Dinna Forget! OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

John Strange Winter

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

little drawing-room, and as she pushed open the door, suddenly there flashed across her mind a remembrance of the fact that a large portrait of Dick was standing on a little table near the fireplace. Quick as thought she walked straight to the table and turned the portrait face downwards, carelessly throwing over it the pretty lace trifle which adorned the top of a little chair which stood close by.

She flattered herself that the old lord had not seen or at any rate noticed the action, and turned to him eager to hear what had happened to Barbara.

"Tell me, is she much hurt?" she asked. "My poor old Barbara. How was it?"

He told her then exactly how the accident had happened, and how they had taken the old lady (as he called Barbara, with an air of being himself quite a boy) off to St. George's, she being insensible and not able to tell where she lived.

"To St. George's! Is that a hospital?" Dorothy cried. "Oh, my poor Barbara! She will think that the end of the world has come."

"Oh, no. She is much better off than she would be in any private house," said Lord Aylmer, soothingly. "But I am most grieved and sorry to tell you that her leg is broken, and she is naturally very anxious that you should hear of her, and, if possible, that she should see you."

"Oh, I'll go. I'll go at once," Dorothy cried. "Would you be kind enough to get me a cab? I won't lose another minute. Oh, my poor, dear old Barbara!"

"May I drive you there? I have my carriage at the door," he asked.

In an uncontrollable burst of gratitude Dorothy put out her two little trembling hands and took his. "Oh, Lord Aylmer," she cried, "how good you are! I won't keep you waiting a minute. I will be ready before you know that I have gone."

She ran out of the room and came back with her bonnet on and a dust-cloak over her smart tea-gown, but not before Lord Aylmer had quietly gone to the table and looked at the portrait which she had so adroitly hidden. Yes, as he had suspected from her movements, it was a portrait of Master Dick! He put it down again and walked to the window, where he stood looking at his handsome carriage, with its satin-coated horses and the two tall servants in their resplendent liveries. Lord Aylmer wondered how long the fascinations of a photograph would hold out against the fascinations of such a turn-out as that. And Dorothy all the time was thinking how lucky it was that it was not Lord Aylmer who had picked up Barbara, and how, now that she had got in touch with him, she would be able to work things into a straight and comfortable state and send for her darling home again, instead of going out to India to join him.

"I haven't been long, have I?" she said, as she came in.

"Very quick, indeed," he answered approvingly, and added to himself, "On my word, but Master Dick has very fair taste—knows the right sort when he sees it."

"I will put my gloves on as we go; do not let us lose any time," she said, going toward the door.

He handed her into the carriage with an air of deference he might have shown to a princess, then he got in himself and sat beside her.

"Back to St. George's Hospital," he said to Charles.

"Yes, my Lord," said Charles.

And, as ill-luck would have it, at that very instant the lady with the serene eyes who lived on the floor above Dorothy's flat came down the street in time to see them come out and the old gentleman hand her into the carriage—nay, in time to hear Charles' reply of "Yes, m'lord."

As if by instinct the two women looked at one another—there was no expression in the serene face of the lady who was on foot, nothing noticeable about her excepting a cold severity in her eyes; it was but the glance of a moment, yet Dorothy, who guessed what was in the mind of the other, grew scarlet from chin to brow and turned her head away that Lord Aylmer might not see that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Will you be able to get on without your old servant?" Lord Aylmer asked, as they drove along.

"I must, for the present," answered Dorothy.

"But I meant—have you—that's——"

"You meant have I another servant?" she finished. "No, I have not. I must see about some one to take her place for the time. I wonder where I shall go to look for one?"

"You don't know this part of London well, then?" he asked.

"I don't know London well at all," Dorothy answered, "for I lived in the country all my life until I was—married."

There was a scarcely noticeable hesitation before she uttered the word married, and Lord Aylmer interpreted it in his own way.

"If you could trust me to find out about it, I think I know of the very person," he said. "My housekeeper is an excellent cook and a very clever capable servant in every way."

"But would she come?"

"I think so."

"But to a little flat like mine, with nobody to do anything but herself. I am afraid she is a person accustomed to a very large establishment—"

"I think that will be all right. I will make it worth her while to come. You don't look so, my dear Mrs. Harris; it will only be just and right that I should pay for your temporary domestic—it must be a frightful inconvenience, and of course it was my fault. If I hadn't been there, the old lady wouldn't have come to grief."

"You are too good," murmured Dorothy, gratefully.

She could not help wondering, as they drove along through the mellow autumn air, how it was that Dick had so mistaken his uncle. It seemed to her that he was all that was charming and considerate—the sort of old gentleman who does not seem old, although his hair is white and he must have lived years enough for the world to call old. It was evident to her sweet and simple soul that Dick had never really got at his uncle's inmost nature—which was true, and all the better for Dick that he hadn't. He could not, she argued, be such a savage as Dick had always made out, for why should he take so much trouble for an insignificant stranger like herself, or for an old woman like Barbara, even if his carriage did happen to have knocked her down and broken her leg? That had nothing, or next to nothing, to do with it—oh, it was plain to her that Dick had never managed his uncle properly, and very likely Lady Aylmer had never managed him properly either.

So by the time they had reached the hospital, Dorothy had thought herself into quite a blissful frame of mind. She had built up a wonderful castle in the air, when Lord Aylmer should express a wish, "Oh, my dear, I do wish that you were my daughter!" when she would throw off her disguise and say, "I am the next thing to your daughter." "How?" "Why, I'm Dick's wife."

She was so engrossed in her dream that she did not notice that they had reached their destination, until a smooth voice at her elbow said, "Now, dear lady."

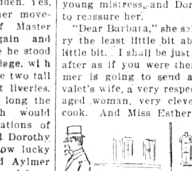
Somehow the tone jarred on her dream, but her eyes were still radiant as she turned them toward his.. "I did not notice where we were," she said in a voice still tinged with the brightness of her dream.

"Happy thoughts," he said, as he helped her to the ground.

"Very happy ones," she answered, smiling.

They did not permit her to stay very long. Barbara was lying still, very faint and weak from the shock of the accident and the pain of her leg. She was worrying and anxious about her young mistress, and Dorothy hastened to reassure her.

"Dear Barbara," she said, "don't worry the least little bit about me, not a little bit. I shall be just as well looked after as if you were there. Lord Aylmer is going to send at once to his valet's wife, a very respectable, middle-aged woman, very clever and a good cook. And Miss Esther may be here



HANDED HER IN.

any day now, you know; so that I shall get on beautifully. All you have to do, dear Barbara, is to possess your soul in patience, and get well as quickly as ever you can."

"I can't think what the master will say," fretted Barbara.

"The master! Why, he will be as sorry as if I had broken my leg, or very nearly," Dorothy cried. "Now, dear, here is the nurse looking at me with a threatening eye, I must go. Good-by, my dearest old Barbara, and don't worry, because I shall have my new help in tonight."

She stayed to ask a few questions of the nurse, chiefly about what things Barbara would need, then they drove quietly back to Kensington.

For a little way Dorothy was silent. "Poor old Barbara!" she burst out at length. "I don't believe she was ever ill in all her life before; at least, I never knew her to be ill, ever."

"And you have known her long?"

"Ever since I could remember anything," Dorothy replied.

Lord Aylmer assumed an expression of surprise, mingled with assent—he had wonderful variety of facial impersonations—but even assumed goodness on occasion. "Comfort that old lady is safe in St. George's," he said to himself, as he watched Dorothy's lovely mobile face.

She turned again to him. "How soon do you think the woman you spoke of will be able to come?" she asked.

"Tonight, I hope," he replied. "Any way, I will go and see her and let you know."

"But what a trouble for you!"

"Not at all—a great pleasure, I can assure you," gallantly.

"Why, you are," she cried, for the truth flew.

"If I am, I ought to be good," he said, smiling; "but I am afraid you judge me too kindly altogether. Then I will drop you at your house and go and see this good woman at once, come back and let you know the result."

"Yes, if you will," said Dorothy.

He helped her to alight and saw her safe in the house, then got into the carriage again. "To Grosmont Road," he said.

"Yes, m'lord," Charles replied.

"Where to now?" asked Barker, who was getting tired and generally desperate.

"Grosmont Road."

"Oh, my!" muttered Barker. "I wasn't surprised when broken legs didn't put 'im orf Mrs. 'Arris; but when Mrs. 'Arris don't put 'im orf Grosmont Road, it is a pretty go."

Meantime, Dorothy had gone in to the entrance hall of Palace Mansions, where the porter of the establishment met her. "A lady for you, ma'am," he said. Then there was a pause, a rush, and a glad cry of "Oh, Esther! Esther!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

It would be impossible for me to tell you what a relief it was for Dorothy to find her cousin. Esther awaiting her on her return home. She cried a little, of course, and then managed to tell her all about poor Barbara's accident.

"Just as well for you that I turned up when I did, my dear," said Esther dryly; "it might have been very awkward for you to be left alone long."

"Oh, but Lord Aylmer was so kind," Dorothy cried. "He not only took me to the hospital to see Barbara and brought me back again, but he has actually gone off now to see his valet's wife, who is the very person to stay with me till Barbara is able to come home again."

"Yes, that is really very good of him," Esther admitted. "But now, my poor little excited pale-face, I am going to make you a cup of tea. Show me the way."

So Dorothy took her into Barbara's neat little kitchen, and Miss Brand established her cousin in a chair, while she put the tea-things together and made all ready. Then she carried the tray into the drawing room and made Dorothy sit in a big arm chair while she waited upon her and gave her everything that she needed for her comfort.

"I suppose this Lord Aylmer is a smart man-about-town sort of person," she remarked presently, as she slowly stirred her own tea round and round.

"Oh, awfully old," answered Dorothy —"at least he doesn't seem old, you know, but at the same time he is old. His hair is as white as snow, and he has a delicious, old-fashioned, half-fatherly sort of manner. And so kind, so thoughtful."

"Ah, well, it is a very good thing. Really, the world isn't half so bad as it sometimes seems," Esther said, dreamily. "Well, with a quick change of tone, "and this Dick of yours—he is perfection, of course."

(To be continued.)

TOOK IT FOR GRANTED.

Worthy Couple Thought the Wedding License Settled All.

A lawyer told a few days ago of a strange state of affairs that came to his notice several years ago when he practicing in the eastern part of the state, says the Sioux City Journal. He had not been out of college very long, and to start in gave considerable attention to pension claims. One day an old woman, possibly 80 years of age, came to his office. She was a widow of a soldier of the war of 1812, and wanted him to look up her pension claim. He asked her to show proof of marriage. The applicant said somewhere in her house she had the marriage license that had been issued to her in one of the eastern states before that war. But she had not been able to find it. She was told then that she must secure affidavits of some people who had known her husband, and of the fact that they had lived together for years and had brought up a family. One of the grown-up sons was with her at the time and he secured the necessary information. But to be sure that everything was all right the lawyer wrote to the clerk of the courts of the county in which the original license had been issued. That officer replied that the license had been issued, but that no return of the marriage had ever been made. In a few days the old woman came back to see her lawyer about the matter, and by that time she had found the worn marriage license. But that was all she did have. It afterward developed that the couple had understood that when the license was issued to them that it was all that was necessary. They never called in a preacher to perform the ceremony and had lived together for all these years and had brought up a large family.

HOW JAPANESE WOO.

Charming Manner of Courtship in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Japan is a long way off and this charming story of how courtships are carried on among the elite of the society of the land of the rising sun has not been confirmed by travelers, yet it is pretty enough to be true. In certain districts in houses wherein reside one or more daughters of a marriageable age, an empty flower-pot of an ornamental character is encircled by a string and suspended from the window or veranda by three chains, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The Juliets of Japan are of course, attractive, and the Romeos as anxious as those of other lands. But instead of serenading by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression it is etiquette for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his lady, bearing some choice plant in hand, which he bodily, but, let him hope, reverently, proceeds to plant in the empty vase. This filled place when he is fully assured that both mother and daughter are at home. Neither, of course, is at all conscious that the young man is taking such liberty with the flower-pot, outside their window. This act of placing the pretty plant in the empty flower-pot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells within. The youthful gardener, having settled his plant to his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases. If he is the right one she waters every care to his gift, waters it, and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all the world may see the donor is accepted as a suitor. But if he is not a favorite, or if the stern parents object, the poor plant is torn from the vase and the next morning lies limp and withered on the veranda or on the path below.

His Penance.

Wilkins—Are you keeping Lent? Harper—Yes; I always do. My wife has her mother spend the month before Easter with her every year.

Don't spend too much money in trying to get something for nothing.

HATS IN PARLIAMENT.

THEY PLAY A PART IN MAKING ENGLAND'S LAWS.

Used to Hold Their Seats—Mr. Gladstone Once Convulsed the House by Clapping on a Bit of Borrowed Headgear.

"Hats off, strangers!" is the cry which rings throughout the house of commons when business at St. Stephen's begins. It is uttered in a loud, sonorous voice by a big, burly policeman who is the most genial autocrat in parliament, says the London Mail. The hat plays a very important part in parliament. It is quite as important to the members as a good suit of clothes. A hat is necessary to put on a seat if a member wants to reserve it during a full-dress debate; a hat is necessary if a member wants to challenge a division, for he must do it with his head covered.

There was a funny scene in the house one night when Mr. Gladstone rose to put a question on a division. The G. O. M. always left his hat in the private room set apart for the leader of the house. Knowing that he could not legally challenge the division with his head uncovered, he looked helplessly around. A hat was offered to him and he eagerly seized it. It was a beautiful shiny hat, about four sizes too small for his noble head. Mr. Gladstone stuck it on top of his head with reckless impetuosity and the house convulsed with laughter at the spectacle. A pantomime clown with a toy hat never cut a more comical figure. Mr. Joseph Cowen, the then dogged democrat, who once represented Newcastle, was the first member in the house of in one day with a wide-awake hat. At that time the silk hat was considered the indispensable headgear of parliament and nobody dared to introduce another type. Rugged "Joe," with his hatred of shams and fashions stalked in one day with a wide-awake hat. The house was staggered! Such a hat had never been seen within the sacred precincts. From that hour the decline of the silk hat commenced. Now we have had Keir Hardie in a tweed cap, John Burns in a bowler and Sir Wilfrid Lawson in a hat of spotless white. The shiniest hats in the house belong to the tout and collar brigade. There are a number of men in the house whose hats are as immaculate as the collars.

MISS SCOTT, THE GIRL EVANGELIST.

Miss Catharine Scott, the only girl evangelist in this country, has been attracting considerable attention in Philadelphia of late, where she has been holding revival meetings in the Presbyterian churches.

Miss Scott is only 22 years of age and enjoys the distinction of being the first woman who has ever been permitted to preach in the Presbyterian churches of the Quaker city.

She is a remarkably magnetic talker, and holds her audience with ease, while the religious influence she apparently exerts over the crowd is remarkable, as is evidenced by the large numbers of converts at all her meetings.

When Miss Scott was asked the other day to furnish particulars regarding her career, and to tell why she became an evangelist, she said:

"I was born in the suburbs of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1876. My grand father on my father's side was a farmer in the north of Scotland, and he was recognized throughout the country as being one of the most Godly men of his time. My mother comes from one of the oldest country families in Wightenshire, Scotland, and from her I have the blood of the old Scottish covenanters in my veins. I was converted at a very early age and after finishing my education, I, with my parents, came to America four years ago. Being brought up in the Presbyterian church from childhood, we united with the Bethesda Presbyterian church of Philadelphia.

"A number of the ladies of the church, seeing my strong desire to become an evangelist, became very much interested in me, and they sent me to Col. H. H. Hadley, in New York city. I remained in his great mission on East Forty-second street for some time, and after spending an enjoyable time with him in his great work, I came back to Philadelphia, God helping me to come out as an evangelist in the Presbyterian church. As the church never had been open to women before, I knew the battle would be a hard one. I went and saw a number of ministers, and they did not seem very willing to let me in, but I held on, and one bright day Dr. Wilbur Chapman of Bethany mission (Mr. John Wanamaker's) sent for me to come and address an enormous meeting.

"I went, and the Sunday school building was packed. That was my beginning. The first man in Philadelphia to open his pulpit to me was Dr. Andrew Jackson Sullivan, of Trinity Presbyterian church, and I held a week's meetings with him last January and on my last Sunday the church was packed to overflowing, and many souls were brought from darkness into light from his church. I have since been in other Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia, and have always been favorably received."

When Mr. "Bobby" Spencer and Mr. Sidney Herbert (now elevated to another "place") were in the house their hats were miracles of ebony luminosity. "Bobby" was reported to wear three collars a day and two hats—a Piccadilly shiny hat the afternoon and a "crusher" for the evening. Lord Elcho, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. Percy Allsopp and Mr. Elmott Barlow are the best representatives in the house of the boot and collar brigade. From the tops of their shiny hats to the tips of their shiny boots they are dressed with scrupulous care. They take the war paint of Piccadilly into the shades of Westminster and brighten up the dull corridors with their radiance. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Sir Donald Currie and Lord Arthur Hill favor the white hat. They bring visions of the Derby into the house long before that classic event comes off. To complete the picture most of them wear "spats" of similar purity. Then they look festive indeed. To secure a good place in parliament it is necessary for a member to present himself before or during prayers. Then he can deposit his hat on a seat and reserve it for the rest of the day, but he must on no account have two hats. Why? Because many years ago members used to visit the house before prayers, put a duplicate hat on a good seat and retire from the house until it was convenient to return. Then the owner of the hat was sure of a good seat during the most exciting debate. Mr. Biggar upset the hat conspiracy, and from that day to this it has been ordained that "no honorable member must leave his hat lying about the house while he is enjoying the pleasure of the day, his head covered, elsewhere."

SHE SCARED THE BURGLAR.

San Francisco Woman Who Put a Midnight Marauder to Flight.

Mrs. Charles Stackhouse is a plucky San Francisco woman, who is not her afraid of a revolver, nor does she fire it off haphazard when called to face a sudden emergency. Her husband is a marine engineer, and, being often absent from home for days at a time, he had instructed his wife in the use of a revolver, cautioning her, however, that never happen that the home was invaded by burglars, she should not hesitate to use the weapon, and use it promptly. When awakened at 1 o'clock one morning last week by the sound of stealthy steps on the front stairway of her flat, she remembered her husband's caution and seized the weapon, which was hidden under her pillow, and rushed to the head of the stairs. The burglar was not ten feet away. Leveling the revolver at the intruder, Mrs. Stackhouse ordered him to halt and throw up his hands. The tone in which the order was given appraised the burglar of the fact that he had to deal with a resolute woman, and not for the time in obeying her command. Mrs. Stackhouse thereupon ordered him to leave the premises and not to return on pain of death. The burglar, glad to escape arrest, lost no time in obeying her command, and made himself scarce at once. The police were notified of the occurrence and a description of the man was given. It is like with that a suspicious character soon hove in about the place.

There Is Nothing New.

Apparently we have not learned so much during the last few thousand years or so as we fancy we have. Prof. W. M. Flinders-Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, has been telling an interviewer of various odds and ends that he has unearthed from time to time in the buried cities of Egypt, where men and women lived and loved, and schemed and fought nearly four thousand years before the Christian era. Among these items were rag dollies, no doubt hugged and rocked to sleep by little Cleopatras every whit as affectionately as the waxen babies made in Germany are today fondled by our small Dorothys and Phyllises. There were draught-boards, toy-arms and rods, babies' rattles, whip-tops and tip-cats, and many a domestic article that we have nowadays in use. What is more, he and his learned companions were able to discover from the skeletons of men and women who had lain for considerably more than a thousand years "asleep within the tomb," that we moderns cannot even lay claim to a monopoly of such diseases as rheumatism and spinal curvature, and rickets. The penny-in-the-slot-machine, we now know, is nothing new; next we shall hear that the motor car provoked the charioteers to mirth, as an ancient comic papyrus of the period shows, when Seneferu, first king of the fourth dynasty, was on the throne considerably before Joseph was sold into bondage.

VIRGINIUS AFFAIR.

HOW SPAIN PUT AMERICAN SAILORS TO DEATH.

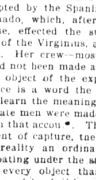
A British Man-of-War with a Commander That Knew No Law but That of Humanity, Put a Sudden Stop to the Awful Butchery That Had Partly Been Enacted.

(Special Letter.)

THE conditions now existing between the United States and Spain recall an analogous moment in the history of the two nations which is recorded in the annals of the year 1873. It is known as the Virginius massacre and was one of the most atrocious exhibitions of human butchery that has ever disgraced the records of Spanish cruelty.

The Virginius—a side-wheel iron steamer, was at one time the property of the United States. She passed through several hands, and in 1870 she was purchased by a junta of Cuban revolutionists, in this country, but the purchase was made under the name of John F. Patterson, an American citizen. The boat was used by the Cubans for carrying ammunition and arms and aid of any kind to their fellow-countrymen in Cuba, who at that time and for several years previous had been in rebellion against Spain. Belligerent rights had not been recognized, and the insurgents were not able to sail the seas under the protecting flag of any recognized nation. But, having bought the ship in the name of an American citizen, they usurped the right which would have been his had he been the actual owner, of hoisting the American colors. It was this question of uncertain ownership that turned the tide of judgment into a labyrinth of difficulty, when later in its career the Virginius gave cause for a narrowly averted clashing of Spanish interests with American honor.

At that time, in New York, there was a colony of Cubans who were aiding, without pretense of secrecy, the patriots in the oppression and ruin of their native isle. The last trip that the Virginius made was in the autumn of 1873, when she left Kingston Jamaica, with 175 volunteers, and a complete armament, and turned her helm toward the Cuban coast. An accident to her machinery obliged the Virginius to take temporary shelter in the harbor of Kingston, and this delay sufficed to put the Spanish authorities on her track, so that her second start for the destined landing was intercepted by the Spanish man-of-war Tornado, which, after a protracted chase, effected the surrender and capture of the Virginius, and took her to Cuba. Her crew—mostly New Yorkers—had not been made acquainted with the object of the expedition. But innocence is a word the Spanish have yet to learn the meaning of, and the unfortunate men were made to suffer no less on that account. Then, too, at the moment of capture, the Virginius was in reality an ordinary merchantman floating under the stars and stripes, for every object that might have caused suspicion had been thrown overboard. Again, the capture was made in British waters—a fact, however, that was not sufficient to stop the course of Spanish determination. The Spanish authorities, according to their custom, condemned the entire expedition to death, without even the formality of the flimsiest kind of investigation, and upon the pretext of piracy on the high seas. On Nov. 2 the four leaders of the expedition (including Pedro Cespedes, brother of the president of the Cuban republic) were condemned to death, by order of Gen. Juan Nepomuceno Burriel. The sentence was executed on the following day, when the four martyred patriots were bound, blindfolded and shot. Hardly had the smoke cleared from above the bodies of these four lovers of liberty when a second court martial assembled to try the rank and file of the expedition, including the captain and crew of the vessel. As it was impracticable to execute the entire body of victims at once, they were divided into batches and on Nov. 4—the day following the execution of the leaders—the first apportionment, consisting of Captain Joseph Fry, a native of Louisiana, and thirty-six of his crew (many of them mere boys) were marched to



CAPT. JOSEPH FRY. (The Murdered Captain of the Virginius.)

the slaughter house. There they were lined up at the edge of a trench, bound but not blindfolded, and made to kneel. The clergy then passed solemnly down the line and delivered the only message of hope left to their agonized souls, immediately the commanding officer gave the signal to fire by waving his sword, and instantly thirty-seven American citizens fell—some lifeless, others dying, and still worse those who were wounded but still alive—into the shallow trench. Then came the crowning barbarity. A company of artillery, till now kept in reserve, galloped forward and crushed with its inhuman juggernaut of hoofs and wheels the dying, dead and wounded into one indistinguishable mass. The bodies were subsequently tumbled into mule cars by a chain gang of negroes and carried to the place of burial. It had been the intention of Gov. Burriel to repeat this mode of butchery till the entire crew of the Virginius had been massacred, but on Nov. 5, a few hours before the time for a third slaughter, a British warship, the Niobe, appeared in the harbor and her captain promptly informed the governor that he would tolerate no further bloodshed until the matter had been referred to the home authorities. In consequence the remainder of the captives were saved from death. Their rescue was, however, the act of an individual Englishman, or Irishman, rather, Commander Ryan. When Ryan returned to England he was dismissed from her majesty's service "in disgrace." Yet his name will be remembered forever in the hearts of all who have read of his humane act.

The insurgents in Cuba were fighting for their independence. The natives were making a silent and pathetic bid for the protection of the American flag, and the technical misunderstanding which arose out of the Virginius fostered a hope that in the event of trouble between Spain and the United States the immediate expulsion of the Spaniards from Cuba would ensue. The universal excitement in the United States at the conduct of the Spanish in Cuba for a time appeared to make a war between Spain and the United States inevitable.

The United States maintained that the capture of the Virginius was a derogation of its sovereignty, assuming simultaneously that the vessel was a United States merchant ship lawfully

GEN. JUAN BURRIEL. (The Spanish Officer Who Ordered the Murder of the Virginius Prisoners.)

floating the American flag. The Spanish, however, maintained that the ship was manned with pirates who were also their rebellious subjects, and that the claim to the protection of the American flag was fraudulent. Complications thickened, and a long course of diplomatic correspondence ensued. The United States demanded that the Virginius be surrendered; that the survivors be delivered safely to them, and that the vessel be saluted as a rightful American ship. However, it was agreed that the salute should be dispensed with if before the 25th of December, Spain could satisfy the United States that the Virginius had no right to carry the flag. The Spanish ultimately succeeded in convincing the Americans that the claim of the Virginius to the flag was unlawful, and the salute was consequently dispensed with. However, the other demands were duly complied with, and a disclaimer of an intent of indignity to the flag of the United States was expressed by the Spanish minister on behalf of his government. Thus after a protracted and complicated network of diplomatic negotiations, a peaceable settlement of the difficulty was effected. Thus the loss of many lives through the clash of war was peacefully averted, though no apology, however abject, could bring to life the innocent martyrs to the cruelty of Spanish murderers.

It may be reasoned, possibly, that according to international law, Spain was technically right in the Virginius affair; but there can be no possible palliation for the horrible barbarity of the murder of the unfortunate prisoners captured with the vessel, not one of whom would have been executed but for the opportune arrival of the British man-of-war, whose captain promptly and courageously put a stop to the brutal and inhuman proceedings. There is no more revolting chapter in the history of nations; and one might go into the annals of the barbarous ages without finding an incident approaching it in cruelty and the useless taking of life.

A Fine Distinction.

"I went to church last long ago," says a contributor, "and heard the following tale given in explanation of the words 'collection' and 'offering' and the difference between them: A certain small boy had a dog, which he had named Fido. The boy was very fond of Fido. One day at dinner the boy's father noticed that sadly the best of the portion of roast beef which had fallen to his lot and placing it on another plate. Upon inquiry the father learned that the meat was for the dog Fido. 'My son,' said papa, 'it would be better if you ate that meat yourself and give Fido some of the straw which is on it.' The boy protested, but the father was obdurate. At the conclusion of the meal the boy took out to Fido a plate heaped with scraps of the roast. 'Here, Fido,' said the boy, 'I wanted to make you an offering, but here is only a collection.'"—Albany Journal.

The Bitter End.

A shocking instance of mistaken identity is revealed by a writer in the Chicago Record. Shortly after the holidays a congressman from one of the western states received his quota of garden seeds from the department of agriculture, and forthwith distributed them among his constituents. In most instances they were fully appreciated, as scores of letters attested; but it is doubtful if any one appreciative constituent has been recorded, since the distribution of seeds was inaugurated than one writer, to whose wife had been sent some of the lily-bulbs, "Many thanks," wrote the grateful recipient, "the onions were particularly fine, and greatly enjoyed with our beefsteak."

Covered with Horns.

John Freeman, aged 71, of Cincinnati, has for the past three years been growing horns, varying in length from one to seven inches, on various parts of his body. Physicians cannot account for the phenomenon.

Individual Communion Cups.

Seventy churches among the Congregationalists have adopted the individual communion cups.