## THE ARMY OVERCOAT.

He was little as a boy, he was shiftless as a man;
He was slovenly in dress, and his manners
The neighbors looked their notes when they
His father used to scold, and his mother cried
But he volunteered the day he was old enough,
And they hardly knew the fellow in his army
overcoat.

For he traced his lazy shoulders with a mil-
His slimness, face grew firmer. Said the neigh-
bors: "I declare!"
His father took him kindly, his mother beamed
her pride;
The whole day he marched away a "foolish
maiden child,"
Full fifty inches longer their sewers; full fifty
roughly sound;
Will friendly slap the back that bore his army
overcoat.

He sent his parents letters they were long in
coming;
He was faithful as a sentry; in the fight his
heart was stout;
The day he saved the captain's life, that day
he had to write song;
And spoke some manly parting words, and
died without a groan.
The captain closed his eyelids with a shocking
in that strident;
And sent home to his mother in his army over-
coat.

The mortuary house was crowded full upon his
And sorrow and decorum passed down the aisles
of the church;
The foolish maiden noticed on his hand a ring
of gold;
The Union wished out on it, and wished it were
And after prayer, and hymn, and speech, and
benediction;
The earth received the soldier and his army
overcoat.

And now, when Decoration day comes round
He has they get
Above the grave that deck his grave with flow-
ers from head to foot
And here he is remembered father and his mother
bowed with years.
Stand sadly by and listen to the chaplain's
solice with tears
An unknown soldier, and his maiden sees before her
memory dies!
The visions of a soldier in an army overcoat.
—George Archibald in Judge.

## SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

Without a look back, he opened the front door and went out. He stole on tiptoe to the gate, and closed it silently behind him. Then he walked swiftly to the "cryhound," there, already during the day, he had ordered his dog-cart and horse to be kept ready for him.

The animal was fresh and swift and traveled at eighteen miles of the smooth road in something under an hour and a half.

The servants at The Boltons had been accustomed to see Mr. Wall arrive and go away again at all sorts of hours, and bearing all sorts of articles. They naturally made no attempt to follow him upstairs, nor to watch his actions in his empty
rooms.

At one o'clock that night the steamer "Josephine" sailed from St. Katharine's Docks.

Among its passengers was a supposed man, who, in spite of the balmy warmth of the summer night, had his hat half hidden by a shelter. That gentleman was Mr. Edward Wall.

Mr. Edward Wall was at that moment the possessor of nearly fifty thousand pounds in notes of the Bank of England and the Bank of France, and of a not insignificant sum in golden sovereigns and napoleons.

In the meantime the fuses at Boodon Lodge were burning slowly.

CHAPTER XI.

Nearly a month had elapsed since the operation was performed on Herbert, and the great surgeon's predictions of success had been amply justified. The wound had closed again, and a healthy flush was spreading over the previously pale face.

For nearly a month the young man had not been a social success. His pillow or his attendant; he had not set eyes on a book or newspaper; he had written no letters, nor received any. Not a disturbing sound of the outer world had penetrated to the place of self-appointed confinement, and whether he were north, east, west, or south of London, he knew not.

As his bodily strength increased, the traces of his once-lost mental faculty returned. Scenes of his childhood that had been shrouded as by a dark veil shot into the light of memory with refreshing sweetness. He again remembered his father, of whose appearance he had retained no recollection, and the kindly, lovely face of his dead mother smiled at him again. He remembered the gladsome days at Chauncey Towers, his boyish gambols, his intercourse with lads of his own age, and over it all beamed the contented approval of a happy mother. Then came his schooldays, his combats at Eton, and his youthful love for the pretty girl who had since blossomed into the stately Lady Evelyne.

All this welled like a limpid stream, cool and refreshing. There was little that lacked, and but little and there a sad memory left a darkish spot upon an otherwise fair page.

He had been thinking of Lady Evelyne—what a handsome wife she would make, what a distinguished sharer of his honors and his titles, a partner in life to be proud of. Yet there was something that failed to touch his heart about her image. She seemed cold and flighty, and her professions were thin as air, a very butterfly of thoughtless buoyancy, a beautiful moth whose wings might be torn and soiled by a rough touch.

Then another face would dawn upon him in the haze of his enwrapping dreams. A rosy, dimpled, lovable, kissable face, with pouting cherry lips, and dimpled cheeks with big, softly-beaming, tender blue eyes; a sweet face—a face that compared with womanly life and womanly truth; a face, the sight of which made his blood flow faster and his dangerwards tingle, as he began to remember that he was a man. He might have admired a dozen Lady Evelynes, and passed them coldly by, but Lucy's face had the magic charm of hot and budding woman hood upon him and as he traced, line by line, the familiar face, and blessed the stars that had sent, such an angel across his path.

On a sudden, he came to think that he did not know how or where he had first met her, and the fierce effort of remembrance became a source of fatigue to him. He passed a day or two in this state of perplexing doubt, and as he did not know where to commence the picture that formed itself before his eyes was always vague and shapeless.

Then a desire, sharp and strong, asserted itself. He wanted to see Lucy; he wanted to feed the sense of his part in her eyes; he wanted Lucy herself to furnish the key that would unlock the mysterious shrine.

He sent for the doctor, Lucy was in the house. On the very morning of the day on which the Maclanes completed the actual labor of their flendish plot, William Cuthbert Sampson paid a visit to The Nest.

The surgeon was vastly pleased with the progress his patient had made, and complied to the latter's insistant prayer for renewed communication with the outer world with a reassuring smile.

"All in good time, my lord," the medico said. "We must be sure to be able to walk before being allowed to run."

"But think of it, Sir William," the young man whimpered. "I've been here a month without seeing even Miss Maclane."

"Do you really wish to see Miss Maclane?" the surgeon asked. "Would it content you to see Miss Maclane?"

Young Cleve drew up his eyebrows, as if in amazement at the question.

"Do I really wish to see Miss Maclane?" he repeated. "Why, Sir William, if you had been left like myself, without speaking to a soul who looks as though he had a soul, don't you think it would please you to speak to a pretty girl, you know, who wasn't to do anything in the world to serve you?"

"Now, now, now," the medical adviser remonstrated. "This will never do. We are getting enthusiastic, and we must not exert enough for that kind of thing yet. Slow and sure' must be our motto."

"Don't you think you're a little too cautious, Sir William?" Herbert pleaded. His eyes brightened, and he looked the old gentleman in the face. "Do send to London for Miss Maclane," he continued. "I would be pleased if you would."

"Well," replied the surgeon, "since we are so obstinate on this point, science, I suppose, must bow to your whims. A little of caution and to be unusually lenient. Now, if you can get yourself to imagine that Miss Maclane is living with you at this very moment, in the very house—to imagine only, mind you just at the other side of this door, for instance, and if you think you can accustom your self to this imagined state of things for a whole day, I may send Miss Maclane to you this evening, and I may allow you, if the night is fine, to have a walk with her in the garden."

The young man grasped both Sir William's hands and shook them heartily.

"Thank you, Sir William!" he exclaimed, "thank you!"

The rest of that day was one long stretch of expectant excitement to the young man's mind. Time had thought brought back the vigor of his early love, and banished every lingering trace of his affection for Lady Eveline. Lucy stood again before her friend's eyes, and as he was sitting by his open window in the cool and breezy summer evening, with his gaze fixed on the cascades of the greenery on the old wall opposite, that homely background changed to a giant rock reaching skywards hundreds of yards, with the blue of the heavens overhead above. A simple rude log hut nestled against the side of the rock, and a primitive road, overgrown with moss and weeds, ran in front of it.

He was able to be remembered that very well. He was dressed in the buckskin hunting shirt, and the fringe-edged buckskin trousers of the frontiersman, and his head-gear of felt had pushed his bronzed face, his feet were encased in moccasins, and he sat on a horse that was comparisoned with a Mexican saddle and trappings.

And Lucy was there. How well he remembered her now. How well he remembered that sun-bonnet and that homely gown. He remembered how his heart had leaped at the pretty face at first sight. He remembered how he had said a few dainty nothings to the girl, and had ridden away mountainward. Why had he ridden to? Here the picture became confused again, and memory declined to serve him.

He walked up and down his room, and with the soft air bathing his face he became more composed. He made another effort. Fred Ashland appeared to him, dressed in a mixture of the garb in which he had seen him only a month back, and of that in use among the mountaineers. It was Fred Ashland, and it was not Fred Ashland—there was something perplexing about the man—and Fred Ashland received him cheerily, and told him that he had found gold and that he required his help.

On a sudden the remembrance of Dick Ashland's letter, but lately in his hand, flashed across his mind, and the whole blood revealed to him, distinct and clear.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "that's Dick Ashland! Dick Ashland! Dick Ashland! The man who has never been heard of again—the man who found the gold—the brother, and the living image of that man who came to me the other day.

He sank into his arm-chair, and sat there stonily, tapping the floor with his foot. But Lucy's face gleamed again in the blue twilight, and he remembered that, in a few moments, he was to shake her hand, to assure himself again of her kindly sympathy, of her love.

The expectation soothed his anxiety, and the light hope and bright. He waited, as he thought, for an hour or more, and then he thought another hour had passed. Sir William had promised that he should see Lucy that night, and Lucy had not yet come.

The last gleams of day had sunk in a flood of amber light behind the tree tops, and night had settled over the scene with soft and pearly hues. Herbert was still thinking of the woman he loved, and who loved him so well, when the door of his room opened noiselessly, and—yes—there was Lucy, stretching out both her hands to him, her face a little paler and a little sadder than when he had last seen it, but still as lovely and as sweet as ever. There was the warmth of surpassing joy about their entire greeting, and for a few moments, they stood looking into each other's eyes, while a silent tear ran down Lucy's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Expedition in the Police Court.

A Brooklyn police judge fined 120 prisoners $1 each for drunkenness the other day in bulk. They were brought into the court, the judge asked anyone not guilty to speak up. Nobody spoke, the fine was assessed and the judge left the court room, all before 8 o'clock in the morning. The reason for this expedition was that the prisoners were all crowded into one small pen, and it seemed inhuman to hold them in such discomfort till the regular session of the court.

### And G'ase so High!

"John," said the editor, "never throw a gun down stairs again while there's a window handy."

"Why not, sir?"

"Why not? Just suppose his head had lowered that glass door!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### A Good Excuse.

"My youngest son: is 12 years old to-day, and I am puzzled to know what profession he should adopt."

"Why don't you make him a cashier?"

"Oh, no. He doesn't like railroad traveling."

## COWARD'S WEAPON.

### HIGH EXPLOSIVES FOR MURDEROUS "REMOVALS."

**The Engines of Death Recommended to the Emperor of Germany and His Chancellor—World Kin Horrified.**

Started Europe—Should Be Used in Warfare.

SOME WEEKS AGO two infernal machines, of exactly the same design, were sent to the emperor of Germany and Chancellor von Caprivi. They had been manufactured in France at the same time and were addressed in the same handwriting. The machine that reached the chancellor's residence was accompanied by a note. The writer was evidently aware that gardening and horticulture generally were the diversions of Caprivi's leisure hours. He said the accompanying box contained a few and very fine variety of radish seed. The letter gave some particulars about the vegetable and spoke of the rapidity with which it came to maturity.

The French police were unable to find the sender of the box. There was no such street as that from which he dated his letter.

A serious accident was averted only by the happiest chance. The chancellor's private secretary began to open the box when he observed, as he pried at the lid, that grains of something



LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

that looked very much like gunpowder were falling to the floor. He suspended operations at once. The box that was sent to the emperor awakened suspicion instantly, and no attempt was made to open it until it was placed in the hands of experts. The newspapers, probably by orders from the palace, attempted to make a mystery of the affair, and some of them asserted that the boxes were merely of the nature of a practical joke and that their contents wouldn't hurt a mosquito. As a matter of fact they do contain machines of an ingenious and deadly character, as will be seen by this illustration and description.

The boxes were neatly made of wood and were the usual size, about five inches in length. This picture shows a longitudinal section. Under the closed box lid were two stout rubber bands (A), fastened to the design and connecting a needle (D) with a nipple and cap (B). The needle was kept in place by a button (E), scattered over a button partition (C), which the needle pierced as a long-range powder, which also filled the space between (E) (E) (C). This partition was broken by an aperture (I) filled with cannon powder, and below that was a wedge (F) filled with an explosive of high power." The exact nature of this explosive has not been revealed. Gunpowder filled the space between the cartridge and one side of the box and paper (H) was stuffed into the other side to keep the cartridge in place.

The idea was that the button (E) would be removed by the opening of the box lid, releasing the needle, which would be violently pulled against the cap by the contraction of the rubber bands. The explosion of the loose gunpowder and the cartridge would follow.

## PRETTY AND CHARMING.

### Lady Langford, the Beautiful Daughter of Richard Sutton.

Of the many pretty and charming women whom the lovely Marchioness of Londonderry managed to gather around her at Dublin during the term of office of her husband as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, one of the fairest and most popular was certainly Lady Langford. She is better known perhaps by her name of Georgie Sutton, daughter of that grand old sporting man, Sir Richard Sutton, who was for so many years master of the Quorn Hounds, and the owner of some celebrated racehorses, one of which, Lord Lyon, won him the Derby in the sixties.


LADY LANGFORD.

Miss Sutton, who was one of twelve children, married in 1889 Lord Langford, who until 1891 occupied the post of state steward to the viceroy of Ireland. He is a man some ten or fifteen years older than his wife, and the chief of a family which has been settled in Ireland since the time of King James the First. His mother, a well-known Irish beauty in her day, met her death in a singularly painful manner by drowning, and it may be of interest to state that, according to popular report, two of the brothers of Lady Langford have likewise met with a violent death—it is rumored by suicide. Her eldest brother, Mr. Alec Sutton, died only a few months ago, his demise having occurred under circumstances still shrouded in mystery on board the yacht Creole in Cowes harbor. The eldest brother, Sir Richard Sutton, was a famous yachtsman, and as such well known on this side of the Atlantic, having brought a boat across to race for the America cup. The present Sir Richard Sutton is his son, who was born fully three months after the sudden and mysterious death of his father.

### Lies About Giants.

There has been no subject concerning which more lies have been told than about giants. Until it was found that modern medicine could not be squeezed into the armor at the Tower of London it was taken for granted that we had degenerated in size. This is not only not the case, but in the matter of giants we have the advantage of our predecessors. The Emperor Maximin, indeed, was said to have been eight and one-half feet high, but ancient measuration, especially in the case of an emperor, is not to be trusted; indeed from its not having made him taller it is certain that there was no one else nearly so tall. Orestes, it is true, we are told, was ten feet long—after death; but he was not thought unhighly of when alive; we may reasonably take eight feet as his ultimatum. Now, Chang was eight feet, and there are two giants at present going about in English caravans who exceed that altitude.

Dynamo machines were in 1878 ordered by the British government for the Lizard lights.

## CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.—Sixty-third day.—The Senate was in session from 10 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. Mr. Hill gave as a speech by Senator Frye in opposition to the Nicaragua canal bill. Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, and Mr. Gallinger, of New Jersey, spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Hill's consideration of the bill making an appropriation for the relief of the widow of Fitz John Porter, Mr. Kiggins, of Delaware, and Mr. Gallinger of privileges a resolution calling upon the secretary of the treasury for a list of persons with certain laws requiring him to the appointment of the Bering sea commission. Mr. Hoar said the resolution was not privileged and the chair so ruled. Mr. Hoar moved to commit the resolution to the committee on the judiciary. Mr. Gorman moved that the resolution be passed. The following-day. At the close of the vote, Mr. Hoar, Mr. Call, Mr. Mc-Laurin, of Georgia, demanded that Mr. Turpie, of Indiana, be held to be present under rule 3 for not voting. The rule is: "Every senator shall, without leave, within the hall of the House, during its sittings, unless excused or necessarily prevented, be present at the time of taking the vote." Mr. Turpie's excuse was that he was absent officially, and he could be excused, or unless he had a direct personal or private interest in the event of such question." The Speaker said that he could not excuse Mr. Turpie, but he was only the organ of the House and not the master. Afterward Mr. Turpie announced that a quorum had not voted. A call of the House was then ordered and Mr. Turpie was secured permission to dispense with a further call and the vote recorded upon Mr. Blandy's motion for the previous question to limit debate on the motion for the adoption of the special order, 165 to 11, three short of a quorum. The House was locked and the roll call proceeded. The result was announced and the vote resulted—yeas 170, nays 11, answering to their names 170 to 10, sustaining the first vote. Mr. Outhwaite, from the committee on rules, reported a special order to discharge the committee of the whole from further consideration of the pending bill (the seigniorage bill), and providing that after the passage of the amendments the House till previous question should be considered as ordered on the bill and pending amendments no intervening motions to be in order. The vote was 167 to 11, a quorum.