



CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Late that afternoon, just after the various trunks and boxes of the Frostas that were to go by the transport were packed and ready, and Mrs. Frost, looking stronger at last, though still fragile, almost ethereal, was returning from a drive with one of her friends, the attention of the two ladies was drawn to a crowd gathering rapidly on the sidewalk not far from the Baldwin hotel. There was no shouting, no commotion, nothing but the idle curiosity of men and boys, for a young soldier, a handsome, slender, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned fellow of 21 or 22, had been arrested by a patrol and there they stood, the sergeant and his two soldiers fully armed and equipped, the hapless captive with his arms full filled with bundles, and over the heads of the little throng the ladies could see that he was pleading earnestly with his captors, and that the sergeant, though looking sympathetic and far from unkind, was shaking his head. Mrs. Frost, listless and a little fatigued, had witnessed too many such scenes in former days of garrison life to take any interest in the proceeding. "How stupid these people are!" she irritably exclaimed; "running like mad and blocking the streets to see a soldier arrested for absence from camp without a pass. Shan't we drive on?"

"Oh—just one moment, please, Mrs. Frost. He has such a nice face—a gentleman's face, and he seems so troubled. Do look at it!"

"Languidly and with something very like a pout, Mrs. Frost turned her face again toward the sidewalk, but by this time the sergeant had linked an arm in that of the young soldier and had led him a pace or two away, so that his back was now toward the carriage. He was still pleading, and the crowd had begun to back him up, and was expostulating, too.

"Ave, take him where he says, sergeant, and let him prove it."

"Don't be hard on him, man. If he's taking care of a sick friend, give 'em a chance."

Then the sergeant tried to explain matters. "I can't help myself, gentlemen," said he; "orders are orders, and mine are to find this recruit and fetch him back to camp. He's two days over time now."

"Oh, I wish I knew what it meant!" anxiously exclaimed Mrs. Frost's companion. "I'm sure he needs help." Then with sudden joy in her eyes: "Oh, good! There goes Col. Crosby. He'll see what's amiss," and as she spoke a tall man in the fatigue uniform of an officer of infantry shouldered his way through the crowd, and reached the blue-coated quartette in the center. Up went the hands to the shouldered rifles in salute, and the young soldier, the cause of the gathering which the police were now trying to disperse, whirled quickly, and with something suspiciously like tears in his fine dark eyes, was seen to be eagerly speaking to the veteran officer. There was a brief colloquy, and then the colonel said something to the sergeant at which the crowd set up a cheer. The sergeant looked pleased, the young soldier most grateful, and away went the four along the sidewalk, many of the throng following.

And then the colonel caught sight of the ladies in the carriage, saw that one was signaling eagerly, and heard his name called. Hastening to their side, he raised his cap and smiled a cordial greeting.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, colonel, we are so interested in that young soldier. Do tell us what it all means. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Frost, I surely thought you had met Col. Crosby—let me pre—Why, Nita! What's—Are you ill? Here, take my salts, quick!"

"No—no—go on—I want to hear where are they taking him?" faintly murmured Mrs. Frost.

"Try to control yourself," said her companion. "I'll tell you in one moment." Meantime from without the carriage the colonel continued, addressing Nita's companion:

"He tells a perfectly straight story. He says he has an old friend who is so desperately ill and out of money—that he got a doctor for him and had been nursing him himself. Those things he carried are medicines and wine that the doctor bade him buy. All he asks is to take them to his friend's room and get a nurse, then he is ready to go to camp and stand for his trial, so I told the sergeant I'd be responsible."

"Oh, thank you so much! Do see that the poor fellow isn't punished. We'll drive right round. Perhaps we can do something. It is Red Cross business, you know. Good afternoon, colonel. Please tell our driver to follow them."

But, to her consternation, no sooner had they started than she felt Nita's trembling hand grasping her wrist, and turning quickly saw that she was in an almost hysterical condition.

"My poor child, I had forgotten you were so worn out. I'll take you home at once—but then we'll miss them entirely. Oh, could you bear—"

"Oh! No! No!" moaned Nita, wringing her little hands. "Take me—anywhere. No! Take me home—take me home! and promise me not to—not to tell my husband what we saw."

CHAPTER XI.

For a man ordinarily absorbed in his own command, Col. Stanley Armstrong had become all on a sudden deeply engrossed in that of Col. Canker. The Frostas had been gone a week via Vancouver—the expedition only about 16 hours—when he appeared at Gordon's tent and frankly asked to be told all that tall southerner knew of the young soldier Morton, now gone from camp for the third, and as Armstrong believed, the last time.

ent, Col. Canker," said the brigadier, with some asperity. "Order him off at once. That's all for to-day, sir," and the man with the starred shoulders "held over" him with the silver leaves. The latter could only obey—and ob-jurgate.

But Canker's knuckles came in for another rasping within the hour. The brigadier being done with him, the division commander's compliments came over per order, and would the colonel please step to the general's tent. Canker was fuming to get to town. He was possessed with insane desire to follow up the boarding house clew. He believed the man who could be bullied into telling where her boarder was taken, and what manner of man (or woman) he was. But down he had to go, three blocks of camp, to where the tents of division headquarters were pitched, and there sat the veteran commander, suave and placid as ever.

"Ah, colonel, touching that matter of the robbery of your commissary stores. Suspicion points very strongly to your Sgt. Foley. Do you think it wise to have no sentry on him?"

"Why, general," said Canker, "I've known that man 15 years—in fact, I got him ordered to duty here, and the colonel bridled."

"Well—pardon me, colonel, but you heard the evidence against him last night, or at least heard of it. Don't you consider that conclusive?"

Canker cleared his throat and considered as suggested.

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and he's a general, a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that, as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and he's a general, a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that, as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and he's a general, a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that, as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and he's a general, a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that, as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and he's a general, a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that, as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and he's a general, a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that, as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and he's a general, a bright idea occurring to him—"you know that, as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Tut, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

Dewey's Gift From the Children of the Northwest

Six months ago Archie Cadzow, a contributor to the children's supplement of The Minneapolis Journal, known as the Journal Junior, suggested to that paper that the children of the Northwest contribute from 5 to 25 cents each to raise a fund to purchase a watch for Admiral George Dewey. Archie Cadzow is a Minnesota boy, living at Rosemount. After due consideration the scheme was revised so as to restrict the contribution in each case to 1 cent that the children of the poor might find it no burden to participate equally in the gift. It was announced that The Journal would receive the money and carry on the enterprise. Then the pennies began to roll in in large numbers. In a few days it became apparent that the Journal would have to have help. Editors of Northwestern papers were appealed to, and as a result 175 of them in Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota and Iowa agreed to become agents for the Dewey watch fund in their respective towns, receiving the pennies from the children and forwarding them by the publication of their names.

A neat certificate, stating that the holder had contributed a cent for the Dewey watch fund, was given to each contributor, and these little certificates were soon in great demand all over the Northwest. Tens of thousands of them were called for the first week and as a final result Admiral Dewey was presented Wednesday, April 25, at 10:30 a. m., at his country home at Washington, a beautiful watch representing the 1-cent gifts of approximately 50,000 children of the Northwest.

Eustis Brothers, Minneapolis jewelers, were authorized to provide a watch and fob according to suggestions submitted by them. It was decided that this watch should be one suited for use, not so ostentatiously rich that its owner would never carry it, and not so complicated with attachments as to be unreliable as a time-keeper.

and perfectly executed by Carter, Hastings & Howe, of New York City, completes the gift of the children. This part of the souvenir is especially ornate. Here, too, the four stars of the admiral are reproduced, this time in the bright gold which is encircled in the ornamental wreath of black gun metal. In the center of each star is set a diamond of the clearest luster. The seal has for a handle an anchor in the black metal, flanked by two dolphins in bright gold with emerald eyes. The face of the seal has the monogram "G. D." in reversed intaglio, suitable for stamping.

Accompanying the watch is a large book, bound in blue morocco, bearing the title, "The Story of the Dewey Watch Fund." In the book, neatly pasted on heavy cardboard, is first a complete story of the raising of the Dewey watch fund, clipped from The Minneapolis Journal, followed by the names of all the Minneapolis children, and by the names of all the contributors throughout the country. The book was taken to Washington by Miss Mae Harris Anson, editor of the Minneapolis Journal Junior. The formal presentation speech was made by Mr. McCleary, congressman from the second district of Minnesota. Archie Cadzow, the boy who conceived the idea of the Dewey watch, enjoyed at the Journal's expense the peculiar pleasure of being present on the occasion of the presentation as the representative of the little people who contributed the tens of thousands of pennies for this beautiful gift.



ARCHIE CADZOW (The boy who suggested the gift.)

Editorial Comment: "Poor old Jones, the grocer, died early this morning," said the village editor's better half. "He's been dead for years." "Been dead for years?" echoed the astonished wife. "Why, what do you mean?" "Just what I said," replied the vicar. "Any man in business who doesn't advertise is a dead one."—Chicago Evening News.

Merely a Suggestion: Husband—What's the matter with the biscuits this morning? Wife—It's the fault of the yeast. It failed to make the rise. "Why don't you use an alarm clock?"—Chicago Evening News.



English as She Is Spoken. Mrs. Brown—Our language is full of misnomers. For instance, I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they called him a civil engineer. Mrs. Smith—Yes, but that is not as ridiculous as the man they call a "teller" in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money Mr. Jones had on deposit, and he just laughed at me.—Collier's Weekly.

Abnormal. Mamma—I wouldn't want no gal ob mine to marry dat Sam Johnson. Dinah—Yo' wouldn't? No. Why, dat fellah am jes' as crazy 'bout dress as a sensible niggah ud be 'bout wathmillions!—Puck.

Due to Anxiety. Guest—Ouch! You've spilled some soup down my neck. Waiter—It's awful sorry, sah; but you see, sah, I's so in doubt if you is gwine to gub me a tip or not, it makes me nervous.—What To Eat.

Alcoholic or Not. Customer—My room is full of rats, and Drug Clerk—Yes, sir. Do you want bro-mo or strychnine?—Philadelphia Press.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Tip van Winkle (waking up)—"Heavens! I forgot to mail this—my wife's letter."—Judge.

The Listener (to himself)—Truly, it's a pity that when nature gives a man a poor voice she doth not give him also a poor opinion of it!—Puck.

"Oh, Edgar! it's delightful, this being secretly engaged and nobody knowing anything about it. All my friends are envying me for it."—Fleegende Blatter.

"What sort of a fellow is Bobbers in a social way?" "Oh, he is one of those idiots who would say 'sweets to the sweet' when he was passing the pickles to a lady of uncertain age."—Indianapolis Press.

Miss Oldmaye—"Charley Lightwaite says that he is deeply in love with me." Miss Caustique—"No nonsense! Charley Lightwaite is too shallow to be deeply in love with anybody."—Somerville Journal.

Citizen—"See here, I'll give you a dime, but I believe you asked me for money only yesterday. Why don't you learn some good business?" Able Bodied Beggar—"I have leached one, sir; I'm a retoucher."—Life.

Guzzler—"Have a drink?" B Jones (who is going slow)—"No, thanks; I've just had a swallow." Guzzler—"But one swallow doesn't make a summer." B Jones—"But it sometimes means an early fall."—Philadelphia Record.

"There is one thing I would like to know," said the savage bachelor. "Is that possible?" asked the sweet young thing at the breakfast-hour, when lovely woman is at her unsexed best. "Yes, I want to know why nearly all these women who have distinguished themselves by a display of brains look so much like men?"—Indianapolis Press.

DESERTED VILLAGES.

Small European Towns That Have Been Left to the Ravages of Time.

It seems difficult to realize that there are in Great Britain whole villages existing to-day wherein is not to be found a single inhabitant. It is interesting, moreover, to trace the cause of such desolation, both in England and abroad, where empty towns are almost ubiquitous.

The public attention was recently drawn to the case of the village of Congleton, on the Macclesfield high road, which consists of over 60 houses and cottages, not one of which is occupied.

But this instance is by no means unique. In county Donegal, Ireland there is a small town in a similarly deserted condition. Over 100 houses go to form it, and the public buildings include a Roman Catholic chapel, a police station and little post office. Yet not one of the houses is occupied! Why? Because of the banshee! The unfortunate little town acquired the reputation of being haunted, and the superstitious inhabitants have one by one deserted the place.

Nor is this cause of desertion unique. Not in Ireland alone, but in England and Scotland, too, there are villages of smaller or greater size reputed to be haunted. Some of these are entirely and some only partly uninhabited, but one and all, they present the appearance of having been branded with a mark recommending man to avoid them.

In the Auvergne mountains of France there are two adjacent villages without inhabitants. In this case ghosts are not responsible for the state of affairs, though. More tangible and material beings have worked the desolation. The villages are the hunting grounds of fierce wolves!

Wolves are by no means uncommon in France. Indeed, the sum of \$5,000 is paid annually to keep down the scourge. The villages in question were particularly infested, as in the entire neighborhood, with the cruel, child-eating monsters, and the ravages of the beasts became so frequent and the death rate from this cause so high that it was decided that the villages were not inhabitable, and the inhabitants moved lower down into the valley, where the wolves were found to be less venturesome.

It would appear that drains are equally as powerful a factor in the desolation of a village as wolves, for several cases have been noticed wherein a bad system of drainage was responsible for the total emptying of a village. One of these cases is reported from Wales, where what had been a prosperous little settlement was vacated after the outbreak of an epidemic fever attributed to foul drains which the people were too poor to have set aright.

In the north of Scotland another village was deserted for the same reason, the inhabitants in this case taking temporary shelter under a series of unused railway arches which they had bricked up so as to form more or less comfortable summer houses. Meantime more permanent buildings were erected by their future occupants.—Pearson's Weekly.

New Excuse of the Fox.

Once there was a wild old fox that was too fond of grapes, and one day, the New Year's of all the foxes, he swore off from eating this fruit lest his embonpoint increase beyond reason and he be called fatty, a term of derision. But his appetite for the luscious bunches grew too strong and he hid him to a grape arbor. A heavy bunch of grapes was hanging high up on the vine. He jumped and jumped, but could not reach them. After he had exhausted himself to no purpose, and he was sure he couldn't reach the grapes he said: "No, I will not eat them. I made a resolution not to do so. What a virtuous fox am I." And he went off to tell his friends about his self-denial. Moral—Virtue is always a comforter; when vice becomes impossible—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The Automobile in South America.

In the enterprising cities of Buenos Ayres automobile carriages are no uncommon sight, in the form both of private vehicles and of delivery wagons. Cycle roads now radiate from Buenos Ayres to distances of 60 and 100 miles in the surrounding country, and under the care of the Argentine Touring club these roads are reserved for the use of bicycles and automobiles.—Youth's Companion.