

LOYAL TO COUNTRY.

One warm morning in the spring of 1780 Mrs. Slocumb was sitting on the broad piazza about her home on a large plantation in South Carolina. Her husband and many of his neighbors were with Sumter, fighting for the struggling colonies, but on this beautiful morning there were almost no signs of war to be seen. As yet this plantation had not been molested, and as Mrs. Slocumb glanced at her little child playing near her, or spoke to her sister, who was her companion, or addressed a word to the servants, there was no alarm manifest. But in a moment the entire scene was changed.

"There come some soldiers," said her sister, pointing toward an officer and twenty troopers, who turned out of the highway and entered the yard.

Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale, and there was a tightening of the lips as she watched the men. Her fears were not allayed when she became satisfied that the leader was none other than the hated Col. Tarleton. That short, thick set body, dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform, the florid face and cruel expression proclaimed the officer only too well. But the mistress gave no sign of fear as she arose to listen to the words of the leader, who soon drew his horse to a halt before her.

Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he said: "Have I the pleasure of addressing the mistress of this plantation?"

"It is my husband's."

"And is he here?"

"He is not."

"He is no rebel, is he?"

"No, sir. He is a soldier in the army of his country and fighting her invaders."

"He must be a rebel and no friend of his country if he fights against his king."

"Only slaves have masters here," replied the undaunted woman.

Tarleton's face flushed, but he made no reply, and, turning to one of his companions, gave orders for a camp to be made in the orchard near by. Soon the 1,100 men in his command had pitched their tents, and the peaceful plantation took on the garb of war.

Returning to the piazza and again bowing low the British colonel said: "Necessity compels his majesty's troops to occupy your place for a time, and I will have to make my quarters in your house; that is, if it will not be too great an inconvenience to you."

"My family consists at present of only myself, my child and sister, besides the servants, and we must obey your orders."

In less than an hour the entire place was transformed. The white tents covered the lawn, horses were tied to the high rail fences, soldiers in bright uniforms were moving here and there. Before entering the house the British colonel called some of his officers and gave sharp orders for scouring the country within the neighborhood of ten or fifteen miles.

This sharp command was not lost upon Mrs. Slocumb, nor was she slow to act upon it herself, as we soon shall see. But for the present, trying to stifle her fears she determined to make the best of the situation and avert all the danger possible by providing for the comfort of Tarleton and his men, and accordingly she had a dinner soon ready fit for a king, and surely far too good for such a cruel and bloodthirsty man as Tarleton soon was known to be.

When the colonel and his staff were summoned to dining-room they sat down to a table which fairly groaned beneath the good things heaped upon it. It was such a dinner as only the South Carolina matrons knew how to prepare, and the men soon became jovial under the influences. "We shall have few sober men by morning," said a captain. "if this is the way we are to be treated. I suppose when this little war is over all this country will be divided among the soldiers. En, colonel?"

"Undoubtedly the officers will occupy large portions of the country," replied Tarleton.

"Yes, I know just how much they will each occupy," said Mrs. Slocumb, unable to maintain silence any longer.

"And how much will that be, madam?" inquired Tarleton, bowing low.

"Six feet two."

The colonel's face again flushed with anger, as he replied: "Excuse me, but I shall endeavor to have this very plantation made over to me as a ducal seat."

"I have a husband, whom you seem to forget, and I can assure you he is not the man to allow even the king himself to have a quiet seat on his ground."

But the conversation suddenly was interrupted by the sounds of firing.

"Some straggling scout running away," said one of the men, not quite willing to leave the table.

"No, sir. There are rifles there, and a good many of them, too," said Tarleton, rising quickly and running to the piazza, an example which all, including Mrs. Slocumb, at once followed. She was trembling now, for felt assured that she could explain the cause of the commotion.

"May I ask, madam," said Tarleton, turning to her as soon as he had given his orders for the action of his troops, "whether any of Washington's forces are in this neighborhood or not?"

"You must know that Gen. Green and the marquis are in South Carolina, and I have no doubt you would be pleased to see Lee once more. He shook your hand very warmly the last time he met you, I am told."

An oath escaped the angry colonel's lips, and he glanced for a moment at the scar which the wound Lee had made had left on his hand, but he turned abruptly and ordered the troops to form on the right and he dashed down the lawn.

A shout and the sound of firearms drew the attention of Mrs. Slocumb to the long avenue that led to the house. A cry escaped her at the sight for there was her husband, followed by two of her neighbors, pursuing on horseback a band of five tor-

ies whom Tarleton had sent to scour the country.

On and on they came, and it was evident that the pursuers were too busy to have noticed the army of Tarleton. Broad swords and various kinds of weapons were flashing in the air, and it was plain that the enraged Slocumb saw nothing but the Tories he was pursuing. Could nothing be done? Would they run into the very heart of the camp? Mrs. Slocumb tried to scream and warn her husband, but not a sound could she make. One of the Tories had just fallen, when she saw her husband's horse suddenly stop and swerve to one side. What was the cause?

Sambo the slave whom Mrs. Slocumb had dispatched as soon as Tarleton had had come, to warn her husband, had started promptly on his errand, but the bright coats of the British had so charmed him that he had lingered about the place, and when the sound of the guns was heard Sambo had gone only as far as the hedge-row that lined the avenue. Discretion became the better part of valor then, and the negro in his fear had crawled beneath it for shelter; but when his frightened face beheld his master approaching he had mustered enough courage to crawl forth from his hiding place and startle the horses as they passed.

"Hol' on, massa! Hol' on!" he shouted. Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were a thousand men within pistol shot. As they wheeled their horses they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge and already in their rear. Quickly wheeling again, they started directly for the house near which the guard had been stationed. On they swept, and on leaping the fence of lath about the garden patch, amid a shower of bullets, they started through the open lots. Another shower of bullets fell upon them as their horses leaped the broad brook, or canal, as it was called, and then almost before the guard had cleared the fences they had gained the shelter of the woods beyond and were safe.

The chagrin of the British Tarleton was as great as the relief of Mrs. Slocumb, and when on the following day the troops moved on, the cordial adieu of the hostess led the colonel to say: "The British are no robbers, madam. We shall pay you for all we have taken."

"I am so rejoiced at what you have not taken that I shall not complain if I do not hear from you again."

And she neither heard nor complained. —Everett T. Tomlinson, in Chicago Record.

Knights of Maccabees Delighted.

SIR KNIGHT JAMES OSBORNE, OF BARTON TENT, No. 2, CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

"Kootenay" was the Remedy.

Word was received by Barton Tent, No. 2, of Hamilton, Ont., that Sir Knight James Osborne was very ill, and the "sick committee" was instructed to wait upon him.

It was found that he was suffering from Bright's Disease, a disease heretofore pronounced incurable by the medical profession, and it was accepted as a matter of course that death was inevitable, and his lodge insurance would have to shortly be paid. What was their surprise to have him enter the lodge some time afterwards in good health.

His cure he ascribed simply to Kootenay Cure, as he took no other medicine.

Before starting its use he had all the characteristics of much-to-be-dreaded Bright's Disease. His skin was pale and puffy. He had indigestion, Heart Palpitation, Shortness of Breath and great weakness. There was puffiness of the face and swelling of the legs. His urine was scanty, painful to pass and loaded with albumen.

He felt that life was slipping from his grasp with great rapidity. Kootenay Cure came to his rescue. It restored his kidneys to healthy action. It cleared out all the poisons that were pent up in the blood. It made him well.

Chart book free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., (Limited), Hamilton, Ont.

Surprised.

The Boston Record prints a paragraph about a surprise which a Boston shopkeeper lately experienced at the hands of a lady customer.

Her husband is a bank president in Newburyport. The national banks receive their bills in sheets of twelve, which are cut after being signed. The generous president gave one of these sheets to his wife, and she naturally started at once for Boston.

After making some purchases in one of the large stores she drew the bills out of her pocket book and calmly said to the clerk: "Lend me your scissors and I will pay you," thereupon cutting off a bill.

The astonished clerk at first refused to receive such money from so open a manufacturer of currency, but finally the matter was explained.

Men And Women Agree

That corns are painful, not easily cured and quite useless. Men and women who have used Putnam's Corn Extractor testify that it is the best, acts without pain, and cures. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

"Did you see the account of the new submarine boat?" "Yes; but I didn't read it. It doesn't interest me, you know." "It certainly indicates extraordinary progress." "Of course; but in the wrong direction. Enough boats go down now. What I want to see is one that is guaranteed to stay up." —Chicago Evening Post.

CUBANS SEEN AT HOME.

Pictures of Their Life Before the Present Trouble Began.

We read of the relentless war which is devastating the island of Cuba—one of the fairest spots on earth; we are appalled at the tales of cruelties related of the Spaniards and the desperate heroism of the Cubans says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. We see but the fierceness of the death struggle; men of all conditions, ignorant of the art of war—students, lawyers, doctors, the long trodden guajiros—banded together to assail the trained troops of Spain; the wealthy planter dashing alongside of the colored man, his slave a few years back; father and son laying down their lives for Cuba libre; fair women fighting by the side of their husbands and brothers—is not death preferable to the fate which awaits them at the hands of a brutal soldiery? We hear of savage acts of retaliation by the 'rebels,' of houses burned, of fields devastated, of all the horrors of a civil war conducted on principles which are a shame to modern civilization. We look at the Cuban people through a prism of lurid red. What do we know of them?

The Cuban inherited the amiable characteristics of his Indian ancestors or predecessors; he is by nature pleasure-loving kind, hospitable, and generous. Ages of oppression have made him distrustful and secretive. He has learned to dissemble, to nurse his hatred—the natural effects of slavery—and politically he is little better than a slave; it is a wonder all mankind was not crushed out of him. Owing to long habits of submission and to the perfected system of spies and informers established by the Spanish Government, his aspirations to freedom crystallized in inadequate, abortive efforts, beginning with this last half century; but repeated defeat has developed in him inherent qualities worthy of a freeman. In this supreme effort the Cuban is the fiercer for having been too long gentle, a physiological fact which is not without precedent.

But to return to the Cuban at home, as I knew him in the olden times. It is not among the residents of a cosmopolitan city like Havana we shall seek him, nor among the wealthy planters of that province; a large percentage of them are foreigners. It is in the rural districts, among what might be called the middle class, the vegetable, the small farmers, the humbler guajiros, we must seek the national characteristics of that interesting people.

Their welcome is frank and sincere; if you are not of the race of their rulers, it especially you come from the 'land of the free,' the mask of caution is soon dropped. A hermano is substituted for the formal 'senor'; you feel that you are indeed treated as a brother; and the gaiety and gravity, the lightheartedness and pathos curiously interblended in your host make of him a most interesting study.

The Cuban is much given to poetry and song. Many among the most illiterate are born poets and musicians. The Italian improvisatore, of whom much has been written, would find his match in the tobacco fields of the Vuelta de Abajo or the coffee plantations of the east. The sonorous Castilian tongue is rich in rhythm and rhyme; it is eminently adapted to verse and music. A musical dialogue is often improvised by two countrymen—peasants they would be called in Europe—the theme being sometimes humorous, but more frequently sentimental. Those unwritten airs are generally sad, pathetic monotonous. They remind one of the melancholy complaints of Brittany. In the better educated classes the sonnet is and their beaux will recite poetry by the hour, pieces from their favorite poets, adapted to the occasion and supplemented with more pointedly personal improvisations. The arch glances of the flirts and a seductive charm to the harmonious lines—innocent flirtations these, which go no further than an exchange of incendiary glances and exaggerated rhymed compliments. The stranger is apt to misconstrue manners and customs that are at variance with those of his country. For instance, a susceptible young Cuban sees a lady pass by; he is struck with her beauty and expresses his admiration by kissing her hand to her. He had never seen her before and will probably never see her again; he has not fallen in love at first sight; he merely pays homage to her charms; she receives it as such and is flattered rather than offended.

The Cubans marry for love and, so far as I have had the opportunity to observe, their married life is happy; family ties are strong and binding, the mother-in-law is not considered an inconvenience, and the question whether marriage is a failure is never up for discussion. The home life is simple and patriarchal. The respect shown to their elders by the young, their tender care of the abuela (grandmother) is touching. Surely these homely virtues are not to be despised; it is in the family circle



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that the character of the citizen is formed. Admitted into that circle, the stranger is struck with the native good breeding of even the inferior classes. There is a genuine cordiality which makes him feel at ease, and, if there be no danger of surveillance by the ubiquitous spy, an abandon which soon lets him into the secret of his host's opinions. They are always the same—more or less pronounced: Cuba must be free. With some (I speak of half a century ago) it is but a dream impossible of realization; with others it is a hope, ardent and inspiring, inciting to the noblest sacrifices. The women are intensely patriotic; their influence has been felt in all the revolutionary attempts.

Cuba is a land of plenty. Her natural products afford a never-failing supply of food. The small farmer, with his plantations of bananas, plantains, and yams, which require little labor, the many varieties of fruit which require no labor at all, spends a moderate amount of energy on his tobacco field; his crop will bring him enough money to buy groceries and the little clothing needed by his family. His habits are temperate and frugal; why should he work himself to death? If the crop is unusually good, well, a few gold onzas will be added to the family board. He does not believe much in Spanish banks; besides, he lives far from the city.

This fertility of the soil, the enervating tropical climate, and the discouraging effect of the oppressive rule under which he lives combine to make the average Cuban indolent and unambitious—an Anglo-Saxon would say lazy; but let the occasion arise and he will display the greatest activity and energy and will astonish us by his powers of endurance. The war actually going on gives abundant proof of this. The transformation is remarkable above all in the Cuban women of today—the most naturally indolent in the world—whom we see sharing heroically with their husbands and brothers the hardships and dangers of war.

But, for all his simplicity of life, the Cuban of the rural districts has two passions, one noble, the other degrading in its tendencies; very poor must be the farmer who has not a fine saddle horse in his stable; not a thoroughbred with a long pedigree, but one of your creole horses, graceful of form, mettlesome of temper, and endowed with powers of endurance even greater than his master's. His horse is the Cuban's pet and friend, the object of his pride and care. An ornamented saddle and bridle, clinking silver spurs, whose cruelly large rowels are misleading for the intelligent animal is seldom made to feel their sharpness, form the sum of his dreams. But, alas! the horse has a rival, the pugnacious gamecock. Cock fighting is as much a passion as card playing; it is as ruinous and far more exciting. The crowd at the cockpit act like madmen; they grow wild over the incidents of a fight, hoot the coward bird that shows the white feather, applaud and encourage the brave champion as they would a human being. The betting grows fast and furious when the birds are well matched. I have known a victorious cock to be carried through the streets, all bleeding and almost dead, under a red umbrella preceded by a band of music and escorted by a crowd of shouting admirers. No hero from the battlefield could have received a more enthusiastic ovation. I must say however, that the crowd was not composed exclusively of Cubans, but comprised a large proportion of Spaniards and negroes.

There are queer, and sometimes touching, superstitious practices in the island. One that I witnessed in Santiago de Cuba—I do not know if it obtains in other parts of the country—is poetic in its weird sentimentality. The dead are carried in an uncovered coffin to the graveyard, where the lid is fastened on at the last moment; but at the funeral of a child there is no sign of mourning. The little corpse is clad in some gauzy white fabric and crowned with flowers; young children the companions of the deceased, walk on either side of the coffin. They are dressed in white, with bows of bright colored ribbons; each carries a small basket filled with shredded petals of flowers, which they, from time to time, throw by the handful in the air, the fragrant leaves falling like raindrops around the little corpse. Musicians playing lively airs precede the coffin, which is invariably car-

ried by hand. The people say the sinless child is an angel returning to heaven, which should give cause for rejoicing, not for grieving. A rather too realistic illustration of this belief was given once, when the dead child's eyes were kept open by some contrivance, its cheeks and lips rouged, and a pair of gauze wings attached to its shoulders.

Illiteracy is not so widespread as might be supposed, even among the poorer class. The well-to-do are adverse to having their sons brought up under the influence of Spanish methods, and, particularly since the middle of this century, when the revolutionary movement was inaugurated by the ill-fated Gen. Narciso Lopez many young Cubans are sent to the United States to be educated in habits of freedom. American ideas are thus represented in the island today by quite a large class of well-informed, patriotic men in the prime of life. This fact, probably, is not without its influence on the successes of the present struggle.

Cuba has produced many poets and musicians of note, and writers of no small merit in the various fields of literature. I do not know that she has given a painter to the world of art. Lawyers and physicians, in great number, and of real talent, she counts among her sons.

The Cuban gentleman possesses an affable dignity of manner, very different from the pompous conceit of the bidaigo of the old country, while in the most ignorant countryman we find a native courtesy seldom met elsewhere. The Cubans are a handsome race. The ladies show a charming vivacity allied with a gentle loving disposition, many are beautiful, all are attractive. Luxuriant black tresses sparkling eyes and small hands and feet are traits common to the high-born senorita and her humble sister of the vegas. They are intelligent, capable of great devotion, though from their light-hearted ways one might think frivolous. Past middle age they have the tendency to obesity, remarkable in women of the Spanish race, and due probably to their inactive life.

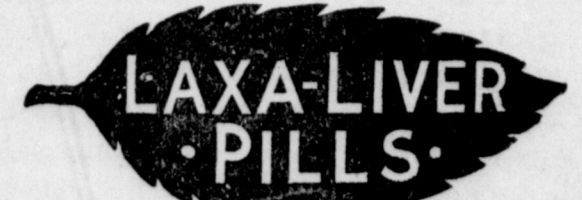
I have tried to describe the Cubans at home, as I have known them in the days gone by. If I have dealt lightly with their faults, born principally of the system of oppression under which they live. Their redeeming qualities show them worthy of the sympathy of a great people to whom they look, not only for assistance, but also as the embodiment of those principles of liberty in which their hopes of the future rest.

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.

Almost a Fatality But For Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Strange Story of a Northwest Lady.

A death to be dreaded is that from suffocation, and yet this is one of the usual phases of heart disease. Mrs. J. L. Hillier of Whitewood, N. W. T., came as near this dangerous point as need be. She says: "I was much afflicted with heart failure, in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. I tried all the doctors in this section of the country, but they failed to give me relief. A local druggist recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I tried it, and with the result that I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine the trouble altogether left me. It is not too much to say that it saved my life."

Bobbett—"So you think Mr. Grumpkins is stingy? I'm surprised at that. We had had for breakfast this morning, and Grumpkins left more than half the fish for me." Wibbins—"You don't mean it!" Bobbett—"Sure! He left me the bones." Boston Transcript.



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