

FATE.

Fair as the summer azure
A timid violet blew
Close to the fort's embrasure
O'er which the hot shells flew.

'Neath battle-smoke and thunder
The fort was quickly stilled,
Its huge wall blown asunder,
Its brave defenders killed.

Still on the fortress battered,
Whose heroes lay entombed
Beneath their banners tattered,
The peaceful violet bloomed.

—R. K. Munkittrick in Collier's Weekly.

A City Tragedy.

"My good friend, what shall I do with this?" inquired Stomp pathetically as I entered his room one day.

"Here is a man who has to see me, and he cannot speak der words ac hear, and he haf hurt der hand so he be to write is not able."

Stomp was evidently in a state of some excitement, for his nervous energy was always in direct ratio to his inability to speak the Queen's English.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"More monkey tricks," said Stomp. "Pah! I with der human race disgusted am. I come home and my dinner expect, and I find dot, and he haf give me dis!"—saying which he flung a dirty scrap of paper across to me.

I unfolded it, and saw an erratic scrawl, evidently written with a blunt pencil, and so much smudged and smeared as to be illegible in parts. I managed to decipher painfully a few words.

"Kommen sie gleich. Folgen—Sie haben mich gefangen. Bringen sie ein anderer m—presirt. A. de B."

"Explain this drivel," said I, tossing the paper back.

"Ach, drifel you shall gall it, my so good friend! Dot is der language of der gods!"

"Possibly," I answered. "It's Greek to me, anyway."

"The paper haf say," said Stomp solemnly. "Come at once. Follow (probably der bearer). They haf caught me. Bring another man with you. Urgent." And it is signed "A. de B." Dot is De Brenne, who haf been gone from England six months. I do not understand, but I haf think that rews there will be. This bagan is der servant of my friend. He was born mit dree senses only. You will come with me? Und on der way I will tell you der story of De Brenne."

"Yes; of course I'll come," said I. "I'm spoiling for a row."

"Dere shall be der very big rows," said Stomp.

All this time the deaf-and-dumb messenger sat motionless as a carved statue, watching our faces as we talked. I think that, in common with others afflicted as he was, he had the power of understanding our speech by the movement of our lips. At any rate, his face brightened when he saw Stomp making preparations to start, and sprang from his chair with a low guttural sound unlike anything I ever heard before. It gave me quite a shock, and, turning rapidly to the man, I saw that the hair on the back of his head was darkened and matted together. Stomp's eyes followed mine.

"Ya, I haf noticed," he said. "Dere will der der first-glass rows. Haf you a revolver?"

I shook my head.

Stomp unlocked a case on the mantelpiece and handed me one, a long-barrelled 32 Smith & Wesson; the fellow to it he slipped in his pocket.

"They're not loaded," said I, snapping the breech to.

Stomp grinned. "I have der shells in my pocket. But der moral force is der safest; you might shoot me in der leg or der pinafore."

"You do make a fair target," I remarked, a little nettled, for I think nothing of myself as a revolver shot, and Stomp's waist measurement is a record.

He looked at the uncanny messenger, who, with another of his guttural sounds, nodded, and made swiftly for the door.

When we got outside Stomp hailed a four-wheeler, and glanced inquiringly at our guide. "Piccadilly?" he asked. The man granted, and Stomp repeated the word to the driver.

Now, said he, as the cab lumbered along, "I shall tell you der story. This De Brenne of whom I spoke, der writer of der note, is a great friend of mine. I haf known him many years. He is very rich man; his uncle haf left him all the money. There is also a Brenne dot is named de Brenne, also der nephew of my friend, and he haf a fortune of his own."

De Brenne had gone to the continent, but his pursuers had tracked him, and with Bendish ingenuity had hunted him back to England to his own house, so that he would be handy for signing the required documents. The house was empty, save for a caretaker, whom they had speedily got rid of, and Brenne's own deaf-and-dumb servant, whom they retained, over ensuring themselves against the possibility of communication with the outside world.

wet, half-deserted streets, and finally pulled up at the entrance to a narrow little passage at the back of Berkeley square.

"So," said Stomp, "they have caught him in his own house."

The deaf-and-dumb messenger scrambled off the box and opened the door for us, and we followed him along the narrow pavement in the pouring rain. About fifty yards from where the cab was standing he stopped opposite a small door let into the wall, and motioned us to be quiet.

He opened the door noiselessly with a small key, and we walked softly along a dark, narrow passage of considerable length. As far as I could make out we were entering one of the Berkeley square houses by a private entrance. I whispered as much to Stomp, who nodded in reply, at the same time holding up a warning finger not to speak.

Our guide, who was leading, stopped suddenly, and Stomp and I stumbled up against him in the darkness. Just ahead I could see a tiny spot of light, evidently a hole in the panelling, through which the interior of the brilliantly lit room beyond was visible.

Stomp applied his eye to this, and for a second or so the point of light was blotted from view; then he drew back his head with a jerk, and with a sudden hissing, indrawn breath.

"Ach! der villains!" he said, in a hoarse whisper; and, slipping his hand into his pocket, he handed me some shells. "Der play-acting business is over. Der rows shall be real rows."

And he snapped the breech of his revolver to with a vicious snap.

The panel slid noiselessly into its casing in the wall, and Stomp and I stepped into the room. I shall never forget the view that met my eye. It seemed as though I were dreaming, and had suddenly been wadded back to medieval days; it was incredible that such a scene should be enacted here in the end of the nineteenth century, in a smart house in the very heart of a great city. Firmly lashed to an ordinary kitchen table chair sat a man whom I immediately recognized as De Brenne from Stomp's description. His head was bent forwards, and round his temples was a piece of thin cord twisted so tightly that it had cut into the flesh. A man behind him was increasing the pressure from time to time by turning a short piece of stick which was inserted in the cord, whilst two others were making preparations for even more ghastly and inhuman torture.

De Brenne's face was a putty color, and great beads of perspiration were streaming down it. On a small table in front of the group was what looked like a legal document, pens and ink, and a jug of cold water, which had evidently been used to revive De Brenne should he lose consciousness under the terrible ordeal.

The room was perfectly quiet, save for a low moan now and again from the victim as an extra twist or so made the pain unendurable. The three fiends were so occupied with their brutal task that they did not notice our entrance.

"Will you sign?" asked the manipulator of the string in a low, pleasant voice.

A stifled moan was the only answer, which rose to a sharp wail as the stick was turned another half revolution.

Stomp raised his arm, paused for a second stealthily as a rock, pressed the trigger, and the man's arm dropped limp from the elbow downward. He gave a yelp of pain and surprise, which was echoed by his two companions, and clapped his other hand to the wound. The string relaxed and De Brenne's head dropped forward on his chest—he had fainted.

"Hands up!" shouted Stomp. One of the two uninjured men slipped his hand behind his coat-tails.

Crack! went the revolver again, and a small pocket-pistol dropped to the floor, whilst the fellow's hand was splashed with crimson drops.

It was wonderful shooting. I believe Stomp could have picked out the buttons on the man's waistcoat had he chosen.

"Now," said Stomp to me, "will you haf der goodness to take down der curtain-ropes and to tie up der hands of our friends therewith?"

This I did whilst Stomp still kept them covered with that ominous black-smudged barrel. After which he crossed the room and, throwing open the windows waked the stillness of the night by requesting the presence of "a holiceman" in stentorian tones. Marvellous to relate, one came in less than five minutes, followed by three more whom he summoned.

Meanwhile I had been doing my utmost to revive De Brenne, with sufficient success to enable him to make a short statement to the inspector, which resulted in our three friends being marched off in safe keeping.

The story was briefly as follows: De Brenne had gone to the continent, but his pursuers had tracked him, and with Bendish ingenuity had hunted him back to England to his own house, so that he would be handy for signing the required documents. The house was empty, save for a caretaker, whom they had speedily got rid of, and Brenne's own deaf-and-dumb servant, whom they retained, over ensuring themselves against the possibility of communication with the outside world.

They had then calmly kept De Brenne a close prisoner in his own house, and started to torture him systematically until such time as he would sign a will in his cousin's favor (dated some years previously). Had they accomplished this, they would have again carried him abroad and ensured a fatal alpine accident by the simple process of dropping him over the edge of a convenient precipice, and leaving him to be discovered.

Luckily for De Brenne, however, he had been able to get a note conveyed by his servant to Stomp unobserved, and so was enabled, as the latter remarked, "to finish up on der topside."

LIABILITY FOR SEA HORROR.

Captain of the William Brown Convicted of Forcing Passengers Overboard.

Since the terrible fate that befell the passengers on board the French steamer La Bourgogne much speculation has arisen as to the liability of the French crew under the charges brought against them in connection with the sinking of the ship. It is well settled that the law in England and the United States is adverse to the crew.

The leading American case is that of the people against Holmes, which was tried in Philadelphia by the brilliant lawyer, David Paul Brown, as prosecuting attorney. The story is an interesting one. The ship William Brown sank off Nova Scotia in March, 1841. The passengers and crew overloaded the boats. After drifting for several days a storm came up, making it evident that the overloaded boat which Holmes commanded would be swamped and all lost. Under these circumstances he gave the order to lighten the boat. Twelve passengers were thrown overboard, and two sisters voluntarily jumped into the sea. The remainder of the passengers in the boat and the crew were saved and brought to Philadelphia. Holmes was indicted and tried. In his defense the above circumstances were shown and additional evidence admitted that Holmes was one of the most active in saving the passengers and getting them in the boat; that at the risk of his life he had personally saved several. Nevertheless Holmes was convicted, and the United States court sustained the conviction on the ground that the contract of the sailor bound him to use every means in his power, even to the sacrifice of his own life, to deliver each passenger at the port for which he shipped.

The point of jurisdiction was raised, when it was held that the flag converted the ship and her apparel, including the boats, into national territory. As to acts done in the waters of the high seas, it was further held that the contract controlled as to the sailors. The court also held that as to the same acts done between passengers on the high seas a different rule prevailed; in the absence of international law as to them they owed no duty to one another; they were, from the moment of leaving the ship, remitted to their natural rights, and the law of self-preservation prevailed.

Much sympathy throughout the country was manifested for Holmes in this case from its purely doctrinal law, and, its being a case of first impression, his sentence was commuted to imprisonment. After 18 months he was released, but the principle that the sailor owed a duty to passengers, even to the sacrifice of his own life, was established.

An Invisible Monkey.

There are many animals, especially birds and insects, which mimic in their colors and shapes the natural objects amid which they dwell, and thus frequently escape the eyes of their enemies, but, as Dr. Lydekker says in Knowledge, "until quite recently no case was known where a monkey, for the sake of protection, resembled in form or coloration either some other animal or an inanimate object." Such monkeys were discovered by Dr. J. W. Gregory during his recent journey in East Africa. Near relatives of the monkeys seen by him have long been known to naturalists and have excited surprise by the brilliant contrast of the black fur covering their body and limbs with the snow-white mantle of long, silky hair hanging from their shoulders and the equally white plumes on their tails.

The contrast, Dr. Gregory found, serves to render the animals practically invisible, for the trees which they inhabit have black stems and are draped with pendant masses of gray-white lichen, amid which the monkeys can hardly be distinguished.

Why Sigbee Turned Scuttler.

On one occasion Captain Sigbee deliberately sank his ship to save her from a still worse fate. He was in command of the coast survey steamer Blake and was anchored in a West Indian port when a hurricane came up, and in the heavy sea the ship's anchors began to drag. She was drifting to utter and inevitable destruction on a reef. While she lay there was a soft, sandy bottom. The captain ordered her to be beached, and down she went.

She was beached and raised, but her cargo was lost, and she was condemned to be sold as scrap iron.

Scuttled by the captain, she was sold for scrap iron.

PAYING OFF THE TROOPS

THE COMPLICATED TASK WHICH PAYMASTERS HAVE TO PERFORM.

One of the Pleasante Features of Army Life Is His Arrival With a Gripsack Full of Money—How the Soldiers Get Their Pay—The Volunteer Paymaster.

One of the pleasantest features of army life is the coming of the paymaster with his gripsack full of money. Since the declaration of war with Spain the war department has added seventy paymasters and twice as many clerks, under the Emergency act providing for an increase. The work required is almost wholly that of expert accountants. Especially is this true of the department of the east, in New York city, where, in addition to keeping the accounts of the volunteers in this vicinity, the paymasters are obliged to take care of the accounts of regulars and retired officers and soldiers. There is no money shown to a green paymaster. Whether he understands the work or not, he has to do the same amount as is given to a paymaster who has been in the service twenty years. In fact, there is a growing suspicion that the volunteer paymaster gets the worst of it all round.

The retired list which new paymasters are required to wrestle with in the paymaster's office in this city comprises the accounts of 400 officers and men who have been retired from the service, but who are drawing three-quarters pay. These payments are made once each month under an intricate system of bookkeeping. It is so complicated that no business man of today would think of applying it to his own business.

The retired officers and men are paid on the first day of each month. Those residing in New York receive their pay in currency at the paymaster's office, while those residing outside the city are paid by check. The New York pay department is under the control of Lieut.-Col. Wilson, who ranks next to Paymaster-General Stanton. Under him at the present time are two regular army paymasters and three emergency or volunteer paymasters, all ranking as majors.

As in the army proper, there is nothing done in the pay department without orders, and the soldier who becomes impatient at not receiving his pay at the anticipated time should not blame the paymaster. It may be that he has not received his orders.

The First New York Volunteers were paid off recently by Major Fowler at Fort Hamilton, and the method of procedure will serve to illustrate all payments in the field. On the rolls furnished by the company commanders an estimate due each man, less fines, was made by the paymaster, and the latter, with his clerk, went to the camp with sufficient currency to pay off. At Fort Hamilton the place selected for paying the troops was the hall of the local lodge of Good Templars. Each company was lined up, one at a time, in front of the paymaster's desk, and as his name was called out each man stepped forward and received his money.

First comes the captain, who receives \$150; then the first lieutenant, who takes \$125. The second lieutenant walks off with \$116.67, and then follow the non-commissioned officers, beginning with the first sergeant, whose compensation is \$30 a month. After the non-commissioned officers come the privates, who receive \$15.60 a month instead of \$13 a month, as formerly. In fact, in all the salaries of non-commissioned officers and privates there has been a uniform increase of 20 per cent.

When an entire regiment is paid off it is done from what is known as the roll of the field, staff and band, containing the names of the brigade or regimental field officers. Those officers are paid by the paymaster in the same manner that other payments are made, but the amounts are much larger, the brigadier-general receiving \$458.88 a month; colonel, \$291.67; lieutenant-colonel, \$250, and major, \$208.33. Regimental quartermaster and regimental adjutants receive \$150, while the regimental chaplain's pay is \$125 a month.

Commissioned officers may draw their salaries from any paymaster, and it is not infrequent that accounts are complicated. In such cases there is trouble in store for the officer. Paymasters, although they handle large sums of money, are only under \$10,000 bonds. They are responsible for the accuracy of their accounts, and the overpayment of money to soldiers is a loss to the paymaster. The possibility of error is a constant worry to the volunteer paymasters, who are unfamiliar with the work, and who are largely dependent upon their clerks.

For this responsibility their compensation is \$208 a month. Were it not for the gold shoulder straps and the rank of major which goes with the office, there are few paymasters in the volunteer service who would accept the place. There are among the volunteer paymasters some whose incomes from their private business exceeded that of their salary, but whose age disqualified them for army service, who have joined the pay department that they might acquire a military title. Such of these paymasters as

have been assigned to the department of the east are fast realizing that they are paying dear for their titles.—New York Sun.

CURIOS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Ancient War Weapons and Idols That Are Attracting Much Attention.

In the University of Pennsylvania are curios which are closely allied with the earlier periods of the Philippine Islands. They consist of a number of specimens of primitive weapons and are the only examples of the kind in the country. The collection, meagre as it is, has already attracted considerable attention, and the many visitors attest to the deep interest the people feel in all that pertains to the new territory.

The curios are five in number and were obtained at the Rastrow (rag fair) at Madrid, Spain, and deposited in the university museum.

From the saw of the swordfish single and two-edged swords are constructed. In the case of the former the teeth were carefully sharpened on one side and the larger end cut down for a handle. It presents a formidable appearing implement of carnage. With the other the two edged sides were preserved. In the hands of a muscular native these crude swords would make most frightful wounds.

A third weapon of later date is a short cut-throat sword of iron. The Philippine Islanders became expert as iron workers, and the ancient weapon shows how well the natives of old patterned their death-dealing appliances. The handle of this iron sword is ornamented with tufts of hair and fanciful raised designs, in token, perhaps, of the valuable qualities as a hair-raising tool.

A fourth weapon resembles an exaggerated meat cleaver of uninviting appearance, with a sharpened edge on one side and a long point on the other, in solid iron, with a long handle.

A Malay creese is the fifth weapon in the collection. These weapons were made by the Visayas, a Malay tribe who inhabit the islands to the south of Luzon. The creeses are short swords of the dagger species, with exquisitely carved handles and graceful blades.

In the Colonial museum at Madrid many other odd relics are preserved, including idols of the natives. The principal idol was of the male persuasion, the female being a lesser deity. Cast iron cannon and small swivel guns of the early natives, with their military uniforms, are also displayed there.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Safety for Miners.

A recently invented device for miners will no doubt result in lessening the loss of life. It is designed to render the miners immune from the deadly effects of carbonic oxide in the after damp which follows gas explosions in mines. It is a helmet which will enable the wearer to live for at least half an hour after such an explosion takes place. It is worn over the head and face, and is constructed of a special asbestos tanned leather, or cloth, rendering it proof against fire, heat, steam, boiling water and all poisonous fluids. It comes down close over the shoulders, and is held firmly in place by means of two straps passing under the arms. At the back of the helmet is a metal reservoir, from which the wearer is supplied with fresh air at the natural air pressure and twenty degrees cooler than the outside atmosphere. The tank has a capacity of 100 pounds' pressure of compressed air, and is always ready for service, the same pressure of pure air being retained for months. The amount of air in store can be seen on the gauge attached to the reservoir, which can be quickly changed by an air pump. A lever on the top of the reservoir forces the air through the supply tubes to a point inside and directly in front of the mouth and nostrils. The supply can be adjusted to the comfort of the wearer. The neck gear has an outlet for the foul air, and the two lookouts are constructed of double plates of clear mica, with revolving cleaners and protected by four cross wires. The side or ear plates have special diaphragms, or sounding discs, which give perfectly distinct hearing.—Philadelphia Record.

Early Railway Travel.

A New England traveler, writing of early railroad travel, says:

"There was no soft effeminate cushions in those grand old days; no cunningly contrived easements to back, body and legs, were imposed upon the passenger, to rob him of his manliness and his energy and his powers of resistance. Everything was conducted upon heroic principles; everything was so ordered that death, at any time likely and at all times probable, was robbed of half its terrors and oftentimes looked upon with complacency, if not with longing."—Pall Mall Magazine.

Strenuous Battle Facts.

"What is a battle like?" she asked. "Well," returned the veteran thoughtfully, "you've seen pictures of them, haven't you?"

"Of course," she answered.

"Then, all you have to do," he explained, "is to imagine something that is entirely different."—Chicago Post.

THE WILLOW BOWER.

I know a bower made of willow trees,
Low leaning from the grassy water-side,
The long leaves drooping in the rippling stream,
Like lady's fingers trailed in cooling tide.

Within the bower is never seen the sun,
Though fiercest rays assail its leafy screen,
And, save for lowing of the distant herd
And lapping waves, the silence is serene.

Herein I sit within my little boat,
Soft-cushioned as in dreams of weary men;
And little rock I that the world without
Is full of care and strife of sword and pen.

With eyelids closed and pillowed cheek on hand,
I dream the happy, idle hours away,
Till twilight comes and goes, and night has come,
And then I leave my bower, fain to stay.
—May Belle Willis, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

"Do you regard late rising as injurious?" "It certainly shortens one's days."

Judge—Don't let me see you here again. Prisoner—Where shall I see you, Judge?

"Mine, miner, minus!" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

Bob—Saw Tom and his wife out wheeling yesterday. Will—Tandem? Bob—No; perambulator.

Aunt—Harry, do you love your baby brother? Harry—What's the use? He wouldn't know it if I did.

A great many girls say "No," at first; but, like the photographers, they know how to retouch their negatives.

"What's the matter, old man? You look hot and excited." "Just been trying to dodge a cross-eyed girl on a bicycle."

He—Poorman says he is convinced now that the world does go round. She—Well, he doesn't look as if he'd got very much of it yet.

Mamma—Oh dear! Jimmy, I don't believe you know what it is to be good. Jimmy—Yes, I do, mamma. It's not doing what you want to do.

Little Pitcher—I don't think my papa loves me as much as he loves my mamma. Mamma says papa tells her fairy stories. He never tells any to me.

Clerk—How did you discover that the man in 35 was Slann, the great detective? Bell Boy—He had to ring for some one to find the towel for him.

Husband (angrily, after a somewhat heated argument with his better half)—Do you take me for a fool? Wife (soothingly)—No, John! But I may be mistaken.

"Pa, can I go to the circus?" "No, my son; if you're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus." "Then, I'd better go while I'm bad enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?"

"I say," asked Jinks, as he walked into Blinks' store, sample case in hand, "can a cowhide in a shoe store?" Blinks wasn't at all slow—"No," he says, "but calfskin."

The Cabman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Outcake (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.

"If you had an apple, Johnnie, and your little brother asked you for a piece, you'd greet his request with a cheerful smile, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am, I'd give him the merry ha, ha!"

"Lady," began Mr. Dismal Dawson, "you see before you a man whose name is mud—m, u, d." "There must be some mistake in your calculations," replied the lady. "It takes water to make mud."

Mrs. McCall—It's too bad of you, Ethel, to worry your mamma so. Ethel (aged 5, tearfully)—Oh, well, Mrs. McCall, if you'd lived with mamma as long as I have you'd know which of us was to blame.

He—I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine. She—And was there no bridge or no boat.

"If it wasn't for your father," said the wrathful citizen, "you would have starved to death long ago. You haven't sense enough to pound sand." "Haw," answered the chappie, "I had sense enough to be born into a wealthy family, and that is more than you had."

Lung Gymnastics.

One of the most important items in health culture is to keep the lungs and heart in good condition. It is possible to breathe sufficient air to oxygenate the blood that it will consume the waste and poisonous matters of the system as fire burns up chaff or tinder. People who feel dull, heavy, stupid, unwilling to exert themselves, indeed often unable to do so, will find that a regular course of breathing exercises will be more benefit to them than all the medicine in creation. There are many times when the use of medicines merely aggravates the existing ill. It is simply a further accumulation of undesirable material that must be carried about until nature is enabled to cast it out or be assisted by culture.

Sell.