

How do you manage, martial deeds?
Go back to Kentucky's fields of corn;
Just woods and stumps and stumps and
Just some blaine from stump and tree
Where lightning's prophetic "mild
strife and storm."
That hard, first, cruel half century!
What makes they sang! what prayers
they said,
Cabin or camp, as the wheels rolled
west;
Silently leaving their breast, best—
Fearing a nation's path with their dead!
What, unmaned battles! what thumps and
bumps!
What sob's slashes with the broad, bright
head!
What weeds in phalanx! what stumps in
row!
What rank vines fortress'd in rows of
stumps!

MAUREEN'S LOVER

By Constance Craigie Halkett

Of course, I know that any number of men have been guardians sometimes (as I am) to a young and pretty ward.

But my wife and I agreed one day that, among the lot of them, nobody could possibly give more food for thought and anxiety than did Maureen O'Connor, our niece and ward.

To say she was pretty sounds tame. She was as fresh and sweet as a wild flower. She was as wild as any deer on our hills. She feared neither man nor beast, rode horses many boys would have declined to mount, could swim like a fish and run like a hare. When I like that she was just seventeen, and had shut up her lesson books with a decided bang the day before her birthday, you will perhaps understand why my wife and I were sitting looking at each other, discussing Maureen.

She was, or would be, an heiress, and she knew about as much on the subject of money as those birds yonder near the marsh. She could spend it, though, for she loved giving. No tale of distress was ever told to her in vain, for she had the warmest of Irish hearts. The only way, indeed, one could influence her, I found out long ago, was to appeal to that—it was no good lecturing Maureen.

My wife was looking rather helpless. Maureen adored her, but ruled her—absolutely. My wife worshiped Maureen, and always played the role of a dutiful ward, though she knew perfectly well that it never deceived me for one moment.

"She ought to go to the city and make her social debut," she said, firmly.

"I quite agree with you," said I, "but will she go?"

"I—I don't know."

"Ah!" I laughed, "you see, we can't exactly make her go."

"Have you ever been able to make her do anything?" my wife asked, scornfully.

She spoke as if she had been in the habit of enforcing obedience on Maureen every other minute, and I was riled.

"I haven't observed that your attempts in that direction have been so very successful," I said, crossly.

Whereupon we both laughed (we possess a sense of humor—a thing which saves so many situations from becoming serious).

Just then, through the open window, we caught sight of a dainty, charming figure, in the simplest of draperies, tearing across the lawn, three or four dogs at her heels.

I went to the window and called her back. She came reluctantly.

"Am I in for a scolding?" she asked, her lovely face mottled, her eyes so full of laughter that they would have disarmed the severest guardian, I almost think.

"Come in here," I said, "we want to speak to you seriously."

She groaned and gave a backward glance across the flower-spangled meadows and the sunny garden.

"Fancy being serious on such a day!" she said. "It's a wasting one's time positively. I do assure you."

However, she lifted her dainty skirts, and with one bound was in at the window.

"My dear," I said, "you've grown up now, you know."

Her answer was an affectionate hug, and "if you only knew how funny you look when you try to look solemn," said she.

Well, we sat down, one on each side of her, and we propounded the social debut. I talked what I believed to be common sense. My wife said a good deal about parties and beautiful gowns, and seasoned the lump with a little worldly wisdom, which I firmly believe she had learned out of a book, as she isn't a particle of her own.

Maureen sat there as quiet as a mouse and listened patiently, but said nothing until we came to a full stop. It is a trifle difficult to go on adducing arguments in support of a plan when nobody says anything to contradict you.

This was what we both felt, so we paused. Maureen still sat silent for a moment, then she spoke. I had never heard Maureen's voice with that inflection in my life; she was actually serious.

"My dears," she said, and she slipped one hand into mine and another into my wife's, "you've been very good to me all my life, and there was a thrill in her voice as she said it which made my eyes grow suddenly dim. 'I've lost both father and mother, but you have been to me so kind that I never missed either—can I say more? But don't make me do this thing. What is the idea? I shall be rich some day, and I know you think me pretty, therefore you would like me to make a grand marriage. I don't care if I marry or don't, but I'm quite sure it would be hateful to live in a dirty old city, and I'm not going to do it, so that's quite settled, isn't it?"

During the first quarter of her speech my wife and I held our breath—it was so unlike the Maureen of every day—

And the saying grew, as sayings will grow from hard endeavor and long and
"He's got a mighty hard row for
himself, and died trying to see his
O brighter and better that ten-pound
than brightest, broad sabre of Waterloo!
Nor ever fell soldier more truly true
Than he who died trying to see his row.

The woods are gone and the stumps are
gone—
The huge log-pile and the copperhead,
And a million bent abies flash triumph
instead
From stately, clean corn in the diamond-
towed dawns.
But the heroes have vanished save here
and there,
Far out and afield like some storm-
riven tree,
Leans a last survivor of Thermopylae,
Leafless and desolate, lone and bare,
—Joaquin Miller, in Harper's Weekly.

but the wind-up held a family likeness to speeches we had often heard, and we felt that we were treading familiar ground once more.

"Then you won't go," I said.

"Indeed, I won't," she replied, and then there was a vision of gathered skirts and tiny feet, for Maureen had departed by the way she had come.

My wife and I looked at each other and gave a sigh of relief.

"I hate the city," she said suddenly, "but I thought it was my duty to take her there."

"Just what I felt myself," I told her, "but apparently we won't have to uproot ourselves after all; you see, she has made up her mind."

"If never takes her long to do that."

"If she made up her mind to marry anybody, for instance, and we didn't approve," she suggested, "what could we do?"

My face, I presume, presented a blank, for my wife jumped up and went out of the room laughing.

Maureen wasn't my only care, either. I had a son called Tom, and he was as wild as a hawk, and so I need hardly say that he and my ward hunted in couples. He was a year or two younger than she was, but he would have followed her to the moon willingly, and there had been a path there, and there had never been an escape of hers in which Tom had not had his full share.

I had had tutors for him, but one after another these gentlemen had informed me that—well, one of them had insinuated that I had better engage one of the wild beast tamers from a traveling menagerie, as such a person might succeed in instructing Tom. For an ordinary man it was a hopeless task, he said, to attempt to teach him anything.

My wife had warned me not to engage any young man as tutor this time. "Now Maureen is grown up," she said, "your own common sense will tell you that it wouldn't do at all."

I agreed hastily, and sat down to accept the suggestion of a friend who had proposed sending me a certain Professor Bryant, who, my friend said, was quite clever at dealing with boys. I had visions of spectacles and a brain stuffed with classical lore, of some old dry-as-dust specimen of humanity, and I gave a sigh of sympathy with Tom. I remembered my own mad youth, and understood him better than most people could, except Maureen.

But the boy must learn; he was going to college soon to prepare himself for the bar, and he needed preliminary tuition.

My letter was written and duly dispatched, my terms were accepted by "Professor Bryant," and a few days later came a telegram announcing his arrival.

I had spoken to Maureen about it, and she had coaxed Tom into a state of quiescence, which was a shade better than the open rebellion which he usually showed to new arrivals of the genus tutor.

I sent a carriage to the station to meet the professor, and stayed at home to receive him.

I went out to the hall when I heard the wheels on the drive, and I shall never forget my feelings of surprise when the "professor" came into the hall—a fat, fair-haired, blue-eyed giant, and at least a fair-haired, blue-eyed giant, and if he was more than six and twenty, I'm—well, not to that fact that he was the most attractive man I ever saw in my life and you will understand that, as he stood there facing me in his rough tweed suit, I was mentally ejaculating:

"What will Molly (my wife) say?"

What she did say was so different from what I had expected that I was struck dumb, and only stared at her, wondering for the hundred thousandth time at the inconsistency of women.

She just looked at me, her eyes bright and her cheeks quite pink, and she said:

"He's the handsomest man I ever saw; he is one of the Bryants of Dorchester, a cousin of my mother's (isn't that queer?). He's as good as gold and as nice as he can be, and I do wish he'd fall in love with Maureen."

Which speech, as I have already remarked, struck me dumb.

"There was no use in reminding her," "You said so and so a week ago." She would have waved me aside with an airy "One is at liberty to change one's mind." So I, metaphorically, took a back seat, and waited to see what would happen next.

What did happen was a refreshing novelty. Tom took to Bryant at once; he also took to his books, and worked like a beaver, morning, noon, and night—except now and again, when he and Bryant took a holiday and went fishing. Of this latter Bryant was found to be a past master, and Tom's respect for him increased accordingly.

The other noticeable fact since his arrival was still more extraordinary. Maureen became strangely quiet—oddly shy—a new evenness had touched her face, and even I knew it was something which could not be accounted for by any physical cause. It was almost the difference between an "Undine" before she had a soul and after she possessed one, or at least the

Humor of Today

They're all right, I said, laconically. "Bryant and Maureen are in there."

"Then he has fallen in love with her," she said, joyfully.

"It looks like it," I remarked.

But she paid no attention and went on:

"And he will marry her?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," I said, "but of one thing I am certain—she will marry him."

And she did.—Saturday Night.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Night ascensions of the Lebandy balloons are facilitated by an acetylene searchlight on the Eiffel Tower, the pencil of light following the airship.

What is said to be the largest electromagnet in the world has been installed in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Hospital. It will be used for extracting pieces of iron and steel from the eyes of machinists and other metal workers who may be injured.

The solar engine of Captain W. A. Jacques has a small steam boiler in the concentrated rays of the sun and a condensing steam engine. A motor of ten-horse power, costing about \$3000, has reflectors about thirty-six feet in diameter and containing 10,000 square feet of surface.

The American inventor tells of a narcotic bomb invented by a surgeon in the Austrian Army, which may be fired from any gun. This bomb has a time fuse, and when dropped amid a regiment of the enemy will not explode, but will fill the air with narcotic gases strong enough to make 2000 men unconscious for several hours. It is an application of the principles on anesthetic surgery to war.

The recent excitement in the cotton market has served to attract attention to the possibilities of cotton raising in various places where that industry has not yet been developed. From Bogota, for instance, comes the information that in some parts of Colombia cotton can be seen growing wild on land that has never been tilled, and the newspapers of that country are trying to create a sentiment in favor of the cultivation of cotton there.

Our knowledge of glaciers has been considerably advanced by some experiments which have recently been carried out on a glacier in the Tyrol. The ice was bored at a distance of about a mile and a quarter from its tip, at a point where its breadth was over 2000 feet. The bed rock was there reached at a depth of 500 feet. The temperature throughout the whole extent of its tongue, and it was also ascertained that the glacier bed is trough-shaped, and that the surface ice moves more rapidly than that at the bottom. The holes which were bored have been plugged with pieces of wood, which for a long time will serve as indices of the rate of motion, and also of the rapidity of the melting process.



How do you know it was a safe investment?"

"Well, I never could get anything out of it."—New York Journal.

Better Than Hatches.

"Do you think," queried the old lady, "the time will ever come when all nations will get together and bury the hatchet?"

"They may bury the hatchet," replied the man, who had been reading the war news, "but they will never enter the rapid fire guns."—Chicago News.

By Teeth.

Squire (to rural lad)—"Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one?"

Boy—"By teeth, sir."

Squire—"Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't got any teeth."

Boy—"No, sir; but I have."—London Tit-Bits.

Verisimile.

"Well, I see the meat strike is settled," said the lady presiding over the wants of the boarders at the breakfast table.

"Now," remarked the thin, funny man, looking from one end of the table to the other, "I suppose you'll be able to make both ends meet?"—Yonkers Statesman.

High Finance.

Hicks—"I've got to borrow \$200 somewhere."

Wicks—"Take my advice and borrow \$300 while you are about it."

Hicks—"But I only need \$200."

Wicks—"That doesn't make any difference. Borrow \$300 and pay back \$100 of it in two installments at intervals of a month or so. Then the man that you borrow from will think that he is going to get the rest of it."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

A Soft Answer.

Johnny—"Say, papa, passing counterfeit money is unlawful, isn't it?"

Papa—"Yes."

Johnny—"Well, papa, if a man was walking along the street and saw a \$100 counterfeit bill upon the sidewalk and did not pick it up, wouldn't he be guilty of passing counterfeit money, and couldn't he be arrested and put in jail?"

Papa—"More likely the lunatic asylum. Now you may go to bed, my son."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

LONDON POLICEMEN

When the ambition to become a member of the great "blue army" of the metropolis has taken possession of the young man of Cornwall or Yorkshire, his first step is to fill up a form of application, which is sent to him from New Scotland Yard, and a searching form it is, says Tit-Bits.

He must give a full personal description of himself—his age, which must be between twenty-one and twenty-seven; his height, which may not fall below 5 feet 9 inches without his socks, and so on; and he must say whether he is married or single, what his trade is, and answer a number of similar questions. To these answers are added two testimonials from householders who have known him for at least five years, together with a character from his last employer.

If all this information proves satisfactory, he is summoned to London, and, in company with perhaps fifty or sixty other candidates, presents himself at New Scotland Yard one Tuesday morning for examination of a varied and searching nature. First comes the medical scrutiny, and after unrolling and covering himself with a cloak, which gives him the appearance of a brigand in a transpontine melodrama, he takes his place in a long procession of similarly attired novices, and in his turn spends ten minutes in the company of the chief surgeon of the force. After (or before) he has proved himself to be perfectly sound and free from physical blemish, his height is taken, and if he falls by an eighth of an inch to reach the standard he may at once take his return ticket home, for there is no place for him in the force.

Then follows an exhaustive examination in "the three R's," in which he must prove his proficiency, and after passing this last ordeal successfully, our tyro may consider himself practically assured of a blue uniform. But he has still much to go through before he can wear it.

For the next three weeks he takes up his quarters at the candidate's section house in Lower Kensington, in company with his successful fellows, and here, while he undergoes the process of being "licked into shape," he is most comfortably entertained with excellent food, and a billiard room, reading room, and games for his recreation when the day's work is done.

Part of his novitiate he spends in learning telegraphy at the section house, and another part is daily drilling at Wellington Barracks, while from the chief surgeon at Scotland Yard he learns the mysteries of anatomy, ambulance work, and how to administer first aid to the injured.

Thus he is kept very busy during his brief apprenticeship, and that he may not become too inflated with his new dignity, he is re-vaccinated and undergoes the chastening of a sore arm.

After the probation comes an inspection at the barracks by a chief constable, and if the candidates satisfy the critical eye of this important official, they are summoned to appear before one of the commissioners at Scotland Yard—this time in all the glory of their uniforms, newly donned—and there each man makes a solemn declaration well and truly to serve the King in the responsible office of constable "for preserving the peace and preventing robberies and other felonies, and apprehending offenders against the peace, and in all respects to the best of my skill and knowledge discharge the duties of the said office faithfully and according to law."

The declaration completes the period of probation, and now our candidate may consider himself a full-fledged constable of the metropolitan police force, equipped with all kinds of new responsibilities and powers. He is drafted off to his division, and after two weeks of station work and attending the police courts to "learn the ropes," he is sent out on duty, ready equally to escort a timid old lady over a busy crossing or to arrest a burglar in the dark and silent watches of the night.

Here we will leave him in full enjoyment of his twenty-five shillings six pence a week, progressing by a shilling a week yearly to a weekly maximum of thirty-three shillings six pence, with the prospect of developing some day into a sergeant, an inspector, or even a superintendent on £400 a year, and a certainty of a comfortable pension after from fifteen to twenty years of faithful service.

VESSEL MUST LEAVE

Uncle Sam Will Demand a Strict Observance of Neutrality Laws

DECISION IN CASE OF THE LENA

The Russian Auxiliary Cruiser Will Have to Depart From San Francisco in a Short Time or Remains Until the Termination of the Russo-Japanese War.

Oyster Bay, Special.—The Russian auxiliary cruiser Lena, which put into the port of San Francisco Sunday, presumably from Vladivostok, either will have to leave that port within a brief time prescribed by this government or will have to dismantle. That in brief, it can be stated authoritatively, is the decision of the American government.

If in the judgment of the experts who are making an examination of the vessel can be made seaworthy in 24 hours, orders will be issued to her commander to leave port at the expiration of that period. Indeed, it may be within the discretion of the government to give her commander a little more time if that be advisable. On the contrary, if the report should show that the ship is in actual need of extensive repairs, and the overhauling and the making of the repairs would occupy any considerable time, the captain would be directed to dismantle the vessel and she will remain in that condition till the termination of the Russo-Japanese war. It is not anticipated that serious difficulties or embarrassments to this government will grow out of the pending incident.

The State Department, through which matters pertaining to the arrival and examination of the Lena are being handled, has notified Mr. Takihira, the minister of Japan in Washington, of the action of this government and of which it expects to do in the future. He has expressed his satisfaction at the present status of the affair.

The Case of the Lena.

Washington, Special.—The development of the day, so far as it related to the Russian cruiser Lena in San Francisco, was the clearing of the official muddle into which the case has gotten, owing to the doubt of which of the five departments of the government should deal with it. It was finally decided by the President that the State and Navy Departments should treat the case, acting jointly, a decision calculated to greatly simplify the handling.

Over night came a telegram from Admiral Goodrich, at San Francisco, showing that on his own initiative he had caused one of his expert officers to make a preliminary examination of the Lena and he was able to report results, namely, that temporary repairs would occupy six weeks' time, and now boilers would involve eight months' delay. The President approved of this action by the admiral and decided that he should continue to handle the case in San Francisco, under instructions from the State and Navy Departments. This involved a further expert opinion of the ship.

The admiral adopted the precaution of guarding the Lena with his own vessels, a course also approved by the Department. Agreeable to the President's instructions, Acting Secretary Rice, for the State Department, and Captain Pillsbury, for the Navy Department, had two conferences during the day and the result was the preparation of instructions to Admiral Goodrich. There is good ground to believe that they contemplate the allowance of sufficient time to the Lena to make sufficient repairs. However, there is growing belief that the vessel will be obliged to intern in the end, for it is scarcely doubted that by the time she could be made ready to go to sea and would be obliged to leave if she desired to preserve her character as an active warship, one or more Japanese would be off the Golden Gate ready to sink or capture her. Foreseeing such an event as a request for the right to intern, the officials have already been giving some attention to the solution of the question as to what shall be done with the crew—whether they may be allowed to return to Russia on parole or must be interned on their ship in San Francisco harbor. On this point no decision has been reached.

A Derelict Picked Up.

New York, Special.—The steamer Pathfinder arrived from Norfolk with the derelict British schooner Theta in tow. Pathfinder picked the derelict up at sea last Sunday near the Five-fathom bank light-ship, while bound for Norfolk from Boston with a cargo of coal. When she sighted the derelict her sails were all set. She evidently had been hastily abandoned after being in collision with an unknown vessel. The fate of her crew is unknown. Her sails and rigging were in good condition. She was leaking badly, but was kept afloat by the cargo of hard pine timber in her hold. The Theta is a three-masted schooner of 420 tons register.

Major Ryals Dead.

Savannah, Ga., Special.—Major M. Garland M. Ryals died here Tuesday afternoon after having had his right leg amputated on Sunday because of diabetic gangrene. He was 65 years of age. Major Ryals was one of the most prominent planters in Georgia. He was a pioneer in the truck-growing industry, having extensive lands near this city under cultivation and peach farm in Worth County, this State.

Seven Die in a Fire.

New York, Special.—Seven persons were burned to death and six others were injured seriously in a fire which partially destroyed a tenement building at Nos. 85-70 First Street early Tuesday day. More than 20 families were asleep in the building and thrilling acts of bravery completed their rescue by the firemen and police. It was shortly after 2 o'clock when the alarm was given. Within the few moments that had elapsed the flames were found to have gained great headway from the first floor and the neighborhood was in a panic of terror.

STATE PARAGRAPHS

Many Matters of Interest to South Carolinians.

An Unusual Incident.

An unusual incident transpired in the Spartanburg sessions court Wednesday which will afford a break from the dull monotony of sitting under the stern dignity of his honor and hearing the endless talks of the lawyers, the hesitating, stammering statements of witnesses and the sonorous voice of the court crier. Arthur Salter, colored, was arraigned for stealing live stock. That is, Salter was brought into the court room. Just after he had been placed in the criminal docket he fell down and gave vent to a number of guttural, groaning sounds, at the same time twisting and writhing his long, lank body. Judge Gary had a physician summoned, who, after a careful examination, pronounced the negro to be perfectly healthy. Salter refused to go by his diagnosis, however, and continued in a prostrate condition in the docket, at times groaning and howling. As the negro kept up his game, the judge selected the jury and the case was tried. In the meanwhile Salter was removed from the docket to a bench, where he lay flat on his back, feigning sickness. He was found guilty. When the court asked him to stand up he could not be moved by the officers and Judge Gary pronounced sentence on the man as he lay on the bench. "Your sentence is 18 months at hard labor on the roads of Spartanburg county—this is six months additional, Salter, for your exhibition this morning," remarked his honor. Court officers had to catch the negro by the arm and forcibly carry him from the court room.—Gaffney Ledger.

To Restore Citizenship.

Mr. J. A. McDonald, district attorney of the 3rd district of the State of Texas, has asked the governor to pardon Adam Martin, a negro residing in that State. The negro was sent to the penitentiary for cattle-stealing in 1889, and served his term of one year. He was then a boy of 17 and lived in Newberry county. His pardon is asked for on the ground that it would restore his citizenship and would permit him to testify in a burglary case in Texas. Gov. S. W. T. Lanham of Texas, a native of this State, recommends the granting of the pardon.

Governor Invited.

Gov. Heyward has been invited to McColl to attend the laying of the corner stone of the new school building, which is to cost \$10,000. The ceremonies will be held on the 23rd. The dedication of the new building at Newberry college will be held on the 31st of October and Gov. Heyward has been asked to deliver the principal address on that occasion.

Minor Palmetto Matters.

The Winnsboro Granite company has finished the new monument to take the place of the bronze palmetto tree at the Chickamauga battlefield. Gen. C. I. Walker has gone on to see that the shaft is erected properly. Capt. E. E. Betts is the chief engineer of the park. The old bronze tree will be sold for junk, although it was the unexpressed wish of the legislators that it be brought to Columbia and placed in the capitol unless it had been damaged too badly. The new shaft cost \$1,500.

The railroad commission has received from the Southern Express Company a notice of the closing of the office at Pineland, in Clarendon county. The company states that the only available white man there who has acted as agent has resigned and that it is impossible to get another.

If the present ratio of increase keeps up in fertilizer tax returns, Clemson College will get not far from \$120,000 this year. Up to September 10th the State treasurer has received from this source \$102,336.70, against \$91,229.05 for the same date last year. The income for the entire fiscal year of 1903 was \$38,993.80, which shows that the increase in the last three months of the year was about \$7,000, most of the fertilizer having been purchased.

The worst storm since Oct. 20th, 1902 passed over Georgetown Tuesday and Wednesday mornings. From a normal reading of 30.01 the barometer dropped Tuesday night to 28.95. The wind began to rise at about 9 o'clock, coming from the northeast in gusts that increased in violence each hour accompanied by heavy showers of rain and attained a force of 40 miles per hour about 8 miles an hour near midnight. Towards morning the wind changed completely around, blowing strongly from the southwest. The storm came without warning from the weather bureau and the rice planters have suffered severely. A large part of the crop being cut down and lying in the fields. The damage to property in town will foot up fully \$10,000. Many fine shade trees have been stripped and uprooted.

A terrible accident occurred at the Olympia mill, Columbia, at 1 o'clock Tuesday, due to a rupture of a tube in one of the upright boilers. One of the firemen was fatally burned and scalded and another may not recover. The steam, forced with great pressure straight downward, drove live coals out upon Wesley Adams and Shelton Johnson. The two negroes were stampeded with fright and ran several yards to the Episcopal mission house, a sort of sanitarium, where they were stopped and their wounds dressed. Adams will die, and the other negro is in a dangerous state.

Two cottages at Barnwell, the property of Mrs. Emma Halford, were destroyed early Wednesday morning by fire. The loss is partially covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Will Sloan, who was shot Sunday night at Greenville, died Wednesday at the county jail. Constable Putnam and Ruben Suddeth, who are charged with shooting Sloan, were expected by the sheriff to arrive at the jail after-noon to surrender. It is understood they have had no intention of escaping but have been waiting for some decisive turn in Sloan's condition before surrendering.