

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

on a look of dismay and disappointment. "If you think it will fail," he said, "perhaps it would be better not to do it by writing at all."

Camilla smiled, but made no answer beyond a shrug of indifference. "I might put it to him in words of the same plain fashion," he suggested, "I have made an appointment with him for 11 o'clock tomorrow morning, at Great Russell street; at least, I left a verbal message asking him to meet us, and I've no doubt that he'll be there."

She looked up as though she did not quite follow him. "I could ask Carnac and Rabodanges to come too," he explained, "and then take the opportunity to bring the scheme before him while we are all together."

She was upon the point of vehemently rejecting this proposal, but two considerations made her pause. She could not but long to witness such a scene as the confused route of her brother-in-law and his allies, and she foresaw, in the second place, that she might be able, if present at the interview, to show Dick afterward that so shameful a proposal had not been made to him by any wish of hers.

At 10 the next morning the colonel slipped from the house unobserved, and by 10:30 he was posted at the northern end of the street in which Dick was lodging; his eyes were fixed on the door of the latter's house, but he kept himself completely out of sight.

He had not been watching three minutes when the door opened, Dick came out, and turned down the street in the opposite direction.

"I thought he'd be early," murmured the colonel to himself; "and I don't think there's much fear of his coming back."

He waited until his unconscious quarry had disappeared round the southern corner, and then hastened to the house. He rang the bell and a servant appeared.

"Is Captain Estcourt in?" "No, sir, he's just gone out."

"Do you suppose he'll be long?" "I shouldn't think so, sir, but he didn't say."

The colonel looked troubled. "Will you leave your name, sir?" inquired the maid.

"I think," replied the visitor, "that I had better go to Captain Estcourt's room and write a note for him. My business is rather important, and I can't very well call again."

The girl opened the door wider and showed him upstairs; placed paper and ink before him, and waited by the door. The colonel wrote an exact copy of the letter he had shown to Camilla, only adding as the place of rendezvous "No. 9 Great Russell street," and "11 o'clock on Saturday morning, March 24th," as the time. Then he asked for sealing-wax and a taper, fastened up the letter with elaborate care, and handed it to the attendant maid. She placed it on the mantelpiece and went toward the door to show him down the stairs out of the house. He followed her down a few steps, and then stopped, with an exclamation. "I have left my gloves behind!" and he ran back before she could offer to go for him. He returned in an instant, but in that instant he had broken the newly made seal, opened the letter, folded it simply without fastening, and tossed it carelessly down again upon the mantel-piece.

"Be sure," he said, as he passed out, "that Captain Estcourt reads my note directly he comes home. I think you said that would not be long?"

"No, sir, not long, I expect." And she closed the door behind him.

He hurried to his own house, to find Camilla waiting for him and the carriage at the door.

"We are late," she said; "it is just upon 11 now."

"I am sorry," he replied; "I have been round to Estcourt's room; he might as well have driven down with us; but he was not in, and I could not wait any longer."

She made no further remark, and they started at once. On arriving at the house they found Dick upon the doorstep. Camilla, who was dreading the decisive moment more and more, took comfort at the sight of his open smile and frank eyes, and unconsciously put more warmth than usual into her welcome. The colonel, too, greeted him with effusive cordiality, and seemed to take his presence as a personal favor.

"We are so very glad," he said, as they entered the house together, "that you have been able to join us. I thought you would myself, and, indeed, I said so to Madame de Montaut, but she seemed uncertain about it."

"How could you doubt it?" said Dick, turning to Camilla, with tender reproach. And he added, lowering his voice: "Surely you know that I would give up anything to go with you anywhere."

The colonel laughed softly to himself, and examined a picture with great attention. The other two passed into the dining room. He did not follow them, but stayed behind to receive MM. Carnac and Rabodanges, whom he was momentarily expecting.

Dick was in his happiest mood, and if he did not care much about the pictures, at any rate he thoroughly enjoyed the privilege of looking at them. He noted, with a lover's keenness, that Camilla's manner to him was changed and seemed to imply a new kind of relationship between them. What it meant he could not even guess, but certainly she was now quite a different being from the impetuous beauty, whose wit had struck him dumb on the night of the ball so long ago. She had a wistful look in her eyes, as though she would have asked something of him if he were there, and her air was almost that of one who clings to some one stronger for protection or support.

He was raised out of his natural depression by the delicate, unspoken sympathy of the other two, and a sense of security and safety on a prospect of success.

And all the time, in the room beneath, the colonel was relentlessly planning his downfall.

For so soon as Dick and Camilla passed upstairs into the drawing room, which contained the more valuable paintings, than M. Carnac and the count arrived almost together.

The colonel took them into the dining room and closed the door. "You will remember," he said, "our last meeting, and the resolutions then arrived at."

They bowed. "I am happy," he continued, "to be able to report that my efforts have been crowned with complete success. I have engaged a daring and competent seaman to work my submarine boat, and I have secured an officer to command our vessel who is personally known to and esteemed by the admiral commanding at St. Helena."

M. Carnac looked flustered; this news had quite taken away the poor old gentleman's breath. But the count was enthusiastic, and warmly congratulated the colonel, plying him with strings of eager questions. M. de Montaut stopped him with a smile.

"Not so fast, my friend," he said; "the gentleman is in the house at this moment, and I shall have the pleasure of presenting him to you immediately. Of one thing, however," he continued, "I must warn you beforehand. He has given, so far, no more than a tacit assent to my invitation to join us, and it will therefore be as well to make no reference to the matter at present, beyond, of course, giving a cordial greeting to so invaluable an accomplice."

M. Carnac started; the word "accomplice" appeared to disagree with him unpleasantly. But both he and the count acquiesced, and M. de Montaut led them upstairs. Their voices, as they approached, started Dick and Camilla in their seclusion, and the faces of both clouded at once.

"This is too bad!" he exclaimed impatiently. She looked troubled, and said in an anxious and deprecating tone "It is only some friends whom we asked to meet us here."

"Oh!" he replied, "that's all right; your friends are mine." And the three gentlemen entered.

The formal introduction took place, and Camilla, seeing the dreaded ordeal close at hand, felt as though she must flee, or fall where she stood.

Her evident nervousness touched Dick, who naturally enough thought himself the cause of it. "She's afraid I resent their interruption," he said to himself; "I'll soon put that straight."

So he replied to the compliments of the two strangers with a cordiality even more marked than their own. "I look forward," he said, "to our becoming the best of friends. I hope you will always command me for any service in my power."

Camilla's heart failed her; the words seemed like an evil omen. A sound like a chuckle was heard from the colonel.

"What are you laughing at?" Dick asked. "Nothing," he replied; "but I am vastly pleased with this Claude. The Embarkation of St. Helena, I believe it is called."

Camilla turned deadly white. "I am unwell; my head aches," she said. "Let us go home."

She took Dick's arm and he led her from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Wonderful Organ.

The electric organ has been developed into a marvelous instrument. Its distinguishing feature is that by using the "console," a keyboard on a movable stand, the organ can be played from any point, or several organs can be played at the same moment, and by the same touch of the keys. So that, if the service of half a dozen or more churches could be so timed as to exactly correspond in the length of the respective parts of their ritual, one organist would suffice for them all. He would sit at the keyboard and perform his offertory, anthem, or hymn, as the case might be, and the pressure on the keys would make the electric contact, which would open the pneumatic valves in the pipes of all the instruments connected up by wires. The largest organ is controlled electrically with a simplicity, ease and absolute command of all its resources that is simply astounding. The organist touches a button, and the electric motors start the blowers, which are operated automatically, and which will continue to supply all the wind needed until they are stopped. At one time, organ playing was apt to be an exhausting gymnastic exercise, now the player actuates any or all of the stops by "stop keys." Little ivory levers just over the keyboard, which are moved by a light touch of the finger, even without raising the hand from the keys. Heretofore, the organ had had its limitations of touch effects; the latest electric organ has what is termed a "double touch," an action of the keys which is so quick and elastic that pianoforte music can be played by it effectively and so delicate that it is capable of the finest "expression." The wires connecting the keyboard with the organ are run in a cable, and 2,000 are held in a conductor of 1 1/2 inches diameter.

Could Not Make Thibet.

Mr. Wilson relates an amusing story of an officer who determined to enter Chinese Thibet by stratagem. This officer managed to cross the frontier at night and so escaped the frontier guard. Next day, however, while he was journeying deeper into Thibet, the Thibetan soldiers overtook him and informed him that, as the country was unsafe because of robbers, they would go with him in order to protect him, to which arrangement the traveler was compelled to agree. In a few hours they came to a river, which was crossed by a rope bridge. The Thibetans passed over first, in order to show that the bridge was safe, and then the officer got into the basket and was pulled along by the Thibetans. Suddenly, however, they ceased pulling and left the Englishman hanging in midair above the rushing torrent.

In vain the traveler shouted to the Thibetans to pull; they merely smoked and nodded their heads. The hours passed, and still the officer hung above the current. At last the Thibetans agreed to pull him back if he would promise to leave Thibet immediately. This, of course, he was compelled to do, and he returned to the States.

ISAAC BASSETT.

THE LATE DOORKEEPER OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

Had Been in the Service of the Government Continuously Since 1830—Made a Page by Daniel Webster in that Year.

APT. ISAAC BASSETT, whose death was recorded in Washington the other day, was for more than three score years connected with the United States senate. He obtained his military title during the war,

When he was chosen commanding officer of a company of home guards organized at the capitol. His first lieutenant was Arthur Pue Gorman, at present the senior senator from Maryland, and who has been connected with the senate ever since he started as a page, like Capt. Bassett.

It was in 1831 that Capt. Bassett first attracted the attention of Daniel Webster, who took a great fancy to the lad. At that time the elder Bassett was one of the doorkeepers of the senate and little Isaac used to come to the building with his father.

There was only one page in the United States senate those days—S. P. Hanscom, who afterwards became one of the editors of the National Republic-

States or from the house of representatives it was the duty of Capt. Bassett to announce the fact to the senate. Although in the performance of this duty for years, whenever he was compelled to make the customary announcement Capt. Bassett invariably made as much fuss over it as though it was his first offense. His face would turn scarlet, and as he ducked his head at the presiding officer there was a quiver in his voice as he spoke the stereotyped formula. This was generally accompanied by a hesitancy of speech, as if uncertain whether his remarks would fall upon appreciative and listening ears.

No matter how hot the day might be Capt. Bassett never appeared in the senate chamber unless he was dressed with scrupulous neatness and care in a suit of black broadcloth. Even his necktie was of the same somber hue, with just a glimpse of white shirt and collar visible above the closely buttoned double-breasted frock coat.

Despite the fact that he had been associated with senators the greater part of his life Capt. Bassett has never been accused of presumption, but was always deferential and unassuming in his demeanor. Ever since he has been about the senate he has born in mind that speech is silver, but silence is golden, and was apparently deaf, dumb and blind to all that took place about him.

Although often importuned to write a volume embodying his recollections, it was the invariable reply of the good old man that such a project must await his convenience, when he could spare time away from the capitol.



CAPT. ISAAC BASSETT.

an, published here until its absorption into the Washington Post.

Hanscom was principally occupied on the democratic side of the senate and it occurred to Webster one day that the whigs were being discriminated against in the matter of a page. Accordingly he made a fight for the appointment of Isaac Bassett, then about 12 years old. After considerable opposition the additional page was ordered. This marked the only stormy passage in the official career of Capt. Bassett. Since the '30s his lines have been cast in pleasant places among dignitaries who have seemed tireless in their efforts to do him honor. When he had completed his fiftieth year in their service a magnificent silver salver was prepared and presented to him. This he prized the most of all his earthly possessions. At another time a magnificent gold snuff box was presented him because of his efforts in behalf of the snuff-takers of the senate. This recalls the fact that Capt. Bassett's principal duty during the latter days of the nineteenth century came through his custodianship of the two black snuff boxes in the recesses at the right and left of the presiding officer of the senate. It is one of the traditions of the senate that these boxes were established because of the persistency with which senators used to borrow snuff from one of the early Vice-Presidents of the United States. Finally patience ceased to be a virtue, and calling Capt. Bassett to his aid the presiding officer directed that boxes of snuff be maintained at the public expense for the use of senators who like to take a little up their noses to make them feel easy. Capt. Bassett was for years the only snuff-taker left, but about \$3 is annually invested in this tickling article so that a supply is always on hand in case it is demanded.

Capt. Bassett was never known to divulge a secret of the executive sessions, which he always attended. He was more like a Sphinx than anybody around the capitol, and when he passed away many secrets died with him. Particularly is this true of the location in the senate chamber of chairs and desks formerly occupied by distinguished Americans, among whom may be included Jeff Davis. Nobody was ever able to learn from Capt. Bassett where the head of the southern confederacy sat when he was United States senator from Mississippi, although many attempts have been made by those who wanted the Jeff Davis chair and desk.

Persons who visited the senate chamber as spectators always noticed the pleasant-voiced old gentleman with white hair and beard, the former curled carefully in a roll, who sat usually at the left of the presiding officer of the senate. Whenever a message was received from the President of the United

States or from the house of representatives it was the duty of Capt. Bassett to announce the fact to the senate.

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There is a beneficent institution in Newark, N. J., known as the Female Charitable Society. The name of the superintendent is Miss Merry. A short time ago a woman who wished to take some of the children sent out by the society for two weeks in the country, addressed a letter in good faith to the superintendent as follows: "Miss Mary Female Charitable Society, Newark, N. J."

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It will be interesting to note how short a sentence can be made and still contain all the twenty-six letters in the alphabet. The trouble, of course, will be to get in such letters as x, y, z and q. Ex-Congressman Bryan, who edits the paper and preaches free silver coinage, must have a good inventive genius to devise these novel schemes.

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FROM FRISCO FOR SEASONS. The John A. Saiser Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., say high prices for new things. They recently paid \$300 for a yellow rind watermelon, \$1,000 for 30 bu. new oats, \$300 for 100 lbs. of potatoes, etc., etc. Well, prices for potatoes will be high next fall. Plant a plenty, Mr. Wideawake! You'll make money. Saiser's Earliest are fit to eat in 28 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the greatest yielder on earth and we challenge you to produce its equal.

If you will send 14 cents in stamps to the John A. Saiser Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, ten packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Spurry, Giant Incarnate Clover, etc., and our mammoth catalogue. Catalogue 5c. for mailing. w.v.

A Patron of Music. The Emperor William's interest in music was (a Berlin correspondent says) lately shown in a very practical way. The other day, when he was shooting in the forests of Letlingen, the band of the Uhlans played selections during the dinner. The emperor, with his suite, went up to the musicians and made some observations about the way in which an Italian popular song, "Funiculi Funicula," had been played, saying that it should have been taken quicker. Thereupon the emperor took the baton, and under his conductorship the song had to be repeated. He further conducted some military marches. Five songs by Count Philip Von Eulenburg, the German ambassador in Vienna, pleased the emperor so much that all had to be repeated.

Get the Letter. There is a beneficent institution in Newark, N. J., known as the Female Charitable Society. The name of the superintendent is Miss Merry. A short time ago a woman who wished to take some of the children sent out by the society for two weeks in the country, addressed a letter in good faith to the superintendent as follows: "Miss Mary Female Charitable Society, Newark, N. J."

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