A WATERLOO

By W. H. COWES.

"You, 'Poleon," yelled Aunt Judy from the wash-house door, "wey you gwine? Come back heuh, you triflin', black rascal. Didn't Ah tell you to stan' right by dat wringah until Ah was through wid you?

"I was des gwine down to see if Mist' Jimmy's boat was tied," said the recreant Napoleon, as he shifted his weight from one black, sun-cracked, bare foot to the other.

"Yaas, I 'specs dats w'at dat extry fishhook is a hangin' in dem kinks behine you' ear fo'; and w'at you got in you' han'? Dat's a box o' wu'ms, sho's Ise alive. 'Pears like you ain't got sense enough to bell a buzzard, 'Poleon!"

Napoleon rolled his eyes cautiously around towards a clump of saw palmetto in the edge of the "scrub," where a wide, straw hat could be seen above the tops of the palmetto fans, and a knotty fishpole waved jerkily. Would she see it? Napoleon's heart almost stood still as Aunt Judy's eyes turned in that direction, but old eyes that are dimmed by many years of sewing and standing over the steaming washtub are not as sharp as young ones.

"Tek dis basket er clo'es and hang 'em out on de line," she continued, "and bring me er coal outer dat fiuh. Look lak Ah dest mus' tek a res'."

Napoleon complied, holding the coal between two sticks while Aunt Judy puffed for a light. A smile crept over his face. He knew what Aunt Judy's "resses" meant. Then, taking up the basket, he went out to the clothesline, keeping carefully in view of Aunt Judy. Gradually he worked around, as he saw Aunt Judy's head nod, until her face was hidden by the door jamb.

"Dat boy ain't so bad," mused the old lady. "He dest kin' o' childish. Get kin' o' frisky sometimes lak any boy gwineter do w'at got some stiffness in he backbone. Guess Ah'll—Ah'll—let him——" There was a long pause. A big, green horsefly came droning in and settled on Aunt Judy's head, standing out strongly against the gray, twine-wrapped strands of wool. Aunt Judy was asleep. Napoleon came and peeped in at the door. Softly putting down the basket, he stole noiselessly over to the palmetto, and two figures raced off toward the bayou.

A little creek made around from the bayou, over which was a wooden bridge.

"Sam," said Napolean, "Aunt Judy is gwineter wake up 'fore long. 'Speck we better fix dis bridge," and with a mischievous glitter in his black eyes he commenced removing some of the loose boards lying across the two poles which formed the only passage across the muddy creek.

"We'll des fix some er dese fans across de openin'," he chattered, an unfilial light spreading over his black, shiny face. The two young imps soon had dead, brown palmetto leaves over the opening.

"Now, we'll des get out on dat ole log, and drop our lines in de Blackhole," said Sam.

* * * *

Aunt Judy nodded and drowsed, giving forth a gentle snore, occasionally broken by fitful snorts. The pipe still hung, loosely held, between her two good teeth. The fire was long ago extinct. Suddenly she started up.

"Great Zion! Ah mus' get dem clo'es offer dat line. 'Poleon!" No answer. "'Specks he dun traipsed off wid dat Sam Williams. He gotter quit dat havishness. Yassir, here's de basket. Ah'll des slip down to de bayou and see. Hope he got summer dese sand-spurs in his foots," she muttered as she made her way toward the path which led to the river. As she emerged

"Come back hyeh, yo' triflin' black rascal!"

from the fringe of trees which ran a short distance from the bayou, she saw the recreants perched on the drift log which ran out into the water.

"Dere dey is, and dat scoun'l is smokin' Unc' Pete's pipe, and, my blessed, dat Sam is got one, too!"

Breaking off a long, wild-plum switch, she waddled, as fast as her physical make-up would permit, toward the boys. When she arrived at the bridge, the boys turned and saw her, but only for a second. There was a scream, a crashing of sticks, and a mighty splattering.

"Help, help! 'Poleon! Sam! Oh, Lordy, help me outer dis! Oh! Oh! Dis some er you rascals' debblishness. Oh! Ah'll fix all you! Come, dat's good boys, and help you' old aunty out!"

The boys, at first frightened by what they had done, hesitated about leaving the stronghold of the log, but soon saw that Aunt Judy was wedged fast between the two poles, and her ample extremities were well fastened in the mud.

"What's the matter? Is you fell through?" inquired Napoleon. Sam kept a discreet silence.

"No, Ise asleep in bed," howled Aunt Judy. "W'en Ah gets outer dis, Ah'l frail you to a frazzle end. Dat's w'at Ah will."

"Now, Aunt Judy," said Napoleon "what you gwineter frail us fo'? Somebody mus' er fixed dat bridge whi.st we was er sittin' on de log. I believe you mus' er fixed it to ketch us on de way back.

Aunt Judy gasped. Such impudence was too much.

"Say, Aunt Judy," went on Napoleon "'ef we helps you out, will you let us off on de whippin'?"

"Nossir," said Aunt Judy. "Ah'll des maul you."

"Den stay dere," said Napoleon, getting bolder as he realized that Aunt Judy was really helpless, and with a nod to the awe-struck Sam, he started back to the log. It was too much.

"'Poleon, oh, 'Poleon! Come help you po' old aunty out!"

But the wicked Napoleon was steely hearted as his namesake. He could not afford to let mere emotions interfere with future prospects.

"Ef you'll help me out, 'Poleon, Ah'll mek a promise."

"What," said Napoleon, eagerly.

Aunt Judy was beginning to see a

"W'en Ah gets outer dis," howled Aunt Judy. "Ah'll frail yo' to a frazzle end!"

light. "No, Ah d' know 'bout dat, eider," she said thoughtfully. The water was cold and the poles were anything but comfortable, but Aunt Judy was built of sterling stuff. Napoleon began to hedge.

"W'at was you gwineter promise, aunty?" he inquired with affected carelessness.

"Well, ef you—oh, Ah d' know neider."

"Go on, aunty."

"Well, looky here, boys, if you'll only help you' po' ole aunty out, Ah'll get you all the doughnuts and cracklins you kin hole."

"Nossir," said Napoleon. "You gotter promise not to tech a ha'r o' our heads 'fo' we lets you out." There was a long pause.

Then Aunt Judy said, "Well, boys, guess Ah'll hatter do it."

In ten minutes she was out, floundering on the grass. They helped her to her feet.

"Now, boys," said she, still retaining a grasp on each muddy black paw, "Ah ain't gwine tech a hair on you heads, but Ise des natchelly gwineter frail you backs till de world looks level."

Old Uncle Pete, over in the clearing behind the trees, stopped hoeing and listened for a moment to sounds which came floating on the evening breeze.

"Huh! 'Pears lak dem folks oveh todes de bayou is always a-killin' hawgs", he said to himself.

Excelled in Science.

America's place in the scientific world is the subject of an interesting discussion in Popular Science Monthly. This journal points out that while we have produced many great inventors and are, perhaps, contributing more than a share to practical engineering, manufactures and agriculture, we do not stand equally high in the domain of pure science. If the pure sciences were divided into nine groups—that is to say, mathematics, astronomy, physics, botany, chemistry, geology, zoology, physiology and anthropology-psychology—and the United States excelled in one branch, it would be sufficient. It is, however, admitted we are inferior to several nations in mathematics, physics, chemistry and physiology, and we are inferior in reputation, though obviously not so in performance, in zoology, botany and anthropology-psychology, but we are probably doing work of greater volume and value than any other nation in astronomy and in geology.

Valor of Rough Riders.

The King of Siam has an army corps of 500 elephants. A corp of half as many American rough riders of the western ranges would make the lumbering beasts pack their trunks and quit the field in one, two, three order.

It takes the editor to make a long story short.

WHEN CHAOS RULES

Writer Moralizes Bitterly Over Woe Caused by the Annual House-cleaning Craze.

Behold, the house-cleaning season cometh on apace! The time is nigh at hand when the dismal grunt of the tackpuller and the knockout blow of the tackhammer shall be heard abroad in the land. Yea, verily, we are upon the threshold of the moist scrubbrush and the weeping floor mop.

Now will the good man of the house get him up at the first streaks of dawn streaking the east and hie himself to his office, for he knoweth in his heart that the bosom of his family is no place to be when housecleaning goeth on. When the good man cometh home at the twelfth hour and sitteth down to the table with the appetite of a goat beneath his belt, behold there is nothing on his platter save a few cold, shivering potatoes and a hunk of beef, which he recognizeth as an old acquaintance.

After dinner the queen of his household standeth before him with her head done up in a dustcap and cobwebs in her eyes, asking him if he will beat the parlor carpet, but, remembering that he hath a pressing engagement, he girdeth up his loins straightway and hoofeth it downtown

Again at eventide he cometh home and climbeth over the bureau, where standeth in the hall. He fain would eat, but there is naught wherewith to do it. As he standeth amid the wreckage and chaos of that once happy home, his better half again draweth nigh and asketh him in a seductive voice to help hang the family portraits. Thereupon the husband borroweth a step ladder from his neighbor and standeth it against the wall. The stepladder hath a broken step, but of this the man wotteth not.

As the man ascendeth the stepladder, bearing aloft the portrait of his wife's mother, the step aforesaid giveth way, and the man descendeth upon his head and throweth the picture through a window into the street, for, behold, the man falleth to the floor and great is the fall thereof Then the man riseth up in his might and speaketh things in a loud voice which are not fit for publication

Lastly, says the Ohio State Journal, the man goeth upstairs to seek slumber, but he findeth no place to lay his head, so he lieth down on the floor and sleepeth with his head on a hassock wotting not that he will arise on the morrow, a sore and stiffened creature. Verily the life of the head of the house to be cleaned is a burden.

SPORT IN CHINA

Unique Ways in Which the Wily Celestials Pass Away Time.

One of the most common ways of betting in China is with oranges. This goes on at the fruit stalls and also in private houses. The bet is on the number of seeds in an orange. Sometimes it is as to whether the number is odd or even, and at others as to the exact number of seeds the orange contains. If at a fruit stand, the dealer will pay the lucky guesser five times his bet, but the loser must pay the value of the orange and also five times as much as he has wagered.

Quail fighting is done on a table with a little fence about its edge. The fighting quails have been starved for some time. As they are put into the pen a few grains of rice or wheat are laid before them, and they at once begin to fight over them. They are trained for the purpose, and a good fighter is worth $100 and upward.

It is the same with the crickets. Their prize rings are little bowls. The crickets have been trained. They seem to understand their master's word, and they are urged on to the combat with straws. The Chinese understand how to feed and groom the crickets for the fray. They give them honey, boiled chestnuts and boiled rice and certain kinds of fish. They do not allow anyone to smoke near them, for they think that tobacco injures them. If the crickets grow sick they feed them upon mosquitos and red ants.

In a cricket fight the crickets are weighed before they are put in the ring. They are matched as to size and color. The betting is done just as carefully as at an English horse race. The stakes are held by a committee, which deducts a certain percentage for those who own the fighting houses. During the fight the gamblers grow excited. They scream and yell and hop up and down as one insect gets the better of the other and go almost mad when one wins.

THE WESTERN RESERVE

Section of the Country That Has Contributed Many Famous Men to the Service of the Union.

John Brown came here from Connecticut as a child of five years; and it was through the inculcation of early western reserve radicalism, operating excessively on a peculiar nature, that he was projected upon the country at large as a lurid figure, whatever its defects, not to fade from history. It has been chiefly through a certain stalwart moral stamina of its people, combined with a genius for politics, that the reserve early became conspicuous, and has all along exercised a huge influence, relative to its size, upon the state and country, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. It has contributed six governors to the state in the time of its need, five senators and two presidents to the United States; educators, authors, scientists almost innumerable. The mere names of Wade and Giddings, of James A. Garfield and William McKinley, of Jay Cooke, financier of the war of the union, of Governors Samuel Huntington, Seabury Ford, Reuben Wood, David Tod, John Brough, and Jacob D. Cox—the latter also one of the ablest generals in the civil war, and of those other generals, Q. A. Gillmore, Opdyke, Dewey, Alger, Reilly, John Beatty and the two Paines, both major-generals, who, though entering the service elsewhere, were natives of the reserve; of such practical scientists as Edison and Brush; of such authors as W. D. Howells, James Ford Rhodes, Edith Thomas, George Kennan, Ambrose Bierce, Sarah Woolsey, Albion W. Tourgee, Thomas Jay Hudson, and Della Bacon (of Bacon-Shakespeare fame), and of such educators as ex-President James Fairchild of Oberlin, the late Thomas W. Harvey and Burke A. Hinsdale, and Prof. George Trumbull Ladd (the world-famous philosopher and psychologist of Yale's faculty), are sufficient to attest that it was no people of mere mediocrity which Connecticut's remarkable colonizing movement placed in Ohio.

MEANT TO BE A WORLD-BEATER

The Military Station to Be Established on Governor's Island.

In the heart of the city of New York the United States is to have one of the finest military stations in the world, says a New York correspondent. Announcement was made recently for the perfection of the plans for enlarging Governor's Island, and the sundry civil bill will carry an appropriation for finishing the work. Secretary Root has been working on this plan for a long time, and it looks now as if his labors would be crowned with success. Governor's Island is to be enlarged by a breakwater and reclamation of shoal ground, so that its area will be increased from the present sixty-five acres to about 150 acres. Docks and berths will be built, so that the largest ships and transports can lie alongside the warehouses and receive or discharge cargoes by electrical appliances.

The entire terminal facilities of New York city will be available for the handling of freight, loaded cars being floated directly into the slips. Secretary Root says that when his plans are perfected the government will have a station from which an expedition of 25,000 men can be dispatched on transports, fully equipped with artillery, camp outfits, horses, tentage, etc., in three days. There will be room on the island for the barracks and tents of that number of men, and the transportation facilities of the metropolis are so great that the addition of 20,000 or 30,000 men to the ordinary traffic would never be noticed. All this right in the heart of the greatest city and greatest seaport on the continent

Birds in Hartz Mountains.

In the Hartz Mountains nearly every family raises canaries. Some of them raise them as a business and produce 300 or 400 annually, which they may sell for $1 each. But all families, however poor, raise twenty or thirty on the side, so to speak, simply to help out the family exchequer

The woman of the house will sit patiently presiding over the stocking machine, at the same time keeping an ear attentive to the attempts of the youthful birds at her elbow to sing Teaching the canaries is a science One master even holds a stick threateningly over his charge to warn them from false notes and uncertain tunes The bird business in Germany has reached large proportions. One bird store in Leipzig employs fifty clerks

Roosevelt's Strenuous Boys.

The Roosevelt children, by the way have been stirring their father's strenuous blood. The youngsters are the proud possessors of some thorough bred chickens and they had an argument as to which were the best fighters. To settle that question the boys decided to pit the chickens against each other. For several days a crowd gathered at the White House barns to watch the fun. "Papa" Roosevelt happened out there one day, when a cock fight was in full swing. He was horrified, or at least had to pretend to be, and he marched the youngsters to the White House.

The Mountain of Transfiguration

By FREDERICK HALL.

Dwight Van Wert was not deformed in any way, and yet he was fearfully and wonderfully made—there was no denying that. His luxuriant crop of flame-hued hair took on quite without culture, indeed despite all culture, the contour of a full-blown prize chrysanthemum, from an archipelago of freckles resembling a sepia map of Oceanica. His nose rose like the tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus. To right and left a spreading ear flapped defiance to any threatening head wind and this was but the cupola, so to speak, for an assortment of legs and arms that had apparently been selected quite at random from a pile of left-overs in some forgotten corner of the creator's workshop. All of which description is grossly exaggerated, of course, but in no way misleading, for I found out long ago that in portraying Van it was absolutely necessary to exaggerate in order to make one realize how far from beautiful he was.

From the day he entered school he was the legitimate prey of tease and bully. I suppose it was hard on Van at first, for at home his mother had not called him Bricktop nor his father taunted him with the upward tilt of his nose, but he took it all with stoical heroism, thrashed whom he could, diverted whom he could, helped some with their lessons and bribed others by judicious outlay of his spending money until, at graduation, he was as popular as any fellow in the class, howbeit as far from handsome as when a little tad of six.

At college he came out at the head of his class. He took a year in Europe after that; then he came home, went in with his father and fell in love with Grace Sereno.

Of course, he fell in love with Grace. Grace had a nose Phidias could not have bettered, a complexion like the blending of the wild rose and the lily-of-the-valley, a figure that was the glory of a tailor-made and the apotheosis of a ball gown, hair she could let fall in lustrous billows to her feet, eyes so big and brown and deep it made you dizzy to look into them. It was simply heartbreaking to contemplate, and all the more so when the victim was a personal friend.

Van never took me into his confidence, but I suspect Grace had figured in his plans ever since his first day at school, when she had asked to have her seat changed "because it made her feel so bad to look at that little Van Wert boy." Anyway, he had always done things for her; written to her, sent her presents, and now he went at it deliberately to pay her every courteous attention affection could suggest or money furnish means for.

If you have ever done anything in vivisection, you remember how you felt the first time you saw a live animal cut to pieces. It is not a pleasant sensation, but with some of us it came to be almost chronic while we watched Van's courtship drag out its sickening length.

He was such a good fellow and she such a nice girl. To pour his soul out in her service and yet never bore her seemed to have become the purpose of his life; to let him know the truth and yet spare him all she could seemed to be hers.

Grace and her mother spent the summer at the lakes, and so did Van. In the latter part of November she went into the city on her aunt's invitation, and immediately Van's business took him in at least as often as once a week. When she returned early in February, and Van was as attentive as ever, I knew that that blindness-of-love business (man's love) is a true story, for Van never seemed to realize that she had been running away from him, and the whole miserable thing was worse tangled than ever, because we saw that she had got to strike hard, which was not going to be pleasant for her, and Van was going to be cut up to beat everything.

It was up in my room one night in

Van was far from beautiful.

March that Ken and Trenchard and I got to talking it over. We had heard a rumor that Grace and her mother were going to Europe, and we knew that meant one of two things—either Van would be reckless and get his quietus right away or else, on some cooked up excuse or other he would follow them.

"Of course," said Ken, as he gave a vicious pull at his cigar, "there's no use kicking against the pricks. Van has got to swing some day, and maybe the sooner it's over the better."

"Of course," Trench admitted, "Van's got to take his medicine, that's all right, but—hang it!—he's such a no end of a good fellow and it'll break him all up and—Lord! I wish somebody would chloroform him."

"Fellows," said Ken, "can't we do something for Van to break his fall? Hold a blanket for him or something."

I told Ken he was a fool, but that no longer makes the impression on him that it should.

"No—hang it!" he said, "I mean it. Now, look here. We all know that Van isn't what you might call a tearing beauty. And—great hat! there are other girls, nice girls, slews of girls, that would take him quick if they could get him. Fellows with six-figure bank accounts aren't at a discount—not yet. Suppose we three were to form a sort of benevolent conspiracy, get one of the girls into it, Mamie Crane, maybe, and then pull every wire we could—Beatrice Benedick fashion—until we had him married——"

"No use," interrupted Trenchard; "we might break Mamie Crane's heart, probably would, but that is all would ever come of it. Better leave the whole thing alone."

I felt that I knew Van a little better than either of the other fellows did, and I thought I understood the situation, so now I spoke up.

"I tell you, fellows," I said, "there is just one thing can ease the pressure. You can't drive Van, you can't coax

"Rod," he said, in a constrained voice, "I would like to speak to you—privately—for a minute."

him, and he is not trying to win on his beauty, you can be mighty sure of that, but he knows and cares a lot for Grace; he knows he's got ability, he knows he's got money and he thinks he could make her happy enough so that after a while that countenance of his would be—forgotten, you know—she'd get used to it. What you want isn't another woman in the case—it's another man, and if you were as smart as Van, as rich as Van, as much in love with Grace as Van, and handsome, I tell you Van would give him a free field for her sake—only providing he were just as good a fellow as Van, and Van would have to be the judge, but he would judge fair."

We were all silent, and just at that moment there was a tap at the door.

"Come in," I called.

The door opened and it was Dwight Van Wert.

We must have looked like a trio of detected counterfeits, but Van never noticed.

"Rod," he said, in a constrained, unnatural voice, "may I ask the boys to excuse you—I—I would like to speak to you—privately—for a moment."

I knew it must mean his death sentence, and I followed him, like a lamb to the slaughter. Van closed the door softly, took my arm and led me across to where the great hall lamp shed its red light down upon us both.

"Rod, old man," he said, "I have come to tell you that I am engaged to be married. You know to whom—the best girl and dearest in the world—and I wanted you to be the first to congratulate me. It will be in a couple of months, here, and on the 5th of June we sail for Europe on the Campania."

He gave my hand a numbing pressure, then gripped me by the shoulders and held me off at arm's length. And I looked at him—at his rubricated hair, his tip tilted nose, his lavish wealth of freckles, his wind-break ears and his eyes, in which was shining the glory of the New Jerusalem—and—by Jove! Dwight Van Wert was the handsomest fellow I ever saw.

Fewer Convicts in Kansas.

The warden of the Kansas City penitentiary casts doubt on the supposition that a convict does not have the opportunity to go much in society and form a large acquaintance.

He says that two of the convicts now in his charge have seen 9,000 prisoners come and go during the twenty-five years since their arrival at the institution.

By the way, there are fifty fewer convicts in the penitentiary at this time than there were a year ago, and the warden wonders if Kansas is becoming more law-abiding.—Kansas City Journal.

Record Trip of Balloon.

Teisserene de Bort, the French aeronaut, has secured the lowest temperature mark on record—72 degrees centigrade, or 97.6 degrees Fahrenheit. The reading was registered on a thermometer in a trial balloon sent up recently, which rose to a height of 35,000 feet.