ber raised, and watched their valor. They retired at last, not broken, but in perfect order and at the command of Pickens, that we who stood behind them

through it in places and gleamed on

clumps of men, some failen, some still

might have the chance to do our part of the day's work. The smoke hung low in clouds and half hid either army, British and American. A brilliant sun above pierced

fighting. Shrieks and groans strove for a place with the curses and shouts. Again rose the British cheer from the throats of all those who stood, for, the militiamen retiring before them, they thought it was a battle won, and they charged with fresh courage and vigor, 'pouring forward in a red avalanche. But the regulars, the steady did Continentals, who now confronted them, received them with another volley, and more infantrymen fell down in the withered grass, more riderless horses

galloped away. The battle had rolled a step nearer to us, but we cavalrymen, who formed the third line, were still silent and sat with tight reins, while directly in front of us rose a huge bank of flame and smoke in which friend and enemy struggled and fought. Even Old Put, with his iron nerves, fretted and pulled on the reins.

The long line of the British overlapped the Continentals, whom they out numbered three to one, and the general whose gigantic figure I could see through the haze of smoke, ordered them to retreat lest they should be flanked.

Again the British cheer boomed out when they saw the regulars giving ground, for now they were sure that victory was theirs, though more hardly won than they had thought. But the retreat of the regulars was only a feint and to give time for the militiamen behind them to come again into action. General Morgan gailoped toward us, waving his sword to Washington, and every one of us knew that our moment had come.

"Forward!" was the single command of our leader, and the reins and the sabers swung free as we swept in a semicircle around the line of our friends and then at the enemy At the same moment the regulars, ceasing to yield, charged the astenished foe and poured in a volley at close range, while the militiamen threw themselves in a solid mass upon the British flank.

We of the cavalry were but 80 strong, with 50 more mounted volunteers behind us under Major McCall, but we were a compact body of strong horses and strong horsemen, with shortened rifles and tlashing subers, and we were driven straight at the heart of the ene my like the cold edge of a chisel.

We slashed into the British, already reeling from the shock of the Continentals and the militiamen, and they crumpled up before us like dry paper before a fire Our rifles were emptied. and the sabers were doing the silent but day. more deadly work Amid all the wild din of the shouting and the musketry and the blur of the smoke and the flame I knew little that I was doing except back, back, and I was glad of it. I could hear steel gritting on bone, and the smell of leather and smeke and blood arose, but the smoke was still in my eyes, and I could only see enough to strike and keep on striking. We horsemen, 130 strong, were still a solid, compact body, a long gleaming line like a sworld blade thrust through the marrow of the enemy. We had cut our way into a se ret society, which, for the purdirectly to the heart of the English army, and their broken squares were falling asunder as our line of steel had been accepted presented himself at lashed and tore. The red army reeled the appointed time for initiation. about over the slopes' like a man who has lost power over his limbs. I struck at a trooper on my left, but he disap into the lodgeroom, marched in slow peared, and a second trooper on my and a lemn procession around the darkright raised his saber to cut me down. I had no time to end off the blow, and ordeals, including that of being tossed in one swift instant I expected to take in a blanket held at the corners and my place with the fallen, but a long sides by athletic members, and, having muscular brown neck shot out, two come through the ceremonies alive and rows of powerful white teeth inclosed in fair preservation, was declared duly only educate herself to study the the man's sword arm, and he screamed initiated and entitled to the right hand

aloud in pain and fright. "Do you surrender?" I cried. off!" he shouted. "I can fight a man.

horse at the same time!" "Let him go," I said to Old Put, and.

the horse unclasping his teeth, the man gave up his sword. The smoke was lifting and clearing away somewhat, and the fire of the

rifles had declined from a steady crackle to jets and spurts. A dozen of the milltiamen had seized one of the brass fieldpieces of the British, and Howard's Continentals already held the other. Everywhere cries of "I surrender, I surrender i Quarter, quarter!" arose from the British horse and foot, who were throwing hose, and I could smell the smoke, too, down their arms to receive from us that quarter which we willingly gave, but which the bloody Tarleton had so often ion. denied to our men.

I could scarce believe what I saw. The whole British army seemed to be killed, wounded or taken. The muskets and bayonets, the swords and pistols. rattled as they threw them upon the ground. Whole companies surrendered bodily. An officer, his gay uniform 81.759 square miles, or 20,326,209 acres. splashed with mud and blood, dashed past me, lashing his horse at every jump. It was Tarleton himself, and behind him came Washington pursuing with all his vigor and lunging at the fleeing English leader with a bayonet fastened at a rifle's end. He returned after awhile without Tarleton, but there was blood on his bayonet. Tarleton. though wounded in the shoulder, escap- of John Loder and a man named Fitzat through the superior speed of his patrick, where they got firearms. The horse, to be taken with Cornwallis and police are investigating, and it is rul

the others at Yorktown. The general raised his sword and cried to us to stop firing and striking, for the field was won and the battle was over, and he spoke truly. Far away showed the red backs of some of the English fleeing at the full speed of their horses, but they were only a few, and almost their entire army lay upon the field, dead and wounded, or stood there our prisoners. The defeat that so many of us feared had proved to be the most brilliant little victory in our his-

tory, a masterpiece of tactics and valor, the decisive beginning of the great campaign which won us back the southern colonies, one of the costliest of all her battles to England. I have told you how it was now, just as the histories, both English and American, tell it to you. All honor and glory to the gallant plowboys of South Carolina and Georgia who received the first shock of the British army and broke it so bravely! Of the 1,100 British veterans who attacked us only 200 escaped from the fuld, and we took all their cannon, baggage, ammunition and small arms, even of those who escaped, for they threw them away in their flight. The killed, wounded and taken just equaled the numbers of our entire army, and we had only 12 men dead.

CHAPTER XIL

LOOKING AFFEAD. I returned toward the Broad river, where, under the lee of a little hill, a tent had held six or seven friendly women. Julia came out, her face still pale, for she had heard all the crash and tumult of the battle.

"It is over, Julia," I said-I had hid my bloody sword-"and the British army no longer exists." "And the victory is yours! Yesterday

I thought it impossible. "Your countrymen make the same mistake over and over again, but they pay the price.

We walked toward the field, and we met some men bringing in a gray haired prisoner, a tall, fine looking officer. Julia, crying aloud in her joy, ran forward and embraced him. He returned the embrace again and again with the greatest tenderness.

"Father," said Julia, "we are now prisoners together."

I watched them for a few minutes, and then I stepped forward and said: "Good morning, Major Howard." He stared at me in the icy way of the

a stranger. "I do not know you, sir," he said. "My name is Philip Marcel, and I

Englishman who has been addressed by

am your future son-in-law '' He was now unable to speak. "It is true, sir," I said. "Ask your

daughter." He looked at her She smiled and reddened.

Old Put was standing by, and he nodded his head in approval. He had liked

her from the first. "Your daughter is to be my wife," I continued, with emphasis, "and you

are to live with us and like us." These were resonnding boasts for a young soldier to make, but they all came true after Yorktown.

THE END

Its Time Was Up.

Bronson-My poor old grandmother is dead, and her parrot died the next

Dailey—Very strange! The poor bird died of grief, I suppose. Bronson—No. I killed it with a poker.—London Fun.

Better Yet.

Lady (engaging a new cook)-Can you clean bicycles?

Cook-No, lady, but I can give you the address where I have mine cleaned. -Fliegrade Blatter.

Impressive Initiation.

A man who had applied for admission poses of this narrative, may be called the Ancient Order of Queer Fish, and

In a cordance with ancient usages, the cancildate was blindfolded, ushered ened ball, subjected to various trying of fellowship. The bandage was removed from his eyes, and the brethren "Yes, yes, for God's sake, take him | crowded about him to extend their congratulations on the fortitude he had disbut not a man and a wild devil of a played.

"How did it impress you?" asked one of them.

"It was the most impressive ceremony, take it all around," he answered, 'that I ever knew or ever heard of." "You were aware, of course, that

there was a fire across the street while we were putting you through?"

"Why," rejoined the new member, 'I could hear the puffing of the engines, the tramping of the horses on the stone pavement, the yelling of the firemen and the swish of the streams from the: but, good gracious. I thought it was part of the initiation."—Youth's Compan-

Facts About Ireland. The longest river in Ireland is the Shannon, and its length is 254 miles. The largest lake in Ireland is Lough Neagh, which covers a surface of 98.-255 acres. The total area of Ireland is

Moonlight Raids.

Information reached Kanturk lately that there have been numerous moonlight raids in the Freemont district. The raiders—ten in number—appear well disguised and fully armed. It is reported that they visited the houses mored that several arrests are in contemplation.

St. Mary's New Bell.

The new bell for the parish church (St. Mary of the Assumption), Edgeworthstown, arrived recently. Its total weight is 2,800 pounds, and it was cast by John Murphy, Dublin. It bears the inscription. "Ferintitus Martin Canonicus Parochus de Mostrim me Fundi Fecit in hono rem Beatse Marise Assumptionis Anno Domine, 1900."

DAME FASHION IS CERTAINLY NOW AGAINST HER

The Smart Weman Must be Thin-Flesh i Expensive Also-The Corst the First EThought-The Only Remedy That &

Smart women of the twentieth century, according to the edict which has now gone forth, shall be thin to attenuation. This indicates another trial for the stout woman. If her lot was hard when there was a chance of her being able to flatter herself that her general appearance had some semblance of smartness, what comfort has she now? We are told that only the tail, slender, long limbed, long necked woman has any chance of being in the swim to-day. Even a scrawny neck is a desideratum in the craze for the new figure. Well covered bones are at a discount. Just picture to yourseif the extra pin pricks which the



stout woman has to bear with equanimity. It was bad enough in the past to be told by your dressmaker: "Mrs. So and So has such a beautiful figure. It is a pleasure to work for her, her credit to me." And all this time you and in the end an invalid. I should are standing before a mirror, and you advise a woman inclined to stoutness of the race. People cannot realize the benefited." tortures of the woman inclined to embonpoint unless they have experienced

This same predisposition to take on flesh is not a good thing for the woman from an economical point of view. The fascinations of the "bargain counter" are denied to her. What is the use of being squeezed and crushed, of having your clothes torn off your back, in your wild endeavor to get a closer view of those wonderfully tempting "marked down" goods, if when you get there you find there are no large sizes? In ready made garments, the "extra sizes," as they are called, are all "extra" price. The shops seem to be leagued together to make the poor, unfortunate stout women pay for what they lose in the bargains by which the slender women benefit. To pile on the agony, Dame Fashion steps in and decrees that the woman must be thin. She may be scrawny, bony, anaemic, but never stout, to be in the swim. She must be long of limb, long of waist and long of neck. How in the name of goodness is the stout woman going to be smart this year? Yet she can make herself more shapely if she will patterns, colors, style and cut of her garments. Has any one ever noticed what bad taste the majority of stout women display? Can any sensible minded person conceive of a roly poly woman wearing a plaid skirt or plaid waist? Yet how many do it! Just now great, sprawling vine and leaf patterns are the newest in the ever favorite foulard. Just take the trouble to notice at Easter how many enormous women will look still more enormous in these "enlarging" designs. They are the newest, therefore they must be worn. Instead of selecting a dark ground with a stripe or horizontal vine of small design, stout women will select the steel blues, grays and heliotropes, covered with large white vines, with leaves as big as palm leaves, which are displayed in the shop windows. They are "swell," they are smart, they are the thing. But, my dear, stout sister,

you should shun them as you would the plague. First Thought. Let your first thought be given to your corset. Select a good straight front. Pay a fair price for it. Do not attend any bargain sale of corsets. Know your own mind, and do not be persuaded by any corset maker or saleslady into buying one of those low busted affairs, which will cause you to shake like a jellyfish as you walk or ride in the cars. This jel yfish business is even worse than the "shelf," which was so commented up-

on when high bust corsets were worn, Then insist upon your bodices being made with the long effect in front. Buy black or dark blue dress goods. A stout woman always looks well in a rich black gown. If you must have some color or variety, let it be in the bodice, but always have a dark color around the hips. I know a stout woman who has a most elegant gray crepe gown. It is elaborately trimmed with lace and steel and pale sky blue panne velvet. It is a dream. Yet when you look at her sideways she is a perfect mountain. Had she spent the same amount of money on a black crepe she could at il have had the lace and the panne, and let or gold instead

five also smaller. If we could only see ourselves as others see us! Our thin sisters have a great advantage over us in that there are so many devices nowadays for filling out the hollows, whereas the stout, woman cannot cut away any of her superfluous avoirdupois, nor can she compress it and simulate sienderness. -How many women echo the words of that most wonderful reader of human nature. the Bard of Avon, as they cry out in their misery upon seeing the new fashions for the first time, wherein everything is slenderness, and yet again slenderness:- Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" And then, in their anxiety to reduce their superabundance, they buy from the quacks and never stop to realize that health. Obesity soap, obesity pills, hear of-they try, in order to gain lavor in the sight of men.

The Remedy.

Said a well-known physician, "if a woman is predisposed to stontness, there is no safe remedy known to medical science which will prevent her becoming stout. Fat is hereditary, If your parents or grandparents were stout, the chances are you will be stout, too. The difference between stout and thin people is the difference between the oak and the cedar. If you are born an oak you will have the shape and form of an oak; if a cedar, you will have the shape and form of a cedar. A woman can do a great deal toward keeping her weight down by proper care and exercise. She need not become unwieldly. She can train all the superfluors flesh off, but she cannot make herself thin without ruining her general health. Women eat too much as a rule and take too little exercise. They like all sorts of sweets, which are the most fat producing of any foods. If they walk they do not use judgment in their exercise and they are apt to overdo it. I should never advise any woman to take any of the anti-fat remedies on the market. They all affect the heart, and once the heart is affected the woman's system becomes weakened and her health breaks down. She is then incapable of taking any treatment. gowns sit so well, and she is such a She becomes weak, nervous, anaemic see your reflection, so entirely oppo- desiring to reduce herself to put hersite to that wonderful Mrs. So-and- self in the hands of her physician, So's that you feel life has little to to diet in the proper way, to exercise offer you and you would just as soon moderately at first, more and more as die Then there is the unreasonable, she can stand it; to build up her ungovernable envy of the stout wo- strength as she is ridding herself of man every time she sees the new her superfluous fiesh, and by this fashions, and pictures to herself how means, instead of finding herself an well they will become her slender invalid, her health will be improved friend and how completely she is out and her general physical condition



While I had the doctor's attention thought I would find out what his opinion of the so much talked of new corset was. In reply to my query he said: "The new corset is as bad in its way as the old one. The only difference is that it gives free play to the parts it once compressed and compresses the parts it once left untrammelled. To be plain: The old corset was injurious to the chest, lung, heart, liver and diaphram, leaving the abdomen free. The new corset leaves all the upper parts free and crowds the abdominal parts down, to their great injury. Nature never intended women to wear corsets, but on that subject I have absolutely nothing to sav."

So you see it rests with you to make yourselves as presentable as possible.

l'atriotic Nomenciature is This. A while ago an American story writer gave an exceedingly vivid illustration of the love for our united counthe Republic. He was writing a story of patriotic character, and the events described were supposed to take place the writer to give the village in the

story an appropriate name, and the first one which occurred to him was "Union." "The little village of Union-that would sound nice and natural and patriotic." he thought, but, being a praccourt, my lad." tical author and not wishing to have the location of his story pinned down to any particular spot, he turned to his men-at-arms.

postal and shippers' guide to assure himself that the name was purely fletitious and imaginary. He was as tounded to discover that in the United States there are thirty-six village named "Union." Then "Unionville" and "Uniontown" occurred to him. He found that there were twenty-one of the former and fourteen of the latter. Continuing his researches, he discovered that there were listed: Union with a strange light as he walked up to Center, 6; Union Church, 5; Union the castle and was ushered into the City, 6; Union Corners, 1; Union

other combinations of Union, 56. So he gave it up and decided to cal his fictitious village Columbia and later looking in the guide an found of steel, and she would have looked that dans to twenty sine of the

Grove, 5: Union Hill, 6; Union Mills

10; Unionburg, 1; Unionport, 4, and

Anselm's home was a rude but of spirit today. Wilt them ser earth and stone at the foot of a high hill, at the top of which stood a grand Anselm falling upon his fo old castle. He used often to see the knights ride up and down the hillside a packet that I wish so were to wish the seigneur. Sir Quentin Will be besuchamp at Warwer. to visit the seigneur, Sir Quentin Will must reach him before now loughby.

His father was one of Sir Quentin's serfs and was also the village black Can roude it? smith. The smithy stood only a few they are in a fair way of ruining their rods from the house, and the smith in with steady, resolute area. his sooty apron was always there baning, starvation-everything they ready to shoe the horses of his lord or those of any passing knight.

Sometimes little Auselm would stand by and watch his father wielding his hammer and making the sparks fly as he welded a shoe or mended a spear head. Once in awhile he would bring holding by the reins an impacted his young sister, who would laugh and clap her hands as the farrier's help worked the bellows and blow the coals of a packet in the port hands into live sparks.

One day Anselm and his little sister had been playing near their cottage, and the girl, tired from her pastime, lay down and went to sleep in the very middle of the highway that led up to the castle. Suddenly there was a loud trampling of hoofs and the jingling of away into the darkness. He had a spurs as a group of knights and their ly 200 miles to ride in 48 hours and

men-at-arms dashed down the hillside. Fearing that the horsemen might not see the figure of the sleeping child, Airselm rushed into the road and peised her, lifting her out of danger just as



ANSELM FITTED AND PUT ON THE SHOE. train gailoped by. He stood there a castle of Warwick, desirered him dark hair tumbling over his face and, on his return, at great m almost hiding his dark, honest eyes, which lasted two days and a and one of the knights glanced at him roads well nigh impeasable. admiringly and with a smile said:

haps you may be a knight some day." The boy stared after the stately sled on, and, wet and bedrages horseman and watched the retreating almost exhausted, he presented his cavalcade till the last dust cloud disappeared. He could hardly believe his at dawn. senses. A great knight had told himhim, Anselm, the farrier's son—that he was brave and might some day be knight! The thing seemed impossible.

He kept his thoughts to himself, however, only doing his very best whatever he had to do and performing the hardest tasks with a cheerful smile. He great king beatowed the accolate had watched his father so much at the forge that he soon became able to make face was still that of a lance head and a horseshoe himself. Sir Anselm became one of the Arrayed in a sooty tunic, he might have been seen every day hammering shoe nails out of pieces of from He was so encouraged by his proficiency in the new art that at length he tried of England's property his hand at shoeing horses, and it was trace their lineage back to not long until he was able to shoe not selm, who won knightlesses i only the plodding work horses of the hands of Henry of peasants, but the wildest stallions in came the flower of the the castle stables.

One day as Anselm was at the forme at work beside his father a young knight rode up on the most flery charger they had ever seen.

"My steed has cast a shoe, and, beshrew me, I and by men-at-arms will rest beneath thy sooty roof while thy variets shoe the noble beast."

But the mettlesome prancer exhibited such a temper and plunged and reared and champed his bits so savagely that neither the farrier nor any of the varlets dared attempt to shoe him, for it was as much as their lives were worth to approach within a rod of his plunging hoofs. Anselm, however, declared his willingness to fit and out on a shoe. and he performed the task in so accepttry which is felte everywhere through able a manner that the knight was delighted, and as he placed some sliver pieces in the boy's hand he said:

"Thou art a gallant lad. It is a pity in an American village. It occurred to thy fine spirit is not employed to better purpose than such drudgery at a farrier's forge."

"I am very glad to serve you." answered Anselm as he removed als cap. The knight's grave face related in a smile as he said: "You are as courteous as a page ut

And so he mounted his steed and rode up to the castle, followed by his

That night when his father came in from the forge he said to Appelm "Sir Quentin hate sent for thee at the castle. The messenger says that the king bath need of thee."

The king! What! Could that young knight with the matchies warkerse be the king, gallant Henry 7, the glory and the pride of Degland? Anselm's heart beat fast, and his eyes stione great hall, which seemed all a slitter with the knights and mend arms in mall and the wespons on the wall dashing in the light of the great lamps and there stood the sing was to be 

things of thee and I

and I must have his awayer by of the next day. It is a great? "I will try." And the lad gla

"Be ready in half an lour." king. I have ordered your en In a brand new suit of velvet se

plume in his cap and spure contain pointed, long tood shoes ansels more by the postern gate at the time passes. charger. "Remember," said Henry as he

are not to halt on the way for books weather and are to deliver to mean to no one but the carl bluself. I all to you. Be wary and be swift." "I will not fall, your matesty" Amselm, and the next moment be leaped to the saddle and was dedeliver a measure of whom purpos was ignorant. But it must be borne all hazards to its destination and answer returned. He thought of

the stories of brave knights that he ever heard told, and he knew that dience and faithfulness were the duties of knighthood His first difficulty came to him night. His horse cast a shee, an first thought was. Now I must for my horse will be isme if I push i forward in this condition." But no came to a roadside another to these again, "If I can have a light I wan

the shoe myself, and my steed will all the fresher for his short west." So he halted and roused the a who came out of his hut strateling and yawning. In ten minutes Anaches. new shoe made and fastened on the was on his way again.

When he came to the Aron, they him that he could not cross it be the heavy rains had raised the st so that passing was dangerous

"Forward!" cried Annels. "I wait for wind or tide." And he a through the swollen stream and a long struggle landed sare on the shore and proceeded on his lower

He arrived in good time at the same figure, with his sage to Barl Beaucheany and a and years it was known as "You are a brave little fellow. Per- country people as "King Harry But through it the young course to the king on the second markly

> "By my halldem," exclaim Plantagenet, "thou best dess when other man in all my broad realm have done, and thou a boy! Thou have well won thy spure." And before a gay and gallant bly of knights and earls and bares

the young farrier, whose mood knights of his time and had-a castle of his own and flor are hosts of servants and mea-founded a noble house, and hood,-Clinton Montague

Balandam Ande Master Thomas Francis Co. England home the past sum

phia Times.

"This is a regular (arti)/ was Aunt Joan at the break rad takes must begin to charge board. Of I mustn't be partial Thomas D so you'll have to pay with the I'll make it as light as possi dollars a week will do. Thomas Francis put da's

cap. 'I do a lor of work' to Uncle Tom, and Corn a fair to charge me so much all in my bank Tre a mi home? Uncle Tom gave Thou

aint, with the result that it es the week the latter gravety aunt to a settlement a two nicely belanced ac ickd like the all fomen carefully in stiff peterson by Tubomas Brancis himself be light reckoned carefully clock Uncle Ton Baye took great pride: