

## The Soldier's Bride

By HAZEL SMITH

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"Impossible!" shouted old Colonel Saunders, chewing at his steel-gray mustache; and for the first time during forty years of active service he actually trembled. The horror of this was more overpowering than the hiss of the Moro bolos when, drunk with bang, they closed in upon the skirmish line. "Impossible!" he muttered, and sank back into his chair.

Outside the hot sun of the Philippines burned the parched land, sending its scorching rays into the white-washed house in which he sat. Upon the table in front of him his orderly had placed a closely typed document of five pages. It was the findings of the court-martial which had sat on the preceding day. It had passed sentence of death upon a certain William Gilroy for having joined the Moro forces and fired upon his former comrades. If Colonel Saunders affixed his signature to the document the death sentence would be carried out—not a year hence, nor a month hence, nor a day hence, but now.

There was death in the quiet air, in the hushed expectancy of the camp, in the row of white-washed cells in the barracks also, and in the barrack yard, where a grim post, like an enormous carpenter's square set upright, crooked as the executioner tested the mechanism of the trap.

"His sweetheart!" muttered the colonel again. "I can't see her—I won't see her, Walters. Tell her—'May I come in?'" Inquired a gentle voice outside, and a girl entered—a typical American girl, such as is to be met in thousands in the little towns and villages of the New England states.

"I am Miss King," she said, smiling happily at Colonel Saunders. "I suppose William has told you that—that we are to be married here, now that his term has ended." A slight blush suffused her face. "But they told me in the barracks that Mr. Gilroy had gone to Manila to meet me there," she said. "It seems a dreadful mistake, doesn't it?"

"I hardly the colonel blessed the serenity of his men."

"But I am so glad that he has saved his country with honor, and has come safely through these terrible dangers," Miss King continued. "He was a little wild. But he has redeemed himself, as I knew he would. Congressman Labrador," she continued, "was seeing the colonel's look, and mistaking it, she continued."

"He told my father that William would be safe under your care, Colonel Saunders. That is what everyone says about you at home."

In the brief moment that elapsed before he answered her a thousand thoughts rushed through the colonel's brain. A minute ago he had actually dipped his pen into the ink preparatory to signing the death warrant. Now the act seemed impossible. He thought of Gilroy—he had been wild, but a good and brave soldier, conspicuous in many engagements until the devil of loneliness that was eating out his heart summoned the drink devil to his aid and the two together fuddled the boy's brain until he turned traitor and disgraced the regiment and his country.

"He might have saved him by a few kindly words."

"Excuse me, Miss King," he said abruptly. "Pray be seated. I will be back in a few minutes."

Inside his cell William Gilroy was seated beside his cot, staring vacantly through the bars at a wisp of blue. When the colonel entered he started as a man awakening out of a dream. The colonel sat down beside him upon the plank bed.

"Gilroy," he said quietly, "your sweetheart is here."

Gilroy looked hard at him.

"She hasn't been told?" he said impassively.

"Not yet, Gilroy."

"The boy smiled bravely. 'I think it would be best to have it done as soon as possible,' he said. 'But, sir—must she know?'"

"She shall never know," answered the colonel. Then he bent forward and took the boy's hand in his.

"Gilroy," he said, "you have taken no life. It was not you who betrayed your country—it was your devil. A cavalry troop leaves for Santos this evening. You will accompany it and there take the train for Manila."

Gilroy half rose, and suddenly sat down again and burst into tears.

"I ought to die," he sobbed. "She will never know anything."

The colonel answered, completing the sentence. He called to the jailer.

"Private Gilroy is pardoned," he said. "Bring him his uniform and set him free."

"Yes, Miss King, you will have to go back to Manila," said Colonel Saunders five minutes later. "If we had known you were coming—well, we might have made different arrangements. There will be a cavalry troop leaving for Santos this evening. To-morrow afternoon—Till then you must be the guest of the regiment."

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## FALCONRY AN ANCIENT SPORT

Amusement, Practiced in East, Can Be Traced to Period That Antedates Era of Christianity.

Falconry, the art of training falcons and hawks to the chase, has been traced back to a period before the Christian era. It was practiced in the East and also in Europe long before its introduction into England. The English kings used to amuse themselves with this sport, which was for a long time the leading amusement, such as baseball is in America today.

Falconers use two kinds of birds—the long-winged, dark-eyed falcons and the short-winged, yellow-eyed hawks. The former take their prey by rising above it in the air and swooping at it from a considerable height and striking it to the ground; the latter pursue it in a straight line and overtaking the object of the chase by superior speed, clutch it and bring it down.

The larger falcons are sent after winged prey of all kinds, crows, magpies, rooks, herons and wild fowl. The smaller falcons, such as the merlin and hobby, are flown at larks, while the short-winged hawks, the sparrowhawk is flown at blackbirds and thrushes, partridges early in the season, and quails, the goshawk taking pheasants, partridges and wild fowl, rabbits and hares.

With all birds of prey the females are invariably larger and more powerful than the males and the sexes are consequently selected according to the game they have to pursue.

## ALWAYS 'SKELETON' AT FEAST

Egyptian Merry-makers Had Custom Which Must Have Been Something of a Check on Revelry.

Accounts which have come down of Egyptian banquets indicate that among the wealthy people and those Egyptians who were "in society" they were very elaborate affairs, with a great variety of rich and high-priced and high-priced food and many wines—wines rare and strong.

But no matter how jovial and happy and hilarious the feast, a mummy was there as a reminder of death. At the conclusion of the most substantial part of the banquet and when the wine began to flow most freely, an attendant, perhaps one of the waiters, would carry around a coffin containing the image of a dead body carved in wood, and as the Greek historian, Herodotus tells us, "made as like as possible in color and workmanship, and in size generally about one or two cubits in length." This business of the water was to show this to each member of the gay and joyous company and say, "Look upon this, then drink and enjoy yourself, for when dead you will be like this."

Herodotus wrote about 2,500 years ago that "this practice they have at all their drinking parties."

Sugar Once a Delicacy.

We are apt to forget how short a time it is since sugar was regarded as a costly delicacy, proper to be used by the wealthy alone or as a medicine. In the early colonial days it sold at about 75 cents a pound. In the loaf, and granulated sugar was unknown. It was with the growth of the custom of drinking coffee and tea that it became a food staple. When it was introduced to England in medieval times it was as "Indian salt," a rare and precious condiment, although the art of boiling sugar was known in India before the Seventh century, and in Egypt much earlier. The Dutch brought sugar to Manhattan, and a New York Gazette of 1730 carried this advertisement: "Public notice is hereby given that Nicholas Bayard, of the City of New York, has erected a house for refining all sorts of sugar and sugar candy, and has procured from Europe an experienced artist in that mystery."—New York Evening Post.

Heads "Sized Up."

The size of a man's cranium has nothing to do with the size of his head. Truly big-headed men are usually so modest you have to push them into their honors.

Often big bones are bestowed by a plying providence to compensate for the lack of gray matter their bigness would suggest.

Napoleon was a small man with a bullet-shaped head. He was dictator and imperative. But then you can forgive such a fellow, when he has the goods. It's the would-be's that try men's souls.

Many of the nation's greatest men have very ordinary-sized heads when measured by their hat bands. In fact, they offer no suggestion of the big head when viewed from any angle.—Grit.

Woods Flower-Carpeted.

Soon after the earliest blossoms have lifted their heads to the sunshine the stately queen of the vernal woods—the large white trillium—unfurls her banners of snowy white. In many woods this species occurs in such numbers as to give the forest floor the appearance of a white-strewn carpet. We are likely to find a white spider, with the front two pairs of legs much elongated, sitting close to the center of the flower. This is the white crab spider, a species which thus maintains an attitude of waiting with its long legs spread like a pair of forceps over the middle of the bloom, ready to seize such insects as may visit it in search of nectar or pollen.—American Forestry Magazine.

## BETTER THAN ALL MEDICINE GOES BACK TO OLD EGYPT

Oysters Put Artemus Ward on His Feet When Every Other Remedy Had Proved a Failure.

When Artemus Ward and Dr. Hingston, who acted as his manager on his western lecture tour, arrived in Salt Lake City, after that amusing and successful visit to California, the beloved humorist felt sick. So badly was he, after his arduous rounds of the Pacific coast and his strenuous days in Virginia City, Nev., with Mark Twain and Bill Nye, that his life was despaired of.

The lecture Artemus had arranged with Brigham Young to give in the theater, had to be postponed. In fact, so hopeless seemed the case that Dr. Hingston even tried to arrange to have the body of his friend and partner transported to the East on the stage coach. But the optimism of Artemus brought him back to safety again, a very thin and weak man.

But before he was allowed to leave his room, Artemus had difficulty gaining sufficient strength even to walk. From Brigham Young to the least humble of the Mormon "saints," attentions in the form of fresh eggs, jellies and other helpful delicacies were showered upon the convalescent. Artemus enjoyed everything, but nothing seemed to give him strength.

At last a food was discovered in a local grocery, so we are told, that "lifted him from his couch." This was nothing more or less than a dozen cans of Baltimore oysters, put up in squares of black tin. The first oyster stew "hit the spot," and Artemus chirped up:

"Get out the bills for the lecture! See Mr. Clawson and arrange for the date. The show is safe enough, now we've got on an oyster basis."—Mark Twain in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## TO MAKE HEADWAY IN LIFE

Concentrate and Concentrate, is the Advice Given by Writer in Forbes Magazine.

You want to make headway in the world, of course. See if this thought can help you: First, concentrate yourself to your calling; then concentrate. The lives of most men of notable achievement have been characterized by concentration and concentration. Before one can concentrate oneself, one must be possessed by some bigger and broader, and better, idea than mere money making. There must be something in the work that appeals to one. The work must appear to be worth while, worth effort and industry and sacrifice. You could not, for example, conceive of anyone concentrating himself to "bootlegging." There isn't a honest calling, however, to which a worker could not concentrate himself or herself if animated by the right spirit. Having consecrated oneself to a line of endeavor, then concentration must follow if proficiency and success are to be attained.

The worker, be he employee or employer, who hasn't consecrated himself to his calling fails to derive from it that deep satisfaction known to those who have consecrated themselves to their jobs. Concentration follows consecration naturally and with joy rather than hard effort.—Forbes Magazine.

## Swiss Santa Rings Bell.

In the quiet little town of St. Gallen, Switzerland, which has retained many of its curious medieval customs, Santa Claus makes his visits ringing a gigantic cowbell, says Popular Science Magazine.

In St. Gallen, every Christmas eve twelve men array themselves in white trousers and shirts, embroidered wool suspenders, and bright red ties. Each one fastens an enormous cowbell on to a wide leather belt, and covers his head with an enormous mask of cardboard, the upper part of which is decorated by stenciled designs.

One of the twelve is called "Samichlaus." It is his duty to give the good children presents. The other eleven remain at a little distance on the outskirts of the jolly crowd that follows them on their rounds, giving candy to the groupings and entertaining everybody with their clanking.

## Cave-Dwelling Snakes.

Until recent times no reptiles were known to have adapted themselves to existence in the darkness of caverns. Now, however, it is known that in the Malay peninsula a snake, a species of coluber, inhabits certain caverns, feeding upon the bats.

These cave-dwelling snakes attain a length of between eight and nine feet. Their coloring simulates that of the walls of the caverns. The rock here is a yellowish limestone, traversed with blackish veins, and these markings and colors are curiously reproduced in the snakes, many of which lurk on the ledge in the semi-darkness near the entrances, watching for the bats.

## The Game of Whist.

All great discoveries are works of time, and the game of whist is no exception to the rule. Its merits were not recognized in early times, and under the vulgar appellation of "whisk and swobbers" it long lingered in the servants' hall ere it could ascend to the drawing room.

At length some gentlemen in England who met at the Crown coffee-house in Bedford Row, studied the game, gave it rules, established its principles, and then Edward Hoyle, in 1743, binomial it forth to all the world.

## Legend of Cinderella, Almost Universal, Believed to Have Come From Ancient Memphis.

Cinderella and the legend surrounding her glass slipper is believed to have originally come from ancient Memphis. In the ruins of this buried city lies the pyramid of Rhodops, who lived at Naucratis, and was incomparably beautiful and chaste. One day when Rhodops was bathing an eagle flew through the open ceiling of her bathhouse and plucked from her maid's hands the sundial which she was just about to lace about her mistress' foot.

The eagle then flew to Memphis, where the king was administering justice in one of the courts of the palace, and, hovering above the king, dropped the sundial, which fell into the folds of the king's garment. He examined the sundial and found it so small and lovely that he bade his servants search all Egypt till they should find the woman whom it would fit.

Rhodops was found in Naucratis and carried to the king, who married her. She died after a few months' happiness, and the disconsolate king had one of the costliest pyramids of antiquity built in her memory. In the first century B. C. the priests of Memphis were wont to exhibit a sundial in a crystal shrine which, they declared, once belonged to Rhodops, miraculously preserved through many centuries. The sarcophagus and the mummy of Rhodops have entirely vanished, and her pyramid is little more than a ruin, but her legend lives in every land.

## FAMOUS 'LION OF LUCERNE'

Thorvaldsen's Masterpiece Commemorates the Heroism of the Swiss Guards in Paris in 1792.

The well-known monument called the "Lion of Lucerne," erected near Lucerne, in 1821, commemorates the tragic fate of the Swiss guards in the French Revolution when in their devotion to duty they were sacrificed to the bullets of the Marcellais and the pikes of the mob, August 10, 1792.

This infantry regiment, the "Gardes Suisses," had been originally a Swiss mercenary regiment in the Wars of Religion; but for their own good conduct at the combat of Arques they were incorporated in the permanent establishment of the Maison du Roi, by Henry IV. (Henry of Navarre), in 1589, and in the guards in 1615. The French guards sided openly with the constitutional movement at the Revolution, and were disbanded, but the Swiss guards remained faithful to their trust.

This monument was the work of Bertel Thorvaldsen (1770-1844), a Danish sculptor, noted for his statues of Christ and the apostles, and for his efforts at classical sculpture. He was the son of an Icelandic who had settled in Denmark, and was born at Copenhagen. There he lies buried under a bed of roses in the courtyard of the museum he endowed.

But is It Worth It?

This is a remedy of an English woman for taking off superfluous curves from the face that has become too fat through overeating and lack of exercise.

To begin with, of course, she recommends mild dieting and plenty of walking and lots of water to drink every day. This to cut down superfluous fat all over the body.

One good exercise is this: Open the mouth and work the jaw vigorously, first to the right, then to the left, then backward, then forward. Do this persistently.

Then draw the cheeks in between the teeth and puff them out hard and full. Then, with the teeth shut tight, stroke the cheeks with the palms of the hands, gently upward from the chin tip to forehead. Don't do any of the stroking exercises too rapidly or vigorously, but do them for a long time, persistently, slowly. You will get the best results in this way.

American Time Signals Best.

The English freely admit that the system of telegraphic time signals adopted by the naval observatory at Washington is much to be preferred to that in use at Greenwich for supplying Great Britain with standard time.

At Greenwich a signal is sent out at noon, whereas at Washington a series of signals is used, beginning five minutes before noon. During these five minutes every tick of the observatory clock is electrically transmitted, except the twenty-ninth second of each minute, the last five seconds of the first four minutes, and at last ten seconds of the fifth minute. After this final ten seconds break, the noon signal is given. In this manner the middle of each minute is clearly indicated, and yet more clearly the instant of noon. The length of the series facilitates the regulation of clocks and chronometers.

Fifty Men and One Elephant.

Interesting tests were once made to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses, weighing 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,000 pounds, pulled 8,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men, aggregating about 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 8,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.

Forces of Habit.

Mrs. Smart—Now, listen here, John, I will not stand your stying out so late.

Mr. Smart—Really, my dear, you are unreasonable. You know very well I acquired the habit while courting you.

London Answers.

A Life of Endeavor.

Success comes only to those who lead a life of endeavor.—Theodore Roosevelt.

## The Mysteries of Yoga

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB.

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She was not his Molly. John Beatty realized that as, attired in a stiff shirt, which gave him a sensation of impending asphyxia, and a suit of evening clothes, which made him feel like a waiter, he stood moodily beside the door and watched his fiancée moving among her guests.

He had returned from the West after a three-years' absence. He had gone to make his fortune in the mines, and Molly had said she would be true to him. He had made the fortune and Molly had been true, but, well, this was not the simple, pretty country girl whom he had left three years before.

There was incense in the air, and Beatty liked the incense of wholesome oxygen. There were three poets present. John did not mind poets, but these had long, greasy hair and dirty finger nails. And he positively loathed the black man in the turban, who was holding forth a rapt audience—Molly included—upon the mysteries of Yoga.

"To attain the infinite?" he was saying with a supercilious smile. "It is easy, ladies. Concentrate! Concentrate, and repeat without cessation the magic syllable 'Om.' Then breathe in lightly through the left nostril, concentrate all feelings in the center of the spine, and exhale through the alternate nostril, meanwhile repeating the magic syllable 'Om.'"

After that came a lecture upon esoteric Buddhism, as set forth by the great seer and sage Patanjali, several hundred centuries before Molly had opened her pretty eyes in Binghamton, N. Y.

After the guests had gone John Beatty stood facing Molly alone. He was sick at heart and angry words rose to his lips.

"Don't you see, Molly, this isn't real!" he was saying. "It isn't wholesome. That black man—"

"You mean Mr. Ramsammy Chundra Ghee?" inquired Molly, with ominous calm.

"I do," said Beatty. "I don't like to see you mixed up with a crowd of fakers like those, dear."

"I have changed, John," answered Molly. "I have found myself. And you haven't changed. You have lost yourself in the whirl of worldly interests. It isn't any use, John. We could never be happy together."

"I want to live in the soul to have my spiritual freedom. We could never be happy together."

"You want to break our engagement?" asked Beatty coldly.

She put out her hands.

John grasped her in his arms.

"God bless you, Molly," he said. "But it isn't any use. Only if you grow tired—if you want me at any time, anywhere, you'll let me know, won't you?"

Then he was gone.

Her thoughts went back to those first days when she had come to New York. She had met John in a commonplace boarding house. And yet those had been days of perfect happiness. Now—

A ring at the bell aroused her from her reverie. She opened the door.

The Indian was standing upon the threshold. At the sight of him her face softened.

"You left something, Mr. Ramsammy Ghee?" she asked.

Ramsammy entered after her and closed the door behind him. He turned toward her and held out his arms.

"Yes," he whispered hoarsely, "I left you, my moonflower, my perfect pearl. I could not go home until I had told you that I love you."

Molly recoiled in horror.

"Will you come with me and be my bride, my lotus-flower?" inquired the black man eagerly.

"Oh, I hate you! Go away!" she cried. "John! John!"

The answer was immediate. With a crash John Beatty stood in the entrance.

With a leap he was upon the black man, and with a parting kick, deposited him upon the sidewalk. Then he turned back into the apartment. Molly was weeping pitifully as she crouched on the Turkish rug.

"I saw that black skunk turn back, Molly, and I suspected something," John exclaimed. "So I waited outside to make sure that it was all right. You aren't angry with me, dear?"

"Angry, John?" she answered, looking up. "Oh, John, can you ever forgive me?"

John sat down beside her and took her hands in his.

"Molly, dear," he said, "I guess you didn't understand—that's all. Molly, if you'll marry me, you shall have a different poet every night to supper, as long as his hands are clean. But I guess we'll let Ramsammy do his breathing stunts elsewhere. What do you say?"

"All right, John," answered Molly.

## JEWISH FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

Has Been Held for Centuries as a Memorial of the Dedication of the Altar.

Hanukkah, the Feast of Dedication, also called "Feast of the Maccabees," is a Jewish festival beginning on the twenty-fifth day of Kislev (December) and continuing for eight days, chiefly as a festival of lights. It was instituted by Judas Maccabeus, his brothers, and the elders of the congregation of Israel, in the year 165 B. C., to be celebrated annually with mirth and joy as a memorial of the dedication of the altar, or the purification of the sanctuary.

After having recovered the Holy city and the Temple from the Greeks, Judas ordered a new altar to be built in the place of the one which had been polluted by Antiochus Epiphanes, who had caused a pagan altar to be set up in the Temple of Jerusalem, and sacrifices to be offered to his idol. When the fire had been kindled anew upon the altar and the lamps of the candlestick lit, the dedication of the altar was celebrated for eight days amid sacrifices and songs.

In the Talmud the festival is principally known as the "Feast of Illumination," and it was usual either to display eight lamps on the first night of the festival, and reduce the number on each successive night, or to begin with one lamp the first night, increasing the number till the eighth night. The lights are supposed to be symbolical of the liberty obtained by the Jews on the day of which Hanukkah is the celebration.

## FIND HEALTH IN SUN'S RAYS

Ancients Had Full Faith in Treatment Now Practiced in the Most Modern Sanitariums.

In a small village in the Adirondacks there is a sanitarium where patients take sun baths. And a high price is charged for the treatment.

Bathing in the sun's rays for health is an ancient ceremony, handed down from the earliest ages. Wiscarens in bygone times used to bathe in the sunshine, believing in the great value of light as a destroyer of disease. Light was the secret and universal medicine by which they cured many diseases.

Sunlight is the greatest factor in our planetary existence; if it failed all life would perish. One has only to look at nature for potent examples. In vegetable, animal and human life the influence of sunlight is strongly manifest. Compare the vegetation in the gardens of a back street away from the sunlight with similar growth in the open country. Compare the children of the country with those living down a narrow street of the city slums.

For creating good general health and happiness no medicine is so effective as the direct rays of the sun. A sun bath consists of letting the rays of the sun bathe the skin each day, preferably during the morning. The body is, of course, wholly or partially uncovered.

## Marine Phenomenon.

Late one January the steamship Trafalgar, when within ten miles of Wolf rock, off the southeast coast of England, met with a remarkable accident.

A report like that of a cannon was heard, and a large fiery body with a tail 80 or 40 feet long struck the water 20 feet from the vessel. It was accompanied by a loud hissing, and a column of water rose where it struck the sea. Immediately afterward the ship seemed to be on fire, the engine room glowing with a violet light filled with multitudes of sparks. The mate engaged at the wheel suffered a violent shock through the steel rod in his hand. The crew fled to the deck. It was found that all the compasses had been demagnetized, and the ship had much difficulty in making her way to Falmouth. It was probably a strong lightning flash which struck the water, and the subsequent electric phenomena were produced by the dispersal of the charge supplied to the surface of the sea.

## "Gibraltar of Canada."

Quebec citadel, sometimes called the "Gibraltar of Canada," is a strong fortification covering 40 acres of ground, and in its present form it dates from 1828. The more modern fortifications were constructed in 1820-30, substantially on the lines of the French works of 1620. The citadel has been garrisoned by