

COLUMBIA'S FLOWER.

Upon a day in merry May,
Among the buds of spring,
Our little lass, Columbia,

Wrote Black Hawk Warped.
Original!
In the year 1832
Black Hawk, the celebrated
Indian chieftain, began
his bloody raids.

With a large following of his
dusky braves he re-crossed
the Mississippi river from Iowa
to which country they had peacefully
removed a short while before, and,
separating into squads, they ravaged
the white settlements far to the north.

There was one family, however, who,
at the beginning of the war, was total-
ly ignorant that the Sacs and Foxes
were committing hostilities all around
them.

Very early in the spring of that year
Milton Rogers had put his wife and
only child, Alice, a lovely, dark-eyed
girl of seventeen, into a large, covered
wagon, and, with their few household
effects, had left Ohio and journeyed
into the wilderness of Illinois.

The Rogers family took a claim on
the banks of an unsettled part of the
Illinois river. Here they built a rude
log cabin far from any of the neighbor-
ing settlements. Mr. Rogers broke up
the fertile soil, while Mrs. Rogers and
Alice followed him, planting corn and

the young man had been woe-bred
back to the little cabin on the river more
than once that spring. But his love,
though half-guessed by the parents of
the girl, was still undeclared.

It was a bright spring day that Alice
Rogers left the cabin to wander
through the woods in search of wild
flowers. She was alone, her parents
having gone that morning to purchase
a few necessary supplies at the country
store about twenty miles distant.

Alice had not proceeded a quarter of
a mile from her home, when, on enter-
ing an open space in the woods, she
caught sight of a half score of Indians
hurrying along across the prairie.

They were coming toward her, and
something in their very manner told
the girl their intentions were not
friendly.

Before she was detected by the Indi-
ans, she turned and ran swiftly back
toward the cabin.

What was her horror, as she drew
near her home, to find it already sur-
rounded by a squad of savages!

Screened from observation herself,
within a little thicket, she watched
them make hasty preparations to fire
the building.

For the moment she forgot her dan-
ger, if she should be discovered, and
stood there in the wood as if transfixed.

What fate had befallen her parents,
if they had been met on the prairie by
that band of red fiends? she thought.
The imagination was almost madden-
ing to her.

Suddenly she was aroused to the fact
that the cabin was burning and that
she must make an effort to escape.

But where should she go?
She dared not turn back into the
woods again, for she would be sure to
encounter the party from whom she
had fled. Then if she ran to the prairie
on the other side, she could be easily
seen and captured.

What should she do?
Suddenly she thought of the river.
If she could but reach that some avenue
of escape might present itself.

She must make an attempt to gain
the river at all hazards.

She felt strangely weak, but the water
kept her from losing consciousness.
Just as she felt her hands slipping
away from the edge of the dugout,
Bruce's strong arms caught her and
bore her carefully to land.

As she sat, wet and exhausted, on
the woody bluff where Bruce had
placed her, he said:

"Thank God, Alice! I was in time to
save you."

"How did you happen to be here,
Bruce?" she asked.

"Providence must have guided me
this way," he returned. "News of
Black Hawk's raids has just reached
the settlement, and I was hurrying to
your father's cabin to warn you when
my attention happened to be drawn

toward the dugout drifting on the
river. It must have been a glimpse of
your dress that caught my eye, but be-
fore I had time to look more closely
the log had upset the dugout and you
were struggling in the water. But tell
me, Alice, how you happened to be in
the dugout."

"I was chased by the Indians,"
"Chased by the Indians? My God!"
"Yes, and I sought refuge in the old
dugout."

"Your parents?"
Tears sprang into the girl's lovely
eyes.

"Oh, Bruce! I fear to think what
may be their fate. They started to
up-dike's store this morning, leaving
me alone at the cabin."

Then she briefly related the appear-
ance of the Indians, the burning of the
cabin and her own narrow escape.

Bruce Howell tried to relieve Alice's
anxiety and bade her hope for the best.

They were twenty-two miles from
the settlement and it would be neces-
sary to exercise the utmost caution in
trying to reach it that day.

The country seemed alive with dusky
warriors and any moment they might
become the prey of a savage foe lurking
near.

THE RISE OF TRUSTS.

Warrior's Promise Not Carried Out—
How the Trusts Were Cared For in the
McKinley Tariff—Sherman's Anti-trust
Law a Boomerang.

In his letter accepting the nomination
for the presidency by the high
tariff party, Benjamin Harrison said:
"The declaration of the convention
against all combinations of capital, or
control in trusts or otherwise, to con-
trol arbitrarily the condition of trade
among our citizens, is in harmony with
the views entertained and publically
expressed by me long before the as-
sembling of the convention."

This sentiment, as it was understood
by the people, meant that if he were
elected nothing would be done by his
administration to foster trusts, but that
every effort would be put forth to sup-
press them. But as soon as the election
was over all this was forgotten. The
trusts and monopolies elected him and
their reward was the passage of the
McKinley tariff, in the formation of
which each trust was given full control
to prepare the schedule of duties on its
particular products.

In order, however, to pull the wool
over the eyes of the people and as far
as possible to detract their attention
from the tariff the anti-trust law, pre-
pared by Senator Sherman, was en-
acted. At the same time the trusts
were given to understand that this law
was not intended to become operative,
accordingly the formation of trusts
went on as before.

The truth of this is shown by the
fact that the attorney-general, whose
duty it is to execute the law, has not
instituted a single suit, though the
law was enacted about a year ago—
thus himself violating the plain and
explicit commands of the act.

Nor did the friendly attitude toward
the trusts of the president stop here,
for after the death of Secretary Wind-
om he appointed as his successor a
member of the window glass trust,
Charles Foster.

Here is a list of a few of the largest
trusts which depend on the tariff for
their existence and on which the present
administration relies for its exist-
ence in the future:

1. Borax trust. It embraces all the
borax mines of California and Oregon.
No borax is found abroad, but imported
boracic acid was a competitive product.
On this the duty was increased from 3
cents to 5 cents per pound. The duty
on borax is 3 cents and 5 cents per
pound.

2. Lined oil trust. It controls the
mills and markets. Tariff protection
32 cents per gallon on lined oil.

3. Cotton oil trust. This trust em-
braces several smaller ones, among
them the Little Rock cotton oil com-
bination. Its stock is heavily watered.
Tariff protection 10 cents per gallon.

4. National white lead trust. This
trust controls to great extent the
production of pig lead and absolutely
most of white lead and analogous
products. So powerful is its control
over the markets that it is able to keep
up the price to the import point, and
therefore gets all the bonus the tariff
allows. Any surplus which it finds on
its hands is sold for export at discounted
prices. Protection on pig lead 3 cents
and on white lead 3 cents per pound.

5. Acid trust. Embracing the manu-
facturers of sulphuric acid east of the
Mississippi river. Protection 40 cents
per pound; formerly free.

6. Castor oil trust. Protection 80 cents
per gallon.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—An Australian millionaire named
Manat, who went from London to live
at the antipodes some years ago, died
recently at his mansion in Victoria.
He was the man who once sent an order
to England for a ton of books.

—Miss Braddon, the novelist, has one
great hobby—the collection of old
china. She has a series of magnificent
cabinets of this at her house in Rich-
mond, near London, and one room is
known as the plate-room, because it is
hung round with china plates.

—On the anniversary of Lord Nelson's
death every October his flagship is
elaborately decorated with ever-
greens, and the white ensign is freshly
displayed as it was all the night long
prior to the battle of Trafalgar, when
he ordered it kept in view on every ves-
sel of his fleet, to indicate that he
would engage the enemy the instant he
encountered him.

—Erastus Wiman has gone to the
Muskego territory, in Canada, about
three hundred miles north of Toronto,
where he has hunted nearly every sea-
son for twenty-five years. There the
Dwight Wiman Sporting club owns
two thousand acres, including many
lakes. It has a log club house, raises
its own potato crop and makes its own
maple sirup, and the fame of its cuisine
is widespread.

—The medal presented to Prof. Vir-
chow at the recent jubilee is unique. It
measures 118 millimeters in diameter,
weighs five pounds, and is made from
eighteen-carat gold. The front of the
medal bears a bust representation of
the professor in relief. The back is
adorned with an heraldic design, the
allegorical figures of medicine and pa-
thology, microscopy, books, skulls and
an Egyptian mummy.

—The total number of distinct words
in the New Testament, excluding proper
names and their derivatives, is 4,929.
A few comparisons may be interesting:
The vocabulary of the Old Testament
is larger. Gesenius' Lexicon, omitting
proper names and obsolete roots, con-
tains 5,810 words, of which 642 are
marked "Chald." The "Hid" and the
"Shakespeare" together contain 8,000
words. Shakespear uses 15,000 and Milton
9,000.—Presbyterian and Reformed Re-
view.

—A unique thing in books is prom-
ised to a chosen few. It is a book con-
taining twenty-three poems by the late
Francis S. Saltus, Jr., the erratic young
genius who died a year or two ago. His
father will have twenty-five copies pub-
lished by a Parisian house at a cost of
\$15,000, and will distribute them among
the personal friends of his son and him-
self. The poems could not be brought
out in this country. Each poem is writ-
ten in a different language. The young
poet, whose brother is Edgar Saltus,
the novelist, lies in Sleepy Hollow cem-
etery at Tarrytown, N. Y., where he is
to have a \$12,000 monument.

—Tsu Kuo Yin, the present repre-
sentative of the Chinese government at
Washington, has scholarly tastes, and
is especially interested in astronomy.
In order to gain time for study he is
accustomed to retire at seven and rise
at three in the morning, to enjoy the
perusal of his favorite authors while
the streets are quiet and his attention
not likely to be diverted by outside
sounds. Mrs. Yin, a tiny creature with
diminutive feet, does not speak English,
and on state occasions is quite thrown
in the shade by her brilliant husband.
She spends the greater part of her time
in retirement, and is an adept in the
art of intricate Chinese embroidery.

HUMOROUS.

—"Won't Give a Kiss."
"I will not give a kiss," says Sam;
"Love in her blue eyes deepens;
'I will not give a kiss, 'tis true,
But takes they are lovelier!"

—N. Y. Herald.
—She—"Cupid is not in it as a mark
man, Goosey." He—"Why not, Angel?
She—"He's always making Mrs.—
Life.

—Her Fortune.—Maud—"My face is
my fortune." Jack (lovingly)—"Well
you had better make an assignment
to me."—N. Y. Herald.

—Hopeless.—"What on earth is Jim
my crying about now?" asked papa.
"Be wants to give his gold-fish a bath,"
returned Maud.—Puck.

—In a Bad Fix.—McSmith (hotly)—
"I have got the law behind me, sir."
Bumpus (calmly)—"Look out it don't
overtake you."—Brooklyn Citizen.

—"Heard you had a pointer on the
races yesterday. How much did you
win?" "Walked home. It was a dis-
appointer."—Kate Field's Washington.

—"My client can clear himself, I feel
sure, if your honor will only give him
time," pleaded the lawyer. And the
kind-hearted judge gave him twenty
years.—Somerville Journal.

—A lady, some time back, at the
Smithsonian institute, asked if they
had a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Being
answered in the negative, "Dear me,"
she said, "that's very strange; they have
one at Oxford."

—"Well, Harris, did you call on
Maud's father?" "I did." "How did
you come out?" "I've been trying to
remember. It was all so sudden, I don't
know whether it was by the window or
elevator shaft."—Harper's Bazar.

—Recently a letter of introduction
was handed by an actor to a manager,
which described the presenter as an
actor of much merit, and concluded:
"Be plays Virginia, Richelieu, Ham-
let, Shylock, and billiards. He plays
billiards the best."—The Talmud.

—About the Same.—Watts—"I've got
the best revolver a man ever owned, I
think." Potts—"Yes, I heard about you
shooting at that burglar the other night
and missing him a yard." Watts—"I
did miss the burglar, that's so; but I
plugged the gas meter square in the
center."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"The other evening about six o'clock
a young man sat in a crowded up-bound
car apparently asleep. The conductor
politely tapped him on the shoulder
and said: "No sleepin' in this car, young
man." "I'm not asleep," was the reply.
"Well, you had your eyes shut." That's
because I don't like to see women stand
in a street-car."—Buffalo Courier.



HIS DAUGHTER STOOD BEFORE HIM.



ALICE SPRANG INTO THE DUGOUT.

Alison seeds which their old friends in
Ohio had supplied them with on start-
ing for the new country.

They were many miles from their
nearest neighbors, and the busy spring
season allowed them no time in which
to cultivate acquaintances.

In fact they had had but one caller
since settling there. That was Bruce
Howell, a handsome, robust young fel-
low, whose father's claim was twenty-
five miles distant.

Bruce Howell had helped Mr. Rogers
erect his cabin, and as he assisted in
laying the great logs the sight of
Alice's wondrous dark eyes had worked
a marvelous spell in the heart of the
young Illinoisan.

The charms had been so potent that

AV. H. GIBSON.

Hit the Ex-King Hard.
A good joke on ex-King Milan during
his recent sojourn at Caribid. By his
nonchalant manners toward ladies,
Milan had become greatly disliked
among the visitors, and one day he ad-
dressed two pretty young girls whom
he met out walking, and to whom he
had never been introduced, in his usual
free and easy manner. Naturally they
did not respond, but as they could not
get rid of him the elder turned and
said, with great severity: "Monseur,
our principle is not to speak to ex-
kings unless introduced to them." This
had the desired effect.—Chicago Jour-
nal.