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HARDLY A ROMANCE.

A STORY WHICH WOULD BE IMPROVED BY A LITTLE FICTION.

The Judge on Board an Ocean Steamer, When Near Home, Tells About an Interesting War Experience Which Was, After All, Disappointing.

The island would be sighted the next day if all went well, and the great steamer rushed through the water as if so sure as anybody to reach her pier as few when she here were to be at home again. A little party of men sat by a sunbeam telling stories. The play of the moonlight on the waves had turned the narrative into rather sentimental strands, and the judge, giving way to the influence of the "lovers' lamp," told the following story:

"You know I was a colonel in the Union army in the war. Well, early in the struggle I was ordered to Louisville, where I reported to General Don Carlos Buell. Instructions were given me to pick camp with my regiment about six miles south of the city. The place chosen for the encampment was the home of a fine country place, the home of one of Kentucky's idolized old families. The owners were known to be in strong sympathy with the south, so we had no compunctions about disfiguring the grounds by making our temporary home on them.

"On arriving at the farm I and some of my officers rode up to the house to arrange for such food as we could get. We found two young women, pretty as pictures, awaiting us on the broad veranda. They had seen the preparations for pitching the tents, and were evidently not pleased. I dismounted, made my best bow and explained that the exigencies of war compelled us to camp on their lawn. I assured them that the soldiers would inconvenience them as little as possible.

"The two listened to my little speech with looks of anger, and the taller one snapped out: 'You shall not camp on our place. The last time Union soldiers were here we didn't have cream for our coffee for two weeks and we don't propose to stand it again.'

"We soldiers, accustomed to pretty much here, could not help laughing at this and the flush on the faces of the young girls grew better. I hastened to apologize and to say again that we would be as considerate as the necessities of war permitted. Then we rode to our tents.

"The next morning I visited the house again to see about getting some provisions. The young women were still haughty, but I did my best to soften their antipathy. I did save them much annoyance and they could not help being grateful. Somehow I found occasion to visit the house daily, and sometimes I managed to acquire up a second present before bedtime. At the end of a week the sisters regarded me more as an individual and less as a Union officer, for I seriously avoided referring to the warlike or twice the older one told me with flashing eyes what would happen to our men when they met a Confederate force on the battlefield. Her brother was a captain in General Humphrey Marshall's army, and she warned me against getting within rifle shot of his regiment.

"We got on swimmingly on the whole, however, and I confess I grew more than a little fond of the spirited girl. The last time I called the older one came to move us to matters Kentucky, and I felt uncomfortably sad when I rode up to the house to tell the young ladies goodby. I imagined there was a slight sign of caution in the elder's pretty face when I told the news, but it disappeared almost instantly. Holding out her hand to me she said frankly: 'Goodby, colonel. I am really sorry to see you go. You are not so bad—for a Yankee. Please send my brother. You might get into trouble.'

"I inquired: 'Would you like to see your brother? I asked.

"'Oh, yes. Why do you ask? she said, paling.

"'Well, I'll send him to see you then.' It was her turn to laugh, and she said smoothly: 'You'd better look out when he's in the same county with you.' I rode away, the tones, less not the words, ringing in my ears.

"Not long afterward my regiment was in eastern Kentucky. One night two of our men brought in a prisoner. He had evidently wandered outside his lines and been captured. A handsome young fellow he certainly was, with the bearing of a soldier. 'What is your name?' I asked him.

"'Captain ——, of the —— Kentucky,' he replied.

"I was all excitement, but I tried to speak in calm tones. 'Do you live about six miles south of Louisville? I asked.

"To make assurance doubly sure, he said with some surprise that he did. The next day Lieutenant Bell the prisoner should be paroled. I said that I knew his family and would vouch for his honor. He was allowed to go home after giving the usual pledge. I merely explained to him that I had not his address, and asked him to tell them that Colonel ——, of the —— Minnesota, had sent him. He said he would, and started for Louisville."

There was silence for a time. Finally some one said, "Well?"

The judge had been looking out over the ocean. He turned toward the speaker. "I suppose you married the sister?" went on the man.

"It's odd that every one who hears the story should ask that," the judge said. "No; I never went back to Kentucky and never saw any of the family again. I married a Minnesota girl."

There was silence again for a time, but all thought, "What a disappointing end for a romance!"—New York Tribune.

Where Most of Us Are Alike.

Every one has a secret hope that would cause him to be laughed out of town if he told it.—Atchison Globe.

Why Arms Peddler Was So Poor.

There is an old weather beaten shed that stands on the landslide, near the road leading from the West Shore railroad station at Highland, up to the village, in which two men, during the rebellion made a song into fortune.

The building is in the shadow of overhanging bangles and directly behind a mill that stands at the point where another road leads up a hillside and to the Hibernia mine.

I was driving by there a few days ago when the driver of the vehicle in which I was the solitary passenger, turned around to me, and indicating with his whip exclaimed:

"D'ye see that little building?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Waal, Mawsh, d'ye know two fellers made enough on a fortune in there during the war times, you my word?"

"Making counterfeits, eh?"

"Counterfeits! Naw; better'n that. It was the darndest thing y' ever heard of, that business stickin' was. I'll tell y' it. You know there's lots o' slate in these hills—piles of it—and it breaks to pieces almost when y' look at it.

"Those two fellers just looked at that slate and then started to thinkin. They talked over what they thought and the next thing people in Scranton knew was that grindstone was lain loaded into that buildin.

"Then load after load of slate was hauled and dumped in the buildin, and the next thing the people knew there was a rollin of them grindstones and piles of powdered slate were carried out and put in wagons and carted off.

"People wondered what was goin on, and if they asked, the two men just smiled and replied, 'Nothin,' or else explained how the powdered slate was lain used all ever for soft fillin for teeth.

"That the thing leaked out after awhile. Then two fellers were grindin that slate and shippin it away to be mixed in the pepper that was supplied to the army. Epsoth, they made a mighty sum.

"Say, I wonder how many of the G. A. R. fellers now livin on the slate from Highlands hills? Gee's up," said the driver.—New York Herald.

The Feeder and the Camel.

Apart from differences in species, to enumerate the parts of the camel is to catalogue instances of divinely design. His long neck, giving wide range of vision in desert marches and enabling him to reach far to the meager desert shrubs on either side of his pathway. The cartilaginous callosities of his mouth, enabling him to eat hard and thorny plants—the pasture of the desert. Ears very small and nostrils large for breathing, but also specially capable of closure by valvelike folds against the fearful simoom. Eyes prominent, but protected by a heavy overhanging upper lid, fleeting vision upward and guarding from the direct rays of the scorching sun. Cloven feet, peculiarly adapted for ease of the rider and the animal alike.

Five horny pads to rest on when kneeling for burden or repose on the hot sand. He humps—not a hump, but a real and substantial reserve store of nutriment, as well as nature's packsaddle for the commerce of ages—have you ever thought of the relation between your morning cup of Mocha and the hump of a camel in Yemen? His water for reservoirs in connection with the stomach—not, as in the continental "Arabian Nights," for thirsty travelers, but for the animal himself, and enabling him when in good condition to travel for five days without water.—Rev. G. M. Wenner in Christian Intelligencer.

Brooklyn's Roomy Park.

Brooklyn is becoming quite a town for parks, and the taxpayers have never been known in recent years to object to having their money spent for such purposes. There was a great outcry thirty-five years ago, when the laying out of Prospect park was suggested, but nobody now worries because the project was carried through. The city made a very profitable bargain in buying the 585.56 acres contained in that park and paying only $1,010,326.19 for them. Since then the city has expended $6,348,980.81 on construction account, making this one park represent an expenditure of $8,199,316.65, but if it was put on the market tomorrow it would easily sell for twice that amount.

This is the biggest breathing spot in the city. It contains 110 acres of woodland, 57 acres of lakes, 70 acres of meadow land and 352.46 acres of plantations. To accommodate owners of horses there are 9 miles of drives and 3.125 miles of bridle roads, while the most enthusiastic pedestrian ought to be satisfied with his 12 miles of walks. In addition the national guard and the baseball players are provided with a part of level greensward known as the parade ground, and covering an area of 40 acres.—New York Times.

The old Way of Salting.

Baby kittens to supplement the brick crock to this day are used on southern plantations. These kittens or crocks, placed upon the coals in brick fireplaces, on the corners of which were put cooks so that both top and bottom would bake alike.

Johnnycake and shortcake were often baked upon a board tilted in front of the fire upon the hearth. The turning of these cakes required a straight or hand stick incomprehensible to the youth, but my mother always did it deftly enough. Small tin bakers closed on three sides, were afterward substituted for the johnnycake board.—Troy Times.

A Flag Made of Underskirts.

Perhaps the most interesting war relic in Maine is a Union flag made from the underskirts of the prisoners at Salisbury prison. The prisoners had set a day upon which they intended to rise and overpower the guards. The flag was to be used as a rallying signal. But before the day arrived orders came for them to be exchanged. The flag was brought home by Lieutenant George H. Kennison, of Boothbay, a member of the Fifth Maine, whose property the flag now is.—Bangor Commercial.

Reportorial Shrewdness.

A certain newspaper reporter assigned to investigate the case of a young woman at a hotel said to be in a trance represented himself as a doctor so that he would be allowed to see the victim. He put on a wise air, gravely felt her pulse and then turned from the bedside. "What is the best thing to be done?" inquired those in waiting. "The best thing to do is to douse her with ice water," said the pretended doctor. This was done, and the young woman woke from her alleged trance, got up and dressed in a hurry and left the house in a huff. The "trance" maiden was only recovering from a pleasure jaunt over the Rhine.—Cincinnati Times.

An Unfortunate Polite Man.

The politest man in New Jersey came to grief because of his politeness at Newark, N. J., on Saturday. He was seized with a desire to cross while riding in an electric car. On each side of him there was a woman, and he felt that it would be impolite to climb in front of them, so he decided to climb behind them, and with that purpose in view he thrust his head from the car window. While he was in the act of crossing his head came in contact with a pole and his skull was dangerously fractured.—Exchange.

Will Paderewski storm or the hair be his mission? So far as women are concerned it may have been a matter of self defense with him. Our English cousins were quite as demonstrative in their adoration as the American women, and at a recent concert, had it not been for the kindly efforts of his manager, he would have been affectionately mobbed.

In London there are very few periodicals printed in foreign tongues. An English writer says he knows only of two German papers and one Spanish paper printed in that great city.

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