

ON PICKET

It is easy to storm the redoubt,
When the bugles blare,
And the flag's in air,
And you hear your comrades shout.

It is easy to dare and to die,
When the great guns crash
And the sabers flash,
And hosts give the battle-cry.

But it's courage—that's more fine
When no drums boom
To pace in the gloom
Alone on the picket line.

And it's braver far to stand
At some danger-post
Remote from the host,
Obeying the word of command.

It's duty that's done apart,
With faith serene,
And courage clean,
That marketh the truest of heart.

—Richard Benedict.

JENNY CHOOSSES

BY A. S. JOHN ADCOCK

Lavender row was accustomed to sensations, and would not have been happy without them.

But never had the row been so stirred to its grim depths, so blown with notoriety and unholly excitement, as it was on the occasion of Alf Jarvis' sudden departure from it.

One night in autumn, a night of ghostly mists and no moon, Alf failed to come home. As he was not a man of regular habits, this was nothing unusual. But in the morning his body was found lying out on the mazy green stretch of the London Fields—dead, with a savage gash in the throat that could not have been self-inflicted.

While he lived, nobody had been especially fond of Alf except his parents, and they were half afraid of him. A loquacious, ill-conditioned ruffian, he had suffered imprisonment for one brutal outrage, and was strongly suspected of others that could not be brought home to him.

Nevertheless, his death was generally accepted in Lavender row as a calamity; he was discussed as exhaustively as if he had been a real loss to the community, and men and women respect glory in a small way by retelling his sayings and doings and posing as his personal friends.

The police could find no clue to the murderer, and, throughout this thrilling period, of all who rose to local eminence by reason of their acquaintance with Alf, none rose higher than Jenny Cripps, nor took a subtler pride in the elevation, nor appealed thence more provocatively to public sentiment.

Jenny lived with her mother in the house opposite to that in which Alf had lodged. She earned a livelihood by work in a chocolate factory, and was a good-looking, vivacious girl, who, for all her native coquetry and love of dress and amusement, had a robust imagination and a ballast of common sense that stood her in good stead in a narrow, perilous world.

She had owned no preference for anybody until she began to walk out with Ben Gillett, and Ben's triumph was not lasting. She quarreled with him frequently, and at length, offended by some fancied slight, sent him away in a moment of pique and apparently transferred her affections.

But Ben was not readily daunted. He was a dogged, steady-going fellow, a capable artisan, dwelling at a distance from the row, and had come to know Jenny through meeting her at intervals as she walked to and from the chocolate factory.

He went away when she sent him; but he returned and returned again with a tireless persistence that was presently rewarded; she found she could not care for his supplanter as she had cared for him, so he was forgiven and they were reconciled.

Then, after an interval, she broke with him capriciously for a second time, and he departed into the wilderness of her displeasure, smarting un-

It was no wonder, then, if Jenny was dazzled by the homage of so masterful a man. The wonder was that his dashing airs, the glamor of his crude greatness, the open hatred of one he had jilted and several he ignored for the sake of her, turned her head so little as it did.

Suddenly, at this critical juncture, before she could be sure of her own heart, or Alf could overpersuade her, some unknown hand had abruptly torn him out of her life forever.

His tragic end filled her with horror and affected her with an emotional belief that she had really loved him. The tears she shed were tears of genuine sorrow.

This development of the situation seemed to make it imperative, she trimmed her hat with crapes and bought herself a cheap black dress, and in these habiliments was treated with distinguished consideration at

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When he could endure this no longer, crushed and reckless with despair, he forced her to make up her mind about him, once for all by calling to see her in her own home.

The front door of the house stood always open, for the convenience of the various lodgers, so he entered at will and, before she was aware of his presence, was in the room where she sat at the table sewing alone.

"You needn't be afraid, Jenny," he said, quietly, closing the door and standing with his back to it. "I must speak to you. . . . You're breaking my heart. I saw your mother go out, an' came in hoping to find you by yourself. I want you to tell me the plain truth—an' have done with it. I want to know, Jenny—was it only a sort of fancy—are you only sorry for him—or—did you really love him?"

"I shouldn't wear black if I didn't should I?" she cried, resentfully.

"Eet—once you loved me, Jenny—"
"No, I never did then!"
"I've been mistaken, then?"
"Reckon you have." She tossed her head scornfully.

"You're quite—quite certain?" he urged, anxiously. "Don't fool me any more, Jenny."

"Who's foolin' you? You've no right to come here bullying me, Ben Gillett, an' the sooner you take yourself off the better."

"I'll tell you, Jenny." His grim calmness seemed to increase with her

agitation. "That night Jarvis was murdered, I was comin' across the Fields an' met him. He'd been drinkin', but he knew me an' shouted words it was bitter hard to bear. I went on, but he jeered an' shouted after me. It was something about you—never mind what—an', though I knew it was a lie, I couldn't stand it. I ran back, mad, an' dashed my fist in his face. Next minute he had a knife out and was on me. We rolled over atop of each other—I got his wrist an' wrenched the knife away."

He stopped, and she stared at him aghast. "I hated him," he continued, in a strained, hoarse whisper. "I'd never thought to do him harm, though. But . . ."

He paused, patting as if for breath, and presently resumed, brokenly: "Now you know. It was me. An' if it's him you love—an' not me—I don't care to hide it—any longer. I never meant to tell you—but now . . . That settles it! You can give me up, Jenny. That's why I'm telling you. Give me up, an' I'll swing for it! Go on. . . . Here! There it is." With a hasty movement, he flung a long-bladed knife down on the table before her.

He ceased, and stood, duly resolved, his breast heaving convulsively. There was a moment of awful silence. Then the slow tread of Mrs. Cripps returning sounded in the passage. Instantly Jenny started to her feet.

"Ben!" she cried, in an agony, under her breath. "Oh . . . it was my fault! . . . It was never him, really! . . . I never cared—I thought I did—but—"

She broke off with a warning gesture as the door opened, and, snatching the knife from the table, thrust it into her pocket.—Sketch.

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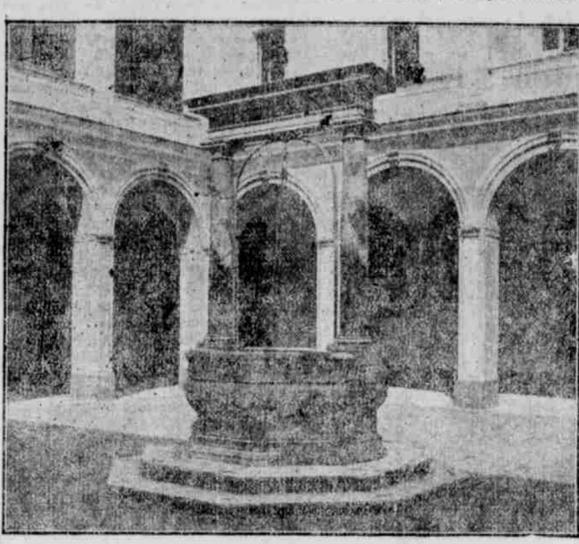
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NAPLES, THE CITY OF THE SIREN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

It is natural for the traveler who approaches this city by the sea, especially if he prefers the firm land to the unsteady ocean, to consider any shore he touches endowed with some charm. Add to this, that Naples disputes with Constantinople the honor of possessing the most beautiful site of any city of Europe. And when one has climbed the height that leads to the tomb of Virgil, hard by the grotto of Posillipo, and looks down over the city, rising like an ancient amphitheater on the slopes of the hills that encircle the azure bay, with Vesuvius in the distance, its smoky plume fading into the blue, the sight is one that brings a great joy with it such



Twelfth Century Fountain, Church of San Martino.

as few scenes do that meet the eye of men. Forms and colors harmonize; a dreamy haze, luminous and tender, enwraps the scene. The thoughts go wandering vaguely over the expanse of sea, and away to the right in the purple hollow of the mountain you know that there lies that wondrous revelation of ancient life—the resurrected city of Pompeii.

The character of the population in its diversity is indicated by the various buildings of the city. Here, close to the royal palace, rises the Theater San Carlo, huge, grandiose, stately and heavy with the weight of its wealth and dignity—a grand temple to the lyric muse. However it stands in comparison with other theaters, it is a noble structure without, and within its six tiers of boxes, its wide proscenium and spacious stage, make it one of the finest theaters in Europe, while its musical record goes from the early half of the eighteenth century to the present time.

There is much that is peculiar and picturesque about this people. They group admirably; as you pass along the poorer streets and come upon an open sun-lighted space you find the women sitting around the shop doors, engaged in work or indulging in gossip. Here, in such streets as this, and that other high street—the Palonetto at Santa Lucia—that looks like Jacob's ladder, without the angels ascending and descending—the poorer people of Naples live. In many cases they have but sleeping places for the night; their day is passed in the sunshine; they live on

and the safety and brilliancy of the whole scene. The vista at the beginning or the end of one of these streets is charming. On one side there is the sea; on another a monumental mountain whose abundant waters shine like jewels in the rays of the bright sun.

Down in the splendid gardens of the Villa Nazionale, where, amid white marble statues copied after the great masterpieces of Greece and Rome, and under the shade of palms and cedars and semi-tropical plants, rich and poor may wander. Over the low sea wall to the left the tiny waves of the Mediterranean may be seen gently caressing the shore and making a murmur rather than a splash. Between the dark branches of the thickly planted flexes you get glimpses of the sea, and beyond in the shining distance the dream-like form of Capri's high hills form a darker blue outline against the blue sky.

To the stranger who dwells in Naples for a short time the Villa Nazionale, with its silent charm and with all that induces to feed the imagination, becomes a place of resort.

There are other resorts for the tourist in search of the picturesque or historical. On the side of a hill overlooking the city, and surrounded by choice gardens, stands the Palace of Capo di Monte, a charming spring and summer retreat. It was built for King Charles III, who reigned here from 1734 to 1759. But perhaps the most pervading of the memories that



Old Street in Naples.

little, and if not absolutely happy, are so noisily cheerful as to deceive a tender-hearted philanthropist.

The movement of life, the multitudes hurrying to and fro, the bustle and the rumor of comparatively profitless labor, which fill the streets and lanes and squares of Naples, are what distinguishes it from other cities. In Naples the sounds never cease. The city, said one who went seeking quiet on these sunny shores, seems not to rest either by day or night. When darkness comes down, and you might expect silence to prevail, the twanging of a guitar is heard, and the raucous voices of a belated serenader breaks upon your ear. Or it is some homeward-bound wild reveler, at-

tempting to lighten his path with song; but he murders the tune, and there is a wily uncertainty in the notes that affects the music.

Night or day, it is always the same—noise, shouting, cracking of whips loud as pistol shots, ringing laughter and the cries of the many vendors of all sorts of things who go about the streets. In the newer parts of the city, where the serious and important affairs are conducted, the streets are wide and splendid, the stores glittering and showy with a display of bright color and gilding such as the Neapolitans love. Memories of Paris or Milan come to one in looking on the fine buildings, the spacious streets

HOW TO BUILD A CAMPFIRE.

Useful Hints to Remember When You Take Your Vacation.

For building a campfire the dryest sticks are those that are dead and have not yet fallen from living trees. These dead limbs that cling here and there on living trees are seasoned and are off the ground, so that they do not get soaking wet at any time, and they dry quickly after a rain. They are hardly ever wet through, so that no matter how wet the woods are you can always get dry wood to start a fire, and then almost anything will burn. There are ten thousand ways to build a campfire. I always build a small fire, and then keep it going with dry wood for a while before I get ready to do my cooking, so that there will be a good bunch of coals to cook over. Then I have a little pile of dry sticks as large as lead pencils somewhere within easy reach, so that I can help my fire along if it sputters at the wrong time. Then I get a couple of green sticks as big as my arm and put one on each side of the fire, so it will stay in one place and not waste the heat on all sides.—Field and Stream.

HAD TOO MUCH LUXURY.

Complaint That is Characteristic of Thomas Carlyle.

Among recently published letters of Carlyle is one written to his mother, in which he gives an amusing description of a visit to Monckton Mines. He says: "The people are most kind, polite people and Richard is the best landlord man ever had. I am lodged literally as if I were a duke or serene highness. My bedroom, to take only one item, is fifteen paces (forty-five feet) in length! Fires kept up all day, troops of flunkies waiting to tie your shoes, etc.; all this goes on to a length that seriously encumbers me. The people live in a great way, have quantities of company; I regret nothing here but that. For I wanted to sleep and be quiet; and my sleeping here in hitherto not of the best—their bed is some eight feet square, a perfect sea of down, which you mount into by a ladder. Alas, as Dick of Paddock Ha' used to say in prayer, 'What's to use o' a' their grandeur when the flames o' hell come and burn 't a'?' That is too like the case of a helpless man in a sea of down!"

Bavarian Country Life.

In old Bavarian districts many of the smaller towns are merely walled farm villages. These settlements of agriculturists reproduce the ancient laager for all. Each is built in the form of a parallelogram, the shorter sides having each a gateway, with double gates, over which rise central square watch towers capped with conical red roofs. A narrow road or street runs from gate to gate, with old half-timber houses set back close to the enclosing wall. The ground floor of these houses affords stabling for cattle, and from these stables the cows are driven out through the town gates in the morning and brought in at night. Townships like this are merely clusters of houses intimately connected with the farm lands that lie beyond their gates.

Do a Good Turn When You Can.

It needs not great wealth a kind heart to display; If the hand be but willing it soon finds the way; And the poorest one yet in the humblest abode, May help a poor brother a step on his road.

Oh! whatever the fortune a man may have won, A kindness depends on the way it is done; And though poor be our purse, and though narrow our span, Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

The fair bloom of pleasure may charm for awhile, But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile; Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom, Sheds a sweetness o'er life, and a grace o'er our tomb.

—Charles Swain.

Primitive Negrito Weapons.

The weapons of the Negritos are universally the bow and arrow and the short knife or bolo. The bows are of various materials, from a clumsy strip of bamboo to the fine-grained "palma brava," which takes a beautiful polish. The arrows are of light and straight mountain cane, either with sharpened hardwood points, or variously shaped and barbed-iron points. Some for larger game have detachable points fastened to the shaft by a woven fiber coil, which unwinds when the animal is struck, leaving a dangling shaft to catch on underbrush, and so retard the animal's flight.

Rancher's Ingenious Scheme.

An ingenious rancher of Occochee, in San Diego county, is said to have a vivid and brilliant idea for economizing labor and fuel, in hatching eggs. He has discovered that bees develop a considerable amount of warmth, so he simply places the eggs over a beehive, and in due time they are hatched. If he could manage to cross his bees with Bantam hens, he might be able to make them lay little sugar plums.

Disasters to British Warships.

During a great storm in 1703 twelve men-of-war went down off the English coast with 1,800 men. Many lives were lost when the British warship Ajax took fire in 1807. The British warship Captain turned over in the Bay of Biscay in 1870, about 500 lives being lost. When the Sultan, the sister ship of the Captain, was fitting out at Portsmouth, a grim hamerist, prophesying her possible fate (apparently he proved to be wrong), chafed on her side: "Will leave on Thursday with mails for the Captain."



Jenny.

For the knowledge that he had a new rival who was far more dangerous than the old.

This new rival was none other than the redoubtable Alf Jarvis.

Before his solitary conviction had rendered the undue prominence too risky, Alf had been the leader of a gang of hoodlums who were the terror of the neighborhood; and since his release from durance he had been no less fearfully lawless, but carried out his exploits with a baffling cunning and guile that left the police no chance of entrapping him.