to his lips, then lowered it again: "I must drink your health in my stirrup-cup, and"—an awful pause—"and I wonder if one dare mention the word 'love' to a girl so young as you?" Bertha's lips parted dryly, and her head swam. Patten continued: "I fancy I may. Then let me drink your very good health, and wish that the first time you love it may be happily, and that you will let me, as an old friend, be the first to know the name of the happy man." He emptied the cup and, at the command, trotted away with his troop, strapping the tin cup to his saddle.—Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

— No error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no other reward because they have heard that she is her own.—Colton.

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Doctors Give Chloroform a Trial as an Anæsthetic.

Startling Results Obtained from Administrations of the Untried Drug—Dignified Physicians in Grotesque Attitudes.

While the discovery of anæsthetics in surgery was made by an American—it is claimed for three different men—yet the first use of chloroform for the purpose was made by Dr., afterward Sir, James Simpson. Chloroform is still generally used by English surgeons, while in this country most surgeons prefer ether. A recent article in the Century by Miss Eve Simpson, his daughter, gives an interesting account of her father's experiments. In his resolution to discover some new and unobjectionable agent to produce insensibility under the surgeon's knife he was bold almost to rashness. He tried every new compound first upon himself, and then, with a few devoted medical friends, made further tests of all such as seemed to promise success.

In the year 1847, especially, he had been working hard, holding, with Prof. Miller, Dr. Duncan and Dr. Keith, a sort of anæsthetic seance every night after supper. So many strange, unpleasant and more or less dangerous mixtures were tried by these gentlemen that one of them, Prof. Miller, made it his custom to make a brief call at breakfast time every morning in order, as he would say, cheerfully, to hear if any of the experimenters of the evening before were dead yet.

It was one evening in November, after having tried several other substances with little effect, that Dr. Simpson bethought himself of a small bottle of chloroform which he had meant to try and which must be somewhere about the place. A search was instituted, and it was found under a heap of waste paper.

It was tried at once. Immediately a delightful excitement seized upon the doctors; their talk became brilliant, mirthful and then positively hilarious. Prof. Miller, Mrs. Simpson, and one or two members of the family who were present, became much interested in listening to the doctors as they expatiated upon the charms, qualities and agreeable effects of the new fluid. Prof. Miller relates what ensued:

"Suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton mill, louder and louder—a moment more, then all was quiet, and then a crash!

"On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental. 'This is far stronger and better than ether,' said he to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that among the friends about him there was both confusion and alarm.

"Hearing a noise, he turned about and saw Dr. Duncan beneath a chair; his jaw had dropped, his eyes were staring, his head was bent half under him. He was quite unconscious, and was snoring in a most determined and alarming manner. More noise still and much motion.

"Then his eyes overtook Dr. Keith's feet and legs making valorous efforts to overturn the supper table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was on it. I say 'more probably,' for frequent repetitions of inhalation have confirmed, in the case of my esteemed friend, a character for maniacal and unrestrained destructiveness, under chloroform in the transition stage."

It is little wonder that Mrs. Simpson was alarmed. But the daring doctors were extricated from among the legs of chairs and tables, and soon recovered themselves and were filled with triumph at the success of their new anæsthetic. When Dr. Simpson became Sir James Simpson, he took for his motto Victo Dolore (pain conquered), which certainly meant more and was more honorably earned than the mottoes of most noblemen and noble houses.

A Miner's Inch.

The mode of measurement of a miner's inch of water varies in different localities, but the accepted legal measure is that quantity of water which will flow through an opening of one square inch in the bottom of a vessel under a mean pressure of four inches. Fifty of the above miner's inches is equivalent to a discharge of one cubic foot of water per second. To get the number of gallons in miner's inches multiply the given number of inches by 14.961, pointing off five decimals. The result will be the number of gallons discharged per second. To get the miner's inch in gallons, divide the number of gallons flow, or discharge per minute, by 8.9760. The result will be the number of inches sought. One miner's inch in gallons: Per second is 0.1496; per minute, 8.976; per hour, 538.56; per day, 12,925.44; per month, 393,418; per year, 4,721,017. One miner's inch will flow: Ten acres per year, 1.45 feet deep; 14.49 acres per year, 1 foot deep; 18.11 acres per year, 9 inches deep.

Talismans of the Shah.

Among the numerous talismans which the shah of Persia carries with him on his travels is a circle of amber which fell from Heaven in Mahomet's time and renders the wearer invulnerable, a casket of gold which makes him invisible at will, and a star which is potent to make conspirators instantly confess their crimes. But that talisman of good health and morals, the bathtub, the shah does not carry about, says the World. In place thereof he has vials of Araby odors with which he perfumes his royal carcass.

One Dose

Of Ayer's Pills, taken in time, effectually

CHECKS

A Fever

and so prevents a serious illness. They are

Easy to Take