| | |
|---|---|
| 9-18—Lumbermen's State Bank, loan | 500.00 |
| 11-28—Beltrami County, taxes | 133.49 |
| Total | $1101.84 |
| H. W. Bailey, Recorder— | |
| 3-23—Hall rent | $ 10.00 |
| 3-24—Cemetery lot, Wesley | 5.00 |
| 3-25—Cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 3-30—Hall rent | 25.00 |
| 4-1 —Reynolds on book | 1.00 |
| 4-4 —Tom Smart license | 35.00 |
| 4-6 —J. D. Sprague, cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 4-7 —Wes Wright, dray | 25.00 |
| 4-9 —Jordan cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 4-10—Thom & Meyer license | 500.00 |
| 4-14—John Beckman shooting gallery | 10.00 |
| 4-15—Firsbee license, clothing | 10.00 |
| 4-16—Martin Williams license | 500.00 |
| 4-16—Moran & McTaggart dray license | 50.00 |
| 4-20—Tom English dray license | 25.00 |
| 4-21—McAvoy license | 10.00 |
| 4-21—Hall rent, Wheelock | 40.00 |
| 4-22—J. Beckman gallery | 10.00 |
| 5-1 —Anderson & Buckley license | 500.00 |
| 5-2 —Hall rent, Wheelock | 30.00 |
| 5-2 —M. Ripple license | 500.00 |
| 5-5 —Wheelock, hall rent | 15.00 |
| 5-5 —Two cemetery lots | 10.00 |
| 5-8 —C. M. Bacon license | 490.00 |
| 5-8 —Balance C. M. Bacon license | 10.00 |
| 5-22—J. Wood shooting gallery license | 5.00 |
| 5-28—Peddlers' license | 10.00 |
| 5-26—Johnson & Lindeberg license | 500.00 |
| 5-29—John Wood license | 5.00 |
| 6-1 —Cemetery lot, John Kline | 10.00 |
| 6-2 —Hall rent, Wheelock | 25.00 |
| 6-3 —Achenbach license | 500.00 |
| 6-3 —Cemetery lot, Larke | 5.00 |
| 6-8 —Millback cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 6-9 —John Wood shooting gallery license | 5.00 |
| 6-10—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 5.00 |
| 6-12—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 4.00 |
| 6-12—Bal. John Wood license | 5.00 |
| 6-13—Dry Goods license | 10.00 |
| 1903. | |
| 6-13—Weetman bowling alley | $ 20.00 |
| 6-13—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 2.00 |
| 6-16—Ole Anderson license | 500.00 |
| 6-23—H. P. Thompson license | 500.00 |
| 6-20—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 4.00 |
| 6-18—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 4.00 |
| 6-16—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 4.00 |
| 6-22—Gaevereau license | 500.00 |
| 6-22—Wheelock hall rent | 35.00 |
| 6-22—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 2.00 |
| 6-23—Cohen, dry goods | 5.00 |
| 6-23—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 5.00 |
| 6-24—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 5.00 |
| 6-25—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 5.00 |
| 6-26—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 5.00 |
| 6-29—Robert Nelson license | 500.00 |
| 6-29—J. M. Hansen license | 500.00 |
| 6-30—Harwood's Merry-Go-Round license | 50.00 |
| 6-30—Wheelock hall rent | 10.00 |
| 6-30—Quaker Medicine Co. license | 5.00 |
| 7-1 —Razor license | 5.00 |
| 7-3 —Spillan & Buckley license | 500.00 |
| 7-6 —Cane rack license | 3.00 |
| 7-7 —Wheelock hall rent | 10.00 |
| 7-9 —Glassblowers' license, show | 10.00 |
| 7-9 —Spillan Hughes cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 7-11—Merry-Go-Round license | 15.00 |
| 7-13—Wheelock hall rent | 35.00 |
| 7-20—Merry-Go-Round | 10.00 |
| 7-27—Lunch counter on street | 6.00 |
| 7-30—Cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 8-3 —Hall rent, Wheelock | 20.00 |
| 8-4 —T. J. Miller employment license | 100.00 |
| 8-5 —Gentry Bros. Show | 10.00 |
| 8-5 —Cemetery lot, C. Mitchell | 5.00 |
| 8-14—Onanzota license | 2.50 |
| 8-18—J. P. Taylor license | 500.00 |
| 8-18—Chas. Freer cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 8-26—Louis Smith cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 8-29—Hall rent | 25.00 |
| 9-2 —Three cemetery lots | 20.00 |
| 9-3 —Cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 9-7 —Frank Gagnon license | 500.00 |
| 9-9 —James Jackson | 5.00 |
| 9-16—Bailey & Daly employment agency | 100.00 |
| 9-16—Henry Keups cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 9-21—H. L. Bleu cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 9-22—Frank Gagnon license | 500.00 |
| 9-23—Jackson cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 1903. | |
| 10-10—M. E. Brinkman license | $ 500.00 |
| 10-12—Frank Mahara, $15.00. Clay Clement, $15.00 | 30.00 |
| 10-13—J. F. Essler cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 10-14—J. A. Harris, cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 10-15—C. H. Miles license | 500.00 |
| 10-17—Nelson shooting gallery | 5.00 |
| 10-22—Doran cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 10-20—Water fund | 469.75 |
| 10-27—Frank Silversack license | 500.00 |
| 10-27—J. P. Pogue, street work | 51.81 |
| 11-2 —Helmen dress goods license | 10.00 |
| 11-4 —Halliday dress goods license | 10.00 |
| 11-5 —Hall rent, Wheelock | 70.00 |
| 11-7 —Albert Hill liquor license | 100.00 |
| 11-9 —L. J. Matkeny | 20.00 |
| 11-10—Water fund | 49.75 |
| 11-9 —J. Montgomery cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 11-10—Tyson and Wallace licenses | 1000.00 |
| 11-10—Wheelock hall rent | 15.00 |
| 11-11—Hannifan license | 500.00 |
| 11-11—Bedlar's license | 10.00 |
| 11-16—Hall rent, foot-ball dance | 10.00 |
| 11-17—Chas. Campbell license | 500.00 |
| 11-20—Torkelson cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 11-21—Bennington cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 11-23—W. F. Street cemetery lot | 20.00 |
| 11-24—Munhall license | 500.00 |
| 12-1 —Hall rent, Wheelock | 25.00 |
| 12-1 —James Thurston license | 500.00 |
| 12-3 —Water fund | 81.50 |
| 12-8 —Mrs. Plummer cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 12-17—Miles license | 500.00 |
| 12-21—Geo. McTaggart license | 500.00 |
| 12-22—McDonald license | 500.00 |
| 1904. | |
| 1-2 —F. M. Dudley license | $ 500.00 |
| 1-2 —Justice Reynolds | 1.00 |
| 1-5 —Water fund | 63.45 |
| 1-5 —Cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 1-5 —W. S. Bohannan license | 500.00 |
| 1-11—W. L. Colard cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 1-13—Cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 1-16—M. E. Thurston and C. C. Blake licenses | 1000.00 |
| 1-18—John C. Larson license | 500.00 |
| 1-20—M. E. Current cemetery lot | 5.00 |
| 1-20—Hall rent, Wheelock | 55.00 |
| 1-25—Cemetery lots | 10.00 |
| 1-26—Advertising on sprinkler | 15.00 |
| 1904. | |
| 2-2 —W. E. Rose license | $ 500.00 |
| 2-4 — | 89.75 |
| 2-10—Cemetery lots | 15.00 |
| 2-11—Hall rent | 55.00 |
| 2-16—Current expense | 10.00 |
| 2-17—Cemetery lot | 10.00 |
| 2-17—Clavin & Tanner license | 500.00 |
| 2-20—Eagles | 10.00 |
| 2-23—Chris Olson license | 500.00 |
| 2-24—Duncalf application for license | 10.00 |
| 2-25— | 362.00 |
| 2-25— | 13.65 |
| 2-4 —County warrant No. 10308, water rent | 52.00 |
| 11-4 —1903—County warrant No. 9512, water rent | 30.00 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Total received from recorder, other than fines | $21282.16 |
| Received of Justices Reynolds, Skinvik and Achenbach, fines | $ 7395.50 |
| H. W. Bailey, fines | 183.00 |
| Total fines | $ 7578.50 |
| Sundries | $ 1101.84 |
| All licenses, etc. | 21282.16 |
| Fines | 7578.50 |
| Total receipts of village treasurer | $29962.50 |

This is to certify that the accounts of the recorder and treasurer have been examined and found correct.

W. N. BOWSER,
JOHN GRAHAM,
Auditing Committee.

# A RANDOM SHOT

[Original.]

While acting as an independent detective at Chicago one night about 10 o'clock a scrap of paper was left at my door on which was written in a woman's hand, "Barney Redfield, who robbed the —th National bank of Denver, will be at No. — R—— avenue tonight." I had never seen Redfield or his picture and knew nothing about him except that there was a reward of $5,000 offered for his capture. I knew nothing of the house in R—— avenue. All I could do was to go there and be guided by circumstances.

I found the house brilliantly lighted and guests entering under an awning. I walked in with the rest. Though I was not in evening dress I had on an overcoat, so this did not matter for the entrance. I was shown up to the gentlemen's dressing room, where I remained without taking off my overcoat till the others had gone down. Then I resolved to look about me for apparel suitable to the occasion. Going to the floor above, which was deserted, I ransacked closets and drawers, finding nothing till I came to a room in which a dress suit, shirt, collar, cuffs and a pair of black silk stockings were spread out on the bed, while a pair of low shoes were on the floor. Evidently some one was expected for whom they had been made ready. I put them on and went downstairs.

I ran a great risk, for, though I could prove I was a detective, I had actually stolen a suit of clothes and was promenading in them, it would be inferred, to steal other things. Going down a winding staircase and seeing the host and hostess receiving guests in the drawing room, I turned into the library. I strolled about, keeping an eye on every one I met, but saw no inkling to lead me on. A young lady who proved to be the daughter of the host sat for a long while in a window seat with a handsome young fellow with a very restless eye, but plenty of people have restless eyes, and Barney Redfield would be more likely to spend his time looking for jewelry or silverware than spooning. After spending an hour dodging the members of the family I concluded to go upstairs, when I heard a gentleman say:

"There's been a robbery. Frank's clothes were laid out for him upstairs, and when he arrived just now he found they were gone."

For a moment my heart stood still, but, regaining my assurance and remembering that if Barney Redfield were in the house and knew that the family were alarmed he would immediately make an egress, I said to the speaker:

"I would suggest, sir, that the exits be watched to prevent the thief's escape."

"You are right," he replied and departed to see that my suggestion was carried out.

It was soon evident that the matter of the loss of the dress clothes of Frank, whoever he might be, had got out among the guests, and had it not been that I was absorbed in watching for some man to show some anxiety, thereby indicating that he was vulnerable, I would have felt the unpleasantness of my position. As it was, I was not disconcerted till I saw the host coming toward me, his gaze fixed upon me with no pleasant expression. He was followed by several others, all men.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I do not recognize you."

I was cornered. What should I say? What should I do? I stared at him without speaking.

"If you cannot give a reason for your being here, I shall send for the police."

"Don't stop for him to invent an excuse," said a guest, the man who had been attentive to the host's daughter. "The fact that he is unknown to you and a suit has been stolen should be sufficient. Here's Frank."

"Frank," in business clothes, stepped up to me and after scrutinizing me took hold of the lapel of the dress coat I wore, turned it up and displayed a pearl stick pin.

"That's my suit," he said. "I got that stick pin as a cotillon favor last week and put it in there."

Now, while this had been going on my observing faculties had been working. I took especial notice of the motions and expression of the young man I had seen with the young lady. He seemed unduly excited, casting hurried glances at me, as if to make sure he had never seen me before. I must decide upon a plan for at least temporary use. Turning to the host, I said coolly:

"May I ask a private interview? You don't wish a disturbance, I'm sure."

"Don't go off alone with him," said the young man of whom I have been speaking.

"Would you do me the favor to come with us?" I said to him politely.

The host led us to a small room and shut the door. The young man's nervousness increased. I don't know what put it into my head, but I resolved to screen myself by accusing him.

"I came here to arrest Barney Redfield," I said.

The man clutched at a chair.

"And," I continued, "having found my man"—I drew a pair of bracelets—"I have accomplished my work."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the host. "My daughter's affianced husband!"

I had fired at random and brought down the game I wanted. Redfield was born a gentleman in England, drifted to Australia and found no difficulty in keeping up the part in America. I got my reward from the Denver bank and a few thousand more from the man whom I had saved from a robber son-in-law. My informant was a girl Redfield was proposing to throw off for his new love.

WILLIAM B. KNIGHT.

# IN CONVICT'S DRESS

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

It was a dark, rainy evening in November, and I sat in my room in East Norwich reading a book when I suddenly fancied that there was a man under the bed in the alcove. It was only a fancy and one I could not account for, but I glanced in that direction, and next minute my heart was in my mouth.

It was a massive, old fashioned bedstead, with a valance or curtain falling to the floor around the front and the foot. Just peeping out from under this curtain was the toe of a shoe—a coarse, heavy shoe with hobnails in the sole. It was not the shoe worn by mechanics or day laborers, but I spotted it in an instant as a prison shoe.

I hadn't the slightest doubt that there was an escaped convict under the bed. It was sixteen miles to Penfield, and I had heard nothing of an escape, but the man under the bed was no doubt in prison uniform and from the institution named.

I had pretty good nerve in those days, and yet as I sat there trying to solve the problem I found my mouth as dry as cotton and my whole body trembling. You will perhaps say that I should have got up and walked out of the room and downstairs. To be honest with you, my knees were so weak that I feared they would not serve me, and I also feared that the convict would suspect my design and roll out and attack me.

While I admit that I was unnerved, I still had no thought of running away. By and by, as I continued to grope for a solution, I grew cooler, and presently I did the best thing under the circumstances. Doing my best to steady my voice and speaking as if to one beside me, I said:

"You might as well come out from under the bed, my man. I have known of your presence there for this half hour, and you must be tired by this time."

The toe suddenly disappeared.

"I think you had better come out," I continued. "You are here on an errand, and the sooner you accomplish it the sooner you can go. The men from Penfield will be on your heels before daylight."

Then the man suddenly rolled into view and sprang to his feet with a muttered curse. He was in convict's uniform, but he was not an evil looking man. On the contrary, he looked to be more of a sufferer than a criminal. There was more pride in his face than might have been looked for, and he had my sympathy at once.

"Well?" I queried as he stood staring at me.

"I shall never go back to prison—never!" he exclaimed as he looked around the room. "I'll die right here. I've been in a living hell for ten long years, and the other hell can't be worse. I went to prison thinking to do my best, but as I held up my head they said I was too airy and must be broken down. I was punished again and again because I would not become a fawning sycophant, a creeping, crawling thing at the feet of a brutal keeper. They starved me, loaded me with chains, lashed me till they did not dare to add another blow. I was told that the governor rubbed his hands and laughed over it, and I swore I would live to escape and escape to drive a knife into his heart. I never knowingly broke a rule of the prison. It was because I would not lick the shoes of the keepers that they wanted to break me."

I asked the man to take a chair, and I gave him a glass of wine and a cigar. He was nonplused at my action and didn't know whether to receive it as kindness or as a scheme to entrap him. For a long hour he told me of his life in the famous English prison, of the beatings and starvings, of the cruelty and the curses heaped upon him every hour in the day to drive him to rebellion, and when he had finished there was but one thing for me to do.

I had a hundred pounds in my wallet. I made an even divide with him. I had a rough and ready suit for fishing. I took this from my trunk and told the convict to exchange suits. When a pair of shoes had been added and he stood fully dressed his identity as a prisoner was gone. With a pair of scissors I clipped and trimmed his shaggy eyebrows, and a strip of plaster was placed on his cheeks as if to hide a scratch. I cannot say that he looked like a gentleman when his disguise was complete, but no policeman in England would have taken him for anything else but a mechanic of the better class.

I did not ask where he was going, what he intended to do or anything about his future. I felt that he would take care of all that. When he was ready to go we tiptoed downstairs, and I let him out of the front. There he turned and took my hand and held it for a long minute. He wanted to speak, to tell me of his gratitude, but he simply couldn't get a word out. On my part I was silent.

So he passed out into the night and was gone, and an hour later the town was aroused by the advent of a dozen policemen and prison guards looking for convict No. 4220. He had escaped from Penfield by a bold stratagem and had so managed that pursuit was made in a false direction and much time lost. A larger reward was offered for him than for any prisoner who ever escaped, but he got safely out of England and, as far as I know, has never been heard of since.

His crime was highway robbery with assault, and they said he was a desperate man, but I have never regretted that I aided his escape. It was justice to send him to prison as a punishment, but it was not justice to beat and starve him and make him curse the God who created him. M. QUAD.

# A PHILOPENA

[Original.]

There is an adage, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." It is not to be supposed that this epigrammatic statement is true in every case or in many cases. It is intended to cover isolated cases—that is, where a woman will deliberately set to work to injure a man who has jilted her. There are women thus treated who have pined in secret and still loved. There are cases where they have sacrificed for the man who has turned them off. But the woman who will stab and the woman who will sacrifice are rare.

One evening at a dinner party Henry Wolcott was sitting beside Hester Rowe, to whom he was engaged to be married. A tall girl with a flashing black eye and a pair of full, sensuous lips came in on the arm of her dinner companion and took a seat directly opposite the betrothed couple. Wolcott turned pale. The lady who was seating herself was Miss Drummond, and Wolcott had deliberately left her after an affair of the heart to engage himself to Hester Rowe. Miss Drummond had fascinated him in one way, Miss Rowe in another. The former had worked on all that was sensual in him, the latter on all that was spiritual. Wolcott, whose nature was impressible in either way, finally yielded to the good influence of Miss Rowe.

As soon as the lady entered, Wolcott turned to his companion and talked rapidly about—well, he did not know what he talked. When he turned and faced Miss Drummond he received a cordial bow. The lady indicated that she wished to be friendly. Wolcott was surprised. He fancied that she would cut him. During the dinner she seemed to be in quite an exhilarated mood. She congratulated Wolcott on his engagement and smiled affably on the lady of his choice. Before leaving the table she exacted a promise from both that they would dine with her at a given date. Wolcott, who was greatly relieved at her friendliness when he had expected the reverse, thought it prudent to accept the invitation, and persuaded Hester to join with him.

When the dinner came off Kate Drummond was seated at one end of the table, with Wolcott and his fiancee on either hand. Wolcott in the presence of his old flame felt, though he did not reveal it, something of her former influence. Kate brought her snapping black eyes to bear on him, and her tongue threw off a shower of words all intended to impress him. Hester sat very quietly eating her dinner in a matter of fact way, and her betrothed could not but compare her unfavorably with the more brilliant Kate.

"A philopena with you!" said Kate to Wolcott and handed him one of those double kernels of the almond known by that name.

"With all my heart."

"Henry," said his fiancee, suddenly springing from indifference to an intense interest in what was going on before her, "I do not care to have you eat a philopena with any one except me. Give it to me."

Wolcott cast a quick, troubled glance from one of the girls to the other. Kate was deathly pale. Hester's face was anxious.

"You are forgetting, Hester," he said "that we are in the presence of a hostess."

"Give me the philopena," said Hester. Kate looked on without a word, but with an eye darting between the two. Hester commanded with her voice, but pleaded with her eyes.

Wolcott tossed the philopena before her. She snatched it and held it tightly. Wolcott, glancing at Kate, saw her eye fixed on his betrothed. It was the eye of a serpent meditating a stroke at one by whom it was about to be killed. But the stroke did not fall. The scene passed as quickly as it came, and apparently the social sky was serene. At least that is how it appeared to Wolcott.

The betrothed couple did not remain long after dinner. Hester told the hostess that she was suffering from a headache and begged to be excused. When Wolcott took Kate's hand before departing he noticed that it trembled. He looked into her eye, and he fancied that he saw despair.

Wolcott and his betrothed rode home side by side without speaking. Something was wrong, but he did not know what it was. He was inclined to blame Hester for her action, though only on the ground that it was impolitic. He concluded to wait for an explanation till they got home.

"Henry," said Hester before entering the house, "you know about acids and tests for all sorts of things. I know about your course in analytical chemistry while in college. Go to the nearest drug store and get some acids to make a test with."

Wolcott was by this time so mystified that he obeyed the order like a lamb, wondering what would come next. Returning with several vials and strips of litmus paper, he found Hester examining the philopena by a bright light.

"Test it for poison," she said.

Wolcott started, looked at her as though he thought her bereft of her senses, then did her bidding. After applying several tests he tried one that produced an effect.

"Great heavens, it is poison!"

To Henry Wolcott ever afterward the meetings of Kate and Hester were matters of marvel. There were affable words, expressions of interest, sometimes, it would seem to an observer, even that they loved each other. Wolcott, who looked from behind the scenes, saw in Hester one who held a knife that she could drop at the slightest rebellion, in Kate a slave who cringed before her mistress.

ISABEL BEUTNER.

# ONE TO EIGHT

[Original.]

"It was back in the fifties," said the old sailor, "when ships were ships and not cooking stoves afloat, as they are now. I was mate of a sailing vessel, one of those long craft with masts running against the clouds and canvas enough to move a floating city. You don't see 'em nowadays, and you're not likely ever to see 'em again. There was comfort aboard such a ship as that—no smell of grease, no shaking of the engine, nothing but motion harmonious with the wind and waves.

"One moonlight night when we were in the West Indies—we were lying at anchor off the island of Jamaica—the captain and most of the crew were ashore, and I was sitting on the quarter deck in the captain's chair, trying to keep cool. Casting my eye in the shimmer of the moon, I saw a black spot on the water. Watching it, I discovered that it moved—moved toward the ship. I thought it was a canoe coming head on, for I could see something like a paddle raised with a regular motion, but it wasn't a canoe; it was a man swimming, at each stroke raising one arm out of the water, a favorite motion with good swimmers. It was evident that the man was making for our ship, as there was nothing else about. When he came under the stern he called for me to throw him a rope. I called some of the watch to bring a rope, and we got him aboard. He was no sooner on deck than he began his story. The negroes on his plantation were going to rise that night, murder him and his family and take possession of what movable goods they could find. He wanted us to send a force for their protection.

We had but eight men aboard, and I didn't feel at liberty to send 'em, but the fellow begged so piteously for me to save the lives of his family that I consented and sent every man, remaining myself to watch the ship. A boat was lowered, with the eight men in her at the oars, while the stranger took the tiller. I watched 'em rising and falling on the swells in the moon shimmer till they were well away; then, remembering that I was alone in care of a big ship, I began to walk the deck with a feeling of uncomfortable responsibility.

"The men I had sent had faded in the distance when I noticed a boat coming from the opposite point, headed straight for the ship. She couldn't hold any one belonging to the vessel, for the captain and crew would come from the mouth of a small river midway between the direction of the boat that had gone and the boat that was coming. It flashed across my mind that the swimmer had come to decoy what protection there was aboard the ship, leaving her free to be plundered. If this were so here I was sole defender of a large vessel against a boat load of men bent on piracy. I had assumed the authority for sending away the watch and determined to die rather than face the captain after the ship had been looted.

"By the time the boat came up I had gathered muskets, cutlasses, hand grenades—in short, every weapon I could find, including a six pounder cannon, which I loaded ready to fire. As soon as the boat came within hailing distance I asked who they were and what they wanted. They ceased rowing and were inclined to parley, looking hard at the vessel to size up the crew aboard. They talked at random till they were satisfied the ship was without adequate protection, then, though I ordered them away, pulled forward. I pointed my barker and fired. The shot skipped by them, and they paid no attention to it except to cease rowing for a few seconds. Seizing a musket, I shot the man at the tiller. This produced some confusion, but as they came on I seized another musket and dropped the stroke oarsman. This laid out two of eight men. Some stopped rowing; others pulled so hard as to swing the boat in a circle. At the same time there was a babel of voices.

They were now near enough for me to see that there was one white man, evidently their leader, the rest being mulattoes and negroes. I fired at the leader, but missed him, and before I could seize another musket he had got his men again to their work and they were pulling forward. Before they came directly under the vessel's side I had shot two more men, reducing their number to six. Then I dropped a small hand grenade, which struck the tip of the bow and killed or disabled two more. The leader was still unhurt and, having provided himself with a rope laden with hooks at one end, threw the hooks and caught them on to the gunwale. I tried to throw them off, but as soon as they caught he got on to the ladder and came up the side, followed by several of his men. I waited till he came within reach and dropped him with a cutlass. The next man fired a pistol at me, which grazed my cheek. Seeing that he had missed me and that I was ready for him with a cutlass, he crowded back on to the men behind, and they all tumbled into the boat. Then, seizing the oars, they pulled away, followed by balls from my six pounder, which did not take effect.

Soon after midnight the boat I had sent out came back, the men reporting that as soon as the swimmer had got ashore he disappeared in a clump of trees, and they saw him no more. I said nothing to them about the attack nor to the captain when he returned. You see, I had no business to be fooled into sending the ship's watch away, and I didn't want him to know how nearly the ship had come to being looted. We sailed away the next morning, and I was the only man aboard who ever knew of the battle.

ARNOLD TRACY.

### Uruguayan Rebels Routed.

Montevideo, Uruguay, March 5.—It is officially announced that General Muniz, commander of the Uruguayan forces, has routed the troops of the revolutionary leader, Sarisave, at Unks de Cosquaychico. The rebels fled, abandoning a number of killed and wounded.

### Natives Killed by Volcano.

Paris, March 5.—Mail advices received at Madagascar from Mayotte, Comoro islands, say that three craters of the great Comoro island have been in a state of continuous eruption since Feb. 25. There have been some victims among the natives.

# A DOMESTIC FARCE

[Original.]

"But we have been married only five weeks, one week more than the honeymoon."

"It doesn't matter if we have been married only five minutes. I am resolved not to live another day with a man who will treat me so abominably."

"I treat you"—

"It is useless for you to protest. I listened to your deceitful words during the period of our engagement to find out now, when it is too late, what you are."

"But what are you going to do—get a divorce?"

"No," after reflection; "I shall not give you an opportunity to marry some other woman whom you will deceive as you have deceived me. I shall go abroad with my mother and leave you here. You can give out that I have gone for my health. Later it may be known that we have separated forever."

"Forever!"

"Yes, and if I find some one suited to my mind perhaps in time I may get a divorce from you and marry again."

"Very well, since you are determined to leave me, since you will not listen to reason"—

"Reason! Is there reason in suffering a lifelong torture? Not I. I shall nip it in the bud." She snapped her fingers viciously.

"I see argument is useless. I think if we must part your plan is a wise one. It will avoid a social shock. Besides, people will say that you left me, not I you."

"Certainly. Do you think I would have them infer that I permitted myself to be deserted?"

"True. Your head is always level. That's one of the features that won my heart—your level head. I shall remain in this house. I must have some one to manage my household affairs. Let me see. I wonder if Mrs. Ruston would consent to be my housekeeper?"

"Who is Mrs. Ruston?"

"A widow."

"An old woman?"

"Not unless you call twenty-five old."

"H'm! Do you propose to set people talking from the start?"

"Oh, no! Mrs. Ruston is not pretty. The world knows from my having married you that I must have beauty."

"I should wish to"— She stopped short. "After all, it is nothing to me whether she is beautiful or ugly."

"I have a box of my old photographs in the storeroom, and if I mistake not Lily Ruston's"—

"Lily Ruston! First it was Mrs. Ruston, now Lily Ruston. I suppose it will soon be 'dear Lily.'"

Without reply the husband left the room and presently returned with a photograph which he tossed on his wife's dressing case. She took it up and looked at it with a flush of anger.

"Do you suppose for one moment that I am going to leave you in this house with that bold looking thing?"

"Why not?"

"I have some regard for your good name even if you have made it impossible for me to live with you, and I don't propose to have it said that I was turned out of the house to make room for such a creature as that."

"I told you she was homely."

"You didn't tell me she was loud looking."

There was an ominous silence that was broken by his wife.

"This is what I have come to—married to a man whose past, if I had only known it, doubtless foreshadowed that he would at any time turn me out of doors"—

"Turn you out of doors! Why, I thought you were going and wouldn't be induced to remain."

—"for one of his old associates whom he would bring into it, perfectly careless of the opinion of respectable people."

"What interest have you in my housekeeper?"

"I have this interest—people shall not say: 'Poor woman! To think that she should be sent away to make room for'"—

"Then you are not going?"

"Under the circumstances I am not."

"And Lily's services will not be required?"

"Most assuredly they will not."

"Well?"

"Well, I shall have Cynthia, the old black woman who occasionally does a day's work for me. She is a good cook and will satisfy that most important part of you, your stomach."

"And who will satisfy those diminutive parts, my head and heart?"

"You married a wife for that, but treated her so shamefully that she was obliged to leave you." She said this less angrily.

"It seems to me this is a matter for compromise. I want Lily Ruston for my housekeeper. You want me to have Cynthia. Now, what do you say to"—

"Oh, I dare say you have a large stock of old flames, any of whom would be brazen enough"—

"Hear me out. One of these flames I don't think you will have any objection to. And I admit with her I could pass the time delightfully. Stay; here is her photograph."

He took out his hunting watch, opened it and showed his wife her own picture in the case. She looked up at him, smiling through tears. He put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Who is that—thing?" she asked.

"What thing?"

She pointed to the photograph on his dressing case.

"Oh, that? I don't know. I saw it when I was a bachelor in a shop window, bought it and put it in my book of beauty. She was an actress, I believe, but I never saw the original."

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# A WOULD BE CELIBATE

[Original.]

Paul Broomhead was a high church Episcopalian clergyman, with Roman Catholic tendencies, so high, in fact, that he announced that he would never marry. This was very disappointing to his father, who had heaped up millions and whose hobby was to establish a family. He resolved that his only son should marry or be disinherited. But being a politic man he enlisted the services of Mrs. Cushing, a shrewd woman of the world. Mrs. Cushing proposed to entice the son with her niece, Miss Sherwood.

"She's but a child," said Mr. Broomhead senior.

"Seventeen. Your son is getting to an age when he prefers youth."

"She's a simpleton."

"Men are not attracted by attributes similar to those they themselves possess."

"I admit she is pretty. She looks at one out of her soft eyes with all the innocence of a babe."

"All except the innocence."

"Very well. I leave the whole matter to you. What next?"

"Tell your son that you wish him to marry Miss Sherwood. If Miss Sherwood declines the alliance, you will not insist on his marriage. If she consents, then he must complete his part or lose his inheritance."

Paul Broomhead, when informed of what was expected of him, was perplexed. He was resolved on celibacy, had told everybody that he would never marry, but he wanted his father's fortune to carry out some gigantic designs he had in view for the church. He resolved to win Miss Sherwood to an interest in his work; thus she, by refusing to marry him, could save to him his father's millions. He asked permission to call on the young lady, and an evening was appointed. Miss Sherwood lived with her aunt, and that lady superintended the costume her niece wore on the occasion. Noticing that a tiny pimple marred the pink and white skin just beneath the girl's lips, she covered it with a bit of court plaster.

When the rector called, he found Miss Sherwood sitting demurely in the corner of a sofa in the drawing room. As he advanced she rose and stood with her eyes bent on the floor, a picture of maidenly modesty. Then the two sat down on the sofa side by side. Mr. Broomhead was accustomed to putting delicate cases, and he acquitted himself well in this instance. He began by mentioning his father's wish with regard to their marriage. Marriage was a highly honorable institution—indeed, a part of the church itself. The young lady was attractive. He must admit that she was beautiful. He thought he could love her devotedly. Indeed, the possession of the delicate flower would in a way make his life a paradise. He could conceive of no greater blessing of Providence than to secure such a wife.

Miss Sherwood listened to this prelude with downcast eyes, absently smoothing out the folds of her dress, till he came to the last sentence, the last word, "wife." Then she looked up at him out of a pair of eyes that expressed the most ineffable tenderness. The clergyman proceeded, but the remainder of his discourse did not run quite so smoothly as his "firstly."

He pictured a higher life—higher even than holy matrimony—a life devoted to the cause of their Master. Think of the great good to be achieved with his father's fortune in leading countless millions to the church, the splendid edifices that might be built, the homes for the church orders, both men and women. Think of that nobler friendship that would exist between the two, he working day and night in the chancel, in the mission house, in the slums; she devoted to the same cause as a member of a sisterhood. "I ask you, beloved," he concluded, "would you not prefer this nobler life preparatory to the higher existence to"—

He stopped short. Miss Sherwood had burst into a flood of tears and was weeping on his shoulder.

"Dear little girl, calm yourself. Perhaps I have asked too much of you. We will think it over. There, try and cease this convulsive sobbing."

His arm was around her waist, his hand was smoothing the beautiful whirlpools of hair that had been set whirling under Mrs. Cushing's especial guidance. Then there was silence.

During the evening several people, members of young Broomhead's flock, called on Mrs. Cushing. Evidence is not forthcoming whether they came by invitation or merely happened in. About 11 o'clock these people were sitting in a room directly opposite the drawing room when Mr. Broomhead emerged, looking very much flustered, followed by Miss Sherwood, as composed and innocent looking as a blue violet. All were surprised to see their rector in the house, inasmuch as his presence there had not been mentioned. Mr. Broomhead advanced with embarrassment to meet them, and there was a bit of small talk. Then one of the ladies began to titter. She whispered something to one of the others, who began to titter also. At last the whole party were laughing, and laughing at the clergyman.

"Mr. Broomhead," remarked Mrs. Cushing seriously, "I was not aware that men wore beauty spots."

The rector put his hand to his chin, pulled off a piece of court plaster, looked at it on the tip of his finger and turned scarlet. Miss Sherwood showed not the least distress—indeed she appeared to be very proud of herself.

There was but one course left open for the clergyman.

"My friends," he said, "I have to announce my engagement to Miss Sherwood."

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