

THE WAR CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST AS THE LONDON PAPERS PICTURED IT.



A MONTENEGRIN COLUMN ON THE MARCH.

When the Montenegrins are advancing against an enemy the women not only look after the pack mules and transport arrangements generally, but themselves do the work of pack mules. In addition to this they form the Red Cross branch of the army, bringing the wounded in from the front and nursing them. Their strength is greater than that of many men—Illustrated London News.

A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL.

Many a time some drowsy ear From the narrow bank invited, Crossed a narrow stream, and bore In among the reeds moon-lighted, There to leave me on a shore, No ferryman but signified.

Many a time a mountain stile, Dark and bright with sudden wetting, Lured my vagrant foot the while, Twixt uplifting and down-setting— Whither? Thousand mile on mile Beyond the last forgetting.

Still by hidden ways I wend, (Past ovens grown a rauger); Still enchantment, like a friend, Takes from death the tang of danger, Hardly river or road end Where I need step a stranger!— Atlantic.

Rather a Neat Job

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much wiser than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—his met with reverse since then, and at present isn't able to get out—were looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't a goin' to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name of it was. There was one bank there; the president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman that walked up and down the streets nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron, and a three wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Baron lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we did it.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the gim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a side lantern, a breast drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green haze bag, and stowed the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of our readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you can put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron; about the nearest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By-and-by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard foot steps outside, and I'm blowed, if they wasn't come right up to the bank steps. I heard a key in the lock. I was dumfounded when I heard that that could have slipped the bracelets

right on me. I picked up the lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right onto the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blazed if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" he says. "Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commended it, and a trying all the time to collect myself. "I'm president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

"By George! the idea came to me then," says he, kinder modest like. "What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he. "I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little worse on account of not being oiled enough. These ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well, you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?" The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says: "How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-tryin' to crack this bank, for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly. "Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says: "You might have got those letters to put up a job on me." "You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now, here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of ten thousand dollars in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry these around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and I may add that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at suppers."

the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault. "I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can look up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night?"

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning. "Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as he quietly swung the door to again. Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman. If you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night." "I will," says he, and we both went to the front door. "There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here and wait until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night again," says he, and we shook hands, and he leisurely went up the street. I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman. "Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the lock we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past twelve. There was an express train went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on top of the bonds, and walked out of the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you this key." "That's all right," says the watchman. "I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I. "No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of hat job was we never heard nothing of it. It never got into the papers—Pennsylvania Girl.

The Insuperable Anticipation. A young Scotch emigrant, was brought before the magistrate of a Nova Scotia court, charged with having deserted his work on a certain farm without giving due notice to his employer. When asked what he had to say in his defense, he replied, "Well, they gied me nout but brackshaw 'n' oat." Brackshaw, it may be explained, is the flesh of animals which have died a natural death.

"How was that?" asked the magistrate. "Well, it was this way. Ye ken, the auld cow deed an' we ate it, the auld steg (gander) deed an' we ate of it, the auld sow (sow) deed an' we ate it, the auld hubblelock deed an' we ate it. Then the old woman deed—an' I left."—Bellman.

The First Hello Gist. They were seated around a table in a well known cafe, and the conversation had turned upon the development of the flying machine and other fruits of the inventive genius of the day.

"Tut, tut," exclaimed a solemn faced, lantern jawed member of the party. "What of it?" The old folks were not so slow. Look at the telephone, claimed as a modern invention. Why, say, it's the oldest on record."

"You better see your doctor. What's the matter with you?" asked another. "Oh, I mean it," said the solemn-faced man. "Telephone service dates back to the garden of Eden—that's where it originated. The garden's call was 2&1 Apple."

Then he dodged the remnant of a sandwich, reached for his hat and was gone.—New York Globe.

A Change. Mrs. Larkin is changing a little money to-day, Fred. Mr. L.—I'm very glad of that. Mrs. L. (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. L.—Because generally you want a good deal.

If a man is honest you can always tell it by the way he doesn't talk about it. "I forgot" is a poor but popular excuse.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE. The Part Played by the Government in the System German Uses. The idea that the German associations for insuring workmen are managed by bureaucrats sitting in heavily upholstered and red-tape-complimented offices in Berlin is completely wrong," says William Hard, in Everybody's. "Ask that the government does under the German system is this (and here is the gist of the whole Compulsory Insurance idea):

"The government takes each industry and each trade in the empire and says to the people who own it: 'You must form an accident-insurance association which will include all the employers in your industry and in your trade. And you must

Child Buried Alive

To Guard a Dam, According to an Old Mexican Superstition.

After a day on the plantation Simpson discovered that the late proprietor had tarried on his property but two months, then placed it in the hands of his agent to dispose of at any price. And incidentally Simpson found that the late proprietor was the fourth for that year; he decided to investigate.

He was returning late one afternoon from the cane fields along the river which ran through a part of his plantation. His horse was one of the best and the trail through the fields was in good condition, but it was a long ride, and he knew it would be after dark before he reached his hacienda house. Already the shadows were stealing through the twilight, drawing down the curtain of darkness which preceded the play of the moonlight. Suddenly he stopped, halted his horse with a sharp check and listened. No, it was nothing, and yet he could have sworn that he heard a cry of distress.

He spurred his horse on—then, there it was again—to the right, low, like a dying moan, it stole over his senses; he first felt it in his fingertips, then it crept cautiously up his arms—his heart stopped still. He shivered, though the air was warm. Involuntarily he checked his horse again, and listened. No—it was not a woman's cry; it was not mature; though it was not like that of any child he had ever heard. The cry was low and weak, weird and plaintive, though it was incessant and seemed to have a supernatural strength in its weakness.

Simpson glanced around and saw that he was in a washout which was probably an arroyo during the rainy season; it was not very wide or deep. He peered through the dim light to his right and saw at some distance away what appeared to be a black wall; on riding nearer he perceived that it was the ruin of an old reservoir dike, built out of big blocks of stone. He did not ride around to see whether or not the reservoir was dry, but from the crumbling condition of the dike he decided that it was. And all the while the low cry continued, insistent, like a sob which will not be choked down. It seemed to come from the wall of the reservoir.

It was just three days later when, without any apparent warning of the coming catastrophe, there was a cloudburst up the mountains. The little streams, swollen with the heavy rains, rushed down the mountain sides like mighty rivers. It was the worst flood in years. The valley was veiled in tears, and the only sign of Simpson's plantation was the spot where his house ought to have been.

Like the true optimist that he was, Simpson was delighted to discover himself safely sitting on top of some floating wreckage. He rightly reasoned that it was a wonder he was on top, and not in a watery grave under his household furniture.

But Simpson thought nothing in particular of a strange sight which surprised him as he drifted down stream for the low hills to the south. The dead body of an infant in a perfect state of preservation passed him, floating with the wreckage, drowned men, women and cattle. It was the unclashed body of a baby girl. She floated by him, her hair straining in wet strands behind her. In one hand she clutched a tortilla; in the other a piece of pincelillo.

Years ago the poor peons of the hacienda thought that an infant, enclosed alive in the wall of a reservoir or of the dam of a stream, would give warning with cries at any approaching danger—such as a storm or a flood. So it was considered a commendable act for a poor mother to sacrifice her child, and such a sacrifice was not without mercy. A tortilla in one hand and a piece of brown sugar in the other—these were supposed to sustain the little one so that it would have sufficient strength to cry out in time of danger. Then the wall was completed—the baby boy or girl being buried alive.

In the course of time—say, forty or fifty years—the wall of the reservoir might crumble in places, though the part protecting the tomb might perfectly preserve the body of the infant. Should a flood or storm of sufficient danger be imminent the departed spirit of the infant might give warning with cries of distress and these cries might be heard by some one in passing. Should a flood finally come and wash away the crumbling tomb of the infant the drifting body might be seen by the same one who heard the cries—but who would believe the tale?—Modern Mexico.

Little Prince Olaf's Island.

The story of Sunbeam Island, which an English lady, Miss Ada Musgrove, has presented to the Little Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, is one of curious interest. Sunbeam Island, or Fortin Bras, as it is now going to be called, is about 20,000 square yards in size, and is situated in the lovely Godo Sound, a famous summer resort, three hours sail from Bergen. About fifteen years ago Mr. John Musgrove, an Englishman, spent the summer at Godo Sound and bought the island, which was then a complete wilderness. He imported new turf mould and worked hard until the island had a wood of about 12,000 trees. He also built a comfortable roomy house and a small water works. The garden of the house is beautifully arranged with small ponds and greenery. Mr. Musgrove lived with a relative on this fairy island, the views from which are so impressive and romantic, until a few years ago, when he presented the property to Miss Ada Musgrove. Miss Musgrove wrote to Queen Maud and asked her permission to give the island to her son, and on their majesties' visit to Bergen the necessary documents, as well as a series of pictures of the island photographed by Miss Musgrove herself, were delivered to the queen.—Manchester Mail.

Newport a Deserted Village.

Many of the women who pine for a return of the lively days of a few years ago have begun to call Newport "The Deserted Village." In one sense there is reason to use the phrase. Things are not as lively as in days when Harry Lehr capered for the wealthy few and also for the multitude. Mrs. Fish has gone. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has gone. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs has gone. Mrs. Ogden Good—entirely only occasionally. The life has been taken out of Newport because there are no recognized leaders to take the place of these brainy women. Mrs. Astor no longer holds sway, and Mrs. O. H. Belmont will not be seen there for another twelve months at least. Even marital troubles have taken away Mrs. Edric French Vanderbilt for the summer, and few of the "old guard" are left. Of course, all the social climbers are there, and they increase steadily with each year, and it may be that Mrs. Fish is right when she avows the social climber has been the ruin of Newport.—New York Press.

Health and Goodwill.

I had a young friend once who won the Victoria Cross. Well, he was the most absolute (apparent) coward as a child and boy that I ever knew, and yet I am sure that it was all due to his physical condition. I had the greatest trouble to convince his honest mother of a father that it was simply a matter of health. But I had my way at last, and the boy was practically taught as I advised for five years. He came right out of the shadow, chose the army, to the consternation of his father, and eventually won the cross. There are plenty of physically misunderstood cowards in this world who are not cowards at all.—Fry's Magazine.

Heard From His Note in a Bottle.

While on his way to Germany about a year ago Edward Reese wrote his name and address on a card, which he placed in a bottle, and after carefully sealing threw the bottle into the ocean about midway between the two continents. A day or two ago he received a letter from Theodor Schultz, dated at Brookings, S. D., in which Schultz informed him that he was the finder of the bottle. Schultz before coming to America resided on the coast of Denmark, and one day while strolling along the coast of that country discovered and took possession of the bottle, which had floated ashore from mid-ocean—Platt correspondence Minneapolis Journal.

Separated.

A regiment of soldiers were recently drawn up one Sunday for church parade, but the church was being repaired and could only hold half of them. "Sergeant-major," shouted the colonel, "tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out on the reverse major." Of course, a large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege. "Now, sergeant-major," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others to church—they need it most."

For Boys and Girls

DROWSY SLEEPYHEAD. Little drowsy Sleepyhead. Always wants to go to bed; In the morning cannot rise, Never can undo his eyes. It is such a pity, too, (Wonder if her eyes are blue?) Little drowsy Sleepyhead, Dozing in her trundle-bed. Dreams her eyes are tied with string, Tied as tight as anything. Cannot open them a crack, (Wonder if her eyes are black?) Little drowsy Sleepyhead, Tries to cut a piece of bread. Lifts a slice of it in air, Goes to sleep and leaves it there. Tightly shuts her eyelids down (Wonder if her eyes are brown?) Little drowsy Sleepyhead, Never cares what people say. Never cares if people think Eyes were made to see and wink. So she shuts them up all day, (Wonder if her eyes are gray?) Hope she'll tell, when she's more wise, Just the color of her eyes. —Arthur May, in Youth's Companion.

CLARE'S SHOPPING.

Clare tripped along the city street. "Your slippers surely are shamefully worn-out Flaxie," she said, looking tenderly down at the dolly in her arms. "I kept thinking about them all the time the boot man was fitting my new ties. But never mind! He has a whole glass box of the sweetest little shoes for you to choose from. And here we are now!" "Clare was so little that the man in the shop had to open the door for her.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray!" she said. "I've brought Flaxie in to get all kinds of shoes and slippers to wear this summer. Just the way mother got them for Mabel and me. We are going away to the country tomorrow, you see." She plumped Flaxie down in one of the chairs where people sit to try on shoes. "Let me see, you're Mrs. Holden's little girl, aren't you? Yes, I remember, you were in yesterday. Well, we'll do our best for dolly. Some blue ankleties perhaps would suit her?"

"Lovely!" sighed Clare, settling back in a chair beside Flaxie. "And a pair of red ones, too, please, and some high button-up boots to wear on cold days. I want them all to be loose and comfortable." Mr. Gray opened the glass case and brought out the three pairs, as Flaxie's mamma directed. "Put out your foot, Flaxie, dear, and try them on," she said. "Oh, aren't they beautiful and shiny? You must be very careful of them."

"They seem just right," said Clare. "You don't think they'll pinch her toes, Mr. Gray?" "Surely not," he replied, gravely. "They're a half-size larger than her old ones. Now shall I send them over to your house, and the bill with them?" "No," said Clare, rather slowly, for she felt a little uncertain as to this matter of the bill. "Only Flaxie must have a new pair of rubbers, too, to wear in the wet grass, and, oh! a pair of those cunning rubber boots, so she can wade in puddles if she wants to. You must sit still a few minutes longer, Flaxie, for I can't risk your getting wet."

"Mr. Gray" took up the boots and very quickly, and in a short space Clare and Flaxie were on the way home. "Well, that shopping is attended to!" thought this little another, contentedly. Just after luncheon there came a package to the house. "It's from Gray's!" exclaimed Mrs. Holden. "Why, the children's shoes came yesterday!" "These are probably Flaxie's shoes," remarked Clare. "I was just longing to have them come." "Flaxie's?" "Flaxie's," replied the whole family together. "Yes, and they're lovely," answered Clare, snatching the boxes and tumbling out the little shoes. "And a bill for three dollars," added Mrs. Holden. "Why, Clare, how did you happen to buy things without mother's permission?" "Naughty Clare!" cried Mabel, reprovingly. "Don't say anything, Mabel. She didn't quite understand," said Mrs. Holden. Then she took Clare into the library. Afterward Clare told Flaxie all about it while she got her ready to go out in her carriage. "You see, Flaxie, it wasn't like the times when mother sends us to the store for a yeast-cake and tells us to pay 'Charge It.' Because she didn't tell us to go. We went without her knowing it, and now some body's got to pay Mr. Gray for the shoes. And it wasn't mother that bought them; it was you and I, Flaxie; so I'm going to pay for them out of my house-bank there on the bureau. Mother's getting the screw-driver now so we can open the little door. And we're going to take out all the pennies and nickels and dimes, and count out three dollars. Then we're going to Mr. Gray's shop this afternoon and pay them to him. Come here tell I tie your bonnet, dear. Mother says that there will be hardly any pennies left in the house-bank at all afterward. I've been saving them so long, too! But then, Flaxie, it is the only way to do if I want to be fair, isn't that so?" And it really seemed so.

PLEASANT TIMES.

Here are two excellent ways for girls to have good times, as told by two readers of the Circle, in that Magazine. The first is a "backward ballet" and the second is a "crabbing party."

Twelve of us have a club that meets at different houses each week. This week it met at Millcent's, and she has a big attic in her house. She asked each one of us to bring a "false face." When we got there we all went up in the attic and found she had a lot of old clothes ready. And what do you think we did? We each had to put on our clothes backward. Then we combed our hair in front of our face, and put the masses on the back of our heads. When we were all dressed we went down to the parlor, and one of the girls played on the piano, while we danced a quadrille. You can't think how funny it looked; it seemed as if every one was dancing backward, and walking upside down! We just laughed till we cried and couldn't dance any more, and we never had so much fun in our lives.

This same club gave an advertisement show, also. There were just our girls there, and this is what we did: There was a curtain stretched between two doors, and each girl's name was called and she had to go behind the curtain and get ready as an "advertisement." You know how many of them there are. The toilet creams, the tooth powders, so many hair restorers, washing powders, underwear, hosiery, etc. One with her hair down and a towel on her shoulders represented a hair tonic. You see, each girl tried to pose as she remembered the girl in an advertisement looked, and then the rest of us tried to guess what advertisement it was. The poses some girls took were funny, and we all enjoyed this "stunt" very much.—Laura Nellie Brady, New York.

We were invited to come prepared to go crabbing. We started about 10 o'clock in the morning, in a large, leaky old boat; for ours was half gone or three pine poles. It was very hard to manage and took us some time to cross the creek to get a good hole. It was flood tide, so there were a good many crabs in the creek. Such fun as we had catching those crabs! We had forgotten to get a net, so we had to try to draw the crabs up over the sides of the boat before they dropped off the lines. It is not easy to catch crabs, even if you have a net, but it is exceedingly hard, as well as exciting, to catch them without one. The crabs crawled out of the buckets into the bottom of the boat, and a number of the girls were pinched.

As soon as we filled the buckets we went home to cook the crabs. We built a fire out in the yard and placed over it an iron kettle filled with water. When the water boiled we put the crabs in and went off to play croquet while waiting for the crabs to cook. By the time we had finished the game we were called to eat lunch. Under a large apple tree a table had been set. The crab meat had been picked out and baked brown in the top shells. Thin slices of buttered bread were served with the crabs.

Beside each plate was a pretty square white card with a red crab painted on it and bearing the name and date of the party. We all enjoyed it very much, and decided that it was a good way to brighten a dull summer.—Gladstone Payne, Virginia.

O. Henry's Promise.

O. Henry, the well known story writer, once promised the editor of a magazine that he would deliver a short story to him on the following Monday. Several Mondays passed, but the muse was refractory and the story was not forthcoming. At last the wrathful editor wrote this note: "My Dear O. Henry: If I do not receive that story from you by 10 o'clock today, I am going to put on my heaviest pointed shoes, come down to your house, and kick you down stairs. I always keep my promise. Whereupon O. Henry set down and wrote this characteristic reply: "Dear Sir: I, too, would have been very glad to send you a story, but I have been so busy that I could not find time to do so. I want to be fair, isn't that so?" And it really seemed so.