# The American Sentinel

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TERMS.

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TERMS.

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## The "Ragging" of Tom Hazlewood.

BY CHARLES GLEIG.

He joined the regiment, I remember, on the day that Muriel Gaston first set foot in the sweltering colony. He was a passenger in the same mail boat, and it may be assumed that an inadequate allowance had not deterred Tom Hazlewood from the imprudence of falling in love with Miss Gaston during the voyage out. She was destined to inflame by her seductive beauty the hearts of many other officers and colonists, but no doubt she had flirted with Tom, among others, on board the mail boat.

We had been quartered at Hong Kong for about a year when Tom joined, but our disgust with the climate and the limited resources of the colony had in nowise diminished. We held it scandalous that the Southdown Fusiliers—a regiment of some social pretensions—should have been deported from England to defend a coaling station for the fleet situated in such an infamous climate. Had the War Office sent a battalion of niggers to garrison Hong Kong, that policy, as the Secretary for War might have known, would have been cordially supported by service opinion. On, as we argued, if English troops were needed, were there not other and less exclusive regiments than the Southdowns that should have been deported to the tropics? In Hong Kong, however, we languished during three monotonous and thirsty years, and this notwithstanding that our colonel and two of our subalterns were connected with the peerage. Hence, perhaps, we were on the lookout for fresh slights at the time when young Hazlewood joined.

At first, it may be admitted, he made a favorable impression upon the mess. His manners were good, his temper was so placid that the trivial vexations of regimental routine in a bad climate never ruffled him. Perhaps he was just a little too keen professionally for our traditions; but we condoned this trait, hoping that his zeal would succumb to the climate. Physically he was a credit to the regiment, and he did not obtrude his somewhat obsolete moral principles. We did not quite approve his habit of drinking bottled ale at dinner; but the full measure of his degrading poverty was not revealed to us until, at the end of the month, he protested against the length of his mess bill and the subscription to our steam launch. His method of protest caused us some embarrassment, for instead of grumbling, he went straight to the colonel and demanded, under cover of some cheeseparing regulation ignored in all smart corps, that he should be exempt from contributing toward champagne which he did not drink and a steam launch of which he had made no use.

There was the obnoxious regulation, and our worthy colonel—an excellent judge of champagne, if no great tactician—was obliged to admit that the subscription could not be enforced. The adjutant, who was present at this distressing scene, gave us some details. The colonel, it seems, reasoned with Hazlewood in quite kindly fashion, dwelling upon the reputation of the regiment and our social obligations. Hazlewood listened with outward respect but replied that his allowance was too small to warrant him in infringing the regulations.

'Of course,' said the colonel, 'if you take that line of argument, Mr. Hazlewood, I am silenced, and I can only suggest to you that your services would be more appreciated in a cheaper regiment. Why on earth did you join the Southdowns?'

'I had no choice in the matter, sir,' replied Hazlewood.

'Tut, tut, sir!' remonstrated the colonel. 'You must exchange into a cheaper corps or persuade your father to increase your allowance. There's nothing against you, and if you like, I'll suggest it to your father myself.'

'Not on my account, sir,' said Hazlewood. 'My father has a large family.'

'Then you'd better apply for an exchange,' said the colonel, 'and meanwhile your mess bills will be reduced to the scale provided by this absurd regulation. Good morning! I'm sorry you'll have to leave us.'

It was at this point, it seems, that Tom Hazlewood announced his amazing determination to remain in the corps unless the colonel could get rid of him.

'What!' roared the colonel, 'you won't exchange?'

'No, sir,' said Hazlewood firmly. 'I've as much right to serve in this regiment as any other officer of the corps. I can afford to pay for necessaries, and I consider that a soldier ought to be able to do without champagne and steam launches.'

'Damee!' gasped the colonel. 'I don't know what the service is coming to! You must be an infernal Radical, or perhaps a Socialist!'

'Sir,' said Hazlewood, 'I will live to command the Southdown Fusiliers, and I appeal to your sense of justice to temper the mess bills to my income.'

Here the adjutant led the innovator away, and, as he told us, he was so amazed and horrified by Tom's attitude that he had to imbibe three whiskeys and sodas in quick succession before he felt capable of attending at the orderly room.

If you know anything of military life it will hardly be necessary for me to state that our colonel relied in this crisis upon the esprit de corps of the subalterns. To us he said nothing directly, but we soon learned from the adjutant that the task of persuading Hazlewood to apply either for a larger allowance or for an exchange was intrusted to us.

In what manner we used our persuasive gifts you shall presently learn; but here I must revert briefly to the affairs of Muriel Gaston, by this time the acknowledged belle of the colony.

Muriel Gaston! Ah, what memories of seductive charm and radiant beauty flash across my now middle aged mind as I pen her name. I myself was but a callow, impecunious subaltern in those days, but my flagrant ineligibility did not—could not—deter me from bombarding the girl with preposterous proposals. I mention this effect of Miss Gaston's beauty upon myself at the age of twenty-three as being quite typical of a wave of temporary insanity in Hong Kong during the brief reign of our unrivalled belle. As to her character and disposition, I can tell you precisely nothing; for it is evident to me now that I never knew her. When young men—and some old ones—fall in love with a beauty they endow her with all the virtues that are sparingly distributed among the entire feminine sex. I fell into this customary error, and felt no need to study the girl's nature. Indeed, I was spared any such necessity by her firm though gentle refusal to marry me. I have reason to believe that all my brother officers, including the colonel, offered her marriage within the first two months of her advent, and it is certain that the heart of our senior sub., Horace Jardine, was seriously inflamed. Her preference for the society of Tom Hazlewood was unmistakable. Her dance programme was half filled by his name; she attended every cricket match in which he played; and she even persuaded her worldly mother to ask him to dinner repeatedly. And all the time senior officers, government officials and wealthy merchants were competing for her smiles.

The inevitable quarrel between Jardine and Tom culminated at the Bachelors' Cinderella, which was held on the night following Tom's interview with the colonel. It appears that Miss Gaston danced a waltz with Tom which she had promised to Jardine, and our senior sub. lost his temper.

I was smoking on the veranda when Jardine, Jack Forest, Fletcher and some other subs. returned to barracks. They had appreciated, it seemed, the Bachelors' champagne, and except Jardine, they were all in a boisterous mood.

'Where's Hazlewood?' demanded Jardine morosely.

'He went to bed ten minutes ago,' I replied. I caught a glimpse of Jardine's face as he flung himself into a chair, and it wore an ugly look.

'Chaps,' he said, 'we must hold a court martial on Master Hazlewood. He gave the colonel a lot of lip this morning over that mess bill business and the honor of the regiment demands that we should rag him. We've no use for a fellow that won't pay his subscriptions.'

'No sort of use!' echoed Jack Forest.

'He certainly ought to be ragged,' agreed Fletcher.

'One can have a lot of fun with a pot of treacle and a quart of paraffin,' suggested Birch. 'I got some this afternoon.'

'That's a good idea, Birch!' said Jardine, as he rang for the waiter.

'They mix up very nicely,' Birch explained, 'and you can put it on with an old clothes brush. We put it on a fellow at Sandhurst who ate fish with his knife. I shall never forget how the stuff stuck to his hair.'

Jardine laughed savagely, and told the mess waiter to fetch the ingredients.

'Cold bath first, then the mixture well brushed into him,' he suggested. 'We'll throw his kit and fixtures into the barracks yard, too. Come, boys, let's take him down to the bathroom and hold the court martial there!'

Jardine led the way, followed by Fletcher, Birch and Forest. Presently the waiter brought the treacle and paraffin. We poured the oil into a can and stirred treacle into the liquid with a stick.

'It ought to be a little thicker,' suggested a critic.

More treacle was added; but some still remained in the tin, and this we decided to keep for internal application. . . . . .

When we reached the bathroom, carrying the mixture with us, we found the door locked. Looking through a small window, we saw Fletcher and Birch prone upon the floor and Jack Forest in the corner, bleeding profusely from the nose. Jardine, fully clothed, was being ducked by Hazlewood in a large bath full of water. He had left off struggling when we arrived, but still clung tenaciously to the sides of the bath, in which Hazlewood was apparently drowning the organizer of the abortive 'rag.' Hazlewood's expression was calm and businesslike. He had the air of a man performing a distasteful but necessary duty, as he soused the head of Jardine under water and then at regular intervals allowed him breathing space. We looked through the window, regarding him with admiration; but we did not try to enter the bathroom, lest we should be soused also.

'There,' said Hazlewood, at length, 'your bath is over, Jardine, and I'll spare you the treacle mixture. Now, Fletcher, come and be bathed. I'll attend to you last, Birch.'

Fletcher threw himself into a posture of defence, but his resistance was of brief endurance. Hazlewood seemed to possess the strength of six men on that memorable night, and there was something in his cool bearing that deterred us from breaking open the door. To pass briefly over the deplorable scene, it will suffice to record that the remaining ringleaders were successively ducked in the bath, while we watched and perhaps rather enjoyed, the spectacle. Even when Hazlewood unlocked the door of the bathroom and appeared in the doorway, armed with the back of a broken chair, we felt no inclination to proceed with the 'ragging.'

'Gentlemen,' he said coolly, 'you must pardon my breach of regimental etiquette; but the truth is, I've a strong prejudice against being 'ragged.' If any one tries to stop me, I'll break his head with this chair back. Stand aside, if you please. I'm going to bed.'

We allowed him to pass unopposed, and that was how the attempt to 'rag' Tom Hazlewood concluded.

I may add that Tom remained in the regiment, came into a timely legacy, and married pretty Muriel Gaston before the end of the year. And if all goes well with him, he is not unlikely to realize his ambition of rising to command the regiment.—Black and White.


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Gotham—My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter.

"And did you mail it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me!"—The Congregationalist.

"Now children," said the teacher, "who can tell me what Jonah did and what happened to him?"

"I know," answered Willie Smart; "he ran away from his job and got whaled."—Boston Transcript.


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## MARYLAND NEWS.

Before setting fire to the barn of W. H. Poffenberger, near Keedysville, on Sunday morning, incendiaries turned out all the live stock. The barn with everything in the building was destroyed.

King Leopold, of Belgium, has conferred upon Cardinal Gibbons the grand cross of the Royal Order of the Crown, as a mark of his personal esteem and in recognition of his great service to the cause of Christianity and humanity throughout the world. The cardinal is the first American to receive the decoration.

Baltimore City stock to the value of $2,000,000, for which bids were opened on Monday, was nine times oversubscribed. There were in all 234 bids, aggregating $18,181,200, and the prices offered ranged from 90 to 105. The stock is to cover a loan of $1,000,000 for annex improvement and $1,000,000 for park extension.

Extensive improvements are to be made in Zion Reformed Church, one of the oldest churches in Hagerstown. A memorial window will be placed in the church to Rev. Jacob Weymer, the first pastor, from 1770 to 1790. Another memorial window will be to Johnathan Hager, founder of Hagerstown, who lost his life, November 6th, 1775, while sawing logs to be used in the construction of the church.

The Merchants and Manufacturers Association, of Baltimore, is considering seriously the stupendous engineering project of building a great bridge across the Chesapeake bay. Its monthly bulletin declares the project practicable. Advocates of the plan say that it would be no more difficult in accomplishment than was the construction of H. M. Flagler's railway across the Florida Key. At some points on this road trains go entirely out of sight of land.

Rev. W. C. Stoudenmire, founder and pastor of Emmanuel Lutheran Church, Baltimore, died on Saturday. He was taken ill with the grip about five weeks previous to his death. After three weeks illness, he apparently recovered. On Sunday morning before his death, while preaching, he became very weak, but finished the service. He was born in South Carolina 55 years ago. For nine years he was the general agent of the Maryland Prisoner's Aid Society.

Miss Clara Stunkle, the 13-year-old daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Stunkle, of Frederick county, who was accidentally shot with a cat rifle several weeks ago is recovering from a wound regarded as fatal. The ball entered at the base of the spine, perforated the small intestines 14 times and lodged below the stomach. The accident happened in the afternoon, and the patient was not taken to the Frederick City Hospital until next morning. After the operation, the physicians said that her chance of recovery was only one in 99. It is thought that she will be able to leave the hospital after another week.

During the thunderstorm, which was general, on Sunday afternoon, a bolt of lightning struck the chimney of the home of Charles Jackson, a mulatto, on the Shell road, near Colgate creek, and ran into the house. Jackson was shining his shoes, his wife was at the washtub, and their baby was asleep in its cradle, at the time. The chimney fell, the stove was thrown into the center of the room and the negroes knocked into unconsciousness. The woman recovered after several hours. She found the baby under a pile of rubbish on the floor, its face blackened and scarred, and her husband under the table. His face also was black. Both were apparently dead. After six hours of unconsciousness they were revived by Dr. Truax, of Canton. All three negroes are mulattoes, and their faces and other portions of the body are now blackened.

### Sermons in Ships.

"I think it's a shame that wine should be used at launchings. We temperance women are going to try to stop it.

"After all, instead of kicking about it, why not use the custom to point a moral?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, simply by drawing attention to the fact that after her first taste of wine the ship immediately takes to water and sticks to it ever after.—Boston Transcript.




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## GENERAL NEWS.

The Japanese steamer Tatsu Maru has been released by China and full apologies for the seizure made.

The freedom of the city of London was extended to Florence Nightingale, organizer of nursing in the Crimean war. She is 87 years old.

The Senate of the United States has passed the House bill appropriating $403,000 to pay the Archbishop of Manila for damage to church property during the Spanish war.

Postmaster General Buxton, of England, intends to make a small issue of postage stamps with mourning borders. If they do not take with people in mourning, they will become valuable to stamp collectors.

Under suspension of the rules the House of Representatives, on Monday, passed the bill providing for the restoration of the motto "IN GOD WE TRUST" on gold and silver coins of the United States.

A cable from Jerusalem says that the first motor car ever seen in that city was the automobile of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Glidden, of Boston. It arrived from Hafia, Syria, last Friday, and created a sensation among the populace.

The large stock house of the Mount Holly Paper Company, at Mt. Holly Springs, Pa., which has for years produced Federal and State bond paper, was burned on Sunday last. The loss is $20000, with insurance of $15,000. It caught from sparks from a passing locomotive.

John Brown's wagon, in which he made many pilgrimages in his abolition crusade, was destroyed by fire, at Iowa City, Iowa, last week. The wagon was left there by Brown, 48 years ago, and had been preserved ever since by Herbert S. Fairall, a pioneer newspaper man of Iowa City.

The Farmers' League of Lancaster county, Pa., has issued an appeal to the unemployed of cities and towns to come to the country for work. An appeal has also been sent to the Bureaus of Labor and Immigration at Washington, asking that able bodied immigrants be directed to Lancaster county, where there is a famine of farm workers.

A fire disaster was narrowly averted by a few cool heads, at the Holyoke Opera House, Holyoke, Mass., where 1500 people were attendidg a moving picture lecture. Upon the alarm, a rush was made for the doors. Lights were turned on promptly. The firemen assisted in enforcing order and in 3½ minutes the house was entirely emptied and not a person was seriously injured.

The Superior Court of Venezuela has handed down its verdict affirming the judgment of the lower court, which condemned the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company to pay a fine of $5,000,000 to the Venezuelan government for having extended aid to the Matos revolution, which was directed against President Castro. The sum is the estimated cost of putting down the revolution.

Through a special pension bill, signed by President Roosevelt, Henry Dorman, the oldest living veteran of the Civil War, will receive a pension of $50 per month for the remainder of his life. He had four sons in the Union army. One of them died in Libby prison. He is 109 years old. Prssident Roosevelt, in signing the bill commented on the record of the old soldier and the service of his sons.

One hundred girls working on the fourth and fifth floors of the Essig candy factory, New York city, were rescued from the burning building by the coolness and heroism of Henry Coch, the elevator boy, who quietly told the girls of their danger and then took five loads of them to the first floor. On the last trip the flames burst into the car and burned his hands. The factory containing tons of sugar and candy was destroyed.

Ex-judge O. W. Buchanan, of Winnsboro, S. C., was shot and probably mortally wounded, on Monday. Judge Buchanan was seated by an open window on a Southern Railroad train, on his way to Augusta. The shot grazed the window ledge and entered his right side. Judge Buchanan's wife is a niece of Senator B. R. Tillman, and sister of ex-Lieutenant-governor James H. Tillman, in whose defense for the killing of Editor Gonzales, the judge was very prominent.


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## STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

A train robber on the Great Northern westbound train for Spokane, Washington, on Sunday, overpowered two railway mail clerks, but according to the statement of the postal authorities got only $2.40 for five hours work. There was not a single consignment of currency in the mails.

Told by two fortune tellers—one white and the other colored—that she would not live longer than until March 14, a young woman, in Baltimore, when she retired on Friday night, the 13th, closed all cracks and crevices in her bedroon, turned on the gas, and was found dead on the morning of the 14th.

Orders have been issued to the immigration officials at Long Wharf, Boston, to capture and bottle up every flea they can catch on immigrants, for microscopic examination later. Each flea is to have a separate bottle, the vial to be labeled with the name of the flea's host, the host's home and the name of the flea's captor.

The ladies of the Lutheran Church, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, gave a chicken and waffle supper, last Thursday evening. By midnight all the doctors in the city were busy. About 500 people had been made ill from ptomaine poisoning. On Friday some of the stores of the city had to remain closed because all the clerks were sick. No deaths are reported.

Panama is one place where leap year is not needed. Miss Helen Varrick Boswell, who organized the woman's clubs on the isthmus at the instance of the government, says that Cupid is tremendously overworked down there. One of the hospitals lost 17 nurses in two months by matrimony, and positively refuses to receive any more young nurses.

John Hastings, steel-worker, Homestead, Pa., was hit by a Pennsylvania Railroad train, on Monday. He was thrown 30 feet in the air, over one track, across an alley, and falling shattered the window of a shoe shop 40 feet away. He was carried to the office of Dr. Arthur Watts, who stripped and examined him. He had not a bruise, broken bone or scratch. Two bundles of laundry, one carried under each arm, were intact.

Early on the morning of Friday, 13th, inst., Hugh Hollis, a Treasury Department clerk, in Washington, aroused from his sleep shot and killed his wife. She had risen to attend to their child. As she returned to the bedside, Hollis fired, thinking that she was a burglar. He immediately went to sleep again and knew nothing of the shooting until afterward awakened. Some fears are entertained that he will become insane in consequence of his act.

Mrs. Maharg, of Patterson, N. J., purchased a stove on the instalment plan. When she defaulted in payment, the seller sought to recover the property by a writ of replevin. There was fire in the stove when sergeant-at-arms Westerhoff of the District Court went after it. The woman tried to make the fire hotter by emptying the contents of a coal oil can into it. Westernhoff tried to put out the fire with boiling water from a kettle on the stove. Mrs. Maharg attacked him. In the scuffle, he was badly scalded, but succeeded in getting the stove.


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