

GENERAL FUSTON AT LAS TUNAS

There One of His Men Played "Rag Time" During a Bombardment.

Out of the fast crowding incidents which have gone to make up the splendid meteoric career of Gen. Fuston, there is one on which he particularly loves to dwell. It occurred at Las Tunas, when he was in command of fire guns. The army of Cuban insurgents to which

To overcome the obstacle and render their fire successfully effective, the guns were dragged into a more advantageous position, up the marble steps into the fine stone house of a Spanish army surgeon, named Mendez, who had naturally been compelled to abandon it. Over the highly polished floors the

lively cracking Mauser, stalked a lieutenant of artillery. He was Barney Dimeo, an accomplished fellow, a graduate of the Troy Polytechnic school of New York state. Among Barney's varied accomplishments was music. In the great parlor stood a grand piano. Barney sat down,

yelled some one. "A little bit to the left this time and we've got her, sure!" "Such a bunch of ragers!" Bang! "You have to be a rager!" Boom! "All hands around!" Pink! Pink! Boom! Boom! Boom! "My God! You know how to play!" "I'm living easy, eatin' pork chops greasy!" Boom! "There goes the fort! Wow!" "I'm here, easy, and eatin' livin' well!" "One more round and that fort's done for!" "A boom! A boom! A lingering rum- A boom! A boom! A lingering rum-



"I'M LIVIN' EASY, EATING PORK CHOPS GREASY," BOOM!

Fuston belonged, were besieging the town of Las Tunas, which was defended by twenty-one forts, each heavily garrisoned with soldiers. One by one the forts fell, until only the main fort remained. It seemed to compel the garrison of that fort to capitulate. It was impossible to effectively reach it, owing to the location of the besiegers' guns.

Through the cumulus clouds of cannon smoke, through the straggling threads that drifted back from the par-

He played. "Dixie" he struck into first. A cheer! A boom! A roar! A lingering rumble—and "I wish I was in Dixie." A groan from a dying Cuban, the sharp commanding voice of Fuston, an interlude by Barney, a boom, a roar, a lingering rumble, and "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." "There goes a corner of the fort!"

He played. "Dixie" he struck into first. A cheer! A boom! A roar! A lingering rumble—and "I wish I was in Dixie." A groan from a dying Cuban, the sharp commanding voice of Fuston, an interlude by Barney, a boom, a roar, a lingering rumble, and "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night." "There goes a corner of the fort!"

KING OF BUNDI, WHO WON'T BE VACCINATED

Just now the viceroy of India is a little worried about the attitude of Bundi—not really worried, but a little anxious. For this Bundi does not like to be vaccinated, sanitation, a and other modern amenities of the British. Neither did his father nor his grandfather. Yet they all were good friends of the English in times of need. But the king of Bundi does not just for a G. S. I. and holds on to his ancient customs.

It was the wife of the grandfather of the present king of Bundi who had the notion of whom Kipling wrote: "Not many years ago a king died in one of the Rajput states. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against suttee, would have broken out

of the palace had not the gates been barred. One of them, disguised as the king's favorite dancing girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was."

Then, The black log crashed above the white. The little flames and lean; Red as slaughter and blue as steel. That whistled and fluttered from heavy to heavy. Leaped anew for they found their meal On the heart of the Boondi Queen.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

Curious Statement as to Where the Writer of the Famous Hymn Got His Inspiration. In a recent letter written to Dean Le Roy by Sir William Williams, a member of parliament in regard to Top Lady's inspiration for his famous hymn which seems to prove that the original Rock of Ages is in Barrington Coombe, which is on the edge of my place, and after careful investigation of the matter I am satisfied that the story is true in every particular. It appears that one day the distinguished author was caught in a heavy thunderstorm in Barrington Coombe, and there taking shelter, between two massive piers of our native limestone rock, he penned his famous hymn that has immortalized him." In all England there is probably no more beautiful, varied, or romantic spot than Barrington Coombe—a deep indentation in the dark, swelling hills known as Black Down, which rises to the height of 1,100 feet, forms the summit of the Mendip Range. The road winds through Barrington Coombe, between lofty, and in some places, precipitous slopes, where the gray rock shows boldly among the bracken. At one point there is a conspicuous crag of mountain limestone seventy or eighty feet in height, a

prominent object on the right hand to any one approaching from Bladon road. Right down the center of this mass of stone is a deep fissure, in the recess of which grows mainly a fern, white on the hillside around are trees whose stunted growth and wind-worn appearance tell of the scanty soil and the exposed situation. This was the fissure in which Top Lady took refuge, and it was this "cleft" and this rock which suggested the central idea of his beautiful hymn.

Dismissing storm clouds by discharges of cannon has been done successfully at Colepio, in the province of Bergamo, Italy, which was lately visited by two hurricanes, accompanied by heavy clouds which threatened a hailstorm. About forty discharges were fired on the first occasion, and thirty on the second. The effect of the concussion was most marked on the second storm. The black clouds were broken and dissipated by the atmospheric disturbance, and watchers stationed to observe the results reported that the threatened storm had been driven back. While hail fell in all the neighboring districts, not a particle descended on Colepio on either occasion. The cannon were loaded with 300 pounds of powder and plugged with paper. After the explosion, which was affected by a fuse, a column of smoke rose vertically into the air for about a mile, bearing a current of warm air, which penetrated the clouds.

When HOME IS SWEET. How to Make It Attractive to the Men. Fewer wives would sit lonely at home while their husbands roam elsewhere in search of entertainment if more wives realized that home should be something besides a clean place to eat and sleep in, says the Gentlewoman. Men "hate" women's tea parties and large show functions, but they like little dinner and supper parties. Many families refrain from entertaining because they cannot do so on an expensive scale. It is, however, possible to give small dinners and suppers that are both enjoyable and inexpensive. Ask people who either do or will like each other, and if you wish the women to have a good time have just as many men guests as women guests. The surest way to get away from the "make sure" that some of the women are pretty and flattering. Men like to be flattered. Oh, yes, they do. One of the surest ways to be awkward "in company" is to try to act differently from one's accustomed manner. If one's everyday manner is not good enough for a company, then it should be changed, but the most delightful company manner is the natural manner when it is natural to be charming. One of the charms of an agreeable manner is to seem unaffected; another is to have something to say worth hearing, and to say it easily and interestingly; another is to listen appreciatively when others speak.

LET SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG.

"I FELT SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG." "I forgot that I had a whole bunch of firecrackers in that sack pocket."

BACK BAY FILIPYEN.

"I was sorry to see you on your wheel last Sunday. Evidently you haven't much respect for the Sabbath." "Dunder—'Tou'd better talk. I was playing back bay." "Yes, but golf, you know, is a holy game."—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SOME PUBLIC SPEAKERS NEED IS BETTER TERMINAL FACILITIES.

"Bill the Gambler" always up to date. "How so?" "His wedding cards are all Queens of Hearts."—Philadelphia North American.

LET SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG.

"I FELT SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG." "I forgot that I had a whole bunch of firecrackers in that sack pocket."

BACK BAY FILIPYEN.

"I was sorry to see you on your wheel last Sunday. Evidently you haven't much respect for the Sabbath." "Dunder—'Tou'd better talk. I was playing back bay." "Yes, but golf, you know, is a holy game."—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SOME PUBLIC SPEAKERS NEED IS BETTER TERMINAL FACILITIES.

"Bill the Gambler" always up to date. "How so?" "His wedding cards are all Queens of Hearts."—Philadelphia North American.

LET SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG.

"I FELT SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG." "I forgot that I had a whole bunch of firecrackers in that sack pocket."

BACK BAY FILIPYEN.

"I was sorry to see you on your wheel last Sunday. Evidently you haven't much respect for the Sabbath." "Dunder—'Tou'd better talk. I was playing back bay." "Yes, but golf, you know, is a holy game."—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SOME PUBLIC SPEAKERS NEED IS BETTER TERMINAL FACILITIES.

"Bill the Gambler" always up to date. "How so?" "His wedding cards are all Queens of Hearts."—Philadelphia North American.

LET SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG.

"I FELT SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG." "I forgot that I had a whole bunch of firecrackers in that sack pocket."

BACK BAY FILIPYEN.

"I was sorry to see you on your wheel last Sunday. Evidently you haven't much respect for the Sabbath." "Dunder—'Tou'd better talk. I was playing back bay." "Yes, but golf, you know, is a holy game."—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SOME PUBLIC SPEAKERS NEED IS BETTER TERMINAL FACILITIES.

"Bill the Gambler" always up to date. "How so?" "His wedding cards are all Queens of Hearts."—Philadelphia North American.



OUR CELEBRATION.

The birds have been practicing glee, but today they gave up their concert and flew away. And the locusts and grasshoppers, noisy and shrill, could not make themselves heard, and so they kept still. And the blustering wind went off in a puff. Since nobody noticed how loud he could puff. And the clouds rolled up from the west in a row. For they thought that the noise in the world below was the voice of the thunder to call them together. And so they began to make showery weather. And the Man in the Moon, being greatly surprised, to know whatever would happen next. Wished for hands or feet, as well as a face. To cover his ears up, or run from his place. And the baby stars opened their bright little eyes. And stared down below with the greatest surprise. To see how the rockets shot up in the sky. But they never guessed out. What it all was about. That we were just keeping the Fourth of July.

LOUIE'S FOURTH WITH "OLD ARIZONA."

It was nearly noon when "old Arizona," coming down from his camp for a bucket of milk, found a lonesome little boy standing guard on the doorstep while mamma was resting within. "An 'so you ain't at the picnic?" he said. "How's that? Your ma wasn't feelin' right good, an' you stayed at home with her 'so your pa could take everybody else to the picnic. Well, that's rough! I didn't get to myself, but sure's I'm a old gold-miner from Arizona I'm a-thinkin' right on old Arizona, as he put Louie on his feet to celebrate this Fourth if I can run across anybody that'll jine in an 'act!" "Oh, if mamma was well I—"

AN EPISODE OF THE FOURTH.

Oh, yes, we had a glorious time of course. We always do. We didn't begin firing till 'o'clock, partly because it makes people up, and partly because it is so silly to use up all your crackers before breakfast, as some boys do, and have none for the rest of the day, and have everyone to think you a nuisance besides. We had no accidents; that is, nothing to speak of. Polly burned two or three of her fingers a little, but we made that all right with soda and water, and she never cried a bit; but there was an episode, and it happened to me. This was the way it happened. I wanted both my hands to use, and I had a piece of punk in one of them, and there was no place to lay it down, and everybody else's hands were full, too, so I—well, I just put it into my pocket for a minute. It was lighted, but I didn't think it would do any

LET SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG.

"I FELT SOMETHING HOT AGAINST MY LEG." "I forgot that I had a whole bunch of firecrackers in that sack pocket."

BACK BAY FILIPYEN.

"I was sorry to see you on your wheel last Sunday. Evidently you haven't much respect for the Sabbath." "Dunder—'Tou'd better talk. I was playing back bay." "Yes, but golf, you know, is a holy game."—Boston Transcript.

WHAT SOME PUBLIC SPEAKERS NEED IS BETTER TERMINAL FACILITIES.

"Bill the Gambler" always up to date. "How so?" "His wedding cards are all Queens of Hearts."—Philadelphia North American.

