

deserter, twice a murderer? Could he hold up his head among his comrades when he's an officer and a gentleman, as he will be, as he deserves to be? See you! Never! You must go away—escape, else there are some here will recognize you."

She was trembling now, and he gulped the steaming coffee sulkily. The man smiled; the corporal nodded over his stove.

"What name have you gone by? You dare not call yourself Revell?"

"Hardly," he grinned.

"Take this," she said, and gave him the tool from her dress. "It's all I could find—a gimlet. You bore hole after hole in the planking of the floor until a piece is loose. It's slow, and you must be cautious of the guard seeing you. Get through by night after next if you can, for they are eager to send you to prison. There's a foot and a half between floor and ground. You can crawl out. It was done once by a man at Fort McKinney. Look out for No. 1. He passes round the guardhouse every quarter of an hour."

He took the tool eagerly and she turned away.

"Bessie!"

She paused.

"I saw in a paper that Pollock was made a major. He always had luck. You and I remembered him as a big buck private when I was a sergeant in the war. Say, is he—is he stuck on you still? I cut him out for fair then, didn't I? I half thought you'd get a divorce and marry him."

She looked at him fiercely.

"The major's a good man, not fit for you to name. Get away from here as quick as you can, and remember this—there's only one thing I love in the world and that's the boy."

She slipped quickly from him and through the guardroom, past the drowsy corporal and regained her home before the sun was yet above the plain's far rim.

CHAPTER III.

The young sergeant came to his mother's little breakfast table in a poor humor.

"Mother, can you give me something to eat?" he cried. "They've detailed a new cook, and he can't either bake beans or make coffee. The mess breakfast was ruined. This is something like. Nobody, alive or dead, ever made hash like you, mother, and this is coffee, not bootleg. Say, mother, you're pale. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I?" she answered, and the soft, sweet pink spread on her cheek. "I'm all right, Martin. Are you off duty today?"

He shook his head.

"No such luck—guard," he answered, and bent hungrily over his plate.

Mother Revell paled again and trembled.

"Guard!" she said at last. "Why, Martin, you were on the night before last."

"Can't help it. Schieder's gone sick, Foley's acting sergeant major, McMillan's on detached service mending telegraph wires, Fairleigh's provost sergeant and so on. There's only Bob Otis and I for duty—one night in."

"It's a shame!" she cried, jumping up in a passion of fear. "You can't! You must not!"

"Why, mother?"

"You—I'll go and speak to the major!"

"What on earth—mother, you know such things often happen. It's all in the five years. Don't get excited."

"You—you'll be ill." She began to cry. "I'll tire you out."

"Mother," he said, stepping to her side and petting her, "you are ill. Why, you, of all people, know one night in is no hardship. It won't last. Look here! I'm going to ask the hospital steward to send you down a tonic, and don't you move from your stove today. I'll run up and see you at dinner time. Now, I must hurry and clean my belts a bit."

He left her shaking silently, but turned at the open door.

"That hangdog road agent is to be sent to the railway tomorrow. The sheriff will take charge of him there."

Mother Revell huddled up in her chair as the door closed behind her and became a nervous bundle of anxious fears.

"Tonight!" she muttered. "He must escape tonight, and Martin on guard! If he should fail, if the guard shoots him—a son shoot his father down! Oh, oh! And if he succeeds Martin will be tried for allowing the escape, for neglect of duty, and be reduced. It will ruin his chance of promotion. Oh, oh!"

She sat, stunned, until the bugles on the parade ground announced guard mount. She stole to the window and watched. Crash went the band. All the familiar, stirring maneuvers were performed in the bright winter sun. The band ceased, the adjutant and sergeant major saluted, the shrill bugles advanced, and the new guard marched on to the guardroom, the tall and bright eyed young sergeant in command. She could hear his clear voice even when he was out of sight at the distant guardhouse: "New guard! Present arms!"

Evening stable call and the troopers in white stable dress, trotting at double time through the frosty air of the failing day—supper call—retreat and the sunset gun. Martin ran in to see her and found her so white he resolved to bring the post surgeon in the morning. Darkness, but she lit no lamp, and at last came tattoo and taps to usher in a windy night, with white clouds swiftly crossing the half moon. Night—the final click of the billiard balls in the club, the final song at Captain West's evening party, the first round of the officer of the day. The sentry at the guardhouse lifted up his voice, "No. 1, 12 o'clock!" and from the corral, from the cavalry stables, from the haystacks and from the distant sawmill came the swift replies of lonely sentinels, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"

Mother Revell rose up, unable to wait longer, to bear suspense. She stole from the house. Well she knew the old post and how to hide in the shadows and

how to avoid the sentries. Unseen, filled with a shuddering disgust at herself at having so to hide, she gained the rear of the guardhouse. There, there stood a little clump of scrub oaks by a spring of clear water, and in their shadows the little woman crouched and watched.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to the end of the porch; to the rear, march, and tramp, tramp, tramp to the other end. Shift machine to the other shoulder, and it's time to patrol round the guardhouse. So went No. 1, monotonously, distractingly. Once, twice, thrice and four times he passed round the building, and it was 1 o'clock. Again he sang the hour and again came back the distant echoing sentries' calls, "All's well!"

Mother Revell was in a fever. She felt no cold. Her eyes sought continuously the yawning blackness between the walls of the old guardhouse and the snowy ground. Again the faithful sentry passed around and went back to the porch. A minute passed, and something protruded from beneath the guardhouse, reaching out to the white snow, stealthily, on its belly, like a great, sneaking cat. Mother Revell clasped her hands and shook and watched. Inch by inch he came—the murderer, a big man, while the hole was narrow. The man glanced upon him, and she saw the glitter of his excited, determined eyes. Inch by inch, without a sound, he dragged himself to freedom, and No. 1 continued to tramp the wooden porch unsuspectingly. The man was out and on his feet, stooping low, glancing here and there to make sure of the right direction to run.

"Quick, quick! Oh, man, be off with you quick!" murmured Mother Revell.

As if he heard her, he started to run through the deep snow, soundlessly. One step he took, and Mother Revell closed her eyes in despair. The man's legs, cramped by confinement, were uncertain. His toe struck a rock in the snow, and he fell, noisily bumping against the wooden wall. At that he forgot himself, or became at once reckless, and swore aloud.

"Sergeant of the guard!" the sentry shouted and dashed round the house, while inside tumult and clashing of steel resounded. The prisoner picked himself up, but slipped and slid again before he could start afresh, so that No. 1, carbine loaded and cocked, was on his heels. It was no intention of the sentry's to kill, but rather to recapture alive. He brought the butt to the front swiftly and thrust viciously to knock his man over like a rabbit. The running blow missed, and in an instant the prisoner turned, a shaggy, wild eyed image of desperation. They closed, but for a second. The next instant the sentry lay on the snow, and the prisoner had the carbine. He was off again with a dash, but now the guard came running out. Sergeant Revell ten paces in advance, revolver at the ready.

"Halt, or I fire!" he yelled.

The prisoner swung about and brought the carbine to his shoulder. A scream came from the spring, and Mother Revell ran out, wringing her hands.

"No, no! Both of you! Don't shoot!"

She rushed to her son and flung herself entreatingly on his breast, but her blow missed, and in an instant the prisoner turned, a shaggy, wild eyed image of desperation. They closed, but for a second. The next instant the sentry lay on the snow, and the prisoner had the carbine. He was off again with a dash, but now the guard came running out. Sergeant Revell ten paces in advance, revolver at the ready.

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out before him gently, and the major and Mother Revell were left alone. At once she asked:

"He was caught?"

"He was shot down, dead, Bessie."

"And you recognized him?"

"But nobody else, Bessie. Nobody shall know he was Sergeant Revell."

"Thank you, major," she sighed, with a content that almost stifled her pain.

"Martin will never know when—when he's an officer and a gentleman. Major, you've been very, very good and kind."

"I'd have done more if you'd let me, Bessie," he answered.

"Do it for—for Martin," she pleaded. "He's not like his father."

"No, no, Bess—like you, dear girl, like you, Bess."

She looked at him with a faint shake of the head.

"Bess, give me a right to be a father to the boy. Thrice I've asked you, and you refused, though Revell was good as dead."

"For your sake, major. I'm only a laundress."

"I rose from the ranks," he replied.

"I don't want to think that the rascal who spoiled your life won to the end. I've been patient. Let me remember you as my wife—take my name."

Again she motioned "no."

"I've money, Bess, and Martin will be my son. I have influence, and Martin, as my son, will draw on it naturally."

"You attack the weaker wing, major," she answered, and pressed his hand.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

He stooped and kissed her and hurried out to send his orderly for the post chaplain. Martin, bewildered, was there, and the doctor, and these alone saw Mother Revell acknowledge the mistake of her hasty girlhood and marry at last the man who had patiently waited.

After that she lay in pain, sinking swiftly, and grew a little delirious and saw into the future, speaking of her boy as "Captain Revell, a gallant officer and gentleman." At 9 o'clock she was very weak, but sensible, and sent messages to a number of her children—the grief stricken troopers. Shortly she whispered to them to open the window, although it was very cold, and they did so.

"I want to hear the bugles," she said.

Soon they sounded—the last, last, friendly, loving call to rest—taps.

THE END.

The Reward for a Smoke.

On the 14th of April my regiment received orders to attack the Neully bridge, a formidable position held by the communists. We had no cavalry to do the work, so artillery were ordered to send the cannons away and to charge the force occupying the bridge. Forty men, under my command, were chosen. I reviewed my men. One of them looked sulky. "What's the matter with you?" I asked. "Why, lieutenant," he replied, "we shall none of us come back; the job is a big one. I should like to have a pipe before going, and I have no tobacco." "Look here, old fellow," I said. "Fill your pipe and have a smoke. We charge in ten minutes." I gave him my pouch. He filled his pipe and smoked. He said nothing beyond a "Thank you!"

We started by a bystreet, and as soon as we appeared on the main road, 400 yards from the bridge, we made a dash. What the Germans had not done some comrade of mine succeeded in doing. I fell severely wounded. Out of the 40 men who started 10 took the bridge; the other 30 fell dead or wounded. I was quickly picked up and taken to a house in safety by one of my men—the one whose pipe I had helped to fill. For such a small service a French soldier will risk his life, and I have always thought I owed mine to my tobacco pouch.—Max O'Rell in North American Review.

Old and New Mead.

That mead was intoxicating seems clear, and looking at the ingredients from which this drink (in part handed down and in use today) was in all probability brewed, one may fairly suppose that it was the "sweet Welsh ale" often mentioned. That mead was a beverage of considerable value and importance is clear from the fact that the "mead" brewer was one of the great officers of state. From an old dictionary I learn that "Mead (Brit. mead) is a drink made of water and honey, used in Wales;" in a Welsh dictionary, "Mead—meat or drink, made of honey."

The authority mentioned is the only one that I find for "mead" being "meat and drink." "Braggot" was made of malt, honey and water; "hydromel" was made of "water and honey soiden together," so says my authority of 1881. The ordinary dictionary of today gives "Mead—honey and water fermented and flavored," but this could hardly have been the "mead" of the Saxon period to which I refer.

That "mead" has fallen from the position it once held is, I think, clear, and the method of its manufacture is lost. So far as my inquiries go it is made in this district from honey, brown sugar, peppercorns, Jamaica pepper, ginger, cloves, wild carrots, brewers' barn and water.—Notes and Queries.

The Church in Western Australia.

Until recently the English colony of West Australia was ecclesiastically a province of Spain. The last two Roman Catholic bishops of Perth, the West Australian metropolitans, Dr. Serra and Dr. Griver, were both Spaniards, although their priests and congregations were almost entirely Irish. Spain has now been ousted from the ecclesiastical supremacy, and an Irish prelate rules at Perth, although the Spaniards are still in possession at New Norcia, where they have a remarkable monastic colony, governed by the only mitered abbot in Australia. Dr. Salvado, one of the original Spanish missionaries who went out more than half a century ago.—New York Tribune.

"BURNING STICKS."

Columbus Impressions on His First Introduction to Smoking Tobacco.

It was on the island of Cuba, in the autumn of 1492, that the use of tobacco was learned by Europeans. Columbus makes the first mention of the weed in his diary under date of Oct. 15. When he and his men landed on Cuban shores, the kindly natives, who mistook them for messengers from heaven, brought them numerous offerings. Among these, as stated by the admiral in his diary, were some "dry leaves, which must be something much prized by them (the natives), for they had already brought me some in San Salvador as a present."

Little heed was paid to these leaves in the beginning by the Spaniards. They were in search of gold and saw no possibility of converting miserable weeds into that precious commodity. In the course of time they began to notice that as the natives went to and from their villages and the shore smoke escaped from their mouths, "in a truly diabolical manner." Soon they discovered that these unclad children of the wilds carried in their hands a "burning stick," which every now and then they would put into their mouths and blow out a cloud of smoke. This had a most heathenish look, as it is recorded, to the Spaniards, and they inquired, as well as they could by signs, into the custom.

They learned that the burning sticks were composed of the dried leaves so treasured by the natives, and that the custom of smoking the fragrant weed was supposed to lessen fatigue on long journeys. They tried it for themselves and found this actually to be the case. On many a troublesome jaunt thereafter they were refreshed as the pleasant perfume curled upward from their own "burning sticks."—Detroit Journal.

SPECULATING ON SHIPS.

How Underwriters Gamble on Overdue Vessels Posted at Lloyds.

When a ship is overdue, an opportunity is sometimes afforded for a gamble at Lloyds. It can be readily understood that underwriters who are interested in the "overdues" are only too willing to get rid of the risk by paying a premium on the insured rate to those who are willing, on their terms to relieve them of their responsibilities. The premium varies with the chances of the vessel turning up; the smaller the chances the higher the premium and vice versa.

The rates paying on "overdues" serve as accurate barometers of the probabilities or otherwise of the ship ever being heard of again. These underwriters who speculate on "overdues" are generally known by the significant name of "doctors." The insurance on an "overdue" may pass through many channels before the ship is, on the one hand, "posted" at Lloyds as "missing," or, on the other hand, she arrives in safety.

A ship is never "posted" until the committee is thoroughly satisfied that her case is hopeless, and until the owner is of the same opinion. Before "posting" a notice is put up for a week inviting any information concerning the vessel. If this elicits no news, the committee at its next meeting votes the ship as "missing," and a notice is posted accordingly. The loss is then settled and paid for. It may be incidentally remarked that "posting" at Lloyds constitutes a legal death certificate for any one on board the missing ships.—Good Words.

Smallest and Oddest Republics.

Goust is the smallest republic as to area, but Tavolara is the smallest republic as to population. Goust is only one mile in area. It is located on the flat top of a mountain in the Pyrenees, between France and Spain, and is recognized by both of those countries. It is governed by a president and a council of 12. It was established in 1648 and has 180 inhabitants. The president is tax collector, assessor and judge. Goust has no church, clergyman or cemetery. The people worship in a church outside of their own territory, and the dead bodies are slid down to a cemetery in the valley below. In that valley all the baptisms and marriages are performed. Tavolara is 12 miles northeast of Sardinia. It is an island five miles long by a half mile wide. Its total population consists of 55 men, women and children. The women go to the polls with the men and elect every year a president and council of six, all serving without pay. The inhabitants support themselves by fishing and raising fruit and vegetables. The republic has no army and no navy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Market Quotations on Scalps.

The market price of "scalps," as agreed upon between the early French colonists of Louisiana and the Indians, with whom they bargained to fight out their battles with hostile Indians for them, varied with circumstances. At the time the French were at war with the Alibamons a "scalp" of one of the last named, when brought to them, was paid for at the rate of a gun, five pounds of musket balls and as much powder. "On the 14th of March" (1704), writes De La Harpe, "a party of 20 Chickasaws (Chickasaws) brought in four Alibamon scalps. They were given for each scalp a gun, five pounds of balls and as much of powder, according to the contract made with them."—New Orleans Picayune.

Sawed With Cables.

In the French quarries of St. Triphon stone is sawed with steel wire cables moistened with wet sand and passing in an endless rope over a series of pulleys. The wire, which runs from 1,000 to 1,200 feet per minute, is charged as it enters the cut with a jet of water and siliceous sand, which forms the cutting material. A running cable of 500 feet can make a cut 100 feet long.

Errand Running.

A boy of 15 thinks he is too old to run errands, but after he is 25 and married he begins again.—Acheson (Kan.) Globe.

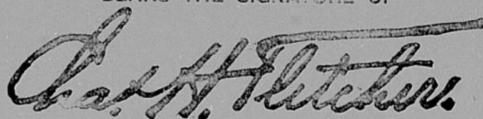
# AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President. March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF



Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR