

Half Hours Off Duty.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

By James Hannay.—From The Empire.

(Continued from Page 248.)

THE battle was over, and the enemy in retreat to their camp, but nearly two thousand dead and wounded men were lying about Lundy's Lane. The sound of battle had ceased for about an hour, and all was quiet, except when the silence was broken by the groans of the wounded, when Sutherland, who felt very weak, became conscious that some one was near him. He spoke, and in a moment Samuel Wright was by his side:—

"Thank God I've found you," said the burly militiaman, "are you badly hurt?"

"I fear I am," replied Sutherland in a faint voice. It was his last utterance for many hours.

When Sutherland came to himself at the close of the long July day, which followed the battle of Lundy's Lane, he found that he was in a house, and a moment later he became aware that a woman was bending over him. It was Mary Wright who had been weeping over her wounded, and, as she thought, dying lover, and who was now watching him as he returned to consciousness, and as she saw him slowly revive her tears of sorrow were succeeded by tears of joy.

"God is good," she said devoutly, "he may yet be spared to me."

It was the thoughtful care of Samuel Wright that had been the means of conveying Sutherland so promptly to the Squire's new house. With three others as stout as himself the sturdy yeoman had carried the wounded man on his back all the way from the field of battle to Newark.

"Will he live?" asked Wright of the surgeon as that wise man examined him.

"He may," replied the doctor, "but it is a bad case, and the bullet has probably passed through the lung and is lodged in the muscles of the back; good nursing will save him if anything will."

"Then he'll get that," said Wright, and he forthwith proceeded to carry Sutherland to Newark as already described.

Sutherland was desperately wounded, and remained for a long time in the very shadow of death, but he did not die. After weeks of suffering he passed the crisis and very slowly began to recover. He had become sadly wasted, but returning strength brought back the old proud resolute look to his face. Mary once more was happy, for her lover was almost himself again, and her wedding day had been named and sanctioned by her father.

The marriage of William Sutherland and Mary Wright took place on Christmas Eve, and at the dinner table the following day, except that there was one vacant chair at the foot of the table, there was a re-united family gathered. The long absent lieutenant in the navy had returned from sea; Samuel Wright was there with his wife, and even the Squire's old friend Rideout had consented to give up his own dinner at home in order to be present. Everyone was happy, yet amid the rejoicings of the day and the occasion, the vacant chair was there to remind the company of the missing one, and to show them the transitory nature alike of human happiness and human sorrow.

(Concluded.)

Military Drill for Girls.

Teaching Them How to Walk Gracefully.—Developing the Figure.

THE English custom of a military drill in female institutions of learning has been introduced into this country, and is already producing fine results. The pupils who daily go through these exercises are distinguished from other young ladies by their more erect bearing, their strong, vigorous appearance, their graceful and confident movements, and, beyond all, their superior and easy walk. The last was the original object of the exercise, and the instructed were known as the drill or walking class. One of the female institutions of Baltimore has adopted this mode of instructing and developing its pupils physically, and every afternoon, for thirty minutes, the school is put through the exercises by an expert drill master.

The scene presented is novel and interesting to any who have the privilege of witnessing it, whether they are parents, young adults of either sex or children. The class of girls, numbering about thirty, form as would a company of the 5th Regiment at the command "fall in," and await further orders. Though most of them have only been drilled since the opening of the school in September; they are already proficient and soldierly in their bearing, so rapidly does the young female take in instruction. All the manoeuvres are executed with accuracy and simultaneously, and with evident relish. Common time, quick time and double

quick time are made at word of command, and they come to a good halt from a double quick. The drop on one knee, as if to receive a cavalry charge, is well done, the movement probably being the most warlike of all the exercises. A wobble at the knee and the full action at the hip joints are parts of the requirements. One of the most pleasant features of the drill is to see these happy, smiling young creatures go through the various salutes.

A spectator leaves after witnessing the drill with thoughts of cheerful youth, beauty, female warriors and future society belles. He is also fully impressed with the fact that the participants in the drill have style of carriage, full chests and upright shoulders that are sadly wanting in most American girls. It is the habit of outdoor walking that gives to the English woman her longer lease of life and greater duration of physical charms. The English woman's foot is larger and firmer than that of her American cousin, but just as shapely.

The walking customs of the English and German ladies are being introduced in America, and ere long it is hoped that the high order of American female beauty may be as durable and as marked in advanced life as it is now perishable and uncertain. In Baltimore the lawn tennis clubs, the gymnasium exercise and horseback riding have done much toward making the young women active and healthy, symmetrical and graceful.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The annual report of the Supervising-Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service for the fiscal year 1887 is a valuable work of 308 pages, including a copious index. The medical statistics are especially interesting.

A chief of division in the Pension Office, hailing from Indiana, several days ago posted the following notice in a conspicuous place in his office: "Hereafter I don't want none of my hands to walk about the corduroys during office hours."

Cadet (vaingloriously).—I'm afraid we fighting men are too susceptible, Miss Brenton.

Miss Brenton (of Boston).—Yes; how awfully susceptible Mr. Smith was to Mr. Kilrain, wasn't he?—*Tid Bits*.

Mrs. B.—My dear, you came in too late last night, and you talked in your sleep.

Mr. B. (uneasily).—Did I? What did I say?

Mrs. B.—It sounded like "ante up, jackpot."

Mr. B. (with admirable presence of mind).—Yes, my dear, I had been discussing Volapuk with Jones. The expression which escaped me in my sleep means "God bless our home."—*Kansas City Journal*.

An old soldier lay dying in a little town in Pennsylvania, one day last week. "Is there anything on your mind that troubles you?" asked his pastor, as an expression of grave concern passed over the veteran's face. "Yes," said the dying man, "there is. I have not made use of my opportunities. I was in the war about four years, in many battles, and thought I tried to do my duty. But I never picked up a lighted shell, with its burning fuse sputtering close to the shell, and threw it over the parapet of the fort. I have been a regular attendant upon army reunions, and I have read the newspapers since the war, and find that I am the only man in the Union army who has not performed that feat, although I had plenty of opportunities. My life has been wasted." "But why," asked the pastor kindly, "did you not do it when you had an opportunity?" "Because," said the gallant old soldier, "I wanted to save the shell. I always knelt down and pulled the fuse out with my teeth!" And then the noble life went out with a snap like a friction primer.—*Burdette*.



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