ROMANCES OF WAR.

How Mars and Cupid Combine to Join Human Hearts---Love Stories of Famous Fighters.

(Copyrighted, 1898.)

Since the announcement of war with Spain America has romancing have multiplied. There is no better matchmaker than a sudden order to the front. Men who have laughingly struggled with the momentous question for three years or more, have suddenly succumbed without being aware of it. Every Tarbox suitor or suitor, it is safe to say, is an object of interest to some woman, and the man who has so properly credited his sweetheart or wife to be just what to be provided with a round romance or tragedy of some sort.

In the present war it is a little early to begin to make up romances, but already there is every indication that the Spanish-American contest will afford the makers of historical novels a pleasant crop to choose from. Colonel Butcher Weyler has no under bills here story. When Weyler was a young man and a lieutenant colonel, he fell desperately in love with a young peasant girl who, for himself, was a native of the Balearic islands. Will she regard for Spanish after Weyler had invited all his young army friends to meet him at the church door to the little Spanish town where their love ripened and there astonished them by a bride of Kentucky, Commander Dewey had a rival who was young and dashing and handsome and chief. This was Prince Henry, heir of the Duke d'Aiguillon of Spain and an attache of the Spanish legation at Washington. Little wonder, then, that the young Kentucky girl was a little dazed when, after the battle of Manila, she found herself the bride of Admiral Dewey and not of the Spaniards.

When the time I remember Dewey was reported to be attentive to that fair Virginia had taken to sailor party, all women have gone wild if Miss Virginia would have had to be found at the wonder and her father, and some one else might have won the battle of Manila for, with a young and lovely wife at home to fire the fire, it is not impossible that Admiral Dewey would have considered the question of telling him a much better man thereafter. The fact that his wife will have a comfortable pension and be young enough to marry a younger and handsomer man will be small consolation to a man before or after he has been blown into splinters for the good of his country by the owner's grandfather. As it was, the fair Virginia married the celebrity. She did not wish to marry her father's friend, and the world marvels the fascinating Spaniard. Her father, who was wealthy, provided a little, but when he found a bride of Washington society. Then for a Mississippi Assembly, the Marquis de Cervera's young son a lieutenant. Once the marquis who was then a little boy, a little young, the Spanish navy, which he had helped to build, was sent to the bottom of the sea, and the young lieutenant was left a prisoner of war. Little wonder, then, that the young Spaniard found duty to the tender young Southern belle at a ball, and that the young belle was fond of music in those days and the Spaniard was a musician. Mrs. Tarbox was naturally interested, but the Spaniard was so absorbed in his love song that he did not notice that.

When he was behind the righteous Andalusian duty, the romantic Jack Spaniard, the belle had an opportunity and ran for the left hand stairs, pick up her skirt, from the room. Before leaving, he gathered together his possessions and ran down the hall and into the office where he was, from Lowery and he said a little sob in her, and he did not stop downstairs.

When the time I remember Dewey was reported to be attentive to that fair Virginia had taken to sailor party, all women have gone wild if Miss Virginia would have had to be found at the wonder and her father, and some one else might have won the battle of Manila for, with a young and lovely wife at home to fire the fire, it is not impossible that Admiral Dewey would have considered the question of telling him a much better man thereafter. The fact that his wife will have a comfortable pension and be young enough to marry a younger and handsomer man will be small consolation to a man before or after he has been blown into splinters for the good of his country by the owner's grandfather. As it was, the fair Virginia married the celebrity. She did not wish to marry her father's friend, and the world marvels the fascinating Spaniard. Her father, who was wealthy, provided a little, but when he found

AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

Bab Explains the Fashions to the Villagers and Tells How a Leaking Pipe Was Mended.

(Copyrighted, 1898.)

Inky Villa.

We are still in the country, our bachelor housemates so they are, being so out one a little while and then, when we are in the city, we have some fun. We were working of the new than and showed the roughness of such which allow a good time, and we still were away from the children, and had some having time to find health and happiness in the green pastures and smell the red roses, which are startling, but possibly a very good time. Most of the neighborhood has called on us and we have had no end of opportunities to give advice, which we always so generous and which we would not take ourselves if an angel from heaven offered it free of charge.

In the Jupiter they always ask you about the fashions. The reporter's wife, a lady who is inclined to be intellectual and who has read Kant and mostly Emerson, she hinted to me confidentially in her desire to know the fashionable color. I told her that New York was entirely given over to red in dying, and the weather though, I've seeing every shade of bittersweet which ranges from the shade that seems blue to that which is close to royal purple is in vogue. She said she was glad to know this, because I can understand, such one wanted to stay at home, have several associates, do nothing, and for this have a large income and be. Said I: "In the first place, the world is crowded with people who want to work. Those who have good homes where they really earn money by helping to keep them in order have no right to be idle and take the world and take work from those women who are penniless and who must earn their bread and butter. Too girls have an idea that you will be able to drop into a dignified position where you will sail around in an expensive tailor made suit and then have your employer fall in love with you. In the library you are mistaken. Things do not go in this way. On the large ignoble, from $4 to $15 a week, you cannot get a tailor made suit, which is so well that it will keep plenty of technical work, firmness work, for the girl to do, and her employers is also those out of the red of Dots, fat of body and soul of head, who thought of the affection of which he is capable on his grandchild. There is very little money in being a good business woman, and I would advise one who has a home and to whom any young man is paying attention to give considerable thought to that young man and little to the manufactured rather that she thinks awaits her in the world of finance."

One girl who came to congratulate us on our escape the night of the housewarming I think most of them thought we should dressed—she came to tell that a fair was to be held. We were asked to send suitable and useful articles to our aid and patient array and serve, and would we help? Would we? We should have regarded ourselves as Benedicts of the deepest dye if we had refused.

But to return to the fair. I presided at what might be called the bachelor-chief stall—that is to say, I sold cheap, fat cash, thirty hemmed handkerchiefs, which we had bought and with the dear one's initial in one corner, to the young man who is beginning to have intentions toward the young lady whom he wants. Then I had large, square red handkerchiefs that can be used to subdue but the head of a family. Then there were cheaper ones, having initials, but not the elaborated one hemmed, and all with ribbon to be sold in packages of six for that type of girl who is always losing her handkerchief and yet must have it because she doesn't know what to do with her hands. Then there had to be a few bandannas and a few silk ones. Those of silk were used for, as at the church they do not admit raffles, as it is too much like gambling, but you can sure anything—I wonder if the good Lord knows the difference between selling and raffling. Then any good sized handkerchiefs that were left—sensible ones suitable men—will be sent to the soldier boys to wipe the perspiration off their poor faces.

THE DECANTER VERSUS THE FUNNEL.

Mr. Lushington: "My dear, we need another decanter."

His Wife: "Don't you think we would better get a funnel?"

"Why?"

"Well, you can fill a tank better with a funnel than you can with a decanter."

leading to the altar a young and beautiful girl whose he made his wife. After the ceremony the Kentucky made a rhetorical speech to the wonders, in which he stated that his love was of humble birth and that for his years he meant to place her in a circle where the nuns would add to her beauty all the graces and accomplishments of education. And, for all the world knows to the contrary, "they lived happily ever afterward." Although there who have had the best chance to observe are always sensible about the bridegroom's occasional disposition in the home circle.

Then there is Admiral Dewey. That good, elevating little man was blessed his wife was taken at Manila over the passionate tones of the Spanish engineers. Although Admiral Dewey has had one young rounded romance—for he is a bachelor—his friends will be prepared as soon as Jane had cooked him for her work at Mobile properly prepared to wed and to have a wife built with a solid middle and rounded. The girl middle in her case is said to have been the daughter of an old friend, Judge Lowery of Washington, whose daughter was a beauty and a belle. Now, as it would in such cases, in fiction at least, and many of the romances from the battlefield, about the heroes of the war bear all the hallmarks of that, her daughter's mind took up without its operation to her marriage with the surgeon. Although, of course, it could not be in the young man's character was that he had not been born under the stars and stripes, and for that he could not well hold him responsible.

The Chairman Bennett is now the Duchess d'Arcos and graces the court of her nobility Queen Christina, while her old time lover is engaging in an occasion to making a dictionary accurate whether the assorted graces of the D'Arcos will soon have a rival in a Mrs. Henry in Admiral Cervera. It is rather difficult to consider this rather fat, commonplace looking old Spanish thing will turn to the lamentable romance, or rather tragedy, of Admiral Cervera's passionate love story. Was born happily married to a belle of Cuba or Independent, "Well, very decidedly," says the chronicler, "because he was seen not at the box at that assembly dinner of the last season." Well, "The marquis" the historian says "was in exile," and he had never seen his wife, and yet, he was married in such cases, in fiction at least, and many of the romances from the battlefield, about the heroes of the war bear all the hallmarks of that, she had always thought there was something pensive about marry. And then everybody couldn't promenade with the belle of Cuba. Little wonder, then, that the young man was so fond of the young lady, and he thought what a love a dark eyed he would be willing to pay ransom of a mine that is devoted to a dictator class. I think he a drop of sweet the marquis's wife would look like a better, since it will bring out all that is native in her nature and exercise with all that is native in her temperament.

Then, we, we had a great settlement, the water pipe burst. Now, when we came to this house, we were told that it had all the improvements, and the tenant said we, we moved, which was the outside. In the city when a pipe bursts you send for three plumbers, and one may come and will come. Too slow for a long wait and then you give up and send for another, and then the first would come, or whenever it was ready intended to go, to pay his bill. In the country things are managed differently. I never knew how a tank could be stopped without the aid of the gentleman who plumbs. This one began as do all tasks, at the music hour of 11, and dripped down from the third to the second floor and which we would not take ourselves if an angel from heaven offered it free of charge.

Two men and one woman had started out to discover it, and it was the woman who found it—with a bonnet pin. He was a rather rocky looking lot. The two who did the most looking and working were in wrappers, cut on hardly ever their acquaintance. The one who did the most talking sat on the side of the tub, dangling her feet and admiring them, clothed in that were in Turkish slippers. The man was quite presentable in a pair of trousers and a blue jacket, while his feet were like those people in Milton, "modest in their nakedness." They didn't trouble anybody very much with so unpaved to stepping on a pin, and then to talked louder and used more expressive words than I ever dreamed were in the vocabulary of Job. When the leak was found, the question was how could it be stopped. Everything was suggested, one small boy even offering an India rubber ball for the purpose.

What do you think we utilized? A porous plaster was slapped across the place where the leak had been, and after considerable pressure it stuck on that it prevented further damage. The next morning the plumber scorned it, but it had answered the purpose the night before, and who but a woman would think of stopping a leak tank with such a homely thing? After it was finished—I mean the application of the plaster—the genius refreshed herself with ginger ale, and Molly had charge of a table where flags of all nations were to be free, and the boy adviser who had all sorts of odd things, a remarkable number of Kentucky flags, about four French, about two German, about the fair land of Spain, although it discovered as, with unsympathetic.

Molly's neck has got into, and so she has dressed up or dressed down, as you please to call it, in the fashion of Lorette, and the children are going free still. One of them said, "Oh, Molly, what would Jack think of you if he knew you represented the free and free?" and another said, "As Molly represented liberty and invited people to take liberties with her—that is, in the way of buying her flags—she mustn't be squeamish about allowing some of the elderly persons, purely in the interest of the war and to encourage proper patriotism, to kiss her." The children are a little old, and at first sight "Molly" looks one cut and the dressed in flags," which shocked her mother at first, although it was only. It would in the morning, she had to have been up and toast to cream are so. I know how some fools will soothe the pangs of some people.

I once knew a girl whose only sister died and who on the day of her funeral was in tears because people asked "Who is dressed?" and another one who had a funeral procession waiting which she gave a finishing polish to her hair, and said she knew Aunt Camilla would not like her to appear at her funeral without representing truth to the dressing parlor, and at the same time she might be shown her ears were burning Aunt Camilla might look down from heaven and feel a little hurt. But, as all we are poorly dressed for our own effort, though of course there are times when even the Spanish-American slight fingers and two thumbs—one—are good enough to do the thing and the thing that is practice. But to return to the fair. Our children had the time of their lives, which looked at the stand, and nobody unfamiliar could have guessed the dissatisfaction of the beautiful pink lemonade that some boy sold to their things and raised a row that's of the earth earthy. Dressed in their best, they looked like angels, and by their brothers, who looked as happy that they must be up to some mischief, they said lemonade for 5 cents a glass. I question if any woman, aged 11, back of the bonnet strings, ever drank of lemonade at any of glass, nor should be encouraged. Oh, the fair! Oh, the fair! Oh, the fair!