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A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN "THE

GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS KING OF THE SEA

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY Author of "Commodore Paul Jones," "Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE SAILOR AND THE MOB. IEUT. DENIS DE VITRE had been in peril of his life many times during his short had never come so near death as with-Grim Majesty, the King of Terrors,



THE MAN ON THE STEP.

had stared the young officer full in the face and his cold hand had been fairly clasped around his throat. It would have gone hard with him but for the timely interference of a friend.

De Vitre was a hardy, bold young man, who loved fighting as he loved sunlight, on account, perhaps, of the Irish touch in his nature from a faroff strain of the Emerald Isle on the distaff side. One of the higher Canadian noblesse, whose family was of first importance in New France, owning wide possessions and high in favor in the governor's court, he had received a commission in the navy of France. While in command of the lower St. Lawrence he had been cap-

tured by Admiral Durell's squadron. Saunders entered the river and started upon that toilsome and dangerous ascent to Quebec the vice admiral had required his captives, of whom de Vitre was chief, to pilot the great ships up the uncertain river. The young officer, for one, had peremptorily refused to do this, and neither threat nor appeal had induced him to recede

from his position. The process of intimidation had indeed been carried so far as to cause Monsieur de Vitre to be mounted upon the rail of a ship with a rope around his neck, the other end of which was rove through a block at the top-sail yard-arm. Had it not been for the friend mentioned he would have been hanged for his contumacy, and to discourage-or encourage-the other pilots, men of less rank and station, who showed a disposition to emulate his

refusal. From this difficult-and, for a man of birth and station, unpleasant-position the Frenchman had been rescued by the intercessions of the young captain of the ship, a brave man, who loved courage and resolution even in his enemies. As his intercession was seconded by the influence of Gen. Wolfe, to whose request Admiral Saunders graciously deferred, it was that mad rush for the St. Louis gate. efficacious in releasing Monsieur de Vitre from his appailing and unpleas-

ant predicament. Other men were found with less exalted views of their duty to their country who could be persuaded by the means which failed so signally in the case of de Vitre, and the ships were ac- had been so harried and wrought upon geon, mademoiselle," remarked Jocordingly piloted up the river. Meanwhile, his quality having been demonstrated by his heroism, de Vitre was had refused to give his parole, and accordingly had been closely confined,

and was carefully guarded. A winning tongue, a little money, and specious promises of ultimate reward had made a friend for him among his guards, and the suborned soldier had at last found means to supply him with a British unitbarkation of the soldiery for the attempt on the Plains of Abraham, de Vitre had succeeded in joining himself to one of the landing parties without | rang in the young man's voice, honor | and earth from the face of the poor attracting attention. The captain of looked out of his eyes-and love toothe Sutherland, on which he had been yet things looked suspicious. held prisoner, was surprised the next morning to find the sentry bound and ably, or-" interrupted the sergeant, gagged-by his own collusion, of with a grim and menacing gesture. course, though that was unknown-in

de Vitre's room and his prisoner gone. However, there was so much business of moment on hand the day of folly of expostulation. the battle that no search was made for him; indeed, none could be made, and the certain fall of Quebec, which when the news of the victory was suit useless. It was too late for even a man of his courage to effect anything of importance then. His knowledge of British affairs would be of no ser- he loves!"

In the natural course of events, too, shouted one. de Vitre would fall into the hands of the English again in a few days. Meanwhile, as he was a pleasant fellow, agreeable and debonair, his captors were rather glad that he had the privi- | He goes_to the governor. Come, mon- | als.—Philadelphia Record.

lege of a few hours of liberty, especially as it was known that the inspiration

of his escape was the most beautiful

woman in New France. De Vitre had met with no opportunity of escaping from the English lines but exciting career, but he until the battle was joined. He had been compelled by the exigencies of the in the past few months. Indeed, His situation to point his gun at his own countrymen, and though he took care it was not loaded with ball, the mere motion gave him exquisite anguish. In the smoke and confusion of the battlefield, however, he at last found and earth-stained as well from the French. In the panic terror of their fallen. He was a hideous spectacle. ing mob paid any attention to him, and he gained the city with the rest of She knelt beside him, and seeing the fugitives through the St. Louis at a glance that the wound in his face gate. Forcing his way through the was superficial, with not unskillful multitude he ran rapidly down the fingers she rapidly opened his waistform of the British navy.

sight. "What is the meaning of this?" The young woman looked up as he called her name, rose to her feet as she of withering scorn and contempt deliberately turned her back upon him. For the moment the stranger was forgotten. De Vitre gasped and turned pale with astonishment.

"Mademoiselle de Rohan!" he cried

again. "do you not know me?" "I know no one," she answered, halfturning toward him with the contempt deepening upon her beautiful features who, born in France, wears that uniform, which even you disgrace!"

"Disgrace, mademoiselle!" he cried, straightening himself up, his face flushing. "What mean you? Oh, this -whv-I-

"By God!" exclaimed a course, rough voice at his side, "it's de Vitre!"

The young Frenchman faced about boats of a scouting expedition in the grenadier of the regiment La Sarre, ger, who lay in his arms as if he had by three regular soldiers from the various regiments and a sailor from Vauquelin's squadron.

up the river!" exclaimed the sailor. "The man who betrayed New

ance!" shouted a third. The fleeing soldiery stopped and with campaigner. veral gathered about the little group in the doorway.

you in the English ranks when they ou brought up the ships--"

"It's a lie, a dastardly lie!" cried de

Vitre desperately. "What are you doing with that Engish uniform on?" asked another, amid murmurs of indignation from the crowd, for the street was now blocked

with people. De Vitre, seeing the hopelessness of his situation, backed up against the wall and instinctively felt for his sword. Unfortunately for him he was wearing a private soldier's uniform. and he had thrown away his gun in He was alone, unarmed and helpless

before the mob. "It's a fearful mistake!" he shouted. "My friends, I am innocent! I can explain! Hear me!"

His voice was drowned in yells and execrations. The soldiers and people by the defeat of the morning that a sette, gazing at the Englishman with sinister desire for revenge on some sympathetic interest, as Jean-Renaud one was added to the fickle yet malevheld a close prisoner in the fleet. He | clent passions so easily awakened in | in his arm. the Gallic mob. They wanted a scapegoat, and here was one to hand.

"Mademoiselle," cried the unhappy turning to the girl, who stood spellbound before the appalling display of the fury and passion of the people, "I swear to you upon my honor that I am innocent! Vive la nouvelle In the hurry and confusion of the de- | France! Say that you believe me before 1 am taken! On my soul I believe this rabble intends to kill me!"

Anne de Rohan hesitated. Honesty

"Well, will you come with us peace-"One moment, my friend," cried the

young man lightly, having recovered his coolness and having discovered the

He looked appealingly at the young "I believe you," said Anne de Roeverybody realized must take place han, suddenly extending her hand to him. "Messeiurs," she cried, turning brought to the fleet rendered his pur- to the crowd, "Monsieur de Vitre gives

me his word of honor that---' "Oh, bah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "the honor of a traitor to the woman

"Let us kill him where he stands!"

"To the lantern with him!" roared

another. "No, my brave friends," said the sergeant coolly, "order if you please.

Miscellaneous Reading.

"Mademoiselle," said de Vitre hurriedly, as the soldiers surrounded him

and prepared to force a way through the crowd, "I can now face anything with a light heart. You believe in me. Take care of that gentleman yonder, he is a friend of mine."

sleur. Fall back, gentlemen, and give

way. A moi, mes camarades."

As he spoke, the soldiers seized him the residence of the governor, where de Ramesay sat in hurried consultaof the stricken town. The crowd, after a few curious glances, followed of that unstudied grace and conversa the soldiers and left the prostrate Englishman alone on the doorstep.

The young woman turned again to the man on the step. He was wounded, perhaps dying. The bullet which struck him in the back had passed dinner, the host offered Cicero some completely through his shoulder, and his shirt was stained with blood. There was a deep cut through the sleeve of his coat also, and his arm lay in a little pool of the same deadly fluid. His face was covered with blood from a slight wound on his forehead, occasion to mingle with the retreating muddy unpaved street where he had retreat no one in the crowding, push- Yet, though a foeman, he was wounded and helpless.

street toward the place where dwelt coat and tore open his shirt. Yes, the object of his adoration. He found there was the dangerous wound. Blood her in the doorway of her house, was still oozing from it. She had asbending over the prostrate form of a sisted the good sisters in nursing the small man in the blue and white uni- sick and wounded during the siege, and the gruesome sight was not unfa-"Mademoiselle de Rohan!" he cried miliar to her. The wound must be atin great surprise, stopping short at the tended to at once. Raising her voice, she called through the little hallway: "Josette! Jean-Renaud, hither!"

Immediately a buxom young woman recognized him, and with an expression made her appearance at the door in obedience to her mistress' call. "Water, quick, Josette, and get Jean-

Renaud! Here is a gentleman wounded, a friend of Monsieur de Vitre." "Jean-Renaud is not in the house, mademoiselle. He went to the St.

Louis Gate to-"I am here," exclaimed a deep, rough voice, as a burly old man wearing the livery of the de Rohans came around the corner. "We have lost the battle. Monsieur de Montcalm is mortally wounded, as is Monsieur de Senezergues, and Monsieur de St. Ours is killed."

"Peace, Jean-Renaud. I will hear your news in a moment. Meanwhile carry this gentleman to my chamber." Jean Renaud stooped down and and saw himself controlted by a lifted up the slight form of the stranwho had stopped and was looking been a boy. He carried him upstairs Lord," interposed Garth, "you had betmenacingly at him. He was followed and deposited him upon a great bed ter swallow it; you will gain either in a low-ceiled chamber lighted by a dormer window. While his mistress, with the assistance of Josette, busied "De Vitre, the traitor!" cried an- herself below in preparing such homely medicaments as their experience "He who piloted the English ships could devise, Jean-Renaud removed the clothes from Grafton and put him regularly in bed. Then he examined his wounds with the skill of an old

Presently mademoiselle, followed by the maid, entered the room. With her "Well, we are beaten now," remarked own hands she assisted in washing the soldier who had first spoken, who the wounds and putting on some temheld the rank of a sergeant, "but 1 porary bandages. As she did so she guess we can hold the town long did not fail to note around the neck enough to hang you, monsieur. I saw of the young Englishman a little chain of gold from which was suspended a charged upon us-curse them! And leather case, evidently containing a

locket. "Shall I take this off also?" asked Jean-Renaud, lifting the chain, as they

passed the bandages. "No, leave it there. 'Tis probably the picture of one he loves. Will he live, think you, Jean-Renaud?"

"I know not, mademoiselle. 'Tis a rough wound, and he has lost much blood."

"A pity. But let us hope," murmured the girl thoughtfully. The place where the bed stood was

far from the window and in a subdued light, so she had not yet had a fair view of the face of the wounded man. Indeed, they had been so busy that they did not have time to wash his face, hence she had not recognized him.

"It were best to go for the surtied the last bandage about the cut

"A good suggestion. Go you, Jean-Renaud; and Josette, lock the streetdoor and see that things are looked Frenchman, drawing himself up and after downstairs. 'Tis like to be a day of trouble. The soldiers are filling the street, and we had a sample of their temper but a moment since. Beg Dr. Arnoux to come quickly, Jean Renaud, and hasten yourself, for when you return you must accompany me to the governor in behalf of Monsieur de Vitre. Hand me that basin, Josette, and the cloth. I will wash this blood

TO BE CONTINUED

HISSES WHEN HE KILLS .- "The Fillpino," said a young Philadelphian whose term of service in the army has expired and who is glad to get back home, "is a curious mixture of the human being and the reptile. I think however, that the reptile predomiates. The Filipino can crawl noise lessly on his stomach, just as a snake can, and most of the human attribuutes are lacking in his makeup. But the thing that impressed me most was the snakelike hiss that he invariably emits before he strikes. This seems to be just as instinctive with him as hawk: "Pray, what is the difference it is with a snake. There is a sharp, indrawn breath that comes as a warning and gives a man a second's time to drop flat or throw up an arm if the to drop flat or throw striking dis-antagonist is within striking dis-antagonist is within striking disrestricted to the Filipinos. I am told that it is characteristic of all Orient-

NOTABLE FLASHES OF WIT.

Some Sayings at Which Whole Countries Have Laughed.

The striking of mind upon mind in a duel of words leads to brilliant by the arm and hustled him down the flashes of wit, comparable to the street toward the Chateau St. Louis, sparks struck from the flint by the gleaming steel. Many such scintillations of witty reply or sharp, sudden tion with the officers over the defense retort are imbedded in literature, where nevertheless, they retain much tional form which smack of their origin. Here are some clever replies and retorts that history says are accurate:

Cicero, the great Roman orator, had ready wit. Upon one occasion, at a inferior Falernian wine, saying, "It is 40 years old." To which Cicero replied, "It bears its age well."

The French are famous for their jeux d'esprit. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world," said Bassompiere, French ambassador to Spain, as he described his entry into Madrid. "Ah!" exclaimed his auditor. Henry IV, "what an amusing sight, to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was Your Majesty's representative," was the sharp re-

To Frenchmen of a later period be long these spirited bits of repartee An advocate greeted Voltaire with high-sounding flattery: "I salute, thee, oh light of the world!" The famous writer replied, "Madame Denis bring the snuffers." Talleyrand, the far-sighted minister of Napoleon, was asked by a man who squinted: "How are things going in the political world?" The diplomat answered: "As you see!"

In the time of Charles II in England in an age of wits, the grand master of the art of retort was the crippled first Earl of Shaftesbury. "Shaftesbury," said the king to him one day: "I believe that thou art the wickedest dog in all my dominions." "Of a subject, Sire, I believe I am," was the reply While speaking against the test bill in the House of Lords the Earl overheard an indolent churchman say, "I wonder when he will have done preaching." The orator whispered loud enough to be heard by all, "When I am made a bishop, my Lord."

Dr. Garth, a witty physician of the court of Queen Anne, had prescribed a nauseous dose for the great warrior, Duke of Marlborough. When the duke objected to following the directions the sharp-tongued Duchess Sarah broke in by saving. "I'll be hanged if it does not cure you." "There, my

The frequent collisions of lawyers in the courtroom sharpen their wits, so that many of the best examples of repartee come from the gentlemen of wig and gown. Lord Mansfield, the famous English judge of the second half of the eighteenth century, listened to an argument of the insolently proud Sir Fletcher Norton, upon a-case involving certain manorial rights. "N Lord," said Norton, "I can instance the point in person. Now, I have myself two little manors." "We are well aware of that," said the judge, smil-

ing kindly. "Do you see anything ridiculous i my wig?" said a judge to the famous Irish barrister, John Curran. "Noth ing but the head," flew back the re

tort. The late Chief Justice Russell was hearing a trial for bigamy. "What's the extreme penalty for bigamy? whispered a barrister. "Two mothers

in-law," said Russell. Samuel Foote was one of the readiest English wits of the eighteen century. A physician of Bath told him that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but he had so many irons in the fire he did not know well what to "Then take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where

your frons are." "Being at the dinner table one day when the wine was poured out in very small glasses, Foote listened to the host's profusion of remarks concerning the excellence of the wine, its age etc. "But you don't seem to relish it, Foote," said the host, "by keeping your glass so long before you." "Oh, yes, my lord, perfectly well. I am only admiring how little it is, considering its great age."

Foote and the great actor. David Garrick, were supping together, when Foote, in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, dropped a guinea and could not find it again. "Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone "Gone to the devil, I suppose, says Garrick. "Well, said David; you are always what took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go further than any other man.'

Returning from dinner with a lord of the admiralty, Foote was asked by a friend what sort of a time he had "Bad company and a worse dinsaid. "I wonder at that," said the friend, "as I thought the admiral a good, jolly fellow." "Why, as to that, he may be a good sea lord, but take it from me, he is a very bad landlord." Although the profession of the law

eems to be especially conducive to skill in fencing with words, the church has supplied a large quota of men who delighted in the give-and-take of verbal warfare. The venerable Dr. Thomas Fuller, author of "The Worthies of through the England," however, met his match once when he propounded the following question to a certain Dr. Sparrowbetween a sparrowhawk and an owl?" "Why," came the response, "there is a herd said the same thing again, wh great difference. An owl is fuller in the dog once more made its patrol. the head, fuller in the body, and fuller But on the doubt being uttered a third all over."

The eloquent Baptist divine, Robert curled up again by Hall, had a caustic wit. A flippant Sports of the Highlands.

young woman, having broken into his reveries, in allusion to his flancee, Miss Steel, by saying, "Ah, sir, if we had but polished steel here we might secure some of your attention; but-." Of all 'Squires' whose virtues should "Madam," he replied, "make yourself

quite easy; if you are not polished steel, you are at least polished brass." On another occasion a member of complained that Dr. Hall had not visited him, saying, "I've been very ill; I've been at death's door, Mr. Hall." Why didn't you step in?" was the nordant reply.

"What are you going to do in life? sked Cardinal Manning of a pert under-graduate at Oxford. "Oh. I'm going to take holy orders," was the airy response. "Take care you get them, my son," came from the prelate. Horne Tooke is credited with this daring retort to George III, who had asked him whether he played cards: "Your Majesty, I cannot tell a king

from a knave." And again, replying to a man who contended that only landowners should be allowed to vote at elections, he said: "Pray, tell me how many acres does it take to make a wiseacre?"

Coming to our own country, many

of the choicest bits of repartee in our history are to be found in the field of politics. Every schoolboy is familiar with the saying of Benjamin Franklin, as the group of anxious-faced, yet loyal men stood around to sign the mmortal Declaration of Independence: 'Now we must all hang together, or we'll all hang separately," But the rejoinder of the signer, Benjamin Harrison, to the above witticism is not so well known. Harrison, a portly man, looking down over his ample proportions, replied: "Yes, but when they drop us off at a rope's end, some of you lightweights will be kicking and suffering long after I'm done for." Senator Fessenden of Maine, one of the giants of the war-time senate, was opposed to establishing a mint at Carson, Nevada. A politician, in advocating that measure, told the senator that all that Nevada needed to make it a good state was "a little more water and a little better society." all that hell needs," was the uncompromising answer.

Senator Call, of Florida, once spoke in the chamber until all but the presiding officer had departed. The vice president, however, remained, impressive and dignified in his chair until the senator had concluded his address. A friend attempted to make merry with the senator over such a select audience. "I thought it a very distinguished audience," said Call. "There was no person there of less rank than vice president of the United States."-San Francisco Chronicle.

RUSSIA PAYS TWO JAPANESE.

Gives \$480 Pensions For Their

vices to Government. For twelve years, two Japanese belonging to a very humble class of workers, have been drawing a pension from the Russian exchequer, says London Answers. The payment has been suspended on account of the actual state of war between Russia and Japan, but will certainly be resumed when peace is proclaimed, when also the accumulated arrears will be handed over. Twelve years ago these men, Kitagaichi and Mukobata, were jinriksha men, making their living by running between the shafts of those light-wheeled chairs which are the hansoms of Japanese cities. In May, 1892, the present czar, then heir to the Russian was making a tour of Japan, and the two men were selected to pull his imperial highness through streets the day he visited the town and temples of Otsu, near Kioto. Mukobata and Kitagichi relieved each othe in running between the shafts of his arriage.

Elaborate precautions had been tak en to protect the imperial guest of Japan during his tour, but at Otsu he had a narrow escape of his the police on duty was Eanzo Tsuda, a fanatic hater of the er good-by." foreigner, perhaps a little insane on this point. It was a danger against which no ordinary precautions could Tsuda suddenly drew his short sword and rushed at the prince. ad wounded him slightly and would have killed him but for the two jinriksha men, one of them grappled with swift movement, turned the little car

In grateful recognition of their services the Russian government awarde a yearly pension of 1,000 yen (about £100) to the two men. It was paid regularly to them through the Japalocal authorities. Japan is country where wages and prices both much lower than in Europe a Japanese workman a yen goes as far as or farther than a half-sovereign with the man of the same clas in England. So Kitaga and Mukobata found themselves suddenly compara-

tively rich and promptly retired.

They are still living, but the conrast between the present position of old comrades is one more roof that money counts for less than element of a success haracter as an ful life. Kitagichi has managed to live comfortably in retirement on about 200 yen per annum, banking the renainder with the pension that he is now worth 10,000 yen, a small fortune. He tells his neighbors end what sort of a time he had that he does not complain of his pen "Very indifferent, indeed," he sion being stopped, for "war is war," and he has enough to live on in invest He has even sent 500 yen a his contribution to the war fund. His fust national bank, Montague, Texas. comrade Mukobata has always been a He has spent his money as quickly as he received it.

> INTELLIGENCE OF DOGS .- A shepherd in Scotland, to prove the value of his dog, which was lying before the fire the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else: "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." The dog, which appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up and, open scrambled up the turf roof of the house, where he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow, ran and looked into the byre, where she was, and finding that all was right came back to the house. The sheptime it got up, looked at its master, and when he laughed, growled, and the fire.-Wild

TALES OF BORDER JUSTICE

How Burl Yarboro Guaranteed Condemned Prisoner's Appearance.

survive the past, Pat Tompkins stands pre-eminent. Back in the early eighties, and prior, "Squire" Pat Tompkin's Court was held at Red River his congregation, a capricious old man, Station, an outfitting post just 43 miles from a railroad, in the heart of the cattle country. Thus circumstanced, the "Squire" was a law unto himself and felt that he was responsible to the state and to Providence for the welfare of the wayward knights of the lasso. With a fatherly instinct he exercised a supervision over his constituents, and would, not infrequently, send an admonition to some high-spirited youth who gave evidence of a strong desire to get beyond the pale. "Officer of the Court," he would remark to the Constable, "tell Tom Scruggs I hear'n of him makin' Deacon Gill Davis cuss Parson Farmer at the p'int of a six-shooter, and I don't 'low to hold him guiltless at his next appearance."

While breaches of the peace committed along the outer edges of the 'Squire's" district might be regarded with considerably leniency, woe betide the bold spirit that exhibited wanton hilarity within the precincts of the "Squire's" office. Summoning the culprit before him, he would say: Young man, you have sinned against God and man, and in my sight, God blast ye! Now give the Constable \$10 and go back to the ranch."

Among the cowboys of that section was Will Mann, a rollicking young fellow with a good education and affable manners. His many accomplishments and his genial disposition made him general favorite. Still William was not above suspicion. It was noticed that he frequently took trips without he formality of saying goodby to his give no satisfactory account of himself. After a while it was noticed too, that one or more "range horses" disappeared about the same time that Mann did, but they failed to show up again upon his return. He was watched, and finally caught, dead to rights, with one of John Campbell's best cow Of course he was taken before

according to law. The "Squire's" auprisoner, or holding him over to await the action of the next grand jury. But, believing that the law was on his decision! There were no lawyers present to cross-examine, browby a tender-hearted man who would to his body. Then he had rather than not sentence to death, be dragged back whenever he gave a if he thought it was his duty to do so. signal of two sharp pulls. Having finished with the prosecuting extenuation. Whereupon the "Squire" commanded: "Wm. Mann, stand up." days. Have you anything to say why

old lady good-by." Burl Yarboro, a cattle king and one of had the unconscious sergeant-major the shrewdest men along the Red Riv- out of the water. er, arose and said: "Squire, I'll go this young man's bond."

encil and write it out." Yarboro took the pencil and laborly, he looked up and declared: h-l on promissory notes."

Court wants, Burl. Fill out a note." he soiled paper. After a long wait the Court was handed the following: Red River Station, Texas,

August 10, 1881. "Thirty days after date we or either of us promise to return to Squar Thomkins and be hung for hoss stealing. Negoshible and Pay'ble at the one hang "William "Burl Yarboro." "William Mann

"Squire" Tompkins closely scanned the paper for several minutes and of the new American gun is a man then remarked: "This is a good note; as good as this here Court wants, Burl, but remember you're puttin' yer life in the hands of a hoss thief." "That's a fact, Squar', but I believe n helpin' boys who remember their mammies."

The crowd filed out, Principal and surety mounted their horses and rode away together, disappearing in the gun of this construction, with a pownellow splendor of a far horizon, off on the westerly margin of the crisp, brown prairie. Coming to where the trail forked, they halted, and the surety asked: "Where does your mammy live, Bill?"

"Live? She died before I left Ohio seven years ago."

"Which way do you go from here?" "To Ohio. I'm going to marry the day that note falls due. It was wrong to rustle horses, but I was broke, and Kate had written such pleading letters since her father died, and she was left alone. I have kept a list of owners, and how much each horse was worth, and will pay up some day. Meanwhile,

they have plenty to use." "Well, be good to her, and God bless you-and, say, Bill, be awful pertickler about hosses and sich things as that, from this time on, fer you've got the makin' of a man in you, and it's time you wus about ther

"Squire" Pat Tompkins pasted the

note in his pocket, and it is there unto this day, although the "Squire" is too old to hold office or to remember very distinctly many things that occurred in those formative days. Burl Yarboro is still in Texas, but has never been asked to satisfy the claim. * The "Squire" learned something before the paper matured. In speaking about it years later, he remarked: "Me an' Yarboro might have

wus dead right about encouragin' boys to remember their mammies."-Lesslie's Monthly.

A JAPANESE HERO.

been mistaken about ther law, but we

How Sanko Takano Toiled Through a Frozen River.

Writing of "Japanese Devotion and Courage," in the November Century, Oscar King Davis, who has been with Gen. Kuroki's army almost from the beginning of the war, says: Sanko Takano, sergeant-major, special duty, belongs to the Second Company, Second Cavalry Regiment, Second Division. On a dark night in early April, soon after his regiment had reached the Yalu river, he and Lance Corporal Shinobu Watanabe were sent out with associates, and upon his return could a third man to ascertain the width and lepth of the main stream of the river where it flows between two large islands opposite Wiju. . They crossed the first channel in a boat which the sergeant-major and the corporal left on the first island in charge of the third man. Then the two worked across the island to the main stream. The Russians occupied a little village on the opposite side directly across from the place where Takano and Watanabe 'Squire" Tompkins, to be dealt with struck the river. It was diffithority was limited to acquitting the cult to get scross without attracting their attention. Ice was running in the river, and the water was bitterly cold. Takano thought either to acquit or hang, the "Squire" that if he tried to swim he would sureexamined the witness closely, being of ly arouse the Russians. So he deterthe opinion that a man's life hung upthe river, rising occasionally for breath! They had a coil of light rope beat or squabble over technicalities. It with them. Takano took off his uniwas a simple inquiry into a vital fact, form and fastened one end of the line rather have given up all he had than to help him keep on the bottom, and sentence a man to death but who waded in leaving the lance corporal would just as assuredly give up all he to hold the rope by which he was to

Pounded by the ice and chilled to the witnesses, he called upon the prisoner to marrow by the cold water, Takano testify. Mann could offer nothing in struggled on. The water rose over his head, but the heavy stone he carried enabled him to keep on the bottom. The prisoner arose. "William Mann, Now he could walk a little faster, for have heard the testimony in this he was free from the battering ice; case and find you guilty. I do now, but as he neared the center of the therefore, by the authority invested in stream the current grew swifter and me, sentence you to hang in thirty swifter, until, if it had not been for the stone he carried, it would have swept you shouldn't hang, and may God be him down. He grew numb from the merciful to you, a sinner." The de- cold, and it took all his strength, stout fendant did not seem to be very much swimmer as he was, to rise to the suralarmed at his prospects. Still he was face and stay there long enough to not defiant, nor did he, by word or act, breathe. Yet he dared not drop the exhibit to the Court any signs of weight, for he knew he could not get amusement. Presently he arose, and down to the bottom again. So he in a subdued voice, said: "May it worked, with Watanabe paying out the please the Court, I have nothing to say, rope, until he felt the bottom rising excepting it looks pretty tough that and knew he was beyond the middle you will hang a fellow without giv- of the stream. Almost senseless, Taking him a chance to tell his old moth- ano stumbled along, striving to carry out the letter of his orders and reach "Pris'ner of the bar, give bond for the opposite bank. But not even Japyer appearance, and you can tell the anese sture could stand such a test and Watanabe, waiting on the bank, The young man looked appealingly felt the long, steady pull on the rope into the faces of those who crowded that told him Takano had lost conthe dark little courtroom. * * *The si- sciousness. With all his might the lence was becoming oppressive, when corporal hauled in the line, and soon

A brisk rubbing and the contents of his flask finally revived Takano, who "I'm agreeable, Burl. Take this here got into his warm, dry uniform again and started back with the corporal across the island. But when they lously filled a sheet of paper with his reached the place where they had left writing. Then he tore the page to the boat, it was gone. The third man, pieces and wrote another; then anoth- concluding that they had been capturer and another, but each page was ed by the Russians, had started back. destroyed as soon as written. Final- There was nothing for it but to swim, so in the two men plunged. The float-'Squire, I can't write a bond, but I'm ing ice hammered them and the cold water numbed them, so that they could "Yer note is as good as this here not make headway against the current and were carried down stream. But Again the pencil scratched along fortune had not deserted them, and they drifted against the boat in which their comrade was trying to scull back to shore. He, too, had been swept down stream by the swift water and the ice which hindered his sculling. He hauled them in, and soon they were landed on the Wiju side, to be commended by their captain for ing the real spirit of Yamato Damashii.

> A REMARKABLE GUN .- The inventor named J. Hamilton Brown, the work of constructing this particular six-inch experimental piece is in charge of Colonel John M. Ingalls, retired U. S. A., an artillerist of high standing and reputation. Despite the incredulity of contemporary gun-build-ers, Colonel Ingalls and the officers with him assert that this six-inch gun throw thirty miles a projectile weighing 100 pounds, which will pierce six-inch steel target. A ten-inch using 360 pounds of smokeless powder, would hurl a 600-pound pro distance of 59 miles. Increasing this ratio, a sixteen-inch gun would have an extreme range of more than 100 miles, and equipped with such coast-defense rifles, England and France could shell each other across the chan-