

## The Kindred Spirits Club.

THE man with the red goatee had been missing from his usual loafing-place at the end of the wharf for some evenings. The Kindred Spirits were also absent. On my third visit I discovered the cause of their disappearance. They had moved into their club-house, a roomy shack further up the wharf.

"Come in," said the man with the r. g. as I vulcanized through the open door. "It's getting cool now in the evenings, and we've moved into our club-room. Sit down and admire."

I sat down and admired the room, the warm fire, and the Kindred Spirits who were smoking Nickey & Nicholson's and looking as happy as tom cats in the sun.

"What's that you were saying, Tommy, about Lord Dundonald, when Stranger appeared," said red goatee to one of the Spirits.

Nothin' 'bout him—but I was sayin' as how that 'Merican feller I was speakin' about was a-smilin' and a-makin' his remarks about tin-soldiers and that sort of thing, when Dundonald was a-passin' him on the street."

"Well," said red goatee, "p'raps from his p'int of view he was all right. You see it all depends on the p'int of view Lord Dundonald did his fighting in the open field; General Shafter did his in bed. Lord Dundonald invented some kind of a galloping gun, while a Yankee General invented the water cure. The water cure killed hundreds of more men than the galloping gun and hurt them cruel bad besides. Dundonald, thank God, ain't it with that kind. It all depends as I said before, on the p'int of view—

"But—"

"That'll do, just now," said the man with the red goatee. "As President of the Society we will now proceed to initiate the Stranger. I promised him last summer that he could come in. Inside Sentinel, guard the door! Steward, bring forth the other kindred spirits!