A FINANCIAL FAILURE.

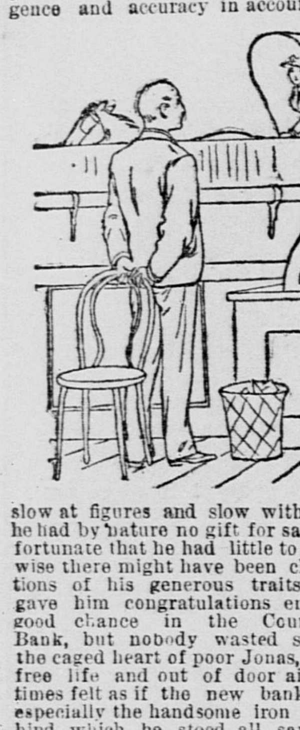
The Story of a New England Wooing.

WRITTEN FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO SUNDAY CALL BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

CHAPTER I.

THE day's business of the old County Savings Bank was nearly done. Mr. Pendell, the Treasurer, and his three assistants were busy making up their accounts. Mr. Pendell was a methodical old-fashioned business man who did most of his writing at a plain, high desk, where he stood leaning on one elbow hour after hour, with no apparent fatigue. As for the three younger men they were seated at more or less ornate roll-top desks. Two of these clerks were Mr. Downs and Mr. Hathaway, reliable accountants and both in the later twenties of their age. At the least elegant of the desks, with his face toward the street, sat Jonas Dyer, a young, good-looking country fellow, whose round face had never known an anxious furrow until he came to his junior clerkship a few weeks before.

He was a poor lad himself as to this world's wealth, and of late had been forwarded in life by an old uncle who was senior Director of the bank. Jonas Dyer's mother was perfectly confident that he would be this uncle's heir, but old Mr. Dyer was of that spirit and temper of mind which sometimes results in large gifts to impersonal tract societies, and Jonas knew that a great deal might depend upon his own diligence and accuracy in accounts. He was



slow at figures and slow with his pen, and he had by nature no gift for saving. It was fortunate that he had little to spend, otherwise there might have been clearer revelations of his generous traits. Everybody gave him congratulations enough on his good chance in the County Savings Bank, but nobody wasted sympathy on the caged heart of poor Jonas, who loved a free life and out of door air. He sometimes felt as if the new bank fittings, and especially the handsome iron fretwork behind which he stood, all savored of the prison, and that during bank hours, at least, he was a sorrowful captive. The other clerks were fond of their surroundings, and recognized, as time went on, a different spirit in their young associate. By some mysterious insight they were aware of the tone that Jonas' mother always took in laying his duty before him. She was a devoted mother, but she loved the exhorting sound of her own voice, and had talked so much to her growing boy that he had become stolidly reticent. Perhaps Downs and Hathaway had found their example in one of Mrs. Dyer's rare visits to the bank, when it may be suspected that she had come in merely to look upon her only son at his desk, trusted as he was with untold gold and on the high road to fortune. There was nobody else there that day on the customers' sidewhen Jonas timidly presented his mother to his three companions. Old Mr. Pendell behaved with courteous dignity, inviting Mrs. Dyer to come in and sit down, while Jonas unfastened the wicket gate for her, and blushing red gave her his own chair. How fast the good woman did talk without knowing it! Jonas went ostentatiously into the great safe to divert her mind and show her how completely he felt at home, trying by the way to escape a direct look at Downs and Hathaway. To tell the truth he was just 20 years old and hardly felt as if he were 16.

"I tell Jonas," Mrs. Dyer was saying, "that there is a good deal to be proud of and grateful for in this situation. I know he's a good boy, if not so quick as some, and I advise him to be attentive and biddable to you, Mr. Pendell, and I want him to be constant at meetin' and avoid worthless associates. I felt very anxious about him when he came away from home. He aint no judgment what to eat—"

Jonas came bursting out of the safe with an expression of agony.

"I guess Mr. Pendell will let you come in and see where he keeps all his money," the poor boy told his mother, trying to behave as if there was a great joke going on. He did not look at the other fellows.

"I tell 'em up our way that there's nothing to prevent your filling your pockets unless 'tis your own honesty," the visitor said, and then happily became speechless as Jonas let her take one hurried look into the gold and silver drawers. He was fond of his mother, but she insisted upon treating him like a boy, and since he had lived in town among strangers he had begun to feel as if he were a man. The call was abruptly ended by the appearance of a friend who had brought Mrs. Dyer to town shopping. Downs and Hathaway shook hands politely with the good woman, and seemed to take pleasure in accepting her kind invitation to come up with Jonas and stop awhile whenever they got leave. But alas! from this call much misery took rise. It was the delight of the older clerks to treat Jonas as if he were both touchingly young and delicate of constitution. They never went so far as to show the slightest disrespect in allusion to or quotation from the anxious mother; they simply adopted her solicitude about Jonas, who was seldom allowed in their presence to put on manly behavior. But if they did not chaff him about this they would be sure to find something else, and so, as they explained his bank work with unfailing patience, our hero bore their chaffing and mockery as best he might and with whatever bravery and unconcern he could muster.

CHAPTER II.

Jonas stood beside his desk, facing the street in a moment of idleness; he was so tall that he could see over the mahogany railing that screened the bank interior from the glance of passers-by. It was cold weather outside and he had a sense of snug warmth and his own privileged position, yet the thought crossed his mind that it would be a good day to go through a piece of woods and mark trees for chopping. There would be no wind in the woods. Somehow he could not get over the habit of planning farm work. At this moment he noticed an ancient covered chaise, which belonged to the elderly farmer who was just arranging his financial business. Mr. Pendell himself liked to attend to some of his old bank cus-

tomers, for there had been days when the County Savings Bank depended upon his services alone, and he was consequently trusted and respected by all the thrifty farmers of the region.

Under the cover of the carriage Jonas did not at first observe a fresh, young, country face. He looked at the shaggy, strong, old horse used for plowing and as a roadster by turns, and calculated the probable age and worth of the good beast before he saw the bright eyes beyond. Then a little thrill of curiosity and pleasure, such as he had never felt before, pervaded his frame. He felt a new sense of wakefulness and cheerful alacrity. The girl in the buggy looked at him as he looked at her; and if the truth were known, the eyes of Jonas were the first to turn away. Hathaway softly reminded him that it was business hours, and Jonas bent sideways limberly into the chair before his own desk. Hathaway rose for an instant to see what was interesting outside, but the pretty girl was in eclipse of the chaise top. "Thinking of buying that colt?" inquired Hathaway, a good deal disappointed, and Jonas vaguely smiled.

The old farmer and Mr. Pendell were conversing sedately. "Aint raised the rate o' interest, have they?" asked the depositor, with a smile.

"Directors think of lowering it another year," reported the cashier. "We can't pay five per cent if we don't get but four. Saving-bank securities come higher every year. Why don't you buy some bonds, Mr. Hayland?"

"The Old County Savings Bank's always been good enough for me and my folks."

"You'd do better with your money by two per cent."

"Jim Hymore struck for eighteen, and aint got nothin' to show for 't. I expect you've heard tell o' his venture, aint you?"

The cashier smiled and pushed the bank-book in its much-thumbed envelope over the counter, and Mr Hayland took some time to put it into a deep inner pocket and to button his coat over it. "Well, I've got my savin's where they'll be earnin' a little somethin'," he said, after his usual custom on such occasions. "There'd be more this time, but we're fixin' up the meetin' house, an' wife thought she ought to do same's others. Well, I don't know but I felt the pleasure o' bein' able to gratify her. Good-day."

"Good-day, sir," responded the cashier. "Give my respects to Mrs. Hayland."

Jonas longed to take another look before the buggy was driven away, perhaps forever, but he was afraid of Hathaway.

"Who was that old gentleman, Hathaway?" he made bold to inquire, but Hathaway only scuffed an angry foot for answer and began again at the foot of a long column of figures.

"That's Joel Hayland. He lives eight or nine miles down Oak Hill way; a good comfortable farmer and as honest a man as I know." Mr. Pendell himself spoke warmly, and Jonas felt as much pleased as if he were listening to the praise of one of his own family.

Just then old Mr. Hayland and his daughter were going out of town, well wrapped against the chilly wind, which unluckily was well astern of the covered chaise.

"We shall have it nice an' comfortable goin' home, shan't we, Love?" asked the farmer. "Did you get all those things your mother wanted?"

"Yes, sir," said Love. "Seems to me there's something I haven't remembered, too. "Who was it in the bank?" she added.

"Mr. Pendell, the cashier, a nice good man he is—wanted to be remembered to your mother."

"Oh, not Mr. Pendell; I know him," protested Love; "a younger man, I mean."

"I don't know's I really took notice. There's two or three of 'em, a young Downs has been there a number o'years. Mr. Pendell gets right up whatever he's doin' an' tends to me himself. They say he don't do it for everybody."

"'Twas a tall, young-lookin' fellow," Love Hayland continued persuasively, but the old farmer shook his head. He had taken note of no one but his old friend, the cashier, and so home they went along the winding road through the snowless winter country. It was after Thanksgiving, and Mr. Hayland was two or three weeks later than usual with his semi-annual deposit. Although the northwest wind was behind them, the father and daughter were glad to find themselves in their own warm kitchen again. It was almost night when they got home. The day had been short and bleak, but Love came in with rosy cheeks and dancing eyes and a heart full of pleasure.

"I have had a real good ride," she said, "haven't you, father?"

"'Twas pleasanter than goin' alone," said the plain man with unwonted gallantry. "I don't know but I like the road full as well in good weather. Mr. Pendell was civil and accommodatin' to me, same's he always is, and sent his respects to you, mother. I see Abel Foster on the street, too, and he was glad to see me, and they meant to ride up to see us if that long spell o' rain hadn't hindered 'em. There wan't many on the street, 'twas a bad day."

Love looked at her father with surprise.

"I suppose you got me that set o' knittin' needles?" asked Mrs. Hayland, after looking over all the packages that had been brought in.

"I declare, I forgot all about 'em, mother," said Love. "I left them till the last thing, because we had to come by the store again and father was in a hurry to get his bank

business done. I got into the chaise after I did the other errands and—"

"Dear heart, 'taint such a great matter," said the kind little mother, with a sigh that Love could not hear. "Somebody'll soon be going again."

Presently Love disappeared and took off her best woolen dress, and came back in a comfortable old one; but she had lingered to tie in a piece of red ribbon for a cravat, and she had looked out of the bed-room window toward town to see if she could discover the reflection of the new electric lights. The sky was very cloudy and dark, but she was pretty sure that a dim glow lighted the heavens in that direction. When she came down into the kitchen her father and Jacob Bean, the hired man, were already at supper. Love looked uncommonly pretty, and they all noticed her. The father and mother stole a pleased glance at one another.

"Seems to me you've taken a good while to change your dress," said Mrs. Hayland, gently reproachful.

"It didn't seem long to me," answered Love honestly. "I didn't know how late 'twas when we got home, it gets dark so early now. Why, I forgot so many things I've thought of buyin'. I shall have to go again quick as I can" (with a little blush).

"Come, draw up and have some o' this good warm supper, child," said the father. "I think the road's too plaguey rough to drive over again until snow comes." If you'd bought much more I shouldn't had a cent left to leave with Mr. Pendell."

"They weren't all my things," said Love. "Mother, I don't know but I ought to have me a new winter suit after all. Mine seemed to look a little past when I got among folks."

"I thought it looked pretty when you come down ready to go. 'Tis the bother o' getting it made," said the busy little woman. Love was still young for her age, and had never settled down into careful womanly ways, though she was already 19.

CHAPTER III.

Jonas and Mr. Pendell were alone together in the bank one February morning. One of the other young men was away at his brother-in-law's funeral and Hathaway had been sent to Boston on a financial errand. Jonas wished that he could have had the variety of a journey to Boston. Sometimes he felt as if the irksome confinement of his business were telling upon his health and spirits; but he looked perfectly well, and unsympathetic friends still congratulated him on his excellent opportunity. The odor of bank bills became more and more unpleasant to him, and once or twice good Mr. Pendell had felt obliged to urge him to greater quickness—not accuracy, for our hero was much to be trusted in his figures. His patron, the rich uncle, looked at him approvingly from under his shaggy suspicious eyebrows, as he went or came about his business or the bank meetings. Jonas lived with this uncle, who was a bachelor, and there was always plenty to do night and morning in the matter of household work, the housekeeper being amiable but decrepid, and the uncle held the opinion that a lad should be made to work as he had worked in his own youth. Jonas was naturally of a domestic turn, and only varied his life now and then by occupying a back seat at an evening meeting. In the bank he sometimes felt important, and was upborne by the dignity of his position, but out of bank hours he was simply a clumsy country fellow, unused to town life. He often looked out of the bank window to see that old horse from Oak Hill, but he was never fortunate, though the two bright eyes that looked from under chaise-top still shone like stars in his thoughts.

Mr. Pendell was very busy that morning, and when the door was opened he nodded to Jonas, who had been busy paying and receiving all the morning. As the young man rose he saw the safe horse of his dreams fastened to a post in front of the window. There was an old high-backed sleigh now, with two good buffalo robes and plenty of bright straw. Jonas recognized the qality of the straw, and that a most uninteresting looking man held the reins. But the back door was opened, and when Jonas turned there stood his pretty girl. He blushed and she blushed, and they stood looking at each other, but Jonas' business habits stood him in good stead. He reached for the bank-book, which was timidly proffered, but he dropped it twice and struck his head on the edge of the counter in trying to pick it up. Mr. Pendell looked up impatiently, and that made things worse. The bank-book was issued nineteen years before, and the only amount credited was a sum placed to the owner's credit when she was a baby by the old aunt for whom she was named. Interest had been added from time to time so that the $100 was now a comfortable little sum. Love pushed a small roll of bills under the grating. "I want to put this in, too," she said, and Jonas dipped his pen and made an entry of the date and counted the money afterward and set down the amount.

"There's some back interest due you, but Mr. Downs isn't here to-day," said Jonas.

"Father said I could leave the book and call for it some other time. I shall have more to put in next month. I'm keeping school."

They blushed again. Hathaway had returned by an earlier train than was expected, and just then entered the bank, but nobody noticed him, though Hathaway was quick to see the blushes.

"Wont it put you out if I leave it?"

"Not at all," said Jonas, with truly a grand air. "It's our business. Much snow down your way?"

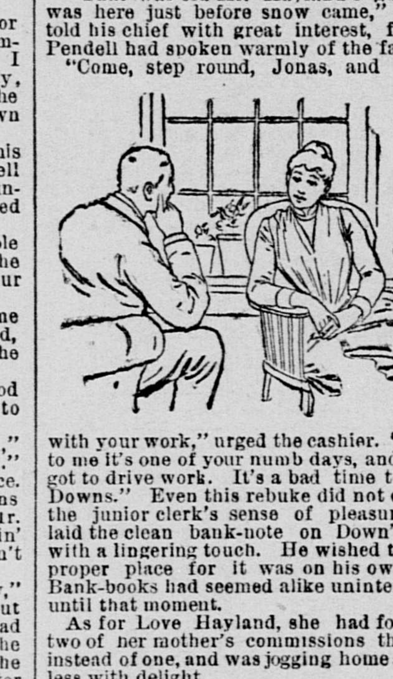
"A good deal," answered the pretty girl, still blushing, and then they almost looked each other in the face again, but were happily saved the embarrassment.

"Is that all?" asked the girl, with touching deference, and Jonas said that it was all, but they both felt as if there was something more, and Love tiptoed out to the empty world of the sidewalk.

"You'd better go out an' untie her horse," suggested Hathaway affectionately, but by means of this jeer Jonas gained one look after the fair depositor, and reassured himself of her good looks, and that Jacob Bean, the elderly hired man, was not to be feared as a rival.

"That was old Mr. Hayland's girl that was here just before snow came," Jonas told his chief with great interest, for Mr. Pendell had spoken warmly of the farmer.

"Come, step round, Jonas, and get on



with your work," urged the cashier. "Seems to me it's one of your numb days, and we've got to drive work. It's a bad time to spare Downs." Even this rebuke did not destroy the junior clerk's sense of pleasure. He laid the clean bank-note on Down's desk with a lingering touch. He wished that the proper place for it was on his own desk. Bank-books had seemed alike uninteresting until that moment.

As for Love Hayland, she had forgotten two of her mother's commissions this time instead of one, and was jogging home speechless with delight.

There was stormy weather late that winter, and the roads were drifted, then there came a long season of rain and thaw, while Love's book lay unclaimed in the safe. At last she appeared one Saturday morning in March, when the sun was shining like May, and the crows were thick and the road nearly bare of ice and snow all the way to town. It was the first day that seemed like spring and winter clothes were already too heavy. Spring was in the air and spring was in Love Hayland's look as she rode in the old chaise at her father's side and waited while he tied the horse to the stone post in front of the bank. Then they went in together, the girl had no idea of letting any one else do her business there.

Jonas had seen them drive up and was in a flutter of anticipation. He had the bravery to elbow Hathaway aside from the counter. Mr. Pendell and Joel Hayland were exchanging their usual friendly jokes and compliments. Joel had sold some of his young stock and had come to town with the money. Mr. Pendell retreated presently to his high desk to make up an account of some sort, but active business still went on between Love and Jonas. It took a good while to credit her with that $20 for her month's school keeping, and to display and explain the unexpected amount of interest due her in arrears. Then there was a moment of silence except for the scratching of Hathaway's pen.

"Was you ever to Oak Hill?" Love asked Jonas, sweetly, in the hearing of all present.

Joel Hayland turned with sudden alarm, and took a good look at the junior clerk before he had time to speak. "I expect you're old Jonas Dyer's nephew by your looks. I heard you were in the bank some time ago, favor your uncle some I see. Yes, call in if you're over our way. 'Taint so pleasant now as it will be later on, but the roads settlin' fast. Good day, Mr. Pendell, much obliged to you, sir." The father and daughter departed and Jonas was conscious of that within him which would oblige him to knock down anybody who presumed to smile. As he turned round, however, nobody was smiling, there was an aspect of self-restraint and pious gravity about both Hathaway and Downs; Mr. Pendell was in the safe, and if he openly laughed it was inaudible to the young men outside. Jonas knew that misery was in store for him and fairly writhed at having been supposed to resemble his uncle. That close-fisted gentleman was perfectly unendurable of late, and our hero determined not to live like a toad under a barrow any longer.

There were no end to the jokes that the two clerks made that day, but none of them had any reference to Oak Hill, or Jonas' journey in that direction. In one way the simplicity of Love's question had been a little painful, asked in public as it was, and yet he forgave the lack of maidenly reticence, for the sake of a delightful permission won from the father himself. Uncle Jonas was perfectly capable of leaving all his money to the cause of foreign missions and disappointing his poor and worthy relatives of various degrees, but Jonas was glad to have the indorsement of such relationship.

"Was you ever to Pelham Four Corners," Hathaway asked Jonas as he came in next morning, but Jonas answered yes so meekly as he hung up his coat, that the allusion was pressed no further.

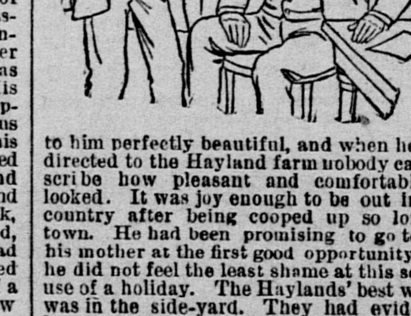
"When I was up to my brother-in-law's funeral this winter, I heard that there was a man by the name of Waters paying attention to the girl of Mr. Hayland's," said Downs, the head clerk. He was a soberminded man that, Hathaway, and seemed to speak truthfully. Jonas' heart stood still.

"Was there? What kind of a man is he? She's a pretty girl," said Hathaway.

"A kind of a seeking widower," answered Downs. "She's younger than he, about forty-five per cent and didn't favor him at first, but he's well off and the old folks help it on. Their farms join, I believe, and 'twill be a good thing all round. I was kind of surprised when they asked a good-looking fellow like Jonas to call. You'd better not make any trouble, Jonas; but perhaps it's all settled and the old gentleman felt safe."

CHAPTER IV.

The next Sunday afternoon Jonas, out of his limited means, hired the smartest single turnout at the best livery stable in Dartford and drove toward Oak Hill. It was like April overhead, but the mud was deep under foot and he had to walk his impetuous steed the greater part of the way. The day seemed



to him perfectly beautiful, and when he was directed to the Hayland farm nobody can describe how pleasant and comfortable it looked. It was joy enough to be out in the country after being cooped up so long in town. He had been promising to go to see his mother at the first good opportunity, but he did not feel the least shame at this selfish use of a holiday. The Haylands' best wagon was in the side-yard. They had evidently been to church in the morning, and now, for the first time, Jonas' heart began to beat in an awful and even retarding manner. He could not tie his horse's hitch-rein as it should be tied. The knot worked wrong, and he grew redder and redder and did not dare to look up at the house windows. Then the door opened and hospitable Joel Hayland came out and welcomed him and they went into the house together. There was Love in her Sunday dress, as pretty as a pink, and Mrs. Hayland was motherly and good-natured. She had heard about Jonas from somebody who lived neighbor to his mother, and knew what a good, steady boy he had always been, and that he was doing well in the bank now; nephew and namesake, too, of rich old Jonas Dyer of Dartford. "We should be pleased to have you stop to supper, Mr. Dyer." She invited him kindly, but Jonas thought he ought to get back early. When he turned and looked at Love, however, he forgot time and space, and though they proceeded to speak at length of the state of the roads, he felt himself to be entertained indeed, and the last of the long spring afternoon flew by on the fleetest wings.

There was a very fresh little fire in the prim best room. Others might have found the wide low-storied kitchen a pleasanter and more airy place to sit, but Jonas and Love had already reached that stage of interest which demands seclusion, and there they sat until the sun was low. It was not art that allured them in the shape of a portrait of Daniel Webster and the landing of the Pilgrims on the parlor walls; it was not luxury, for the hair-cloth sofa had stiff springs and sloped forward at a strange angle. What they talked about was also of secondary consideration; it was enough for Love that she talked to Jonas and for Jonas that Love listened to his words. When they came out, trying hard to appear as if it were an every-day visit, Mrs. Hayland stood at the side of the window after parting with the blushing young visitor, and remarked significantly to her husband:

"Joel, just as sure's you're born them two's goin' to keep company."

"Let 'em have it their own way, they're both good child'n," answered Joel with a sage smile.

Before the spring work began at Oak Hill Jonas announced to Mr. Pendell that he meant to resign his situation, and gave no reason for so doing. Mr. Pendell, who knew the reason from Joel Hayland himself, laid the serious matter before the Directors on Monday morning. Jonas had not brooked his uncle's wrath at home by making a declaration of his ingratitude in proposing to leave so promising a financial career. The old man twisted himself about in his chair, and looked very black at the first moment of surprise. Then Mr. Pendell said that he had some sympathy with Jonas' decision. The boy was willing and honest and did the best he could, but he was not made for bank work. He was after Joel Hayland's girl over at Oak Hill, and the old folks needed a young, smart man on the farm—it was a good thing all round.

"That's where the young dog's been going every Sunday then," said old Mr. Dyer, the uncle, with unexpected approval and sympathy. "They're good folks, and he might have done worse for himself. If Joel favors the match, I'll take hold and give Jonas a little start. I wont have anybody saying that the favor was all on her folks' side."

There was an amiable grumble of applause from the other Directors, and the busy cashier at once proposed a sale of bonds which were reported shaky but rising in market value, and so the great question of the junior clerk's future was quickly solved. The young couple were married in early planting time, and however it may have appeared to the other people, for them it was ever a miraculous and wonderful thing that they had fallen in love at first sight, and that their thoughts had been always of one another, even while one was in the bank at Dartford and the other far away at Oak Hill.

That autumn Mr. Joel Hayland dreaded the long cold drive to town, and sent the young people to that bank with his stout pocket-book. Jonas had persuaded his father-in-law to make a safe investment in some county bonds and went inside the bank railings, to do a bit of writing. As he rose from his old desk he caught sight of Love well wrapped and looking for him expectantly out of the old chaise. Their eyes met as they had met once before, and Jonas knew that she was his wife now, and yet he was still shy, she did look so pretty and so strange, not like anybody else. Perhaps the year was all a dream!

Hathaway was standing close by. Hathaway began to look a little old and blurred in the face, like a worn silver-piece, and not so quick and gay as he used. He longed to say. "Was you ever to Oak Hill?" but Jonas had flocks and herds now and wide acres were under his rule, though he was only 21, he was looked upon as a stable citizen and one of growing influence. Perhaps his size was in his favor; at any rate the senior clerks had already more than once declared that his room was better than his company in the bank, he seemed some days to take up the whole floor.

"Call down and see us, boys," said Jonas, pulling on a new pair of great fur gloves. "You, too, Mr. Pendell. 'Twould please Father Hayland right through. He was anxious I should make his respects to you. He's got some first-rate cider tapped. Well, come when you can, any of you. Good-day."

"Clever boy," said Mr. Pendell; "feels more comfortable where he is, doesn't he?" and at this the two clerks smiled assent.

"Jonas was never cut out for anything but a farmer. He feels crowded anywhere except in the open field," said Hathaway, bending over the neat pages of his great ledger.

Jonas and Love were driving out of town with the new horse, as fast as the law allowed.

"My!" exclaimed Jonas, "it came over me when I was in the bank how I saw you setting out there that first day. I don't suppose you cared any to speak of about me, but I knew I hadn't got to look further."

"I'm not going to tell you again about that day," said Love, laughing at him. "You know, now, just as well as I do. There never was two before that had less doubts; I feel sure of that."

"Aint it first rate that folks can get married?" said Jonas soberly. "I never thought anything about it till I come to want you. Now just think o' there being a law o' the State that folks that wants each other can have each other for good an' all! It seemed queer when I begun to think about that."

"Don't you remember how I forgot mother's knittin' needles that very first day?" asked Love shyly. "I didn't even know what your name was, and now here we are riding home together."

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The next novelette will be "Updegraff's Double; or, A Practical Joke in Cold Blood," by Ingersoll Lockwood.

AT LONG RANGE.

How Wars in the Future Will Have to Be Carried On.

The increased range and rapidity of firing of rifles, machine guns and artillery, together with the presumably approaching adoption by all armies of a comparatively smokeless and noiseless powder, cannot but produce on tactics an effect so great that it is difficult to define its limits. The range of artillery is now for all practical purposes only restricted by the power of vision. Till recently it has been thought that it was of little use firing at a greater range than 2500 yards. Last year experiments at Okehampton showed, however, that about one out of seven common shells could be pitched at a distance of 3300 yards into a square with sides of fifty yards at an unknown range, which turned out to be 3300 yards.

Prince Hohenlohe zu Ingelfingen lays it down that the first artillery position may be about 3800 yards. I myself think that if the best glasses obtainable be given to a battery, and if the atmosphere and ground be favorable, it will be possible to fire with fair effect at large bodies of troops at distances exceeding 4000 yards, say with a range of two and a half miles. Hence, unless protected from view, troops will be compelled to quit column of route soon after reaching a point three miles from the enemy's artillery. If this be so with the columns on the march, it is evident that it will be necessary to prevent the enemy's guns taking up a position within three miles from an army encamped or bivouacked before order of battle can be assumed.

It is true that the increased range and rapidity of rifle fire will enable the infantry outposts to render it difficult for gunners to serve their pieces with accuracy at less distances than 1200 yards; still, even a couple of batteries would be able, however much harassed, to drop into the camp or bivouac some three or four shells per minute with sufficient precision to cause confusion among the horses. Besides, the weak line of pickets might soon be driven in by a mounted infantry escort of the hostile guns. Hence it will generally be indispensable that in future the first serious line of resistance of the outpost troops—in most cases the line of the reserves—shall be two miles, at least, from the main body, and stronger than hitherto. Not less than that interval will also have to be left between the head of the main body and the rear of the reserves of the advance guard.—Colonel Knollys in the Forthightly Review.

American Nobility.

On a certain occasion some years since half a dozen titled ladies were in the anteroom of the German Empress by appointment. Her Majesty was engaged for a time, and the audience was delayed beyond the limits of ordinary patience.

At last one of the restless group remarked in French to her neighbor that the prolonged wait was growing irksome, all the more so to her personally because it had been her good fortune to be born in America, where the routine of court etiquette is unknown.

To her surprise the lady addressed replied that she also had been born in this country. In a few minutes others joined in the conversation, and it was discovered that the whole company without exception, though members of that privileged class known in Europe as the nobility, were native Americans.

It was a unique incident.—N. Y. Herald.

Did Not Understand Irish.

A story is told of a certain Mayor of Cork who headed a deputation to the late Emperor of the French and commenced an oration to his Majesty in what he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the Emperor, after he had listened to the speech with much patience, "English I know fairly well, but I regret to say I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language."—Cork Examiner.

FUNNY STORIES TOLD BY BARNUM.

Solomon's Wisdom Is Echoed by the Veteran Showman.

There Is Nothing New Under the Sun—Even Jocose History Repeats Itself—Rev. Mr. Barnum and the Broken Vases.

P. T. BARNUM is a man who believes in placing himself before the public in some way or other, so that the people may know that he is still in the land of the living. His latest idea is writing funny stories for the newspapers. In a letter to the New York Herald he writes: "The stories I offer have at least this freshness—they are told in my way and they are not to be found in the magazine article or in my book."

Following are a few of the stories he sent to that journal:

In a small village near Syracuse in New York the clergyman of the only church there was taken suddenly ill, and the congregation were anxious in regard to finding a substitute on the following Sunday. At last they remembered that a namesake of mine, the Rev. Mr. Barnum, who had formerly been a popular minister, but was then a thriving farmer, lived a few miles away. They sent a messenger to ask him to preach for them on the occasion. The whilom divine said he had not preached for several years, but to accommodate them he would come over and do so next Sunday. The ladies of the church, wishing to pay him extra attention and compliment him in such a way as laid in their power, obtained a couple of tall china vases, and filling them with flowers placed one on each side of the cushion of the pulpit. The farmer minister was unaccustomed to such decorations, and probably scarcely noticed them, as he had plenty of flowers at home. After a hymn had been sung he rose to make a prayer and as he said, "Let us pray," he closed his eyes, and, swinging his arms right and left, accidentally knocked the two vases of flowers off the ledge and they came crashing down some twenty feet upon the floor. The congregation, who had already closed their eyes and bowed their heads, hearing the noise looked up to discover the cause, while the old clergyman, with much surprise, looked down upon the shattered vases, and feeling probably that the congregation were thinking of the pecuniary loss they had sustained by the accident, he quietly remarked, "I can pay for them," and proceeded with his prayer.

A neighbor of mine in Bethel named Eleazer Taylor was one day telling my grandfather about an extraordinary dog which he owned. Said he: "I can send that dog into the field, tell him to drive in the sheep or the cows, or my horses, and he invariably makes the selection indicated and brings the right ones in. He is really the most intelligent dog I ever saw. Of a cold morning when our cook is preparing the breakfast in the fireplace and placing the dishes of food on the hearth to keep them warm, that dog will be close by them and never take a mouthful." "There is a dog in town that would," replied my grandfather, much to the indignation of Uncle Eleazer.

NEGRO QUOTATIONS.

The colored population of the Southern States, who are mostly ex-slaves or the children of slaves, are a very excitable and enthusiastic class upon religious matters. Years ago comparatively few of their preachers could read, but having had the Scriptures read to them so much they got the New Testament by heart, and some of them gave such stirring sermons and prayers as served to excite their illiterate hearers and sometimes to throw numbers of them into convulsions. One of these colored preachers in a Southern town was celebrated for his quotations of Scripture and the fervent manner in which he delivered his discourse. On one occasion while preaching he said: "Bredren and sisters, you remember the account of Paul when he was preaching to a great congregation the house was so crowded that one poor woman fell from the upper gallery a distance of 40 feet on the hard floor and was broken into a hundred pieces." He stopped a moment to think of some text that would apply to this sad accident when he exclaimed: "And they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full!" The effect of this quotation seemed so striking that he tried to cap it with another appropriate one from Holy Writ, and he edified his congregation by making it in these words: "And whose wife shall she be in the resurrection?"

LOT'S WIFE.

A clergyman was called on to go down to a country village a few miles away and preach a sermon. He did so, and took for his text, "Remember Lot's Wife." Two years afterward he was called again, the minister being absent, to come down and preach a sermon. He put his hand in the barrel and drew out the first one that came handy, and put it in his pocket and went down to preach it. As a singular coincidence it proved to be the same sermon that he preached before. When he rose and read the text, "Remember Lot's Wife," a man in the congregation called out, "We haven't forgotten her since you were here before."

A sensational preacher died some years ago. Often in the excitement of his preaching he would work himself up to such a degree that he would occasionally shed tears, which had a great effect on his congregation. After his death his sermons were examined by his executors, and it was frequently found in some of his most exciting sermons that he had inclosed in brackets the words "Cry here."

A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

A drunken man in Washington was endeavoring to find his way home late at night, but often stumbled and fell. At last he ran against a fence, and holding on to it said, "Begorra, that's a good thing. I can manage now I have got the fence to hold on by. He continued his walk, holding on to the fence, until he had got into a great perspiration and the exercise had sobered him. He then found he had been about sixty times around the big monument.

A hatter in Bethel about fifty years ago had a dozen workmen in his employ. One day, on going into the village store, where several of his neighbors were, he said: "The hatting business has been dull for five years. I have lost 25 cents on every hat I have made during that time."

"Why don't you quit the business?" he was asked.

"How the devil am I going to support my family if I don't do something?"

NOT ALL CHESTNUTS.

A man setting out on his travels in America left his trunk or portmanteau on the sidewalk waiting for the expressman to take it to the railway station. His name was marked on a card, which was nailed to the lid of the trunk. It had formed one of a pack of playing-cards and was the six of spades. A passerby remarked, "That trunk is in a very dangerous position." "How so?" questioned a friend. "Because some chap might come along with a seven-spot of spades and take it."

A lazy fellow working on a farm seemed to be carelessly looking about for something. A fellow laborer asked him what he was looking for. He replied: "I am looking for my hoe, and by gosh I am afraid I shall find it, for if I do I shall have to go to work."

A Bridgeport (Conn.) man sent a fine dog by the freight train to a friend in the country at a small town West. On the way the dog ate the label which was attached to his neck.

The consternation of the freight-handler equaled that of my friend, Ammi Jones, who was very forgetful and who always put his name in his hat. Taking up a hat similar to his own one day no name was visible, when he exclaimed: "Am I Jones or am I not? If not, who the deuce am I?"

An indifferent singer engaged in singing at a concert had not finished the first verse of his song before he was violently hissed by the audience. "Hiss away," he quietly remarked, "I am used to it."

BERLIN'S EXCHANGE.

The First Public Structure in the City Built of Stone.

In Berlin, the city of the Kaiser, one of the sights, in an architectural way, is the

THE NEW EXCHANGE.

new Exchange Building. It stands in full view of the National Gallery, across the Spree, and has the honor of being the first public building in the city that was built of stone instead of the customary brick covered with stucco.

Its exterior is imposing in the extreme, with its long rows of columns, its grand proportions and the groups of marble statuary upon its roof. If the stranger gains admission there during business hours, from 12 o'clock noon to 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he will behold a scene strongly reminding him of the Stock and Gold Exchange of New York, only the theater of action is upon a larger and more impressive scale. The hall is 250 feet long by 50 in breadth, and the walls are lined and arched with variegated marbles or their semblances. The Grain Exchange occupies one-half, the Money Exchange the other half of this immense room, separated by columned arches. Visitors view the animated, exciting scene from a gallery circling around the whole building, and the surging, struggling crowds of eager contestants for the prizes of trade can never be forgotten by one who has witnessed the scene.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BEFORE THE SKIRMISH.

An Episode of the Battle of Mud Creek in Virginia.

IT was a bright September day in '62 that two friends—Jim Dodd and Bob Sykes of Company C of one of the regiments of Ohio Cavalry—sat on the field of Chantilly. Jim raised his head and said:

"That was a narrow escape you made t'other day. I thought those fellows had you sure. I cannot understand how you managed to get out, or how you captured that officer. How did you do it?"

"You're a case," laughed Bob, "I could no more have gotten away from those fellows than I could fly but for you. The officer captured himself; he ran right into me.

"Don't you remember that battery which stood on the hill over yonder? When we charged it the line gave way before the guns and we broke and skedaddled. Don't you remember my horse becoming unmanageable from a shell wound in his neck and him carrying me straight ahead after the line had broken? Didn't I dash right straight into the middle of the battery? Well, did anybody follow me? Nobody but yourself would or did, and if the artillerymen had had so much as a scythe they could have cut me all to pieces. You were the man that helped me then, and if you don't know how, I'll tell you that."

"I really can't see how I did more than my duty," replied his friend.

"I want you to understand that it is'nt your duty to get killed for anybody; it is bad enough to get the dose for yourself, but there is no sense in running into a danger when it can be just as well avoided. A man hasn't good sense who does it."

"Thanks," was Jim's interjection.

"I could have easily been overpowered while I was in that battery," Bob went on, "and I would have been no doubt, had it not been for you. You caught my horse when he had thrown me; your saber protected me until I mounted; you rode like the mischief and braved the canister which they showered on the line when it fell back. In brief, you saved my life, but at the risk of your own."

"That's all right," laughed Jim again. "I didn't lose my precious carcass and I didn't mean to. When the line broke we were within one hundred yards of 'em; the guns were firing at point-blank range and I was in that little cut there. I had no idea where you were until I saw you galloping like a madman to their lines. I knew it meant something, but by the time I got around the line had melted away and was a thousand yards to the rear. I knew that the cannoneers would elevate their pieces, so I started for the battery and got there just in time. There was no trouble about it."

"Well, upon my word, Jim! you look at this affair as if it was the most commonplace incident in the world. I can tell you that the Captain is going to report it to headquarters."

"No, he wont," remarked Jim, decidedly. "I asked him not to."

"The mischief you did!"

The two friends sat a few minutes in silence, then Bob spoke.

"Jim, you are the most bull-headed man I ever saw."

"Look a here, Bob," said Jim. "I only want to say this: Suppose it had been mentioned at headquarters, and suppose it had come out in general orders, and suppose the folks at home would have heard of it—as they undoubtedly would—how would mother and the girls feel? They'd have gone crazy!"

The affair seemed to strike Bob in a new light. "By heavens," he said slowly, "that's so. If the women folk were to know every fool trick we played there'd be no comfort in the life at all, would there?" As he spoke "Boots and saddles" sounded.

Soon a long line of cavalry was crawling along the road in the direction of Mud Spring.

Who of all the soldiers who were on that memorable field now remember the scenes of carnage and death, the charges and counter-charges, the hairbreadth escapes of a bloody but fruitless fight? Who remembers the gallant charge of the Ohio cavalry on the Fourth Virginia, when it was nip and tuck which of the splendid regiments should reach the ford first? Those days are long since passed.

On swept the gallant Ohio men, the men shouting, the horses dashing in wild disorder, trampling those who fell beneath their iron feet. Sabers gleamed in the sunlight; carbines in hand the men, in bare heads, with hair flying in wild disorder, each struggling to get first place among the tangled mass, as they flew toward the goal. Now the Virginia regiment, cheered by some little encouragement, makes a half wheel and envelops the opposing force in their mad embrace; then, as if by some hidden power, the Yankee regiment rises in its might, the Virginians are flung back, the cheer dies away from their lips and is taken up by the victors and the lines of each form and form again, only to be broken. Now it is victory for friend; now for foe; now the two lines become so thoroughly mixed that it is impossible to tell which has the advantage; but they diverge once more.

See the little cluster of men who have become separated from their companions—they are of both sides—how they run their horses and fight with the saber! Their carbines are empty; it is a hand-to-hand combat and the sides are equal in number. Bob Sykes is among them; so is Jim Dodd, and now they have singled out their men. It is a fight to the death. Bob has had one man nearly unhorsed, while Jim is flying after another; they become separated and are hid from view by a copse of trees only to appear again. But where is Jim? Bob has unhorsed his man and brings him in. But the enemy have gained the ford, and the recall is sounded from our lines. Gradually and reluctantly the pursuers withdraw and the foe is left to himself.

The affair of Mud Creek was over. It was a victory. We had won the ground, but alas, at what a price! The dead and dying lie on every side, and Bob looks in vain for his friend.

In a shady little nook down by the creek lies a body in the blue uniform of a cavalryman. A bullet wound marks his forehead, and the body of poor Jim Dodd lies where no friendly hand shall mark his grave. His name is dropped from the rolls, and on the margin of the last report is written the simple word, "missing."

Bob served his time out, but he was never the same man after Jim was missing. He would often say to his Captain: "There is no life so lonely as a soldier's who has lost his chum."—Philadelphia Times.

Frocade, Fernand and Cie.

In Paris: Mr. Boomer of St. Louis, Mo.—I would like to see Mr. Frocade.

Clerk—I iz grieved to zay zat Monsieur Frocade iz not in.

Mr. Boomer—Mr. Fernand will do.

Clerk—Monsieur Fernand iz gone to Marseilles.

Mr. Boomer—Well, tell Mr. Cie that I wish to see him.—Jewelers' Circular.

A LIEUTENANT'S COURAGE.

Account of a Terrible Encounter With the Sioux Indians.

Rescuing a Child From Murderous Savages—The Difference Between Cold-Blooded Stoicism and Real Nerve.

IT had been a day of great excitement at Fort Laramie. A train of emigrants had been overtaken by the Indians just beyond Crow's Nest, and the whole party, with the exception of one, a boy of 6 years of age, had been scalped by the savages. Everything belonging to the party had been seized.

The Indians had again and again crossed the Platte from the reservation, making raids on farms and ranches in the vicinity, and then recrossed with their plunder in safety. To report them appeared to be useless. A few weeks before a party of Indians had broken from the reservation, had crossed the western line, scalped several teamsters, taken their horses and made for the line. A band of troopers chased them to the reservation, but the agent was powerless to make their arrest.

The outbreak at Crow's Nest threatened to be more serious than any before it, for according to the reports the Indians were swarming up the valley, and no one could tell what further depredations they would commit unless prompt action were taken.

A guard must be sent to the ford, the only place below the fort where the river can be crossed, to prevent the renegades' return to the reservation. This would require all the force the fort could muster, for the garrison was in a pitiable condition. A part of the force had been sent to Fort Fetterman, and communication with that post was impossible, for the savages had cut the telegraph wires.

Of the men remaining at Fort Laramie a large proportion were unfit for service. Sickness had broken out at the fort, due to severe weather.

So it was a sad state of affairs which confronted Major Merrill as he sat in council with his officers late in the afternoon. He himself had fallen a victim to that scourge of soldiers, the rheumatism, and could move only with the aid of a crutch. Active service was out of the question for him.

A hurried rally revealed the fact that but fifteen troops were fit for duty. These the Major placed under the command of Captain Lane and Lieutenant Selden, with much misgiving, however, for Lane was hardly able to serve, and the Major had not much faith in

THE LIEUTENANT'S BRAVERY.

Some weeks previous one of the men had met with an accident which made the amputation of an arm necessary. Selden had been called upon to assist the surgeon in the operation. He had made himself useful at first, but when the doctor's knife had cut through the flesh and he had begun to sever the bones Selden fainted.

"Just like a girl," the Major remarked. "What sort of soldier will he make? There can be no nerve in such a man. He'll get scared at the paint on the savage's faces and faint. He'd better be sent home to his mother."

In the Major's eyes such a weakness was almost a crime.

The story had been carried from mouth to mouth, and told with added embellishments until the Lieutenant became known as the young man who fainted at the sight of blood, trembled at the appearance of a savage, and was altogether a coward.

So Selden, who though he could not in cold blood see a man cut and slashed, was very far from being a coward, had every reason to welcome this scout. He had been at Laramie but a short time, and had as yet seen no active service. Possibly when he came back they might have a different opinion of him at the fort.

Twilight found Captain Lane, Lieutenant Selden and their little command at the ford ready to dispute its passage, with the returning Indians. The moon, rising presently, lighted dimly the slopes and swales along the river. In a little valley beneath two ridges a shadowy group of horses cropped the thick bunches of buffalo grass. A yard or two to the right their riders, dismounted and in cavalry overcoats, huddled together as if for warmth. Out on the ridge a picket guard of three men lay on the ground.

An occasional stamp of a horse's hoof or an impatient snort broke the silence, and now and then the coyotes set up their yell. Another sound, soothing and ceaseless, was heard, too—the rush of the swollen Platte over the rocks and gravel of the ford.

The detachment had come down from the fort early in the evening, taking care to keep under cover of the ridges as much as possible. With a scrutiny of the southern entrance of the ford Captain Lane satisfied himself that no Indian pony had crossed since the morning. He posted his lookout on the ridge, hobbled and half-lariated his horses, and cautioned his men to rest on their arms and not throw off belt or spur.

Lieutenant Selden went up the ridge to join the outlying picket. The command knew him at least for a keen-eyed fellow and a splendid shot.

The long night hours had dragged out their length, and the dawn gradually broadened until the river could be seen rolling along in a soft, misty gleam, when the Lieutenant, lying gazing at the scene, was startled by the voice of Brown, the trooper by his side.

"LOOK, LIEUTENANT, LOOK."

Over to the southwest, dimly visible, three or four shadowy objects darted over the distant ridge that spanned the horizon in that direction. For a moment they were revealed against the sky, and then could be seen, faint and far away, sweeping down the valley and making for the river just above the position of the outpost.

Indians beyond question—the advance guard of the main body; but instead of approaching the ford by the most direct line these scouts were loping northward of the point where the picket was lying, and were pushing for the stream. Selden saw their object.

"They've made a dry camp durin' the night," said the trooper, "and are p'intin' straight to git to water with their ponies."

Selden knew better. He knew well that in several of the ravines on their line of march there was plenty of water at that season of the year. He knew that they would not approach the ford directly until they had reconnoitered. Both in front and rear they were watching for cavalry, and were now dashing over to the Platte to peer across the skirting bluffs, then to scurry down into the bottom to search for footprints. If they found the well-known trail of shod horses in columns of two it would tell them that troops were already guarding the ford.

"Run back, Brown, and warn the Captain," Selden commanded. "I'll stay here and watch them."

The trooper crept swiftly down the slope. As they saw him coming the men led their horses into line. The Captain had one foot in the stirrup when the trooper reached him. Brown's hand went up in salute.

"Lieutenant's compliments, sir. Three or four bucks are galloping over the river above us looking for our tracks."

"How far above us?"

"Nigh onto a mile, sir.

"MOUNT! FOLLOW ME!"

Captain Lane rode at full speed up the valley, heading close under the bluffs, with the troopers at his heels.

Selden saw both parties in the gathering light; the Indians slowly and cautiously beginning the ascent to the bluffs, and the Captain and seven of the troopers riding hard to get first to the scene. He saw Lane and five of his men leap from their horses, toss the reins to the two who remained mounted, and, carbine in hand, come nimbly up the bluffs and throw themselves on the turf.

Several hundred yards away from them four Sioux warriors, with a brilliant display of paint and glitter, were "opening out" as they approached, and warily moving toward the summit. One instant more and there was a sudden flash of firearms at the crest.

Two of the warriors went whirling away in a wide, sweeping circle; the other two were the victims of their own unusual carelessness. One of them, clinging desperately to the pommel, but reeling in his saddle, urged his pony down the slope; the other plunged forward and lay stone dead upon the ground.

But at the echo of the carbines, popping up from across the ridge a mile away there came whirling into view a score of Sioux horsemen, sweeping down in broad, fan-shaped course at the top speed of their racing ponies, yelling madly and lashing their horses. Three minutes more of that gait and the Captain and his little squad would be surrounded.

"Mount! mount!" shouted Selden to the remaining troopers, as he turned and rushed down the slope.

"Lively, now; don't wait for me!"

The little troop swept away like a flock of quail. Selden and his picket-guard were in the saddle in an instant and

IN FULL PURSUIT.

They were not a moment too soon, for both above and below the Captain's position the Indians had swept upon the ridge and taken him in flank. Without the prompt aid of the additional men now rushing up he would have been surrounded almost in an instant. On and on came the eight troopers. The Indians, marking their coming, circled out to right and left, seeking to follow their old tactics of a "surround."

Selden did not heed their maneuver. It was his aim to get at close quarters with some of them. One after another of the nearest Indians took hurried shots at him.

Revolver in hand, he rode straight at a tall savage on the ridge in front of him. Twice the Indian fired, but the bullets missed. There was no time to reload, and the Indian ducked quickly over his pony's back and strove to lash him out of the way.

Just then, and just as the young officer received a wound from the other direction, he dashed full upon the Indian and his mount, and troop-horse, pony, soldier and savage all rolled over in a confused heap upon the turf.

The Indian was first on his feet and limped away, for no Indian willingly faces a white man steel to steel. Selden staggered to his feet and brushed the dust and clods from his eyes. Then, with a quick dash of his arm, he fired with his revolver on his antagonist just as the latter turned to aim. There was a sudden flash and report, and the Sioux uttered a loud cry, threw up his hands and fell.

Another Sioux, dashing to the rescue, suffered the same fate.

The troopers had the advantage now, and were hemming in the savages. Selden had mounted again and wheeled about preparatory to descending the slope and rejoining his comrades, when something in the valley opposite attracted his attention.

About 200 rods away he discerned a little knot of Indian horsemen, before invisible in the gray light, standing guard around a group of wagons and horses, which evidently they had stolen from

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN.

They had probably been slowly moving from the night camp so as to be nearer the ford and yet remain out of sight.

A sudden thought struck Selden. Dismounting, he stripped off his military hat and coat, replaced them with the war-bonnet and blanket of one of the dead savages, and, mounting the Indian's pony, rode cautiously toward the wagons, keeping within the shelter of the bluffs till within about thirty rods.

It was as he supposed and hoped. In the rear wagon a child was lying, and his captors, three in number, were talking excitedly. Undoubtedly it was the child taken from the emigrant train. One of the Indians had apparently returned to report the progress of the encounter on the opposite side of the ridge. He made angry motions in the direction of the unconscious child.

What is to be done with the boy was evidently the point in discussion. The first savage took a forward step, flourishing a large knife. The others nodded approval. He leaned forward in his saddle and lifted the child, one hand clutching the boy's curls, the other raising high the knife.

The Lieutenant contemplated the picture only a second. Digging the spurs into the pony's sides he dashed toward the Indian group. His disguise deceived them for a moment—long enough to enable him to get a shot at the man with the child. The Indian fell, and as the riderless pony galloped down the valley Selden reached the wagon, seized the child and placed him on the pony before him.

Before the others had recovered from their consternation he swept past them and made for the Captain's party.

By this time the Indians had seen the deception, and with a yell they gave pursuit, lashing their ponies at every bound. Selden urged his now nearly spent pony to the utmost, holding the child closely, but his pursuers gained on him at every step.

Wounded as he was, and encumbered with the child, Selden could not reload, and must depend on his pony for rescue. The little creature strained

EVERY NERVE IN THE RACE.

Selden reached the crest, the scene of his first encounter, and came in sight of the troopers. Captain Lane prepared to give him a hostile reception. Selden saw this and tore the bonnet from his head and raised his hand in salute. In an instant he was recognized, and a cheer went up from the soldiers.

He was safe now, for the Sioux had been completely overcome without the loss of a soldier, and with few wounds. The two pursuing braves were easily overpowered.

The Captain lifted the child from the horse, soothed him, and assured him that he was among friends.

The frightened boy's story was learned from him with difficulty, little by little. He had, with his father—his mother was dead—left Illinois with a party of people who were going to make new homes in the far West. His father had gone on ahead to prepare shelter, and expected to return and meet the boy at some point further on.

This much they gathered from the little fellow's incoherent story.

"And then," he continued, "the Indians came and killed them all but me, and took me away, I don't know what for. Why don't father come?"

The boy, with his head on the Captain's shoulder, broke into a fit of sobbing that moistened the eyes of the rough soldiers. There was little hope that the father had escaped.

"Come, cheer up, my little man," said the Captain; "we'll try to find your father."

He ordered his men to form in line and face about. They took up their march to the fort, and the captive Indians were sent under guard back to the reservation.

Meantime Major Merrill and several of the men who were just able to carry a musket had stood guard over the fort, fearful that the savages, if they should be victorious at the fort, would

ATTACK THE GARRISON.

After the day had fairly set in, the watchers were gladdened by the sight of a squad of cavalry coming from the direction of Fort Fetterman. Fearing trouble with the Indians, and learning of the sickness at Laramie, the commander at Fetterman had ordered these troops to return, and had sent with them food and medicine for the sick.

As they approached the sound of hoofs was heard, and Lane and his party whirled around to the front of the fort.

Selden advanced with the child in his arms. Suddenly a ranchman who had come with the detachment from Fetterman rushed toward them, and the child, seeing him, screamed at the top of his voice:

"Father! Father!"

The man clasped the boy in his arms, and a long, loud cheer went up from the soldiers, while military caps were waved in the air and the ladies of the post shook their handkerchiefs.

"Three cheers for Selden!" shouted Captain Lane.

The cheers were given by the excited crowd.

The stranger grasped the Lieutenant's hand again and again as he thanked him for saving the life of his child at the risk of his own. Selden, for his part, would gladly have slipped away, and was, indeed, preparing to do so when Major Merrill hobbled forward, and leaning on his crutch, held out his hand. His voice was earnest and manly as he spoke:

"I was wrong, Selden; I have learned to appreciate true nerve. I—"

He stopped short, for Selden, weak from loss of blood and feeling the reaction from excitement, staggered forward. A mist seemed to rise before his eyes, and, with everything swimming before him, he reeled and fell.

But from that hour, as he was nursed back to health and strength, he was the hero of the fort. Every man in the garrison, from the commandant down, had learned to distinguish between cold-blooded stoicism and real nerve.—Youth's Companion.

The Cost of Dinner Giving.

Nothing is more expensive than modern dinner giving. The viands that go to make up a modern dinner are all costly, the decorations demand a considerable expenditure and the present custom of serving a number of fine wines makes away with a very large amount of money. Four or five dinners a week means an outlay easily of $1000, and this sort of thing, taken in connection with the maintenance of an establishment at Newport and the other legitimate expenditures of a family in society to carry it through the year, knocks very large holes in $60,000 and soon sweeps it away. The case here referred to is valuable as illustrating the extravagant tendencies of the times and the legitimate outcome.—N. Y. World.

A VOICE FROM THE RAIL.

Manufacturers of The Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure:

GENTLEMEN:—Having been in the railroad business, a conductor, for years, I contracted very serious disorders of my kidneys and bladder. I was getting weaker daily, and did not leave my bed for three months; also was despaired of by my doctors. I was lucky enough to hear of your GREAT SIERRA KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE, and sent for one bottle, as you well know, I have used five bottles and am now out, around and able to attend to my work. Your valuable remedy has saved my life, and to you I owe my heartfelt thanks. Yours truly,

EUGENE GUY,
With Leek Glove Co., 521 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Sold by all druggists.