

## SEVERE EXPERIMENT.

It was an ill-tempered day, with a fine penetrating mist, and a raw east wind. Everyone who came into the store shivered as the warm air struck them, and the east wind seemed to have possession of all their tempers.

Caleb Wilson, the proprietor of the store, was at best a gnarly old gentleman with an uncertain disposition, which was growing more uncertain as the day progressed and his trials accumulated. Mrs. Jones could get everything she priced "a mite cheaper to Harmon's." Mrs. Austin, his best customer and butter-maker, brought in doubtful butter; and he dared not tell her so, but meekly took it at his highest price. Mrs. Sampson returned a dress because she found a "damaged spot right in the middle of the piece." So it had gone all day.

Just at nightfall Bruce, his only son, a boy of fifteen, came in, and stood by the showcase, talking to a mate in the vicinity of Mr. Wilson, who was marking goods behind a sack of muslins.

"I feel awful bad about their changing our arithmetics," the boy was saying. "Pa just can't afford to get me one, I know."

"Yes, 'tis bad for some of you fellows," Bruce answered in a lofty tone. "Of course, with me it's different. Father can get whatever I want."

The old man's face grew grimmer, and his thin lips set in a displeased line. "So, so, young man," he muttered; "you are crowing pretty loud."

Bruce went on: "I tell you I am glad my father's rich. I'd most rather die than go dressed as some of the fellows have to, and dig into all kinds of work."

"Guess you could work if you had to," the boy replied rather tartly.

"Yes; but I don't have to," Bruce retorted with a laugh.

"You don't sonny? Well, we'll see," Mr. Wilson muttered again peering around the muslins at the spruce, rather supercilious-looking boy. Then his gaze wandered down the length of the long well-filled store. It was the largest in the county; and the honest, energetic old man had the patronage of the entire country-side, in spite of his surly ways. He gazed long down into the dim interior, until his clerks commenced lighting up.

"I am tired of keeping store, anyway," he said, half aloud. Then, roused sharply, "Never mind lighting up," he called to the two young men. "Come here." He moved to the desk, and they followed him. "I shan't need you any more. Here's a month's wages ahead that will last you while you are hunting another job," he said, shoving the money toward them.

"Why, they both began in astonishment, "have we done anything?"

"No, no, boys; you are all right. I will give you good recommends. Hope you will have luck getting a place."

He turned from them, and commenced to pile up the books on his desk. They stood an instant in blank amazement. "Shan't we come back for the evening?" one of them ventured. "No, no; you can go now," he answered impatiently.

"Why, father, what does this mean?" questioned Bruce, who had been an interested auditor to these proceedings. His father, vouchsafing no answer, went around carefully, closing the great shutters, setting the burglar-trap shotgun, and double bolting the doors. He put the front door key in his pocket.

"Bring the account books from the desk," he said to Bruce. The boy obeyed. Then he extinguished the light, and they groped their way in the darkness to the back door. "Take the books to the house; then come with me," was the next command.

He carried them to the big white house just across the alley. Then down the long village street they went rapidly with coat collars turned up in slight protection against the driving mist. Finally, they stood on the bridge over the river just above the dam. The fall rains had swollen it into quite a torrent. Mr. Wilson took the two big keys from his pocket, and handed them to Bruce. "Throw them in," he said.

"Into the water?" the boy gasped. He was very white; but, knowing his father, he said no more, only obeyed.

"Now, young man,"—Mr. Wilson faced him with a keen gaze on the boy's startled countenance—"that store will stay shut until I see fit it should be opened. It may be five years. It may be fifty. Meantime I calculate I've got about income enough from other things to keep us off the town. So, after this, if you get anything better than blue jeans, you'll flax around for it."

Such a mystery had never befallen the people. The whole country went wild over it. But the blank, wooden front of the big store and Mr. Wilson's grim face were alike imperturbable. Mrs. Wilson and the two married daughters, after vain questioning and many tears, dropped it meekly. Bruce, who alone held the key of the problem, was naturally silent but a bitter desire in his heart.

"Guess when he sees me in rags he will find some way to fix it up. I'd like to know what work he expects me to do anyway," he thought sullenly.

As the months went by, in spite of his mother's care, his clothes grew shabbier and shabbier. His shoes were actually ragged, but his father seemed not to notice it. But Bruce had always been unpopular with the boys for his "bossy ways" and his "airs."

So in his adversity he had no friends to turn to. (The mysterious closing of the store and the pinched way in which the family appeared to live was "good enough for him" in their eyes; and the boy's school life seemed sometimes almost a purgatory.)

"Most die if you had to go like some of us fellows, wouldn't you?" jeered one of them one day.

"You'll have to stay to home in a blanket, pretty soon," chimed in another.

"Mr. Jenkins wants a boy up in his tanyard. Better try for the place," suggested a third.

"When you see me in Jenkins' tanyard, you'll know it," shouted Bruce, boiling with passion. "My father's got money enough!"

"Oh, bother money, Bruce Wilson!" broke in one of the older boys. "You make me sick! You weren't any good with it, and you ain't any good without it. There's one thing money can't buy and you haven't got, and that's sense."

He slunk away from the laughter of the boys with black rage in his heart. "Twas all his father. He'd make him sorry," was the whole thought of his life. Daily the neat gentlemanly boy grew more careless and worthless.

"He looks and acts like a tramp," his sister said one day to his mother. "Can't father fix him up some? It might give him a little self-respect."

Mr. Wilson, coming in, heard her. "No, he can't," he answered. "A self-respect that's made of clothes isn't going to stand by a fellow. I'll own that I'm disappointed in the boy. I thought he was worth saving; but I guess he ain't, I guess he ain't." His voice quivered, and he turned to the window.

I think just that break in his father's voice went a long way toward saving Bruce Wilson, for he was in the next room and heard it all.

"Why, I believe he cares for me. He honestly cares, and isn't doing it for meanness," he thought, with a softening throb in his heart. He lay on the lounge a long time with his head buried in the pillows. When he got up, there was a look of grim determination on his face, very much like his father's.

That night he announced at the tea-table: "I've been up to see Mr. Jenkins. He will give me my board and fifty cents a week while school lasts. In vacation he will give me two dollars."

Mrs. Wilson dropped her fork in dismay. "Why, Bruce, that's the dirtiest, awfulest-smelling place; and Mrs. Jenkins has the name of being a dreadful housekeeper."

"Yes, it's a pretty tough place; but 'twas all the job I could get. I'll have to ask you father, to advance me money enough for a pair of overalls and a wamus. You know you promised me blue jeans." Mr. Wilson, without a word, handed him a dollar and a half.

Monday morning Bruce commenced work. The horrible smells sickened him. Mrs. Jenkins' cooking spoiled even his appetite; but there was a good deal of his father in him, after all, so he went on without a thought of giving it up.

"Yes, I am 'Jenkins' boy' and I except I do smell of the tan-yard," he remarked, cheerfully, to the boys. "And, if any of you fellows object, I'll fight it out with you."

Somehow, though, "Jenkins' boy" grew in popularity with the "fellows," in spite of his hands, and sometimes even his rather objectionable smell.

All the long summer he lived and worked at the tan-yard. Mrs. Wilson missed him sorely, and shed many tears in secret; while Mr. Wilson contracted a habit of strolling up to the yard, and from behind the safe shelter of the big piles of bark watching the boy with an anxious countenance.

"I'm afraid he's working too hard this hot weather," he said to his wife. "It seems sort of unnatural, anyway, to have the only boy we've got boarding away from home."

"Everything has been unnatural for most a year back, ever since you took that notion to shut up the store," she answered tearfully.

"Well, we'll see, we'll see. I ain't over the notion yet," was the discouraging rejoinder.

In the fall Bruce obtained a situation in the rival store of the village, which was doing a flourishing business now its formidable opponent was out of the way. His terms this time were his board and ten dollars per month. The winter dragged slowly and lonesomely along for the old couple. Still Mr. Wilson bided his time.

One morning in the spring every billboard in town and every fence the country over held big posters announcing, in large, impressive letters:

I, Caleb Wilson, having rested until I am tired, Will open my store as suddenly as I closed it.

Old goods sold at cost. New ones, some over.

Hoping my friends will be as glad to see me as I am to see them, I am, Your obedient servant, Caleb Wilson.

"Ah! This is like living again!" he said to himself, as he felt the old, familiar floor under his feet, and the old, familiar piles of goods confronted him. He drew long breaths of delight as he bustled about, directing his help in the "redding up."

It was growing a little late when he put on his hat and went slowly down the street. Rather hesitatingly he opened the door, and went into the other store. Bruce was alone; the proprietor had gone to tea. Somehow, he looked unfamiliar to Mr. Wilson. He had grown so, and the boyish look had left his face. It seemed, as he looked at him, that he had lost his boy forever. He could have gathered him to his heart in a strange excess of tenderness. The sudden tears welled to his unaccustomed eyes. He walked briskly up to the boy.

"Well, Bruce, does your board suit you?" he interrogated brusquely.

"Fairly," answered Bruce, with a smile.

"Good as mother's?"

"Well, no; it don't seem so to me. Maybe I am prejudiced."

"Get pretty good clothes?"

Bruce looked down at the plain homespun. "Better than blue jeans," he answered laconically.

"Well, you've flaxed around for them haven't you?"

There was a silence. Then Mr. Wilson commenced again.

"I never could abide that man Harmon getting ahead of me. So, Bruce, if you will come over and work in my store, I'll give you your board and fifteen dollars a month this year, and I'll send you to college next year. But you will have to keep on flaxing." He came nearer to the boy, and said, in a low voice, almost appealingly: "Say, Bruce, you've got more sense, haven't you? And you've got over the notion that good clothes and a rich old father will make a man? Say, sonny, you don't think I was too hard on you, do you?"

"Well," the boy said, rather hesitatingly, "you did jump on a fellow pretty heavy; but—I guess it was worth it."

Then his heart fairly leaped from his mouth; for his father, his hard, unyielding old father, suddenly leaned over and kissed him full on his mouth, as he was kissed when he was a little child.

## SPAIN'S LAST NAVAL BATTLE.

Driven From the Pacific Ocean in 1864 After Disastrous Defeats by Chile and Peru.

The last naval battle fought by Spain in the new world showed conclusively how her maritime power has decreased. She was defeated by Peru, with Chile's aid, and since then, the Spaniard has kept away from the Pacific coast of South America.

The story of that war and its disastrous results in Spain is told in the Army and Navy Journal. In 1864 Spain sent a squadron of seven vessels, mounting 211 guns, to punish the Peruvians for the maltreatment of Spanish subjects. The Peruvians had nothing on the water with which to oppose this force, but Chile came to her aid with three vessels—the Esmeralda, carrying forty-two smoothbores; the Victoria, a small one-gun monitor and the Lon, a diminutive Merrimac, plated with iron and mounting two sixty-eight pounders. The Esmeralda met the Spanish gunboat Cavandago, three guns, and captured her in twenty minutes without the loss of a man.

The Spaniards fired only three shots. They had two men killed and fourteen wounded. The loss of the Cavandago followed by the capture of an armored launch, so chagrined the Spanish admiral Pareja, that he blew out his brains in his cabin.

WRETCHED SPANISH GUNNERY. Admiral Nunez, who succeeded Pareja then gallantly assailed the defenseless Valpariso, where not a single gun was mounted except a few saluting pieces. Not a shot was fired from the town and the inhabitants promptly evacuated it. This Spanish admiral, in spite of the protests of the foreign men-of-war in the harbor threw from his fleet of six vessels. The Spanish gunnery was so wretched that that little damage was done, except by fire, which destroyed \$10,000,000 worth of neutral goods. It was a most wanton piece of barbarity, for if the Spaniards had had a landing force they could have taken the town without firing a shot.

The gallant Nunez next assaulted the City of Callao, which taught him the difference between an open town and one that was adequately defended. In four or five hours the Spanish squadron was badly used up and was glad to crawl back to Spain as best it could in its crippled condition. The Villa de Madrid fifty-six guns, got a shot in her steam chest and was towed out of action; the Berengula, thirty-six guns, had a hole twenty feet square knocked into her near the water line by an exploding shell and crawled out of range to repair damages.

SPANISH HAD TO RETIRE. The ammunition in two other Spanish vessels gave out after a two hours' fight, and they had to retire, one of them having been twice on fire in the neighborhood of the magazine. This left two vessels, the Numancia, ironclad and the Almazan. Two hours later these two vessels ceased their fire and withdrew, the Chileans firing at them until they were beyond range. The Spanish loss is not exactly known, but is supposed to have been about 200. Commodore Rodgers, U.S.N., estimated the loss of the Chileans at eighty, though others give a larger number. No serious damage was done to either ships or forts by the fire, beyond that named. The Spaniards then withdrew discomfited from the Pacific, being short of stores and ammunition and with their vessels foul for want of docking. They had established a base at the Chincha Islands, but they had no facilities for repair.

## MILES OF DANCING.

An average waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile; a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled programme travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at a half-mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; grand total eleven and a half miles.

## RETRIBUTION.

My wife got square with that burglar who set the burglar alarm going and woke the baby.

What did she do?

She pulled him by the collar and made him rock the baby to sleep again.

## FATALITIES IN BATTLE.

THEY GROW LESS AS IMPLEMENTS OF WAR IMPROVE.

The Two Great Battles of Creel and Gettysburg Contrasted to Substantiate the Singular Assertion—Artillery First Thought to Have Been Intended Merely to Frighten Cavalry Horses.

Every war of consequence during the nineteenth century, especially during the latter part of it, has developed new methods of destroying life, some of them of such a high order of destructiveness that one naturally wonders how so many men come out of a battle with their lives.

Reasoning from the list of fatalities in the great battles of ancient times, when the weapons in use were the crossbow, the bow and arrow, the bill hook, the battle ax, the sword, and the bludgeon, one would naturally conclude that when two modern armies came into collision, provided with improved rifles, Gatling guns, dynamite cannon and all the improved field artillery capable of rapidly delivering explosive projectiles, tenfold more effective than grape and cannister, the

DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN LIFE Would only be limited by the muster rolls of one or both armies.

Singularly enough, however, with each improvement in the enginery of war, battles are fought, with here and there an exception, with less expenditure of human life than when individual prowess and crude weapons decided the issue between armies and nations.

The destruction of human life in battle may be sharply contrasted by citing the actions of Creel, in 1346, and Gettysburg, in 1863, a little more than five centuries apart. Both were fought by the foremost people of their respective ages, and the same number of men—150,000—participated.

But with this difference: At Gettysburg the Federal and Confederate forces were almost equally matched, while at Creel, King Edward III. of England commanded but 8,000 men, while Philip of France and his allies mustered over 140,000.

The battle of Gettysburg covered four days of fighting. At Creel the carnage lasted from 2 o'clock till sunset, followed the next morning with the surprise of the allied re-enforcements which marched ignorantly into the jaws of death, not even aware that the French King had been driven in dismay.

BACK TO HIS CAPITAL. The mortality at Creel was twice as great as the number of killed and wounded in both armies at Gettysburg. True, the English and 1,000 Welshmen, under the Black Prince, who actually commanded, while his father, Edward III, looked on with pride and exultation, did not kill all the sixty-odd thousand enemies who were left to choke the field of carnage, but their courage and address were mainly responsible for it.

Edward, who had marched against Paris with 10,000 English troops and 40,000 Flemish and other allies, who deserted him and went over to Philip found himself in imminent danger of capture, and began a retreat, which culminated in the famous battle of Creel, where he was penned up and had to fight.

The fatal delay of Philip at Abbeville for a single day gave the English monarch the opportunity to choose his battle ground, which he did with rare judgment, selecting a somewhat steeply ascending hill, crowned with a forest. Both his flanks were protected by the River Maie and a deep artificial ditch on the right and the Wadicourt on the left.

Pushed into this place by his pursuers, who could have captured him had they not halted at Abbeville, he spent the whole of the day preceding the battle in disposing of his forces

TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE. Well up the slope of the hill he formed them in three "herdes," or "battles." These triangles were made up of Knights, men-at-arms, archers and cross-bowmen, those in armor and of the most redoubtable prowess being massed at the points of the "battles" which would receive the impact of the assaulting column. Back of these and inside the lines were placed 1,000 Welshmen armed with short, heavy swords or knives, not unlike the Cuban machetes of the present day.

The baggage and the cavalry were placed upon the brow of the hill to the rear of the "battles," while the first artillery perhaps ever used in war was stationed between the divisions. Villani, Froissart and Jehan le Bel speak of "bombards" that were used, "which," in the language of the latter, "with fire and a noise like God's thunder threw little balls of iron to frighten the horses," the French and Flemish cavalry.

Nor are they recorded as doing other execution than imparting fear to the cavalry horses. The disposition of the English forces was admirable. It was impossible to flank them and the assault was necessarily ascending. The ranks lay one above another, the archers and cross-bowmen, facing slightly forward, shot over each others' heads down into the ranks of the Genoese infantry, every "cloth yard shaft" being a messenger of death, fully 80 per cent of the

CLOUD OF ARROWS Let fly being found the next day in the body of an enemy.

A frightful storm delayed the opening of the battle for half an hour. The line of attack being necessarily short, brought the first disaster to the French King. The vast column pressed forward from the rear, until it was thrown into confusion, and Philip, in a frenzy, ordered the cavalry to clear the field before the attack on the English was begun.

Thousands were cut down and trampled under foot in the execution of this order, after which the Count of Alencon the King's brother, at the head of the cavalry, supported by the Genoese foot soldiers, charged up the narrow hill between the two streams, against the sharp points of the "battles." The mailed knights at these points checked the advance, and a hand-to-hand conflict followed, in which the Black Prince nearly lost his life. Meanwhile the archers were sending a cloud of arrows past the mail-coated cavalry into the ranks of the unprotected infantry, making terrible havoc.

The superior weight of the cavalry and the impervious trappings of horses and men, put the English in deadly peril. The points of the "herdes" were being driven in and pushed backward. Then the courageous Welshmen and the absurd artillery turned the tide of battle.

The Welshmen, drawing their deadly knives, rushed between the legs of the Knights and men-at-arms, and, dodging the blows of the cavaliers, STABBED THE HORSES

From beneath. At the same time the bombardiers began to "speak with the noise of God's thunder." As the horses fell from their wounds the cavaliers sprawled helpless on the ground, their heavy coats of mail making it impossible for them to regain their feet. The Welshmen, with their cleavers, quickly dispatched them.

As squadron after squadron of the cavalry went down the charging column, in the rear became panic stricken. Neither officers nor men could understand the "bombards" nor guess why horses and men were falling in the front. Then they turned and fled. The handful of English cavalry charged the retreating column. Charles, King of the Romans, attempted to save the day, and was unhorsed and killed. John, the blind King, of Bohemia, the father of the Roman monarch, hearing of the death of his son, compelled two of his knights to lead him into the charge, and all three of them were killed side by side, and the Prince of Wales, the Black Prince, dramatically appropriated his black plume, and, at the same time, the royal motto, "Ich dien," "I serve," both of which attach to the house of Wales to the present day.

The whole of the English force charged across the field, as John of Hainault dragged the French monarch from it, and killed and plundered until physical exhaustion

CAUSED THEM TO DESIST. The English lost less than 500 men in killed and wounded, while the French and allies, including a division of re-enforcements, which were cut off the next morning, lost between 60,000 and 70,000, killed in battle, crushed in the rout or drowned in the retreat. In addition to King Charles of the Romans and King John of Bohemia, 12 sovereign Princes of the blood royal and over 1,300 knights were found dead on the field and their gaudy surcoats, armorial bearings and coats of mail helped to make up the booty carried off by the English. It is said that every European court went into mourning because of the battle of Creel except that of England.

At the battle of Gettysburg, when the death-dealing machinery was of the highest type ever used in a great battle, up to that time, the total number of killed and wounded on both sides was not more than 50 per cent of the fatalities at Creel, although the actual contest continued for days instead of hours.

The Federals and Confederates each had about 75,000 men in action. The official report places the Federal loss in killed and wounded at 16,543. No official report of the Confederate loss was ever made, but it was approximated at a little above 18,000 killed and wounded. Pickett's charge alone accounting for the greater Confederate loss.

The fatalities of the chief officers at Creel is something striking, compared with modern battles. The death of the two Kings, 12 Princes and over 1,300 Knights, would mean

IN A MODERN BATTLE. That more than half the officers in two contending armies of 75,000 each, from the rank of Captain to Generals of divisions, would be killed in combat, whereas there are but few precedents of 5 per cent of fatalities.

There is another thing that is strikingly peculiar. We all know something of the fatalities of street fights. Two separate men open a duel in a moderately crowded street, and fire seven shots each. One is probably found dead and the other mortally wounded; two or three bystanders are killed or dangerously injured, and two or three others more or less seriously hurt, so that seven of the shots have been effective.

Suppose, then, that two columns of 5,000 men each, armed with our improved rifles and assisted by 12-pound field batteries and Gatling guns, should engage in battle. Within an hour, at the low estimate of 10 rounds for each rifleman, 100,000 shots would be fired, to say nothing of the havoc of the batteries. With the average street duel fatalities every one of the 10,000 would be killed or wounded. And yet it would be beyond all modern precedent if 1,600 were killed and 2,500 wounded.

It is not an easy matter to give tenable reasons why the effusion of blood is lessened with each improvement that increases the destructiveness of the enginery of war, but nevertheless it is a fact.

APT TO BE UNLUCKY. Do you think it's unlucky to walk under a ladder?

"It's apt to be—if there's a man with a paint pail on it."