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Uncle Terry

....By....

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

SYNOPSIS.—Uncle Terry is the keeper of the Cape light on Southport Island. He has an adopted daughter Telly (Etelka), grown to womanhood, who was rescued when a baby from the wreck of the Norwegian ship Peterson. Albert and Alice Page are two orphans with a heritage of debt, living in the village of Sandgate. Albert is a college graduate, and through the influence of his chum, Frank Nason, gets a position in the law office of "Old Nick" Frye in Boston. Frye is a scoundrel and is attorney for Frank's father, a wealthy Boston merchant. He wants Albert to keep up his intimacy with Frank, who has a yacht, plenty of money and nothing to do but amuse himself. In an evening's outing with Frank, Albert fritters away $20. At the same time Alice is walking four miles a day to teach school and supporting herself and Aunt Susan. Frye increases Albert's pay from $75 to $175 a month as a bribe to spy upon the Nasons. Albert tells Frank of his debts, Alice's struggles and his dislike of expensive follies. Frank confesses his disgust with an idle life and induces his father to make Albert his attorney in place of Frye. Albert has $2,500 a year to attend to Nason's affairs. He takes Frank to his village home for Christmas, with the inevitable result that his friend is smitten with Alice. Frank is delighted with the country holiday of sleighrides and skating. Alice keeps him at a distance and tells her brother that his chum ought to work for a living. A notice appears in the papers calling for the heirs of Eric Peterson of Stockholm, whose son and his wife and child were wrecked on the Maine coast. Frye is the attorney. Uncle Terry goes to Boston and after telling his story in full gives Frye $200 to recover the estate for Telly. Frank takes a hint from Alice and studies law. Albert plans a summer vacation trip to his home for himself and chum. Alice resolves not to fall in love with the city chap according to the plot. Alice avoids meeting Frank alone. However, he scatters tips so freely among the villagers that gossips set him down as a millionaire courting the pretty schoolma'am. Frank's yacht, Gypsy, lands on Southport island. Albert gets lost and the yacht sails without him. He falls in with Uncle Terry, meets Telly, of course, and learns the story of the inheritance. Albert returns to the yacht, confessing that he has fallen in love with a beach girl. He goes back to the Cape and sketches Telly in the pose he first saw her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNCLE TERRY and Albert had just seated themselves on the point that evening when Telly came out with a thick gray shawl and wrapped it around her father's shoulders. "It's a little chilly tonight," she said, "and I think you need it." Then, turning to Albert, she added, "Wouldn't you like one, too, Mr. Page?"

"I would, thank you," he answered, "if you have another to spare."

He would have answered yes if she had asked him to put on woolen mittens. She returned to the house and came back, this time bearing a white zephyr wrap, and handed it to Albert. "I will bid you good night now," she said, "for I presume you will sit here long after bedtime."

Uncle Terry's eyes followed her back to the house, and then he turned to his guest.

"I s'pose ye'd rather be talkin' to Telly than me out here in the moonlight," he said bluntly, "now that ye've got a little acquainted. It's the way o' young folks."

"I've had a very pleasant visit with your daughter this afternoon," responded Albert. "She was good enough to go with me to where I got left yesterday. I wanted to finish the sketch I began there." Uncle Terry made no answer, but sat puffing away at one of the cigars Albert had given him.

"Mr. Page," said Uncle Terry at last, "I've worried a good deal since last night 'bout what ye told me, an' I've made up my mind to tell ye the hull story an' trust ye with what no one else knows. To begin with, it's nineteen years ago last March when thar war a vessel got afoul o' a ledge jest off'n the p'int here in a snowstorm, an' all hands went down—that is, all but a little yearlin' baby that cum ashore tied up 'tween two feather beds. I fished her out o' the surf, an' Lissy an' me has taken care on her ever since, an' today she's worth a thousand times more'n she cost. How much she thinks o' me I'll let ye jedge by the way she thought 'bout my comfort tonight. There was a few trinkets came ashore with her—picturs o' her father an' mother, we knew, an' a locket an' ring an' some other things—so we knowed her name an' whar she cum from.

"Since then we have never heard a word from no one regardin' her people, or whether any was livin', till last winter I cum across a notice in a paper sayin' information was wanted 'bout an heir to an estate in Sweden, an' tellin' facts that made me sure Telly was the one wanted. The notice was signed by that lawyer, Frye, that I asked ye 'bout, an' I went to see him. He wanted proofs an' all that, an' I gave 'em to him, an', wussen that, he wanted money, an' I gave that to him. He's kep' askin' fer money ever since, an' I, like a fool, kep' sendin' it, in hopes if Telly had anything comin' she'd git her dues. I've sent him the locket an' things that belonged to her, an' all I've got so far is letters askin' fer more money an' tellin' 'bout expenses an' evidence an' witnesses' fees an' bonds to be filed. Lissy an' Telly know 'bout the case, but they don't know how much money I've paid out, an' I don't want they should. That's the hull story, an' now as ye're a lawyer, an' I b'lieve an honest one, I ask ye what's best to be done."

"I see now, Mr. Terry, why you distrust lawyers, and I do not wonder at it. To the best of my belief, you have been swindled in the most outrageous manner by Frye. He no doubt is acting for some law firm who have instructed him to find an heir, if there is one, to this estate, and they would naturally advance all expense money. Do you know the vessel's name, where she sailed from and who her master was?"

"She was a square rigger, an' the master's name was Peterson. In the newspaper piece the name was Neils Peterson, who cum from Stockholm," answered Uncle Terry. "I've got it in my wallet now, an' on the locket was the letters E. P., an' on a piece o' paper that was pinned to the baby's dress was the name Etelka Peterson."

"And did you send these proofs to Frye?" asked Albert quickly.

"I sent 'em six months ago," was the reply, "an' I've jest 'bout made up my mind I was a fool to 'a' done it, an' a bigger one to keep sendin' money."

"It would have been all right," answered Albert after a pause, "if you had put them into an honest man's hands. As it is you are lame—in fact, utterly at the mercy of Frye, who is robbing you." Then, after thinking a moment, he added: "I will gladly do what I can to help you, Mr. Terry, and at no cost to you for my own services. The first step must be to get possession of these material proofs, the next to find what firm has employed Frye. We are helpless until we get possession of those proofs."

"Ain't my word an' Lissy's as to savin' the baby no 'count?" asked Uncle Terry.

"Very good, so far as it goes, but really no proof that the child you saved is the one wanted for this inheritance. In the matter of a legacy the law is very exacting and demands absolute proof. No, the only way is to use duplicity and trick Frye or ask him to name his price and pay it, and as the estate may be large his price will naturally be extortionate."

Albert thought a moment and then added, "Has Frye ever written you admitting he has received or has those proofs in his possession?"

"Not a word," answered Uncle Terry. "All he writes is: 'Your case is progressing favorably. I need so much more money,' an' I send it an' lay 'wake nights worryin'."

"How long since he has sent for money?" asked Albert.

"'Bout a month, I reckon," replied Uncle Terry.

"I confess, Mr. Terry, I am stumped."

After a pause Albert asked Uncle Terry:

"How does your—I mean, how does Telly feel about this matter, Mr. Terry, for I suppose she knows the story?"

"That's suthin' I hate to talk 'bout, but as ye're likely to see more o' us an' more o' Telly it's better ye know it all. When she was 'bout ten we told her the story an' showed her the things we'd kep' locked up. She didn't seem to mind it then, but as she's growed older it sorter shadders her life, as it were. We used to ketch her lookin' at the things once in awhile an' cryin'. When I sent 'em to Boston she took on a good deal an' ain't been the same sence. We try to keep her from thinkin' 'bout it all we can, but she's curis in her ways, an' I've thought she was kinder 'shamed, an' mebbe broodin' over it makes it wuss."

"You do not mean that you fear she would make away with herself in a fit of melancholy, do you?"

"I dunno what to think," was the answer, "only I hate to have her out o' sight much, an' the more lovin' she is the more I worry."

"One thing please promise me," said Albert when they had started for the house, "do not hint either to her or your wife that you have told me anything about this matter. I will do all that can be done and consult only with you in private."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN the morning Albert followed Uncle Terry around the circuit of his lobster traps in the Gypsy's boat, with Telly as a companion, and watched the old man hauling and rebaiting those elongated coops and taking out his prizes. The day was a perfect one, the sea just ruffled by a light breeze, and as her first timidity had now worn away, he found Telly a most charming companion. It was an entirely new experience to him, and the four hours' pull in and out of the island coves and around isolated ledges where Uncle Terry set his traps passed all too quickly.

"Do you know," said Albert when they had returned to the little cove where Uncle Terry kept his boats and as he sat watching him pick up his morning's catch and toss them one by one into a large car, "that the first man who thought of eating a lobster must have been almost starved? Of all creatures that grow in the sea there is none more hideous, and only a hungry savage could have thought them fit for food."

"They ain't overhansum," replied Uncle Terry, "but fried in pork fat they go middin' good if ye're hungry."

That afternoon Telly invited Albert to row her up to a cove, at the head of which was a narrow valley where blueberries grew in profusion. "I want to pick a few," she said, "and you can make a sketch of the cove while I do." Helping her picking berries proved more attractive, and when her pail was full Albert made a picture of her sitting in front of a pretty cluster of small spruce trees, with the pail beside her and her sun hat trimmed with ferns.

"Your city friends will laugh at the country girl you found down in Maine," she remarked as she looked at the sketch, "but as they will never see me, I don't care."

"My friends will never see it," he answered quietly, "only my sister. And I am going to bring her down here next summer."

"Tell me about her," said Telly at once. "Is she pretty?"

"I think so," replied Albert. "She has eyes like yours, only her hair is not so light. She is a petite little body and has a mouth that makes one want to kiss her."

"I should like to see her ever so much," responded Telly, and then she added rather sadly, "I've never had a girl friend in my life. There are only a few at the Cape of my age, and I don't see much of them. I don't mind it in the summer, for then I work on my pictures, but in winter it is so lonesome. For days I do not see any one except father and mother or old Mrs. Leach."

"And who is Mrs. Leach?"

"Oh, she's a poor old soul who lives alone and works on the fish racks. She is worse off than I am."

It was a little glimpse into the girl's life that interested Albert, and, in the light of what he knew of her history, a pathetic one. Truly she was alone in the world, except for the two kindly souls who made a home for her.

"You will go away tomorrow, I suppose," she said with a faint tone of regret as they were rowing home. "Father said your boat was coming after you today."

He looked at her a moment, while a slight smile showed beneath his mustache. "I suppose I shall have to," he answered, "but I should like to stay here a month. I've not made a sketch of your house, even."

"I wish you would," she said with charming candor, "it is so lonesome here, and then maybe you would show me a little about painting."

"Could you endure my company every day for a month?" he asked, looking her full in the face.

"I don't believe you could endure ours," she replied, dropping her eyes, and then she added quickly: "There is a prayer meeting tonight at the Cape. Would you like to go?"

"Most certainly," he answered.

Albert had expected to see the Gypsy in the harbor when they returned that afternoon, but was happily disappointed. "I hope they will stay at Bar Harbor a week," he thought.

That evening when Telly appeared, ready to be escorted to the prayer meeting, he was certain that no fairer girl was to be found anywhere.

She was dressed in simple white, her masses of sunny hair half concealed by a thin blue affair of loosely knitted wool and had a cluster of wild roses at her throat. It was a new and pleasurable experience to be walking beside a well dressed young man whose every look and word bespoke enjoyment of her society, and she showed it in her simple, unaffected way.

That evening's gathering was a unique one in Albert's experience and the religious observances such as he never forgot. The place was a little square, unpainted building, and when Telly and he entered and seated themselves on one of the wooden settees that stood in rows not over a dozen people were there. On a small platform in front was a cottage organ and beside it a small desk. A few more entered after they did, and then a florid faced man arose and, followed by a short and stout young lady, walked forward to the platform. The girl seated herself at the organ, and the man, after turning up the lamp on the organ, opened the book of gospel hymns and said in a nasal tone, "We will naow commence our sarvices by singin' the Forty-third Psalm, and all are requested to rise an' jine." In the center of the room hung a large lamp, and two more on brackets at the side shed a weak light on the gathering, but no one seemed to feel it necessary to look for the Forty-third selection.

Albert and Telly arose with the rest, and the girl at the organ began to chase the slow tune up and down the keys. Then the red faced man started the singing, a little below the key, and the congregation followed. Telly's voice, clear and distinct, joined with the rest. A long prayer, full of halting repetitions, by the man at the desk followed, and then another hymn, and after that came a painful pause. To Albert's mind it was becoming serious, and he began to wonder how it would end, when there ensued one of the most weird and yet pathetic prayers he had ever listened to. It was uttered by an old lady, tall, gaunt and white haired, who arose from the end of a settee close to the wall and beneath one of the smoke dimmed lamps. It could not be classed as a prayer exactly, for when she began her utterance she looked around as if to find sympathy in the assembled faces, and her deep set, piercing eyes seemed alight with intense feeling. At first she grasped the back of the settee in front with her long, fleshless fingers, and then later clasped and finally raised them above her upturned face, while her body swayed with the vehemence of her feelings. Her garb, too, lent a pathos, for it was naught but a faded calico dress that hung from her attenuated frame like the raiment of a scarecrow. It may have been the shadowy room or the mournful dirge of the nearby ocean that added an uncanny touch to her words and looks, but from the moment she arose until her utterance ceased Albert was spellbound. So peculiar and yet so pathetic was her prayer it shall be quoted in full:

"O Lord, I come to thee, knowin' I'm as a worm that crawls on the airth; like the dust blown by the winds, the empty shell on the shore, or the leaves that fall on the ground. I come poor an' humble. I come hungry an' thirsty, like even the lowliest o' the airth. I come an' kneel at thy feet believin' that I, a poor worm o' the dust, will still have thy love an' pertection. I'm old an' weary o' waitin'. I'm humble an' bereft o' kin. I'm sad an' none to comfort me. I eat the crust o' poverty an' drink the cup o' humility. My pertector an' my staff have bin taken from me, an' yet fer all these burdens thou in thy infinite wisdom hev seen fit to lay on me I thank thee. Thou hast led my feet among thorns an' stuns, an' yet I thank thee. Thou hast laid the cross o' sorrow on my heart an' the burden o' many infirmities fer me to bear, an' yet I bless thee, yea, verily shall my voice be lifted to glorify an' praise thee day an' night, for hast thou not promised me that all who are believers in thy word shall be saved? Hast thou not sent thy Son to die on the cross fer my sake, poor an' humble as I am? An' fer this, an' fer all thy infinite marcy an' goodness to me, I praise an' thank thee tonight, knowin' that not a sparrer falls without thy knowin' it, an' that even the hairs o' our heads are numbered.

"I thank thee, O Lord, fer the sunshine every day, an' the comin' o' the birds an' flowers every season. I thank thee that my eyes are still permitted to see thy beautiful world, an' my ears to hear the songs o' praise. I thank thee, too, that with my voice I can glorify an' bless thee fer all thy goodness, an' fer all thy marcy. An' when the day o' judgment comes an' the dead rise up, then I know thou wilt keep thy promise, an' that even I, poor an' humble, shall live again, jinin' those that have gone before, to sit at thy feet an' glorify thee fer life everlastin'. Fer this blessed hope, an' fer all thy other promises, I lift my voice in gratitude an' thankfulness an' praise to thee, my Heavenly Father, an' to thy Son, my Redeemer, tonight an' tomorrer an' forever an' forever. Amen."

To Albert, a student of Voltaire, of Hume, of Paine, and an admirer of Ingersoll, a doubter of Scriptural authenticity and almost a materialist in belief, this weird and piteous utterance came with peculiar effect.

When the prayer meeting was concluded with an oddly spoken benediction by Deacon Oaks, and Albert and Telly were on their way back to the point, Albert asked:

"Who was the poor old lady that prayed so fervently? I never heard anything like it since I was a boy."

"Oh, that's the Widow Leach," Telly responded. "She always acts that way and feels so, too, I guess. She is an object of pity here and very poor. She has no relation living that she knows of, lives alone in a small house she owns and works on the fish racks summers, and winters has to be helped. Her husband and two sons were lost at sea many years ago, and father says religion is all the consolation she has left."

"Does she always pray as fervently as she did tonight?"

"Oh, yes; that's her way. Father says she is a little cracked about such matters. He pities her, though, and helps her a good deal, and so does most every one else here who can. She needs it." Then, after a pause, she added, "How did you enjoy the meeting, Mr. Page?"

"Well," replied Albert slowly and mentally contrasting it with many Sunday services when he had occupied a pew with the Nasons at their fashionable church in Boston, "it has been an experience I shall not soon forget. In one way it has been a pleasure, for it has taken me back to my young days." Then he added a little sadly, "It has

Albert was spellbound.

also been a pain, for it recalled my mother and how she used to pray that I might grow to be a good man."

"You are not a bad man, are you?" responded Telly at once, looking curiously at him.

"Oh, no, I hope not," he answered, smiling. "I try to do as I would be done by, but the good people here might think I was, maybe, because I am not a professor of religion. For that reason I should be classed as one of the sinners, I presume."

"Well, so is father, but that doesn't make him one. Deacon Oaks calls him a scoffer, but I know he trusts him in all money matters, and I think father is the best and kindest man in the world. He has been so good and kind to me I would almost lie down and die for him if necessary."

"How do you feel about this matter of belief?" Albert asked after a pause. "Are you what this old lady would call a believer, Miss Terry?"

"Oh, no," she replied slowly, "I fear I am not. I always go to meeting Sundays when there is one—mother and I—and once in awhile to the Thursday evening prayer meeting. I think it's because I enjoy the singing."

When they reached the point Albert could not restrain his desire to enjoy the society of this unaffected, simple and beautiful girl a little longer. The moon that Frank had planned to use was high overhead, and away out over the still ocean stretched a broadening path of silvery sheen, while at their feet, where the ground swells were breaking upon the rocks, every splash of foam looked like snow white wool.

"If it's not asking too much, Miss Terry," said Albert with utmost politeness, "won't you walk out to the top of the cliff and sit down a few moments while I enjoy a cigar? The night is too beautiful to turn away from at once."

Telly assented, and they took possession of the rustic seat where Albert had listened to her history the night before. What a flood of emotions came to him as he watched his fair companion, all unconscious of his scrutiny, and with them a sudden and keen interest to unravel the mystery of her parentage and the hope that some time he might do it. He also felt an unaccountable desire to tell her that he knew her pathetic story and to express his interest in it and his sympathy for her, but dared not. "It may hurt her to know I know it," he thought, "and I will wait till she knows me better." Instead, he began telling her about himself and his own early life, his home, his loss of parents, his struggle to earn a living and how much success he had so far met.

When his recital and cigar were both at an end and it was time to go in he said, "I may not have another chance to ask you, Miss Terry, before I leave here, but when I get back to Boston may I write to you, and will you answer my letters if I do?"

The question startled her a little, but she answered:

"I shall be pleased to hear from you, Mr. Page, and will do the best I can in replying, only do not expect too much."

When he had bidden her good night and was alone in his room the memory of Mrs. Leach and her pitiful prayer, coupled with Telly's pleading eyes and sweet face, banished all thoughts of sleep, and he watched the moonlit ocean while he smoked and meditated.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A NEW VERSION.

Of a Story That Is as Old as the First Circus Ever Known.

"Dearest," said Mrs. Fuddleston to her husband, after breakfast, "don't you think we ought to take Harold to the circus some time this week? He is old enough now to appreciate it."

"Yes," Mr. Fuddleston answered resignedly, "I suppose he ought to see it. A child thinks so much of such things! I will try to take him tonight."

"But, dearest," said Mrs. Fuddleston, "I wouldn't think of letting you go alone with him. That is asking too much of you. I will go along to relieve you of the care of him. I wouldn't ask you to go at all, but it is hardly a proper place for me to be without you."

"No," the husband agreed; I shouldn't like to have you take the dear little fellow alone into such a crowd."

So, with that self-sacrifice which only fond parents would think of making the father and mother arranged to give their boy the great treat that evening.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Fuddleston's two sisters dropped in and Mrs. Fuddleston told them about it.

"Such a bore!" she sighed. "But then, Harold will enjoy it so much!"

"Yes, but, dear," said Sister Jane, "he will be a dreadful care to you. I know you'll have a headache all day tomorrow to pay for it. I am just going along to relieve you. Now, don't say a word; I'd much rather do it than stay at home thinking of you wearing yourself out watching that boy all alone."

"So would I," Sister Margaret put in, "and I am going, too. He will be so excited! My! It will be all the three of us can do to hold him down."

"So good of you, dears!" Mrs. Fuddleston acknowledged gratefully. "I shall be so glad of your help! Come here for dinner and we'll get an early start."

At his office that day Mr. Fuddleston happened to speak to his two partners about the treat he was going to give his child.

"By George!" one of them exclaimed, "I'd like to go along just to see the little lad enjoy it."

"So would I," said the other. "I'd rather be horsewhipped than go to a circus with grown folks, but it's fine fun to watch a boy's expression during such a performance."

So, three men and three women sat down at Fuddleston's table that evening for an early dinner.

"Have you told Harold?" Mr. Fuddleston asked of his wife.

"No; I thought it would be best to give him a surprise," she answered.

After the meal one of the partners looked out at the sky and said: "Fuddleston, isn't it a little risky to take a child out in the night air?"

"Does it look like rain?" Fuddleston answered.

"Well, it might rain."

"What do you think, dearie?" the fond father asked of his wife.

"Why, of course," said she, "if there is any likelihood of rain it would never do to take him."

"It looks pretty threatening," the other partner suggested, peering through the window.

"I wouldn't take any risk, Julia," said one of the sisters to the mother.

"Isn't it lucky you didn't tell Harold?" the other sister asked.

"Where is he?" Mr. Fuddleston asked.

"Up-stairs with the nurse," said Mrs. Fuddleston.

"Well," the father settled the matter, "We won't take any chances. He will never miss what he doesn't know about. And, besides, my ticket is for a box which seats only six."

So little Harold was left at home, while the six grown people sacrificed the entire evening that they might in after days tell him of all the things they saw at the circus.

Still, there are pessimists who say this is a selfish old world.—Brooklyn Eagle.

IN MEMORIAM.

'Tis here we come with loving tribute
To the noblest work of God,
A tribute to the heroes
Who sleep beneath the sod.

Those men who loved their country,
A band of Spartan braves;
And place o'er them a floral wreath
To mark their honored graves.

Come, hear the old, old story,
As it's told from day to day—
Of the battlefields and glory
Of the men who wore the gray.

We hear the booming cannon
Resounding o'er the dells,
And see the flashing sabres
'Mid whistling, bursting shells.

We see those pallid faces
Once lit with knightly charms—
Both friend and foe together lie
In death's cold icy arms;

No noise disturbs their slumbers
On mountain, hill and vale
The bloody battle's told for them
A sad and mournful tale.

We've seen the charging squadrons
As they crossed the bloody fields,
And heard the rolling thunder
Of the cannon's iron wheels.

We see those cheerful soldiers
As they move with gallant tread;
No water in their canteens,
In their haversacks, no bread.

No bed at night to rest upon,
Save the cold and clammy sod;
No shelter to protect them
But the canopy of God.

"Oh, stranger! please excuse me,"
Says one with a falling tear,
"These veterans were my comrades,
And still I hold them dear."

Methinks I see their solid lines
Charge up Cemetery Hill,
And see our comrades filling
Their canteens at the rill.

I see the smoke now settling
On Marye's blazing heights,
And hear the dauntless Meagher
Urge his men into the fight.

We hear him in the plain below
With sword uplifted cry,
"Forward! my Irish soldiers,
We'll take those heights or die."

Three times they make the effort—
Three times they fail, we see,
For 'tis beyond the power of man
To break the lines of Lee.

I see a courier coming—
Lee's troops the victory's won.
Still we are marching onward, marching,
But their marching all is done—

Thus spoke the muse and vanished,
Leaving in my heart a pain.
"Your comrades, you will never meet them,
Never meet them all again!"

Yes, we shall meet beyond the river,
On that bright and peaceful shore,
Where the war clouds shall, no never,
Rise to disturb us any more.

Here, we come with loving tribute
And place it on the soldier's tomb,
While we say, "Heavenly Father,
Let these memories ever bloom;

"Let the precious little songsters
Sing above them day by day;
Let them tune their harps to music—
To the music of the gray."

The foregoing lines were prepared by a young lady, a member of the Ladies' Memorial association to be read at the decoration of the soldiers' graves at Salem church on Saturday, May 14, 1904.

The following is a list of the Confederate dead: James Bankhead, Jas. Brannon, Wilson Brown, Jackson Cowley James A. Donald, Jefferson Estes, McIver Estes, Charles Foster, Samuel Howell, Charlie Lancaster, Edward Morgan Leech, Joseph W. Leech, James Leech, Ambrose A. Lee, John W. Mitchell, William McKeown, Dr. J. F. McCluney, William Owens, Emsley Osment, J. Matt Smarr, Sig Smith, Joseph M. Smith, Mack Smith, John W. Smith, Milton Watson and Henry Wilkerson—26.

Notwithstanding the threatening clouds and drenching rain, at the appointed hour the ladies, accompanied by a goodly number of men, repaired to the cemetery and strewed flowers upon the Confederate graves. All were kindly remembered.

"Bright angels looking from the skies,
Behold no holier spot of ground;
Than where defeated valor lies,
By woman's love and beauty crowned."

J. L. S.

Etta Jane, May 16, 1904.

BRAVE VERESTCHAGIN.

A Lover of Danger, a Dare-Devil, a Patriot and a Fighter.

Vasili Verestchagin, the Russian artist who went down with the ill fated Petropaviovsk, did not believe that the fear of torpedoes was the beginning of wisdom. He was never afraid of them; on the contrary, he was well acquainted with them, for he was a skilful torpedoist. In the Russo-Turkish war he was very near to losing his life by his temerity. He was often out in a small boat after dark on the Danube, when the smallest ripple might have caught the watchful eyes of the Turkish sentinels. One night he obtained permission to join the crew of the Shutka, ordered to torpedo a Turkish ship. The dawn revealed their position to the enemy. A hail storm of bullets fell around them from the shore. Here is the account which the artist himself gave of the incident:

"Skrydloff gave orders to have everything ready. He took his position near the forward torpedo and put me in charge of the floating torpedo aft. We all put on cork jackets, in case the Shutka should be blown up, or in case we should fall into the water, which would be the most benign consequence of the explosion. We ate a morsel of chicken and drank a little sherry. Then my friend Skrydloff stretched himself out to take a nap, and by heaven his nerves allowed him to sleep! I could not sleep. I scanned the water on the Rustschuk side. 'Here she comes!' said a sailor in a low voice. And it was true. Between the shore and the great trees of the little island which hid the narrow passage of the Danube the smoke of the vessel appeared, moving rapidly toward us. When she came in sight she seemed to be of colossal dimensions compared to the Shutka. Skrydloff steered directly for her, and we advanced with the rapidity of a locomotive. Oh, what confusion and excitement appeared to be on board the enemy's ship and on shore too! It was plain to all that our little nutshell was about to destroy the big ship. Bullets and shells rained all around us. The confusion of the enemy suddenly vanished, and, in spite of the danger, I could not help observing the Turks on board. They seemed as steady as if they had suddenly been turned into stone. The Shutka reached the ship and touched her with a torpedo tube. At that moment there was profound silence on board both vessels. Quietly we waited the explosion. 'Has she caught?' asked the gunner who was crouched beside me. 'Not yet,' I replied. 'Try again! Let her go!' shouted Skrydloff. I did so. Still there was no explosion. The fusillade had cut the conducting wire."

In that encounter Verestchagin was wounded in the leg, but not seriously. In the recent catastrophe in which he lost his life he did not even have a chance to take part in a fight.

He was fond of danger. On the crest of the Balkans, while under fire, he used to sketch the surrounding rocks. It is said that he was a humanitarian who went through campaigns merely as an artist. That is not correct. He was an ardent patriot and a fighter. But by his death Russia loses the greatest artist she ever had.—Paris Cor. Courier des Etats Unis.

THE NEW ELECTORAL VOTE.

Increase of Importance This Year and Favors Republicans.

The increase in the number of electoral votes to be cast in the presidential election of 1904 may have an important bearing upon the final result. Upon this factor alone may depend the whole question of the political character of the next administration.

The battleground of the campaign will be the doubtful states of the East and Middle West. The result may be so close that the mere addition of 29 presidential electors may determine whether the policy of the government will be directed by the Republican or the Democratic party.

The number of electoral votes is equivalent to the representation of the states by senators and representatives in congress. While the number of senators is constantly two for each state, the apportionment of representatives has been increased decenially to conform to the growth of population. This adds to the number of presidential electors.

The "constitutional" population of the United States in 1900 was reported by the director of the census to the house of representatives to be 74,565,906. On this basis the house passed a bill fixing the ratio of representation at 194,182. This provided but 384 representatives and the states of Nebraska and Virginia were each given an additional representative, arbitrarily, making the whole number 386 or an increase of thirty representatives over 1890. The addition of nine senators makes the electoral vote 476 in 1904, an increase of 29 electoral votes over 1900 and 1896, and an increase of 32 over the election of 1892.

In eighty-four years, or since the campaign of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams in 1821, the numerical strength of the electoral college has increased from 235 to 476, or more than double. The number necessary to elect now is four votes greater than the total in that campaign. When George Washington was first elected the total was sixty-nine, or a little more than twice the numerical increase in 1904. In the Hayes-Tilden campaign of 1876 the result was finally decided in favor of the Republican candidate by a margin of only one vote in a total of 369.

In the campaign of 1900 McKinley received 292 electoral votes of twenty-eight states and Bryan the remaining 155 of seventeen states. If the same states vote similarly in 1904, the Republicans will have gained nineteen electoral votes by reason of the reapportionment law and the Democrats but ten. The latter benefit by a gain of nine electoral votes in the "Solid South," while the Republicans gain five electoral votes in the "sure" Republican states of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Minnesota, as well as two in the "reasonably sure" Republican states of Washington and California. Four votes of the increase this year will be cast by two of the "Silver States"—Colorado and Nevada. The remaining eight votes of the increase will be cast in five of the "doubtful States"—Connecticut (1), New York (3), New Jersey (2), West Virginia (1), and Wisconsin (1).

Analysis of the electoral returns shows that nine states have been Republican, and that twelve out of the thirteen states comprising the "Solid South" have been Democratic in every presidential election within the last twenty years. During that period but two nominees—Cleveland and Bryan—have represented the Democratic party, and five of the states—Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and West Virginia—were uniformly Democratic during the Cleveland campaigns, but Republican in both Bryan campaigns.

The most doubtful states in twenty years have been New York, Illinois, Indiana and California, and three of these are certain to be the chief battle ground in 1904. If history repeats its record of twenty years the candidate carrying New York will win the presidency. New York and Indiana have not in twenty years cast their electoral votes on the losing side. Illinois and California have once failed to vote for the successful candidate for the presidency. In the coming election they will have an aggregate of eighty-one electoral votes.

The party carrying all four of them is practically certain of winning the election, regardless of the result in at least thirteen states of the Union. Carrying these four states and any other state of seven votes and the thirteen states of the "Solid South," the Democrats would win, with a total of 239 electoral votes, or just enough to elect a president. Carrying the same four states, in addition to the fifteen reasonably sure Republican states of Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Ohio, Michigan, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska, the Republicans would win, with 240 electoral votes.