

A Melodious Voice

By F. J. HEL

I awoke, or, rather, came to consciousness, with a soreness all over my body and a burning thirst. I was lying on the ground looking up at the stars. For a moment I did not know why I was there. Then suddenly it all came back to me—a long brown line along the edge of a wood, the order to advance, a volley of clicks as the Confederates cocked their muskets, then a cloud of smoke and a storm of bullets. I was one who fell, and for a while men tramped to and fro over me. After that I knew nothing.

Now it was dark. I managed to change my position by turning on my side. I could see lights moving about. Then I heard the words:

"Bring a stretcher."

They were not spoken in a man's voice, but a woman's. Moreover, the tones were soft and melodious. Was it the contrast with what might be expected on a battlefield that moved me, or was the voice really sweet? I listened and heard it again:

"Poor fellow! Gently, boys. There. Now carry him over there to the surgeon."

Barely it was sympathetic. But it was more—a voice that I felt sure I would never forget. If I should hear it among a hundred others I would recognize it.

We were near enough to Richmond for our cannon to be heard there all day. Doubtless this was some woman from there, who had come out to minister to the wounded. She was, however, giving us, her enemies, her attention. For the Confederates had not been in this exact part of the field. She went from man, speaking in that same melodious voice, first encouraging the wounded man being carried on the stretcher. Then I knew by her words that she was kneeling over some other unfortunate:

"Poor boy! You should be with your mother instead of here."

Those were the last words I heard her speak. I had hoped that she would stay by me, but we were lying very thick, and only a few could be favored. I never forgot the voice I heard on that battlefield. I thought of it all through the period when I was recovering from my wound and wondering if I should ever meet its possessor. I was sent north by sea and after regaining my strength joined my regiment shortly before the battle of Gettysburg. I was with our army before Petersburg and when Richmond was evacuated was one of those who entered the city.

While in the Confederate capital I went to a hospital to see an officer who was ill. I was sitting by his cot in a ward containing perhaps a hundred invalids. Near by was a screen used to protect a man who was dying. I heard a voice say:

"I will give your message if I have to take it myself."

It was the voice I had heard on the battlefield.

I was anxious to get a glimpse of its owner, but at the moment the man I was with was endeavoring to impress upon me something he wished me to do for him. As soon as I could get away from him I went for a look behind the screen. I saw only a corpse.

That was the disappointment of my life. I made inquiries for the woman I wished to see, but could only describe her as a woman with a sweet voice. It was not enough. There were a number of ladies there with sweet voices. Besides, I was a soldier with other things to occupy me than looking for a woman I had never seen. At any rate, I left Richmond without seeing or again hearing her.

The war having closed, my regiment with others was sent north and after upon the grand review at Washington was mustered out. I had studied a profession before entering the military service and on returning to civil life occupied myself with my profession. I continued to be haunted by that melodious voice. I met women who were attractive to me, but somehow, if I especially liked one of them she was sure to repel me by a harsh tone in speaking. Several years passed and though I was domestic in my tastes and would have liked to be married I remained single.

Being called to Washington on business with the government, I was in the treasury department one morning and a number of women clerks when I asked one of them where I should apply for certain information I wished.

"Go to the third auditor's office on the next floor above."

I had found her.

"Were you not on the field," I asked, "after one of the battles near Richmond in 1862, succoring the wounded?"

"I was."

"And when we northern men occupied Richmond did you not one day in a hospital take a message for a dying man?"

"I did."

"I lay near where you were on that battlefield and was near you when you received that message."

"Have you ever seen me before?"

"No."

"Then how have you recognized me?"

"By your voice."

Her voice, though sweet, was not modestly so. It was the surrounding things which I had heard it and she indelicately called forth by pity.

And this is how I, a northern man, came to marry a southern woman.

Don't Forget His Glasses Now.
The London Lancet publishes the following letter:

"I happened to go into a restaurant in Holborn in the evening for a meal and sat at table about three-quarters of an hour eating dinner and afterwards smoking while thinking out a little problem, during which my eyes probably became, unknown to me, fixed in more or less of a stare. That evening I did not happen to wear my spectacles and could not distinguish details of anything a few feet away. Just before I rose to go out of the restaurant a man crossed the floor and boxed my ears, much to my astonishment, and said, 'Take that, you impudent young bouncer, for glaring at me like that.' I was too astonished to say anything for a moment, thinking the man had taken leave of his senses, but before I could jump up to expostulate he had run out, so the irate diner never knew the truth that I had not seen him at all. I have always been careful since to wear my spectacles in like circumstances for fear of innocently giving offense."

OUR DOG VICTOR

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

I owned a dog, and I called him Victor. He was of mixed hunting breed—some setter, some spaniel and some hound. The first moment I saw him and looked into his eye I knew he was very intelligent and could be taught almost anything. I bought him for \$5 and took him home with me.

Vic became very much attached to me and I to him. I taught him various tricks which he learned very easily. I tried to train him not to bark at any and every body who came near the place, but failed. His chief delight was to go walking with me. I am fond of walking, and on those days, not being engaged in any vocation, I used to stray away miles into the country. Vic was my only companion and the only one I wished for.

Vic understood me without my explaining things to him, and his opinions did not clash with mine—that is, with two exceptions. I didn't think it proper for him to bark at every cow he came to or to tackle cats. Vic had different views in these respects and paid no attention to mine whatever.

One morning Vic was musing at the breakfast table where I was used to feeding him choice morsels of food. That was the end of him for me for a year. I advertised for him, offered a reward for him, did everything I could to get him back without avail. At last I made up my mind that he had been stolen and removed to another locality. Then one morning he reappeared and was as delighted to see me as I was at his coming.

That same autumn (October) I made up my mind to take a walk of a couple of hundred miles. I laid out a course, making a circle covering the distance I took Vic with me, of course, and never did dog enjoy an outing more. I believe that these walks were the secret of Vic's being more attached to me than to any one else, for no matter how much any one else petted him and stuffed him with sweetmeats he would wait for hours in the hope of getting a stroll with me.

I was passing through a wood on the outskirts of a pretty village when I met a young lady who the moment she saw Vic fixed her eyes upon him intently.

"Why, Vic," she cried, "come here!"

She was evidently a former acquaintance of the dog, for he bounded toward her and was glad to see her as she was to see him. When their transports had somewhat subsided I ventured to remark to the young lady:

"You two have evidently met before."

"He's my dog," she said, looking up at me, much pleased at regaining her lost property.

"Indeed!" I replied. "I thought he was mine."

"No, I bought him nearly a year ago. He was probably stolen from me."

"I bought him two years ago. He was probably stolen from me and sold to you."

That mingled look of injury, reproach and other expressions of suffering under a gross injustice was engaging. It seemed to say, "Now that I have at last found my dog surely you are not going to be so hard hearted as to separate him from me?" I had a mind to play upon her feelings as I would on a musical instrument with a view to drawing out more such expressions.

"I am perfectly willing," I said, "to resign the dog to you if he will go with you."

"Of course he will come with me. He loves me as I love him."

"Very well. I bid you good morning. I am much pleased to be instrumental in returning your dog."

I lifted my hat and walked on, without looking back. I had not gone far before Vic came running just me. I stopped and, turning, saw the young lady standing looking at Vic as reproachfully as she had looked at me. I called the dog and returned with him to her.

"Don't you think," I said, "that he has proved he is my property?"

"No. He has simply proved that he has been in a measure weaned from me to you."

"I think I can add to the proof he has himself offered."

Taking up a pebble, I laid it on Vic's nose and began to count. When I reached ten he tossed it in the air and caught it in his mouth. I had taught him the trick with a lump of sugar. The expression on the girl's face was delightful to see.

"I didn't know he would do that!" she exclaimed.

"If he is your dog he will perform similar tricks for you. Suppose you give an exhibition of some tricks you have taught him."

"I never taught him any."

"I will be generous with you. I will turn over the dog to you on condition that I be permitted to visit him as often as I like."

"That's very kind of you," she replied innocently. She evidently did not see that my purpose was to visit her as well as the dog.

I went with her to her home, where I left Vic shut up in the barn. A week had not passed before I became so anxious to see him that I could remain away from him no longer. My visits became more and more frequent till at last I forgot to ask for the dog, so engaged was I with the lady. And now, a year after the meeting with her in the woods, I have won my dog and his mistress also.

Editor For a Day.
When Lord Northcliffe, the English publisher and peer, was plain Mr. Harnsworth, Joseph Pulitzer permitted him to be editor of the New York World for one day in order to exemplify the Harnsworth contention that the New York papers are too big. The tabloid World, famous in newspaper circles, was the result.

Harnsworth called the staff into consultation. Henry N. Cary, then news editor, suggested as a joke that all members of the staff should appear that night in full evening regalia. Everybody consented with one exception—one man refused. Harnsworth came down in a sack suit. He was astonished at the display of evening suits and sniffed the mottled smell from afar. He asked mildly whether the World editors and reporters appeared thus clad as a usual thing, and was solemnly assured they did. The only person dressed like Harnsworth was the editor who would not fall in with the joke.

Also, the only man Harnsworth took back to England with him was the man who was clad like himself—Saturday Evening Post.

A Stunning Blow

By MARTHA V. MONROE

During the transition of the government of Mexico from Madero to Huerta a young American was in the capital of that country to see what was to be seen. Paul Stanford was wealthy and had not settled down to any business or profession. He spent his time wherever there was any excitement. During that long period when the Balkan states were preparing to resist their masters, the Turks, Stanford was there watching the preliminary movements which set out from Bulgaria.

And now when Mexico was in a turmoil he was observing the struggle among the various factions. One day while dining at a restaurant he made the acquaintance of a Mexican who sat at the same table with him. Senor Jose Sandoval offered to show the American the sights of the capital and piloted him from one curiosity to another, thus acquiring his fervent friendship. Then Sandoval offered to introduce his new acquaintance to some of the Mexican ladies. Stanford assented and was taken to call upon Senorita Maria Molina.

Stanford's women acquaintances were not added to, because he was satisfied to spend all his time with Senorita Molina. She was very pretty and had all the coquettish ways of a Spanish girl.

"Well," said Sandoval one day, some time after the introduction, "what do you think of the senorita I have made you acquainted with?"

"She is very fascinating, but at the same time very unsatisfactory."

"Unsatisfactory? What do you mean by that?"

"I can't make her out. I don't know whether she is fooling me for a purpose or whether she has given me a bit of her heart."

Sandoval looked at the American scrutinizingly. "Explain," he said.

"There is something about her that makes me distrust her," replied Stanford.

"Well, then, why do you not take pains to learn something about her?"

"How can I do that?"

"Observe when she goes out; then go into her house and—well, look about you."

"Spy on her?" asked Stanford sternly.

"Call it what you like. You are in love with her. Being in love with her, I presume you wish to marry her. Are you so squeamish that you would marry a woman who may be an adventuress rather than satisfy yourself that she is a proper person to be your wife?"

Stanford listened, but did not reply. Sandoval continued:

"I am too fond of you not to try to prevent you from making a mistake. Either do what I suggest or drop Senorita Molina at once and never see her again."

Stanford acted upon neither of these alternatives at once. Indeed, he never intended to act upon either of them. But one day he called on his enchantress during her absence from home, and Sandoval's suggestion came buzzing about his ears like a humbler. But he could not stoop to spy upon the woman he loved. Having been told that Senorita Molina would not be long gone he sat down in a corner to wait for her. He fell into a doze, from which he was awakened by a man's voice in the hall speaking in Spanish.

"Senorita, I have brought word to you at the risk of my life. The general says that you have done so much for the Constitutional cause that he hopes you will not refuse to do this one thing more. The president must be."

Here the man's voice dropped so low that Stanford failed to hear him. There was a reply, also in a low voice. Senorita Molina's and then a man's foot steps were heard leaving the house, followed by a woman's going upstairs.

Stanford did not like the idea of the lady's knowing that he had her secret. It occurred to him to leave before she should come downstairs. The twilight had come on, and, going out through the door, he made his way under some trees and disappeared.

The next day he met Sandoval. The latter noticed that he looked troubled.

"Have you met Senorita Molina lately," he asked of the American.

"I have not had a word with her since I saw you last," was the reply and Stanford turned the conversation into another channel. But what he had overheard troubled him. He believed that he knew what was meant by the unfinished sentence. He was horrified that the girl he loved should be an assassin. He brooded over the matter till he felt that he must prevent her from staining her fair hands with blood. Whom could he trust? No one but his friend Sandoval. He told Sandoval that the president's life was in danger and asked him to impart the warning to the man it concerned. Sandoval did not ask him where he had acquired the information. But two hours after the interview Stanford called on Senorita Molina, to learn that she had been arrested and taken away. The next day he received a farewell from her written before she was to be secretly executed. She said she loved him.

Stanford has never recovered and never will recover from the blow.

Mythified the Missionary.
It is well known that some of the most determined and powerful opponents that missionaries have to meet in India are those who profess to be able to work wonders such as the magicians of Egypt used to support their religion. One missionary decided to test what they could do, so he asked one of them for a demonstration of his power. The magician asked the missionary if he had a rupee. The latter produced one from his pocket, showed it and was asked to hold it tightly in his hand. The juggler was seated on his carpet about six feet away from the missionary.

"Are you sure you have the coin?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Now, then, open your hand," said the juggler.

The missionary did so with great caution, but all his caution was in vain, for there leaped from his hand a small snake, which the juggler immediately seized, at the same time taking out of his bag the rupee which belonged to the missionary.—London Family Heed.

Dreadful Dressing.
"To speak moderately, I truly confess, it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how those women should have any true grace, or valuable virtue, that have so little wit, as to disguise themselves with such exotic garbs, as not only dismanteles their native lovely lustre, but transfigures them into gant garb geese, ill shapen-shotten-shell fish, Egyptian Hieroglyphicks, or at least into French farts of the pastry, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heels; it is no marvel they wear drailles on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore part but a few Squirrel's brains to help them frisk from ill favor'd fashion to another."

The Modern Way of Dressing is Dreadful. Isn't it? So, it was in 1645, when Nathaniel Ward, in "The Simple Coder," wrote the paragraph quoted.—F. P. A. in New York Tribune.

A Nice Discrimination.
The subtleties of the Paris furniture dealers, to whom American millionaires buy for ancient patterns, were illustrated in a case before a civil court. In this case the plaintiff was a Frenchman, M. Balbo, who at a sale bought for \$100 a mahogany desk which was described to him as an "empire" desk. It proved, however, to be of modern make, and M. Balbo sued the seller for giving a false trade description. The defense was illuminating. It was set out that there are three ways of describing such furniture: "Empire style" means modern furniture imitated from old models; "empire furniture" indicates there is a doubt as to its origin, and "empire époque" is the only guaranty for authentic furniture of the empire period.—Indianapolis News.

Easy Borrowing Terms.
In the course of a lecture on "Government Finances and Social Life in Japan" before the Japan society in London, Kengo Mori, financial commissioner and attaché for the Imperial Japanese government, said that in the olden days gentlemen tried to keep aloof from all money transactions. Of course there were borrowers and lenders then, as there are today, and even among the Samurai class. But their agreements, if written at all, were always worded in a manner characteristic of the spirit of the times. One such agreement ran: "Dear Sir—I hereby confirm that I borrowed from you the above mentioned sum of money. Should I not repay the sum you are entitled to laugh at me in public."

Living Fish Net.
A peculiar method of fishing is employed by the natives of certain islands of Oceania. At stated intervals about 200 of them will assemble on the beach and all together plunge into the water, each carrying a branch of the cocoa palm. At a given distance from the shore they will turn toward it and form a compact fish circle, each holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water, thus forming a kind of seine. The leader of the party gives a signal, and this living net approaches the shore gradually, in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes. Surrounded by this living wall and caught in the cocoa palm branches, many fish are cast on the sands, and others are killed with sticks.

The Great Lesson.
"Agatha, love, do you mean to tell me that such a little dot as that cost \$27.50?"

"Geoffrey, dear, before you have been a husband many years you will learn the great lesson that the dimensions of a hat afford no criterion for judging the size of the bill."—Chicago Tribune.

Nicely Translated.
A quaint translation is that by the young Japanese who wished to turn into his mother tongue the English proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." He evolved a translation which, being construed back into English, read, "The invisible is insane."

Nero and Zero.
Willie—Pop, what's the difference between Nero and zero. Father—Nero had a hot time and zero a cold time. Now, run on to bed.—Florida Times-Union.

A Smile.
"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.

"Yes, sir. It's the whisper of a laugh."

Don't Tempt Them.
"There are two things," remarked the man on the car, "we should never tempt—fate and a mule."—Toledo Blade.