

MADISON TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF MADISON PARISH.

TALLULAH MADISON PARISH LA SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885

TERMS \$2.00 PER YEAR

VOL II NO. 26.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.

Oh! if there should find a grave,
By every hand laid low for aye,
Where sleeps some lonely soldier brave,
Sigh softly o'er the spot.
Beside the wild, long grasses there,
And through the chambers vast and bare,
The echoes of his parting prayer
Who died for Freedom's sake.

O Bird! Your morning mass sung there—
There, in the dawning gray and dim;
And in the glowing still and fair
Sing through your vesper hymn.
O bird that nestlest in the grave,
A sweet memorial make;
It is a soldier's, true and brave,
Who died for Freedom's sake.

O, Aephol and Flowering Vine!
O fair Wild Rose, white and red!
In the long grasses intertwine
A garland for the dead.
With tears of old and dawning dim
Your saddest, sweetest, offering make;
For flowers may weep and die for him,
Who died for Freedom's sake.

Take roses in both hands, and strew
The graves of those to honor known;
But, oh! one flower thought is due,
To him who died alone.
Alone, with none but God to see
The young, brave soul his bondage break;
And yet, he fought for Liberty,
And died for Freedom's sake!
—Amelia E. Barr, in the Independent.

AN AWKWARD MOMENT.

Harper's Weekly.

You must have been in some pretty tight places at different times, Roger. We know what you got the cross for, but I suppose that the chances were often very nearly as heavy against you."

The man who made this remark was seated opposite his friend before the cheerful fire in the smoking-room of a London military club. Both had the bronzed faces and prematurely grizzled hair which betokens long sojourns under almost tropical skies. The one who had been addressed as "Roger" was slightly the elder, and upon his broad chest bore the tiny scrap of ribbon that indicated that the wearer had won that most prized of English decorations, the Victoria Cross. He did not reply for a minute or two to his companion's words. Apparently they had called up many reminiscences, few of which were agreeable, but at last a smile lighted up his features, and he said:

"Yes, old boy; I've very often thought my life wasn't going to last a second longer; but the most awkward moment I ever put in wasn't in the field."

"No? Then I presume it was when you were besieged in the Residency during the Mutiny?"

"It wasn't in action at all. It was on board ship."

"Wreck?"

"No. That is to say, the ship wasn't wrecked, but I thought I was."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I don't mind. It's twenty years ago, and the telling can't hurt any one now. Still, you will understand that the names I shall give you are not the true ones and you must promise not to try to find out what those were."

"All right. I'll be content with the story."

"Here goes, then," said Roger, setting himself back in his chair. "It occurred just after we'd finished up the last of those black devils. I had pretty nearly got over the wounds I received in the affair for which the Queen gave me the cross, and I reported myself as fit for duty. The colonel, however, bless his old heart! wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on my taking a year's leave. There was no canal in those days, and the pleasantest way of going home was—and I don't know that it isn't now—was by one of the fine clipper ships round the Cape. I was fortunate enough to get a cabin to myself on board the Winchester, of Green's line. The purser, Watson, I had met at some dinner in Calcutta, and he promised to make things as pleasant as possible. We had very few passengers, mostly invalided officers, two or three civilians, and four ladies. I saw three of the ladies on deck when we sailed, and none of them impressed me as being especially charming. The captain, whose name was, well, say, John Smith, looked like one of the regular navy. He wore a uniform and sword, and was very severe of aspect and stiff in bearing. I found out afterward that he was a regular marine, and the half dozen midshipmen and the most officers stood in considerable awe of him. On my being introduced, he favored me with a formal grasp of the hand, and jerked out a few words of having heard of me before."

"We did not begin to drop down the river till the day was fairly advanced, and I had scarcely got my traps in order when it was time to dress for dinner. In those days the captain would have been insulted if his passengers did not turn out in full evening toggery. We sat down at table in accordance with our rank, and as I had only just got my company, I was pretty well down toward the foot, or purser's end. This I did not at first feel inclined to regret, as the prospect appeared that we should be a little more free and easy than were the fogies up at the top. But when I had got fairly settled into my place, I looked toward the captain, and immediately began to display my insignificance. Seated on his right was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her eyes were well, I'll do you my giving you an ambassador's catalogue of her charms. You just picture your ideal, and she will come very near it. All I knew was that I was completely knocked over. I am sure my neighbors must have thought I was either surly or stupid, for I never addressed a word, and I was scarcely conscious what replies I made to their remarks. All my attention was given to a silent watching of my new divinity, and I frankly avowed the captain and a bluff old colonel who were privileged to sit beside her."

"As soon as dinner was over I got

hold of my friend Watson, and inquired the name of the young lady.

"She's a Miss Latimer," he said; "came out with us this voyage. I suppose only for her health, since she's going right back. Understand she's an orphan and got some money. Dress well, at least. Shall I introduce you?"

"Of course I jumped at the offer, and very soon the magic words were spoken which privileged me to speak to my idol. You see even now I get enthusiastic and romantic in my language when I talk about her, so you can imagine the condition of hopeless 'smite' in which I was then. Well, she proved to be just as charming as she looked, and before I turned in for the night I was deeply, desperately in love.

"I don't suppose there is any place in the world so favorable for love-making as a comfortable passenger ship. Not one of these new ocean greyhounds that rush at break-neck speed through all kinds of weather, and land you at your destination almost before you have time to know any one aboard, but a fine clipper vessel, whose only propelling power is nature's breath, and to the passengers on which every change of weather or shift of wind is of vast import and interest. These afford endless themes for talk, and mutual interest seems to draw people closer together. Miss Latimer had quite an affection for the Winchester, which had brought her safely from England, and was then bearing her back. She and the captain appeared to be on excellent terms, and she was often invited to walk on the captain's own side of the quarter deck—a pathway which we were supposed not to tread without a special summons."

"There was something about Miss Latimer—Rose was her name—which was irresistibly attractive to me. I do not know exactly how to describe it, except as a curious compound of girlish innocence and womanly frankness. One would never dream of flirting with her, and I fancy few people would have ventured on any direct love-making without a speedy accompaniment of humble entreaty for her hand. She was awfully kind to me; used always to be afraid that I'd overexert myself; and was constantly making me tell her stories of my experiences. I am afraid that sometimes I a little overdid the Othello business, but she never seemed to mind."

"Day after day slipped away in an ecstasy of happiness tempered with occasional qualms of doubt. I hesitated to put my fate to test, for if by chance she should refuse me—and despite my belief that my affection was returned, such an event was barely possible—it would be very unpleasant to meet her every day for at least two months. Again, if she accepted me, I couldn't bear to be married that I would go to England. There is no need for me to say that I was very young; you can see that from my state of mind. Well, finally I made a confidant of Watson. He cut the Gordian knot at once. 'Ask the lady,' he said, 'and if she consents, get the captain to marry you as soon as she's agreeable.'

"But is that legal?" I inquired.

"Perfectly. It will be duly entered in the ship's log, just the same as a birth. The captain is ex-officio clergyman, registrar, and sometimes doctor."

"The idea was splendid, and I gave Watson my best thanks. I should have at once proceeded to act on his advice, but it occurred to me that it might be as well to sound the captain, and see if he would be willing to perform the ceremony. You see, I wanted to have everything sure before I put my fate to the test. I waited through one day for a favorable opportunity to speak to the captain on deck, but he never invited me to share his walk. So the next morning I sent a message by his boy, asking if he could spare me a few minutes. The boy speedily returned with a request that I would follow him to the captain's cabin."

"I found the great man sitting at his table looking over a chart. Somehow or other he appeared to me to be unusually formidable. 'Good morning, Captain Hamilton,' he said, as he waved me to take a seat. 'Can I do anything for you?'

"Well, captain, it's rather a delicate matter, but I wanted to ask you something about your powers on board?"

"They are absolute, sir," he answered, a little sternly. "Why do you ask? Do you want some one put in irons for insulting you?"

"Not exactly, captain. The letters that I would like you to use are of a different kind—the matrimonial ones."

"The devil you say!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet, and his face lighting up with a sailor's quick sympathy for a love affair. "So you've lost your heart to one of my passengers? Pray which is it?"

"Well, captain, I answered, 'I know I can trust you not to let this go any further at present. It is Miss Latimer.'"

"I didn't quite like the look that came over his face. Is it possible, I thought, that this old sea dog is a little bit gone in this quarter himself?"

"He gave me plenty of time to think before he made any verbal comment on my announcement. His words were: 'Pray, sir, have you spoken to the lady on the subject of your hopes?'

"Not yet, captain."

"Has she given you any encouragement to think that the love you say you feel is returned by her?"

"No, captain, but she has been very kind to me, and has talked to me a great deal, and seemed to like to have me talk to her."

"And on these faint grounds you base your hopes?"

"I didn't at all like the tone in which he made that remark, and I was about to reply a little haughtily. I suppose he saw the expression on my face, and he stopped me from speaking by holding up his hand."

"Don't say any more, Captain Hamilton. Fought to have stopped you before. I couldn't possibly marry you to the lady."

"Why not, Captain Smith?" I asked, rather warily.

"Because, sir, I couldn't very well marry you to my own wife."

"What? I almost shrieked.

ROMANCE.

The blue sky stretches far and wide,
No cloud presages gloom,
The plebeian prairie in its pride
Where herbage is abundant.
Ah, me! Ah, me! a rock, a rill,
A sky which mountains bar,
A tumbling stream, a rugged hill,
Were fairer views to far.

The mountains raise their misty glow;
The streamlets sing and leap;
The vines bud purple row on row;
Rock-sheltered violets peep,
Ah, lonely sower the upland pine;
The valley smiles in chains;
While up the hills climb weary vines,
—This home upon the plains.

Salt tears of longing and regret
Sink deep, within the loam
Of foreign soil where feet are set
When hearts are left at home.
A kinder fate is that which lets
The heaven-winged spirit free,
Than, held in space where distance frets,
An exiled soul to be.
—Mary Barker Dodge, in The Current.

FOUGHT FOR HIS WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Bill, I must say that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I don't see why, Mrs. Collins."

"You don't see why? You must be as blind as a bat."

"But I hope that I am not so tough."

"Oh, go on away, Bill, and don't bother me."

Mrs. Collins was a widow. She owned a farm in southern Arkansas, stood high in the society of the neighborhood, and was consequently happy. Bill Spotts was an eighteen-year-old boy. He had fallen in love with Mrs. Collins and, as the neighbors expressed it, was dead set upon marrying her. Although ordered to go away, and although the manner as well as the words of Mrs. Collins plainly indicated that the boy was wasting his time, yet, undaunted, he lingered in that rich abundance of hope which for a time accompanies youth along the road of life.

"I will not go, Mrs. Collins, until I have had a satisfactory answer."

"I told you no!"

"But 'No' is not satisfactory."

"Now, look here, Bill, I want you to go away and let me alone. I've got work to do, I want you to understand."

"Oh, I understand, and I am perfectly willing to help you do your work."

"Bill, why don't you marry some young girl?"

"Because I want to marry you."

"Why do you want to marry me?"

"Because I love you."

"Why do you love me?"

"Because I can't get on without her."

"Am I?"

"Yes, you are."

"I think the persistency with which I urge my suit shows my sense."

"It does not; it only shows your pig-headedness."

"You are equally pig-headed."

"My goodness, boy, go on away from here and let me see a moment's peace."

"Then I would be eternally miserable. Say, Mrs. Collins, will you please state your objections to me?"

"You are too young. My son Dan is as large as you are. He is equally as large as I haven't the least doubt but he could whip you right now. A stepson should not be able to whip his stepfather. Dan is always hungry for a fight, and to thress you every day would be the delight of his soul. That would be embarrassing to me, for no woman likes to see her husband whipped."

Bill reflected seriously. "I had not thought of that," he said. "Say, Mrs. Collins, we might make a compromise with Dan."

"No, such a thing would be impossible, for Dan has often said that he intends to whip the man I marry."

"I respect your objections, Mrs. Collins, but I do not intend to be cheated out of my rights."

"What can you do?"

"I must whip Dan."

"Impossible."

"No, it is not impossible. I'll take boxing and wrestling lessons until I can down him every time. Then he will respect me."

"Now, Bill, I'm going to be frank. I love you—never mind, sit down. I will aid you all I can, and when I see that you are able to whip Dan, I will marry you."

"Enough said," Bill joyously exclaimed. "I will go at once and see that boxing man."

CHAPTER II.

Hank Jasper, a retired boxer, lived about two miles from the Collins place. Bill called on him and explained his urgent need of fist science.

"I can soon give you muscle and slight," said Jasper. "Three lessons a week for two months will fix you all right. Of course I'll have to charge you pretty well."

"Oh, never mind the cost," Bill replied.

"Well, we'll begin at once."

Bill, with an ardor which such a cause would naturally inspire, began the work of preparation. He hung up a sand-bag in his room, and with charcoal, drew on one side of it, what he conceived to be a likeness to Dan Collins.

"Now, Mr. Collins," he would say, as he rolled up his sleeves and squinted at the bag, "I am prepared to give you another mauling. Don't want me to marry your mother, eh? Don't think that I am entitled to the rights of an American citizen? Reckon you have told your mother that you intend to whip me, eh? Well, we'll see."

Then he would dash at the preformed image of the youth who stood between him and his heart's desire, and, it may be strange to say, he was always successful.

Jasper took great interest in the student and so far forgot his professional etiquette as to let the youth into some of the deepest secrets of the science.

"I assured the lover that he could not stand short of victory, and on several

occasions, shook hands with him in a most congratulatory manner.

One day, just before the two months of training had expired, Bill, while riding along the road, met young Collins.

"Say, Bill, ma tells me that you want to marry her."

"Yes, what have you got to say about it?"

Dan laughed. "What have I got to say about it, why confound your hide, do you suppose that I would allow such a pug ugly as you are to marry my mother? Why, I'd have to call you out early every morning."

"What for?"

"To take your whipping."

"It would take a better man than you to whip me, Dan Collins."

"Yes, that's what you think, but whenever you feel like trying your hand, just come over and I will give you a few touches that will show you who's in the field."

"Dan, blowing amounts to nothing, but say, if I whip you fairly—whip you until you are satisfied, will you then agree that if I marry your mother you will behave yourself?"

"All right. Let's see: Suppose that we give each other a trial next Saturday."

"I'm willing."

"Shall it be private?"

"No, we want to invite all the neighbors."

"All right, and to make the thing more binding, we'll have papers drawn up, stating the object of the contest. These articles of agreement shall be read before the contest begins, and judges from the crowd shall be selected."

"That suits me."

The arrangements were completed. The neighborhood was greatly excited. Hundreds of temporary benches, forming an arena, were constructed. Although the crops were not "laid by," people from all parts of the country flocked to see the combat. The neighborhood band, composed of three fiddlers, two banjo pickers and the agitator of a triangle, took an assigned position and soothed the crowd with sweet symphonies. Bill had cordially invited Professor Jasper, but the professor, declaring that such scenes were a bore to him, declined.

Time was called. Handkerchiefs fluttered. Everything bore a tremulous aspect. Bill was dressed in a red flannel shirt and a closely fitting pair of cottoned trousers. Dan wore a hickory shirt and nanken trousers.

The band played "Nigger on the Woodpile," an inspiring tune, and the crowd, as at each other, were besieged by an agile movement during the Mutiny? Bill caught Dan

"It wasn't in action, it was on board ship."

"Wreck?"

"No, that is to say, the ship wasn't wrecked, but I thought I was."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I don't mind. It's twenty years ago, and the telling can't hurt any one now. Still, you will understand that the names I shall give you are not the true ones and you must promise not to try to find out what those were."

"All right. I'll be content with the story."

"Here goes, then," said Roger, setting himself back in his chair. "It occurred just after we'd finished up the last of those black devils. I had pretty nearly got over the wounds I received in the affair for which the Queen gave me the cross, and I reported myself as fit for duty. The colonel, however, bless his old heart! wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on my taking a year's leave. There was no canal in those days, and the pleasantest way of going home was—and I don't know that it isn't now—was by one of the fine clipper ships round the Cape. I was fortunate enough to get a cabin to myself on board the Winchester, of Green's line. The purser, Watson, I had met at some dinner in Calcutta, and he promised to make things as pleasant as possible. We had very few passengers, mostly invalided officers, two or three civilians, and four ladies. I saw three of the ladies on deck when we sailed, and none of them impressed me as being especially charming. The captain, whose name was, well, say, John Smith, looked like one of the regular navy. He wore a uniform and sword, and was very severe of aspect and stiff in bearing. I found out afterward that he was a regular marine, and the half dozen midshipmen and the most officers stood in considerable awe of him. On my being introduced, he favored me with a formal grasp of the hand, and jerked out a few words of having heard of me before."

"We did not begin to drop down the river till the day was fairly advanced, and I had scarcely got my traps in order when it was time to dress for dinner. In those days the captain would have been insulted if his passengers did not turn out in full evening toggery. We sat down at table in accordance with our rank, and as I had only just got my company, I was pretty well down toward the foot, or purser's end. This I did not at first feel inclined to regret, as the prospect appeared that we should be a little more free and easy than were the fogies up at the top. But when I had got fairly settled into my place, I looked toward the captain, and immediately began to display my insignificance. Seated on his right was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her eyes were well, I'll do you my giving you an ambassador's catalogue of her charms. You just picture your ideal, and she will come very near it. All I knew was that I was completely knocked over. I am sure my neighbors must have thought I was either surly or stupid, for I never addressed a word, and I was scarcely conscious what replies I made to their remarks. All my attention was given to a silent watching of my new divinity, and I frankly avowed the captain and a bluff old colonel who were privileged to sit beside her."

"As soon as dinner was over I got

hold of my friend Watson, and inquired the name of the young lady.

"She's a Miss Latimer," he said; "came out with us this voyage. I suppose only for her health, since she's going right back. Understand she's an orphan and got some money. Dress well, at least. Shall I introduce you?"

"Of course I jumped at the offer, and very soon the magic words were spoken which privileged me to speak to my idol. You see even now I get enthusiastic and romantic in my language when I talk about her, so you can imagine the condition of hopeless 'smite' in which I was then. Well, she proved to be just as charming as she looked, and before I turned in for the night I was deeply, desperately in love.

"I don't suppose there is any place in the world so favorable for love-making as a comfortable passenger ship. Not one of these new ocean greyhounds that rush at break-neck speed through all kinds of weather, and land you at your destination almost before you have time to know any one aboard, but a fine clipper vessel, whose only propelling power is nature's breath, and to the passengers on which every change of weather or shift of wind is of vast import and interest. These afford endless themes for talk, and mutual interest seems to draw people closer together. Miss Latimer had quite an affection for the Winchester, which had brought her safely from England, and was then bearing her back. She and the captain appeared to be on excellent terms, and she was often invited to walk on the captain's own side of the quarter deck—a pathway which we were supposed not to tread without a special summons."

"There was something about Miss Latimer—Rose was her name—which was irresistibly attractive to me. I do not know exactly how to describe it, except as a curious compound of girlish innocence and womanly frankness. One would never dream of flirting with her, and I fancy few people would have ventured on any direct love-making without a speedy accompaniment of humble entreaty for her hand. She was awfully kind to me; used always to be afraid that I'd overexert myself; and was constantly making me tell her stories of my experiences. I am afraid that sometimes I a little overdid the Othello business, but she never seemed to mind."

"Day after day slipped away in an ecstasy of happiness tempered with occasional qualms of doubt. I hesitated to put my fate to test, for if by chance she should refuse me—and despite my belief that my affection was returned, such an event was barely possible—it would be very unpleasant to meet her every day for at least two months. Again, if she accepted me, I couldn't bear to be married that I would go to England. There is no need for me to say that I was very young; you can see that from my state of mind. Well, finally I made a confidant of Watson. He cut the Gordian knot at once. 'Ask the lady,' he said, 'and if she consents, get the captain to marry you as soon as she's agreeable.'

"But is that legal?" I inquired.

"Perfectly. It will be duly entered in the ship's log, just the same as a birth. The captain is ex-officio clergyman, registrar, and sometimes doctor."

"The idea was splendid, and I gave Watson my best thanks. I should have at once proceeded to act on his advice, but it occurred to me that it might be as well to sound the captain, and see if he would be willing to perform the ceremony. You see, I wanted to have everything sure before I put my fate to the test. I waited through one day for a favorable opportunity to speak to the captain on deck, but he never invited me to share his walk. So the next morning I sent a message by his boy, asking if he could spare me a few minutes. The boy speedily returned with a request that I would follow him to the captain's cabin."

"I found the great man sitting at his table looking over a chart. Somehow or other he appeared to me to be unusually formidable. 'Good morning, Captain Hamilton,' he said, as he waved me to take a seat. 'Can I do anything for you?'

"Well, captain, it's rather a delicate matter, but I wanted to ask you something about your powers on board?"

"They are absolute, sir," he answered, a little sternly. "Why do you ask? Do you want some one put in irons for insulting you?"

"Not exactly, captain. The letters that I would like you to use are of a different kind—the matrimonial ones."

"The devil you say!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet, and his face lighting up with a sailor's quick sympathy for a love affair. "So you've lost your heart to one of my passengers? Pray which is it?"

"Well, captain, I answered, 'I know I can trust you not to let this go any further at present. It is Miss Latimer.'"

"I didn't quite like the look that came over his face. Is it possible, I thought, that this old sea dog is a little bit gone in this quarter himself?"

"He gave me plenty of time to think before he made any verbal comment on my announcement. His words were: 'Pray, sir, have you spoken to the lady on the subject of your hopes?'

"Not yet, captain."

"Has she given you any encouragement to think that the love you say you feel is returned by her?"

"No, captain, but she has been very kind to me, and has talked to me a great deal, and seemed to like to have me talk to her."

"And on these faint grounds you base your hopes?"

"I didn't at all like the tone in which he made that remark, and I was about to reply a little haughtily. I suppose he saw the expression on my face, and he stopped me from speaking by holding up his hand."

"Don't say any more, Captain Hamilton. Fought to have stopped you before. I couldn't possibly marry you to the lady."

"Why not, Captain Smith?" I asked, rather warily.

"Because, sir, I couldn't very well marry you to my own wife."

"What? I almost shrieked.

occasions, shook hands with him in a most congratulatory manner.

One day, just before the two months of training had expired, Bill, while riding along the road, met young Collins.

"Say, Bill, ma tells me that you want to marry her."

"Yes, what have you got to say about it?"

Dan laughed. "What have I got to say about it, why confound your hide, do you suppose that I would allow such a pug ugly as you are to marry my mother? Why, I'd have to call you out early every morning."

"What for?"

"To take your whipping."

"It would take a better man than you to whip me, Dan Collins."

"Yes, that's what you think, but whenever you feel like trying your hand, just come over and I will give you a few touches that will show you who's in the field."

"Dan, blowing amounts to nothing, but say, if I whip you fairly—whip you until you are satisfied, will you then agree that if I marry your mother you will behave yourself?"

"All right. Let's see: Suppose that we give each other a trial next Saturday."

"I'm willing."

"Shall it be private?"

"No, we want to invite all the neighbors."

"All right, and to make the thing more binding, we'll have papers drawn up, stating the object of the contest. These articles of agreement shall be read before the contest begins, and judges from the crowd shall be selected."

"That suits me."

The arrangements were completed. The neighborhood was greatly excited. Hundreds of temporary benches, forming an arena, were constructed. Although the crops were not "laid by," people from all parts of the country flocked to see the combat. The neighborhood band, composed of three fiddlers, two banjo pickers and the agitator of a triangle, took an assigned position and soothed the crowd with sweet symphonies. Bill had cordially invited Professor Jasper, but the professor, declaring that such scenes were a bore to him, declined.

Time was called. Handkerchiefs fluttered. Everything bore a tremulous aspect. Bill was dressed in a red flannel shirt and a closely fitting pair of cottoned trousers. Dan wore a hickory shirt and nanken trousers.

The band played "Nigger on the Woodpile," an inspiring tune, and the crowd, as at each other, were besieged by an agile movement during the Mutiny? Bill caught Dan

"It wasn't in action, it was on board ship."

"Wreck?"

"No, that is to say, the ship wasn't wrecked, but I thought I was."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I don't mind. It's twenty years ago, and the telling can't hurt any one now. Still, you will understand that the names I shall give you are not the true ones and you must promise not to try to find out what those were."

"All right. I'll be content with the story."

"Here goes, then," said Roger, setting himself back in his chair. "It occurred just after we'd finished up the last of those black devils. I had pretty nearly got over the wounds I received in the affair for which the Queen gave me the cross, and I reported myself as fit for duty. The colonel, however, bless his old heart! wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on my taking a year's leave. There was no canal in those days, and the pleasantest way of going home was—and I don't know that it isn't now—was by one of the fine clipper ships round the Cape. I was fortunate enough to get a cabin to myself on board the Winchester, of Green's line. The purser, Watson, I had met at some dinner in Calcutta, and he promised to make things as pleasant as possible. We had very few passengers, mostly invalided officers, two or three civilians, and four ladies. I saw three of the ladies on deck when we sailed, and none of them impressed me as being especially charming. The captain, whose name was, well, say, John Smith, looked like one of the regular navy. He wore a uniform and sword, and was very severe of aspect and stiff in bearing. I found out afterward that he was a regular marine, and the half dozen midshipmen and the most officers stood in considerable awe of him. On my being introduced, he favored me with a formal grasp of the hand, and jerked out a few words of having heard of me before."

hold of my friend Watson, and inquired the name of the young lady.

"She's a Miss Latimer," he said; "came out with us this voyage. I suppose only for her health, since she's going right back. Understand she's an orphan and got some money. Dress well, at least. Shall I introduce you?"

"Of course I jumped at the offer, and very soon the magic words were spoken which privileged me to speak to my idol. You see even now I get enthusiastic and romantic in my language when I talk about her, so you can imagine the condition of hopeless 'smite' in which I was then. Well, she proved to be just as charming as she looked, and before I turned in for the night I was deeply, desperately in love.

"I don't suppose there is any place in the world so favorable for love-making as a comfortable passenger ship. Not one of these new ocean greyhounds that rush at break-neck speed through all kinds of weather, and land you at your destination almost before you have time to know any one aboard, but a fine clipper vessel, whose only propelling power is nature's breath, and to the passengers on which every change of weather or shift of wind is of vast import and interest. These afford endless themes for talk, and mutual interest seems to draw people closer together. Miss Latimer had quite an affection for the Winchester, which had brought her safely from England, and was then bearing her back. She and the captain appeared to be on excellent terms, and she was often invited to walk on the captain's own side of the quarter deck—a pathway which we were supposed not to tread without a special summons."

"There was something about Miss Latimer—Rose was her name—which was irresistibly attractive to me. I do not know exactly how to describe it, except as a curious compound of girlish innocence and womanly frankness. One would never dream of flirting with her, and I fancy few people would have ventured on any direct love-making without a speedy accompaniment of humble entreaty for her hand. She was awfully kind to me; used always to be afraid that I'd overexert myself; and was constantly making me tell her stories of my experiences. I am afraid that sometimes I a little overdid the Othello business, but she never seemed to mind."

"Day after day slipped away in an ecstasy of happiness tempered with occasional qualms of doubt. I hesitated to put my fate to test, for if by chance she should refuse me—and despite my belief that my affection was returned, such an event was barely possible—it would be very unpleasant to meet her every day for at least two months. Again, if she accepted me, I couldn't bear to be married that I would go to England. There is no need for me to say that I was very young; you can see that from my state of mind. Well, finally I made a confidant of Watson. He cut the Gordian knot at once. 'Ask the lady,' he said, 'and if she consents, get the captain to marry you as soon as she's agreeable.'

"But is that legal?" I inquired.

"Perfectly. It will be duly entered in the ship's log, just the same as a birth. The captain is ex-officio clergyman, registrar, and sometimes doctor."

"The idea was splendid, and I gave Watson my best thanks. I should have at once proceeded to act on his advice, but it occurred to me that it might be as well to sound the captain, and see if he would be willing to perform the ceremony. You see, I wanted to have everything sure before I put my fate to the test. I waited through one day for a favorable opportunity to speak to the captain on deck, but he never invited me to share his walk. So the next morning I sent a message by his boy, asking if he could spare me a few minutes. The boy speedily returned with a request that I would follow him to the captain's cabin."

"I found the great man sitting at his table looking over a chart. Somehow or other he appeared to me to be unusually formidable. 'Good morning, Captain Hamilton,' he said, as he waved me to take a seat. 'Can I do anything for you?'

"Well, captain, it's rather a delicate matter, but I wanted to ask you something about your powers on board?"

"They are absolute, sir," he answered, a little sternly. "Why do you ask? Do you want some one put in irons for insulting you?"

"Not exactly, captain. The letters that I would like you to use are of a different kind—the matrimonial ones."

"The devil you say!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet, and his face lighting up with a sailor's quick sympathy for a love affair. "So you've lost your heart to one of my passengers? Pray which is it?"

"Well, captain, I answered, 'I know I can trust you not to let this go any further at present. It is Miss Latimer.'"

"I didn't quite like the look that came over his face. Is it possible, I thought, that this old sea dog is a little bit gone in this quarter himself?"

"He gave me plenty of time to think before he made any verbal comment on my announcement. His words were: 'Pray, sir, have you spoken to the lady on the subject of your hopes?'

"Not yet, captain."

"Has she given you any encouragement to think that the love you say you feel is returned by her?"

"No, captain, but she has been very kind to me, and has talked to me a great deal, and seemed to like to have me talk to her."

"And on these faint grounds you base your hopes?"

"I didn't at all like the tone in which he made that remark, and I was about to reply a little haughtily. I suppose he saw the expression on my face, and he stopped me from speaking by holding up his hand."

"Don't say any more, Captain Hamilton. Fought to have stopped you before. I couldn't possibly marry you to the lady."

"Why not, Captain Smith?" I asked, rather warily.

"Because, sir, I couldn't very well marry you to my own wife."

"What? I almost shrieked.

occasions, shook hands with him in a most congratulatory manner.

One day, just before the two months of training had expired, Bill, while riding along the road, met young Collins.

"Say, Bill, ma tells me that you want to marry her."

"Yes, what have you got to say about it?"

Dan laughed. "What have I got to say about it, why confound your hide, do you suppose that I would allow such a pug ugly as you are to marry my mother? Why, I'd have to call you out early every morning."

"What for?"

"To take your whipping."

"It would take a better man than you to whip me, Dan Collins."

"Yes, that's what you think, but whenever you feel like trying your hand, just come over and I will give you a few touches that will show you who's in the field."

"Dan, blowing amounts to nothing, but say, if I whip you fairly—whip you until you are satisfied, will you then agree that if I marry your mother you will behave yourself?"

"All right. Let's see: Suppose that we give each other a trial next Saturday."

"I'm willing."

"Shall it be private?"

"No, we want to invite all the neighbors."

"All right, and to make the thing more binding, we'll have papers drawn up, stating the object of the contest. These articles of agreement shall be read before the contest begins, and judges from the crowd shall be selected."

"That suits me."

The arrangements were completed. The neighborhood was greatly excited. Hundreds of temporary benches, forming an arena, were constructed. Although the crops were not "laid by," people from all parts of the country flocked to see the combat. The neighborhood band, composed of three fiddlers, two banjo pickers and the agitator of a triangle, took an assigned position and soothed the crowd with sweet symphonies. Bill had cordially invited Professor Jasper, but the professor, declaring that such scenes were a bore to him, declined.

Time was called. Handkerchiefs fluttered. Everything bore a tremulous aspect. Bill was dressed in a red flannel shirt and a closely fitting pair of cottoned trousers. Dan wore a hickory shirt and nanken trousers.

The band played "Nigger on the Woodpile," an inspiring tune, and the crowd, as at each other, were besieged by an agile movement during the Mutiny? Bill caught Dan

"It wasn't in action, it was on board ship."

"Wreck?"

"No, that is to say, the ship wasn't wrecked, but I thought I was."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I don't mind. It's twenty years ago, and the telling can't hurt any one now. Still, you will understand that the names I shall give you are not the true ones and you must promise not to try to find out what those were."

"All right. I'll be content with the story."

"Here goes, then," said Roger, setting himself back in his chair. "It occurred just after we'd finished up the last of those black devils. I had pretty nearly got over the wounds I received in the affair for which the Queen gave me the cross, and I reported myself as fit for duty. The colonel, however, bless his old heart! wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on my taking a year's leave. There was no canal in those days, and the pleasantest way of going home was—and I don't know that it isn't now—was by one of the fine clipper ships round the Cape. I was fortunate enough to get a cabin to myself on board the Winchester, of Green's line. The purser, Watson, I had met at some dinner in Calcutta, and he promised to make things as pleasant as possible. We had very few passengers, mostly invalided officers, two or three civilians, and four ladies. I saw three of the ladies on deck when we sailed, and none of them impressed me as being especially charming. The captain, whose name was, well, say, John Smith, looked like one of