

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

Strange, is it not? She was making her garden.
Planting the old-fashioned flowers that day—
Bleeding hearts tender and bachelor's buttons—
Spreading the seeds in the old-fashioned way.
Just in the old-fashioned way, too, our quarrel
Grew, until angrily she set me free—
Planting, indeed, bleeding hearts for the two of us—
Ordaining bachelor's buttons for me.
Strange, was it not? But seeds planted in anger
Sour in the earth and, ere long, a decay
Withered the bleeding hearts, blighted the buttons,
And—we were wed—in the old-fashioned way.
—Frank Leslie's.

REDDY'S PLUCK

SEVERAL of us were seated around a table in the Manila Club, talking about war and feats of daring, as men are wont to talk when some of their number are still in khaki and campaign hats; with the smell of powder on their clothes. Although there was still plenty of fighting going on within a few miles of Manila, the stories were mostly of days long gone by, and had acquired a certain unnatural luster by dint of frequent usage. It is curious how men will crane their necks and strain their eyes toward the past in order to find proof of the hardness which every day they pass by unnoticed in the men around them. One man went so far as to suggest: "There isn't any chance the way we fight nowadays for a man to show any individual nerve; he is simply a machine, and medals are distinctly out of place."
"Medals may be out of date, old man," said Captain Oldsborough, "but the sort of thing that won the medals is happening all along the line. I had a young corporal in my company when I was on duty down in Tayabas Province, who had the 'kind of sand' that one doesn't even read about often. He was a boy about 21 years old from a factory town in Connecticut, where I think he worked in a hat shop. There wasn't one bit of romance or dash about him; he had washed-out red hair and freckles, stood about five feet four in his shoes, and weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds. He never had anything to say for himself, and I shouldn't have noticed him except for his silent manner and the quiet, thorough way in which he attended to all his duties. I can't remember his name, but the men all called him 'Reddy.'"
"We had been in the field about three weeks, and the fighting had all been with small bands of guerrillas, who kept us constantly on the alert. The rainy season had come on, and several of the men were suffering from dysentery; the cholera made us very cautious of what we ate, and even mangoes and bananas were forbidden fruit. We were far from comfortable, and if a man had any yellow in him, I promise you it showed. Well, 'Reddy' was never known to kick about anything; several times I knew of his doing work for his 'bunkle.'"
"We had been harassed for several days by a small band of natives who had been following us at a safe distance and taking a chance shot at any who happen to straggle. I decided that it was best to detail a squad of reliable men to follow this party, and once for all rid ourselves of their unwelcome presence. Accordingly I selected sixteen men under a sergeant, placed 'Reddy' second in command, and sent them off with a few hours' provisions. They had with them two native guides who soon got on the track of the enemy, and a weary march of five hours began. Part of the way the walking was through very heavy underbrush and bamboo forests, so dense in parts that the men had to walk in single file, and an unexpected 'bolo' rush would probably have finished the whole party before a shot could have been fired. Part of the way lay through deserted rice paddies and tobacco fields, where the tropical sun burned fiercely when the rain was not pouring down in torrents. With the exception of one small village, whose inhabitants professed themselves 'Amigos,' and a few stray 'carabao,' they saw not a living thing. "Finally, toward dusk, the party came on a small creek, whose banks were covered for some fifty yards on both sides with a heavy dense growth of reeds and broad-leaved palms. No sooner was the middle of this creek reached than the men were surrounded by the band they were in search of. Instead, however, of finding twenty-five or thirty guerrillas, as they had expected, the enemy numbered about 100. Order was given to charge for the open. A short, sharp fight followed, and my men found themselves in the open, pumping away for dear

life with five of their number lying somewhere between them and the creek. About twenty-five yards further on stood a single nipa shack, which the Filipinos had used as a sort of arsenal. This shack was their only refuge, and another determined charge brought them to it. On the way another man was killed and 'Reddy' was shot through the intestines. By sheer nerve he managed to get in the hut, which was built on tiles about five feet from the ground; the ten men remaining made openings in the bamboo walls of the shack, and began a long, steady fight. 'Reddy' quietly told the sergeant that he had been shot, but that he was still strong enough to help the men load. So he and three men loaded while the others kept up a constant fire for over an hour. After this time the enemy's ardor was somewhat cooled, though our party had to keep constantly on the alert. Then 'Reddy' crawled noiselessly to a corner and laid down on his back. The Filipino line was so closely drawn that our men could not possibly risk a dash for the creek. Their water supply was soon gone, and the poor little corporal must have suffered the tortures of a damned soul; but not once did he call for drink or ask any one to turn him over or try to ease his position. The rest of the men were almost dead from exhaustion, and each man took his turn walking about the shack and kicking his companions to keep them awake. "The next morning at daybreak the Filipinos became more active again, and it looked for a while as though the little fort must be taken. Through all these stifling hours, 'Reddy' breathed on quietly. The little room was filled with smoke and splinters of bamboo, the roof had leaked and the floor was soaking, and the crashing of rifles and singing of bullets never for an instant abated. Finally at noon the shooting subsided, and one of the men discovered a small spring about twenty yards from the house. Driven to desperation, a sortie was effected, and the men returned with some water. 'Reddy' was given his share like the rest, and the men told me afterward they never saw such a look of gratitude on a man's face before. Afternoon had drawn on and the party had been twenty-four hours on water and hardtack. The men then realized that the poor boy's end was near, and one of them was detailed to care for him and ease his last hours as much as possible. 'Reddy' protested that he was all right, and insisted that the fellow go back to what he called the firing line. 'Never mind me, old man,' he said, 'get back to the firing line and stay there,' and for several hours longer the little chap lay dying without a murmur. "Toward 6 in the evening 'Reddy' called a man to his side; he was so weak he couldn't talk above a whisper, and the man saw he was dying. 'I guess it's all up now,' said the little corporal, 'and I wish you would say a prayer for me, 'cause I was always used to it at home.' The comrade knelt down, and with his head close to the wounded man's (for the firing was still sharp), he repeated the Lord's Prayer. And then 'Reddy' peacefully closed his eyes and let his head fall back without a sound. We found the party about twenty-eight hours after they had been ambushed, and eight of them were still alive." For some time after Oldsborough had finished nothing could be heard but the even swing of the punkah over our heads, and then some one said, "Heroes don't always wear the white plume of battle, do they?"—New York Evening Post.

Worth an Admission Fee.

A new hand at golf lately had an experience which the New York Sun describes. The man tried to get to the links early, when no one was there to witness his lack of skill. A caddy followed him to the tee, and offered to go round with him for fifty cents. "Never mind, son. I'll get along." With that he made a magnificent swing at the ball and missed it by a foot. "Say, mister," said the caddy, "I'll go round with you for a quarter." The player declined and tried to look self-possessed. He made another swing at the ball and missed it again. "Say, mister," said the boy, "I'll go with you for fifteen cents." By that time the man was "rattled," and struck at the ball three times. The boy, who had retreated some distance, called: "Won't you take me for nothing? I'll go round for the fun of it."

Plate Glass.

"Good morning," said the old gentleman, "I'd like to look over your spectacles to see—"
"Good idea!" interrupted the fresh clerk, who had been told he could leave at the end of the week. "You can see just as well by looking over them as through them."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

You often read of "the steel entering her heart," but the only steel a woman actually has trouble with is in her corset.

HEROIC WORK SAVES LIVES.

Fatal Fire at Pine City, Wash.—Fire Started From Gasoline Explosion. Pine City, Wash., Sept. 23.—At the risk of their own lives and sustaining burns which may prove fatal in one case, John Higgs and Dr. Angus of Pine City saved the invalid wife of Mr. Higgs and his little daughter from the flames of a burning house. Despite the brave work of Dr. Angus, who carried the little girl out in his arms, the child was so badly burned that she died later. Dr. Angus also received such serious burns that his condition is critical. The fire started from a gasoline explosion. Mrs. Higgs is in delicate health and her husband and the family physician were giving her a vapor bath, using gasoline. The substance exploded and in a moment the room was a mass of flames. The doctor called upon Higgs to save his wife and then made a dash for an upstairs room where two little children were sleeping. Hastily rousing the boy, the doctor assisted him to wrap himself up and flee down the stairs and from the burning building. Dr. Angus then picked up the little girl and started out. By this time the whole house was in flames and with great difficulty the man made his escape, bearing his human burden. Mrs. Higgs received severe burns and this, with her terrible fright and illness, makes her recovery most doubtful.

TROOPER RIDES 2000 MILES.

Makes Trip From Oklahoma to West Point in 39 Days. Newburg, N. Y., Sept. 23.—Trooper Davis of the Eighth cavalry has reached West Point, being the first of a detachment of 12 troopers who started from Oklahoma 39 days ago on a test ride of 2000 miles. The men were allowed to eat and sleep when they pleased, relays of horses being provided every 30 miles, the object of the ride being to cover the distance in the shortest practicable time. Davis, being the lightest man of the party, led his comrades at the start, and thus had the advantage of getting the pick of the mounts at the relay stations. He rode up to the east bank of the Hudson as far as Garrison, where his horse gave out. The ferry having stopped running, he reported his arrival by signaling across the river to West Point. Then he came on to this city and thence proceeded to his destination. Davis weighed 137 pounds when he started, and now he weighs but 103 pounds. He was very tired, but happy to think he had broken the record for the distance, which is 45 days. The ride is one of several taken to test the stamina of men and horses, made at the suggestion of General Young, the new chief of staff.

Why Company Failed.

New York, Sept. 23.—The directors of the Consolidated Lake Superior company, after a two hours' session, gave up the attempt to find a plan for saving the property of the company, which are in the hands of Speyer & Co., as collateral for the loan of \$5,050,000, made by the banking house to the company some time ago, and announced that the stockholders were entirely at the mercy of the banking firm, which could sell out the stock of the operating companies in the Consolidated Lake Superior company at any time they saw fit.

With the announcement of this decision came also a practical acknowledgment that they believed their plans for financing the company to a sound position had been blocked at every point by the great financial institutions that are behind rival steel companies in the United States.

Colonel Underwood Is Dead.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 23.—Colonel J. M. Underwood, well known as a railroad constructor and formerly a member of the Minnesota legislature, is dead at his residence in Portland at the age of 61. Colonel Underwood was born at Saco, Me. During the civil war he served as a lieutenant in the Maine artillery. His title of colonel came later, when he served on the staff of the governor of Minnesota.

Preacher Goes to Prison.

Central City, Nebr., Sept. 21.—Rev. R. A. Gould, a Free Methodist preacher, who eloped with Eva Grant, a 15-year old girl last March, has been sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. He was tried under the kidnapping law passed by the state legislature after the Cudaby kidnapping and his conviction was the first under that statute. He had a wife and five small children.

Daring Jail Delivery.

Frankfort, Ky., Sept. 22.—A daring jail delivery was accomplished here today. Squire Hibler, Clayton Day and Frank Chenault, negroes, all awaiting sentence for murder and robbery, made good their escape.

IN MEMORY OF EMMET.

Celebration at New York City a Grand Success. New York, Sept. 22.—The Academy of Music was filled to overflowing Sunday night by a meeting held under the auspices of the Clan-Na-Gael to commemorate the centenary of the martyrdom of Robert Emmet. The auditorium was draped with American and Irish flags, and the national spirit found expression in continuous applause as the speakers dwelt upon Ireland's wrongs and the hopes of Ireland's sons. State Senator Victor U. Dowling presided. Resolutions were passed declaring the only proper settlement of the differences between Ireland and England to be the abolition of English rule in Ireland and pledging the Clan-Na-Gael to work for the establishment of an Irish republic.

Charles A. Towne Orator.

The orator of the evening was former United States Senator Charles A. Towne of Minnesota. Mr. Towne pictured the scene of Emmet's death, which he declared was one of the most pathetic tragedies in all history. "It is a hopeful spectacle," he said, "for the man is the incarnation of an idea, and that, please God, nothing can ever kill."

After referring to the incident of the executioner lifting Emmet's severed head and crying out, "This is the head of a traitor," the speaker continued: "That was 100 years ago, and we are assembled here tonight to do honor to the memory, not only of a traitor, but of one whose name has been written among the foremost martyrs for the cause of liberty. So long as there is injustice the Irish will resent it. We are here to renew the allegiance to the cause for which Emmet died. We are here to reaffirm our fealty to that great principle upon which the American republic was founded, and upon which Emmet wished to found an Irish republic, namely, the natural right of every nation to have the guidance of its own affairs. The right of independence is just as inherent in the nation as the right to life and liberty is in the individual. The highest right in the world is to maintain the nation's liberty and the obligation to maintain it dwarfs all other duties."

IDAHO NEWS NOTES.

A move is on foot to organize an up to date athletic and social club at Genesee.

The registration at the University of Idaho this year is greater than ever before.

Between 15 and 20 large threshing outfits are at work in the neighborhood surrounding Summit.

H. Smith Wooley of Boise City, has been appointed assayer in the mint at that city, vice, J. W. Cunningham, removed.

The three warehouses at the head of the proposed tramway near Summit, have been almost completed and grain is being delivered as fast as teams can haul it here.

Thomas H. Hardy, a traveling man for the Spaulding Manufacturing company, of Grinnell, Iowa, mysteriously disappeared from Boise September 4 and has not been seen since.

It is expected that the threshing on American ridge and the Potlatch will be completed within a few days. There are now 13 steam threshers at work on American ridge and 22 on the Potlatch. All the crops so far harvested are yielding fully as well as last year.

Grain is being received at the warehouse at Lenore rapidly, from 60 to 75 loads a day. It is principally wheat and most of it has been sold as rapidly as delivered. The prevailing price for wheat has been 65 cents a bushel.

Lane, a town of 200 population, is seldom mentioned in the newspapers, but it is one of the most prosperous and enterprising in the Coeur d'Alenes. It is situated on the Coeur d'Alene river, 13 miles above its mouth, and on the Wallace branch of the O. R. & N., 45 miles from Tekoa. There are two trains daily in each direction. The lately organized company which has purchased the water power at the falls of the Orofino and is developing an extensive power plant there has a force of surveyors in the field running lines for the electric road from Orofino to Pierce.

The Lewiston city council has decided to call a special election to authorize the issuance of \$80,000 bonds. The money is to be used in funding the outstanding city warrants, which will require \$60,000, and in providing a fund for the betterment of the city waterworks. The commercial importance of Troy is gradually increasing. It is said more cars for transporting wood, lumber, grain and fruit are required at that place than at any station on the Northern Pacific in Shoshone or Nez Perce counties.

The English postoffice give 29 per cent. better speed in delivering parcels than the private carriers, and at a cost of six cents for one pound, 8 cents for two pounds and 24 cents for 11 pounds.

Spokane Market Report.

Vegetables—New potatoes, 60@80c 90 lb sack; head lettuce, 5c each; tomatoes, home grown, 8c lb; 60@75c box; radishes, 3 bunches 5c; dried onions, 1@2c lb; green onions, 2 bunches 5c; parsley, 5c bunch; cucumbers, 15@20c dozen; beets, 2 bunches 5c; carrots, 2 and 3 bunches 5c; cauliflower, 10@20c head; cabbage, 2@3c lb; turnips, 2 bunches 5c; string beans, 5c lb; green corn, 3 dozen 25c; home grown, 10c dozen; wax beans, 5c lb; summer squash, 5@10c; celery, 10c bunch; okra, 2 lbs 25c; crook neck squash, 5@15c; pumpkins, 10@20c each; squash, 10@15c each; ripe cucumbers, 5@10c each.

Fruits—Lemons, 20@35c dozen; oranges, 25@40c dozen; coconuts, 10@15c each; pineapples, 30@40c each; bananas, 25@30c dozen; apricots, 5@10c lb, 15@20c basket; muskmelons, 6 and 10 for 25c; peaches, 15@25c basket, 65@1.25 box; blackberries, 3 boxes for 25c; watermelons, 10@30c each; nectarines, 30c basket; prunes, 5@10c lb and 25c basket; pears, 5c lb, 20@25c basket; cooking pears, 2@5c lb; huckleberries, 10c basket; crabapples, 2@3c lb, 25c box; Whitney crabs, 15c basket; peach plums, 15c basket; grapes, 10@15c lb, 40c basket; green gages, 15@25c basket; wild plums, 25c basket.

Poultry—Spring chickens, 40@50c each; chickens, dressed, 17@18c lb. Eggs—25@30c dozen; case, \$6.50 wholesale.

Dairy products—Creamery butter, 30c lb; country butter, 15@25c lb; cheese, 18@20c lb.

Grain and feed—Timothy hay, 90@ \$1 cwt; \$12@14 ton; grain hay, 80c cwt, \$11.50@12 ton; alfalfa, \$12 ton; chicken feed, \$1.30 cwt, \$22 ton; oats, \$1.25 cwt, \$20@22 ton; bran, 85c cwt; bran and shorts, \$1.10 sack 90 cwt; shorts, \$1.10 cwt; barley, \$22 ton, \$1.20 cwt; corn, \$1.50 cwt.

Seeds—Blue grass, 15c lb; English blue grass, 15c lb; white clover, 18c lb; red top, 14c lb; timothy, \$6 cwt; alfalfa, \$16 cwt; bromo grass, \$9 cwt; rye grass, \$9 cwt.

Honey—Lb, 20c; new, 25c. Sugar—\$6.50 100 lb sack; 14 lbs \$1. Flour—Wholesale, eastern hard wheat, \$5.25@5.75 bbl; retail, fancy patents, \$1.20 sack; standard brands, \$1.15 sack; common grades, \$1.10 sack; lowest, \$1 sack; Washington wheat, \$4.25@4.75 bbl.

Prices paid at Spokane: Vegetables—New potatoes, 50@60c cwt; onions, 50@75c cwt.

Poultry and eggs—Chickens, roosters, 9@10c; hens, 12c lb, live weight; young chickens, \$3@4 dozen; eggs, fresh, \$6 case, 22c dozen, strictly fresh.

Live stock—Steers, \$3.25@3.50 per cwt; cows, \$2.75@3; mutton, ewes, \$3@3.50 cwt; wethers, \$3.50 cwt; hogs, live, \$6@6.25 cwt.

Filipino Dwarfs Arrive.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 22.—The steamship Shawmut, which arrived from Manila, has a pair of passengers who are certain to excite a large amount of interest. They are two Filipino dwarfs from the northern part of the islands, who are being taken to the St. Louis exposition. The dwarfs are a man and a woman, 27 and 28 inches tall, respectively, fully developed, the man aged 29 and the woman aged 31. They are brother and sister, and are remarkable specimens of humanity.

Killed By a Polo Ball.

Chicago, Sept. 22.—Nathan Swift, son of Louis F. Swift, the packer, died from the effects of a blow on the temple with a polo ball at Onwentsia field during a game.

"I heard today that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician."

"Not at all."

"I don't like to contradict, but I'm positive you did say so."

"You misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."—Philadelphia Press.

"Your husband," said the doctor, "has worried himself sick! He needs a change."

"Where ought we to go?" asked the anxious wife.

"To the city," replied the doctor promptly, "where he will not live constantly in a harrowing atmosphere of suburban trains and time tables."

Henry T. Oxnard will move his famous stock farm from Lexington, Ky., to Napa valley, Cal. He has practically purchased over 800 acres of land near Napa, and it is said, will immediately begin the expenditure of a large sum in improvements.

Another American Cardinal.

New York, Sept. 24.—Asked about the possibility of another American cardinal being appointed, Cardinal Gibbons today said:

"There will be another cardinal."

It is usually imagined that the incandescent light gives out very little heat. As a matter of fact only 6 per cent. of its energy goes to make light, while 94 per cent. goes into heat.