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The Gentleman From Indiana

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER IV.

DGE BRISCOE smiled grimly and leaned on his shotgun in the moonlight by the veranda. He and Villiam Todd had been kicking down the elder bushes and, returning to the house, found Minnie alone on the porch. "Safe?" he said to his daughter, who turned an anxious face upon him. "They'll be safe enough now, and in our garden." "Maybe I oughtn't to have let then

"Pooh! They're all right. That scalawag's half way to Six Crossroads by this time, isn't he, William?"

"He tuck up the fence like a scared rabbit," Mr. Todd responded, lookin into his hat to avoid meeting the eyeof the lady, "and I didn't have no cal to foller. He knowed how to run. reckon. Time Mr. Harkless come ou the yard again we see him take acros the road to the wedge woods, near hal a mile up. Somebody else with him then-looked like a kid. Must 'n' across the field to join him. They're fur enough toward home by this."

"Did Miss Helen shake hands with you four or five times?" asked Briscoe, chuckling.

"No. Why?" said Minnie.
"Because Harkless did. My hand

aches, and I guess William's does too. He nearly shook our arms off when we told him he'd been a fool. Seemed to do him good. I told him he ought to hire somebody to take a shot at him every morning before breakfast-not that it's any joking matter," the old gentleman finished thoughtfully.

"I should say not," said William, with a deep frown and a jerk of his head toward the rear of the house. "He jokes about it enough. Wouldn't even promise to carry a gun after this. Said he wouldn't know how to use itnever shot one off since he was a boy, on the Fourth of July. This is the third time he's be'n shot at this year, but he says the others was at awhat 'd he call it?"

"'A merely complimentary range," Briscoe supplied. He handed William a cigar and bit the end off another himself. "Minnie, you better go in the house and read, I expect, unless you want to go down to the creek and join

"Me!" she exclaimed. "I know when to stay away, I guess. Do go and put that terrible gun up."

"No," said Briscoe lighting his cigar "It's all safe; there's no deliberately. question of that; but maybe William and I better go out and take a smoke in the orchard as long as they stay down at the creek."

In the garden shafts of white light pierced the bordering trees and fell where June roses breathed the mild night breeze, and here, through summer spells, the editor of the Herald and the lady who had run to him at the pasture bars strolled down a path trembling with shadows to where the creek tinkled over the pebbles. They walked slowly, with an air of being well accustomed friends and comrades, and for some reason it did not strike either of them as unnatural or extraordinary. They came to a bench on the bank, and he made a great fuss dusting the seat for her with his black slouch hat. Then he regretted the hat -it was a shabby old hat of a Carlow

county fashion. It was a long bench, and he seated himself rather remotely toward the end opposite her, suddenly realizing that he had walked very close to her coming down the narrow garden path. Neither knew that neither had spoken since they left the veranda, and it had taken them a long time to come through the little orchard and the garden. She rested her chin on her hand, leaning forward and looking steadily at the creek. Her laughter had quite gone; her attitude seemed a little wistful and a little sad. He noted that her hair curled over her brow in a way he had not pictured in the lady of his dreams. This was so much prettier. He did not care for tall girls. He had not cared for them for almost half an hour. It was so much more beautiful to be dainty and small and piquant. He had no notion that he was sighing in a way that would have put a furnace to shame, but he turned his eyes from her because he feared that if he looked longer he might blurt out some speech about her loveliness. His glance rested on the bank, but its diameter included the edge of her white skirt and the tip of a little white, high heeled slipper that peeped out from beneath, and he had to look away from that, too, to keep from telling her that he meant to advocate a law compelling all women to wear crisp white gowns and white kid slippers on moonlight

nights. She picked a long spear of gras from the turf before her, twisted it absently in her fingers, then turned to him slowly. Her lips parted as if to speak. Then she turned away again. The action was so odd, somehow, as she did it, so adorable, and the preserved silence was such a bond between them, that for his life he could not have helped moving half way up the bench toward her.

"What is it?" he asked, and he spoke in a whisper such as he might have used at the bedside of a dying friend. He would not have laughed if he had known he did so. She twisted the spear of grass into a little_ball and threw it | She continued_to look at him wistfully. | live this isolated village life that must having their picture taken.

at a stone in the water before she answered:

"Do you know, Mr. Harkless, you and I have not 'met,' have we? Didn't we forget to be presented to each other?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sherwood. In the perturbation of comedy I forgot."

"It was melodrama, wasn't it?" she said. He laughed, but she shook her

"Purest comedy." he said gayly, "ex-



Neither knew that neither had spoken cept your part of it. You shouldn't have done it. This evening was not arranged in honor of 'visiting ladies.' But you mustn't think me a comedian. Truly, I didn't plan it. My friend from Six Crossroads must be given the credit of devising the scene, though you divined

"It was a little too picturesque, think. I know about Six Crossroads. Please tell me what you mean to do." "Nothing. What should 1?"

"You mean that you will keep on letting them shoot at you until they—until you"- She struck the bench angrily with her hand.

"There's no summer theater in Six Crossroads. There's not even a church. Why shouldn't they?" he asked gravely. "During the long and tedious evenings it cheers the poor Crossrouder's soul to drop over here and take a shot at me. It whiles away dull care for him, and he has the additional exercise of running all the way home."

"Ah!" she cried indignantly. "They told me you always answered like this." "Well, you see, the Crossroads efforts have proved so thoroughly hygienic for me. As a patriot I have sometimes felt extreme mortification that such bad marksmanship should exist in the coun-

ty, but I console myself with the thought that their best shots are, unbappily, in the penitentiary." "There are many left. Can't you un derstand that they will organize again and come in a body, as they did before you broke them up? And then, if they come on a night when they know you

are wandering out of town"-"You have not had the advantage of an intimate study of the most exclusive people of the Crossroads, Miss Sherwood. There are about thirty gentle men who remain in that neighborhood while their relatives sojourn under discipline. If you had the entree over there, you would understand that these thirty could not gather themselves into a company and march the seven miles without physical debate in the ranks. They are not precisely amiable people. even among themselves. They would quarrel and shoot one another to pieces long before they got here."

"But they worked in a company once."

"Never for seven miles. Four miles was their radius. Five would see them

all dead." She struck the bench again. "Oh, you laugh at me! You make a joke of your own life and death and laugh at everything. Have five years of Plattville taught you to do that?"

"I laugh only at taking the poor Crossroaders too seriously. I don't laugh at your running into fire to help a fel-

"I knew there wasn't any risk. I knew he had to stop to load before he shot again."

"He did shoot again. If I had known you before tonight, I"- His tone changed, and he spoke gravely. "I am at your feet in worship of your divine philanthropy. It's so much finer to risk your life for a stranger than for a

"That is a man's point of view, isn't "You risked yours for a man you had

never seen before." "(h, no. I saw you at the lecture. I heard you introduce the Hon. Mr. Hal-

loway.' "Then I don't understand your wish-

ing to save me." She smiled unwillingly and turned her gray eyes upon him with troubled sunniness, and under the sweetness of her regard he set a watch upon his lips, though he knew it would not avail him long. He had driveled along respectably so far, he thought, but he had the sentimental longings of years, starved of expression, culminating in his heart.

under the bench with a shudder) to his broad shoulders (he shook the stoop out in contrast and broke into the most dewild spirits.

"Could you realize that one of your dangers might be a shaking?" she cried. "Is your seriousness a lost art?" Her laughter ceased suddenly. "Ah, weep. I haven't lived here five years. I should laugh, too, if I were you.

"Look at the moon," he responded. "We Plattvillians own that with the best of metropolitans, and, for my part, I see more of it here. You do not appreciate us. We have large landscapes in the heart of the city, and what other capital has advantages like that? Next winter the railway station is to have a new stove for the waiting room. Heaven itself is one of our suburbs-it is so close that all one has to do is to die. You insist upon my being French, you see, and I know you are fond of nonsense. How did you happen to put 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' at the bottom of a page of Fisbee's notes?"

"Was it? How were you sure it was

"In Carlow county!" "He might have written it himself." "Fisbee has never in his life read anything lighter than cuneiform inscriptions.

"Miss Briscoe"-"She doesn't read Lewis Carroll, and t was not her hand. What made you write it on Fisbee's manuscript?"

"He was here this afternoon. teased him a little about your heading in the Herald-'Business and the Cradle, the Altar and the Grave,' isn't it? him, but your predecessor had used it, and you thought it good. So do I. He asked me if I could think of anything that you might like better and put in place of it and I wrote 'The Time Has Come,' because it was the only thing I could think of that was as appropriate and as fetching as your headlines. He was perfectly dear about it. He was so serious. He said he feared it wouldn't be acceptable. I didn't notice that the paper he handed me to write on was part of his notes; nor did he, I think. Afterward he put it back in his

pocket. It wasn't a message." "I'm not so sure he did not notice. He is very wise. Do you know, I have the impression that the old fellow wanted me to meet you."

"How dear and good of him!" She spoke earnestly, and her face was suffused with a warm light. There was no doubt about her meaning what she said.

"It was," John answered unsteadily. "He knew how great was my need of few minut with-with"-

"No," she interrputed. "I meant dear and good to me. I think he was thinking of me. It was for my sake be wanted us to meet."

It might have been hard to convince a woman if she had overheard this speech that Miss Sherwood's humility was not the calculated affectation of a coquette. Sometimes a man's unsuspicion is wiser, and Harkless knew that she was not flirting with him. In addition, he was not a fatuous man he did not extend the implication of her words nearly so far as she would have had him.

"But I had met you," said he, "long

"What!" she cried, and her eyes danced. "You actually remember?" "Yes. Do you?" he answered. stood in Jones' field and heard you singing, and I remembered. It was a long time since I had heard you sing: "I was a ruffler of Flanders

And fought for a florin's hire. You were the dame of my captain And sang to my heart's desire.

"But that is the balladist's notion The truth is that you were a lady at the court of Clovis, and I was a heathen captive. I heard you sing a Christian hymn and asked for baptism."

She did not seem overpleased with his fancy, for, the surprise fading from her face, "Oh, that was the way you remembered," she said.

"Perhaps it was not that way alone You won't despise me for being mawkish tonight?" he asked. "I haven't had the chance for so long."

The night air wrapped them warmly and the balm of the little breezes that stirred the foliage around them was the smell of damask roses from the garden. The creek splashed over the pebbles at their feet, and a drowsy bird, half wakened by the moon, crooned languorously in the sycamores. The girl looked out at the sparkling water through downcast lashes. "Is it because it is so translent that beauty is pathetic," she said, "because we can never come back to it in quite the same way? I am a sentimental girl. If you are born so it is never entirely teased out of you, is it? Besides, tonight is all a dream. It isn't real, you know. You couldn't be mawkish." Her tone was gentle as a caress, and

it made him tingle to his finger tips 'How do you know?" he asked. "I just know. Do you think I'm very bold and forward?" she said dreamily.

"It was your song I wanted to be sentimental about. I am like one 'who through long days of toll'-only that doesn't quite apply-'and nights devoid of ease,' but I can't claim that one doesn't sleep well here; it is Plattville's specialty-like one who

"Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.'

"Yes," she answered, "to come here and to do what you have done and to got together was when they were had found it lucky, his fellow country-

searchingly, gently. Then her eyes traveled over his big frame, from his shoes (a patch of moonlight fell on them; they were dusty; he drew them melodies sing in uself—oh," she cried. "I say that is fine!"

"You do not understand," he returnof them). She stretched her small white ed sadly, wishing before her to be unhands toward him and looked at them mercifully just to himself. "I came here because I couldn't make a living licious low laughter in the world. At anywhere else. And the 'wonderful this he knew the watch on his lips was | melodies'-I have only known you one worthless. It was a question of min- evening-and the melodies"- He rose utes till he should present himself to to his feet and took a few steps toward her eyes as a sentimental and suscep- the garden. "Come," he said. "let me tible imbecile. He knew it. He was in take you back. Let us go before I"-He finished with a helpless laugh.

She stood by the bench, one hand resting on it. She stood all in the tremulant shadow. She moved one step toward him, and a single long no! I understand Thiers said the sliver of light pierced the sycamores French laugh always in order not to and fell upon her head. He gasped.

"What was it about the melodies?" she said. "Nothing. I don't know how to thank you for this evening that you have given me. I-I suppose you are leaving to-

morrow. No one ever stays here. I"-'What about the melodies?" He gave it up. "The moon makes peo ple insane!" he cried.

"If that is true, then you need not be plural. What were you saying about"-"I had heard them-in my heart. knew that it was you who sang them there, had been singing them for me always.'

"So!" she cried gayly. "All that de bate about a pretty speech!" Then, sinking before him in a courtesy, "I am beholden to you," she said. "Do you think no man ever made a little flattery for me before tonight?"

At the edge of the orchard, where they could keep an unseen watch on the garden and the bank of the creek, Judge Briscoe and Mr. Todd were ensconced under an apple tree, the former still armed with his shotgun. When the young people got up from their bench, the two men rose hastily, then sauntered slowly toward them. When they met. Harkless shook each of them corand he said it had always troubled dially by the hand without seeming to

know it. "We were coming to look for you," explained the judge. "William was afraid to go home alone-thought some one might take him for Mr. Harkless and shoot him before he got into town. Can you come out with Willetts in the morning, Harkless," he went on, "and go with the young ladies to see the parade? And Minnie wants you to stay to dinner and go to the show with them in the afternoon."

Harkless seized his hand and shook it and then laughed heartily as he accepted the invitation.

At the gate Miss Sherwood extended her hand to him and said politely, while mockery shone from her eyes: "Good night, Mr. Harkless. I do not leave tomorrow. I am very glad to have met vou."

"We are going to keep her all summer, if we can," said Minnie, weaving her arm about her friend's waist. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Good night, Miss Sherwood," he re turned hilariously. "It has been such a pleasure to meet you. Thank you so much for saving my life. It was very good of you, indeed. Yes; in the morning. Good night, good night." He shook hands with all of them, including Mr. Todd, who was going with him. He laughed all the way home, and William walked at his side in amazement.

The Herald building was a decrepit had once been a small warehouse and had not fallen, rushed to meet them in was now sadly in need of paint. Closely adjoining it, in a large, blank looking yard, stood a low brick cottage, over which the second story of the o'd warehouse leaned in an effect of tipsy affection that had reminded Harkless. when he first saw it, of an old Sunday school book woodcut of an inebriated parent under convoy of a devoted child. The title to these two buildings and the blank yard had been included in the purchase of the Herald, and the

cottage was the editor's home. There was a light burning upstairs in the Herald office. From the street a broad, tumbledown stairway ran up on the outside of the building to the second floor, and at the stairway railing John turned and shook his com-

panion warmly by the hand. "Good night, William," he said. "It was plucky of you to join in that muss tonight. I shan't forget it."

"I jest happened to come along," re plied the other awkwardly. Then, with a portentous yawn, he asked. "Ain't ye goin' to bed?"

"No; Parker wouldn't allow it." "Well," observed William, with anpose the veritable soul of him, "I the Scandinavian goddess from whom d'know how ye stand it. It's closte on the day takes its name. A wilder ex-11 o'clock. Good night."

John went up the steps, singing aloud-"For tonight we'll merry, merry be, For tonight we'll merry, merry be, and stopped on the sagging platform at the top of the stairs and gave the he summoned his physicians, says his moon good night with a wave of the hand and friendly laughter. At this it thought he would live till the next day, suddenly struck him that he was twenty-nine years of age and that he had laughed a great deal that evening; laughed and laughed over things not in the least humorous, like an excited schoolboy making a first formal call; that he had shaken bands with Miss Briscoe when he left her as if he should never see her again; that he had taken Miss Sherwood's hand twice in one very temporary parting; that he had shaken the judge's hand five times and William's four. "Idiot!" he cried. "What has hap-

pened to me?" Then he shook his fist at the moon and went in to work, he thought.

TO BE CONTINUED.

हत Cobwigger-Did the Women's club have a harmonious convention? Merritt-No. The only time they

Miscellaneous Reading.

GENERAL KOUROPATKIN.

Gen. Nicholavitch Kouropatkin, the Russian minister of war, who is directing the operations against the Japanese, is easily Russia's foremost fighter. The best authorities of Europe

concede that no one in the entire world

Something About the Russian Com-

mander In the East.

is better equipped in every branch of nilitary knowledge. Educated in the theory of arms at the best of the Russian military

schools, trained to practice under the greatest of modern Russian warriors, Gen. Mikhael Skobele, he made a glorious record in every important Russian war since 1865, and worked his way up from sub-lieutenant in that year to the command of the army in 1897.

He has received more decorations than any one breast could wear at any but, unfortunately, it arrived on a Frione time. He was born on March 17, day, so she sent it away till Saturday, 1848, and obtained a commission as sub-lieutenat in the Turkestand rifles Ireland Friday is one of the "cross liant Turkestan campaign which add- lucky for removals. Mr. Edward Clodd ed to Russia's Asiatic possessions, more afraid than I, because 'people' is Kouropatkin returned to St. Peters- ing house keeper, who had taken a girl military studies. In 1871, as the most her cutting her finger nails one Fri-When I heard your voice tonight I brilliant graduate of the academy of day. The horrified mistress snatched to study military conditions in various what I had you from the workhouse dent McMahon invited him to take bring bad luck to this house?" Hairpart in the manœuvers at Metz. Here cutting on that day or on Sunday is he displayed such strategic ability that equally unlucky. A northern folkhe was decorated with the cross of the rhyme says; Legion of Honor, being the first Rus- Friday's hair and Sunday's horn, sian to win that distinction.

When war with Turkey broke out in 1877, Kouropatkin was summoned back to Russia. Constantinople was to be taken. Between Russia and Constantinople lay three great barriers-the river Danube, the Turkish strongholds in Bulgaria and the Balkan mountains. The first barrier was passed with ease. Osman Pasha had been hurrying from Realizing that he was too late to deinto Plevna, thus menacing the line the Russians must follow from the Danube to the Balkans. It was a brilliant strategic move, for until Osman was dislodged no forward move Fridays, but formerly the feeling A few years ago the late Charles Russians. Twice they hurled themselves against Plevna, and were twice repulsed with great slaughter.

Between Plevna and Shipka Pass lay Lochva, held by 15,000 Turks. This stronghold must fall before both wings Birkenhead, which went down off the long. On his return home Mr. Cotter of the Russian army could cross, in East African coast, sailed from South- told of the desolate appearance of his upon Plevna. Skobeleff and Kouro- ampton and Liverpool respectively on surroundings. One of the incidents patkin were dispatched against it. Af- the same day, Jan. 2, 1852, and that which he related was that the refuse ter three days of hard fighting, Loch- day was a Friday. va was captured and the third attack on Plevna was begun. It raged furiously for five days, but ended in an

other repulse of the Russians. Skobeleff and Kouropatkin fought side by side during those bloody days had a dispatch from Cape Breton, dat- ford Standard. and were frequently precipitated into ed Friday, in which it was stated that

on September 11th and 12th. leff assaulted one of three Turkish redoubts on Green Hill and carried it 3,000 men. The redoubt was imperfectly constructed, and left Skobeleff exposed to fire on three sides. The Turks saw the opportunity and made sortie. Thereupon Col. Kouropatkin, the only officer on Skobeleff's staff who perate fight at short range ensued. Kouropatkin's little band was almost entirely cut to pieces, but not until it had driven the Turks back into their On Friday morn when we set sail had driven the Turks back into their
And our ship not far from land,
redoubt. During the day Kouropatkin
We there did espy a fair pretty maid. received three wounds, but he never ceased fighting until the victory was

assured. Such is the man against whom th Japs will have to contend when the real land fighting between the belligerents begins in earnest. A consummate strategist and with a determination to meet and overcome every obstacle, the Russian minister of war, in the opinion of British military author ities, can be counted upon to contest every inch of Manchuria against the Japanese forces.

THE FRIDAY SUPERSTITION. It Is Universal and the Reasons Vary Widely.

No superstition is commoner more widely spread than the belief in naturally unknown in the older days his cap and overcome by her dignity. the unluckiness of Friday, which is of sea travel. The sailors who man "I have come to claim your horses in usually attributed to the fact that the 'he steamers believe in luck, good and the name of the government!" Crucifixion took place on that day, and bad, as firmly, probably, as their preother yawn, which threatened to ex- sometimes to the character of Freya, planation is found in the legend that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on a Friday and died on a Friday. There is another side to the shield, coast, not least among the canny folk however. When Louis XIII. of France lay dying, on Thursday, May 14, 1643, of our northern shores.-London Globe. biographer, and asked them if they and explained that Friday had always been his lucky day; that all the enterprises he had begun on that day had proved successful; that he had been victorious in all battles fought on that day; and that it was his fortunate day, in short, and on it he would wish to die. The wish was not granted, for the king died a few hours before the Friday dawned. Another believer in Friday was Count Jules Andrassy, who, when his daughter was married to Count Louis Batthyani, in June, 1882, insisted that the wedding should take place on Friday, because he said, all the happy events of his own life had taken place on that day. But these instances of a belief in he personal good fortune attaching to

Friday are but a very slight set-off to the almost universal feeling against the day. Although Count Andrassy

belief as other folk in its ill fortune. On Friday they will begin no work of any importance, for if they did it What Old Sailors Say of These Two would be foredoomed to failure; and some Hungarians will not even travel on that day. They also have a saying to the effect that to be merry on a Friday is certain to mean weeping on the Sunday. Other Magyar ideas in this connection are that to sneeze the first thing in the morning on a Friday, when the stomach is empty, means some great catastrophe, and that a guest arriving on that day means a week's distress. There is popular prejudice, too, against undertaking various household tasks, such as washing linen, kneading dough, and lighting fires for the first time, on the unlucky day of the week. This superstitious feeling is shared by most of the European peoples, and it sometimes shows itself in very odd ways. A Portuguese young lady, it is related, had ordered a harp from England, though she "was dying to try it!" In when he was only 18. After the bril- days" of the year, and decidedly unhas recorded that a Macclesfield lodgburg a lieutenant, to continue his from the workhouse as servant, caught the general staff, he was sent abroad the scissors from her crying: "Is that European countries. In France Presi- for; to cut your nails on a Friday, and

Ve'll meet the Mack Man on Monday

Or, as another version has it: Friday cut and Sunday shorn,

Better never have been born. But the belief in the ill fortune asociated with the sixth day of the ually braved and many ships sail on even saw out a channel. could be made by the main army of the against the day was very strong. It Cotter, while on a United States war has been noticed as a curious coinci- vessel, spent the whole winter at Viamiles to the west of the Scillies, and ing the warship put in at that harbor

started on his expedition to Greenland, ing the ship, and so numerous were the the Kite sailed from Sydney, Cape animals seeking food that it never ac-Breton, at midnight on Friday, June cumulated, but was cleaned up daily by 12. A Boston paper of the next day these animals from shore.-New Bedhand-to-hand conflicts with the enemy. the original intention had been to sail Their most terrible experiences were earlier, "but there are several old 'shell backs' in the ship's company, and the A idea of sailing on such a trip on Friday was too much for their nerves within an hour, but with a loss of They saw the captain this morning and would be a willful flying in the face of Providence to start today. True old salt as he is, he agreed with them, and on his representations to Lieutenant Peary the start was deferred."

with sad particularity the melancholy fate of a ship which sailed on a Friday morn:

With a comb and a glass in her hand.

This, of course, was the beginning of the end, which was on this wise: Then three times round went our gal-

lant ship,
And three times round went she;
For want of a lifeboat we all went
eyes:

down. And sank to the bottom of the sea. The immense development of steam raffic on all the oceans of the world has done much to knock old sea superstitions on the head. The great liners which keep to their scheduled times almost as closely as the railway fliers start from and arrive at its ponderous hinges and a grave, matheir various ports and destinations jestic looking woman confronted the with a mechanical disregard of par-visitor with an air inquiry. ticular days and seasons which was fortune attaching to Friday dies hard, field." however. It is still firmly held by many an old "shellback," and yet I must have them, madame. Such are flourishes among the fishermen of the the orders of my chief."

DIFFERENT CLIMATES.—An Irishman returning home from America got into conversation with an Englishman, plied the other, squaring his shoulders who asked him what part of America and swelling with pride. A smile of he halled from.

"California," said Pat. "I believe," said the Englishman, "there are different climates near each other there."

"Well, to give you an idea," Pat, "I was shooting one day, and my dog, a well trained one, set himself across a ditch. I was surprised to find on my giving him the usual token to start he remained motionless. Going toward him to ascertain the reason, I found that his tail was frostbitten at port in silence; then, with one of his one side of the ditch and his head sunstruck on the other."-London Tit-

till "What has become of your baby sister Johnny?" asked a mother of her four-year-old son. "I haven't seen her for an hour or more."

had found it lucky, his fellow country-men, the Magyars, have as strong a you sweep the house."—Exchange.

VLADIVOSTOK AND HAKODATE.

Northern Towns. There has been considerable speculation as to the ability of any war vessel getting near enough to Hakodate to damage the town at this season of the year, because of its high latitude. This is the port where New Bedford whalers touch before entering the Okhotsk Sea, and with a view of better informing Standard readers as to the possibilities. Capt. Joshua G. Baker of Padanaram was seen yesterday afternoon. From him may be gained a clearer idea of the situation, so far as relates to that port, so well

whaling. "Hakodate lies in latitude 42 north," said Capt. Baker, "and is on the southern edge of the island of Yezo, which is separated from the larger island south by the Tsuga strait.

known by reputation by people here,

who are or who have been concerned in

'I have been there a great many times. Hakodate has a fine land-locked harbor, and in all my experience I never heard of the harbor freezing. The current is very strong in Tsuga strait, so strong in fact that ice could not possibly make, and although snow storms are frequent I can't say as I ever heard of ice making, either in Hakodate harbor or in the strait.

"The harbor is a bold one at the head of quite a large bay, and there would be no difficulty for an enemy entering the waters and bombarding the city."

Vladivostok is about 400 miles west from the Japanese port, and is on the mainland. It is in about the same latitude as Hakodate, although the conditions are the opposite and the harbor is a closed one all winter long. Once frozen in there when winter sets in, the ice does not break up until warmer veather.

Capt. Edmund F. Bolles, in speaking eek is probably best known in con- of Vladivostok, says it is a close harnection with seafaring men. Every bor with a narrow entrance like that of one has heard of the bold owner who New Bedford. The city is on the east Widdin with 60,000 trained soldiers, braved the terrors of the day by hav- shore of a basin, and once in there in ing a ship laid down and launched on winter it means stay there until refend the river he threw his entire force a Friday. Its captain's name was Fri- leased by warm weather, when the ice day. It sailed on a Friday, and-of breaks up, unless other means are recourse—was never heard of afterward! sorted to for breaking out a vessel, for Nowadays the superstition is contin- it is possible to blow out a passage or

dence that both the Amazon, which divostok, and not until late in the was destroyed by fire about a hundred spring was the ship released. In cruisthe still more famous troopship, the and was caught there by remaining too from the cabin table and other food In 1891, when Lieutenant Peary was thrown on the solid ice surround-

COULDN'T HAVE THE HORSES.

Message That Gen. Washington Received From His Mother.

Much of George Washington's firm called his attention to the fact that it strength of character was due to his splendid ancestry, as the following little anecdote will testify:

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland county, Va., one of Gen. Washington's officers chanced upon a fine team The ballad of "The Mermaid" tells of horses driven before a plough by a never seen. When his eyes had feasted on their beauty he cried to the driver:

"Hello, good fellow! I must have those horses. They are just such animals as I have been looking for." The black man grinned, rolled up the whites of his eyes, put the lash to the horses' flanks and turned up another

waited until he had finished the row; then, throwing back his cavalier cloak, the ensign of rank dazzled the slave's "Better see missis! missis!" he cried, waving his hand to the south, where, above the cedar growth, rose the towers of a fine old Virginia mansion. The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was rapping the great brass knocker at the

furrow in the rich soil. The officer

"Madame," said the officer, doffing

front door. Quick the door swung upon

"My horses?" said she, bending upon lecessors of sailing days, but their su- him a pair of eyes born to command. perstitions take new forms and fresh "Sir, you cannot have them. My crops directions. The old belief in the ill are out and I need my horses in the "I am sorry," said the officer, "but

"Your chief? Who is your chief

pray?" she demanded with restrained warmth.

"The commander of the American army, Gen. George Washington," retriumph softened the sternness of the woman's handsome features. "Tell George Washington," said she, "that his mother says he cannot have her

horses. With an humble apology, the officer turned away, convinced that he had found the source of his chief's decision and self-command.

And did Washington order his officer to return and make his mother give up her horses? No; he listened to the rerare smiles, he bowed his head .- St. Nicholas.

to The kind of courtesy that counts in business is thicker than a mere candy coating. It is simply the honest application of the old golden rule which always works both ways, as all good rules should .- Jeb Scarboro.