CIRCULATION 1000.

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So engrossed was he in this that it was only when a second time addressed that he whirled about and found himself confronting a tall and slender young officer, with frank, handsome blue eyes and fine, clear-cut face, a man perhaps five years his senior in age and one grade in rank, for his overcoat bore the single loop and braid of a first lieutenant.

He was in riding-boots and spurs, as Ray noted at first glance, and these behind him stood an orderly holding the horses of both.

"Pardon me. I am Lieut. Stuyvesant, of Gen. Vinton's staff. This is the officer of the guard, I believe, and I am sent to make some inquiry of a prisoner—a man named Murray."

"We have such a man," said Ray, eying the newcomer with soldierly appreciation of his general appearance and not without envy of his inches. "But he's just been locked in a cell, and it will take an order from the officer of the day to fetch him out—unless you could see him in there with other prisoners within earshot."

"Not very well," answered Stuyvesant, looking curiously into the dark eyes of the youngster. "Perhaps I'd better see the officer of the day at once."

"You'll find him at the club. He's just gone in," said Ray, mindful of the fact that this was the captain's time for a cocktail, and with a courteous salute the aide-de-camp hastened away.

In five minutes he was back with a penciled scrawl from hades to the effect that Lieut. Stuyvesant was to be permitted to interview the prisoner Murray outside the guardhouse, but sentries must be placed to prevent escape.

Quickly young Ray called out the corporal and two men, warned them of the duty demanded, stationed them up and down the road and opposite the guardhouse, but just out of earshot, ordered the prisoner brought forth, and then, leaving Stuyvesant standing at the post of No. 1, stepped a dozen yards away into the mist.

A minute later out came the sergeant, marshalling Murray after him, a sentry at his heels. Then in the gathering darkness the tall officer and the short, thick-set soldier met face to face, and the latter recoiled and began glancing quickly, furtively about him.

Just how it all happened Ray could never quite tell. The light was now feeble, the lamps were only just beginning to burn. There was a moment of low-toned talk between the two, a question twice repeated in firmer tone, then a sudden, desperate spring and dash for liberty.

Like a center rush—a charging bull—the prisoner came head on straight to where young Ray was standing, heedless of a yell to halt, and in less time than it takes to tell it the lithe little athlete of West Point's crack football team had sprung and tackled and downed him in his tracks.

Biting, cursing, straining, the big bully lay in the mud, overpowered now by the instant dash of the guard, while their bantam officer, rising and disgustedly contemplating the smear of wet soil all over his new overcoat, was presently aware of Stuyvesant, bending forward, extending a helping hand and exclaiming:

"By Jove, but that was a neat tackle! You must have been a joy to your team. What was it?"

"West Point—last year's.

"And may I ask—the name?"

"My name's Ray," said Sandy, with beaming smile, showing a row of even, white teeth under the budding, dark mustache, and Stuyvesant felt the warm blood surging to his forehead, just as it had before that day in the general's tent.

"I think I should have known that," he presently stammered. "It was Miss Ray who so skillfully treated those poor fellows burned out on our train. I suppose you heard of it?"

"Well, yes," answered the youngster, again curiously studying the face of his tall visitor. "Then it was you she—I heard about. Wish I weren't on duty. I'd be glad to have you over at my quarters or the club."

"I wish so, too, and yet I'm lucky in finding you here, since"—and here Stuyvesant turned and looked resentfully towards the bedraggled figure of Murray, now being supported back to the cells—"since that fellow proved so churlish and ungrateful. He's all wrath at being put behind the bars and won't answer any questions."

"What else could he expect?" asked Ray, bluntly. "He's a deserter."

"A deserter!" exclaimed Stuyvesant, in surprise. "Who says so?"

"Capt. Kress, officer of the day, or at least a cit who came with him to identify him. They say he skipped from the Seventh cavalry."

At this piece of information Mr. Stuyvesant whirled about again in added astonishment. "Why," said he, "this upsets—one theory completely. I declare, if that's true we're all at sea. I beg pardon," he continued, but now with marked hesitancy—"you know—you've heard, I suppose, about—Foster?"

"What Foster?"

"Why, the recruit, you know, the one we lost at Port Costa," and the blue eyes were curiously and intently studying the face of the younger soldier, dimly visible now that the guard-house lamps were beginning to glow.

"I knew there was a recruit missing, and—seems to me that was the name," answered Ray.

"And—didn't you know who he was—that it was—pardon me, the man who—lived near you—had a ranch—"

"Great Scott! You don't mean Wally Foster! He enlisted and in the cavalry! Well, I'm—" And now Mr. Ray's merriment overcame him. "I never thought there was that much to Wally. He was a lackadaisical sort of a spook when I saw him. What possessed him to enlist? He's no stuff for a soldier."

Stuyvesant hesitated. That letter of old Col. Martindale's was shown him in confidence. But Ray's next impetuous outburst settled it.

"Oh, by Jove! I see it—it's—" And here the white teeth gleamed in the lamplight, for Mr. Ray was laughing heartily.

"Yes? It's what?" smiled Stuyvesant, sympathetically.

"It's my sister, I reckon," laughed Ray. "She once said she wouldn't marry outside of the army, and he heard it."

"Oh—did she?" said Stuyvesant, reflectively, and then he was silent.

CHAPTER VI.

When Vinton's flotilla drew out into that wonderful bay, and the crowded transports rode at anchor on the tide, there came swarming about them all manner of harbor craft, some laden with comforts for the departing soldiery, some with curiosity seekers, some with contraband of war in the shape of fruits and fluids, but all were warned to keep a cable's length at least away.

The commanding general, with other officers of rank, was darting from ship to ship in a swift steam launch, holding brief conference with the colonel in command of each, and finally repairing to his own—the flagship—where the final adieux were exchanged.

The general and his aides nimbly mounted the steep stairway to the bridge, the launch swung loose, and then, up to the mast-head flew a little bunch of bunting that broke as it reached the truck, and those fluttered in the strong salt wind while thing in from sea the eagerly awaited signal to "up anchor and follow."

And then at the stern of the Vanguard the waves were churned into foam as the massive screw began its spin, and slowly, steadily the flagship forged ahead to the accompaniment of a deafening din of steam whistles and sirens all over the bay. Promptly the other transports followed the movements of the leader, and presently, in trailing column, five big black steamships, thronged with cheering soldiery, were slowly plowing their way towards the grand entrance of that spacious harbor, the matchless Golden Gate.

Coming abreast of rock-ribbed Alcatraz, still moving at less than half speed, the flagship was greeted by the thunder of the parting salute, and the commanding general, standing with his staff upon the bridge, doffed his cap and bared his handsome head in acknowledgment.

"The next guns we're apt to hear will be the Spaniards' at Manila, and shotted guns instead of blanks," said a staff officer to the tall, fair-haired aide-de-camp. "What's the matter, Stuyvesant? Beginning to feel seasickly already? There's no sea here to speak of."

"I was watching that boat," was the quiet reply, as the young officer pointed to a small white steamer that appeared coming in pursuit, carefully picking a way through the host of harbor craft still screaming and steaming along as escort to the fleet.

There was an eager light in the bright blue eyes, but the high color had fled. Stuyvesant looked as though he had not slept as much or as well of late as perfect health required, and his questioner gazed keenly into his face, then turned away with a smile.

Only three days before on the register of the Occidental appeared among the arrivals the entry: "Mrs. William P. Ray, Miss Ray, Fort Leavenworth," and that evening at least a dozen officers called and sent up their cards, and Lieut. Ray came in from the Presidio and was with his mother and sister an hour or more.

The ladies held quite a little levee in the parlor of the familiar old army hostelry, and Mr. Stuyvesant, after a long and fatiguing day's duty at camp, accompanied his general to their very handsome apartments at the Palace, and then falteringly asked if he might be excused awhile—he had a call or two to make.

The evening papers had announced the arrival of the wife and daughter of "the gallant officer so well known for a quarter of a century gone by to many of our citizens—Capt. 'Billy' Ray, now colonel of the ——th Kentucky," and Stuyvesant had determined to make an effort to meet them. But he was a stranger to the officers who called and sent up their cards—all old regulars.

Lieut. Ray was with the party in the parlor, and Stuyvesant felt a strange shyness when striving to persuade himself to send his card to that young officer and boldly ask to be presented. Surely it was the proper thing to seek and meet her and thank her for her deft ministrations the night of the fire. Surely a man of his distinguished family and connections need not shrink from asking to be introduced to any household in all our broad domain, and yet Stuyvesant found himself nervous and hesitant, wandering about the crowded office, making pretense of interest in posters and pictures, wistfully regarding the jovial knots of regulars who seemed so thoroughly at home.

Over at the Palace, where so many of the general officers and their staffs were quartered, he had dozens of friends. Here at this favorite old resort of the regular service he stood alone, and to his proud and sensitive spirit it seemed as though there were a barrier between him and these professional soldiers.

There was the whole secret of his trouble. Absurd and trivial as it may seem, Stuyvesant shrank from the enterprise, even at the very threshold—shrank even from sending his card and asking for Lieut. Ray, for no other or better reason than that he did not know how a volunteer would be welcomed.

And so for nearly half an hour he hovered irresolute about the office, unconscious of many glances of interest and admiration from the keen eyes of the officers gathered in laughing groups about the marble floor. Not one of their number was his superior in form and features, and his uniform was the handiwork of Gotham's best military tailor. They saw that the instant he threw off his cape.

One of their number whispered that it was Mr. Stuyvesant, Gen. Vinton's aide, for everybody knew Vinton, and more than one would have been glad to take the aide-de-camp by the hand and bid him welcome to their coterie, but for that same odd shyness that, once away from camp or garrison and in the atmosphere of metropolitan life, seems to cling and hamper the kindlier impulses of the soldier.

Presently, as Stuyvesant stood at the desk looking over the registers, he heard himself accosted by name, and turning quickly, hopefully, found to his disappointment only a stocky little man in civilian dress. Yet the face was familiar, and the trouble in the honest brown eyes looking up to him, as though for help and sympathy, went right to his heart. Even before the man could give his name or tell his need, Stuyvesant knew him and held out a cordial hand:

"Why, you're our brakeman! I'm glad to see you. What's wrong?"

"I've lost the job, sir," was the answer, with a little choke. "They let me out two days ago—for sayin' their rotten old car bought fire from the boiler, I reckon."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Stuyvesant in honest indignation. "Now, how can I help you? What shall we do?"

"Take me to Manila, sir. I don't need this place. There's no one dependent on me—I can't soldier. They won't 'list a fellow with only two fingers," he held up a maimed hand. "Lost the others in a freight smash up six years ago. But there's a railway out there that'll be ours in a few months. Then you'll want Yankee train-hands. Can you do that much for me, lieutenant?"

"Come to me at the Palace at eight o'clock in the morning," answered Stuyvesant. "I'll have had a chance to talk to my general by that time. Meanwhile"—and with a blush he began drawing forth his purse.

The brakeman smiled. "I've got money enough, sir. They paid me off and I had some put by. Thank you all the same, Mr. Stuyvesant—Oh, yes, sir, I'm ready," he broke off suddenly in addressing some other person, and Stuyvesant, turning quickly to see, was confronted by Lieut. Ray.

"Oh, how-de-do? Going to be here long?" promptly queried that young gentleman. "Haven't seen you since the night at the Presidio. Sorry me, will you, I've got to take—er—my sister wants to see the brakeman, you know. With you the night of the fire." And with that Mr. Ray hopped briskly away to the elevator, the extraman following, leaving Stuyvesant standing ominously at the counter.

(To be continued.)

Home-seekers' Excursions to California, July, August and September.

The Cotton Belt route will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets to all points in California at the rate of one fare plus $2 for the round trip.

Dates of sale, July 2 and 16, August 6 and 20, September 3 and 17, 1901. Going passage to commence on date of sale, with continuous passage up to first home-seekers' destination enroute, being good from thence to final destination within extreme going limit of 15 days from date of sale. Return limit 21 days from date of sale.

For further information call upon or address W. E. Gipson, Deray, Mo., or

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Southeast Missouri News.

Irondale is to have a newspaper.

Fredericktown merchants are going to have early closing.

The Piedmont Review made its first appearance at Piedmont last week. We place it on our exchange list.

Dunklin county will vote on a proposition to build a new jail, on August 3. A vigorous campaign is being made.

The wheat yield in Mississippi county is reported unusually large. At Price's Landing E. L. Brown threshed out an average of fifty bushels per acre from sixteen acres; A. Coonings, from four acres, got 220 bushels and a 160-acre farm belonging to J. C. Moore averaged forty-five bushels per acre. The average yield in the county is estimated at twenty-eight bushels, with a larger acreage than ever before known.

The new railroad connecting Caruthersville, Kennett and Cape Girardeau was completed on July 25. The last spike was driven by Louis Houck, the honored president of the combined companies. The company will operate the road under the name of Houck's Consolidated railroad. It is comprised of eight corporations. Thirteen miles of the road is the individual property of Louis Houck. Seventeen additional miles are clear of bonded indebtedness and the entire stretch of road, over 170 miles in length, has less than one million dollars bonded indebtedness. The road is on a level grade, being built through an almost level country and has but very few curves. The road will be of great material benefit to this country.—Caruthersville Journal.

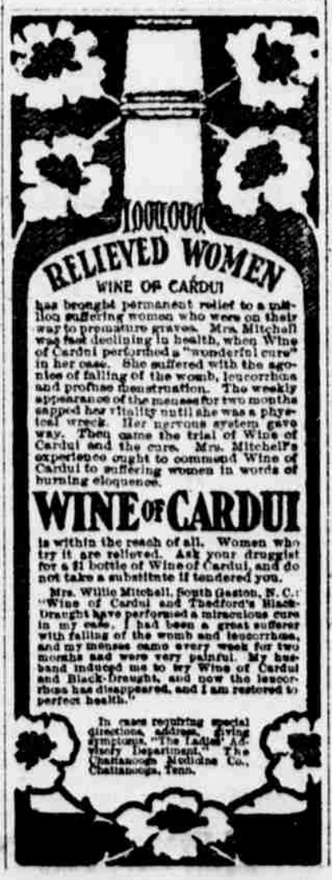
Farmers' Meeting.

A good many farmers were in attendance at the meeting held in the court house here Saturday. Plans were discussed and a committeeman was appointed for each township to call together the farmers of his township next Saturday and arrange to meet in Jackson Saturday, August 10, and make a permanent organization. The purpose of this organization is to protect the farmer and try to secure for him better prices for his wheat. Judge John A. Snider addressed the meeting, stating that he was in sympathy with their movement. A. J. McGhee was elected chairman and R. W. McNeely secretary.

HUBBLE TOWNSHIP.

The wheat growers of Hubble township are called to meet at Gordonville next Saturday, August 3, to arrange for the county meeting Saturday, August 10, in Jackson.

HENRY TAYLOR,
Committeeman.



You Are Off.

That person or group of persons who say the HERALD objected to what Rev. Worsnop said in a sermon a few Sunday nights since, are sadly mistaken. We did object, and most emphatically, to him talking after an old granny editor (as the Courier calls him), that can't prove a charge he made.

Oh, no, we believe Rev. Worsnop, and every other preacher in Jackson, should fight sin in all its forms. We also attend every meeting in which the preacher announces beforehand that he intends to preach on things that all understand, and every time he hits us we will take it, and that is more than Brother McGuire, or any of his ardent followers will do, at least it is more than they ever have done.

Now, let us say right here, that Jackson has some people and likely some avocations, that are not the best, and so has every town and community. But take Jackson as a whole it has a big majority of good people, and morally, religiously, and otherwise, she is as good a town as southeast Missouri affords. We have here selfish men, jealousy, and a slight lack of public spirit, but we are glad to say we are fast overcoming these things. And we reiterate, prove up or shut up.

What Democrats Are Doing.

The St. Clair County Republican prints a fair resume of what the democrats are doing.

"From the favorable comment by the influential democratic press of the country it is evident that Ohio democrats in state convention last week blazed out a route to be followed by the democracy that is highly satisfactory to it. The platform ignores the national platforms of 1896 and 1900—in short sent the populistic vagaries of those platforms to the bow-wows and endeavored to adopt a set of declarations calculated to appeal to democrats instead of populists. Bryan and Bryanism are ignored in a way that condemns them more forcibly than resolutions could; sixteen to one is not mentioned; silence is maintained on municipal or governmental ownership of public utilities; no mention is made of the initiative or referendum; none of Coin's financial school, nor Coxey's armies and government storehouses for grain. Search as you will and not a sentence can be found that is calculated to further dally with anything with a populist tendency. The fusion populists may as well take it as official notice that they will henceforth have no voice in democratic councils."

Having purchased the J. T. Hindman cistern cleaner and water purifyer for Cape Girardeau county. On account of the push of work on hand we are in a position to deal a part of our territory by townships. Anyone desiring to secure their township can confer with us by mail or in person.

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BOSS RULE and machine politics will not last always in any party.

THE democratic party in Ohio is split wide open. The Bryanites will hold a state convention at Columbus.

THE republican editors of Missouri will meet in St. Louis September 14 to organize for work for the coming campaign.

Edwin B. Giles, of Philadelphia, is another foreign advertiser we have found who will not pay his bills. How do other southeast papers find him?

WE still say that the Cash-Book editor can not, and will not, prove any charges concerning those places to which he is afraid the people will find him journeying.

THE Younger brothers have been employed by P. N. Peterson Granite Works, of St. Paul, for one year as traveling salesmen. They are to receive a salary of $60 per month and expenses.

THE democratic papers all over southeast Missouri are fast adjusting themselves to the gold-bug leaders. When it comes to the test the free-silver democrat will hardly be known in the campaign of 1902.

"NECESSITY," they say, "is the mother of invention," hence this is a good time to vote on waterworks. At least we should "dig" those wells Mc. speaks of. Another month of drouth and there will be no water in Jackson outside of the creeks and springs.

THE Political Review suggests that the republicans name some men for the offices in 1902, and let us think over them. It also suggests that none but good men be put up. This last suggestion should be strictly adhered to. We should put up our best men, men of moral and intellectual worth, for every office, national, state and county.

THERE has never been anything which was for the improvement of the town that the Cash-Book has favored for the past twenty-two years except the proposition to build an addition to our public school last spring, and he had to advocate that for nearly every man, woman and child in the district favored it. Now, since he proposes an artesian well or two for the town we hope the aldermen will permit us to vote on a proposition.

LAST year the school fund certificates of debt cost the taxpayers of Missouri, according to the official figures, $186,990, and there is no prospect of relief from this annual drain. On all the money ever given to the public schools in this state taxpayers are paying interest at the rate of 5 or 6 per cent, chiefly 6. The school fund of Missouri has been used for other than school purposes and is now merely a basis for perpetual taxation.—Globe-Democrat.

One Thing We Know.

Yes, we know and can prove that there are entirely too many men who congregate on the sidewalk in front of the saloons and other business places on the south side of Main street.

Nearly every day and especially on Saturdays the crowd is so thick on this sidewalk that men have to elbow their way through, and women can not get along at all. We believe that if it can be done these men should be made to scatter. They should either stay inside of the place where they do business, from the Cape County Savings bank to Grant & Elbrecht's, or should get off the sidewalk and not obstruct it so no one could pass. For months women have been made to pass on the sunny side of this street and the Cash-Book man who travels this street three or four times a day has never been able to see it.

Rotten, Vile and Vicious.

When such men as Col. Robert H. Kern, in the democratic party, denounce the infamous Nesbit law as a rotten, vile and vicious statute, it is time for the people of the state to realize to what depths the democratic party has descended in the effort to hold the state. The people of St. Louis have been shamefully robbed of their political rights under that law. The state has been saved to the democracy through frauds committed under it. The present governor was not honestly elected. The present mayor of St. Louis was not honestly elected. The city is governed by the democrats today because more than ten thousand illegal votes were counted for the democratic candidates at the April election. To prove this fact in court is impossible because a democratic supreme court has made it so. To punish the scoundrels who had the names put on the registration books, and who manipulated the voting of the names, is impossible. The Nesbit law was made for that purpose. It makes crimes against the ballot box possible and safe. It is a dangerous law, enacted to give a certain element in the democratic party in St. Louis a chance to use their peculiar election methods to return a democratic majority. It was enacted by a democratic legislature and signed by a democratic governor who has stated repeatedly that he was deceived about its character and purpose when he signed it. It was opposed by ex Governor Stone, the acknowledged leader of the democracy of Missouri. It has been sustained by a democratic court. It is rotten, vile and vicious, as Mr. Kern has described it.

The honest people of Missouri will repudiate the party which made such a law, and is willing to accept the fruits of it. It is the duty of the republicans to acquaint the people with the facts and to hold the democratic party strictly to account. Make the democratic leaders—the orators, the editors, the politicians—face the record the party has made. The democrats have gone too far to retreat. Hold them responsible before the people for dishonest politics, and dishonest elections.—Political Review.

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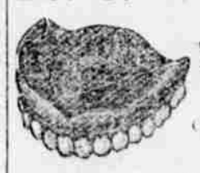

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