DEWEY'S GLORIOUS VICTORY.

A YEAR ago, when the smoke of battle rose from the surface of the Bay of Cavite, when nothing remained of the proud Spanish fleet but a few smoking hulks of junk—some so far beneath the waves that they will remain, there to rust and rot forever, others still burning and sending up a reek of smoke, not of battle, but of abject helplessness and surrender—this republic of ours sprang at one bound from a naval power of the sixth class to an acknowledged equality with the most powerful on the globe. The name of George Dewey, some time of Vermont, had been placed along with those of Drake, Nelson, De Ruyper, Collingwood and Farragut.

When Dewey, theretofore almost unknown, hoisted the signal to "Remember the Maine" the American jackies took it to mean the same as the words of Nelson's famous sentence. They cheered the flag and cut loose with a smothering fire which made it impossible for the Spaniard to serve his guns with any accuracy. When the fight was ended the Spanish fleet was not surrendered to the victors; it had ceased to exist. The commander had little to surrender but himself and the few remaining uninjured men under his command. The victory was a glorious one and was won without damage to the victor. Six men in all that fleet received injuries, the most serious being a broken leg.

When day dawned in Mirs bay, a little land-locked inlet on the eastern coast of China, thirty-five miles north of Hong Kong, on the morning of April 27, a mist hid the face of the sun. Heavy banks of clouds covered the gray hulls of the fleet resting at anchor there for the coming of the news of the outbreak of war. A cold drizzle soon came to add to the discomforts, to increase the gloom of the anxious watchers. Every moment of delay meant so much grace and so much preparation in Manila. Would the news never come?

Morning mess had hardly been sounded when a sudden call to quarters roused every man aboard ship. A faint smudge of smoke had been made out at the mouth of the bay. Was it a tug with the important news, or had the Spaniard anticipated the Yankee? Men sprang to their positions, guns were scaled and everything cleared for instant action should it be needed. Up to the gray Olympia steamed the little vessel, which proved to be the long-looked-for tug. Consul General Williams went aboard the flagship and soon the signal was bent on the halliards calling ship commanders to a conference with the commodore.

Soon the signal was seen to up anchor and drop in the wake of the flagship. Out steamed the Olympia, followed in turn by the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston in one line. Abreast of the flagship the little cutter McCulloch steamed on, followed by the Nanshan and Zafiro in the second line. The formation for the descent upon Manila had been made. No matter if it did rain, another kind of rain would soon envelope that little fleet of warships. Silently, in regular order, with a way of but six or eight knots, the fleet put to sea.

Then a strange ceremony was enacted on the decks. Each crew was piped to general quarters. When all had assembled the executive officers stepped to the front and informed officers and men that the commodore directed that the proclamation of war issued by Spain be read. Slowly and impressively the words were read. Then hearty cheers rose on the heavy air as the men dispersed to their several positions. On speeded the vessels, now divested of almost everything needless in a hot fight. Six hundred miles away was Manila, but who could tell where Montejo and his fleet might be lurking?

What land is that to the south and east? That is Bolmoa cape. It is a part of the island of Luzon. Manila is on that island. See it is about six miles off. It is a bright morning, this April 30, what will to-morrow be like? One thinks of the green shores and broken headlands of the south Atlantic looking at that dim line off there. See the Boston and Concord have put on steam and are far in advance. What is their mission? They go to explore Subig bay. The don may have a vessel or two there and if so he can come up behind and smash the transports Nanshan and Zafiro. The commodore will smash him first.

Hot, hot beyond belief. The vessels roll lazily along, seeming to make no way. At this rate it will be late in the afternoon before the inhospitable shores of Corregidor are sighted. Now the Baltimore gets up speed and disappears in the wake of the two gunboats which have gone forward as scouts. It needs her big eight-inch guns to add to their lighter ones to give the possibly waiting enemy an object lesson. Big guns count in naval warfare now; just wait and see until the clash when the hostile armadas meet. But what of the rapid-fire guns, the little fellows? Good to keep off torpedo boats; they won't be needed. Wait and see.

The afternoon is long and very hot. Why so slow? Manila is but thirty miles away. See, there is Subig bay and there the smoke of one of the scouts, or is it that of a hostile vessel? Scarcely the latter, or we would have heard the guns. The scouts will not give in without a hot fight, mind you. Here come the Boston and Concord; that is the Baltimore behind. What? Stop the engines? Yes, the old man wants all commanders to come aboard to consult. So here off Subig the fleet must lay until the final plans are adopted. All right, as well here as anywhere else.

Six o'clock and once more under steam. Battle ports are taken out and all lights aboard ordered extinguished. The line is taken up as before, the Olympia leading and the Boston closing the main line. Only a single light gleams from the sterns that the following ships may not foul the forward ones; that is all. Down upon the entrance bears the fleet in two columns as before. Sailors in groups with here and there an officer move about the decks like ghosts in the fading light. They are uneasy ghosts, too, for they are full of the coming of fierce battle. Night falls, grim and dark, so dark that even the hulls of the ships are lost in its impenetrable gloom. But 400 yards part them, yet one cannot see the vessel in front, nor the one directly aft.

Quietly, with not a sound on board, the fleet approaches the entrance to Manila bay. The old man has determined to pass Corregidor, the dreaded island which guards the entrance, to the south. What does he care if the passage be mined and filled with torpedoes, he will pass the island in the secrecy of darkness or fight his way by if need be. He goes to Manila to fight the Spaniards and such little things as mines and torpedoes will not stop him. He does not send in the little gunboats to blaze the way and hunt for torpedoes—a duty they might well undertake from their lighter draught—but he leads the way with the biggest ship in his command. The huge Olympia, with over 1,000 tons greater displacement than any other vessel in the fleet, is in the van and the old man is on the bridge.

The Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Concord and Petrel are well beyond the island as midnight chimes. The Boston and McCulloch are still under the fire of the land batteries on either side. Success for the commodore's plan of slipping by in darkness seems certain. But just as this thought enters the mind a column of fire rushes from the funnel of the little cutter. For a couple of minutes it hisses and roars, then subsides. The after 3-inch gun is manned and loaded, and the crew stands by to fire, but no shot comes from shore. Once more upward shoots that column of flame. Over on the shore a light flashes for a moment and then!

A flash of fire, a puff of white smoke and a shell screams over the little cutter. The order to return the fire is about to be given, but is withheld for a moment. Once more the dull report is heard and once more a shell flies over the little vessel.

"After bridge, there," calls the commander of the Boston.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Clear away those after turret guns."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Silently but for the sharp words of command the men work on the big guns. Cartridges are sent home, breech locked and the officer reports all ready. Then comes the order to fire. Out from the muzzles spring the first big shells of the battle of Manila; the war has commenced in earnest. But the projectiles do no damage on either side and soon the lines of ships are out of range, seventeen miles from Manila. All hands go below and take a sleep, for in the morning we fight the don.

Day dawns clear and bright May 1. The fleet is standing past Cavite for Manila, looking for the enemy. While the men are waiting for the morning mess call the Spanish fleet is seen snugly ensconsed in behind the arsenal. The Reina Cristina is in front. The Castilla is nearly abreast of her and is protected by barges so shells cannot pierce her sides. So the don was ready. Well, so much the better. Although the Americans are four miles away a puff of smoke comes from the forward turret of the flagship of the enemy and the fight commences. Dewey turns the prow of the Olympia sharp to starboard and bears directly down on the enemy. The cruisers and gunboats follow in order excepting the Boston, which steams in toward the point and engages a shore battery. Not a shot is fired in reply as the vessels still steam rapidly toward the enemy. Shells are shrieking all around them.

At last the Olympia sheers up and crosses the line of fire. The commodore, sedately standing on his bridge, still preserves his reputation for placidity and silence. In the conning tower Captain Gridley peers out at his superior in an agony of desire to get into action. When the line has swept almost clear across the admiral—he flies the flag of that rank—turns to the impatient commander of his flagship and remarks slowly: "You may begin as soon as you are ready, Gridley."

"Aye, aye, sir," is the grim response. The words are scarcely spoken until the big eight-inch forward guns belch forth flame and smoke. The battle of Manila has commenced, although it is the hour for early mass on shore. But above the roar of the huge guns comes an incessant rattle as if a thousand drums were beating the double drag. What is this and what does it mean? It is the rattle of the rapid-fire and secondary batteries on those ships. On the flagship the main battery can be fired only deliberately. Men cannot handle the enormous shells, so steam winches are used. But the Petrel and Concord, with their small-bore guns, can fire with dazzling rapidity. The smaller calibers on all the vessels in the fleet are hot at work, sending out a continuous hail of projectiles.

A six-pounder shell is not big to look at, but it travels nearly as far as a six-inch. When it reaches its destination it expands into a peck measure of hurtling missiles, busily looking for victims. Over into those vessels of the don these peck measures are bursting at the rate of several hundred to the minute. Small wonder then that he is unable to handle his guns with any degree of accuracy. Slowly the American ships move in the form of a wide ellipse. Turning, they put their port batteries into action, giving the boys on the other side of the vessels a rest. But it is but a brief moment, for once more the starboard batteries swing into range.

Thrice the ships wheel in the ellipse, drawing ever nearer to the enemy. Flashes of fire are seen emerging from hatches on several of the ships of the latter. At 1,500 yards the American fire riddles the enemy. The Cristina steams out to ram the Olympia, but, receiving the concentrated fire of the whole fleet, is glad to retire to cover. As the attacking fleet turns to steam out and take a rest the Olympia pumps an eight-inch shell into the flagship of the don and rakes her fore and aft. The huge fabric goes up in smoke and flame as a magazine explodes, rending her into pieces. Dewey draws off his ships after two hours' fighting to take account of damage. In all that fleet after these two hours of fierce conflict none is hurt. In all the crews but six men have been injured, not one dangerously. A marvel in sea fighting has been accomplished and a nation scorned and reviled is now feared by all, for she has a navy and men who can fight it.

A couple of hours resting that the men might breakfast follows the first battle. Then the little Petrel, which had dodged in and out, fought at short range with vessels superior in weight and armament, flashing here and there, is sent in behind the arsenal where her heavier consorts cannot go. In goes the stanch little craft while the others resume the battle. But it is no longer a battle, for the enemy, though brave and defiant, has been so fearfully crippled that longer defense is fruitless. But for a couple of hours the shells hiss and explode over the sunken, burning remains of the Spanish fleet. Then again the Americans draw off. By noon the fighting is all over, the opposing fleet utterly wiped out and not a vessel of the Americans injured above or below.

No commander ever put to sea with the purpose of seeking a fight who did not expect to get a run for his money. Dewey did not underestimate the strength of his enemy, for he sailed slowly and took every possible precaution all the way from Hong Kong to Cavite to avoid surprise. His daring has never been excelled, for he dashed into a narrow channel commanded on both sides by heavy land batteries and mined throughout its extent, as he supposed. That this was not so takes nothing from his fame. He did not know it. Had it been true he in his flagship would have been the first victim of what a few have been hardy enough to call his recklessness. But to fight he must get within striking distance of the enemy. His passage of Corregidor under cover of night was but a proper precaution to avoid possible crippling before meeting Montejo.

What a difference in the estimation of the world of the republic of America between sunset of Saturday, April 30, and the dawn of Sunday, May 1. As the ships drew near the mouth of Manila harbor the world watched with eagerness, fearing and some hoping that the daring American commander would be whipped. He attacked a force stronger than his—on paper—and could at best, the critics said, make it a drawn battle. But with the smothering fire of his rapid-fire guns, the accuracy of aim for which Americans on land and sea are noted, he bore down on the Spaniard and not only won, but annihilated him in less than half a day of fighting.

That battle changed the face of the globe. That battle taught the scornful lords of Europe with their enormous military and naval establishments, to respect the starry banner. With fewer ships than most other nations, a few Deweys and a few such men behind the guns as fought at Cavite, would be formidable opponents to the mightiest fleet under sail. Nations fell over each other in their desire to express their wondering admiration for the man who dared and the men who executed under his direction. To be an American was no longer a thing to disguise in cafe or playhouse over the ocean. It was to be courted and flattered by those who once likened a Yankee to a pig. The battle of Manila is a landmark in history for the study of the nations of the earth.

THE HERO OF MANILA.

THE STAY-AT-HOME.

There's dress an' hood to buy f'r Jane,
  A pair o' pants f'r John,
A whole outfit f'r Buster Bill,
  An' winter's comin' on.
    But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
      Jis laughs, an' never knows
    That all on earth she has to wear
      Is ole made-over clothes.

There's books to buy f'r them at school—
  It makes a pore man sick
To hear 'em holler "joggafy"
  An' "mental 'rithmetic."
    But, thank the Lord! the stay-at-home
      Is not so hard to please;
    Jis gits the fam'ly almanac
      An' reads it on her knees.

An' writin' books an' drawin' books—
  They never seem to think
How much it costs to buy sich truck,
  An' pencils, pens, an' ink.
    But little Nan, the stay-at-home,
      She knows her daddy's pore;
    Jis gits a charcoal pen an' writes
      Her lesson on the floor.

There's boots to buy f'r Buster Bill,
  An' boots to buy f'r John,
An' shoes f'r Jane an' ma an' I,
  Till all my money's gone.
    So Nan, the last, the stay-at-home,
      Is left to do without;
    Jis wears her home-made moccasins,
      An' crows, an' crawls about.

'Pears like that all I rake an' scrape
  Won't hardly satisfy
The pressin' needs o' Bill an' John
  An' Jane an' ma an' I.
    But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
      Is full o' sweet content;
    Jis cuddles up in daddy's arms
      An' never wants a cent.

—Century.

THE MIDDY'S CAPTIVE

I.

"BLUBBERING won't do any good; you had better report the matter to Captain Wilson at once," said the navigating lieutenant of her majesty's ship Triumph, as he gazed quizzingly down at the chubby-faced midshipman who stood in such comical dismay before his superior officer. "Come with me; I'm going to his stateroom now," the speaker added, not unkindly, as he noted the lad's evident distress.

"I'm not blubbering, and I don't care if he does stop my leave!" indignantly responded the youngster, drawing himself up to his full height.

"What is it, Stuart?" inquired the captain, as the twain entered his cabin.

"I merely wish to say that we are ready to get under way whenever you please, sir; but Robson has a report to make," said the lieutenant.

"Not seasick yet, I hope?" ejaculated Captain Wilson, ironically. "Well, I'm listening."

"Please, sir, it's the 'First Lord;' he's bolted! He ran off while we were shipping the soft tack—I mean the bread!" incoherently stammered Robson.

"The 'First Lord' bolted with the soft tack!" exclaimed Wilson in astonishment. "What does he mean, Stuart? Who's the 'First Lord?' Is the boy a raving maniac?"

Lieutenant Stuart had perforce to explain that the cadet, being in charge of a boat sent ashore to ship provisions, had lost one of his men—an able-bodied seaman answering to the name of West, but who was, by reason of his superior bearing, nicknamed by his companions "the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Charley Robson meekly endured the reproaches of his commander, who was a stern martinet, and made no allowance for youthful inexperience. "But at any rate," mused the young fellow, when he was at length dismissed, "he said nothing about stopping my furlough." And then his volatile spirits threw off the recent discomfiture as only youth knows how to, while his thoughts wandered far away to that pleasant country home in Surrey, with all its attendant attractions, from which he had been separated for one long year. And if among the dream faces conjured up there was one which eclipsed all others, the fact should not cause undue surprise.

The usual steps taken to secure the arrest of the deserter were of no avail. His description was circulated by the police throughout the country, and all the majesty of the law invoked to capture the runaway, but the man disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He was of a strangely reserved nature, mixed but little with his companions, and had evidently once occupied a far superior station in life.

There was one person, however, who did not forget the runaway. Robson often in imagination ran the scoundrel to earth.

Little did Charley Robson imagine as at the commencement of his long-deferred leave he lounged in a first-class smoker on his way to Guildford how soon, or under what strange circumstances he would meet the villain of his melodrama.

"And you have come home; Alice will be able to resume her interrupted country walks," said the mother of the youthful sailor next morning. "But of course," added she, addressing the girl, "Charley has not heard of your latest admirer. I don't know whether the girl's nerves are out of order," continued Mrs. Robson, "but she declares that a strange man has been following her about during the last few weeks although no one else has ever caught a glimpse of him."

"I shan't be afraid of any loafers while Charley is with me," responded the maiden. "In proof of which, he shall convoy me for a walk now." And Alice Westerne buoyantly danced off to array herself for the proposed jaunt.

The eyes of mother and son followed the girl with a wistful look as she quitted the room.

"I suppose nothing has been heard of him?" queried the latter.

"No! Your father thinks there never will be. Doubtless Sir Richard died abroad, believing to the end that he was a murderer."

"And Allie is still ignorant of her father's sad history?" queried the lad.

"Yes. We have decided not to say anything to her until she is of age, unless some contingency should arise, such as your obtaining a sublieutenancy, and being of the same mind as you are now."

Robson colored at the hint delicately conveyed by his mother, and so well understood by himself. To see their only son mated to their ward was the dearest wish of Admiral and Mrs. Robson, yet they had the good sense to restrain the impetuosity of the youthful couple until both arrived at years of maturity.

II.

With the course of true love running thus smoothly, and the crisp, frozen ground under their feet, the twain started upon their ramble.

With buoyant steps they breasted the "Hog's Back," from which favorite vantage ground a splendid view of the surrounding country could be obtained.

"Yes, there's the dear old Towers," said Alice, "where I should be living now if the pater had not died."

"You've found another home," whispered Charley, "and other parents."

"I know that, dear," responded the girl. "But you cannot imagine what it feels like to have one's birthplace given over to ruin and decay, and to know one hasn't a single living relative. Only to think I cannot even visit my father's grave, because he died in some far-away outlandish place!" Then, with returning vivacity, she added: "Don't you remember that day in your school holidays when we walked over there and rambled through the disused rooms? How we thought there was a ghost in the hall, and ran all the three miles back home without once stopping?"

"I should just think I did," said the young officer. "You caught a chill through being overheated, and the governor said he would make a tailor of me for being such an idiot."

"You wouldn't be afraid now?" queried the girl.

"No fear!" laughed her companion. "Life on a man-of-war soon knocks all the fear of spooks out of a man."

"Let us pay another visit, then!"

A sharp walk soon brought the twain to the rusty lodge-gates of Westerne Towers.

"How dreary it looks!" said the girl. "I wonder if that scullery window is still unfastened?"

Charley tried, and to his surprise the sash slipped up without difficulty. "It's a case of gentlemen first this time," said he, stepping through the aperture. "Come along, tomboy. If you're not careful you'll tear your dress. The window's no bigger than the lubber-hole of a brig."

The casement being negotiated in safety, together they wandered through the cobweb-festooned rooms of the once palatial residence. Ascending to a second story, Robson carelessly threw open a door of a room which faced the landing. Here an unexpected sight met their gaze. Sitting before a wood fire was an elderly man, contemplating the flames with a ruminant air. At the sound they made he turned his face toward them and started in alarm.

The next moment the youth was across the room and grappling with the stranger. "You villain!" he panted, "I've got you at last! Run, Allie, bring some one quickly! I can't hold him long; say he's a deserter from the navy."

The trembling limbs of the girl failed to carry out his behests as she stood fascinated, watching the unequal struggle, which was speedily ended. Youth and agility were no match for the sailor's sinewy arms, and in a short time Robson was ignominiously pinned against the wall.

With lowering brows and eyes, which boded no good to his captive, West stood staring at the lad as if undecided what to do with him. Then, catching sight of the pale face of Alice, who was petrified with horror upon recognizing in her companion's antagonist the man who had so persistently dogged her footsteps of late, his own features assumed a softer expression, and he muttered: "It is kismet!"

After a pause of breathless silence the ex-sailor, addressing his captive, said: "You are not so muscular as was your father in his youth, young fellow. The Charley Robson that I knew would never have allowed an old man to get the better of him; but let that pass and come to the crux of the matter. You want to arrest me for deserting from the navy. Very well, you shall, if you still wish to after hearing what I have to say."

Releasing the grip upon his would-be captor, the elder man, in a strangely cultured voice, addressed his auditors.

"Years ago," said he, "I was known and respected in this neighborhood, a man of substance, and a member of the diplomatic corps. Unfortunately, in my official capacity, I became embroiled in a quarrel with a political opponent, and, as was more common even fifteen years ago, the result was I had no alternative between fighting a duel or being dishonored.

"Not to make a long story, my adversary and our seconds journeyed to Guildford with me late one night, intending to setle our differences at daybreak, on the following morning. With the courtesy that such affairs demanded, I offered the whole party hospitality for the night.

"From the moment my head touched the pillow until I was awakened the next morning my mind was an entire blank, but judge of my horror when, essaying to rise, I found the bedclothes dabbled with blood, and at the foot of my couch a gory hunting knife belonging to myself. Simultaneous with my horrible discovery the servant found the man I was to have fought lying foully murdered.

"Although conscious of my innocence, I dared not face the inquiry which was sure to follow, as who would believe my own theory of the matter, which was simply that I committed the terrible act in my sleep, as from childhood I had been subject to attacks of somnambulism. Hastily caressing my infant daughter, the only pledge left me by my departed wife, I left the house like a felon and fled the country, and it was hunger for a glimpse of my dear child's face that has worked my undoing. My faithful secretary connived at my escape, and subsequently sent me the news of the charge of the willful murder against Sir Richard Westerne. Yes. You will be able to deliver up to justice a more important person than the deserter West. My devoted retainer Burton, who assisted me at such great risks to himself, is not here to help me now. He is dead."

"He was a villain, Sir Richard!" cried Robson, in wild excitement. "It was he himself who killed Lord Marcus, and artfully foisted the blame upon you in order that you should not discover his defalcations. My father possesses his dyiny confession to that effect."

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the baronet. Tottering to the nearest chair, he buried his face in his toil-worn hands. Silence reigned in the room for a few intense moments. Then Sir Richard, feeling a gentle hand upon his shoulder, looked up into a sweet but still scared face and two half-frightened gray eyes.

"Daddy, dear," Charley heard a tremulous voice murmur softly as he stole from the room. * * *

Powerful friends at the admiralty soon glossed over the delinquencies of the seaman West, and Sir Richard Westerne once more assumed his proper rank and station. As time wore on, and the vividness of his past misery faded, he could even afford to joke about the matter; and sometimes, upon the rare occasions that he saw a certain young officer, would, much to the amusement of his daughter, simulate extreme terror and cry in affected dismay: "He has come for me at last!"

When some few years later a very excited youth, with a golden circlet upon the arm of his new uniform coat, burst unceremoniously into the room, he was greeted by the same old joke, and in response blushingly replied: "I'll let you off this time if you will give me Alice as a hostage." And as the girl seemed to be a willing sacrifice, Sir Richard gave them his blessing.

THE YOUNGEST DEPOSITOR.

Flaxen-Haired Girl to Whom Someone Is Always Kind.

Once every month, in the long line of men and women that forms in front of the teller's window on "open day" at the Union Dime Savings-Bank, a flaxen head appears—at the height of their elbows. Looking down, one sees that close against the breast of a shabby frock is tightly clasped a bank-book—and then, says the New York World, the secret is out. The flaxen-haired little girl is the bank's and New York's youngest depositor.

Alice Metz is her name, and her home is close by Hell's Kitchen. She is barely eight years old. How she gets the money nobody knows, but each month there is a deposit of fifty cents to swell her account, which has now reached the sum of three dollars. There she stands patiently in line till some one less hurried and preoccupied than the rest bends to question her.

"Will you help me?" asks the little maid, breathlessly. "I have fifty cents—two quarters. Johnny got it changed for me; there were fives before. And I want to put it in there," pointing to the window, "and they write it down here in the book," finding the row of figures. "But I don't know how by myself. Will you do it? O, yes, I can put down my own name, 'cause I couldn't bring my money till I learned to do that."

She is so engaging in her pretty youthfulness that men or women, as the case may be, forthwith fill out the deposit blank. Alice laboriously inserts her name, and is in a state of ecstasy when she is lifted up to give in those precious quarters.

Her December helper was a woman. When the ceremony was over it was already dark.

"Where do you go now, little one?" she said, fearing for the child's safety.

"Oh, Johnny's waiting across the road," replied the little depositor.

So they traveled in company, and sure enough there was Johnny, sturdy and fat, one year older than his small charge.

"It's in!" Alice cried, gleefully. "The lady did it! She's ever so good!"

"Somebody's always good to you, I guess," was Johnny's comprehensive reply. "But did you count?" and together the two heads bent over the column. Over and over they counted.

"Three dollars, that's it," concluded Johnny, at last, with a sigh of relief. "It's in for keeps, Allie."

She clutched the book once more to her bosom, and hand in hand the two trotted off into the darkness.

New English Dictionary.

Dr. Murray expects to have more than half of the new English dictionary published by the end of the century—up to the middle of the letter L.

Half the people in the world are unhappy because they can't afford the things that make the other half miserable.

The wire trust lacks the ability to control political wire pulling.

It seems queer that an intelligence office should supply stupid servants.