

CADET MASTERS.

First call for parade had sounded at West Point and the cadets had gathered in little groups on the infantry plain, laughing and chatting, while waiting for the drums to roll off the "fall in." It is the close of a rare June day and the sun sinking behind the ruined battlements of old Fort Putnam, towers westward of the barracks, throws the slowly lengthening shadow of the old revolutionary relic across the parade ground.

There is unusual jollity in "D" company to-night. The names of the cadet officers for the coming year have been announced, and of the cadets who will wear chevrons a large number have been chosen from the boys of this command. The unlucky ones are busy congratulating their fortunate fellows and giving them the initiatory backslapping usual on such occasions. Altogether there is a good deal of noise and skylarking being crowded into that brief interval between drums.

At a little distance from the rollicking gray-clad groups stands a cadet leaning on his rifle. He is taking no part in the fun of his fellows. John Masters, that is his name, is a tall, well-knit boy with a face that is perhaps grave and thoughtful for years. He has been at West Point a full year now and is a full-fledged classman, or "yearling," as the cadets prefer to call it. John Masters is cut by nearly all his fellow cadets. The few who speak to him do so only on rare occasions, for the cadets have pronounced this boy a coward. When he reported at the academy for some weeks his course ran as did that of the other cadets. He took his hazing good-naturedly, and there was nothing to mark him different from his comrades. Then one day by the usual order from the superintendent the new cadets were formed into two sections for the purpose of taking dancing lessons. The corps of cadets was something more than mildly astonished the next day when a special order from General O. O. Howard, the superintendent, was read: excusing cadet John Masters from attendance at the dancing class on account of "expressed conscientious scruples against dancing." Such a thing as this had never happened before in the whole history of the academy. The cadets laughed at Masters a little and most of them called him a "milkop."

It was not until a month after this, however, that the real trouble of new cadet's life began. In accordance with old-time cadet usage it seemed to the boys that a certain class difficulty made it necessary for Masters to engage in a fight with an upper classman behind the ramparts of old Fort Clinton, which for eighty years had been the place where cadets settled their difficulties with their

ling cannon and allight uninjured on the ground.

Cadet Masters is about to follow them. His right hand is on the flank of the rich red horse and he makes ready to leap forward beyond and to the left of the crunching caisson wheel. Then for a moment he looks ahead. In the direct course of the flying horses are the hundreds of gathered spectators for the great part women and children. They are sitting as if paralyzed by the sight of the direct line of danger. Reaching the end of the swaying pole Masters stands for one instant erect. Then, just how no one ever knew, he made a flying leap and landed squarely astride one of the frenzied leaders. They are within thirty yards of the group of frightened onlookers. Masters leans forward, well over the neck of his mount, grasps the bridle at the right side near the bit, and by a mighty effort brings the leader's head to the right. As if in obedience to the enforced movement, the other leader complies and there is a slight change of direction. With speed unchecked the horses dash on. Almost in their path stands a great tent post. Masters makes an effort to bring them clear, but only half succeeding, the wheels crash into the obstruction and the boy is thrown headlong to the plain, stunned and bleeding.

When thought in some degree comes back and objects shape themselves once more to his eye he becomes conscious that a cadet is bending over him and saying: "Masters, I was the first one to call you a coward. You've got more grit than the whole corps of cadets put together. And now you came as an echo to the words I told John Masters, coward, that he had won his case with his comrades."—Chicago Record.

Toasting the General.

At a family party where young people predominated, the grandmother of a dozen lively boys and girls suggested a game which had been in vogue in her childhood. With the substitution of the name of the President for that of the game, the game was played with great success and much merriment.

"It was called 'Toasting the General,'" she said, "and was handed down from my grandmother, who was a contemporary of George Washington. The boys and girls were seated around the table, and a glass of water was placed before each one. The leader took up his glass, saying gravely, 'I drink to the health of Gen. George Washington!' Then he nodded his head once, took one sip of water, and touched the bottom of his glass once to the table before setting it down. He then passed the table to his right hand and the floor once with his right foot. This formula went around the table.

"Next the leader said, 'I drink for the second time to the health of Gen. George Washington.' As he took up his glass he nodded his head once, took two sips of water, touched his glass twice to the table, patted the table twice with his left hand and the floor twice with his left foot. This again went the rounds.

"Then the leader raised his glass again, saying, 'I drink for the third time to the health of Gen. George Washington!' nodded three times, took three sips of water, touched his glass three times to the table, patted the table three times with his left hand and then with his right hand, and the first with his left and then with his right hand.

"This ended the game, save for the forfeits which were called in consequence of mistakes. And there was scarcely a person in the room who had not nodded or sipped in the wrong order, or patted too many or too few times, or with the wrong hand or foot so there was much sport.

Fun, as well as history, repeats itself, and the same old-time game was named one of the best for ever played by the boys and girls had ever tried.

Rusin Wolf Story.

"Well," said the red-faced man, "the most exciting race I ever had happened a few days ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered, to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a pack of wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the brutes, and to my delight, saw the others stop to devour it.

"After doing this, however, they still came on. I kept on repeating the dose, with the same result and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip my horses. Finally there was only one wolf left, and it came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good hot supper."

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner burst forth into a fit of laughter.

"Why, man," said he, "by your way of reckoning that last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside of him!"

"Ah!" said the red-faced man, "now I remember, it did wabble a bit!"—London Times.

In Wall Street.

Wayfarer from Arcadia—As I came up Wall street I struck me as being a sordid rift in something. "Sordid rift" is good, but what's it a rift in?—Chicago Record.

Denizen of the Street—Sordid rift. Yes, that's good. What all it's being a rift in the foot?—Life.

"Why do men stay away from the church?"

"Well, sometimes I don't go because I haven't got new shoes, and then again I don't go because I have new shoes."—Chicago Record.

Piet Cronje deserves the same honorable consideration at the hands of Lord Roberts which Rear-Admiral Cervera received at the hands of Rear-Admiral Sampson.—Newark Advertiser.

HEIRESS HUNTING.

"She must be sick," said Ettie Hall to herself, or else she would have been here long ago. Poor Justine! Somehow things are arranged very strangely in this world. I can't understand what it all means, nor what I have done that I should be rich and courted, while Justine Maynard, who was my classmate at Madame Paulin's, trims dresses for a living. I deserve no credit for the skillful management of Uncle Crotchley, whereby my dollars became eagles. I only wish she would let me divide with her; but she has too much of the haughty Maynard blood in her veins for that. I'll go and see her."

And Ettie Hall ran upstairs into a little boudoir to tie on her hat. Just as she came out the maid brought up a card on a silver salver.

Ettie's telltale eyes sparkled as she glanced at the Roman-lettered inscription on the one side.

MARKHAM FERNLEY.

And then, taking it up, perused on the reverse side the following words:

May I accompany you to the opera to-night? Florine has a box and Salter will sing. Yours, ever devotedly, Ettie caught up a sheet of pink note-paper monogrammed in gold and hurriedly scribbled upon it the one word, "Yes."

"Give that to him," she said hurriedly.

Justine Maynard's little room was a luxuriously appointed nest of lace and gold and silver. Bars and cold and poverty-stricken, its cracked walls and sloping roof gained no glow from the rosy sunset; and Justine herself lay on the bed, with hands pressed to her throbbing forehead.

"Only a headache, dear," she said, saying a faint smile, as Ettie Hall hurried toward her. "That is all. I have been a little worried by the landlord; he will be back again presently for the money that I shall not be able to give him. If he would only wait until to-morrow."

"Let me pay him, Justine."

"I am not a beggar, yet, Ettie—say, do not look that I know how tender and large-souled you are; but I have never yet accepted charity, even from so dear a friend as you, and I never will—no, not if I die first. To-morrow I can take that satin dress home and receive \$10 for making it. That will set me all right. I should have returned it to-night, but this pain makes a mere child of me."

"Justine," said she, "I've an idea. I'll take this dress home for you. I'll get the money and bring it back."

"Nonsense, Ettie!"

"Very good sense, on the contrary," said Ettie, who placed it within the folds of brown paper wrapping and tied it up.

"Come, where is it to go to?"

"To Miss Fernley, in Middleton square. Oh, Ettie! how shall I ever repay you for all your kindness?"

Ettie was tying a dark brown veil so closely over her hat that Justine Maynard never saw the deep dye on her cheek. She was almost sorry she had offered to take Florine Fernley's new dress home. For a second her resolution wavered, and then she reproached herself for even that second indecision.

"I'll be back very soon, dear," she said, and pressed her cool lip to Justine's fevered brow. "And I'll bring the money, too, or I mistake my own talent at the debt-collecting business."

She hurried away with the bundle neatly balanced in her arms, and walked rapidly, lest her resolution should fail her. It was not a long walk, for the Fernleys lived in Middleton square, but a few blocks distant.

A smart, blue-ribboned maid came to the door.

"Yes, Miss Fernley is at home," and with a supple bow she introduced Ettie to the blood-bol, the girl pointed up a dark stairway.

"Just up there and you'll find her. First door to the left."

Miss Ettie Hall followed the directions and found herself in a twilight apartment, where draped mirrors and sweet, faint scents betrayed the manifold mysteries of a young lady's toilet.

"What's wanting? Why can't I have my nap in peace?" querulously demanded Florine Fernley's voice. "Oh, it's that everlasting dressmaker, Mark! Mark! I want ten dollars."

"So do I—ten thousand," retorted a familiar voice from the next room. "But I can't have all about ten, either. I've borrowed twenty of me to hire that nonsensical opera box."

"That was business, my dear."

"Business! Nonsense! Give me the money, I say," fretted Florine.

"Yes, business, my girl. Heiress-hunting is as much business as speculating on Wall street, and the fair Henrietta is a fish that won't jump at any ordinary bait."

"Hush!" cried Florine, sharply, and then, turning to the so-distant dressmaker, she said:

"It isn't convenient to pay you to-day. Call again next week or the week after."

TWO BAD MEN.

They Settled Their Quarrel by Shooting at a Target Instead.

Jim Allison, Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson recently quarreled over a game of cards in John Brennan's saloon on West Madison street. Their dispute was settled by the use of revolvers, and yet without bloodshed.

Twenty years ago a row among these three men would have been followed by a list of dead and wounded names, but that recently telegraphed from Frankfort, Ky., where the former congressman used his pistol. But civilization has had its influence upon even the men of the west who made a record as sure shots, and the life was passed without bloodshed. The game was hearts—only for the drinks, and Allison had led a diamond. Earp played a heart on the trick, and was accused of making a misplay.

"You lie!" exclaimed Allison.

In a second two hands reached for revolvers.

"Hold on, boys!" shouted Masterson. "This ain't Haastampo Creek. We're not in a Prescott gambling house. If you want to shoot, I'll show you how to do it. If you win, Earp, Allison will have to apologize. If you win, Jim, Earp must acknowledge he's a liar."

The revolvers were not drawn. When Bat Masterson says a thing it generally goes. He filled thirty or forty graves when he was marshal of Dodge City, Kan., and both Earp and Allison were his assistants at the time. They had fought all over the Southwest with him, and they knew that he was prepared to back up any assertion that he made.

Accordingly, when Masterson led the way out of the saloon, Earp and Allison meekly followed him.

"I'm going to let you shoot," remarked the former marshal, as he turned into a shooting gallery.

The figure of a man with a bull's eye marked where his heart ought to have been swinging lazily to and fro in the foreground. Intention ducks were flying through the air, and targets of all kinds were presented to view.

The keeper of the place handed Allison a rifle and a pistol. They were toys in appearance, and the big frontiersman smiled with disgust as he looked at them.

"Use your own guns, boys," said Masterson. "You can have 20 shots each. Shoot at the tin man. That's better than killing each other. I'll be referee."

Two murderous-looking navy forty-fives were brought out, and Allison fired six shots from his weapon in quick succession. Each shot struck the tin man in the heart, and the faint tinkle of a bell was heard as the bullet struck. Then Earp's revolver went into action, and each of its bullets found its desired mark.

Masterson applauded the performance, and seemed to derive the utmost amusement from it.

"This reminds me of old times!" he shouted. "You fellows shot that way when we had the fight with the rustlers down in Tombstone. Remember, Jim, you killed three of 'em in quick succession."

For answer Allison let fly his revolver again, and two or three ducks came dropping down. Earp followed his example. The men were interested in their work now, and the quarrel had been forgotten. They shot at every target in the gallery, and their marksmanship was as good as when their lives depended upon it.

Masterson wore a silk hat. Jim winked at Wyatt, and the two quietly stepped back, leaving Bat gazing at the targets and waiting for the next shot.

"Bang!" went the two revolvers in unison, and Masterson's hat flew off his head with two big bullet holes in it.

"You're acting like a tenderfoot," said Earp, "so we treated you like one. Now, I'll admit that I might have been mistaken in the game of cards."

"Same here," chimed in Allison, "but I guess you're stuck for three bottles of champagne."

The champagne was drunk, and the men continued their card game for an hour or so, and then took the west-bound train for Denver. Masterson, Allison and Earp are about the only men left of the crowd that helped cultivate respect for the law in frontier settlements. Accurate shots, quick and fearless, they always fought on the side of law and order. Dodge City, Durango, Tombstone, Tucson, Prescott and Phoenix were all brought into subjection by them.—Chicago Tribune.

Capt. Bosco's Swimming Cats.

"I read a description the other day of the retrieving cat owned by a sportsman on Hetaire Ridge," said a planter from the south coast, "and while the case was certainly remarkable, it is completely eclipsed, in my opinion, by a family of swimming cats owned by Capt. Bosco, of Tarpon island. Capt. Bosco is well-known in New Orleans, where he occasionally comes to do some trading, and is immensely popular with the crowd that goes down to the Tarpon Club for perked-up oysters. He is the kindest fisherman of Bay Adams, and as quaint and original a character as you could find on the whole coast."

"His swimming cats, about which I started to tell you, belong to a feline tribe that has lived at the captain's place from time out of mind. There are twelve of them, and as I have told, and they have apparently lost every vestige of the natural antipathy of their species for water. They will wade, unhesitatingly, through the shallows on the beach, hunting for small fish, and three or four will actually swim out to reach luggers to get their fish. Like all cats, they are very fond of that kind of food, and when the captain's lugger comes in from a visit to the beds several of them are certain to jump off the landing and swim to where it lies at anchor. It is very strange to see them come scrambling on board, moving and shaking themselves, and seemingly as indifferent to the wetting as setter puppies."

"How they developed such an extraordinary trait, I don't pretend to say, but it has probably been a matter of gradual evolution. Capt. Bosco doesn't remember when his cats began to go into the water, but it was many years ago, and with each generation the natural aversion must have become fainter and fainter. It wouldn't surprise me if they developed web feet."—N. O. Times.

"Some men get ideas in their heads; others get them in their necks," is Mr. Bryan's latest. It sounds as if it might have been borrowed from a vaudeville sketch.—Washington Post.

"If that's your game," replied the tailor, "the clothes will not be done at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Too Much Time Wasted.

"If you will get my new suit done by Saturday," said a customer to a tailor, "I'll be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game," replied the tailor, "the clothes will not be done at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

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SERVANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Only People of Wealth Can Afford to Keep Them.

Only rich people can afford to keep white servants in South Africa. All ordinary folk have to perform to be content with the well meant, if occasionally rather casual, ministrations of the native house boy.

A boy may be any age from 14 to 40; but if he is very young he is always called an "umtani." The best of all servants is a Zulu, especially if he be a native of the Transvaal, and is a native and totally unspoiled by the wiles of civilization. Such a boy is honest, sober, quick, clean, and anxious to learn the ways of the "umtani" or white man.

He soon becomes as deft as an English butler, and a lady as the ideal housemaid. He does everything, from cooking to answering the door, and after a little practice he is as well too. His knowledge of English at first is scanty, but he soon picks up a few words and mixes up English, Dutch, and English in a queer jargon.

In Natal it is considered bad to permit a Zulu servant to speak English; the "basas" or the "inkosigans" (mistresses) must talk to him in Zulu, or what passes for that, and is sometimes known as "kitchen Kaffir." Some queer sentences are often heard in this tongue. For instance, the basas will say, "John! voetjak inyama! Let's pudding," which is a compound of Dutch, Zulu, and English, and means, "Take away the meat and bring the pudding."

When they are new to their work the boys make funny mistakes. A lady once had a good but raw boy who did not understand the etiquette of visiting cards. Three visitors called. Two of them gave the boy their cards; the third did not happen to have one with her. The boy ushered the first two into the dining room, but kept the third waiting in the hall, saying: "Two misses got tickets; you no got ticket, you wait outside."

The boys have all manner of strange names, which they mostly give themselves. They are usually chosen from some one or other of the words that they hear often used, such as Sixpence, "Ticks" (three penny piece), Shilling, Breakfast, Kettle, Silly Fool, Ugly, Pint Pot, Scrubber, Chopper, or Whisky. A boy was once called Dan because he was fond of beer and used to work at the Shebeen.

Of course, among themselves they always have their own tribal names, but they never use them in white men's houses, and if one of the aforementioned common objects are chosen as appellations, then they are usually called by those names. For instance, the wonderful knock-out punch which their masters by some native name in their own language always denoting some physical peculiarity or trick of manner. For instance, they will call a man "Ubonvu" because he has a red face, or "Indevana" because he has a curly head of hair, or "Buishezi" because he is a slipshod.

When they speak English they are apt to confuse the sounds of "l" and "r," and this sometimes produces comic results. Instead of a boy saying "Breakfast is ready, basas," he says something like "Black-faced lady, basas."—London Mail.

THE BICYCLE IN HONOLULU.

All the Good Roads May Be Traversed in One Day—No Racing.

Honolulu is not a wheeling town, looking at it from a standpoint of pleasure riding, for there is very little of it. However, there are lots of wheels sold, but they are ridden almost entirely for business.

There are no bicycle clubs here and racing is a thing of the past. No races have been run since shortly after Sharick and Whitman came here over two years ago. The latter is in business here and has organized a sort of board of trade to regulate prices of repairing and sundries, and up to date I know of no case of the rules being broken; the result is good prices, no cutting. An ordinary gas lamp brings from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

The riding is quite limited, compared to the States. One can take nearly all the trips that can be taken in one day. There is one fine ride to the Pala and return, or rather return—as it is upgrade all the way out. But on the way back you can put your "dappers" upon the coasts and coast from the top of the grade clear into Honolulu, and back again, and up to date I know of no case of the rules being broken; the result is good prices, no cutting. An ordinary gas lamp brings from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

It is quite a frequent sight here to see a person half-naked riding a bicycle barefooted, sometimes bareheaded, with nothing but shirt and trousers (if it is a man).

It is hard to tell whether a person is rich or a beggar by the way they dress. Very often some of the best dressed and very little else on will come in and buy the most expensive wheel in the house and pay spot cash for it and no one will be the least bit surprised.

Here merchants waste very little time with a customer; they seem to have something more important to attend to. I was very nearly knocked over the second day I was here. A man came into a store where I happened to be and wanted to buy a wheel, and the dealer said, "Oh, can't you come in to-morrow? We haven't the wheel uncured." And the customer walked out. I could not help wondering what would happen to a Los Angeles dealer if a man should come upon him suddenly and want to buy a wheel without wanting him to throw in half the store.—Honolulu Correspondence in Los Angeles Wheeling.

Too Much Time Wasted.

"If you will get my new suit done by Saturday," said a customer to a tailor, "I'll be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game," replied the tailor, "the clothes will not be done at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

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GUMPTION.

"ONE does not have gumption till one has been properly cheated." Persons of gumption are using Ivory Soap, women who have trusted themselves too near the precipice of false economy and who can now appreciate the true economy in a soap made of pure vegetable oils and other high-class ingredients, but made in such quantity as to bring the price within the reach of the very poorest family. Indeed it is the very poor who most need it, for they can least afford the extravagance of common soap.

MILTON'S STEAMBOAT LINE.

SEEMS ASSURED AT PRESENT. NEWS OF THE TOWN.

Milton, Del., March 16.—It appears from present indications that a steamboat line is assured between this town and Philadelphia. From present advices the boat is already bargained for, and there is capital enough to put her on the route. The prospect of Milton having a share in the patronage of the steamer fishing on the Delaware this season is hardly possible. The two men who were here last week in this interest, think it probable that a fleet of these boats may rendezvous in the Broadkill. Their principal, and perhaps only objection, is the river location being too far down the bay. It is thought it will be tried early in the season, and if the catch should prove remunerative, Broadkill will be made a permanent harbor for a portion of the fleet. This, while being of some advantage to Milton, would doubtless prove more advantageous to Lewes.

William Salmons, while sawing wood with a circular saw, broke the index and the middle finger of his left hand so badly lacerated as to render amputation necessary.

J. E. Dodd sold his goods, farming implements, etc., and will seek his fortune in the City of Brotherly Love.

Miss Ida Linder, of near town, is much improved in health.

Clement Hart, since his arrival home, has gone to work on his property with his usual vim. This week he has trimmed the shade trees in front of his house, and the site is much improved thereby.

Alfred Robinson is receiving cans from Baltimore and storing them for pea packing.

Captain John Rogers, of the schooner Rambo, from Bridgeport, Pa., is visiting friends in Milton.

W. B. Wilson is yet in a precarious condition.

Mrs. Paul Pfeiffer, of Mount Ararat, is very ill.

Mrs. William W. Jones left on Tuesday for a visit in Wilmington.

The Town Council has elected the following officers of the board: President, J. J. Morris; secretary, E. W. Warren; treasurer, N. W. White. The old board treated to cigars.

DREDGE HANDS ARRESTED.

CHARGED WITH ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL.

Cambridge, Md., March 16.—George Foster and Moses Burk, colored, were brought to Cambridge last night, tied, and lodged in jail under a charge of assault with intent to kill before Justice Benson. Foster is from Crisfield and Burk from Philadelphia.

They were employed as dredge hands on the tugboat, Adelle H. Shores and had been on the boat for some time. James E. Pritchett was master of the boat and was at work in Brannock's bay eight miles from Cambridge. During Captain Pritchett's temporary absence these men became offended at Otto Wingate, a white boy, 19 years old, who was aboard, and assaulted him violently and were about to throw him overboard when he was rescued by the crew. They cursed violently and declared they meant to take charge of the boat.

OTTER SHOT AT CRISFIELD.

Crisfield, Md., March 16.—An otter has been shot near the Crisfield High School. The animal had been pursued by some oystermen into Somer's cove, and, finding one of the floodgates open, it entered a drain ditch and had gotten over a mile into the country before being discovered. On reaching the end of the school grounds it was frightened by some children going along the road and, running out of the ditch, started across a field, where it soon plunged into another drain filled with a thick undergrowth. The animal became tangled up in the bushes and, poking his head out, was shot by the janitor. The otter was over four feet long, and its skin was sold in Crisfield for \$5.

DEATH OF A PHYSICIAN.

Salisbury, Md., March 16.—Dr. Stephen P. Dennis, one of the most prominent physicians on the Eastern Shore, died yesterday of pneumonia. He was 73 years of age. He leaves a widow and two sisters. He was a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, and had given a great deal of time to study of the diseases of the eye and ear. He was born in Pittsville, in this county, October 12, 1827. He married Miss Sallie Hopper, of Havre de Grace. She was a niece of Mr. Albertson, the owner of the old Mansion House, in Baltimore city.

ORDER FOR 14,000 MORE BIRDS.

TO WHICH A CAMDEN MAN PAID NO ATTENTION.

Camden, Del., March 16.—Miss May Cullen and Kent Fisher were in Felton on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ellison have been visiting in Wilmington.

Several of the friends of Thomas Simpson tendered him a surprise party a few evenings ago. Those present were: Miss Mary Caulk, Mrs. Sallie Scott, Mrs. Deborah Gannon, Misses Martha Slay, Lizzie Caulk, Alice Osmond and Edith Van Orman.

Ties for the trolley road have been hauled