

THE SPY

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER XIV.

In making the arrangements for which Captain Lawton had been left, with Sergeant Hollister and twelve men, as a guard over the wounded, and heavy baggage of the corps, Dunwoody had consulted not only the information which had been conveyed in the letter of Colonel Singleton, but the bruises of his comrade's body. In vain Lawton declared himself fit for any duty that man could perform. His commander was firm, and the reluctant captain was obliged to comply with as good a grace as he could assume. Before parting, Dunwoody repeated his caution to keep a watchful eye on the inmates of the cottage. A vague suspicion of danger to the family had been awakened in the breast of the major, by the language of the peddler.

For some time after the departure of the troops, the captain was walking before the door of the "hotel," replying to the occasional queries of Betty, who ever and anon demanded an explanation of various passages in the peddler's escape. At this instant he was joined by the surgeon, who had hitherto been engaged among his patients in a distant wing.

"Where are all the soldiers, John?" inquired, "and why are you here alone?"

"Off—all off, with Dunwoody to the river. You and I are left here to take care of a few sick men and some women."

"I am glad, however," said the surgeon, "that Major Dunwoody had consideration enough not to move the wounded. Here, Mrs. Elizabeth Flanagan, hasten with some food. I have a dead body to dissect, and I am in haste."

"And here, you Mr. Doctor Archibald Stitrevay," echoed Betty, "you are ever a coming too late; there is nothing to see."

"Woman," said the surgeon in anger, "I bid you hasten with the food, and be proper to be received into the stomach fastig."

"And I'm sure it's for a pop-gun that I should be taking you sooner than for a cannon ball," said Betty, winking at the captain; "and I tell you that it's fasting you must be. The boys have ate me up intirely."

Lawton now interferred to preserve the peace, and assured the surgeon that he had already dispatched the proper persons in quest of food for the party. A little mollified with this explanation, the operator soon forgot his hunger, and declared his intention of proceeding to business at once.

"And where is your subject?" asked Lawton.

"The peddler," said the other, glancing a look at the sign post. "I made Hollister put a stage to the north, and the body would not be dislocated by the fall, and I intend making as handsome a skeleton of him as there is in the States of North America; his bones are well knit. I have long been wanting something like this sort to send as a present to an old aunt in Virginia, who was so kind to me when a boy. But what has been done with the body?"

Lawton was obliged to explain to his friend.

"This doubly disappointed in his meal and his business, Stitrevay suddenly declared his intention of visiting the 'Lovers,' and inquiring into the state of Captain Singleton. Lawton was ready for the excursion; and they were soon on the road. For some time the two rode in silence, when Lawton, perceiving that his comrade's temper was somewhat ruffled by his disappointment, endeavored to restore the tranquillity of his feelings.

"That was a charming song, Archibald, that you commenced last evening, when we were interrupted by the party that brought in the peddler," he said.

"I knew you would like it, Jack. Poetry is a respectable art."

The surgeon involuntarily blushed, and began to clear his throat. The captain, observing him to be sitting with great uneasiness on his horse, continued:

"The air still, and the road solitary—why not give the song? We are fast approaching some rocks on our left; the echo will double the melody."

This encouraged the surgeon to attempt complying with the request in sober earnest. Some little time was lost in getting the proper pitch of his voice; but no sooner were these things being achieved than Lawton had the secret delight of hearing his friend commence.

"Hush!" interrupted the trooper; "what rustling noise is that among the rocks?"

"I must have been the rushing of the melody. A powerful voice is like the breathing of the winds."

"Listen!" said Lawton, stopping his horse. He had not done speaking when a stone fell at his feet. "A friendly shot," cried the trooper, "and the man who weapon nor his force implies much ill-will. It would be easy to hide a regiment behind those rocks," dismounting and taking the stone in his hand. "Oh! here is the explanation, along with the mystery." So saying, he tore a piece of paper that had been ingeniously fastened to the small fragment of rock, and opening it, the captain read:

"A musket ball will go farther than a stone in the rocks of Vandyck. The horse may be good, but can he mount a precipice?"

"Thou sayest the truth, strange man," said Lawton, "courage and activity would avail but little against assassination and the heavy passes." Remounting his horse, he cried aloud: "Thanks, unknown friend; your caution will be remembered."

A meager hand was extended for an instant over a rock, in the air, and afterward nothing farther was seen or heard in that quarter.

"Quite an extraordinary interruption," said the astonished Stitrevay, "and a letter of a very mysterious meaning."

"Oh! this nothing but the wit of some bumpkin, who wishes to frighten the Virginians by an artifice of this kind," said the trooper; "but let me tell you, Mr. Archibald Stitrevay, you are wanting to distrust, just now, a very honest fellow."

"It was the peddler—one of the most notorious spies in the enemy's service; and I must say that I think it would be an honor to such a man to be devoted to the use of science."

"He may be a spy—he must be one," said Lawton, musing; "but he has a heart above enmity, and a soul that would honor a soldier."

The surgeon turned a vacant eye on his companion as that of the soldier's, while the penetrating looks of the trooper had already discovered another pile of rocks, which, jutting forward, nearly obstructed the highway.

"What the steel cannot mount, the foot of man can overcome," exclaimed the wary partisan. Throwing himself again from his saddle, and leaping a wall of stone, he began to ascend the hill. This movement was no sooner made than Lawton caught a glimpse of the figure of a man stealing rapidly and disappearing on the opposite side of the precipice.

"Spur, Stitrevay—spur," shouted the trooper, dashing over every impediment in pursuit, "and murder the villain as he flies."

The former part of the request was promptly complied with, and a few moments brought the surgeon in full view of a man armed with a musket.

cottage from the royal army, who has come to exchange the British wounded, and who has an order from Colonel Singleton for their delivery.

"And does he wait the night?"

"Certainly, he waits for his cart; but hasten, John, we have but little time to waste."

The gala suit of Captain Lawton was easily adjusted to his huge frame, and his companion being ready, they once more took their route toward the cottage.

Miss Peyton accosted them with a smiling welcome. Frances glided about tearful and agitated, while Mr. Wharton stood ready to receive them, decked in a suit of velvet. Colonel Wellmore was in the uniform of an officer of the Household troops of his prince, and Isabella Singleton sat in the parlor, while her brother looked like anything but an invalid. As it was the third day that he had left his room, Dr. Stitrevay forgot to reprove his patient for imprudence. Into this scene Captain Lawton moved with all the composure and gravity of a man whose nerves were not easily disconcerted by novelties.

"John," whispered the surgeon, with awakened curiosity, "what means this festival? Observe, here comes the army chaplain in full robes. What can it mean?"

"An exchange," said the trooper; "the wounded of Cupid are to meet and settle their accounts with the god, in the way of plighting faith to suffer from his archery no more. Is it not a crying shame, that a suitable ceremony should thus be deferred to steal away on the fairest plants that grow on our soil?"

"If he be not more accommodating as a husband than as a patient, John, I fear that the lady will lead a troubled life."

"Let her," said the trooper, indignantly; "she has chosen from her country's enemies, and may she meet with a foreigner's virtues in her country."

(To be continued.)

HIT BY THREE FLYING FISH.

They Were Pursued by Hungry Fish, into the Quarry of a Shark.

Over at the foot of 23d street, South Brooklyn, not far from acres of laid-up yachts, is cabled to the shore the St. Lucia barkentine Savola, her steel hull and spars almost hidden by a pile of cedar logs that have been extracted by a winch and derrick from her interior, says the New York World. The cedar is from Santa Cruz, Cuba, but the incident of her smooth, successful voyage is the luck of her plucky steward, in being hit by three flying fishes, knocked to the deck and landing on the winged herrings without injury to his own feelings.

It was at the close of day off the Bahamas, with the wind from the northeast and the barkentine on it, making a fair picture, with square sails and fore and aft cloths all set, as they had been all the passage, and the vessel dipping and recovering to roll the other way.

While Captain Fernandez and the mate were at sea the steward, who has had a heap of experience with leaping herring, went forward to cool his brow in the fresh, smart breeze. The air was clear and the northeast breeze pushed up the uneasy surface of a semitransparent sea in regular pyramids of green edged and capped with white.

While the steward gazed and the breeze caught his hair, a tragic procession, one of nature's dog-eat-dog exhibitions, headed, like the flight of fox and hounds, for the bounding barkentine, dimly marked in the red glare of the sinking sun, at which time pursuing fish are the most voracious.

In the van were three flying fish, which had sprung from a rising wave about eighty fathoms to windward, the lupetus of the sea, their own jump, the wind and their poised fins bearing them in a graceful curve for the ship. Indeed, they had seemed, previous to their final jump, to steer their flight for the Savola's foredeck, there to seek safety.

Chasing the flying fish was a huge bonito, some ten fathoms astern and gliding down the descending roof of a wave, while only six fathoms astern of the hungry bonito was a still hungrier shark keen for its prey.

As the flying herring came on, the ship fell as if to receive them over the bulwark and the three of them struck the steward with mighty force on the breast and face, bowing him over upon his back, while the bonito smote the shark, disturbed by the red glare of the barkentine, dived and the bonito fell to the windward of his enemy.

The steward picked himself up unhurt and gathered up his flying fishes, which he varnished and mounted upon a plaque, where they are to be seen in the cabin of the Savola.

Travel Free.

"Conductor," said the gasping passenger, vainly trying to raise a window, "there are at least a billion microbes in this car."

"You ought to be able to stand that if the company can," growled the street car conductor. "We don't get a blamed cent for carrying 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

Soon Be Kelpiped.

"Is Jimmy de porch climber, a star?" inquired the green-goods man.

"Naw!" replied the safe cracker. "He used to be a star, but now we call him de sun."

And why de sun?

"Because he is always getting spotted."

Few Climbers.

"Dis am a lazy word, deacon," remarked Brudhad Snidower.

"Deed at am," replied Deacon Deberry.

"Yes, sah. Ef you was to tell some people dey need rest, de seven heavens free of charge dey would ask you when de elevator was going up."

Far Gone.

Helen (batteringly)—You don't love me.

Dick—Oh, I am crazy about you.

Helen—Oh, I am afraid it is a case of "out of sight out of mind."

Dick (desperately)—On the contrary, it is a case of "in sight out of mind."

Just Imagine.

Stubb—Dispatch from Berlin says they are now able to photograph a person's breath.

Penn—Whew! I was just thinking Stubb—Thinking of what?

Penn—Imagine the strong photograph they could take of a fellow's breath after he had been eating spring onions.

Lies Lov.

"Of course she doesn't like discussions about ages."

"No. Usually when she's queried about hers she just says nothing, but lies low."

"Yes—or if she says anything she lies low."—Philadelphia Press.

About 1,500,000 persons are employed in the coal mines of the world.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN



DESIGNS FOR SKIRT TRIMMINGS.

Hold the Sleeve.

If it were permissible many a young lady would be tempted to use a cuss word every time she puts on her coat.

We have all watched her struggle in the attempt to tuck the big, balloon sleeves of her waist into the armholes of the coat. Naturally it must be uncomfortable to have the inner sleeve bunched at the shoulder. An ingenious English

SLEEVE IN PLACE. Woman has invented a simple contrivance which does away with all these trying perplexities, and she thinks so highly of the device that she has had it patented in the United States. As shown in illustration, it comprises a narrow elastic band, having on each end a ring, one being larger than the other. Attached to the band is a double cord. In using this device the band is formed into a lasso (by slipping the smaller ring through the larger one), which is slipped over the end of the sleeve of the waist. The fine end of the band is then secured to the thumb by the ring. The cord is attached to the little finger. After slipping the arm into the sleeve of the coat the ring on the thumb is released and the band pulled out of the armhole by means of the cord.

Girls' Reflections of Mothers.

A daughter is, in nine cases out of ten, the reflection of her mother. The training of the girl of 15 is shown in the woman of 50. A son may, by contrast with the rough world, sometimes outlive his early home influences—a daughter rarely does. The mother who realizes that the whole strength of her children's lives depends upon the foundation which she builds for them has mastered the great principle of successful motherhood.

It is a hereditary trait that one of the greatest evils in home life is the lack of cordience between mothers and daughters. A mother who has her daughter's confidence need never fear that she will stray from the home teachings. The daughter who has confidence in her mother will never go to others with her little heartaches and her burdens.

It is the mother who is a mother who makes the home a confessional for her children. Anything said there is never repeated. Her children know and feel their mother is their best friend, their safest counselor, and years afterward they will think of her as all that a mother should be. She was loving, sympathetic, frank and the companion of their own choosing.—Exchange.

The Sundown Up to Date.

This charming model makes us hark back to the days when grandmother was a little girl and wore a sundown on her ringleted head. Nowadays it is the grown-up girls who wear the sundown, and it is not quite so simple as its ancestor. The illustration shows a fine, milian slump, in burnt tan, a wreath of pink roses is arranged on a brown velvet band across the crown and brim, the velvet ribbon tied in the back in bow and streamers, as though holding the hat on the wearer's head. The culture being arranged to fill in the hat in the back sufficiently.

Women in Business.

Of all the enigma pursuits followed by women, none perhaps is more out of line with feminine instincts than selling brick and building material. Yet Mrs. Nellie Snyder-Smith, of Dallas, Tex., has built up a business which now runs over \$200,000 a year. And she started eight years ago with four bricks. The four bricks were samples which her husband had used in the business his widow took up upon his death. Last year she sold 90,000 common brick and 2,000,000 face brick, not to mention other building material. She not only sells more brick than a whole lot of men, but has been told that she disposes of more than all the other women in the world put together.

Mrs. Nellie Snyder-Smith is a contributor of note to magazines, and free of charge they would ask you when de elevator was going up.

Far Gone.

Helen (batteringly)—You don't love me.

Dick—Oh, I am crazy about you.

Helen—Oh, I am afraid it is a case of "out of sight out of mind."

Dick (desperately)—On the contrary, it is a case of "in sight out of mind."

Just Imagine.

Stubb—Dispatch from Berlin says they are now able to photograph a person's breath.

Penn—Whew! I was just thinking Stubb—Thinking of what?

Penn—Imagine the strong photograph they could take of a fellow's breath after he had been eating spring onions.

Lies Lov.

"Of course she doesn't like discussions about ages."

"No. Usually when she's queried about hers she just says nothing, but lies low."

"Yes—or if she says anything she lies low."—Philadelphia Press.

About 1,500,000 persons are employed in the coal mines of the world.

RAILWAYS LAUGHTER

TERRIBLE INDICTMENT AGAINST AMERICAN MANAGERS.

More Attention Paid to Increasing Dividends than to the Practical Methods of Transportation—Accidents Likely to Increase.

A list of the wrecks in the last twelve months constitutes an awful indictment against the American railway managers. In no part of the civilized world is transportation attended by so many perils as in the United States, and of late the danger seems to be increasing instead of decreasing.

Scarcely a day passes that the newspapers do not have to report some new disaster. In many instances the tragedies are the result of gross carelessness on the part of the railroad people. Spreading rails, open switches, disregard of orders, carelessness of engineers, conductors and train dispatchers explain some of the other disasters. In a few cases wrecks, snowstorms and fogs caused wrecks. These are the only instances in which the railroad people can be held blameless.

Something Radically Wrong.

No part of the country seems to have escaped, and, if anything, conditions appear to be worse on big railroad systems, where passenger traffic is supposed to be attended by every safeguard that experience can suggest, than it is on smaller lines, where roadbeds are weak and the equipment is not up to the times.

That there is something radically wrong with the railroads is certain. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern, acknowledged this when he said that he never took a railroad trip nowadays that he did not fear disaster.

Transportation men say the railroads are not to blame and that railroad managers are struggling against conditions such as they never confronted before and which they could not guard against. They say the public has no conception of the strain to which the railroads have been subjected in the last year or two. There has been a tremendous increase in traffic. The increase came suddenly. The railroads have done their best to handle it, but they have been unable to get cars or locomotives to meet the needs. From the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes nearly every road is glutted with freight. If this excess of business could be handled promptly the railroads would make immense profits. The railroads did profit largely in the early days of the rise in the tide of traffic, but there was no end to the volume of freight, and soon men and machinery began to suffer from the strain. Cars and locomotives need rest and repairs just as human beings do. When they do not receive it they are liable to break down. Men cannot be pressed to the limit of endurance week in and week out, month after month, without giving way.

Railroads to Blame.

But this explanation does not fully explain. Men who go to the root of the trouble lay the responsibility for present conditions upon the shoulders of half a dozen big men, who know more about finance than they do about practical railroading.

There has been an evolution in the railroad business in the United States in the last eight or ten years. It has been a period of reorganization and consolidation. Masters of finance rather than masters of transportation affairs have ruled in the councils of old and new systems. "Nearly every merger has been attended by a stock issue. Loads of water, which has been saddled upon the railroads. The masters of finance were discounting the growth of the nation and the development of the properties they were consolidating.

Every observant person has been aware of the fact that since the Spanish-American war the nation's business has been expanding at a great rate. The only branch of the country's mechanism that has not kept pace with this expansion has been the railroad. But it has been the policy of the masters of finance to force the building of new lines, force independent ones into submission and concentrate traffic so that it would yield the largest possible revenue to the trunk systems which they controlled. They have succeeded. The railroads of the United States to-day are in few hands. But in their hunger for large profits and early returns from the properties they have absorbed, the masters of finance have neglected the physical well-being of the railroads. They have looked more to net earnings than to improved roadbeds, additional equipment and better service to the public. They viewed with more favor the manager who worked men and cars to the limit all the time and showed a reduction of operating expenses, with a big increase in gross earnings, than the one who always sought to improve the property.

When about a year ago the tremendous bulge in the volume of traffic came suddenly it found the railroads unprepared. The masters of finance had not added many locomotives and cars to the possessions of the properties they had absorbed. Neither had they extended the terminals of the various roads to meet the requirements of a constantly growing traffic. Division superintendents, yardmasters, masters of transportation, train dispatchers, conductors, firemen, engineers and brakemen did all they could. They buckled down to their work as only well-trained, earnest, efficient men will do. When they were called upon to work extra hours they did so willingly. But they could make no impression on the flood. The more they battled, the more freight seemed to pour in upon them. Locomotives capable of drawing thirty loaded cars were pressed to drag trains of thirty-six or forty. Men who could work safely and well twelve or fourteen hours a day were kept on duty sixteen or eighteen. Cars that should go to the repair shops were kept in service on the chance that they would get through all right.

As it was with freight so was it with passenger traffic. Every passenger car that could be utilized seemed to be needed. One branch of the service seemed to keep pace with the other in growth.

And now the railroads are in the throes of the reaction from the strain. Equipment has given way and men have been killed and hundreds more probably will be slaughtered before affairs come to a normal state. The dozens and dozens of freight wrecks with the killing or maiming of railroad employes have been too small in interest to attract general attention.

Tears Kill Disease Germs.

Dr. C. Lindahl of Copenhagen tells in the London Lancet of his discovery that tears have the power to kill various bacteria which produce disease in the human body. This bactericidal capacity of the lacrimal fluid is not due to its inorganic nature, which contains known leucocytes. The fluid when heated and cooled fails to prevent the growth of bacteria to the same degree as when in its normal state.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

—Cincinnati Post.

Spyglass that Tells Distance.

M. Gerard, an officer of the French navy, has invented an instrument called the tellimeter, which enables one to find accurately the distance of any visible object whose height is known, without complex calculations. The principle on which this instrument works is the combination of two prismatic rings so adjusted as to give a variable refractive angle, enabling the user to measure a graduated scale to read off the distance of the object looked at without stopping to go through a mathematical calculation.

From Far and Near.

Four churches and a school house were wrecked by a tornado at Rome, Tex.

There are about 40,000 persons idle in San Francisco because of labor troubles.

The fire department of Wyoming, Ohio, was burned out when the town hall was destroyed.

The management of the Jamestown exposition will be undertaken temporarily and without salary by James M. Barr, former president of the Seaboard Air Line.

Buck High, a 15-year-old negro, was hanged at McDonough, Pa., for assault upon a 4-year-old daughter of a white citizen.

For the fortieth time the general assembly of the United Presbyterians has declined to create the office of general treasurer.

Before the end of the summer 200,000 unorganized laborers and clerks of western railroads will receive a 10 per cent wage increase.

The Pocomantas Memorial Association has announced that the unveiling of the statue of Pocomantas at Jamestown is postponed until late in the fall.

Former Police Captain Jacob Scribner of Newark, N. J., charged with dereliction in office, was given the maximum punishment for his offense—a fine of \$1,000.

A gift of \$50,000 to the Agnes Scott institute, a college for young women at Decatur, Ga., is announced. The giver is Samuel M. Inman, a wealthy Atlanta citizen.

George Kern, alias G. Thomas, was arrested at Toronto, Ont., at the instance of United States authorities and for whose arrest two warrants have been sworn out in Knoxville, Tenn., one charging perjury and the other concealment of funds in a bankruptcy case.

He likes very much the greatest comfort for the smallest outlay, and certainly likes to be loved.

But he himself very soon adapts himself to the philosophy of "why run after a street car when you've caught it?" If women who are determined to marry would only recognize this unpleasant truth they would not be so many pitiful wrecks of married happiness. These foolish women expect their husbands to remain always lovers. It isn't men's nature.

Revival of the Norfolk.

It is a relief now and then to find the monotony of the eton and pony jackets broken by the long, snugly fitting coat. One of the smartest walking suits of the season is shown in the illustration. It is of gray Scotch cheviot. The skirt is seven gored with insets at the bottom to give it the proper flare. The Norfolk jacket is severely tailored. A white linen stock and cravat is worn with this suit and adds to its smart appearance.

Girls as Smart as Boys.

President Seelye of Smith college says that not every girl should go to college, and does not recommend the college education for those who are stupid or slow and have little or no ambition to be wiser than they are. The wonder is that such girls could ever get ready for college in the way of passing the examination. He says that in the secondary schools one often finds girls as intelligent as boys, a statement of fact so obvious that one wonders that President Seelye should make it. One of the advantages he names as resulting from a college education is the power it gives a girl to develop desirable social traits.

Should Have Living Wage.

A Chicago woman says that the fathers and mothers who let children who are under age work in the factories and other places are "silent partners" of the men who employ them and in the case where the girls are underpaid, allowing them to live at home, is also going into partnership with these men. Concerns that cannot pay a living wage to their employees should be made to go out of business.

Decorative Scrap Baskets.

Novel scrap baskets are composed of four pieces of wood, united at the corners by means of withes of grass passed through holes. The decoration, which consists of weird plants, reptiles and denizens of the deep, is first outlined with the pyrographic pen, and then colored in distemper, green, blues and yellows. A small basket of this kind costs 75 cents.

In Memory of Mother.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given \$50,000 to the new school to be erected at Sag Harbor, Long Island, as a memorial to her mother, who was born there. The only stipulation she makes is that the building shall be fireproof.

ABOUT THE BABY



If a child swallows a pin give it a bowl of bread and milk into which several small balls of absorbent cotton have been put. The cotton will not digest and the pin will be apt to lodge in one of the balls and thereby keep the ends from scratching the intestines.

According to the London Engineer, among the suggestions placed before a Blackburn committee that is making inquiries with a view to lessening infant mortality in the town, is a novel one by Dr. Bannister. He considers that much could be done to restore natural feeding by establishing a "cradle-room" or creche at each mill where mothers are employed, in which they could attend to the wants of their infants. He does not see why this should not be practicable from the employers' point of view.

Is Only Question of Color.

A woman who is supposed to know a lot about it is all a matter of color and age, and that any woman can make any man propose to her or do anything she wants him to do if her dress is



MA-Why can't I go bare-footed? My little brown mother is letting him - an th' ground is just as warm.