

## MY GRANDFATHER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

It was a day when on the pane  
The wild wind dashed the tireless rain,  
And bawling grew the brook,  
That, in the attic, on a quest  
Obeying fancy's odd behest,  
I found within an ancient chest  
My grandfather's scrap-book.

A gabled window dimly hung  
A soft light where the cobwebs hung,  
Within a corner nook,  
And there within the shadows gray,  
Beneath imagination's sway,  
I lived, in thought, the vanished day  
Of grandfather's scrap-book.

I gazed on many a gay vignette  
And faces out in silhouette,  
With quaint, old-fashioned look—  
On pictured ladies, fair and slim,  
And dainty verses faded dim,  
With sentiments so sweet and prim  
In grandfather's scrap-book.

Amid the relics oft I spied,  
Souvenirs of family pride,  
That of the past partook—  
Some solemn honored by his hand  
Remembered here, or in the hand  
The autograph of some one grand,  
In grandfather's scrap-book.

The hours, beguiling, grew apace,  
And I forgot the time and place,  
And seemed to hear, oddcock I  
A pealing through the dusk, oft soon,  
A merry, stately, old dance tune,  
And clack and tread of high-heeled shoon,  
Near grandfather's scrap-book.

So dreamed I, till, all hushed the rain—  
Till through a tiny, dusty pane  
A trembling star-ray shook,  
And misty shadows, gathering, rose  
Around my visioned belles and beaux,  
And told me it was time to close  
My grandfather's scrap-book.

—Ellen Brainerd Peck, in N. Y. Home Journal.

## WAR'S SUDDEN CALL.

A Love Story of the Present.

In the navy, with its constant and  
rapid changes, its almost limitless possi-  
bilities from day to day, the fates  
themselves seem to sit alert spinning  
out one's very doorstep. One uncon-  
sciously trembles lightly and whispers  
in hopes of being forgotten, if only  
for a passing hour. Many a hasty  
word dies on the lips because of the  
aching memory of a cruise just passed,  
the haunting fear of one's first approach-  
ing.

Of course there had been misunder-  
standings between them before, in the  
usual rise and fall in the tide of all  
human relations, but never before any-  
thing like this.

Eugene Phelps had just returned  
from a long wearing cruise to find a  
condition of things political that sud-  
denly dwarfs the proportions of things  
feminine. Also his sense of humor,  
never rampant, happened to be further  
attenuated by studying late into the  
night for his approaching examination  
for promotion.

Mrs. Phelps had tried to face it all,  
but the two dreary years of separation  
had left her with nerves that shivered  
at a breath. Then, too, she had in-  
stantly recognized and resented that  
feeling in him that comes to all men  
at such times—the sense that the deep  
purposes and ends of his life had  
brushed her aside, that he wanted  
both arms free for once. The brute that  
fights to win and has been trained 15  
years for just that was awake and on fire  
within him. Nothing of this had been  
spoken between them, and yet it was  
at the root of their quarrel that spring  
morning, when words were said back  
and forth that seemed to sweep up the  
love, devotion, patience of two lives  
like ashes on the hearth where a fire  
has died.

He strode along the gray, chill  
streets on his way to his ship at the  
navy yard, and she stood still, wide-  
eyed and white, and for them both the  
past and future were wiped out, and  
the present only lived in one of those  
flaming agonies of disillusion of which  
one somehow survives such a surpris-  
ing number in the course of a life-  
time.

The baby at her feet plucked at her  
dress, and the mother did not even  
feel it, wrapped in that overwhelming  
sense of finality that belongs to pas-  
sionate youth.

She was conscious of no particular  
animosity just then, only a sort of  
wonder and awe that this should be  
the end of it all. The end of a happy  
girlhood, when his words of love had  
made a woman of her in a day, and  
happy years of wifehood, when they  
were lovers still, and even happier  
motherhood, that had set her apart  
sanctified forever in his eyes—so he  
had stooped and whispered to her that  
night when the light burned low near  
by, and she had fallen asleep with her  
hand in his.

She looked about in dull amazement  
at the familiar things about her that  
made up their simple little home.  
There under the lamp were his books  
and a pad and pencil where he had  
studied last night and near it her  
work where she had been beside him  
sewing in unwilling silence after her  
long isolation. The indent of her  
head was still on the pillow on the  
lounge where she had at length thrown  
herself and lay watching him until she  
fell asleep toward midnight.

pull off her gloves, one obstinate fin-  
ger at a time. Her eyes shut, and a  
nervous reaction had set in, when she  
heard a young step bounding up the  
stairs and a sharp ring at her bell.  
She was half conscious that Ruth  
opened the door and that a boy's high  
voice was saying:

"Can't I see the lady herself?"  
She sat up as he approached.

"Holding telephon—corner drug  
store, lady—you'll have to hurry," he  
panted and was gone again in a flash.

Mrs. Phelps sprang after him and  
called down the stairs:

"What number? Where from? Did  
you hear?"

"Sixty-one," he shouted, from two  
stories below.

"The navy yard!" she exclaimed, a  
thrill of premonition sending her heart  
into her throat.

A moment later she stood alone in  
the telephone closet at the corner, and  
through the transmitter a soft "Hello"  
sped on its way. Then she listened.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Phelps. Who are  
you?" She had not recognized the  
voice that had answered.

"Oh, Guy!" she cried, softly, in  
sudden, illogical, overwhelming relief,  
as she clung tightly to the receiver.

"Yes, yes—I'll listen carefully,"  
she said next, and then silence.

"What? What? Say it again, very  
slowly. I can't understand. Surely  
I haven't understood?" her voice was  
sharp, with a sudden dread. Again  
silence, and then her answer:

"Not today? At once? The ship  
ordered to Puerto Rico? Have I got  
it right? Oh, Guy, have I got it  
right?"

She listened, and a low moan of  
pain escaped her.

"But—but surely you'll come home  
for a minute? I'll see you again?"

The answer sent a shiver through  
her from head to foot, and she said,  
fiercely:

"I cannot stand it, Guy. I cannot!  
To have you go at once like this—after  
this morning. Could I see you—just  
see you, Guy—if I went straight to the  
yard now?" And a few seconds later:

"It's too terrible, too cruel." Sud-  
denly she started violently as a  
thought flashed through her head, and  
she asked, rapidly:

"Guy, be honest with me. Does  
this sudden order mean—does it  
mean—war? Is there any news?  
Something I don't know?" and after  
an interval:

"Yes, yes, I'll try. No one knows  
yet, of course. But, Guy, speak to me—  
your voice is still cold and hard and  
strange. Say something to me—one  
word I can cling to, to help me!"

streets, and Mrs. Phelps sank uncon-  
scious into Ruth's arms.

Twenty-four hours passed. Half  
through the night and all day long the  
cries of the newsboys reached the  
shrinking hearing of the young wife.  
Her sweet face was stiff and ashy with  
suffering; her hands so cold that her  
child shrank from her touch and  
whimpered. Ruth hovered about, in  
and out, on a hundred foolish loving  
errands. She played and laughed  
boisterously with the baby to drown  
all other sounds when she caught the  
first far cry that wrung her mistress'  
heart again and again, coming nearer  
and nearer down the street.

As the day drew to its close Mrs.  
Phelps lay once again silent and spent  
on the old lounge, and again she  
heard a quick step spring up the  
stairs, a ring at her bell, the low words  
at the door. It seemed like the confused  
memory of a dream. She did  
not even open her eyes until Ruth  
said close beside her:

"One these yer news boys, Miss  
Nannie, jes' broughten this yer passel  
fo' you. It do smell like it might be  
some sorter bo'quet," she added,  
smiling.

"Put it down, mammy, I'll arrange  
them later," said Mrs. Phelps. Prob-  
ably some friend at the yard, who knew  
of the ship's sudden sailing, had re-  
membered her and sent a silent mes-  
sage of sympathy in this sweet way.  
It was often done from one sad-  
hearted wife to another, just to help  
a little in the endless pathos of their  
common lives.

"Land sakes, Miss Nannie, ain't you  
put them posies in the water yet?"  
complained Ruth, again appearing at  
the door, watching for some spark  
of interest in that set, white face before  
her yearning eyes.

"Dat's no way to act, Miss Nannie,  
an' you know dat right well. When  
folks takes de trouble an' de  
aspense to buy you some flowers, you'd  
orter spunk up 'nough shorely to say  
'howdy' to 'em."

"All right, mammy dear; please  
don't scold," said Mrs. Phelps, a smile  
breaking for an instant through the  
rigidity of her face.

She arose and began to untie the  
string about the pasteboard box. She  
raised the lid and lifted out a great  
pile of pink and yellow roses. The  
baby ran toward her with a soft coo  
of delight. Then Mrs. Phelps gave a  
loud cry, and the roses fell all about  
her. She stood staring wildly at an  
envelope that had slipped to the bot-  
tom of the box, addressed to her in her  
husband's handwriting. It was as if  
it came from a grave, that awful silence  
of the sea. For a second she was  
afraid to touch it and stood with her  
hands pressed over her heart. Then  
she seized the envelope, and with one  
swift motion of her trembling forefinger  
ripped it open and read with eyes  
half-blinded with tears:

"The pilot leaves us at Scotland  
lightship in a few moments. He will  
take this back to the city. Also an  
order for a few flowers, which I can  
only hope will go straight. You should  
get this tomorrow or next day. I am  
on my knees to you, my wife, for this  
morning. I beg your pardon—it was  
all a lie, every ugly word of it. Try  
and forget it if you can. Stamp it out  
of your memory, for it has no real ex-  
istence against all the rest—all the  
happy years. Just try and remember  
those, and love me a little, dear."

"Do not believe the papers—do not  
read them. Peace may come out of it  
all yet, and if not—try and be brave.  
A sailor has need of a plucky wife, one  
drilled into the tough spirit of a 'reg-  
ular' by long service. And remember:

"Ours not to reason why  
Ours but to do—"

He had shied at the word with no  
time to rewrite. "Good bye, my love.  
Ah! if I could have held you just for  
one second and heard you whisper 'It's  
all right, Guy.' But take our little  
one in your arms and look into her  
eyes—my eyes you've always said—  
and read there my endless love and  
honor. Kiss her and hold her close,  
and forgive me, forgive me."

Mrs. Phelps fell on her knees and  
throwing her arms about her baby be-  
gan to sob like a tired child. And the  
little girl patted her cheek and crooned  
to her, the spark of motherhood al-  
ready alive in her, and Ruth brooded  
over them both.

At that moment once again the  
shout came piercingly up from the  
street below:

"Ex-tra! Congress will declare  
war!"

The young wife sprang to her feet  
and shook her fist in the direction of  
the voice, and half laughing, half sob-  
bing, she cried:

"It is not war—it is peace, thank  
God!"—Chicago Record.

How He Won Her.

"Humph!" growled the multi-mil-  
lionaire, "so you want my girl's hand,  
do you? Have you lots of enter-  
prise?"

"Well," retorted the hardy swain,  
"I'm after the only daughter of just  
about the richest and meanest man in  
these parts."—New York World.

Age of Jurors in South Carolina.

The constitution of South Carolina  
provides that jurors must be between  
the ages of 21 and 65, and a new trial  
was recently granted in a criminal  
case because one of the jurors was 66  
years old.

## OUR WEST INDIAN ISLES.

ABOUT A DOZEN GO WITH CUBA AND  
PORTO RICO.

Some of Them Are Unimportant, But  
Others Are Regarded as Quite Valua-  
ble—Characteristics of the Isle of Pines  
—Spain's Last Foothold in the W. I.

The demand of the United States  
upon Spain calls for the cession to the  
United States not only of Porto Rico,  
but of all the other West Indian islands  
except Cuba. The average man knows  
of but the two great Spanish islands,  
Cuba and Porto Rico, but there are  
about a dozen others, some of them  
unimportant, but others regarded as  
quite valuable.

These islands are off the coast of  
Cuba and Porto Rico. The greater  
number of them are near Cuba's shore,  
and it will be a question for decision  
whether they shall belong to the  
United States by the terms of the  
treaty or whether they shall be consid-  
ered as a part of Cuba. For the most  
part these islands are like the reefs  
of Florida and the Bahamas. Some  
are of calcareous origin, being the  
creation of the same coral builders  
that may be seen through the trans-  
parent waters still at work on the  
marine bed. These keys vary greatly  
in size. Some of them are islands  
large enough to be habitable, with  
fresh water for the consumption of  
those who choose to make them their  
dwelling place. The largest of these  
reefs on the northern shore is the  
Cayo Romano, with an estimated area  
of 180 square miles, and its surface  
broken by three hillocks. The chief  
industry there, and, indeed, the only  
one that will thrive, is that of gather-  
ing salt. The island is filled with de-  
pressions of from one to two feet deep.  
During the storms the waves dash  
over the keys and leave the depres-  
sions filled with water. When sum-  
mer comes with its burning sun the  
heat dries the water and a deposit of  
salt is left. It is believed that the  
Cayo Romano could supply the salt  
needed for the use of all Cuba.

Reefs and islets are even more nu-  
merous off the south coast of Cuba  
than in the north. Here they are  
further from the shore and less regu-  
lar.

The most extensive island of the  
1300 that are strewn around the Cu-  
ban seaboard is the Isla de Pinos  
(Isle of Pines), which, indeed, is  
nearly as large as all of the others  
put together. In the statement of  
Spain's possessions, made by official  
sources, it always has a place to it-  
self. The island, which lies 50 miles  
off the southwest coast of Cuba, con-  
sists really of two islands, separated  
by a tortuous passage, half channel,  
half swamp, which winds at a nearly  
uniform width for about three miles  
from west to east. From east to west  
the Isla de Pinos is sixty miles  
in length, and from north to  
south its breadth is fifty-five miles,  
the area being 600 square miles. It  
is a beautiful island, with excellent  
harbors, lofty mountains, fertile plains  
and many rivers. In its centre is a  
mountain known as the Sierra de la  
Canada, rising about 1600 feet above  
the level of the sea and with precipi-  
ces 150 feet in height. There are  
also Daguilla mountain, 1500 feet in  
height; the Sierra de los Cabellos,  
1074 feet in height; and several other  
smaller peaks. At the base of these  
mountains are quarries from which  
beautiful marble may be extracted,  
although they have been worked to  
but a slight extent. Though the riv-  
ers are shallow, several of them are  
navigable for four or five miles, their  
main advantage being that they keep  
the island well watered. The principal  
products are cattle, tobacco, ma-  
hogany, cedar and other woods, sul-  
phur, pitch and tar, but there are also  
mines from which silver, quicksilver  
and iron are extracted.

The climate of the island is mild  
and healthy all the year and few pre-  
sent a better chance for settlers, and  
yet it has only a population of about  
2000. The Isla de Pinos has always  
been regarded as a dependency of  
Havana, and would probably be  
claimed by the Cuban government.

Between Porto Rico and the Virgin  
Islands there is a group called the  
Passage Islands, which will come into  
our possession. The largest and most  
important of the group is Viques, or  
Crab Island, lying nine miles off Porto  
Rico, and which is eighteen miles  
long by four broad. The soil is not  
good, there being indeed but little  
dirt on the barren rocks. A ridge of  
small hills runs through the middle,  
rising to a good height on the south-  
west end of the island. Isabel Segun-  
da on the north side is the solitary  
village, and there live fishermen.  
The harbor is good, for there are nu-  
merous bays, and at one time Viques  
was the resort of pirates who preyed  
upon the rich commerce of the West  
Indies.

Fishermen and woodcutters to the  
number of about 500 make their home  
on Culebra, the second largest island  
in the Passage group. Culebra lies  
about sixteen miles to the eastward  
of Cape San Juan. Because of its ir-  
regular outline and, broken, steep,  
shore the island is also sometimes  
known as Serpentine Island. Like Viques,  
its coast is indented with many bays,  
which afford excellent harbors. There  
are many small hills that are covered

with scrub timber, but the soil is as  
sterile compared with the fertility of  
Porto Rico that no attempt is made to  
cultivate it on an extensive scale, and  
the 1500 inhabitants support them-  
selves by fishing and gathering wood.

The principal village on Viques is  
Port Mula, where live 1000 inhabi-  
tants, under the direction of a gov-  
ernor appointed by the governor-gen-  
eral of Porto Rico. A lighthouse  
stands at this port.

The other islands of this group are  
of even less importance. They are  
small keys like those off the Florida  
coast and few are inhabited. North-  
east Key is small, oval-shaped, 340  
feet high, and its two square miles of  
area is thickly wooded. Byrd Key,  
near Northeast Key, is four square  
miles in area, and remarkably rocky.  
Near by are other small islets that are  
also wooded, but the dwelling place  
of fishermen.

On Culebrita Island, or Little Cu-  
lebra, which lies about a mile from  
Culebra, is a lighthouse whose light,  
at an elevation of more than 300 feet,  
can be seen for 15 miles.

Two other islands worthy of men-  
tion are at the western extremity of  
Porto Rico. These are Mona and  
Miquita islands. Mona is near the  
Mayaguez inlet and gives its name to  
the broad channels flowing between  
Porto Rico and San Domingo. Mona,  
that is "Monkey" Passage, terminates  
on the west in a bold headland topped  
by a huge overhanging rock known  
to seamen by the suggestive name of  
"Caigo O No Caigo?" (Shall I fall or  
not?) Near Mona is the islet known  
as Monita, or Little Monkey.

In their present condition none of  
these islands is of any importance,  
but it is believed that under Ameri-  
can rule they will be as prosperous as  
those of the same size on our own  
coast. Their climate is delightful  
and they would make ideal summer  
resorts. The real reason, however,  
for their acquisition by the United  
States is to prevent Spain from retain-  
ing even a foothold in the western  
hemisphere.

## Prisoners of War Among Savages.

In the days of long ago, according  
to the distance of tribes or nations  
from the savage state, prisoners of  
war were either held as slaves or sac-  
rificed to the gods. Some of our na-  
tive redskin tribes, as well as the sav-  
ages of Africa and the South sea, took  
no prisoners at all; they were a nu-  
isance, and the thing was mutual, any-  
how. It was "no quarter" all around,  
like the pirates' black flag, and better  
die fighting bravely, with an arrow in  
the heart, than live to be roasted at  
the stake for the entertainment of  
gods and victors. Slavery was the  
milder fate that befell all war pris-  
oners of Rome. This was general  
throughout all Eastern countries for  
many centuries after Rome were dead,  
and prevails still in some back-num-  
ber localities.

Prisoners of war were slain by hec-  
tombes on the altars of the gods in  
Carthage, but those bloody heathen  
divided these favors equally, their  
own people coming in for these heav-  
enly honors at the same time. When  
the Spaniards entered the new world  
they found the same practice had  
plowed its way across to Mexico and  
Peru, and those tender-hearted invad-  
ers, who didn't mind chopping up a  
few thousand natives before breakfast,  
lifted their hands in holy horror at  
roasting prisoners of war. So they  
attempted to discourage the custom  
by calling the attention of the big  
Aztec chiefs to the fact that the  
Christian creed could not tolerate any  
such abominations. —New York Press.

## The Champion Somnambulist.

Farmer Broadbelt of Berwyn, Ches-  
ter county, has a very good claim  
upon the title of champion somnambu-  
list. One morning Broadbelt arose  
from his bed at 2 o'clock, and, with-  
out stopping to change his night robe  
for more suitable attire, went out to  
his barn and milked all of his 16 cows  
and prepared the milk for market.  
This took considerable time, of  
course, but after that was done he  
hitched up the horse and wagon, and,  
loading the milk cans upon the latter,  
drove off to the station. There he un-  
loaded the cans according to his daily  
custom and drove back home.

The dawn was just breaking when  
he drove the wagon into the barnyard.  
He was sound asleep and had been so  
during the entire performance. His  
return to consciousness was due to a  
vigorous shaking administered by his  
wife, who, having missed him from  
his bed, had gotten dressed and sallied  
forth to find him. Inasmuch as this  
story is vouched for by Broadbelt him-  
self, it is clear that he is unquestion-  
ably the champion sleepwalker—or  
something else.

## The Last Christy Minstrel.

There was an amateur minstrel en-  
tertainment for a charitable purpose  
at Johnsburg, Penn., recently, which  
was notable for its star performer.  
This was William A. Porter, aged 73,  
the last survivor of the original Christy  
Minstrels of 1845, with which he  
played the violin and tambourine and  
sang bass. He was with the troupe  
on its historic trip to Europe and Aus-  
tralia 50 years ago. The veteran  
played a violin solo, thumped the tam-  
bourine as it was done by the original  
minstrels and sang a bass solo at the  
entertainment. —New York Sun.

## MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD

On life's rugged road,  
As we journey each day,  
Far, far more of sunshine  
Would brighten the way  
If, forgetful of self  
And our troubles, we had  
The will, and would try  
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth  
We've little in store,  
And labor to keep  
Grim warts from the door,  
With a hand that is kind  
And a heart that is true,  
To make others glad  
There is much we may do.

And a word kindly spoken,  
A smile or a tear,  
Though seeming as nothing,  
Full often may cheer,  
Each day of our lives  
Some treasure would add,  
To be conscious that we  
Have made somebody glad.

Those who sit in the darkness  
Of sorrow, so drear,  
Have need of a trifle  
Of solace and cheer.  
There are homes that are desolate,  
Hours that are sad,  
Do something for some one—  
Make somebody glad.

## HUMOROUS.

We don't see why church mice  
should be so poor; they don't have to  
help pay the minister's salary.

"Did you say the man was shot in  
the woods, doctor?" "No, I didn't.  
I said he was shot in the lumber re-  
gion."

Ada—Why does Alice speak of Tom  
as he intended? Are they engaged?  
Beatrice—No, but she intends they  
shall be!

He—My wife never got the better  
of me but once. She—Lucky man!  
When was that? He (sighing)—When  
she married me.

Abe—Father used to be pretty gen-  
erous, but now he only hands out his  
odd change. Gabe—Probably the  
change will do you good.

Algernon—Tommy, do you think  
your sister would marry me? Tommy  
—Yes, she'd marry almost anybody  
from what she said to me.

"Was your ship crippled by the  
storm?" asked the reporter. "She  
was not," replied the captain, "though  
she lost one of her hands."

"Do you really think the peace of  
Europe is threatened?" "No," said  
the Chinese diplomat; "what is really  
in danger is a piece of Asia."

"I should like most," said the  
dreamy boarder, "to be a great  
painter." "The sculptor cuts a pretty  
figure sometimes," said Peppers.

Anna—Jack, dear, were you ever  
in love before. Jack—Sure. You  
don't think for a minute I'd practise  
on a nice little girl like you, I hope.

She—How Mr. Bickers and his wife  
do quarrel! He—Yes. They've been  
running their establishment on a bi-  
partisan system ever since they were  
married.

"Pa," said little Willie, propound-  
ing his sixteenth question. "Well,  
my son," "Pa, how'd the man who  
named the first bicycle know it was  
a bicycle?"

Medium—Mr. North, here is the  
spirit of your wife. She wants to  
speak to you. Mr. North—You  
should be more definite, madam; I've  
buried three.

She—Some of those society fellows  
turned out to be good fighters. He—  
Yes; their experience in the supper  
rooms at public receptions was turned  
to a good account.

Perplexed Pater—So you have been  
fighting again, Edgar? I cannot pos-  
sibly imagine from which of your  
dear parents you have inherited your  
bellicose disposition.

A doctor who was one of the corps  
of physicians appointed to vaccinate  
policemen remarked, "What is the  
use of vaccinating these fellows?  
They never catch anything."

Minnie—What frauds these beggars  
are. I met a "blind" man who said,  
"Please give me a penny, beautiful  
lady!" Mamie—Yes, he said that to  
make you think he really was blind.

"That fortune-teller said if I paid  
her \$5 she would reveal to me why I  
don't get rich." "Did you give it to  
her?" "Yes, and she told me I had  
a great weakness for fooling away  
money."

## "Mad Englishmen."

No matter what is in train, whether  
it be the siege of Sebastopol, the ad-  
vance to Khartoum, the blockade of  
Manila, or any other little excitement,  
if Englishmen be on the spot, they  
are pretty certain to do either one of  
two things, or both—play a cricke-  
tatch; hold a race meeting. Those  
of the British nation in Manila, in view  
of the scarcity of food, would seem to  
be keeping their backs and hunters for  
the larder, and have therefore con-  
tented themselves with the pleasures  
of the cricket field. The "mad Eng-  
lishmen," as they are called by the  
Manila people, would not be satisfied  
until, in the words of a correspondent,  
"under a blazing tropical sun, with  
the American fleet in the bay, a bomb-  
ardment imminent, and the na-  
tives on the point of rising to massacre  
the whole crowd—for that is what it  
is likely to come to if they do rise—a  
little game of cricket was arranged be-  
tween Manila and the immortal  
team—and away it was—Penny Gasette.