BOY'S LONG TOUR ON TWO DOLLARS.

Ran Away from Home at Fayetteville, N. Y., Last January.

Carried a Bundle When He Started; Comes Back with Well Filled Valise.

ONLY THIRTEEF, BUT TERY PLUCKY.

Has Visited England, Belgium, France, Africa and Arabia Since He Left Home, but Is Now Willing to Go Back to School Again.

After wandering nearly half way around the globe, earning his way when he could "eating" it at other times, George [illegible], a sturdy, little chap, thirteen years old, found himself yesterday practically a [illegible] in one of the Ellis Island detention rooms.

George is a square shouldered, strongly built boy, with brown hair, dark brown eyes and handsome features. He is a native of Fayetteville, State, and on January 14 last ran away from the home of his sister, Mrs. S. Pratt, in Fayetteville, N. Y., to "see the world," as he declared. He then had a cash capital of $2 and an extra suit of clothes done up in a bundle.

He had had no money when he landed at Ellis Island last Saturday from the Hamburg liner California, but he had three good suits of clothes in a valise, besides the strong suit of brown cheviot he was carrying.

His face was well browned from exposure and he had not, he said, had a sick day since he left home. He told his story in a straightforward manner.

"You see, it was this way," he began, pushing his brown golf cap back on his forehead. "I was attending the Union School in Fayetteville, and living at my sister's home. My mother, who is married a second time, is Mrs. M. Langton, of Cleveland. At school I was in the sixth room, which is the grammar department.

HIS TASTE FOR TRAVEL.

"In reading the descriptions of places in geography I felt a desire to visit some of them, and I made up my mind that the only way to do it was to get up and go. On a night I left home I walked five miles to Syracuse and spent $2, all the money I had, for a ticket to Schenectady.

"On arrival there I managed to get a meal and then boarded a freight train for Poughkeepsie. At that point I was given another meal by a kind-hearted man, and then I beat my way, on another freight, to New York, where I arrived on the evening of January 17. I shipped as cabin boy next day on the American transport steamship Massachusetts, bound for London, and reached that city on February 1.

"On the voyage I became acquainted with a Chicago business man, who was interested in an electrical railroad signal, and in London he gave me a chance to do errands for him. A month he was there, and after that he took me with him to Ghent, in Belgium, where we remained two months. I don't care to give his name, as he might not like to be put in the papers.

"In Ghent," the boy continued, "I managed to earn $35 running errands for the gentleman I was with and for others in the hotel. Of course, I couldn't speak French, and that hindered me some, but I got along. When the Chicago man went back to London I went along, too, but he was going back to America, and as I wasn't ready then to return, we parted company.

"I had seen a good deal of London during the month I was there before, and I didn't want to stay there, so I worked my way on a ship to Marseilles and remained there a few days seeing the city.

THIRST FOR AFRICAN SCENERY.

"Then I sought a passage to Algiers, but I stayed only two days. I didn't like it and went back to Marseilles, where I arrived penniless. This was some time in May, I don't remember the date.

"There I applied for aid at the Sailors' Home in Marseilles, and stayed there two weeks. Then I shipped as cabin boy on the steamer Arabastan for Malta, in the Persian Gulf. From Malta the steamer went to Port Said, then through the Suez Canal—that's a great canal; it beats the Erie, I tell you—to Suez. Then we steamed down to Aden, in Arabia, and there I went ashore. I had a little money, but not enough to return home with, and that's what I wanted to do."

The boy then explained how, after applying to the American Consul at Aden, he went to Marseilles and finally reached Paris, where the United States Citizens' Association gave him a letter to Mr. Chandler, the American Consul at Havre, who provided him a passage to New York.

"Now all I want," said he, "is to go back to Fayetteville and go to school again. It don't pay to travel without money and I don't want any more of it, at least not till I'm grown up." The boy will be held until his family is heard from.

TUXEDO IS NOW DESERTED

Most of Its Residents Have Gone to Europe or Are in Newport.

Tuxedo Park, N. Y., July 5.—Tuxedo has gone to Europe, or at least a good portion of the permanent residents who have helped to make Tuxedo what it is to-day, one of the most fashionable and exclusive sorts in this country.

T. R. Halsey has closed his house and departed for Europe. The other prominent Tuxedans who are abroad are Mr. and Mrs. Addison Cammack, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Seton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Jewett, Mrs. P. Lorillard, Jr., and others, while there are several more families to follow, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. F. De P. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Van Nest and P. Lorillard, Jr. Cottages have been in great demand this season, and there is not a rentable one left. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith are among the latest arrivals, having returned from Europe. At the clubhouse there are a number of prominent people who are here for the Summer. During the past week it has been pretty well filled with tennis enthusiasts, and the atmosphere at the whole park has been tinctured with tales of tennis. The golf links are almost deserted. The clubhouse is one of the coolest places in the park. On a number of occasions during quiet evenings the guests who were seated on the veranda could plainly hear the music of a band across the lake, two miles away. Mr. and Mrs. A. T. French have opened their cottage at Newport, and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Wolfe are on their annual fishing tour up the St. Lawrence. Five great cottages are now in process of construction. William R. Garrison is demolishing the Graham cottage, that he recently purchased, and a handsome new establishment will take its place. Charles Coster, J. W. Henning, Mr. Spencer and Dr. Juillard are the others who are building. One hundred and five bicycles stood in front of the clubhouse to-day. The smooth macadamized roads that have been channelled through the rough Ramapo mountains make wheeling very pleasant indeed. Nearly every one rides. The cottagers were entertained yesterday by a series of athletic games, which included a three mile race, obstacle race, hurdle race, high jumping contests and other sports. Only twenty contestants competed.

Scene of and Actors in a Sunday Morning Tragedy.

On the night of the Fourth of July, Alfred Peterson, William Fagin and Timothy Shanagan were boisterously "celebrating" the occasion and jostling persons they met from the sidewalk. At the corner of Hudson and King streets they encountered an Italian named Andrew Moanie, who, on being shoved about, drew a revolver and shot Peterson through the heart, killing him instantly.

USED HIS PISTOL ON MEN WHO JOSTLED.

Killing of Peterson Was the Result of an Italian's Quick Temper.

Andrew Moanie Held for the Fourth of July Night Tragedy on Hudson Street

SAYS HE SHOT IN SELF DEFENSE.

The Man Whose Death He Caused and Two Companions Were Boisterously "Celebrating" When They Met and Pushed the Foreigner.

Andrew Moanie, the Italian who shot and killed Alfred Peterson, a longshoreman, of No. 57 Beach street, early yesterday morning, at the corner of Hudson and King streets, was arraigned before Magistrate Flammer in Jefferson Market Court and held without bail until to-morrow afternoon.

The shooting was the outcome of some rough horse play on the part of a trio of men who had been celebrating the Fourth. Peterson, the dead man, together with two companions, William Fagin, a longshoreman, of No. 231 West Houston street, and Timothy Shanagan, of No. 21 Bedford street, were walking down Hudson street not long after midnight. They had been drinking, and were singing and pushing each other from one side of the pavement to the other.

At the corner of King street they met Moanie coming from the opposite direction. He is a stableman, and was on his way to his home, at No. 533 West Fifty-seventh street. One of the men jostled him as he passed. He stopped, and another of the trio was pushed by the other two against him. The Italian swore at them in his native tongue, and, drawing a revolver, fired three shots in quick succession at Peterson. The first two shots went wild, but the third passed through the man's heart, killing him instantly.

The Italian then turned his attention to the other two men. They had started to run away at the first shot. Fagin had reached the centre of the street when the Italian overtook him, and for two or three minutes there was a fierce tussle to gain possession of the weapon. In the struggle the Italian fired two more shots, one of which ploughed a furrow through Fagin's scalp. Then both men fell, the Italian cutting his chin on the car track.

Policeman John Fleming, of the Macdougal Street Station, arrived at this stage. The Italian was partially stunned, and claimed to be very badly injured. The policeman dragged him to a street lamp at the next corner, and was examining him when Acting Captain Titus and several detectives arrived from the Macdougal Street Station. Captain Titus accused the Italian of the shooting. He acknowledged that he had fired the shot which killed Peterson, but said it had been in self-defence.

The dead man was twenty-eight years old. He was married, but had separated from his wife.

Funeral of James Barclay.

The funeral of James Barclay, who was a well-known figure in New York public life in the days of Tweed, took place from his late residence, No. 18 Macdougal street, yesterday afternoon. He died on Thursday. Rev. Dr. Bishop, of St. John's Episcopal Church, Varick street, conducted the services. The interment took place in New York Bay Cemetery.

DOCTOR DEALT IN HOODOOS AND CHARMS?

Had All the Negroes in the Tenderloin District in a State of Panic.

Accused of Swindling Mrs. Jefferson by Pretending to Cure Her Consumptive Son.

HE CLAIMS TO COME FROM MEXICO.

The Defrauded Woman and Her Two Daughters Surrounded Him on Eighth Avenue and Held Him Until the Police Arrived.

The members of the colored colony bordering on the old Tenderloin district have been much agitated of late owing to the appearance among them of a "hoodoo doctor." They complained to the police on a number of occasions, but to no effect. Saturday night the police made an arrest which, they think, will result in easing the fears of the colored people.

The prisoner is a young Mexican negro, about twenty-eight years of age, who is known as Senor Carlos Castrono, and again as Dr. Orono and Dr. Abdulleh. He was arraigned before Justice Flammer, in Jefferson Market Court, yesterday, and held for trial on a technical charge of obtaining money under false pretences. The complaints were sworn to by Mrs. Mahalla Jefferson, a colored woman, living at No. 58 Grove street, Flushing, and her daughter, Miss Nancy Jefferson, of No. 2028 Madison avenue, this city.

Mrs. Jefferson has a ten-year-old son suffering from consumption. She was sitting with him in front of her home Thursday when the "Doctor" passed. He stopped, looked at the boy, and then told the woman he was dying of consumption. He informed her that he had discovered a positive cure for the disease, and he could cure the boy in a few days.

The woman said she would like to have her son cured, but could not see her way clear to employ the "Doctor." He compromised with her for $1 to start the treatment, and Mrs. Jefferson pawned a clock to get the money. The doctor then gave her an envelope, bearing three large green seals, which, he explained, contained a powerful powder, adding that if it did not have the desired effect he would call the next day and give her a magic belt.

After he had gone Mrs. Jefferson feared the envelope contained a "hoodoo" and consulted her regular physician, who told her she had been duped. In the meantime the doctor called on Mrs. Jefferson's daughter in this city and obtained $2 from her, giving a receipt signed "Dr. Orono, M. D."

He visited Mrs. Jefferson next day and was confronted by another daughter, who denounced him as a fraud. Then he went back to Mrs. Jefferson's daughter in this city and so worked on her fears that she went out and borrowed the $12 to pay for the belt.

That was the last seen of him until Saturday night, when the mother and two daughters were at the corner of Thirty-seventh street and Eighth avenue, when they saw "Dr. Carlos" crossing the street. They surrounded him and raised such a row that Detective Pepperted arrested the man and locked him up at the West Thirty-seventh Street Station.

In the police court the doctor said that he came from Vera Cruz, Mexico, and had only been in this country a short time. He denied that he had attempted to "hoodoo" Mrs. Jefferson or her son, or to cheat her out of her money, but could not give any satisfactory explanation of his actions.

CARLOS CASTRONA AND THE WOMEN HE IS ACCUSED OF SWINDLING.

The negroes who live in that section of the city bordering on the Tenderloin have been in a state of panic for the past few weeks, and many of them insist that they have been "hoodooed." Saturday night the man who is accused of doing the "hoodooing" was arrested and locked up. He says his name is Senor Carlos Castrona, and that he comes from Vera Cruz, Mexico, but his accusers say that he practised his arts under the names of "Dr. Orono" and "Dr. Abdulleh." The persons who caused his arrest were Mrs. Jefferson and her two daughters. They accuse him of trying to swindle them out of money by pretending to cure Mrs. Jefferson's son of consumption.

SHE HAS NO FEAR OF SPANISH BULLETS.

Adela Martinez Will Join the Insurgents in Cuba to Nurse the Sick and Wounded.

Preparing to Enlist in the Next Expedition Disguised as a Patriot Soldier.

MAY TAKE UP ARMS IN THE CAUSE.

Kept Under Constant Surveillance by Spies of the Spanish Government—Her Father and Brothers Oppose the Cubans.

The sweet singer of the Cubans, Miss Adela Martinez, has all but completed preparations to go to Cuba to nurse the wounded and sick soldiers of the insurgent army. If the occasion presents itself she may take up arms in defence of the cause of independence.

Every one in Cuban circles knows Miss Martinez. Blessed with one of the sweetest of voices, she has, since childhood, utilized it mainly for charitable purposes. Her name always apppears on programmes of Cuban musical events. Not content with the service she has already rendered the cause, she is now willing to jeopardize her life to aid the cause of freedom in the island.

Miss Martinez will go to Cuba in the guise of a soldier on the next expedition which is fitted out by the local delegation. She will have strapped at her side the formidable Cuban machete and will carry a rifle of a light make, constructed especially for her.

Her real and first intention is to act in the capacity of a nurse, but she will carry arms aboard ship to aid in resisting any attack at sea.

Miss Martinez was seen at her home, No. 114 East Tenth street, yesterday. She was surprised that the news of her intended trip had become known.

"I was really booked to go on the steamer Laurada, which sailed from this port on May 9, in command of General Ruiz," she said, "but some exceedingly important matters which I had to attend to in New York kept me back. My determination has not weakened, however, and I shall go as soon as notified by the delegation that the expedition is ready. This step will not at all please my father, nor any of my family, who do not sympathize with the Cubans. My father is a Spaniard by birth and in spirit, and will be very much displeased. My brothers are all with Spain in the present trouble. I lean to the Cubans because the island is the land of my birth. I have associated with Cubans all my life and have always liked them very much. Strictly speaking, there is no Cuban blood in my veins, as my mother is French, but I consider myself one of them, nevertheless. I will take up arms if I can."

Miss Martinez said that she had also intended going to Cuba on the steamship Hawkins, which went to the bottom a short distance out some months ago. A year ago she went to Havana, but found no safe or practical way in which to reach the insurgents, and she came back.

"I have been subjected to the closest scrutiny by Spanish spies," she continued. "At least a dozen of them have been here to see me on various pretexts. On one occasion two called together, and while I was engaged in answering questions one of them snapped a camera at me. I can scarcely go out of the house without being followed by them."

Miss Martinez's father is Manuel Martinez, a planter, of Tampa, Fla. She has several brothers living in the South, and is a relative of General Enrique Collaze, who landed an expedition at Cuba less than a year ago.

THIS MONKEY A SUICIDE.

Glen Island's Educated Franko, When Removed from the Cage of His Charmer, Deliberately Hangs Himself.

Franko, Glen Island's educated monkey, committed suicide yesterday. The monkey, it is claimed, deliberately hanged himself, and back of the sad affair is a story of unrequited love.

In the same cage with Franko was a female monkey to whom he paid marked attention. If a visitor threw a peanut into the cage and any other monkey got there a fight would result, and in the end Franko bore the nut off and presented it to his charmer. He would hang by his tail and chatter to her for hours and perform more funny antics for her especial benefit than all of the rest of the monkeys combined.

Two days ago Franko was transferred to another cage, and at once became a changed monkey. He moped in a corner and showed unmistakable signs of his displeasure. Keeper Walter Bannister, who has made monkeys the study of his life, divined the cause of the little fellow's displeasure and ordered him returned to his old quarters. The change was to have been made to-day. Had Franko known it, yesterday's sad tragedy would probably have been averted.

When one of the attendants made his rounds shortly after daybreak yesterday he discovered Franko hanging by the neck from a rope over one of the bars of his cage. He was cut down, but was too far gone to be revived. As the sunrise gun was fired from the military headquarters at Willets Point, across the Sound, he opened his eyes a moment, then died in the keeper's arms.

READY FOR THE ENDEAVORERS.

Arrangements for Their Entertainment in Washington Have Been Completed.

Washington, July 5.—The arrangements for the entertainment of the thousands of visitors planning to come to the Fifteenth International Christian Endeavor Convention, whose opening sessions will be held in this city Wednesday night, July 8, are practically complete. Three immense tents have been erected upon the beautiful ellipse located between the White House and the Washington Monument known as the "White Lot." Each of these tents will comfortably seat eight thousand persons, and with the large churches of the city will provide a combined seating capacity of nearly 40,000. The city is dressed in gala attire, the beautiful convention flag and the Stars and Stripes forming the leading features of the decorations.

An admirable plan of receiving, registering and assigning entertainment to the delegates has been devised. The Reception Committee will send out members to meet the delegations at a distance from the city. On the arrival at the station another section of the Reception Committee will be on hand to conduct the party to the church which has been assigned as headquarters for that State. Thirty-three churches have been so designated, and on the arrival of a delegation at any one of these churches most complete arrangements will be found for the care of the visitors. Their first duty on arriving will be to register and receive the convention badge. Those who have not already secured hotel quarters will then be assigned to a home in a private family.

The convention programme is finer and larger than any of the fourteen that have preceded it. It covers nearly 300 separate meetings, and more than 200 speakers, embracing the foremost divines and religious workers of this country and many foreign lands, will be heard during the five days of the convention.

TWO TRAINS WRECKED.

One Plunges into Fraser River, the Other into a Ditch.

Vancouver, B. C., July 5.—High water in the Fraser River undermined the track between Agassiz and Hope stations, on the Canadian Pacific, Friday night, and when the eastbound freight without warning struck the weak spot the train, consisting of eight cars, loaded with tea, and one with coal was thrown into the river. Brakeman Deering was killed and Fireman Coughlin and Engineer Gray injured. The Fraser River is now reported by the Canadian Pacific Company to be subsiding. The company claims traffic will be uninterrupted from now on.

St. Louis, July 5.—Train No. 15, on the Wabash, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad, which left Chicago last evening, was ditched near Worden, and was badly wrecked. The engine, baggage and dining room cars were upset and two chair cars left the track, but remained upright. The engineer, H. Gibson, was badly, but not fatally, crushed. Five passengers were hurt, but their injuries were slight, and they were able to go to their homes. The wreck is supposed to have been caused by the breaking of an engine wheel.

ERRAND OF LOVE LEADS THEM TO JAIL.

Father and Son Arrested While Going to See an Invalid Mother.

Ejected from a Cable Car Because of Delay in Using Transfer Tickets.

HAD STOPPED TO BUY SOME ROSES.

Locked Up Until Yesterday Morning in a Cell on Trivial Complaint—Mr. Humbert Will Sue the Third Avenue Road for Its Course.

Alexander Humbert, a well-to-do merchant, of No. 343 West Broadway, started on the morning of the 4th to visit his wife, who is confined in a private asylum. It was his intention to spend the day with her, and he was accompanied by their eight-year-old boy.

They were loaded with wine and fruit and cake and little delicacies of all sorts for the sick room when they alighted from a Canal street car at the Bowery and accepted transfer tickets to the Third avenue cable uptown. On the corner was a flower stand. Mr. Humbert remembered that his wife used to like to have flowers about the room before she became an invalid and had to be taken away. The flowers on the stand looked fresh and inviting and he stopped and bought a large bunch of Cleveland roses.

Then he and the boy boarded an open car. They were pleased at the thought that they were going to make the one they both loved best very happy.

Finally the conductor came around to collect their tickets. The little boy handed out the transfers, but the conductor refused to accept them.

"These are no good," he said. "The time limit was up on them eight minutes ago."

Humbert protested that he had only stopped a minute on the corner and explained what he had stopped for. The conductor insisted on additional fares being paid, and Humbert refused. At Rivington street the father and child were forcibly ejected from the car. The boy tripped, fell, broke the bottle of wine intended for his sick mother, and nearly lost his life beneath the wheels of a passing wagon. The father was bruised. The cakes were broken and the flowers were crushed. Policeman Brussell, of the Fifth Street Station, was called, and on complaint of Conductor Joseph Hanley, of No. 316 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, arrested Humbert and his son on a charge of disorderly conduct. The father was locked up in the Fifth Street Station and the boy sent to the rooms of the Gerry Society.

Magistrate Simms heard the evidence in Essex Market Court yesterday and immediately discharged Humbert, and the Gerry Society turned over to him his boy.

Instead of spending the day with his wife he had spent the night in a cell, while his boy, almost heart-broken, had nearly cried himself ill.

Mr. Humbert is very indignant and says he will bring an action against the cable company for false imprisonment, and will also make a test case of the time limit on transfer slips.

TOOK THE DOG TO PRISON.

Owner Had to Go for Drunkenness and Bow Wow Went with Him.

Magistrate Mott was in an ill humor yesterday, and when he heard the yelping of a dog he angrily demanded that it cease.

"It's a prisoner's dog, your Honor."

"Bring him out. Let me look at that prisoner. But don't bring the dog!" cried the magistrate.

"He says he won't come without the dog," replied a court officer.

"What's that? What's that? Bring him out, I tell you!"

Alfred A. Seimer, fifty years old, a man with a long beard, was led out. He looked so wobegone, with his head swathed in bandages, and his face cut in a dozen places, and he had such a humorous twinkle in his eyes, in spite of his doleful plight, that the Magistrate almost relented.

"It's a good dog, Judge; a good pup——."

"Were you drunk?"

"It was a cable car, your Honor."

"He was drunk, and fell while trying to board a cable car," said Policeman Raw, who had made the arrest.

"Three days," said the Magistrate, "and you can take your dog with you if you like."

Dog and man both went to a cell.

Boy Killed by a Fall.

Six-year-old Meyer Palensky, of No. 253 East Fifty-sixth street, was put out on the fire escape yesterday by his mother for an airing. The little fellow was attracted by the shouts of children who were playing in the yard. He climbed over the railing and fell. His body struck several clothes lines in its descent. He died within a few minutes.

COMEDY OF THE CAMP AT THIRSTY PEEKSKILL.

How a Stern Lieutenant Did the "Little Corporal" Act and Was Sorry.

The Sleeping Soldier Whose Musket He Took Was Only a Dummy.

BAD SENTINELS WENT SCOT FREE.

All Because Their Officer Knew the Joke Was on Him—A Thunder Shower Lends Variety to the Dullness of Camp Life.

The only son lay down again and dreamed he dreamed a dream,
A habit of the only son, as Mr. Kipling wrote,
Who was half-brother to the wolf, kin to the jungle shoat.
Now, was I born to sleep in a tent and wake to the reveille,
For I have dreamed that to sleep till noon is the proper thing for me?
And was I born to a charger bold; have I a warrior's heart,
For I have dreamed of a life of peace and a sporty English cart?
And was I born to war's alarm, athirst for the foeman's blood,
For I have dreamed of a cooler draught of beer and its creamy scud?
Now, must I eat of camp-scorched steak, or half-fried hunk of fish,
For I have dreamed of terrapin, right off a chafing dish?
And was I born to march in the sun when it's hot as yesterday,
For I have dreamed of the cool seashore and the flying ocean spray?
An hour it lacks, and an hour it lacks to the rising of the sun,
Already I'm wrestling with my boots and a-grabbing for my gun.
'Tis a league and a league to a barber shop or a place to get a bath,
But I have learned that lack of these is not a cause for wrath.
Is it I that jumps when the captain talks and salutes him on parade,
For I have dreamed I was his boss, that I his wages paid?

THE OTHER LIFE.

It's a long beach that skirts the State Camp at Peekskill, a beach with only one landing, where the guard tent is, and every soldier of the command looked up and down the shore when he climbed the steps to the top of the hill. They noted each other's swift glances and set their teeth a little firmer. These men had gone up that hill before; they were no new recruits to grumble about hard work ahead of them, but as they marched a wave of sympathy rollled over the long, dusty line, and their steady tramp caught the rhythm of an unspoken sentence:

"It's a hard line to beat."

Along the beach the pickets were placed, not so much to give warning if the hill and river tribes rose as because a military camp is always so guarded. These men go a-soldiering because they want to; they go a-campaigning because they want to. Are men who recklessly expose themselves to mosquitoes, who sleep in cots in open tents instead of brass beds in comfortable bedrooms, to have no compensation? What more natural than that men who voluntarily go to a State militia encampment should seek to escape from its horrors? That was the meaning of the glances the marching men cast up and down the long beach.

It was midnight and the sentries were patrolling the beach. Somehow it was not nearly as much fun as it had been earlier. What was the use of tipping the shabby campaign hat at a swash-buckling angle when nobody was there to see? Carrying a gun even gets tiresome when there is nobody to halt. Pretty soon two sentries stopped where their beats met, and there in the darkness breathed to each other the treason that was in them. Down went the guns, and they talked it over. Presently one of the figures arose and vanished up the bank into the bush. The other resumed his march. The one who had gone came back after awhile with a bundle.

* * *

A figure stole down the slope, silently as a ghost, avoiding every twig lest a crackle should betray his presence. There was gilt on the stranger's uniform. He saw the glint of a sentry's gun; away down the beach another figure. The sentry's back was turned to the newcomer. Where the bushes came down to the water's edge he crawled. The bush hid him from the sentry and he stood erect. He was an officer, but he, too, had felt the impulse that moves men to get away from military camps.

He could have got a pass from the colonel, but who ever heard of a dashing lieutenant in high varnished boots going out on a gallant adventure with a pass in his pocket—that was the thought of the counting room, not of the camp. He had slipped away from the camp, had crawled under bushes and had dodged the sentries.

"Those fellows are too careless, leaning up against the trees that way," muttered the lieutenant, and he added sternly, "I'll attend to them later."

Then he stepped into a waiting boat, which he had arranged to have there, at large expense and great trouble, and was silently ferried away.

* * *

Hours passed. In the deeper darkness of earliest morning a small boat approached the shelving shore. A muffled figure gave the boatman his fee and stepped cautiously ashore. He had mistaken his landing place, and as he lifted his head above the bushes he found himself within half a dozen paces of the sentry. There could be no flight; he prepared himself for challenge and waited. No word came from the limp figure against the tree, and gradually the lieutenant understood.

The sentry was asleep. His rifle leaned against another tree. Somewhere back in that Lieutenant's memory stood out a picture he had once seen. Silently taking up the abandoned rifle he drew his cloak about him and mounted guard himself, and composed a speech to be delivered when the disgraced sentry awoke to find his officer standing over him.

It was tedious waiting, but the pose was beautiful and the prospective climax was easily worth the trouble.

At the first glimmer of the cold gray dawn a boat slipped up so gently that its occupants had landed before the officer-sentry saw them. Out rang his challenge. Surely never a sentry heard so curious a response to a challenge.

"Well, I'll be damn!" remarked the two men who had landed. They faced the lieutenant; they were the two sentries who should have been on guard—both in citizen's clothing. Just then the slouchy figure against the tree fell over and doubled to the ground—a uniform draped on a broom stick. The breeze that had toppled it over passed on down the beach and the next sentry collapsed in the same way.

"How long have you been here?" asked the officer—with that recollection of the Napoleon pose above the sleeping sentry in his mind.

"Half an hour," said one of the sentries pitilessly.

"I suppose you can't keep it to yourselves that I stood guard over a dummy for an hour?"

"I don't know."

"I'll not say anything if you don't," said the lieutenant humbly.

"It goes."

There were no arrests at the Peekskill camp last week of sentries for absence from post.