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THE

SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTINUED.

Mrs. Boone and Samantha and the two girls remained at home during the morning exercises. They were in too nervous a condition to feel like attending this meeting until the result of the meeting which had probably taken place in the Big Swamp was known.

Mr. Wayne seemed thoughtful and preoccupied as he made his morning toilet, preparatory to fulfilling his duty as leader of the singing.

"If he only knew what I know," Samantha kept saying to herself, as she watched him furtively as a cat watches a mouse. "If he did, I'll bet he wouldn't feel like patterin' 'round with that neck-band chee o'] his'n. He'd be a thinkin' o' the neck-tie that's waitin' for him."

And then, when she realized that it [illegible] only possible, but altogether [illegible] that this man would be hanging [illegible] neck, dead, before the day was done, she felt a great thrill of horror come over her, and wanted to run away somewhere and hide.

When he had gone to camp-meeting she put on her sunbonnet and ran over to Mrs. Boone's, to wait, with the women there, for the return of the men from the swamp.

It seemed as if the forenoon would never end. First one and then another would run to the door to see if they were coming.

It was about twelve o'clock when a party of grim and determined looking men halted near the edge of the grove in which the camp-meeting was held. Their clothes were torn and stained with the black soil of the swamp. Their faces had a tense, strained expression in them, along with a look that told they had accomplished a purpose which had hitherto been baffled.

The sound of singing came to them, blown across the forest by the soft, south wind. Distinctly above all other voices could be heard Wayne's, in the old hymn:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

"There's outhin' quite appropriate about the dyin' thief," one of the men said. "He wouldn't feel like singin' hymns if he knew what our errand was."

"Suppose you call him out, Bill Green," said Spears. "I'm kinder sick, an' not to make any fuss, if ye can help it. We don't wan't to 'start the meetin'."

Bill Green made his way across the woods to the camp-meeting grounds. The hymn was just concluded, and Wayne was sitting among his scholars, cool and quiet, and seemingly as much at ease as ever in his life.

"Have you found out anything?" the men and women kept asking Bill, as he passed them. But he did not stop to answer them. He went up to Wayne and touched him on the shoulder.

"You're wanted," he said.

Wayne looked at him with a perceptibly paling face.

"Who wants me?" he asked. "What am I wanted for?"

"Come out where we won't be pestered by folks askin' questions, an' I'll explain to ye," said Bill.

Wayne looked keenly at Bill, but he could make out nothing from his scrutiny. Mr. Green's face was as unreadable as that of the Sphinx.

They joined the men who were waiting at the edge of the grove.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Wayne. "Have you found any traces of the horse-thieves yet?"

"Yes, we have," was the repiy, and the speaker looked him straight in the eye.

"Ah!" Wayne's face lost its color, and his voice sounded hard and tense. "Where are they?"

"Four of 'em are under ground," was the reply. "An' the fifth has been ready to put under ever sence las' night. Two of 'em died with bullet holes thru 'em, an' three with ropes round their necks."

Wayne was ghastly white now. He knew that they were telling him the truth.

He gave one swift glance to left and right. In an instant his plan of escape was formed. He sprang toward the woods. Once in it he might succeed in getting away. It was his only chance.

But they had been on the lookout for something of this kind, and he felt himself in the grasp of strong hands before he had taken a dozen steps.

"Y' can't come that on us," said Bill Green. "Y' 've stole all the hosses an' kep' all the singin'-schools y' ever will. There's a tree b'en a-waitin'-fer ye years, down in the Big Swamp."

Wayne made one more wild and desperate effort to break away from his captors, but in vain. He was in a grasp of iron.

Ten minutes later he was being hurried toward the Big Swamp.

The pallor of his face was frightful, but he said not a word after being satisfied that it was useless for him to try to escape.

At the junction of the swamp and high land they met the men who had remained behind to bring out the horses.

Dick was one of the party. He started when he saw Wayne in the same situation he had been in but a few hours before, and turned away, sick at heart. He had seen three men dangling from the limb of an old cypress, that morning, and he could not get rid of the horrible sight.

"We're a-goin' to take him to that place we saw, where the oil nuts a-growin' down, where the oil nuts was a-growin' for—nothin' to be hung on to. Will you come back with us an' wait here?" the men in charge of the horses decided.

Bill Green unslung his small chain from Nell's bridle. It was five or six feet long and had been used in place of a halter.

"We'll use this," he said, "an' we'll leave it as we use it."

Then they went on down the creek with the doomed man between them, and not a word was spoken until they reached the island where the old cedar grew, grim and gray, and gnarled into fantastic shapes, with long wreaths of moss hanging to its branches, and swaying slowly in the dumb wind which blew about the lonesome spot.

"Number One," said Bill Green, like a judge pronouncing sentence of death on a murderer, as the party passed beneath the outstretched moss of the old cedar, "this party took all over with ye in this world. Have ye anything to say? If ye have, say it now."

"Do what you're going to do, and have done with it," groaned Wayne, through white lips. And that was all.

The chain was fastened about his neck, and some of the men lifted him up while one climbed on the old limb and secured the fatal link—silent it.

"Ready?" asked Bill Green heavily.

"Ay, all ready," was the reply.

And then—

* * *

They turned away as silently as they had come, and left the broken of the leaves of a swaying form from the old cedar, here left it up to hear that horrible burden, a ghastly, fearful record of frontier vengeance.

"Oh, mother, they've caught at last!" cried Nannie.

"Be they all there, gals?" Mrs. Boone, faintly.

"Yes, they're all there," answered Nannie. "Father and Uncle Lem and Nell and Doll—and Dick."

"Hooray! Three cheers for Dick Brayton!" shouted the men, as they caught sight of the women.

The Sabbath quiet was broken by three hearty, ringing cheers, which echoed far and wide, and were heard at the camp-meeting ground, telling everybody there that the horse thieves had been found at last.

"Oh, Dick," cried Nannie, throwing herself into his arms, and caring nothing if all the world saw and heard her, "I used you shamefully. I'm sorry for it! If you can forgive me—"

"I can forgive anything and everybody," he said, and made the assertion emphatic with a kiss.

That night the camp-meeting was a wonderful success. The excitement of the last few hours had prepared the way for a state of feeling calculated to make any camp-meeting successful, and those who had hunted horse-thieves went into religious work with heart and soul.

Deacon Snyder exhorted with peculiar power, bringing in frequent allusions to his stolen horses, which Providence had seen fit to restore to him, and the result of the exhortation was that Bill Green, whose convictions had been in a state of suspense since last night, took up the matter where he had left it when he turned out to look for Mr. Boone's horses, and was converted.

"An' he was converted good an' strong, too," Deacon Snyder used to say, in after years, when relating the events of this memorable camp-meeting. He never ceased to look upon Bill as a star in his crown—a brand he had plucked from the burning.

Samantha finally overcame her "baptist" scruples, and got up in meeting and "told her experience," to which she added a supplement, narrating the trouble she could not get rid of because of what she had done on Saturday night.

The elder got up when she sat down, and said that he felt, for one, as if she had done nothing to be sorry for, in his opinion, she had done just right. The Lord would surely punish the transgressor, and sometimes he made men and women his agents. She had been merely an agent in the hands of the Lord in the punishment of this sinner. That was all, and she had no right to fell like grieving over it. In his opinion, she had more right to be proud of having been selected as His agent in the matter. And he believed that every person in the hearing of his voice agreed with him.

In response to this public vindication of her act, such a chorus of "Yes, Lord!" and "Amen!" went up from the crowd that Samantha's heart was eased of its burden. And so grateful was she to the minister that she married him, six months later, and was ever afterward known in Brownsville as the "presidin' elder's wife."

* * *

I was in Brownsville last summer. Stopping over night with one of its residents, I took the opportunity to make some inquiries.

"Do I know the Brayton-s?" exclaimed the old lady of whom I asked my question. "Sh'd say I did! Why, Mis' Brayton—she that used to be Nancy Boone—she lived not more n a mile from where I did, when I was a gal, an' we've allus know'd each other—don't right up together, so to speak. Right smart fam'ly, them Braytons. Nancy's oldest son, he's a preacher, an' he's married to a darter o' Rhody Holbrooke's, she that use to be Rhody Stevens. The other boys, they're smart as steel traps, an' she's got a darter that's the prettiest critter of all these parts. Know the Braytons? Do, indeed! Rather reckon I do."

THE END.

Queer Things in the Food.

There are some queer things in the foodstuff, sure enough, as the Judge Kelley of Penn learned, and Congressman of the Committee on Ways and Means, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, was recently informed. Congressman Kelley, after adjourning one day for the week, was eating some of their pretzels, which he fancied so highly, when he found a piece of twine in his mouth. He spoke about it to the waiter, who in some mysterious way got the impression that he had taken no part in the controversy, and denied it.

"What in thunder is alkahest, anyway?"

Judge Kelley asserted that it was a kind of acid. Somebody else said it was a drug. A third member said that he knew it was a chemical of some sort, but wasn't quite sure what it was used for. The item was passed over for the moment to allow the clerk of the committee to ascertain what alkahest was. He consulted all the scientific bureaus of the Government and all the books of reference without getting any light on the subject. Finally some one suggested that it might be a mistake of the printer, and, sure enough, an investigation led to the discovery that several years before, when the committee was considering a bill of the kind, which contained only one week and "proof" of the printing office. The printer put the letters together the best he could, with the exposition that the clerk or the committee on the proofs would correct it. It happened to be overlooked, and this word that means nothing might have remained on the tariff list for all eternity had not a Congressman asked what it meant.

A similar case occurred some years later through the bad penmanship of Horace Maynard, of Tennessee. He attempted to write "styrax," and the printer made it "sturrax." This went on the tariff bill for several years, until somebody discovered the mistake. Styrax is a drug made from a plant grown in Java, Sumatra, Borneo and other parts of the East Indies.—Chicago Record.

A Cure For Sleeplessness.

The fact has been noted among medical men, whose work has been largely among those who live within the bounds, that there has been more than the usual prevalence of sleeplessness, more especially among men. The patient complains that he goes to bed at the usual hour, falls off to sleep very much as usual, but instead of sleeping through the whole night until six or seven in the morning, he wakes about three, or even earlier, and, do what he will, he can get "no sound sleep after that time." A writer in Hospital endeavors to account for this, and to offer a remedy for it. There are three things, he says, to be said on this point. He attributes the cause to the absence of clear, bright, frosty weather and the prevalence of a damp, relaxing atmosphere of relatively high temperature for the season, and he claims proof that this is the true cause, in that most persons improve in sleep during the frosty nights of the winter. "One thing must certainly not be done," he says, to obtain relief—"soporifics must not be resorted to." The right thing to do is, if possible, to diminish, or altogether stop, excessive brain activity, and he points out as "the most effectual step toward this end, to run away to the seaside for a few days or a week and to a cold, bracing place." "A few days of brain rest," the writer adds, "and brain bracing at the seaside will, with certainty, effect a natural cure in most cases, and the effect upon the whole system will be as lasting as it will be beneficial." This is very good advice to the small class in the community who can afford the time and the expense to get away to the seaside, but how about the great army of brain workers who are bound down by their daily duties? The only satisfaction they have is in the fact that their case is not a peculiar one—that "there are others."

Victoria's Oldest Subject.

The oldest of the Queen's English subjects is said to be Mrs. Margaret Neve, a vivacious lady of 105. She lives at Guernsey, not far out of St. Peter's Port, and can remember France before Napoleon's time. She has traveled all over Europe and recounts with interest the story of great personages she has seen and famous places she has visited. She is strong physically, as well as mentally, and walks to church regularly every week. And yet she has lived through the reigns of four rulers of the British Empire, not to mention famous literary men like Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb and Humphry Davy.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

TWO VIEWS.

First Poet:
Oh, the haunt of the bird is the leafy wood,
In a shade remote and free;
He tunes his throat to a lover's note
For his mate in the blossoming tree

Chorus:
Sing sweet! sing sweet! the bird in the tree
And the girl with wings for the sky,
We listen long to his happy song
As the hours go dancing by.

Second Poet:
Oh, the haunt of the bird is the broad blue heaven that
Where he perches with airy grace,
With his feathers deck and his wings spread wide
And flanked with ribbons and lace.

Chorus:
Sing height! sing low! for the bird on the wing
Yes I wonder at times, upon it,
Why a sensible maid is never afraid
Of the sky on her Sunday bonnet!

Life.

FADS OF WEALTHY WOMEN.

Some of Them Have a Passion For Eating Fruits and Flowers Out of Season.

Every fad of the immensely wealthy cannot be condemned as an extravagance, but often gladly hailed as a means of circulating hard cash and giving occupation to many working folks. The luxuries, to specify, are chiefly flowers and fruits and vegetables out of season. While the January snows lay deep on the ground and turnip tops in their cellars, Mrs. Samuel Thorn, Mrs. Goldard and scores of other women were serving strawberries as big as plover eggs to dessert and artichokes for salad and they had not [illegible] the city markets for these delicacies.

However, because it is the fashion, and every one who goes into it is expected to study a specialty, Mrs. William Astor's specialty is the purple violet. A marvelous flower, the recent secret of its production is known only to the gardener on her Rhinebeck place, and a very few of them at ten cents apiece ever find their way into the market. Mrs. Robert Milliard stands surrounded with her peaches, that she offers for eating in Lent, and that are produced under glass at the rate of one peach to a tree, just as in Mrs. Constable's huge greenhouses only one rose is ever asked of a bush.

Mrs. Elliot Shepherd, at Scarborough, pays in salaries something near $25,000 a year to her head gardeners and laborers under them. In return they produce for her bigger gooseberries than you can find in English gardens and remarkable little golden tomatoes, absolute spheres in shape, and that are served at her table as relishes with meat. Mrs. Ernest Crosby cultivates with her own hands and an expert Frenchman's aid a green grape, the bunches of which must weigh twelve pounds each.

The immature painters have a rival in the real portait painted on glass. Alma Tadema demonstrated the beauty and effectiveness of the glass portait by painting one for the Princess of Wales, another for the beautiful Lady Naylor Leyland, and now all the rich American women who go to London pay Tadema $500 to catch their likenesses on polished crystal ovals. Lady Terence Blackwood and Miss Emily Hoffman were the first of the New Yorkers to sit for glass portraits, and to set the fashion on this side of the water of every woman's wearing her own picture.

One of these novelty likenesses is done on an oval of faultless crystal about a fourth of an inch thick, about four or five inches long and three inches to three and a half wide. The crystal is slightly convex and the painting is done on the concave side so artfully that the face looks at you through the flawless glass.

The crystal has a back of gold and a framework of gold beads, pearls or brilliants. By a ring in the top of the picture an inch wide ribbon or a beautiful chain is run, and the work of art is allowed to hang free nearly to the knees, so can fit into a little satin bag at the waist. However you elect to wear one of these portraits, swinging from ribbon or chain, or pinned as a pendant on the front of your gown, you always make a point of carrying none but your own likeness.—Chicago Record.

Fetching Neckties.

Of course everybody wears neckties nowadays and the variety of them is something remarkable. Some of the neckties worn are exceedingly pretty and some of the most fetching ones are made by the wearers themselves, and their greatest charm to beauty lies in the fact that they are not scrimpy, but have a generous lot of lace or muslin or gauze forming them.

It does not require any great amount of cleverness to make one of these neckties, only a little skill with the needle and a knowledge of plain sewing.

The necktie should be long enough to pass about the throat twice and then tie in a large bow in front.

There are a number of very pretty ideas for new neckties. One of the simplest is for dotted gauze. The dots are mere speckles and are sometimes white, but as often black, which is a novelty.

The necktie is made about half a yard wide and long enough to pass twice about the neck and tie in a soft, fluffy bow in front, with ends the same length as the bows.

About the bottom is a full flounce knife plaited and trimmed with lace. When this flounce is set on a beading of lace is used.

When the necktie is tied the knot should be drawn tight, so that the centre is small and close. This makes the bows look much smarter when they are pulled out than if the knot was loose and uncertain.

Another charming idea for a necktie which any one can carry out is that of plain soft tulle, with flowers in lace applied. The tulle chosen should be very soft and limp and should be in cream color or ecru. This is hemmed all around and has the ends cut rounded with a plissed frill surrounding it. Above this frill in the centre of the rounded end are applied the flowers of lace cut out from any pretty lace pattern or purchased distinct, but in this case they are much more expensive. The best way to obtain satisfactory flowers for application is to look through the lace in the shops, choosing those pieces that have large, distinct flowers, leaves or designs. A quarter or half yard will be sufficient to obtain the flowers, which are carefully cut out and applied with fine embroidery cotton at the edges. The effect is very decorative.—Boston Globe.

Covert Coats For Women.

The short covert coats are to be used as much as ever for ordinary wear. The material of these covert coats is always about the same, but the shade this year is a trifle darker than last, quite distinct from the material and shade used in the box-coats. These little coats do not fit into the figure so much as they did at the back, but are almost tight-fitting in front. They should be made very carefully, and have absolutely no attempt at trimming. They fasten with a dy-front, and are single-breasted. Some of them have pockets, others have not; they are smarter without them. The sleeves are small, not absolutely tight-fitting, but large enough to allow of a dress sleeve being put underneath. Then there are the very smart long coats that are most attractive, but a little warm for the season's wear. They are, however, so graceful in their lines, that it will be hard to resist getting one. They are made of the light weight cloths, tan and gray, and even in black and dark blue, fasten over to the left shoulder, and are finished with a ruffle. They are very unbecoming unless well fitted, and even then are not to be rashly attempted by women who are short and stout. For short and stout women there are a number of coats this year that are unusually becoming. There is the three-quarter length coat with the dy-front tight-fitting in the back and as far as the darts in front, but with the straight French front, that breaks the width around the hips very satisfactorily. This same style of jacket made on much sharper lines is one of the new models for the spring costumes.—Harper's Bazar.

True Story of Mme. Albani's Name.

One of the proudest boasts of musical Albany is that Mme. Albani began her career there.

A picture of the diva from the early brush of Will H. Low hangs in the Albany Club, a fine full-length portrait of Mme. Albani at the height of her fame and charms, and many memories of her life are cherished by those who remember the little fourteen-year-old soprano at St. Joseph's Church, Emma Lajeunesse, who astonished and delighted the musical cult of the city with her wonderful voice.

"But people who claim that her stage name was assumed in honor of her native town are all wrong," was the verdict of a high official in the British Museum library on books of reference. "It seems a pity to put to death a pretty story, but the truth must prevail. The name 'Albani' was not assumed by Miss Lajeunesse as a memento of the appreciation and kindness she had experienced in Albany. It happened thus: When the young diva was about to sign her first opera contract, her Italian master at Milan said that she could not possibly appear on the Italian stage under the name of Lajeunesse. He, therefore, selected for her the name of Albani, that being the patronymic of an old Italian family then defunct. "But did you know that I lived at Albany?" she asked. "No, I never heard of it," the signor replied. An unusually curious coincidence, but it is absolutely true.—London Musical Times.

Fashion Notes.

Line the collar of your fawn-colored coat with sharred chiffon of the same raine colors if it is a high one.

A black hat which is effective is of chip and has a big white tulle rosette at the front, black tulle over white going around the right side, and from the rosette two big white plumes with black edges at the left.

Plain tinted organdies will be very much worn, and something quite novel is a combination of plain white and violet in one gown. The skirt and sleeves are of white, and the plaitings at the bottom and the bodice covered with crosswise tucks are of the deep violet organdie.

Just at present the most attractive gowns among new models are those of light weight cloth, fine delicate wool, poplin, rather heavy weaves of bengaline and satin foulard in novel patterns and colorings. They are quite as serviceable as those made with cut-away jacket fronts, postillion backs, and notched revers.

A little girl's hat has a ruffle of figured silk of a delicate shade, with small flowers upon it, lying around the brim, and a narrower ruffle standing around the crown. There is a tiny cluster of blue forget-me-nots and a standing bow of blue and green ribbons of a peculiar shade, to match the colors in the hat.

Light silks and thin French materials of silk crepe or some other fleecy material are found in hat trimmings. Another big leghorn hat has a large bow of one of these fleecy silk materials, with deep pink flowers, upon it and a gold buckle at the front, the ends passing loosely around the hat and forming strings at the back.

EARTH'S GREATEST FORCE

THE STORED ELECTRICITY IN NEW YORK EQUALS 170,000 HORSES.

It Could Tow Twenty-Five of the Largest Battleships—Greatest Physical Force Ever Generated and Controlled by Man—Moves the Street Cars.

The greatest physical force ever generated and controlled by man is now harnessed in New York City. It will be even greater within the next few months. No one can predict what it will be in a year or two hence.

Enough electricity is stored in the power houses in the city to equal the strength of 170,000 horses.

It is greater than the combined power of all the locomotive engines which arrive and depart daily. It is strong enough to haul 1,500,000 people in ordinary surface cars all at once. It can move 250,000 tons or twenty-five big battleships.

The force that is able to do all these things is absolutely invisible. No one knows what it is. Science can only tell how it is made and what it can do.

There are in New York, or shortly will be, power stations which can generate an amount of electricity equal to 170,000 horse-power. The biggest plant is that owned by the Third Avenue Railroad Company on the Harlem River, Ninth avenue and 216th and 218th streets. Its equipment alone will cost $5,000,000.

Enter when it is running, and you will see great furnaces burning tons of coal every hour.

You will see engines with great driving wheels whirled by the tireless throb of the piston rods, for what? Only to make one bundle of wires revolve many thousand times per minute within another bundle of wires and produce nothing that you can see, but which, carried over tiny wires, may make as you choose, distribute to all parts of the city a force almost equal to that of the great engines themselves.

While methods are similar in all the great power plants, at least in regard to general principles—the Third avenue line is the most recent, the biggest and most perfect.

The building is 320 feet long and 200 feet wide. The main walls are ten feet high. There are four chimneys, each towering 200 feet.

There are two sections to this great building—one where coal is burned to make steam, and one where the steam is utilized to make electricity.

Just outside of the building, on the boiler-house side, a ship runs in from the Harlem River, where coal boats run alongside the dock and their cargoes are emptied by coal handling apparatus which conveys the coal into the boiler-house, elevator and distributes it into large bins holding about twenty tons, from which it glides down to feed the fires, passing through automatic coal weighing machines, thus having its weight on record.

When the coal has passed the automatic weighing machines it runs into the hoppers of mechanical stokers, which not only gradually feed it into the fires without the opening of doors, but so grade the feed as to meet the requirements for steam. The ashes and cinders are propelled down an incline to a device by which they are dumped into [illegible] ash-pans, from which they are hoisted by vertical chutes to the basement. There they are taken up by the ash-handling machinery and conveyed to an ash-bin on the dock, whence they slide into the empty coal boats to be carried away. Human labor never enters into the work at any stage.

All the boilers, if placed end to end, would extend 1000 feet. They generate steam to operate the sixteen engines, which have a nominal horse-power of 64,000 and a maximum of 100,000.

The electric generators have each a capacity of 3000 kilowatts, which can be increased to 4500 when required.

Electrical measurements cannot be readily compared to other standards. There are, in fact, no equivalents. The terms most familiar to newspaper readers are volt, ampere and watt. The first represents pressure, the second volume and the third power. Suppose a river to be a flow of electricity, the pressure of the current would represent voltage, the volume of water amperes and the total power, watts.

The nearest equivalent of a horse-power in electricity is 746 watts. A generator capable of producing 4500 kilowatts, therefore 4,500,000 watts, is equal to about 6000 horse-power. The Third avenue's sixteen generators, at highest tension can produce about 95,000 horse-power, or a loss of only five per cent in the transmission of power.

Along one side will run a switchboard in a gallery, the level of which is above the machinery and the length of which is more than two hundred feet. Here will centre all of the numerous conductors by which the current is conveyed throughout the city and far up into Westchester County.—Electrical Age.

An English Road Under Water.

A curious land-subsidence took place at Northwich, England, November 15, 1898. The inhabitants were alarmed by the sudden subsidence of a portion of the London main road. The road was built on timber, and when the subsidence began, it shortly—within an hour, in fact—became impassable. Buildings were thrown nearly four feet off the perpendicular, and the supply of water, gas and electricity was interrupted. The area of the depression extended to about 440 yards and was nine feet deep in the center. The cavity thus formed was filled with water. Great fissures appeared in two buildings, which had to be steadied with bolts and timber.

BRAVE SPANISH SHARPSHOOTERS.

One of Them Boasted He Had Killed Seventeen Americans.

The courage of the Spanish sharpshooters, who perched themselves in the trees before Santiago and did signal damage to the Americans, was never properly appreciated by the men of the American Army, declares the Sun. Here were a lot of men dispatched with instructions to get out of sight somewhere and do all possible harm to advancing American troops. "And we don't care if you never come back," was the substance of the parting message loaded into their ears as they left on this mission of almost certain death. They took their water jars, a week's rations, some cigarette paper and tobacco and all the Mauser cartridges they could pack in the pockets of their pajama suits. Then, climbing into the little branches of vegetation that stuck out from the tops of the palm trees scattered around, they awaited the advancing American Army to begin operations. Whenever they saw an American torso they fired. They had far-reaching rifles and smokeless powder. Their Mauser rifles made no more noise than so many popguns and threw out no more smoke than the cigarettes they puffed between whiles.

The Americans were confused by this fire. These almost silent bullets, coming from nowhere in particular, with only a quick ping to announce their messages of death, were confusing and bewildering. The bravest perceptibly wilted under the sharpshooters' fire, a much harder thing to stand up under, though lighter in attack, than trench firing.

To locate these fellows was usually a difficult matter, but once located it was all up with the poor Spaniard. The general mode of disposing of a Spanish sharpshooter caught in action was simple but decisive. The Americans usually circumscribed the tree and volleyed till their man came tumbling down. The member of the Twelfth Infantry who accounted for the death of one of these poor fellows by the grave declaration to the surgeon that "the tall killed him, I guess," must have been a bit of a humorist, for when the surgeon out of professional curiosity looked over the body he counted seven Krag bullet wounds.

Very few of these sharpshooters who were sent out to harass the Americans in this way ever saw their Spanish homes again. They were taking long chances. And they knew this when they went. Two of them were seen in the Siboney Hospital. They had been dislodged from their trees near San Juan Hill, a few days before. One had five Krag bullets in him and the other six, both had shattered legs from their falls, and both were dying. One of them could speak English a little. "Me shot seventeen of you Americans," he boasted feebly before he died. No doubt he spoke the truth. They had great opportunities to do damage and they took full advantage of them.

A Fire That Burned For Years.

It was quite a common thing among the ancients to keep a sacred fire burning for many years. In order to keep it going, however, they found it necessary to add fresh fuel from time to time, which was quite a different kind of fire from the one that burned over a hundred years and wouldn't be put out, no matter how hard the people fought it. The great fire was in England. It was an underground fire, in the collieries near Rotherham. When it first broke out great flames shot up above the top of the shaft. These, upon being attacked by the miners, gradually subsided, but the fire was not extinguished. It continued to smolder in the exceedingly inflammable material in which it had begun, and occasionally the flames broke out again, which increased its hold upon the great coal beds. So through generations this slow, dull fire continued to eat its way through the masses of coal. By and by the owners of the estate where the collieries were located began to fear the fire would work on through to other mines, and they tried to devise some way of stopping its progress. Accordingly they built a stone wall around it down through the mines. This fire wall, when completed, was more than 1000 yards in length and from nine inches to five feet thick. During all these years the vegetation on the ground above was much affected, the earth being rendered so warm that two and sometimes three crops could be raised in a year.—Chicago Record.

Fishes Which Feed on Land.

The stroller along the shores of the islands which make up the Philippine group meets many surprises in the strange forms of animal life which there make their home. This is particularly true of the fishes, some of which have the mudskipper habit of leaving the water and wandering about on dry land. This was first observed by a naturalist who in collecting along one of the islands saw some singular frog-like creatures hopping along the muddy shore before him. He tried to follow one, but found it was too active, jumping out of the water with a peculiar motion and only taking to it when closely pressed. He soon discovered that the objects of his pursuit were fishes, and, finding that he could not catch them, he employed a small-bore shotgun which he carried to bring them down. In this way he succeeded in collecting a number. The fishes were singular little creatures with large heads and prominent eyes. The side fins were enormously developed and served as arms upon which the fish raised itself and hopped along. It was found that these six-inch fishes were not left stranded by the tide, but came ashore to feed, finding their food in a certain shellless mollusk that frequented the shore at low tide.—Chicago Record.