



THE DOG THAT NEVER WAS.

"Tell a story, father dear,"
Said Helen to me one day,
And climbing my knee she cuddled down
In her own delightful way.

So I made up a story, as best I could,
Of a house in a peaceful vale,
A boy named John and a little white dog—
A dog with a curly tail.

It was my undoting, for Helen dear
Fell in love with the dog right then,
And now each time that she greets me
Home,
I must tell of the dog again.

Surely no doggie was ever born
That had such a wild career,
That got in so many scraps and fights,
And conjured such joy or fear.

As a puppy he fell in the pail of milk,
And I fancy I hear him yell
When he switched his tail in the hot
grape juice.

Or, the jelly that would not "jell."
The Shanghai rooster had thrashed him
twice,
He's been butted by the ram,
His nose has been full of hedgehog quills,
And his toes pinched by a clam.

Once he was lost in a woodchuck's hole,
And once in a hollow tree
Where he found the honey, and also
found
That a dog shouldn't try to bee.

He has battled polecats and fought with dogs,
Been tossed by the brindle bull,
Kicked by the mare and stoned by
tramps,
Till his cup of woe was full.

But then he has done such noble deeds—
Has rounded the frightened sheep,
And once found a little lost baby girl
In the swamp, where she fell asleep.

And the more adventures that Carlo has,
The more must papa invent,
Till my mind is a very dog kennel of
tales
And my fancy warped and bent.

Often I wish that my Helen's love
For the little white dog might pale,
But I haven't the courage to kill that
dog—
The dog with the curly tail.
—Thomas Newcomb, in N. Y. Sun.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN
"THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS
"KING OF THE SEA"

BY
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
Author of "Commander Paul Jones,"
"Rubeen James," "For the Free-
dom of the Sea," etc.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Col. Howe," said Gen. Wolfe, addressing an officer of the light infantry, who appeared at the head of his men, "after you have mustered your battalion will you explain to them that I have designated them to lead the way in the attack to-night? Choose a forlorn hope of 24 men to scale the heights, sir."

"Tis an honor indeed, sir, I thank you," answered the young officer, smiling with pleasure. "I myself will lead them."

"I expected as much of you. Capt. Grafton," he said, turning to the sailor and resuming the formal method of public address, "will you see that your flotilla of boats is ready to receive my men?"

"I know it is, sir, but I will look again," answered Grafton. "Capt. Rous, may I take Lieut. Hatfield in my boat to assist me?"

"Certainly," answered Rous, a veteran sailor.

Followed by the delighted officer, Grafton sprang to the gangway and called for his gig. Meanwhile Howe was addressing the light infantry. When he called for volunteers every man responded, and it was difficult to make selection of the required number. Presently, upon Grafton's assurance that all was ready, the men slowly filed down over the side and took their places in the boats. Taking his own boat the captain rowed from ship to ship, finding that all preparations had been made everywhere, and that boats filled with men and manned by stout seamen were already clustered under the lee of the ships where they could be screened from the observation of the French at Cap-Rouge.

By 12 o'clock, midnight, the embarkation had been completed, and as it was nearing the end of the flood the boats slowly put off from the ships and headed for Cap-Rouge, Gen. Monckton being in charge and Wolfe remaining on the Sutherland for the present.

The flotilla approached close enough to Cap-Rouge thoroughly to awaken the attention of the troops of Bougainville, who sprang to their arms in expectation of the threatening attack. But the advance was stopped before they were near enough to engage. After some little maneuvering off the shore, the boats, as if deterred by the promptness of the French soldiery, rowed back to the ships and sheltered themselves under the lee of their broadsides again where they could not be seen. Once there, the men, without going aboard the ships, waited patiently for the turning of the tide.

At four bells in the mid-watch, or two o'clock on the morning of the 13th, Wolfe entered the heavy cutter which Grafton had exchanged for his gig, and gave the signal to shove off. Following the general's boat came the boats of the light infantry, and after them the rest of the flotilla.

It was darker than ever. The sky was filled with light fleecy clouds drifting rapidly across the stars, their wild

motion, driven as they were by some upper current of air, only accentuating the stillness on the water. Hugging the opposite shore for a time the boats floated silently down the river with the young ebb. As they appeared to be unnoticed from the camp at Cap-Rouge and as their maneuvers excited no attention, oars were broken out and the boats crossed to the Quebec side. The seamen rowing gently as they passed rapidly down the river.

Presently the boats swept around a huge headland jutting out into the stream. Below the headland lay a little cove. The current shot swiftly about the promontory and swept around the little bay. The boats were carried below the landing-place and it took some hard pulling before their stems touched the shore.

Wolfe had gone forward in the cutter, and the others drawing back to give him passage, he was the first man to set foot upon the muddy shore. It was four o'clock now. They could hear eight bells chiming faintly across the hills. Around them in the shadow it was as still as death—that most silent hour before the day breaks. A gentle breeze had sprung up and was sighing softly through the trees at the top of the cliff; the sky was overcast; they would have rain presently.

About 200 feet away, since it was low tide, the bluffs rose precipitously from the level beach. There was room at their base to disembark the whole army. After Wolfe and the officers, including Grafton, had landed, the light infantry noiselessly clambered out of the boats and advanced toward the foot of the cliffs.

A zigzag path, up which a single file of men might with difficulty make its way, broke the sheer face of the cliff. It had been barricaded with heavy timbers and was at present unscalable.

There was a momentary pause. It seemed as if the whole enterprise, so brilliantly conceived and so successfully carried out hitherto, would be blocked by this unfortunate obstacle. They had succeeded in landing unobserved, but if they attempted to tear down the barricade they would inevitably attract the attention of the negligent defenders at the top of the path. Under such circumstances the attempt would have to be given over. As Wolfe had said, 100 men might hold that towering cliff against an army.

"I think we can scramble up the cliff by the aid of these trees," said Howe at last.

It was a bold proposition. Wolfe looked at him gratefully and approvingly. It was their only chance, and the young general gave the signal for the attempt in these not very encouraging words:

"You may try it, Col. Howe, but I do not think you will succeed. Captain," he added, turning to one of his staff, "tell Gen. Monckton to keep the rest of the men quiet in the boats for a few moments. We may have no need for them."

As he spoke Howe and his gallant 24 sprang at the cliff. They were soon lost in the shadow covering the face of it, and the watchers below could trace the course of their slow and painful ascent by the crashing sounds they made, as by the aid of stunted trees growing in clumps here and there they made their toilsome way upward. Why the French did not discover them has never been explained.

Presently the sounds died away altogether. The silence was broken by the sound of a musket-shot, followed by another and another. A quick fusillade rang out from the sky above them. They were there, then! They were engaged! What had been the issue?

Concealment was no longer possible or desirable. At a word from their commander the men on shore sprang at the barricades. The scene changed from one of absolute quiet to intense activity.

"Have they won, think you?" asked Grafton.

"We shall know in a moment," answered Wolfe. "If they have lost, somebody will come tumbling down the cliff to tell the tale. Meanwhile, I am staking all on the chance of their success."

The little cove was now filled with noise. Catching the contagion the men began to spring from the boats and fell in on the shore. The feelings of the soldiers, repressed so long through the night, found vent in cheers and cries. Presently a hail came down from the cliff. It was Howe's voice.

"We have the post!" he shouted. "The enemy has fled! The way is open!"

"Hold it at all hazards!" cried the commander.

The cheering men fairly tore the barricades to pieces and scrambled up the path, Wolfe himself in the lead. Capt. de Verger, who commanded the French guard, was incapable and a coward. He had kept negligent watch. Howe and his handful of men had surprised them. The fall of New France must be laid at the feet of one person; and, singularly enough, the beginning of American independence may be traced to the splendid exploit of the young soldier, who, as a general long after, at Long Island, White Plains, Brandywine and Germantown did his best to stop its course.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

IT was ten o'clock in the morning. Every available English soldier had been landed on the Quebec side and had scrambled up the cliffs to the Plains of Abraham. The hours intervening since the first attack had not been idle ones. French batteries erected at Samos and Sillery, not far distant, and on either side of the cove, had been gallantly taken by assault, and scouting parties had cleared the

adjacent country of stragglers. The sailors under Grafton by herculean endeavor had drawn two six-pounders to the crest of the plateau. Since eight o'clock in the morning these two guns, excellently served by the seamen, had been replying to a heavy fire from the three larger guns of the French, who had begun assembling as early as six o'clock on the hill beyond the English position.

From the covert afforded by the trees and underbrush on the side of the St. Charles river valley, as well as on the St. Lawrence edge, Indian and backwoods sharpshooters had been pouring a gallant rifle fire upon the English, to which no effective reply could be made. The thin red line of soldiers that had so often stood between humanity's progress and the armed world in opposition, keeping open the pathway of the future, was drawn up in three ranks. The lines were not long enough to reach across the plateau, and the left flank, where Townsend commanded, was refused—drawn back at a right angle from the battle front.

Col. Burton, with the light infantry, was held in reserve to anticipate a possible attack from Bougainville. That worthy officer, however, knew nothing of the landing and re-



GRAFTON KNELT BY HIM.

mained quietly in camp at Cap-Rouge, expecting the return of the British ships with the changing tide. The sky was overcast, and fitful showers, light in character and brief in duration, besprinkled the sod, soon to be wetted by a liquid substance of greater consistency and more ominous color.

The two armies were about equal in number. The qualities of the French regulars were as high as those of the British army, but the average of the French forces was sadly diminished by the fact that the larger portion of their army was made up of Canadian militia. These hardy peasants were excellent fighters in forest service, but poor material indeed with which to face regular troops in the open.

But Montcalm had been hasty. He might have waited longer, until Bougainville with his excellent division had joined him, or at least reached a position from which he could support the French attack by a demonstration in force in the rear of the English. Fight the French must, of course, or starve, but they would not have starved in a few hours, and a few hours might have materially changed the situation. There were battery after battery of field pieces back in Quebec which should have been dispatched to Montcalm's assistance. His repeated and most pressing requests to de Ramesay, the commander, had only brought three guns to him, and the cowardly de Vaudresail, the governor of the province, was holding at Beauport thousands of men idle in their intrenchments, who should have been dispatched to his assistance.

How explain the Frenchman's reckless haste? The fact was that Montcalm had always beaten the English. He had never in his whole career met a single commander among them who appeared to have the slightest military genius, and he made the fatal mistake of despising his foes. Perhaps the fact that they lay there stubbornly taking the galling skirmish fire from the coverts on either flank so silently, in spite of its ghastly effectiveness, replying only to his heavier guns with their two six-pounders, gave him greater confidence; at any rate, at ten in the morning he ordered an advance.

With feverish impatience the English held themselves in restraint under the peremptory orders of their commander. As Wolfe saw the French rising on the crest of the hill, giving evidence of their intention to join battle in close encounter, he walked rapidly up and down his own line speaking those simple, hearty words of encouragement, as he passed by his soldiery, which do much to make a man a hero. A quiver of delight ran through the compact ranks. With fierce pleasure the men looked to their pieces and made themselves ready.

Suddenly the crest of the slope in front of them was tipped with flame and covered with smoke. The rattle of arms crashed over the field. Bullets rang through the morning air. Men were dropping here and there among the ranks of the stolid British; some moaned and shrieked in the anguish of shattered limb or torn body, and some lay still and quiet in the grass, recking little, minding nothing of the roar of battle about them. The French, after the first volley, began firing continuously and irregularly, still advancing.

Suddenly, when the cheering and yelling whitecoats had reached a point perhaps 100 yards away, a sharp command rang out in English. The officers repeated Wolfe's signal.

"Steady! Ready! Aim!"

Be quiet all, for now was the time! The muskets of the waiting red ranks came smartly down.

"Fire!"

The first rank delivered a volley which crashed over the plateau like cannon-shot. Their drill was magnificent. A moment of startling silence supervened and the second rank repeated the performance. Ere the echoes of the discharge had died away among the hills, the third rank sent its sheet of destruction in the face of the advancing men. The field was covered with thick smoke. The English could see nothing. For a moment no reply was made to them. Then a scattered fire, confessing weakness by its feebleness, ran along the French line. Again and again the deadly discharge of the English was poured out. The French seemed to be making no reply at all. Presently there was a slight respite and the smoke cleared away, revealing a horrid picture of carnage.

The crest of the hill was covered with bodies. Most of the horsemen were down. Montcalm and one or two officers were striving desperately to reform their men. The Canadian militia, unable to stand against such a fearful fire, had melted away. The French grenadiers, the white-coated regulars, were rallying in bewildered little knots here and there upon their officers. The French advance was completely barred. Now was the moment to strike.

"The picture?" said Wolfe to Grafton, who was standing by him. "You have it?"

"Here."

"Remember—and good-bye, old friend. Now, gentlemen," he cried, "let us go at them. Forward!"

Like a common soldier the young general, sword up, face smiling, put himself at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. The French had at last got into some sort of order, rallying in thin, broken, and exhausted lines. Their courage was superb. They saw death in the advancing mass of the British infantry, but they did not waver. The battle was lost to them; they would strike another blow at any rate.

It was the English who cheered now, the French had passed the cheering stage. This time it was they who poured their volleys into the advancing British. The execution done among them was fearful. A bullet shattered the wrist of the general. He caught a handkerchief about it and pressed on. A second shot hit him, but still he did not falter. A third bullet struck him full in the breast; he staggered a moment and fell. With a fierce yell for revenge his army swept by him. A last volley from the French and bayonets crossed in the smoke.

Wolfe, in the rear of the line, was down and dying. It needed no surgeon to translate the look of death upon his face. Grafton knelt by him and took his hand, tears streaming down his face. The path of glory was indeed ending here. Others quickly assembled where the soldier lay bleeding to death on the field.

"The battle," whispered the dying man. "Tell me?"

"They run! They run!" cried Grafton, rising and surveying the field.

[To Be Continued.]

Local Entertainment.

A newcomer from the metropolis, feeling sure that the people of the little mountain settlement in the Cumberland lands would be interested to know in advance the date of a certain event, asked permission to place the following clipping from his daily paper in the window of the little postoffice: "A total lunar eclipse will take place tomorrow between eight and nine p. m."

Not long after there was a knock at the door of his cottage near by. A half-grown girl stood there, industriously twisting the corner of her ragged apron.

"Please, sir," she began, hurriedly, "mother wants to know if it's to be in the chapel or the schoolhouse. And may I be doorkeeper? I kept it for the waxworks last year, and there didn't a soul get past me 'thout puttin' in!"

—Youth's Companion.

Eased His Conscience.

A paragraph about Scotchmen in Russia recalls a very amusing incident which happened some years ago in the experience of a Scotchman who was touring in eastern Russia. He attended service in a Greek church and had his attention riveted by a gigantic attendant in the procession, who flourished as esperge with great skill, uttering the while some words which seemed familiar to the tourist's ear. Listening intently, he made out the sentence to run: "It's jist pickle o' clean cauld water. If it does ye nae guid, it does ye nae harm." After the service he sought out the attendant, who took him into a side chamber and disclosed himself as a Dumfermline man who had wandered in many lands and had temporarily taken service with the local Greek priest.—London Chronicle.

Knew His Business.

A country vicar, who invited his flock once a year to supper in the school room, intrusted his handy man with the delivery of the invitation cards. A day or two before the function his reverence found the faithful fellow sitting by the roadside in an advanced state of hilarity.

"Good gracious, Jenkins, what does this mean?"

"I'm dud—dud—drunk, sir."

"So it seems. How did you get into this shocking state?"

"It's all along o' them cards, sir. I takes 'em round, and this 'un asks me to drink summat, an' that 'un asks me to drink summat, and so I gets like this."

"Why, this is terrible! Are there no temperance people in the parish?"

"Lor, yes, sir, lots o' 'em; but I send their cards by post!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

TIPS FOR THE TOILET.

Items of Information for the Guidance of Seekers After Health and Beauty.

The woman who asks about caring for her hair will have gained some knowledge if she remembers a few don'ts. Don't break your hair, nor irritate the scalp by using too many, or too heavy, hairpins. Don't use an iron on your hair any oftener than is necessary. Don't use too fine a comb upon your hair; it breaks it, snarls it, and is absolutely fatal to it. Don't use soda upon your hair; it dries it, coarsens it, and makes it split, says the Boston Post.

Cultivate air-hunger. We should learn to be as hungry for fresh air as we are naturally thirsty for pure water. The old-fashioned ideas concerning stuffy living or bedrooms are now, fortunately, out of date, and should never be revived.

A clear skin is one of the essentials of good health and beauty, and nothing conduces more to this end than frequent baths and brisk rubbings. They will do much to keep the skin soft and the whole body vigorous.

Are you always careful how the weight of your clothing is distributed? Have as much of it as possible suspended from the shoulders. Much energy needed for other purposes is expended in carrying about heavy clothes.

Either morning or night is the best time for a cold water bath, or even a tepid one, but a hot water bath should be taken just before retiring, inasmuch as it is relaxing. Never bathe just before or after a hearty meal. Bathe after, instead of before, exercising, and bathe regularly every day.

Alum and myrrh are both good for the gums.

Sugar is the most effective of all fat-producing agents.

Elder-flower water is cooling to the face, besides being a gentle skin tonic.

Wrinkles come from the relaxation of the facial muscles. Massage is the quickest and surest means of restoring the muscles to their normal condition.

The bristles of a toothbrush should not be too stiff; one in which the bristles are far apart is best, as such may be thoroughly cleaned.

The first step in physical culture is deep breathing.

FRESH NOVELTIES IN FUR.

Fashionable Articles of Apparel in Vogue for the Winter Season.

Speaking of fur novelties, this is what one sees, says the Brooklyn Eagle:

Handsome squirrel coats that roll open, showing a vest of delicate embroidery.

Heavy sable coats and coats of mink with lay-down collars of Armenian needlework and cuffs of the same.

Baby lamb coats with vest of Persian embroidery and stock to match and deep cuffs of the Persian work.

Exquisite sealskin coats, buttoned with leather-covered buttons, and trimmed with leather cuffs and leather collar. When the coat is unbuttoned it shows a vest made of embroidered leather.

One sees beautiful fur coats of all kinds with embroidered camois vests and one sees handsome squirrel coats with embroidered camois facings. Strange contrasts rule the day in dress.

It is a fad to line a fur coat with satin to match the costume, and one of the prettiest winter suits to be found anywhere is made of Persian lamb trimmed with ermine and lined with gun metal satin to be worn over a gun metal cloth costume. The hat in this case can be a felt hat the color of gun metal trimmed with a band of ermine and a white ostrich feather which should trail over the back of the hat.

Several pretty features stand out prominently in the imported coats. The first is the leather covered button and the button covered with velvet. Green velvet buttons, as big as a silver quarter, trim a squirrel coat, and a coat of deerskin is adorned with big button molds covered with green leather. Of course the leather is dyed to a certain shade, and that shade is usually one that matches the hat. A little embroidered leather vest of the same color is an added touch of smartness. And one can have leather-trimmed cuffs and gloves stitched with green to match the vest, the buttons and the cuff trimmings.

Simmered Fowl.

No matter how tough or hopeless a fowl may seem, roast it first to give the meat a flavor. This must be done slowly and carefully, basting at frequent intervals. When it is nicely colored, split down the back and lay it flat in covered ham boiler. Pour in all the gravy from the roasting pan and rinse same well with an equal quantity of hot water. Add a liberal helping of canned tomatoes to gravy and dot the surface of the fowl here and there with tiny bits of onion. When these have become roasted, dredge with flour and keep up the basting through three or four hours of simmering. A fowl thus prepared will keep a week, and while it tastes delicious cold, does not betray the least "warmed-over" taste when heated through. It should be kept covered and allowed to remain in the pot in which it was cooked without being removed from the gravy, to which a little hot water may be added when required.—Housekeeper.

To Keep Fall Fruits.

Grapes, pears and a number of fall fruits can be kept for winter use very nicely by packing them in sawdust. Of course, wipe them off carefully with dry, soft cloths, taking only the fruit that has just turned and not any that is dead ripe. The sawdust should completely cover every particle of the fruit so that the air is entirely shut out.—Boston Budget.

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