

A Secret Service Girl

(Original)

A few years after the close of the civil war I visited my comrade, Captain Collins. He had been married, while I had remained a bachelor. While waiting for dinner we talked over old times.

"Women are the worst enemies we have to meet in war," I said. "If I were a general, I'd have a corps of women to defeat the schemes of women of the opposite side. Men are no match for them."

"Kinsey," Collins protested, "you were always a woman hater. The stories of how southern women carried information are all rubbish. I never saw nor heard of any of it. I married a southern girl."

"I experienced it," I went on. "It was in the early summer of 1862. I was then a second lieutenant of cavalry and on duty at Pulaski, Tenn., with a picket guard on one of the turnpikes leading northward. We were stationed some five miles out of town on a crest, so that I could look either back to town or up the pike. Of course I had orders to let no one go through except those who had passes. Well, one morning, looking back to Pulaski, I saw a wagon coming loaded with furniture, and when it reached me I noticed that a woman, a very pretty young woman, was driving it. The major was in command of that part of the picket line and happened to be at our post at the time.

"I'm going no'th," said the lady. "I'm tired of this war country. I'm a no'th woman anyway, and I'm going to join my friends in Ohio."

"Let me see your pass," said the major.

"Haven't any pass; didn't know I'd have to get one."

"You can't go on without a pass."

"I was standing directly behind the major, and the woman was looking right over him to me. She was little more than a girl, and I sympathized with her. I didn't see any reason why ten miles should be added to the journey of a northern woman trying to get out of the south. I gave her the wink and, suddenly pushing forward, threw my arms around her neck and kissed her, exclaiming:

"Why, Alice, who would ever have thought of meeting you here?"

"She twinged at once and received my caress without making any fuss. Then I turned and introduced my cousin, Alice Warfield. This fixed matters. The major not only passed her through, but gave me permission to accompany her some distance up the pike. I rode by her, she thanking me with the sweetest of words and the most honeyed smiles for saving her the trouble of going back for her pass. I asked her at what point in Ohio her people lived, but she said she'd never been there herself and didn't seem to know much about it. She explained this by saying that she'd lived in the south ever since she was ten years old.

"Well, we were riding through a wood when I heard a clattering of the hoofs of many horses. We became accustomed to noticing small things in war, and I couldn't understand how the coming cavalry—for such it must be—made no din of sabers. Our men always wore sabers, but the southerners didn't. Suddenly I saw between the trees a Confederate flag coming. I was about to turn when the girl in the wagon whipped out a revolver and called on me to throw up my hands. I was too late anyway, for the comers were right on me, so I obeyed her order.

"When the troopers came up, it turned out that General John Morgan, the celebrated Confederate partisan leader, was in command. He took off his hat to the girl in the wagon, with whom he was evidently well acquainted. "For heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "what are you doing with all that furniture?"

"The girl laughed. I tried hard to get a pass to come out to meet you, but the Yanks were too smart for me, so I played the northern woman trying to go home. This gentleman helped me through by owing me for his cousin. But, general, there's a Yankee wagon train at Pulaski, and I've taken all this trouble to come out and tell you. There's a small guard, and you can easily capture the whole kit."

"General," I said, "take me south, please, somewhere, anywhere, where I'll not see my comrades again. I'd rather go to Libby than meet one of 'em."

"The general laughed, but I was obliged to go with him back to Pulaski. The girl left her household effects in a farmyard on the road and, mounting a horse, rode back with us, gazing me pleasantly all the way.

"That was the way John Morgan came to know of the wagon train being at Pulaski. He drove off the guard and after helping himself to what supplies he wanted burned the rest."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Collins. "She was a plucky girl, wasn't she?"

"Yes, and there were plenty more of the same sort in the south. I have often wondered if the girl ever married. Her husband might expect to wake up any night with the cold muzzle of a revolver on his temple."

At that moment Mrs. Collins entered, and her husband rose, as I did also, to introduce me. I started, and Mrs. Collins looked at me scrutinizingly. She was the girl who had tricked me.

"Colonel Kinsey, my dear, has been telling me a cock and a bull story about—"

"It's all true," she said. "I was the woman, and I've never forgotten the gentleman's kindness. I never told you the story for fear of incurring your prejudice, but now that it's all out I will admit I have a Confederate medal for the secret service work I did on that occasion." ALFRED TOWNSEND.

GETTING IN THE WALNUTS

An Industry That Grows California Country Schools

The first English walnut orchard in California was planted with seed from the Los Angeles mission gardens, where the padres had started a few trees with nuts brought with them from Spain. The undertaking was a success from the first, and the acreage of walnuts has steadily increased. The walnut tree's early age of bearing, its long life and the steady demand for its product tend to make the enterprise deservedly popular.

The walnut tree begins to bear when six or seven years old, and nothing is known definitely of its age limit of bearing. Fabulous stories are told of trees in Spain one or two centuries old bearing enormous crops. The oldest trees in California are still bearing, but deductions from the short history already made show that the tree is in its prime from its twenty-fifth to its thirty-fifth year. Fifteen hundred pounds of nuts to the acre is a good average yield, making seventy-five pounds the average weight from one tree.

The harvest time begins about the middle of September and lasts nearly six weeks. The nuts begin to fall with the leaves, and the perfect cultivation under the trees leaves no chance for them to lose themselves among clods or weeds. The brown dead leaves alone hide the nuts. Under normal conditions they drop free from the outer husk, or hull, through its irregular bursting, and getting the nuts picked up is a simple matter. Sometimes the trees are well irrigated just before harvest time to insure the clean dropping of the nuts.

Boys and girls, men and women, Japanese and Chinese, are all pressed into service, and on hands and knees the great orchards are gone over, not once, but several times, on account of the irregular ripening of the nuts. The trees are occasionally shaken during the season to loosen the nuts, and before the last gathering they are "poled" to start the very tardy ones. This is done by long, coarse bamboo poles, whose light weight makes them easily handled.

In certain rural districts the public schools close regularly for a "walnut vacation." The help of the children is needed, and the children are nothing loath to replenish their diminished purses. Pails, cans and gunnysacks are scattered among the pickers, and when the bags are full they are carried to the drying grounds, where they are spread out on slat trays to dry.—Review of Reviews.

THE EVERGREENS.

White Pine.—Five needles in a bundle; scales of cone thickened at the top.

Scotch Pine.—Two bluish green, short needles in a bundle.

Fir.—Erect cone; flat, spreading needles in a bundle.

Austrian Pine.—Two long, dark green needles in a bundle.

Norway Spruce.—Large hanging cones; scattered needles point all ways.

Hemlock.—Small hanging cones; flat spray.

Larch.—Many needles in a cluster; fall off each year; erect cones.

Red Cedar.—Bluish berries; sharp prickly spray.

Arbor Vitae.—Flat branches; cones few scaled, and only two seeds under each.

White Cedar.—Cones roundish, with four to eight seeds under each.

Pitch Pine.—Dark stiff needles arranged in threes.—Boston Post.

Discontent With Work.

That there is much discontent with work among the so called middle classes in America is due in large part to the pampering of children, to the supplying of their natural and artificial wants and to the sentimental idea that "their day of toil will come soon enough." In general, work is not a curse, but a blessing—a positive means of grace. One can hardly begin too early to impress upon children lessons of self help by tasks appropriate to their age and forces and to beget in them scorn of idleness and of dependence on others. To do this is to make them happy through the self respect that comes with the realization of power and thus to approximate Tennyson's goal of man, "Self reverence, self knowledge, self control."—Century.

Do It Now.

The following sentiment has been variously attributed to Stephen Grellet, Sir Rowland Hill, Edward Courtenay and the Earl of Devon, and is said to have been inscribed upon the tombstone of the latter: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Premature Fatigue.

Wealthy American Father-in-law.—Look here, count! I'm getting tired of paying your debts. Count Boynton de Bakkovianek—So soon? Sure, you had not paid ze half of ze debts yet!—Chicago Tribune.

Must Go Abroad.

"What makes you think they are rich Americans?" "Because they know so much more about other countries than their own."—Town Topics.

Not In His Line.

Employer.—You don't seem to be able to do anything. New Clerk.—Well, I always had a political job until I struck this one.—Judge.

There have undoubtedly been bad great men, but inasmuch as they were bad they were not great.—Hunt.

A PIECE OF SCARE

(Original)

Marina was a Mexican girl with the usual black hair and eyes of Mexicans. She was only sixteen, but at sixteen many girls of the tropics are as old as girls of twenty in the north. Marina was but a poor man's daughter, with very little education. One evening a stranger stopped at her father's cabin. He was a young man with fair hair and blue eyes and above all a winning smile. He asked Marina if he might have one of her flowers growing in a bed beside the door and when he did so smiled at her. That was the last of Marina's peace of mind. Edwin Cooper, the stranger, a young civil engineer on the railroad being built through the valley below, had plucked her heart as easily as he had plucked her flower.

But there is danger in picking hearts in those tropical gardens. It is like touching one of the beautiful insects of the country. Marina did not sting Cooper, but one Narvaez, a dirty little Mexican, who had seen the engineer's smile and how it went to a heart that he had in vain tried to appropriate, was made his enemy, and such enemies, who invariably strike in the dark, are to be dreaded. When Cooper went the next day he had cut an end from a faded many colored scarf Marina wore. She followed him to the gate, chattering as she went, and the last thing Cooper said to her was, "See, I will wear your souvenir in my buttonhole."

Cooper had no sooner departed than Narvaez, who had been present the evening before—indeed he had been hanging about Marina most of the time—entered and upbraided her for her conduct toward the stranger. This conduct had been without excuse, for Marina was betrothed to Narvaez. She had consented to be his wife not because she loved him, but because he was the first man she had met since she emerged from childhood. She did not seem to be at all ashamed of having been led aside so easily. She told Narvaez in patois Spanish that he was a miserable specimen of humanity and the stranger was a god. Narvaez was so beside himself with rage that he was tempted to run a knife into her, but was too much infatuated with her to do so. He resolved that he would take revenge on the American.

Cooper continued to wear the bit of scarf in his buttonhole. Whether he didn't have time to take it out or whether he expected that he might meet the little girl from whom he got it and desired to let her see that he valued it, no one knows. Several of his associates asked him what it meant—was it the badge of a society, a decoration—what was it? But he only replied that he had got it from a girl.

One day Cooper was carrying a theodolite, which he occasionally set up on three legs, looked through it at a rod on which was a glide and made some figures in his notebook. He found it a tedious process, and once while he sat on the grass to wait, there was no one else about, and he sat enjoying the solitude and listening to the birds. Suddenly a huge stone came down on his head and crushed his skull. The rodsman, not hearing or seeing anything from him for some time, finally went back to find out what was the matter. Cooper was dead.

There was no clew to the murderer. Cooper's valuables had not been taken; at least none was missed, and no one could understand how any person could have had any interest in murdering him. Not long after the tragedy Narvaez renewed his attentions to Marina, who, so far as he could see, had forgotten the handsome stranger.

"When shall we be married?" said the little Mexican one day to Marina. "I'll tell you," she replied. "We will be married when you bring me the bit of my scarf I gave the engineer."

"I bring you the bit of scarf! How could I get it?"

"You must find it. Perhaps he left it among his clothing. You might steal it."

"I will not do such a thing."

"Then I will not marry you."

From that time Marina would have nothing to do with him. At last one day he brought her the souvenir. Then she named a day for the wedding.

On that day while Narvaez was putting on a new suit of clothes he had bought at a store for his marriage he was arrested and carried before the judge. There were present a number of the men employed on railroad construction, and sitting in a conspicuous place, wearing on her bosom the bit of scarf which she had made the price of her consent, was Marina. Narvaez looked at her in astonishment. She returned his look with a cold blooded stare.

Narvaez was accused of the murder of Cooper, and Marina was called to the stand. She told her story, giving an account of Cooper's visit and the giving him the bit of scarf, ending her testimony in this wise:

"I knew, senior Judge, that Narvaez had killed the American, but I could not make him be punished without the proof. I knew the American would wear my scarf, for he promised me. When I heard that he was not found on him I suspected Narvaez had it as a trophy. I pretended not to suspect Narvaez of the murder, but told him he must steal it for me from the American's clothes. At last he brought it to me."

It did not take long to convict Narvaez of the murder. Just before he was led away he seized an iron inkstand from a table and before he could be prevented huried it at the girl he had supposed he was to marry that day and who instead of becoming his bride had become the American's avenger. Fortunately he missed her.

REV. C. MORTON.

HOW TO FOLD A LETTER.

Only a Small Percentage of Americans Know the Right Way.

"I see you have lots of applications," said the advertising manager to the business house manager who had advertised for a typewriter and book-keeper.

"From all over New England," said the business man, jamming his pockets full. "But what some of the girls who answer are thinking of I can't imagine. Here is one girl who will come fifty miles to take a place at \$5 a week."

"Can you tell much as to their qualifications by their letters?"

"Can I? Well, rather. For instance, there is the writing; there is the spelling of the words; there is the way the letter is put together; there is even the way the letter is folded. Ever think that letters are folded so as to save time nowadays?"

"No," said the advertising man. "It's all I can do to get the stamps to put on 'em. My stenographer folds 'em all tight. I guess. How should it be done?"

"Easy enough, simple enough, but folded wrong often enough," said the business man sententiously. "If your typewriter knows her business she takes the sheet and folds it up from the bottom toward the top, leaving the proper width for the envelope, then over from right to left and from left to right—so. Then when your letter is opened it is right side up. See?"

"I see," murmured the advertising man. "And how many applicants fold their letters that way?"

"Oh, three or four out of a dozen, perhaps. Quite a commentary on business as she is taught, eh?" remarked the business man as he strolled away.—Springfield Republican.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

It Is Widespread, Oppressive and Time Demeaning.

During one summer which I spent among exclusively French people in a hotel at Saint-Germain I estimated that I lost quite twenty-four hours out of each week saying good morning and good evening to the men, women, little children and dogs about me. If you encounter the same person twenty-five times in the same day, you must smile rapturously, pause, at least shake hands if you do not kiss, ceremoniously inquire how he or she is "going" and ceremoniously bid him or her "au revoir" at parting. Not only every man and woman expects this, but all the little children toddle up to you, shake hands and exact the same amount of ceremony. Then every well regulated French family has a dog that more than likely occupies a chair and eats off a plate beside you at the table, so that it is considered churlish if you do not also stop and tell the dog "bon jour" and "au revoir" a dozen times a day, pausing to take the paw which he is prettily taught to extend to you.

When the washerwoman brings home your linen, there are at least five minutes spent in ceremoniously greeting and parting from her. In the operation of receiving and paying for linen you exchange "merci" and "pardons" not fewer than ten times. Any other servant person or tradesman who comes to do business with you throughout the day you similarly receive with "bon jour, monsieur," and "au revoir, monsieur," and you thank him and beg his pardon as often as you can possibly get the words into the length of time he has to stay.—Harper's Bazar.

No Place For Icemen.

"I had letters to a prominent official in Porto Rico," said a New York manufacturer of artificial ice plants, "and I went down to that island, thinking I had a sure grip on a big thing. I made an appointment by letter and on a certain day and hour was ushered into his office, and we had no sooner shaken hands than he turned to the attendant and said:

"Jose, bring the gentleman a fresh glass of lemonade and see that it is good and hot."

"It was hot enough to melt a dog, and I felt rivers of perspiration running down my back, and when that boiling hot lemonade was brought in I knew that I was dished. So it turned out. I might have sold red peppers or horseradish, but as for ice—they didn't want any in there."

Animals Enjoy Racing.

Little pigs are great at combined play, which generally takes the form of races. Emulation seems to form part of their amusement, for their races seem always to have the winning of first place for their object and are quite different from those combined rushes for food or causeless stampedes in which little pigs are wont to indulge. Racing is an amusement natural to some animals and, being soon taught by others, becomes one of their most exciting pastimes.—London Tit-Bits.

Why He Did Not Tarry.

The importunate lover had just proposed.

"Let your answer be a vowel with a consonant on either side of it," he gently begged her.

The charming girl smiled.

"Very well," she said. "Git."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Distrust of Literature.

"You are always more or less skeptical about what you see in print."

"Yes," answered the man who has his own ideas about things. "Truth may be at the bottom of a well, but it isn't an ink well."—Washington Star.

Be good to your neighbors. They know all about your family skeletons and can tell some entertaining stories about it.—New Haven Union.

We earn our life by labor, and then, if we spend as the gods design, we spend our life in love.—Henry Harland.

CHINESE KITES.

One of the Fantastic Shapes Used in the Flying Kites.

The boys of America are very clever in the matter of flying kites, but they cannot compete with the boys of China. In certain sections of China, notably in the vicinity of Peking, the making and flying of kites have attained a high degree of perfection. So fond are the people of this pastime that kite-flying festivals form some of their most important holidays. On these occasions the whole population turns out en masse and seeks the open country



CHILDREN AND GO-KITE.

and hills to compete in and witness this sport. Probably the most striking thing to western eyes are the marvelous coloring and fantastic shapes of these kites. They are made of heavy rice paper, lavishly decorated, and are stretched on frames of bamboo. Some are in the form of huge butterflies, a yard square or more, with gaily painted wings and flowing streamers. Others are immense cross-shaped structures, much higher than a man's head, decorated in many colors, ornamented to represent one of their many life gods.

The kite shown here is one of these latter. Does any one of our boys think he could make such a fantastic kite as this? It may give the ingenious boy a hint when he next tries his hand at kite building.—Exchange.

ODD SOUND EFFECTS.

Peculiar Results You May Obtain With a Piece of Cord.

Some remarkable effects are obtainable from the use of a piece of string about two yards long. At one end of the string make a loop big enough to go easily over a person's head and at the other a tiny loop only big enough to hold an ordinary pencil. Ask some one to cover his ears with his flat hands. Now pass the large loop of string over his head, and draw it tightly across the backs of his hands. Keep the string taut, and gently turn the pencil in the small loop round and round. The person with the loop about his head will hear a noise like the firing of a battery of guns. Then gently flick the string with one hand, when he will hear the boom of a heavy gun.

Still holding the pencil in one hand, fold a piece of paper over the string with the other and pass it gently back and forth along the string. The listener hears a representation of the washing of the waves on the beach. Now take a spoon or anything hard and with it scrape the tightened string spasmodically. The effect produced is that of heavy thunder.

A Cube Puzzle.

Take a small block of wood which is a perfect cube, say one whose sides are an inch square. Give it to a carpenter and ask him to make you one exactly twice as large. The chances are that he will cheerfully accept as quite easy a task which thousands of years of experiments have failed to perform. He would probably start by making a cube with sides two inches long. He would be equally likely to think you had gone out of your mind when you told him he had made a block eight times the size of the other, and yet it would be the truth. The task in question is classified by the writer with the other impossible ones of squaring a circle and trisecting an angle.

Hidden In Sight.

A new form of "hide and seek," which is "hidden in sight," is a very pretty game. All must go out of the room except one, who then places the thing to be found, such as a thimble or a cotton reel, so that any one can see it, but will not notice it without looking rather hard. A thimble is not easily seen on a bright iron fender, and a reel of cotton takes a good deal of finding when properly placed on some mantelpiece ornament or even on the top of a picture frame.

One of the Trials of His Trade. Small Robert was in the kitchen hammering away. "Carphentering!" he called it, and making a great deal of noise.

When suddenly the noise ceased, mamma called out to him: "What's the matter, Bobby?" "I hit the wrong nail," sobbed a stifled little voice.

High in the sky is an old tallor man. He lives in the planet called Mars. And, out the old moons up as fast as he can. To make into new little stars.

And when in the sky on a hot summer day you think you see lightning stars, it's but the old stars that are really away with which he is trimming a star.—New York Tribune.

CHILDREN'S QUIPS.

The Proper Way to Answer a Question.

Little folk are very cleverly embarrassing times, and the more they children are the more they are to know. For the active little clever child is always why and wherefore of every thing. In dealing with children be careful to discriminate those which are the children's childish love of talking.

The latter are often best by saying quite gently, "A little dear, you will be sadder that for yourself?"

To questions of the former, if possible, an answer would be an adult question.

If the matter be beyond understanding or unsuitable, nation to one of those who make any foolish statement. Say simply: "I cannot answer you now, for you are not old enough to understand it." By and by, when you are older, if you want to know, then I will do it.

If parents would speak to children instead of talking at them, their confidence and respect would be referred to the boys and girls, which is best learned from a mother's lips.

DRESS HINTS.

Shade gloves can be slipped over with ease. A piece of flannel is better than a wash for the neck.

Don't count the time spent in studying the various colors. Colors in a faded dress.

Do make silk that looks like new but without methylene blue, staining water and iron.

Dusty or rusty looking can be made quite new by washing with soda water.

When cutting cloth from a pattern, cut the pattern on the fly. If it slips, a slight change in dress is raised. When the hands are together, do not let the hands, but lay all the material flat.

One woman who has a very good glass says she keeps her glass cracked by "tempering" it for very cold things.

By filling the bowl with water. Then I add a few drops of water. After a little while more the glass is thoroughly chilled.

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