

The statistics of electric railways are expanding at a great rate.

The Prussian Cabinet has unanimously approved a bill to reform the present system of voting in Prussia.

Philadelphia is entitled to be known as the city of sisterly love, thinks the Chicago Herald. According to a recent police census the city boasts of 28,000 more women than men.

Much interest has been aroused in Spain by the finding among some old papers at the palace of the Duke of Albe of a series of letters written by Columbus relating to his first discoveries.

The active efforts that have been put forth during the past year toward the establishing of steamship lines from Southern ports to foreign markets has been exceedingly fruitful in substantial results.

G. E. Hardy, a New York educator, contending that moderate education does not develop the moral sense, says that "fifty years of popular education have had little or no perceptible regenerating influence" on the American people. This is, probably, far too strong a statement, comments Public Opinion.

"The French people have jumped on oleomargarine with both feet," announces the National Dairyman. "At Havre, which is the largest seaport in France, the regulations prohibit the exhibition, sale, import or export of any compound known as butter that is not exclusively the product of milk or cream. Severe penalties are imposed for violations of the law."

Says the San Francisco Examiner: Few sections of the country are more prolific than the Pacific Coast in the quantity of archeological relics found therein. Hitherto these interesting and valuable finds have been sent East for proper preservation and study. Now that there is a certainty that a museum will be established in this city, efforts should be made to secure for it relics which bear on the prehistoric as well as the more modern eras of this Coast.

It is a curious feature of the French foreign legion, which has been doing some hard fighting in Dahomey, that it is composed of social outcasts from all parts of Europe. Men who have held prominent positions in the German, Italian and other armies, but who have been cashiered for various offences may be found serving as privates in the legion. The discipline is remarkably severe and the men are notorious as desperate fighters whose courage has been proved in many campaigns. Anyone who loves fighting may get his fill in the legion, as it is called upon more frequently than any other branch of the French military service and the work is always dangerous.

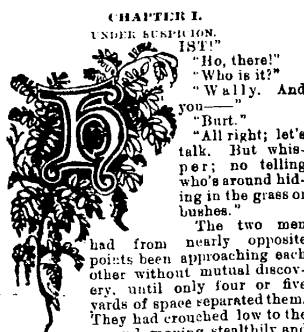
Few people who have not kept house in Germany or Austria-Hungary know what a solving of the transportation problem it is for the post to deliver C. O. D. packages. The Postal Union does this throughout the countries mentioned. For farmers and the dwellers in town and village it is a great blessing. The post takes almost everything, for instance, fruit (in baskets), fresh fish, etc., from localities as far apart as the Black forest, the North sea and the middle of Hungary. The cost of transportation is usually 15 cents, never over 20. One sees the handy yellow wagons in nearly every street of all the towns and cities delivering parcels; in the village it is a yellow hand-cart, and among the mountains the uniformed postman is loaded with bundles.

A SPRINGFIELD (Mass.) man has sued a friend for \$10,000 for alienating the affections of his wife. Pretty high price that to put upon the favor of a faithless spouse. If she'd been a good, true woman now, the gentleman's estimate of the value of her feminine graces might have been admitted by a jury, providing most of

# CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

## A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITTS.



CHAPTER I.  
UNDER SMOKE.  
"Is it?"  
"Who is it?"  
"Wally. And you?"  
"Burt."  
"All right; let's talk. But whisper; no telling who's around hiding in the grass or bushes."  
The two men had from nearly opposite points been approaching each other until only four or five yards of space separated them. They had crouched low to the ground, moving stealthily and with great care, as if fearful of detection. The place of their meeting was a glade or hollow on the mountain side, where scattered trees, thick bushes, and long grass gave them good opportunities of concealment as they moved along. The first hail with which their colloquy opened, as they abruptly paused on discovery, was sent forth in a hoarse whisper, as were the subsequent questions and replies. Becoming satisfied on their mutual recognition, they crept close together for a longer conference. Even then, so great was their caution, they would not stand upright, but kept close to the dark background of a thick patch of bushes as they sat on the ground, that the bright moon might not betray them to any scout or spy.

The place of their meeting, to be more definite, was in a lonely dell of the Clinch Mountains, at least two days' journey from Knoxville, Tenn. It was a scene of wild and savage grandeur, in which the dwarfed figures of human beings seemed out of place. The great range rose like a wall toward the clouds; steep and difficult of access, its lower parts clothed with straggling timber; its upper heights, as seen from below, bare and rocky. Spurs and offshoots of lesser height made along its whole course those hidden glades and glens, in one of which our narrative opens. It was the night of August 15th, 1861. The moon, in her second quarter, brightly illumined the grand prospect, upon which a stranger might well have gazed with awe, so still, so strange, so full of mystery. And yet, as we are soon to learn, in the hidden recesses of those remote heights dwelt thousands of human beings, men, women and little children, enduring the worst of that ominous time, and earning its few comforts and joys.

The two men who had thus come together would have appeared, upon close inspection, to be fair types of the inhabitants of this region, with nothing particularly distinguished about them, one from another. Each carried a long hunting rifle, and was clad in coarse homespun. Their bearded faces were stern and forbidding; their hands were roughened with toil. Coming close together, they exchanged a nod and a glance, which answered for the hand-shake of more refined localities, and immediately continued their conversation in whisper.

"Good enough, Wally; I knowed you'd be here. What's your men?"  
"Just over the rise of the hill. You're?"  
"Back yonder in the bushes. What is that chap's den? I never was in this gully before."  
Wallace Baird simply pointed up the glen. Through a curtain of straggling trees the roof of a small frame building was visible. His companion gazed at it and his face darkened in the moonlight. Something like an oath came from between his shut teeth.

"That ar the serpent's den—ar it?"  
"Yes."  
"You be sure he's thar?"  
"Most likely; the boys say he's always in nights. You'd heard of him, hadn't you, 'fore I sent word to you to bring over your men and meet us here this night?"

"Just a little; you know we live furder off 'n you, and the talk wouldn't get to us so soon. But we'd heard how you folks suspected him and we was quite ready to come at the world. Does he stay thar alone?"  
"Yes."  
"What doin'?"  
"Walkin' round sometimes all day, up the mountains, lead through the gullies, with a small dog at his heels. Has been seen sittin' on a rock with big white paper on his knees, working with pencil or something."

"Ho!—making pictures of the country?"  
"Seems like it."  
"Curse him!" growled Burt Hankins.  
"Sh!" the other warned. "You mustn't speak a loud word."

"I can't; but it's hard work to hold in. How long he been round here?"  
"Bout a month, right here. He don't make any friends; he don't 'pear to want to know any of us. Ef he meets any one in his wanderin' round he'll say 'Good mornin' or such; but he don't talk, an' don't stop to give any one a chance to ask questions."

"Know what he come from?"  
"I don't know, but I suspect."  
"Thar would it be?"  
Wallace Baird took from his pocket a white envelope, considerably soiled from being carried in that not-over-clean receptacle, and held it triumphantly up to the eyes of his companion.

"You know what I live," he said, "down there below. Yesterday mornin' that chap come walkin' back this way past my place, with a stick and a big bundle on his back; I've heard 'em called knapsacks. I don't know where he'd been; I never seen him go, and likely he went at night, a week or so before; but I believe he'd been to Knoxville."

Burt Hankins uttered a growl under his breath, that might in the dark have been mistaken for that of a wild beast.  
"Yes, by —!" he muttered. "You rightly suspicion him. I couldn't go to Knoxville, an' be let to come home again, nor you couldn't; we'd have some of these Harris' people after us and be lucky if we got home."

slowly along, Indian fashion, as if fearful of detection. The place of their meeting was a glade or hollow on the mountain side, where scattered trees, thick bushes, and long grass gave them good opportunities of concealment as they moved along. The first hail with which their colloquy opened, as they abruptly paused on discovery, was sent forth in a hoarse whisper, as were the subsequent questions and replies. Becoming satisfied on their mutual recognition, they crept close together for a longer conference. Even then, so great was their caution, they would not stand upright, but kept close to the dark background of a thick patch of bushes as they sat on the ground, that the bright moon might not betray them to any scout or spy.

her, just as though there was any mail for them to go in; just as though there was any United States to send a mail. I write to her, telling her all about my feelings, and the hopeless situation I am in, all of which she knows already just as well as I. I shall burn this one when I have finished it, and try to sleep, when there is hardly such a thing as sleep or rest for me. How much longer shall I remain in these savage wilds, roaming about among these bores? What is to be the end of it all? O, the torment of this suspense will kill me.

He rose and paced the room, but could not quiet his throbbing brain. A newspaper lying on the blankets caught his eye, he picked it up, and for perhaps the twentieth time in less than forty-eight hours he read over a column of double-headed news, prefaced by displayed headlines.

He threw down the paper. "It may end that way; it may end that way soon. And if I raise no hand for it I can never see her again—never see her again!"

He was sitting now, his head propped upon his hand; and almost unconsciously he repeated again and again those dreary words: "Never see her again!"

It was while he dozed that the sudden and furious barking of the dog aroused him. Without parley or preliminary the door was burst open and a dozen men armed with guns rushed in. He was taken too much by surprise for any resistance, and had he been disposed to make any. He jumped to his feet at this startling interruption; but before he could utter a word his arms were seized from behind, and the muzzles of two rifles were thrust in his face.

"Surrender!" Wallace Baird commanded.

"I can't tell do anything else," was the reply. "You overpower an unarmed man at the start, cover him with guns, and then tell him to surrender. Certainly I will. Now, perhaps you'll be so kind as to inform me what you mean by this outrage."

"All in good time, Mister," returned Baird. "Hankins, you just keep your eye on him; I reckon he's safe enough, but his kid are sometimes fly. I'll take a look 'round his shanty and see if he's got any arms or anything else that we want. Fall back to that side, boys, and give me room."

The rude mountaineers obeyed him, all casting looks of hatred upon the object of this raid. The man's character came out strongly in his face at that moment. He was tall and well knit, and as he stood among his captives he was a head taller than any of them. He was dressed in a suit which showed by its cut and material that it had been made in some other region than this. His smooth face was a striking one; it had large, regular features, dark expressive eyes, and was crowned with black hair that had a natural curl. The face was rather thin, and bore marks of keen mental suffering. The man must have been over thirty years old.

But it was his conduct under the trying and ominous circumstances described that chiefly showed him to be one who had seen and known something of life's dangers and trials, and who was not easily to be thrown off the balance of his composure. Recovering from the first shock of surprise he now looked at his captors with an expression of unconcern which might have been assumed, but which was most admirably put on.

"I demand to know the meaning of all this," he said.

By common consent, Baird was the spokesman of the mountaineers, and he was at present too busy searching the effects of the captive to heed his remonstrances. He searched through the blankets and found nothing; in the knapsack, and took out a loaf, then two more, evidently so many tea-dones up in a parcel and a lot of writing paper. A basket hung on a nail; it contained bread and dried meat. A change of clothing hanging on a wall was rummaged over, and a wallet well filled with greenbacks appeared.

Wallace Baird discovered another candle, stuck it in another knot-hole, and having lighted it, looked over the contents of the portfolio, which he held up for his companions to see. It contained a number of cryon sketches of scenes in these mountains, so correct in the drawing that the places were recognized at once.

Baird sat down on the small box and looked at the writing on the open sheet. He held the newspaper in his hand, but had not yet examined it. A transient flush passed over the prisoner's pale face as he saw his unfinished letter being read; but he said nothing. Having completed the reading, Baird looked at the name and date of the paper, but at the first sight of its columns he uttered a loud exclamation.

"What's the matter, Wally?" several of the men exclaimed.

"Bad news for us, I can tell you! Here's a copy of the Knoxville Citizen for last month. Retel paper, but I hardly think they'd lie as bad as this. Listen: 'News from Washington. Federal Army Badly Beaten at Bull Run. Prepare for About to Occupy Washington.'"

These announcements were received with cries of rage and grief.

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The prisoner looked from one to another of the rude faces around him, now distorted with anger, and bent menacingly upon him. An intimation of the truth, a suspicion of his own danger, was borne in upon his mind.

"I read that account," he said, "and I was just as sorry to read it as any of you could be."

Wallace Baird looked up from the paper. "What's your name?" he asked.

"I don't object to telling you that if you will inform me why I am treated in this manner, and what authority you have for using me so."

Baird took the envelope from his pocket which he had showed to Burt Hankins. The prisoner colored again upon seeing it, but controlled himself with an effort.

"Captain Charles Smedley, Vicksburg, Mississippi," he heard read. "Is that your name? Is that where you used to live?"

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Signor Gessi's "Seven Years in Boudan," the author describes the Brothers Duma, "two hunters" from Kauka to the Victoria Nyanza, the rhinoceros and the leopard, the fiercest animals in the country, no more emotion than a European would experience in shooting rabbits. They were often sent for from different parts to kill some lion which was doing mischief. Of their elephant hunting, the author says:—In all the villages the people knowing that wherever they went was never wanting. But they were strong-limbed and of uncommon agility. When an elephant rushed upon them, they calmly awaited him, and the right moment leaped to his side. The elephant, not being able to stop, turned towards one of two brothers, and the other plunged into his side. The animal then quitted the first man, and fell upon the one who had wounded him, and that instant the other cut the tendons of the hind legs, bringing the elephant to the ground. One day, however, one of his brothers was near falling a victim alone in the usual way, he stumbled and fell. He rose directly, but the elephant had already seized him in his trunk, and hurled him to a distance of fifteen feet. Fortunately he fell in the middle of a thick bush, and escaped with only scratches and bruises. His friends laughed at the accident, and the next day he said: "I would rather eat my several times than not take my revenge." He set out again, refusing the company of his brother. Late in the evening he returned and called the village together. "Come," he said, "help me bring in the tusks, and take as much meat for yourselves as you like." All the population followed him. He had killed nine elephants.

Famous Hunters.

There is something inexpressibly pelling in the supercilious trist of a camel as he looks scornfully at you with his nose in the air. But I overcame my repugnance and mounted one, after receiving careful instructions how to ride my seat while the brute was getting up. It was well enough when he walked, but when he began to trot at a brisk pace, I devoutly wished myself astride a humbler animal. But how was I to stop him? There was no bridle, only a repeated appeal to the left side of the brute's head. At that point I suggested, with the effect of making my camel trot to the left. I had been told that if I wished him to go to the right, I must hit him on the left side of the head with a very short stick, with which I had been provided for the purpose. But that was more easily said than done. How was I, from my perch, to reach the creature's head when that long stretch of neck? I tried it, and nearly lost my balance for my pains. I joked at the height of some ten feet above the pebbly sand. One of the officers, however, saw my plight, stopped, uttering some guttural sounds, and then he vigorously, knelt down and I dismounted, vowing that never again would I choose that mode of locomotion.

My deliverer, who exchanged his key for my camel, laughed heartily at my misadventure. But I had my revenge speedily, for in the excitement of my gateway he allowed the camel to be unexpectedly and was pitched head over heels on the ground. He was not hurt, and he joined in the laugh against himself as heartily as he had laughed at me. —[London Spectator.]

A Camel Ride.

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A Common Error.

Says a correspondent of the Boston Transcript: "I am constantly confronted with the expression 'Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Montmorency Jones (born Smith)'. 'Mr. and Mrs. Augustus von Tompkins (born Snooks)', or 'Mr. and Mrs. Clarence White (born Redd)'. I did this and now what does this mean? Was Mr. Clarence White born Redd? Or was only Mrs. Clarence White who was born Redd? And if Mrs. Clarence White wants 'everybody' to know she was born Redd why does she not announce herself as Mrs. Redd-White? I have hesitated long before condescending to you for solution, dear Sir, but I find my mind running so constantly on the subject that I feel it would be a great relief to receive information from Mr. Thomas Montmorency Jones (born Smith). And if so, must he have his name changed by act of legislation? Or, if all these couples who were born with the same surname are first cousins, is not that an alarming outlook for society?"

A Turkish New Year Dish.

Have you ever heard of cabobs? They are not. They are queer Turkish dishes which in Turkey are eaten as we eat New Year's cakes in this country. You would like to eat a cabob and find out that you are a young Turk when you eat a New Year's dish. Try a large onion in the frying pan, cut a large onion in the slices, and treat a big apple in the way, after you have pared and corered it. Get the cook to slice for you four strips of bacon and four more of corned lamb or veal. Lay the sixteen pieces of onion, apple, bacon and corned meat on a plate and sprinkle them with pepper and ginger. Next take a skewer and string them upon it, meat, onion, corn, apple and so on. Wrap the whole in buttered paper and bake two hours. Eat the cabob from the skewer and find that you are a happy little Turk on holiday. —[The Ledger.]

CAUSES THE MINIS  
wall's Queen Makes Ch  
Against Stevens.

WILTSE'S PART IN THE R

that by an "Undue" Dis  
He Compelled Queen L  
to Abrogate Her Represe  
on the Way to Washington  
and Redress—sentiment at the  
favorable to Annexation  
First Congress.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 30.—  
Announcement may prove a more  
to the United States than he  
pected.

Annokalani insists that she  
to the revolutionists in Ha  
to the superior force of the  
ates, and she charges that the  
Minister, John L. Stevens,  
United States troops to be la  
and declared he would  
new government."

These charges were made by the  
a proclamation which she issued  
dictating the throne.

Porro is given to the Queen's  
the haste with which United  
Minister Stevens "recognized"  
sional government which the  
Minist had established, and the  
of the Queen is probably  
the formal notice of recognition  
Minister issued.

On the ship which brought  
Commissioners of the provision  
ent who are empowered to ne  
easy for annexation to the  
cases came representatives of  
Porro.

Their mission is to demand  
United States undo the alleged  
Minister Stevens in assisting in  
annexation of the Queen, and  
Commissioners reach Washington  
probably be confronted by the  
Ministers of the Queen with char  
ing influence was used against  
Official advice received from  
the part taken in the revolution  
Minister of the cruiser Boston,  
American marines have caused  
jury among naval officers here.

The reports come from eye wit  
the revolution, who forwarded  
the steamer Claudine, on which  
Commissioners reached San Francisco  
They indicate the possibility  
national complications, which m  
important as the problem of  
annexation of Hawaii.

According to these reports, Cap  
and been in constant commun  
with the leaders of the annexa  
in Hawaii, and had given a  
that the whole strength of his  
party could be relied upon to  
through the projects of establish  
provisional government in the  
Union with the United States.

He lauded his marines, these  
state against the combined pro  
the representatives of all the  
powers residing in Honolulu, a  
reaching the Queen's palace, ma  
show of force that the Queen  
being intermed by Minister Stev  
the provisional government had  
early recognized, saw no altern  
to abdicate.

Before the Commissioners left  
last night, Mr. Thurston, son  
of the United States, would  
annex Hawaii, a similar proposi  
be made to Great Britain.

Commissioner Carter said:  
"The object of our visit to Wa  
is to have the United States take  
possession of the Hawaiian Islands;  
join the Union. Not as a State,  
but under a Territorial district  
government."

"A government like that of the  
of Columbia with the addition of  
error appointed by the President  
terable for many reasons. There  
a large number of Chinese are  
cheap laborers on the islands who  
be induced to vote intelligently  
the universal suffrage were decid  
whites, who represent almost  
business interests of the country  
be out-voted and powerless. A  
new system of government must  
up, and the only way is to have  
States take charge."

"If the United States Gov  
should refuse to annex the island  
think that Great Britain would  
take possession?" was asked.

"That question I cannot an  
this I do know. The Queen is  
in favor of British rule and if  
would, I have no doubt, apply  
Britain for protection. Why  
British Government the only o  
power represented in Honolulu  
not recognize the provisional  
ment?"

"The United States flag ship  
with Admiral Skerrett aboard, I  
Island Navy Yard yesterday  
ceded direct to sea, on her way  
Hulu."

The Ranger is expected to  
yard at any moment and the A  
have there to-morrow.

JAMES SMITH SENAT

Governor Werts Refuses to Cur  
Wanner's Power.

TELETON, Jan. 26.—The Ne  
Legislature in joint session at  
terday formally declared Jame  
of Essex, Senator to repre  
Jersey in the Congress of the  
States for six years from Maro

The practical settling of the  
the census last week robbed the  
all interest, and the meeting w  
of all excitement. At the con  
in the meeting Mr. Smith held a  
the Governor's public recep  
ceived the congratulations of  
State and the press.

Judge Werts has refused to  
bill taking from the  
to appoint the  
Attorney of J

Attorney of J