MEMORIAL DAY.

THE WOUNDED FLAGS.

The wounded flags!
They bear them
Aloft to-day in pride—
The living ones, who share them
Alike with those who died—
The flags that faintly flutter
In cadence with the drum
As though they sought to utter
Their joy that peace has come.

The wounded flags!
We hold them
Far dearer than the rest;
Close to our hearts we fold them—
The flags by tatters blest;

The flags with shot holes gaping,
That tell their tale of strife,
To-day are gently draping
The ones who cling to life.

The wounded flags! How proudly
They fluttered in the days
When drums were thrumming loudly
And fires sang warring lays!
How brave was all their glowing
Where fierce the war guns spoke,
Their stars forever showing
A beacon through the smoke!

The wounded flags! We hail them
And revel in each hue,
Though age and time may pale them
And red blend into blue.
Though all grow dark and duller,
Yet in every part
We see the living color
That thrills the nation's heart.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

THE DRUMMER BOY

BY MABEL F. SCOFIELD.

"I wish we knew a really true story about one of those soldiers," said Amy, with a little sigh of regret; "then it would seem so much more int'resting when we lay the flowers on the grave, and we could think of how brave he was."

"Well, I guess they were all brave," answered Frank. "My! I wish I could have gone to war! Just think of how much fun it must have been!"

As it was Decoration day, papa had not gone to his office that morning, and as he sat reading his paper, he overheard the conversation between Frank and Amy. He smiled at the boy's last remark, thinking how little he realized the horrors of war, and could not help saying, "Yes, my boy, it's a fine thing to go to war with flags flying, and bands playing, but when it comes to the part where the bullets begin to play, and the roar of cannon and the groans of the wounded are the only music, then it is not so fine."

"Papa, did you know any of the soldiers that are buried here?" asked Amy.

"No, I was just about your age when the Civil War ended, and lived in a town many miles from here. Few of the poor fellows who went from that town ever came back from the war unless brought there to be buried. But come, if you are going to take flowers out for the soldiers' graves you had better be getting them ready."

Amy and Frank always gathered a basket of flowers on Decoration day for the dead soldiers' graves, and sometimes they rode out to the cemetery in one of the big wagons that were always filled with children on that day, and formed part of the procession that each year went out to the little burying ground to honor the memory of those brave men who had laid down their lives for their country. Sometimes the two children walked out by themselves and with their own hands scattered their flowers upon the graves that seemed to have been forgotten or did not have as many blossoms on them as the others. To-day they had made up their minds to go out alone and see if they could not find someone, after the services were over, who could tell them something about at least one of the dead heroes, and then they would have a soldier "all for our own" they said, and each year they would see that that grave of all others was not neglected.

Mamma helped them cut the flowers, and, carrying the basket between them, they were soon on their way. As they entered the great iron gates that separated the dead from the living they noticed two gray-haired old men talking together very earnestly. From their hats and their faded blue uniforms the children knew them to be soldiers.

"Oh, Frank!" whispered Amy, eagerly, "maybe one of them can tell us a story about one of the soldiers. They look as if they knew a whole lot about soldiers, anyway."

"Let's follow them and see," was Frank's answer. So the children kept close to the two blue coats, hoping to hear something about one of the buried heroes.

And they were not disappointed, for as they came near a neglected grave in an obscure corner the older of the two men said, "There! that is the grave with the little bunch of violets planted in the middle of it. He loved violets so, and one of the boys who remembered this put that little plant there, and whenever one dies some one of us plants another in its place. Why, once that boy risked his life just to get a few of those blue blossoms. He had to go too near the enemy for safety, but he risked it, and although a gray coat spied him and pointed his rifle at him the bullet whizzed by him some way or other and he got his blossoms and kept his skin whole, too. He was a brave one, I tell you!"

Frank and Amy had stepped nearer and nearer during the telling of this little incident, and now as the old soldier stopped, Amy said excitedly, "Oh, can't you tell us something more about him, please? We would like so much to know something about one of the soldiers buried here."

"Well, youngsters, where did you come from? I didn't know anyone was near except my old comrade here."

"We followed you from the gate," said Frank, "for we thought you could tell us a story about some brave soldier."

"Tell you a story? Well, I guess I could do that, and a good many of them, too. No fellow could go through a struggle like that of '61 to '65 and not learn some stories, both sad ones and funny ones."

"Did you know this soldier?" asked Amy, pointing to the mound of earth near whic hthey were standing.

"Yes, I knew him when he was not as big as this little chap here," nodding to Frank, who did not altogether like the idea of being called "a little chap," but since it was an old soldier who spoke of him in this way he could overlook the injury.

"If you look closely at the headstone you can see written there, though it is getting pretty dim now, 'Killed at Gettysburg,'" and the old soldier turned toward Frank, while his eyes grew moist at the thought of the scenes of that bloody battlefield. "Pray that you may be spared witnessing such an awful sight as that battle. Why, a man could have walked over that field after the fighting was over without once putting his foot on the ground, so thick were the killed and wounded. Will, here," pointing to the grace, "was only a drummer boy, but the combined armies of the North and South contained no better or braver soldier."

"Gettysburg lasted three days; at first it seemed as if Lee and his army would win the day, but on the third day we put them to flight. I can never forget how that one terrible cannon shot sounded as it broke that awful stillness that had settled over both armies, after everything was ready for the fight, and gave the signal for the terrible struggle of that last day of the battle. And it was the last day of any battle for many a poor fellow, and among them the drummer boy, Will. I can see that boy yet as he saw the glorious Stars and Stripes fall from the grasp of the color-bearer, who was killed instantly by an enemy's bullet. He ran forward and seized the flag just in time to keep it from being laid in the dust and blood, and he waved it as high as he could, shouting to those around him that it was still over them, and several poor fellows actually smiled as they saw it.

"But after a time a bullet struck our boy. He tried to pay no attention to it, but soon became so weak from loss of blood that he fell to the ground, but before he did so he placed the flag in the hands of a comrade, saying: 'Here, Jack, take Old Glory; I don't want to drag it to the ground, and I am going.' Then he fell, but he lived some time after that.

"I saw that he was in awful agony and handed him a little water, the last I had. He put it to his parched lips, but a groan near by made him pause. There by his side lay a Confederate, wounded

"DID YOU KNOW THIS SOLDIER?"

fatally, and, although only an instant before they had been on opposite sides—enemies—Will handed him the cup, saying faintly: 'Here, you are worse off than I am.' And if I live to be a thousand years old I can never forget the look in that southerner's eyes as he took the cup. He couldn't talk much, he was so far gone, but his eyes spoke more gratitude than words could have done.

"As Will lay there suffering for a drink, and if you've never suffered for water you don't know what it is. It's harder than facing any bullet. I saw he couldn't last much longer, and I laid down my gun and raised his head a little. He tried to ask which side was winning, and then smiled and said faintly: 'Tell father'—but what I was to tell was never finished. I often wish I could have told him that we won that awful battle, but when he died it looked pretty dark for us.

"There, my children, you know the story of that soldier now, and not a braver one lies under any of these white stones."

Silently Frank and Amy knelt down and covered the grave with their flowers, and then quietly stole away, leaving the two soldiers alone with their dead comrade.

There is one soldier's grave in that cemetery that will never want for flowers on Decoration day, and the first violets that open their blue eyes in the spring will blossom there, and after they have faded their leaves will keep this one spot green all summer.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Sergeant Jack Had Lost All that Made Life Dear to Him.

One day it was whispered in our camp before Petersburg that Sergt. Jack's wife had died. Sergt. Jack was reserved and rather morose, and none of us knew whether he had a wife or not until the rumor came. The sergeant's demeanor told us that the story was true.

The soldier's mental suffering was plain to all who looked into his face. He had loved her well and the blow had come too suddenly. In a week's time he grew so old and haggard that one could hardly identify him as the same man. Some of the men whisperingly declared that he would do some desperate thing—others that he would bear it like a man and get the best of it after a while. We loved Sergt. Jack, every man of us in "B" company, and he had the sympathy of all his comrades.

Things were thus when it came our turn one night to go into the rifle pits on the line nearest the Confederates. We had to march down from camp by covered ways and crawl into the pits like so many serpents. Death was there waiting for any man who but showed his head above a pit. Not a finger could be held up without a dozen bullets being fired at it. On this night it was bright moonlight—so bright that one could see every leaf and blade of grass and every insect moving about. The great guns were silent after a hot day's work, but there was a spiteful and murderous fire of musketry along the rifle pits. The bullets whizzed above our heads in a vengeful way, and the officers kept crying: "Look out, men—keep down!" as we neared the pits. Men dropped off here and there till only six of us were left, and Sergt. Jack had charge of placing us. The men in the pits had to come out first, and as soon as they got the signal they began the movement. We were watching them as they wormed themselves along the ground when Sergt. Jack suddenly uttered a groan. It was not a groan of pain, but of anguish—such a sound as a strong man might make when he felt his heart breaking over his grief. All of us turned to look at him, and as we did so he stepped out from under shelter into the open and the moonlight and was face to face with Death!

"Down, Sergeant—come back—look out!" we shouted at him, but he drew himself up and walked straight toward the Confederate lines. His appearance amazed the sharpshooters for half a minute. So bright was the moonlight that they could look right into his eyes. It was not the act of a brave man; none of them would put it down to bravado. He was not a deserter seeking admission to their lines. We shouted to them not to shoot—that our sergeant had lost his mind—and those directly in front heard us and withheld their fire. Those on the flanks, however, could not catch our words, and probably believing that some hostile movement was contemplated, a score of muskets blazed away at the target in the moonlight. We saw Sergt. Jack halt—totter—throw up his hands and sink down, and we knew that he was dead—had courted death because there was nothing more in life for him. We crept out and rescued his body for a soldier's burial. More than a dozen bullets had struck him, and on his face was a look of relief—a look which came there in his dying moment as he realized that death would end all.

ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

Regarded as One of the Great Show Places of the World.

There are four national cemeteries within a few miles of the White House. Beyond the Potomac a mile and a half as the crow flies, is Arlington, the largest and most famous of them all. There on the annual holiday which a grateful nation has devoted to this memorial duty the orator employs his choicest speech in tribute to the virtues of the dead, the well trained military band revivifies the stirring old war songs and flowers are everywhere. Arlington is one of the show places of the world.

In one respect Arlington is unlike any other of our national cemeteries; at the others few interments have been made since the period immediately following the war, but beautiful Arlington every year sees wearers of the blue brought from all parts of the country to swell the forces of the silent army. There are now buried at this national resting place for fallen warriors more than 20,000. Of these 4,611 are nameless on the human record.

Two hundred acres were originally set aside for cemetery purposes. To this several additions have been made from time to time. This section is inclosed by a low wall and is entered through four great memorial gates—the McClellan, the Fort Myer, the Ord and Weitzel and the Sheridan, the last named being the main entrance. An open circular colonnade surmounted by a dome is known as the Temple of Fame. On the cornice are the names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Farragut. At the rear of that is the large amphitheater in which the Memorial day services of the Grand Army of the Republic are held. The Sheridan gate is flanked on each side by marble columns taken from the old War Department building. They bear the names of Lincoln, Scott, Grant and Stanton.

There are many costly and stately monuments at Arlington of modern art. It is doubtful, however, if there is to be found in the whole impressive panorama a more effective ensemble than the vast

MONUMENT TO 2,111 UNKNOWN.

level of greensward, stretching as far as the eye can reach, marked at regular intervals by rows of headstones, all set in the military precision of a troop awaiting the signal to advance. Near by is the fine monument erected in honor of these unknown though not unreckoned sleepers. Their bodies, two thousand and more, were recovered from the battlefields of Bull Run and the Rappahannock. The greatest efforts at identification were made in every case, but the identity of many was lost beyond recovery. The graves of the known are arranged in the same symmetrical manner. A simple headstone, uniform in appearance with that used in all the national cemeteries, marked plainly with the name, State and the number he bears on the roll of honor at the War Department, is now the measure of the sleeper's earthly fame.

Half a mile south of the mansion are buried the soldiers who fell in the Spanish-American war. A magnificent memorial to their prowess has been raised by

MONUMENT TO SHERIDAN.

the Colonial Dames of America. Close by sleep the victims of the ill fated battleship Maine. On the bluff east of the house is the space set apart for the graves of officers. In front of the building and near the great central flagstaff are the tombs of Philip H. Sheridan and Admiral David D. Porter. Almost adjoining are the graves of Gen. J. H. Baxter, Col. Hiram Berdan, the noted sharpshooter, and Gen. George Crook. Close at hand sleep Gens. Meigs, Ricketts, Burdette, Watkins and Doubleday. The most recent addition to this famous company is Gen. Lawton, who was brought here from the faraway Philippines.

But nature has done even more for this lovely city of the heroic dead than the willing and grateful hand of man has been able to accomplish. All the efforts of art that have been lavished on the spot are feeble indeed beside the treasures of landscape and wealth of greenery that have long been the region's very own. Across the Potomac river, spread out like a mammoth panorama, its foreground the carpet of greensward shadowed by the famous oaks of Arlington, lies Washington, its domes and spires gleaming fairy-

IN MEMORY OF MAINE VICTIMS.

like in the mellow sunshine of the late Maytime. It is a picture to delight the soul of a painter, though he despair of reproducing it.

War and Peace.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they sought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry—
Oh, be it never heard again!
—William Cullen Bryant.

Officially Confirmed.

The Washington correspondent hastily called up the Cabinet officer by telephone.

"Pardon me for disturbing you, Mr. Blank," he said, "but will you please tell me whether or not the rumor that is in circulation as to your retirement is true?"

"Yes, sir," answered the Cabinet officer. "It is. I was just about to retire when you called me. Good-night."
—Chicago Tribune.

Strong Calls.

"How in the world did you get waited on with such alacrity?" asked the little man in the rush lunchroom. "I have been here an hour and you just came in two minutes ago."

"Don't you see that sign?" responded the big man. "It reads, 'Call the Waiter.'"

"Y-yes, but I called him and he didn't pay any attention."

"Yes, but what did you call him?"

All on Him.

Cholly—It makes me real cross when I think how well off some of the fellahs are that I used to run with and I'm so poor.

Miss Pepprey—Probably it's because so many have amused themselves at your expense.—Philadelphia Press.

He May Get There.

Patience—Is he interested in divorce cases?

Patrice—Great Scott! Give him a chance! He's not even married yet!—Yonkers Statesman.

A New Name for It.

"An eminent scientist says that life is but a matter of chemistry."

"Then I suppose that marriage is simply a chemical combination."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The engines of a first-class man of war cost about $700,000.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Tariff to the Front.

Those Republican Congressmen who are so anxious for proof of the Steel Trust selling cheaper abroad than here should read their own party papers more thoroughly. The government statistics show that 35,000 tons of steel billets were exported last month, and the market expert of the New York Press says: "The major portion of these billets, however, are shipped back here in manufactured form. They are sold here for export at a price around $18 at the mills, while the existing quotation for billets for domestic consumption is $27."

But this writer, who certainly should be good enough authority for the most standpat Republican, further says: "Fully 20,000 tons of last month's billet shipments were consigned to Welsh mills, where they are to be rolled into plates, then dipped in tin and reshipped here for the purpose of making cans. The largest importer of these tin plates is the Standard Oil Company, which uses about 100,000 tons annually. The Beef Trust is also a very heavy buyer of tin plates made from the steel billets shipped from this country to Wales. Although practically all the raw material used in the making of these tin plates is of American origin, the tariff holds them to be subject to a duty of 1½ cents per pound, as the process of making them into tin plate enhances the value. The Standard Oil Company uses these tin plates for the export of case oil, with the result that a drawback is given to it by the government of the full import duty less 1 per cent." The Welshmen buy this American steel because it is sold for less than British made steel and, according to the above Republican authority for about one-third less than the trust charges our own people.

We have the evidence of W. G. Raoul, who at the time he gave it, Feb. 25, 1904, was President of the National Railroad Company of Mexico, quoted by Senator Bacon of Georgia in his speech on tariff abuses, which can be found in the Congressional Record of April 25, 1904, in which Mr. Raoul said: "In 1902 I secured bids on steel rails for Mexico from United States mills at about $24 delivered at Tampico, while the price I paid at the same time for rails for our road in Texas was $28 at the mills."

So the Steel Trust was offering to pay the land and water freight from the mills at Pittsburg to Tampico, Mexico, which could not have been less than $6 a ton, and deducting that amount from the price quoted of $24 delivered at Tampico, would bring the price at the mills to $18 a ton or $10 a ton less than the price of the steel rails for use in this country.

During last April there were no less than 23,141 tons of steel rails sold by the Steel Trust for export, so there is no doubt that the same underselling to foreigners still continues. Many other trusts are doing the same thing, for we hear of farmers in Canada and in other countries buying American agricultural machinery, fence wire and other American products for much less than our farmers are buying similar articles made by the same Harvester Trust, the Steel Trust and other protected corporations. It is very difficult to get the price at which these products of the trusts are sold for export, for there is great secrecy maintained of these transactions, for obvious reasons. Still those doubting Republican Congressmen who cannot explain away the above given transactions will have to admit that the Democrats have furnished enough proof to convict the trusts of selling cheaper abroad than here, which the protective tariff allows them to do with impunity.

Publicity Defeated.

The Republican majority of the House Committee on Election of President, Vice President and members of Congress very naturally voted to drop, like a hot baked potato, consideration of the bill for publicity of campaign contributions. They decided it was loosely drawn, but it was probably tight enough, if enacted into law, to have afforded considerable inconvenience and perplexity to the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, who will receive contributions, this summer and fall, from sources that he would not care to disclose. When the Sugar Trust produces its sweet donation, and the Steel Trust disgorges some of its tariff plunder, and the Coal Trust "comes down with the dust," it would be awkward to publish these facts to the world. The reason for the refusal of the Republican majority in Congress to revise the tariff that shelters trusts would be too plain for even the most rock ribbed, but obtuse, Republican voter to indorse. Of course the intelligent voter has observed the evidence that has been published from authentic sources, that the trusts and corporations have furnished millions to keep the standpatters in power, and that even the funds that should have been sacred to the widows and orphans of life insurance policy holders were illegally and feloniously diverted to the same corrupt purpose. It is true that President Roosevelt denied, in the closing days of the last national campaign, that the Republican National Committee had received such contributions, but nevertheless his victory at the polls is still clouded by these tainted millions and no restitution has been made.

No wonder, then, that the Republican politicians unite in refusing to consider a bill that would make contributions from such tainted sources almost impossible. Future Republican committees would be at the starving point under such circumstances.

Presidential Practical Politics.

The cry of "stop thief" was never more sensationally raised to deceive the public than it was by President Roosevelt in his recent message on the Standard Oil investigation. That message was timed to met two exigencies. The Sugar Trust indictments were presented to the court in New York the same day, and something had to be done to offset the effect of those indictments, which resulted from the work of Democrats. And again, as it has since turned out, Mr. Roosevelt was intending to desert his friends and go over bag and baggage to the camp of his opponents on the railroad rate legislation by accepting the amendment suggested by Senator Aldrich, dictated by Senator Carter, written out by Senator Fulton, and credited to Senator Allison, who knew nothing of it until it had been printed in the newspapers and approved by the President. Clearly the President thought it necessary to play the cuttle-fish and muddy the waters, in order to cover his ignominious retreat into the railroad camp, by playing on his calliope the old tune of "stop-thief;" and he played it loud and long. The people applauded, of course; for nobody knew what game he was playing as an accompaniment to the tune. But when they saw his purpose, the next day, men began to say, "This is all a game of practical politics."

The Aldrich-Carter amendment, falsely called the Allison amendment, establishes the broadest possible court review, including the right of the courts to grant preliminary injunctions in favor of the railroads. It makes the legislation practically abortive, if not unconstitutional. It goes farther than Knox or Spooner, or Foraker proposed to go, and yet these Senators were represented as opposing the President, by going too far. And so the railroad rate battle ends in a fiasco, as everything else the Republican politicians have ever undertaken has ended when pretending to attack corporations. The attack on the Standard Oil was a hoax, a feint to cover the desertion of the President to the camp of the enemy. Those Democrats who have been fighting under the President's banner suddenly find themselves without a leader; find, indeed, that they have been following a decoy duck, a false light. If any man outside of the trusts and railroad combines can have any faith in President Roosevelt's professions hereafter, he will be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. The Democratic Congressional conventions which have indorsed President Roosevelt will do well to meet over again, and cancel their indorsements. There is no longer any possible excuse for indulging in cuckoo music.—Exchange.

A Trust Object Lesson.

The Standard Oil clique appears to have made money out of the President's "Standard Oil message," for they had the advantage of advance copies of the message and the Garfield report from some unexplained source, probably from the newspapers they control. This enabled them to sell the market in advance, and then, when the message and report were sent to Congress, and other people took the bear side of the market, the clique bought back at lower prices the Standard Oil specialties they had sold a few days previously. Instantly, says the New York Post, the entire stock market advanced. It was generally declared in Wall Street that when the message should "come out" the Standard Oil clique would give the administration an "object lesson" that Standard Oil stocks were immune from any attacks of President Roosevelt, or any one else. This leaking of government secrets for the benefit of the trusts is a sample of the careless, if strenuous, methods of the Roosevelt administration.

Great and Petty Subsidies.

When it comes to anything "free" most of us like to get our share of it, and as free seeds are the only subsidy the planters of the South, or the farmer of the North, get from Uncle Sam, Congress has determined to continue the distribution. But what a price the recipients pay for their 5 cents' worth of seeds, for the same system on a much greater scale allows the trusts and combines to receive enormous subsidies through the protective tariff and other special privileges. All these subsidies from the government, petty and great, are paid from the taxes collected from the people and the farmers pay, on the average, $100 for the 5 cents they receive, for in addition to their share of the taxes, the subsidized trusts, protected by the tariff, add to the price they charge for their products so that the cost of living has advanced about 40 per cent.

Brief Comment.

We shall never secure "a square deal" until we get a new deal. The cards were stacked by the trusts when Dingley dealt.

The man with the muck rake will hardly scare Mr. Rockefeller into lessening the plunder he gets from the man with the kerosene can.

Another Republican scandal is looming up at the national capital through the investigation of the government insane hospital, and it makes one's flesh creep to read of the cruelties practiced on some of the unfortunate inmates.

After nearly six years of reputed trust busting, can any one point to a trust that the administration has made away with, or that has ceased to plunder the people? There have been lots of pyrotechnics, but no dancing.

The Washington Star reports an alliance between President Roosevelt and Senator Penrose to defeat the insurgents in Pennsylvania and give the corrupt machine there another lease of power. The machine will need more than ten administrations to save it from the wrath of an outraged people.

The President wants the government to hold on to its coal lands and work them if necessary to protect itself against extortion by the Coal Trust. Is this socialism? If not, why was David B. Hill denounced as a Socialist when he proposed that the government should own and operate coal mines for the protection of the public? Is it any more socialistic than the making of cement and gun powder and the construction of warships by the government? In order to preserve the tariff schedules intact, the government will be obliged to manufacture its own supplies and dig its own coal or go into bankruptcy.

The anthracite miners have agreed to a continuance of the 1903 award for three years more. They are entitled to credit for yielding, under the circumstances; and they have the sympathy of the public. The operators held the advantage of a monopoly, and would have recouped from the public all that it lost by reason of a strike, while the miners had no such advantage. They, like the public, were at the mercy of the trust. At the end of the next three years, it is to be hoped that the law will have been so fully enforced against the Baers and Cassats that the advantage of being in a trust will not be so great a factor in a contest between labor and capital.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A PIG TALE.

Five little pigs in a wood one day
Just grunted—grunted—grunted;
Sweet nuts were about, they'd heard some one say,
So they hunted—hunted—hunted.

They wandered in, they wandered out,
Not suited—suited—suited;
For never a nut seemed to be about,
Though they rooted—rooted—rooted.

At last one Piggy cried to the four,
"Come, hurry—hurry—hurry!
Master Squirrel invites to eat of his store!"
Such a flurry—flurry—flurry-

Then after the squirrel to an old oak tree
They followed—followed—followed;
And there was a feast where the tree seemed to be
Just hollowed—hollowed—hollowed.

They never said "Thank you!" But rushed at the pile,
And sat munching—munching—munching.
Poor Frisk had no nuts when they left after a while,
Still crunching—crunching—crunching!
—C. Jessica J. Donnelly in the Philadelphia Record.

THE CUNNING OF THE FOX.

Among the many resources at his command to outwit his natural enemy the hound, Reynard prizes most dearly a rail fence, a road and the frozen surface of a river, and will rarely fail to avail himself of one of these means of safety. The rail raises the line of scent too high for the hound's nose, the frozen river and the well beaten road, besides the good footing they afford him, retain not a particle of the tell-tale scent so dear to the pursuer.

On two occasions F. and I., as well as my keen scented old hound Jeff, had found our fox vanish into thin air at one particular point, and though the snow lay deep on the ground, and by it we could see that the fox had come into the road, no amount of perseverance on our part revealed to us what had become of him after that. In vain we walked up and down the road in search of the tell-tale track, not a break in the even surface of the snow could be found, and we were obliged to return home and own ourselves outwitted, while Reynard, no doubt, sat watching us from some safe distance, and saying, with Puck, "What fools these mortals be!"

But every fox, no doubt, as well as every dog, must have his day, and the mystery was solved on the next hunt. Ensconced on a high piece of ground, and while the hills echoed with the mellow voice of the old dog, I saw the fox slip into the road, follow it for a hundred rods, then by one high leap land on top of a rail fence which ran at right angles with the highway, and bounding along the uppermost rail nimbly, reach a piece of plowed ground which the wind had blown bare of snow, run across the plowed field to within about ninety yards of me, when, jumping on a rock, he curled himself up and deliberately lay down to watch the effect of his little game and enjoy the discomfiture of the hound. I dare not move, so opening my breechloader I slipped in a long range thread wound cartridge, took careful aim, and sent a charge of double B shot through Reynard's handsome fur.

But foxes know more mischievous tricks than this, and dear to the heart of every old fox is a scamper down the smooth surface of a frozen river, which, besides offering an opportunity of escape, often permits him to take dire revenge on his troublesome enemy the hound. For Reynard is versed in physic and knows full well the difference of weight between himself and his pursuer; instinct teaches him to a nicety the exact thickness of ice required to bear his light fur covered body, and that on such ice his more ponderous enemy may not venture safely.

If you doubt all this, stand, as I often do, so as to look down some swift stream almost frozen over and covered with light snow, and note how the trail of the flying fox gracefully curves toward every hole, and invariably skirts the very edge of every piece of swift open water. Many a good hound has ended his days by venturing to follow where his tricky enemy did lead, and I imagine if foxes ever laugh, and they certainly look as though they did, Reynard must laugh as he hears the echo of the hound's deep bark suddenly die away, and knows his game has been successful. But we did not laugh, F. and I., when all at once silence settled over the hills, but a minute before musical with the cheery notes of old Jeff's voice, for we knew the dog was in the treacherous river, and without losing a second F. hurried toward a piece of open water not far distant.

On reaching it our fears were at once realized. Caught in the swift current, benumbed with the cold and exhausted by the attempts he had made to save himself, old Jeff lay with his head on the ice, his limbs almost motionless and whining piteously. There was no time to be lost, and unable to resist the dog's mute appeal for help, F. stretched himself on the treacherous ice, seized the animal by the neck, pulled him out, and in a minute the dog was rolling joyfully at our feet. Though benumbed with cold and covered with ice he at once took up the scent with an angry bark, and two hours after we had the satisfaction of killing the fox after one of the best runs I ever saw.—Forest and Stream.

DOG ANECDOTES.

During the world's fair when the Liberty Bell was on its way to Chicago, the train on which it was carried passed through a town not very many miles from Philadelphia. The inhabitants, of course, were all out at the station, and along the railroad bank to cheer the dear old bell.

A young lady of the town owned a great handsome Irish greyhound, who accompanied his mistress to the railroad bank to see the bell go by.

She waved her kerchief and cheered; seeing that something was attracting the attention of the trainmen, attendants and guards, she looked to see the cause, and found that the dog was giving the bell a send-off also.

He had picked up an old shoe and was waving it just as his mistress was waving her kerchief.

The trainmen, guards and all others on the train cheered and seemed to appreciate his patriotism.

Ned was a handsome Bismarck setter, brown coat, white vest, and always wore white gloves on his fore paws, and in the dog kingdom was considered quite a dandy.

He was trained to hunt, which he did without an error.

He and his young master had been out gunning, and on their return home the master was called to attend to the unloading of some cars connected with his father's business. Close to the railroad was a woodpile, and on this he laid his gun. After he was through he went into the house, forgetting all about his gun.

For three days the dog never left the woodpile, not even to eat or drink, and whenever any of the family would come out he would act so strangely, run and bark, and then run back to the wood. The young master remarked that "poor old Teddie was acting so peculiarly he was afraid he was going mad and would have to be killed."

At last a suggestion was made to go to the woodpile. He went, and the dog on his approach nearly went crazy, and there he found his gun. This was the cause of his strange actions, his going without food or water for three days and nights.

He was petted, made much of and fed sumptuously.

Old Fan was an English beagle, black and tan, with long, silky ears, black, expressive eyes and rather pointed face. She as very motherly in her ways.

Her great hunting qualities were exceeded only by her gluttony.

Besides herself in this family of dogs were her son Rex, Ned or "Uncle Teddy," a setter; Lady, a spotted beagle, and Gene, the greyhound. They each had their own pan and were given their meals at the same hour.

Fan would hurry back and eat her portion, run around the house and bark fiercely. Of course, the others would all leave their food to see what the disturbance was. Old Fan would then positively fly back to the pans, gobble up all the food, and when the other dogs returned to finish their meal everything would be eaten. "So the poor dogs got none." Time and again she would do this, until some one would have to remain with them until they were all through eating.

WHERE THE BIRDS COME FROM.

An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds.

Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them.

One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and to do the best they could so as to make the mother trees happy. But at last the time came and they let go of the twigs and branches, and fluttered to the ground.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever; so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from the bright maple leaves he made the red birds; the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows, and other brown birds.

This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them for food and shade.—Bee Hive.

THE WONDERFUL AIM.

Stick an ordinary metal handled table or kitchen knife into the upper part of a doorway in such a manner that the handle will point toward the floor or threshold. Now say that you have such a wonderful eye for aiming that you will guarantee to lay a walnut on the floor in so accurate a position that the knife will hit it surely when it is made to drop by hitting the doorway a whack with the fist enough to loosen it.

But first, as you do not wish to be a monopolist, you will ask anybody else who thinks that he has a good eye for aim, to lay the walnut where he thinks the knife will drop.

Somebody will be sure to try it, and the knife will be almost equally sure to strike the floor to one side or the other of the walnut. The fact is that it is quite impossible for the ordinary human eye to gauge such a matter as this accurately.

After everybody who wishes has tried and failed, you thrust the knife into any part of the upper part of the doorway as before, and then fill a glass with water. Raise it to the knife and let the knife handle get wetted thoroughly. Then withdraw it.

Some of the water on the knife handle will run down and drip off. Put the walnut where the water drops on the floor, and when you strike the doorway and loosen the knife, it is bound to hit the walnut.—Good Literature.