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CAPTAIN TREMAIN'S WIFE.

A Thrilling Story of the Days of the American Revolution.

BY MARTHA J. LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

"Isn't that a boat, that speck upon the river near the other shore?"

The questioner, a pale, blue-eyed young man of perhaps 25, bore the marks of rough experience. One eye was closed and one side of his face swollen and discolored. His clothing was in disorder and his left arm badly sprained. He was reclining on the damp earth at the mouth of a shallow cave on the shore of the Hudson, near what is now the western terminus of Christopher street. It was in the forenoon of a sultry day in the month of June, 177-.

In striking contrast to the limp figure of the bruised and battered Harry Shipton was the well-poised, faultlessly attired gentlemanly looking man of some thirty or more years who stood before him. He was in citizen's dress, but of unmistakable military bearing, tall, well proportioned, with a shapely head, and features of unusual manly beauty. He looked toward the object indicated.

"Yes," he said quietly, "that seems to be a boat, probably some fisherman's." Then, turning and fixing his pitying eyes upon the disabled youth, he asked, "How did you get through the night?"

"Horribly. Such a hole as this to stay in, and my head and arm splitting with pain!"

"It is bad. Perhaps you would rather I had let them drag you to the old jail—but that might not have been the worst of your trials."

"Oh, no, this is a palace to that. Don't think I am ungrateful, but I am in agony. What shall I do? Do you know whether those devils are still hunting for me?"

"I think they are, but not in this direction. Someone raised the cry that a Tory had passed you behind him on his horse and galloped off to the north in the darkness, and a lot of troopers started on the run expecting to overtake you. Meanwhile you found a refuge here."

"You found it for me. It is a mystery to me how you ever brought me here. I don't seem to remember."

"Let that pass now. How would you like a bit of breakfast?" From his pocket meanwhile the speaker exhumed a small paper parcel and placed it upon a lace-edged pocket handkerchief which he spread upon the ground before the young man for a tablecloth. It was a delicious sandwich. A little flask was drawn from another pocket and some wine poured into a tiny silver mug and placed beside it. Harry Shipton had fasted for nearly twenty-four hours, and having one free hand he helped himself like a starving man. He brightened at once and said:

"You are jolly good to me, and yet I do not even know your name."

"I am plain Dr. Harris for the present. I cannot tell you my real name, because these rocks may have ears, and there are war times."

"Is there any way for me to get off the island to-day, Doctor? Did you see my brother last night, as you promised?"

"Yes, I saw Charlie Shipton, if he is your brother. I went immediately to him on leaving you here, told him of your misfortune and your injuries, and where you could be found, and urged him to provide means to help you across the Hudson to your family. He was uncivil to me and abused you. He said you were a traitor to your country and deserved to be hanged, and that he neither could nor would do anything for you. Perhaps you know that he has enlisted in a rebel artillery company under the captainship of a young man by the name of Hamilton, to whom, by the way, I had to apply, in the guise of a doctor, for a permit to speak to your brother."

"Really, that is picturesque Charlie under Alexander Hamilton, is he! Did Hamilton know of the nature of your errand to my brother?"

"Of course he did. I could accomplish nothing without telling him, and I was convinced he would not betray you. He expressed great sympathy for you and sorrow that you were on the wrong side in the controversy; said you and he were chums in college and that he liked you immensely. He made it easy for me to confer with your brother without eavesdroppers, and you know the result."

"What could have turned Charlie into stone?" moaned Harry Shipton. "He has always been the dearest boy in the world until lately, so tender-hearted, so generous, so true. Hamilton was a clever lad, forever drilling the boys in military gymnastics in the college grounds and then orating on politics and war. I could beat him in recitation, though, every time. I was at the head—and now to think of my being a fugitive, hunted to the death in my own native New York, and my brother willing to let me die! He is a monster!"

"War always makes men into monsters."

"Look, Doctor, look! That boat is certainly heading for the shore, just below us here," and Harry Shipton pulled himself up for a better view.

There was no available landing place in the vicinity and the little craft was in obvious danger. Gusts of wind had been for some time stirring the broad Hudson into a tumult and the boat was dancing among the waves like a crazy thing as it neared the rough bank.

"By Jove, it will be dashed to pieces! It is a woman rowing! She cannot manage the oars," cried Harry.

There was no response, for the doctor had darted to the water's edge with the speed of a whirlwind, but before he was near enough to make his voice heard by the occupants of the boat—two women and an infant—the woman who was rowing made a spring to clutch some overhanging bushes, and partially succeeding was dragged forward into the deep black water and disappeared. The boat rebounded from the shock, tottered a moment up on the crest of a high wave, and then went over—the woman with the infant in her arms uttering a piercing shriek as she was plunged into the river. The doctor had divested himself of his loose clothing as he ran, and swinging himself down by the branch of a tree he dropped into the abyss and presently emerged with a burden that taxed all his strength to lift up the ragged bluff to a place of safety. It was the mother with her infant clasped tightly to her breast in a death-like embrace. The baby was extricated, and after a little manipulation opened its laughing eyes and puckered its pretty mouth and cooed. The doctor squeezed some of the water from its clothing, and picking up his coat from where he had thrown it wrapped it about the little innocent, which he laid tenderly into a nest among the bushes. Then he applied all his energies to the restoration of the mother, whose white, girlish face was very lovely in her unconsciousness. Great masses of brown hair, loosened from their fastenings, were so tangled about her neck and throat that he was obliged to cut some of it away with his pocket knife to prevent her choking. As she gradually revived he placed the flask with its few remaining drops of wine to her lips—then fanned her gently with his hat.

"My baby," she whispered without lifting her eyelids.

"Your baby is safe," was the reassuring response.

"Is she dead? Oh, heavens, it is my sister Edith!" exclaimed some one behind the doctor and turning his head he looked into the horrified face of Harry Shipton, who had hobbled to the spot from the cave.

"No, Harry, not dead," came from the prostrate figure, whose beautiful dark eyes were wide open now and fixed upon her rescuer with wondering interest. She held out her hand and the Doctor raised her into a sitting posture—and it was necessary for him to support her thus for a few moments.

"I came for you, Harry. I hope the boat is not lost, for you are to go back in it," she said, and Doctor Harris observed that she had the low, trained voice of a gentlewoman—a voice with a thrill in it that sent the blood rushing through his veins.

"You came for me, Edith! How did you know I was [illegible]?" asked Harry.

"Charles told us. He came to us in the night—last night—he had special leave of absence from Captain Hamilton to inform us of your hurts, and papa and mamma were so distressed and uncertain how you could be reached and [illegible] He saved that I volunteered to undertake the secret service. Matilga rowed me across the river and is to row you back. Where is she?"

"I will look for her," said the doctor. "She fell into the water, upsetting the boat, and I fear she is drowned."

"Oh, no, I think not. She can swim like a fish, and is quite equal to saving herself," said the lady, "[illegible] she would [illegible] a chicken for dinner."

The words had scarcely left her lips when a wooly head and a very black face appeared above a rock at the edge of the bank. Then one chubby hand, then another, and, finally, the whole figure of a short, stout negro woman was in sight.

"Hallo, Missus! how's you gettin' up dar? I've been [illegible] all [illegible] de river for yo', Missus, Massa Harry, youse ready for [illegible] I been [illegible] a tryin' to catch dat boat, and I've got him. Come along wid ye."

Surprises had chased each other so swiftly that Harry was completely overcome. He saw how he had missed his brother Charles, and now here was his proud and [illegible] risking her life in a venture few men would have undertaken to get him out of the trouble he had [illegible] brought up on himself. Matilga came forward and surveyed him with a friendly grin.

"Ma-sa Harry, wot you been a doin' to yer eye? Massa Charlie don't get no such [illegible] Bes' you try n' to [illegible] de color [illegible] Come along wid ye."

"What is your hurry? We cannot leave Edith here——"

"Yes, you can," interrupted the lady, "it is all arranged. Nobody wants to hang me; it is only yourself, Harry, that is in immediate danger. I am going to stay on this side for the present. I expect to pay a visit to General Washington and ask for a permit to join my husband."

"Come along wid ye, Massa Harry. I hear de guns dis berry minute."

"I think, Shipton, you had better lose no time. I will look after your sister," said the doctor, assisting the young man as best as he could toward the shore.

"Good by, Missus. Ursula will fix you up skrim," cried Matilga, as she vanished beyond the bend.

CHAPTER II.

Under the hot skies of that memorable month of June, 1776, New York was one of the most stirring places on the Western Continent. The erection of an independent empire on this side of the Atlantic Ocean was the [illegible] topic of thought and speech. War and bloodshed was on the wing. Men were working day and night on the fortifications. For many weeks New York had been in a state of agonized alarm. Families were making their escape as best they could, taking little or nothing with them as the circumstances permitted. The rich knew not where to go for safety, and the poor thrown upon the charity of interior towns suffered from a complication of ills. Hundreds of men were suddenly deprived of the means of supporting their families. Inhabitants as well as soldiers were subject to strict military discipline.

Washington had reached New York on the 13th of the previous April, and was in almost hourly consultation with the principal men of the New York Congress, several of whom were appointed to military office. Troops were marching into the city from all points of the compass in variegated costumes that must have seemed grotesque to the English soldiers. The old red coats worn in the French wars had been brought from the garrets and brushed up for use by the Connecticut men. Thus every now and then was seen a dingy regimental of scarlet with a triangular and much tarnished laced hat among the [illegible] frocked volunteers. Some of the Marylanders wore green hunting shirts [illegible] [illegible] wore came in dark blue coats with red facings. Some of the Jersey riflemen were in short red coats and striped trousers, others in short blue coats, old leather breeches, light blue stockings, shoes with brass buckles and wool hats bound with yellow. The Pennsylvania regiments were in all the colors of the rainbow, brown coats faced with buff, blue coats faced with red, black coats faced with white and studded with great pewter buttons, buckskin breeches, and blue cockades with white tape bindings, also blue coats faced with white, while several companies came without any coats at all, each man with but a single shirt, and that so small that the New Englanders made fun of them. The Virginians were in white smock frocks, furbelowed with ruffles at the neck, elbows and wrists, black stocks, hair in cue, and round-topped, broad-rimmed black hats, although one long the [illegible] [illegible] were uniformed in blue coats faced with red, or brown coats faced with green. Washington's guards wore blue coats faced with buff, red waistcoats, buckskin breeches, black felt hats bound with white tape and [illegible] and body belts of white. Hunting shirts with breeches of the same cloth gaiter, fashion about the legs were seen on every side, and as these were convenient garments for a campaigning country, they were soon adopted by the British themselves. This was the origin of the modern trouser or pantaloon.

The question of what to do with the Tories was anxiously being discussed by the patriots, as they were making mischief on every hand. It was difficult to discriminate between those who were really criminal as covert enemies and such as indulged in a peaceful difference of opinion. Many were seized on suspicion and imprisoned by the Committee on Conspiracy. The popular element was fierce and uncompromising and compelled neighbors to show their colors. It was unsafe to breathe a syllable against the American cause. Neutrality was not tolerated. All who did not declare themselves "for liberty" were, in the lower class particularly, pronounced traitors and pursued with merciless rancor. They were chased like beasts and obliged to secrete themselves in the woods, swamps and other hiding places and wait for the coming of the British army. Even in the best families fathers and mothers were doomed to see their children arrayed against each other, as in the case of Harry and Charlie Shipton. Wives saw their husbands arming against their own blood. Personal and domestic happiness was jeopardized on all sides.

The Shiptons lived in an elegant house in Broad street, and were greatly beloved by their associates. Colonel Shipton was a retired British officer, but his three children were born in New York. His only daughter, Edith, had in 1774, married her cousin, Roland Tremain a young man about her own age. When hostilities were dawning he had defied all his relatives and family interests and joined the patriots. Charles Shipton did likewise, despite his father's protest and prayers. Harry Shipton's sympathies were with his father and with British authority, and he associated with his brother Charles on the subject until, coming to boiling heat, the brothers interfered and told each to [illegible] own way. They felt the family [illegible] before midnight [illegible] Shipton was privately informed that he was [illegible] be arrested by the Committee on Conspiracy during the next forenoon. The [illegible] an unexpected blow, as he had no intention of taking part in the [illegible] [illegible] course, however, for him to pursue. He secured boats and in the darkness of the early morning he and his family were conveyed with a few necessaries to the Jersey shore of the Hudson, where they took possession of a farmhouse on their own property some [illegible] a mile from the river. This was only a temporary retreat, and Edith, who went with them, intended to return to New York the first opportunity in order to be near her husband.

"[illegible] at your service, what can I do for you?" The Doctor had climbed up the bank from having seen Harry safely embarked on his trip across the [illegible] to his patient convalescing [illegible] She held up to her baby and was [illegible] by shaking bits of [illegible] over its face.

"There is a little habitation in the woods to the north [illegible], not far, where some of our servants are staying. I will go there. May I know how seriously my brother Harry is injured?"

"He has no wound [illegible] far as I am aware that [illegible] his life, but he [illegible] such as should have [illegible]"

"Was it true what Charlie told us, that he just barely escaped being hung?"

"You might have thought so if you had seen the [illegible] mob that had him in hand when I came upon the scene," said the Doctor, smiling. "May I go and bring some of your people to you?"

"Oh, dear, no; I will go to them. If I had baby on my shoulder I could run away even from a band of Indians," and she laughed merrily in trying to rise to her feet, unconsciously seizing both the Doctor's extended hands.

"You had better see if you can walk before you begin to run," he said, playfully.

"I am all right. Yes, I can walk," she replied.

"Well, then, I wonder if baby will oblige me with my coat?"

He picked up the little one, held it high in the air and made it laugh outright, and, laying it on the ground again, put on his coat, and then took it in his arms quite naturally.

A little later on a graceful, hatless woman, whose clothing, very much soiled and wilted, clung fast to her limbs, was groping her way step by step through a swampy road, followed by a man carrying a baby.

Some negro women sunning themselves in front of a little hut among the trees saw what they at first thought an apparition, but presently recognized the woman and came running to meet her.

"Wat de matter, missus?" they asked in chorus.

"We have been to the bottom of the river. Matilga upset the boat."

"Lord's sake! Glory be's to God you's got out. Ware's Matilga?"

"She has returned to mamma with the boat. Ursula, take the baby and relieve the kind gentleman who helped us out of the water."

The order was obeyed with noisy demonstrations in the way of hugs and kisses, the baby seeming well pleased with it all, and in the midst of the commotion the Doctor took Edith's hand, raised it to his lips, and walked rapidly away, having left the words "God bless you!" in her ears for a perpetual memory.

"Dare now, guess I know dat chap! Say, missus, ware did you find him?"

"Fanning me, when I was trying to breathe. What do you know about him?"

"He wars at Mister Elliott's last year. He came along wid de Commodore, and he wore de chap da' bring de [illegible]"

"Well, [illegible] good to me, and [illegible] You must not [illegible] as [illegible]"

"Yes, [illegible] We covered 'em up with leaves [illegible]"

"I don't [illegible] garments at [illegible] I am going to call [illegible]"

[illegible] and a half the wet and [illegible] had been dried and [illegible] in the [illegible] of the day, and the sweet face of Edith Tremain [illegible] as if someone [illegible] white and blue set off the [illegible] to great advantage. The [illegible] smiled approval, but cried with animation when the bewitching object went out of sight down the pathway.

Richmond Hill House, Washington's headquarters, stood upon an eminence [illegible] not far distant, about where Charlton now crosses Varick street. It was a country villa, a mile and a half from town, surrounded by [illegible] of trees and grass, with a flower garden at one side enclosed by a hedge. The roses were in bloom, and Ursula [illegible] her mistress along the winding entrance drive to the entrance to the [illegible] could not resist putting her hand through the fence and [illegible] which he fastened to Edith's hat, and then walked on demurely. Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs and two horsemen galloped round the curve toward them, one of whom lifted his [illegible] as he passed, and Edith bowed under the admiring [illegible] Captain [illegible] who wheeled his horse to ask [illegible]

"[illegible] in any way?"

"[illegible] than to [illegible] and away he galloped.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not to Be Robbed.

The craving for freedom is so strong among prisoners that they will even throw away their chances of pardon for the sake of its temporary gratification. The author of "The American Siberia," a book describing convict life in the South, says that one prisoner had served out a long sentence up to its last day. He had worked faithfully, and never violated a prison rule. All the officials had the utmost confidence in him. He was to be released the next day, and meantime was one of a squad of men working out of doors.

The captain of the camp had occasion to use a barrel left on the top of a neighboring hill, and said [illegible] to the prisoner:

"Do you think you could come back if I send [illegible] over the hill for that barrel?"

He laughed at the idea.

"Why, of course, I could, captain," he replied. "I've had a hundred chances to escape, and, besides, I shall be a free man to-morrow."

"[illegible]," said the captain.

[illegible] over the hill, and was [illegible] When the [illegible] up again he was gone. And the result proved that he had [illegible] and then sat down to [illegible] of the [illegible] When he was caught [illegible] he could give no explanation except that he "just couldn't help it."

Another prisoner knew himself better. He was to be released in a few days, and the captain said to him, in reference to [illegible]:

"Do you think it would be safe for me to send you over there?"

A strange expression overspread his face, and then, in one burst of candor, came his explanation.

"[illegible]," said he, "you'd better not send me. If I get that far away I couldn't come back if I wanted to."

Potato Legends.

When potatoes were first introduced into Russia by a Mr. Rowand (the exact date of the introduction of the tuber into that country being a subject of dispute, but it is set down at 1790), the people would neither plant nor touch them. They declared them to be the devil's fruit, and that they were given to his satanic majesty on [illegible] God that he had no fruit [illegible] him to "search the earth for food." Whereupon the poor devil fell to digging in the earth and found potatoes growing therein.

A similar legend seems to have obtained or still among the staid Britishers in Berwickshire, England. In that shire the introduction of potatoes is popularly attributed to Sir Michael Scott, once known all over Britain as "The Wizard of the North." According to the story, Michael and the devil formed a copartnership and took the lease of a farm on the Mertown estates, called the "Whitehouse." Michael was to manage the farm; the devil the capital; the produce was to be divided in the following manner:

The first year Michael was to have all that grew above the ground and the devil all that grew beneath the surface. The second year shares were to be divided in just the opposite way. His satanic majesty, strange to say, was badly beaten by the wily Michael, for that personage, with true Scottish foresight, sowed all the land to wheat the first year and planted all in potatoes the second. So the poor devil got nothing but stubble and potato tops. How these absurd legends originated no one seems to know, but the fact remains that the peasants of both Russia and England even to this day frequently allude to potatoes as "Devil's Fruit."

"You are altogether too fresh," said the potato to the egg, "and I have my eyes on you." "Now, look here, Irish," said the egg, "I dare say you have a good heart, but remember that when we come to scramble for a living you're not in it with us."—Life.

Think right and you will act right

ACRES OF QUEER CROPS.

LEE POIT'S CHINESE FARM NEAR WASHINGTON CITY.

Success of a Celestial in Cultivating Oriental Herbs For Chop-Suey and Other Mongolian Delicacies—Cultivates No Plant Known to American Farmers.

From the flatiron to the plow is a long stride, but it has been taken by one Chinaman in the District of Columbia says the Star, and the results have amply compensated him for the bold venture.

Lee Poit, a moon-eyed Celestial, arrived in Washington last April, with his savings tied up in a buckskin bag. He came directly from California. Lee found the laundry field crowded, and his capital was too small for him to consider the establishment of a grocery store.

One Sunday Lee dined at the Chinese restaurant on Lower Pennsylvania avenue. Lee, who has an inquisitive mind, questioned the proprietor about the source of supply for the many queer vegetables and herbs which form a part of every Chinese dish, and learned that they all came from St. Louis, two days distant by rail from Washington. None was raised nearer the capital. Here was Lee's chance to invest his money, and he was quick to see it.

The next day Lee began to visit the suburban districts in search of a suitable place for his farm, and after a week he decided upon a little four-acre tract of land near Terra Cotta Station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, as the spot best suited for his purposes. The owner of the land has a number of colored farming tenants, but he was mildly surprised when Lee, with an interpreter, for Lee speaks little English, called upon him "to rent farm." Mr. Lynch made the rent reasonable, and in an hour Lee was in possession of the farm. His entire outfit, aside from his clothing, consisted of two four-gallon watering pots and a yoke, such as the coolies in China use for carrying burdens.

Lee got down to business at once. The day after he took possession he employed a colored man, who lives near by, to plow up his little farm. Seeds were obtained from San Francisco, and Lee worked all day and sometimes on moonlight nights in his little farm. Beds were laid out in regular checker-board fashion, and with a hoe, borrowed from a neighbor, Lee pulverized the soil, carefully removing every stone.

At first there were many things to contend with. Lee did not understand the new soil, and his first crop was a failure. Then he began intense farming. Large quantities of fertilizers were put on the beds and a new crop was planted. Every morning before the sun was up, Lee, with his yoke on his neck, watering pot on each side, watered the tender sprouts of green, which were just bursting out of the ground. His water supply was obtained from a ditch 100 yards from the beds, and the operation was tedious. With the energy and perseverance of his race, Lee would plod back and forth between the ditch and the beds until every plant on the place was given its share of water. Again in the evening were the beds watered by the same slow process.

Finally Lee's unremitting toil began to tell. The crop, forced by fertilizers and water, was even better than the industrious owner had hoped for. It matured rapidly and was gathered and taken to the city, where he received an advance on St. Louis prices for it. Since then Lee has gathered four crops, and another is now ready for the market.

In all Lee's farm there is not a single plant which is known to his neighbors, who are thoroughly familiar with American farming. Near the railroad there are half a dozen rows of what he calls Chen Fok, or Chinese cabbage. The plant looks not unlike a huge turnip, but the taste is peculiar, hot and slightly spicy. Below the cabbage bed, supported on sticks which take the place of trellis work, there are a number of rows of yepmein, a little green gourdlike melon, which is much sought after by Chinese epicures. Lee has been particularly successful in raising these, and they bring excellent prices. Farther on there are melons, hard, queer shaped things, a whitish green in color. They ripen in November, and when full grown sometimes weigh as much as sixty pounds. When they ripen these melons will be the first ever brought to Washington. There are none raised, it is said, nearer here than California.

On the hillside, just back of the barn, several beds are planted with aromatic herbs and strange-looking vegetables with unpronounceable names. Many of these help to make up that mysterious but none the less toothsome dish know as chop-suey. The plants are all dwarfish, but very luxuriant. Beans a foot long, bent and twisted in every conceivable shape, take up a couple of beds. They are black in color, and have a sweetish, insipid taste. Chinese beans are given space in the beds, and they are very successfully raised. Next year Lee intends to attempt the cultivation of bamboo sprouts in the damp land along the ditch. If he succeeds his income will be materially increased, as the sprouts now used at the restaurants are all imported in cans from China, and are very expensive. Every morning Lee gathers his vegetables in large sacks, and prepares to go to the city. The sacks are attached to the yoke, and with this heavy load the industrious Celestial trudges down the road to University Station, a mile away, where he takes an electric car for Washington. All his produce is spoken for the day before, and it is easy work for him to deliver it. It is all sold on Lower Pennsylvania avenue, where the Chinese colony is located, and before noon Lee is back and at work on his farm.

Work For the S. P. C. C.

Labouchere suggests that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should have power to interfere with parents such as the late Rev. Ralph Tollemache. Mr. Tollemache was twice married, and he was fairly literal with his baptismal fancies to his first family. But it was only after his second nuptials that he gave his attention seriously to the subject of human nomenclature. This was the result:

1. Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet.

2. Leo Quintus Tollemache-Tollemache de Orellana Plantagenet.

3. Leone Sextus Denys Oswolf Fraudati Filius Tollemache-Tollemache de Orellana Plantagenet.

4. Lyonulph Cospatrick Bruce Berkeley Jermyn Tullibardine Petersham de Orellana Plantagenet.

5. Mabel Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Lou de Orellana Plantagenet Toedmag Saxon.

6. Lyonesse Matilda Dora Ida Agnes Ernestine Curson Paulet Wilbraham Joyce Eugenie Bentley Saxonia Dysart Plantagenet.

7. Lyona Decima Veronica, Esyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowena Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet.

8. Lyonella Fredegunda Cuthberga Ethelswytha Ideth Ysabel Grace Monica de Orellana Plantagenet.

9. Lyonetta Edith Regina Valentine Myra [illegible] Avelina Philippa Violantha de Orellana Plantagenet.—London Correspondence in New York Sun.

The Way They Run.

"Yes, sir," said the telegraph editor, "you may be sure when there is one steamer disaster another will follow within a week. When the Mohegan broke up I said there'd be another and there has been. I never knew it to fail. When there is a big fire in one part of the country the wire will be hot within an hour telling the story of a second, equally as big, in a far distant part. It's strange. I've often thought I'd get some psychologist to explain it to me but I've never had time I guess. Murders run the same way. Now this affair in Flint is sure to be followed by another, if not similar, at least related in point of details, and that within a week. Why it was only the other day——"

"Jimpson," shouted the city editor into the local room, breaking into the sentence of the telegraph editor, "There's just been a suicide up on One Hundred and Twenty-third street. Go up and get the story and make a third of a column of it. We'll bunch it with the accounts of the one that happened this morning and the two this afternoon——"

"Hear that," put in the telegraph editor, "what did I tell you?"—Detroit Free Press.

What Alexander Did For the World.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler has written for the Century a new life of "Alexander the Great," and he says:

No single personality has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon. He leveled the terrace upon which European history built. Whatever lay within the range of his conquests contributed its part to form that Mediterranean civilization which, under Rome's administration, became the basis of European life. What lay beyond was as if on another planet. Alexander checked his eastward march at the Indus, and India and China were left in a world of their own, with their own mechanisms for man and society, their own theories of God and the world. Alexander's world, to which we all belong, went on its own separate way until, in these latter days, a new greed of conquest, begotten of commercial ambition, promises at last to level the barriers which through the centuries have stood as monuments to the outmost stations of the Macedonian phalanx, and have divided the world of men in twain.

He Looked Wise.

He was one of those solemn, wise-looking fellows who like to think they are deep thinkers.

"There are some things beyond our comprehension in mental science," he said impressively, "that we fail to understand."

"Yes," returned his companion with equal seriousness, "I have often noticed that we never can understand the things in mental science that are beyond our comprehension. In other words, when anything is beyond our understanding we experience considerable difficulty in comprehending it. And I find that this applies not only to mental science, but to any other old thing as well. Every now and then I find I fail to understand things that are past my comprehension, and that things that are beyond my comprehension are very often beyond my understanding. I find also that I am not familiar with things I don't know in many instances, and that—"

The glitter in the wise-looking fellow's eye told him it was time to stop.—Chicago Post.

A Glass Railway.

By means of a valuable toughening process, recently discovered, glass may now be moulded into lengths and used as railway sleepers. Glass rails are also produced by this same toughening process. It is, therefore, possible to have a complete glass railway. The glass rails are turned out in sizes and shapes similar to those of the ordinary steel rails. They are far tougher and resist the action of the elements more successfully than steel.

PORTO RICAN MUSIC.

The National Instrument [illegible] [illegible] Popular.

Like all other Spanish-speaking peoples, the Porto Ricans are fond of music. Every cafe has its orchestra, [illegible] would hardly do business without one. Every [illegible] in the latter part of the day [illegible] the sound of guitar and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible]

Nearly all of the [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible] a place in the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Porto Rico at that [illegible] familiar, but the ear is not long in discovering [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] to the melody.

It [illegible] at first like the rhythmical [illegible] of [illegible] upon the sanded floor, and one would suppose some expert [illegible] was [illegible] keeping [illegible] the music made by the violins and guitars. The motion [illegible] quick, [illegible] complicated, for [illegible] however, and it is the deftness of fingers and not of feet which produces [illegible]

[illegible] the only [illegible] native to the West Indies, [illegible] with a soft roll [illegible] possible [illegible] is a gourd [illegible] [illegible] On [illegible] of the gourd are [illegible] On the other side of the gourd opposite the holes is a series of deep [illegible] The player holds the gourd in his left hand, [illegible] that none of the resonance may be lost.

With his right hand he rapidly rubs [illegible] the gourd with [illegible] In the hands of a [illegible] nothing but a [illegible] noise. In the [illegible] of a [illegible] "guiro" player a [illegible] comes from the [illegible] shell, a sound which in its place in the orchestra [illegible] and most certainly gives [illegible] and considerable volume to the performance.

The player's hand moves with lightning rapidity. The steel fork at times makes long sweeps the whole length of the gourd and then again vibrates with incredible swiftness over but an inch or two of its surface. There seems to be a perfect method in its playing, though no musical record is before the player, and it seems to be a matter only of his fancy and his [illegible] how his part shall harmonize with the melody of the stringed instruments.

The [illegible] all the West Indies, but [illegible] popular in Porto Rico. The players generally make their own instruments, and apparently become attached to them, for as poor as they are, they will hardly part with them for their real value. They are distinctly a Porto Rican [illegible] and [illegible] Porto Rico is probably more destitute of tourists' "loot" than any foreign country known to the traveling American. The tourist there can secure [illegible] and [illegible] the very thing [illegible] away from the island as a souvenir which is distinctly [illegible] and peculiar.

The Small Boy and the House.

A small frame house, which stood for many years in what is now one of the best residence districts on the upper west side of New York City, was torn down a few days ago, and its owner feels that he has been badly [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] was cheap. The owner of this house rented it several months ago for $16 a month, and went away to the country. The tenants, for some reason unknown to their neighbors, deserted the house a few weeks ago, and within a day or two of their departure the boys of the neighborhood had appropriated it. When they tired of using it as a playhouse they built a bonfire on the second floor and ran away. The firemen broke open the door and extinguished the blaze before it had seriously damaged the house. Within a week the house looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone. All of the gas fixtures and all the lead pipe in sight had been stolen, doors had been wrenched off and everything in it which was detachable and of any value had been carried away. It was a total wreck inside, and when the owner returned to inspect his property he was amazed at the condition in which he found it. The house had literally been torn to pieces, although almost within call of a police station. It had been so weakened that it was in danger of falling, and the owner was ordered to tear it down. The man who owned the house wants damages from some one, and he is inclined to think that the city is responsible for his loss.—New York Sun.

An Anti-Scandal League.

Vanity Fair informs us that we have an Anti-Scandal League in our midst. Its promoters, with a shrewd knowledge as to the most promising field for their labors, are circularising "Society" by the medium of blood-red envelopes containing pale green slips, [illegible] the recipients to membership. [illegible] are unimpeachable, but [illegible] unpleasantness over [illegible] There [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] to "combat it [illegible]" and "if possible, to enlist [illegible] a member of the League." But when everyone has [illegible] to talk about? [illegible] the organizers reckon [illegible] of Norman Concorde.—[illegible]