AT EFFORT'S FINISH.

Glad to see you, boys!
No use o' tryin'
To the rhdiant joys
In our hearts a-flyin'.
Longed to clasp the hands
Lands returnin'
Shes of distant lands
Fever's burnin'.

Shake an' eyes grow wet
Again we meet you,
Then them speeches set
Planned to greet you,
Long oration pat
I'll have to free you;
Let it go at that—
Glad to see you.
—Washington Star.

PRIVATE DOOGAN'S BET.

Incident of the Santiago Trenches.

We have shared hardships
Now—really shared them, not
Been the same places and
Seen the same fights, but gone
Through the last hardtack, drank
Foul Santiago water from
Canteen, lain side by side
In the trenches for days and
Nights at a time, and had your shirt
Off the same bullet that grazed
Then you have done all this
When you get to have a feeling
That is hard to describe; not
Quite a brotherly feeling, but a
Pretty liking, the whole meaning
Which is conveyed by the words,
"Bunky."

We are pretty rough with each
Other sometimes, in a good-hearted
Way. When one fellow is lazy and
Lies in the tent and let the
Other do all the work about
Camp, the other fellow kicks; he goes
To the tent, grabs his bunky by the
Ears and pitches him out. "Get to
Work, lazy son of a gun," he says,
Talking pretty nearly like it.
Does not mean anything, that.
Fellow swears back and puts
Up a little scrap, perhaps, but he
Understands. It is the bunky's way.
Only one case of two bunkies really
Fought and scrapping, however,
Should be put on record. It happened
When Private Doogan and Private
Henry of the —th infantry
Had bruised one another "for
Fun" it was all about a Spaniard
After Santiago, and the like of it
Has happened before and is not
Likely to happen again. The story
Comes from Private Doogan himself.

Private Doogan and Private Henry
Were sitting near the fire at the end of
Company street the other day,
Peeling onions. They had a good-
Sized basket between them and were
Working industriously at the pungent
Bulbs with their knives. A huckster
Wagon appeared at the other
End of the camp, and Doogan looked
Up and said: "There's that fellow
Was here the other day. Go over
And buy some fish for dinner,
Bunky."

"Buy yourself," said Henry. "I
Have a continental for fish."

"Come, yez lazy son of a gun! Git
Along!"

"Be condemned if I do. Go
Yourself."

Doogan smiled with Private Henry's
Obstinacy. When he was out of hearing
Private Doogan said: "He's a mighty
Fellow, Henry is, only he's too
Lazy. He has been my bunky
Since the war broke out, and
We got on foine togither. Little
Things like this happen now and agin,
Of course, but they don't amount to
Anything. But we had the hottest
Row you ever see onct. We wuz
Mad. How was it? Why it was
Down near Santiago in that fight with
The Spaniards. You see we'd been a-
Fightin' pretty much all day, in that
Terrible Cuban climate. The whole
Day the sun was blisterin' hot,
Then all o' a suddint in the afternoon
Rain came down and we wuz wet
Through and through as suddint as you
Please. About night-toime we halted.
Got our hardtack and took out our
Knives and scraped the mud off our
Boots.

"We're in for a good shlape the
Night, bunky,' sez Oi, and we bot' on
Us stretched out on the ground, not
Caring for not'in' but to shlape. The
Last thing Oi knowed some one wuz
Shakin' us to git up and move. It
Was pitch dark and we hadn't been
Asleep more'n a couple o' hours may-
Be.

"'Git up, bunky,' sez Oi; 'orders
Come to march.' Henry were
Sleepin' like a dead man, so I give
Him a shake and say: 'Git up, you
Vagabone,' sez Oi; 'quit your
Sleepin' and git ready to march.'

"'Go wan,' sez 'ee, and leave me
Alone,' sez 'ee. He was still ashlape,
Bedad he were, so Oi rubbed his ears
Loud and shouted: 'Git up, you son of a
Gun,' sez Oi; what are yez afther ex-
Pecting? To shlape all night whin
Yez has come to march?' Wid that
He gave a bound up and wuz ready in
A minute, but he wuz in a mighty bad
Humor, Henry were. We marched in
The neighborhood o' six hours, may-
Be, through the stinking mud that
Came up to your middle, and Henry
Never said a word the whole toime.
Then we stopped they set us a-dig-
Gin trenches, and about the brak o'
Day we were a-shtandin' up to our
Necks in 'em, wid the wather around
Our belts. Henry never said a word
The whole time, though I'd bin a-re-
Markin' on things, pleasant-loike.
That's my way, whin things don't go
Right—to say something pleasant
And cheerful. But Henry, he shuts
Up. I see by the mum face on him
That he was blamed aggravated.

"Well, just about the brak o' day
The bullets begun to whistle all around
Us and we knowed the Spaniards wuz
Near far off, though we couldn't see a
Thing but jungle. Whin it growed
Lighter we made out where the Span-
Iards' trenches wuz, but we couldn't see
Any of the Dagoes. We kep' a-pump-
ing at 'em, wit' the bullets a-flyin'
around above us, for all the world
like a swarm of hornets, whin Henry
shtuck his head up a bit to see what
he could see. Whist—a bullet went
right along by the side o' his face. It
didn't touch him quite, but it burned
like a redhot blister on the side o' his
phiz.

"'Now, bad cess to the son of a gun
of a Spaniard that foired that,' sez 'ee;
'if Oi ketch a sight o' him Oi'll pump
'im so full o' lead he won't know what
knocked 'im into next week!' Thim
wuz the first words he'd spoke since
the night afore. Well, he stood up,
loike a idjit, a-loadin' his gun. Just
then we see a Spaniard pop his head
up, an' whist!—a bullet cut through
Henry's hat.

"'He near got yez that time,
bunky,' sez Oi.

"'The nixt toime the wicked Span-
ish beggar shows his head,' sez 'ee,
'Oi'll fix 'im,' sez 'ee.

"'Oi'll bet yez Oi hit him first,' sez
Oi.

"'What'll you bet?' sez 'ee, savage
loike.

"'Oh, anything yez plase,' sez Oi.
'Half the month's pay,' sez Oi.

"'Oi'll take yez up,' sez 'ee.

"So we shtood there a-waitin', the
bot' of us, for that Spaniard to show
his head agin. Our guns wuz sighted
on the place we thought he'd appear,
you know, and our fingers wuz on the
triggers. We waited in that same
position for two minutes, mayhap,
though it seemed like half an hour.
Finally, all a suddint, we see a head.
The very same moment I fired, and
the son of a gun of a Spaniard dropped
down, picked sure enough that toime.

"'Begorra, bunky,' sez Oi, 'yez
owe me half the mouth's pay,' sez Oi.

"'The mischief, Oi do,' sez 'ee.
'Oi shot the son of a gun, mesel.'

"'That you did not,' sez Oi. 'Didn't
Oi foire the very minute he showed
hisself, and didn't he fall down of a
hape?'

"'What's yez talkin' about,' sez
'ee. 'Didn't Oi foire the instant I see
him?' sez 'ee.

"'Mayhap yez foired,' sez Oi, 'but
'twas me that kilt 'im, anyhow,' sez
Oi.

"'Ye loie, ye read-headed son of
an Oirishman,' sez 'ee.

"'What's that, ye dirty blackguard,'
sez Oi. 'Oi don't take the loie from
auny wan,' sez Oi. 'Come out o' this
ditch and we'll see who's lyin',' sez
Oi.

"Wit' that the bot' on us climb
out'n the trench, t'rew down our guns
and squared off. We had it hot for a
few minutes, the bullets a-flyin'
around, but niver touching wan of us.
Finally, Henry landed wan alongside
of me face. It made me biling mad,
it did, and Oi forgot me tactics and
wint for him. Oi slugged him wan
on the tip o' the jaw and he went
down of a hape.

"'Git up,' sez Oi, foldin' me arms,
'and we'll see who hit the Spaniard
first.'

"Henry jumped up and we went at
it agin. Begad, we drew more blood
out'n wan anither in them few minu-
tes thin the Spaniards did in the
whole war, but we didn't decoide the
matther, for prisintly a big sarjint come
along.

"'What do you mane,' sez 'ee 'to
be afther foighting ache ither. Brake
away there,' sez 'ee, knockin' about
wit' his gun b'twane us. 'Git down
in the ditches there, and shoot the
Spaniards,' sez 'ee.

"We picked up our guns, shapish
loike, and jumped down into the
trench. The sarjint stood a moment
watchin' us, and thin he said:

"'If I catch you two mugs—' He
niver said anything further than that,
for just then a mauser ball hit him in
the stomach and he were down in the
grass a-groanin' and clutchin, and bit-
in'.

"Well, sir, we niver said anything
more about the dead Spaniard the rest
o' the day. The enemy kep' us pretty
busy till toward night, when we wuz
wit'drawn from the firin' line, and
whin we got to our quarters we didn't
give a rap for nothin', but to get some
shlape. It's me private opinion, sir,
that we bot' kilt that Spaniard, but
we've niver cared 'particular about
arguing the matther out——"

"Begorra, Henry, that's a foine fish
yez have there. Eighteen cints?
Begad, it's dear, but it's worth the
price to git a taste o' say food. Oive
just been telling the gentleman about
our scrap down in Cuba."

"I warrant you made yourself out a
regular Fitzsimmons," said Henry.
"Sometime, sir, when he ain't around
you shall hear my side of the affair."
—Walter Strong Edwards, in New
York Commercial Advertiser.

The Glowworm's Rays.

The glowworm's light is said to have been shown to be due to the emission of rays similar to Roentgen's. Three hundred glowworms were caught near Kioto and placed before photographic plates screened from the light by several thicknesses of paper, together with plates of brass, copper and aluminum. A piece of cardboard with a hole in it was placed between the metal and the photographic plate, and for two days the arrangement was kept in a chamber sheltered from all foreign lights. On developing the plate, however, it was found to be blackened, except the part opposite the hole in the cardboard. The rays of the glowworm would appear, however, to penetrate metal and excite luminosity in cardboard. When there is nothing between the sensitive plate and the glowworm the rays are said to behave like ordinary light, but in traversing some metals and cardboard they seem to acquire properties like that of X-rays, or it may be that the ordinary glowworm emits X as well as ordinary rays. This account savors somewhat of the improbable, and in regard to the latter part of it there may be a third explanation.

AN ALASKAN WONDERLAND.

A Mecca for Naturalists—Skeletons of Colossal Monsters—Fantastic Mirages.

"Along the coast region southeast from Yakutat bay, between the beach and the St. Elias Alps, lies a most remarkable tract in Alaska," remarked G. W. Stephens of Seattle. "I went ashore at this bay during a summer trip to Juneau a few years ago, and I found a veritable wonderful that can furnish a large amount of material for museums. Naturalists will there find many interesting problems to solve. That section of the country is mostly a low, sandy flat, almost bare next to the coast, but covered profusely nearer the foothills with a growth of timber and brush, amidst the lakes swamps, and glades. Grass grows luxuriantly, as there is an annual flood. In the summer season the game comes down out of the mountains and browses on the vegetation in those low flats. Some of the bears are of immense size. But I saw no deer of any kind. Skeletons of some gigantic animal that lived ages ago are found in a good state of preservation in some of these long, low flats. Jaw-bones twenty inches in diameter and three feet in length have been found there. Ribs sixteen feet long have been exhumed. That animal must have been a monster.

"But the most wonderful things are seen in the mirages during the days and twilights. Over this waste of sand, mud, and gravel are scattered stranded trees, logs, stumps and snags. The mirages produce entrancing pictures of mimic lakes and watercourses fringed with vegetation mirrored upon the surface, while the grassy mounds, stumps, trees, logs and roots which have an actual existence are distorted and magnified into the shapes of ungainly animals and reptiles of enormous proportions. The fogs and mists from the seas are driven across these wastes by the winds, and as the objects I have mentioned loom up in the flying vapors they appear to be living creatures moving rapidly through the air, and again plunging through the sea at a terrific rate of speed, while huge breakers roll over them and dash them against the mountains. One scarcely knows which to wonder at the most, or to think the strangest, the phenomenon of these mirages with these horrible images, or the actual remains of the gigantic animals."—St. Louis Republican.

Generosity Among Soldiers.

The sight of the war cured the writer of one notion—that the military profession may tend to make those who follow it brutal and cruel. On the contrary, it seems to make them more generous and kind. It is not to be supposed that it is war that makes them so; it is probable that the removal of the professional soldier from the field of competition for existence among independent workers and "business men" leaves him little chance to fall into that hungry and fox-like instinctive hostility to one's fellows that is developed by the social struggle for existence. All soldiers, whether officers or privates, seem to be engaged, on the other hand, in a kind of competition of generosity. It is a great point with them—a kind of invariable rule of conduct—to be ready to share what they have with others. This rule of generosity does not, of course, save them from doing cruel things occasionally. They have not ordinarily a very delicate sensibility to one another's pain; they do not seem to waste much sympathy on one another's physical sufferings. They bear their own without complaint, and seldom ask favors when they are suffering. But when it comes to "grub" or shelter, they will give a comrade, or even a stranger, better than they have themselves, if they possibly can. And the work of an officer, even in the most active and terrible campaigning, seems to be easily consistent with the finest manliness and most delicate sympathy. And yet we should not encourage war in the expectation of cultivating fine sentiments any more than we should invite yellow fever epidemics simply because a yellow fever epidemic develops fine cases of heroic self-sacrifice.—Boston Transcript.

Joe Jefferson's Birch Bark Check.

There is a bank in a little country town up in the mountains of New Hampshire, as the story is told, which holds a check of Joseph Jefferson for $2. The check is in a frame, under glass, and will probably never be seen by Mr. Jefferson. It was written while the veteran actor was out on a hunting and fishing trip. While following the road on foot to a town he came in sight of a farmhouse. Here, he thought, was an opportunity to hire a wagon and team to carry him the remainder of the way. But to his surprise he found he did not have the $2. Not a piece of paper could be found. So the old comedian took out his knife, cut a square piece of white birch bark from one of the trees near by and wrote a check for the amount on that. When the little country village was reached this unique check was taken to the bank by the farmer and immediately cashed. The bank had it framed and keeps it as a souvenir of the great actor.—Portland Argus.

Veteran Working Implements.

G. C. Barton of Brownsville, Mo., has a scythe snath that he has used every haying season for forty-five years, and it is in good condition now. He also has a cart built in 1869, and a pair of wheels built the same season, the tires of which have never been reset, and do not need it. While Mr. Barton was telling this he was sitting on a little bench, built over a hundred years ago, such as the blacksmiths of that date used to sit upon to straighten nails.—New York Tribune.

JIMMY WALLACE.

Most Wonderful Thing at Camp Wikoff From a Boy's Standpoint.

A woman and her little son went to the camp at Montauk, L. I., and for hours he gazed at the strange panorama, forgetting hunger and weariness and barely speaking a word. On the train home she asked him what scene in particular had impressed him most. Without hesitation he replied:

"Oh! Jimmy Wallace!"

For a moment she was surprised; then she realized that from a boy's standpoint Jimmy Wallace probably was the greatest attraction in that strange city of tents by the sea. She first saw him early in the afternoon, a small black boy, with a sweet, childish face, gazing up into an officer's eyes with adoring approbation. The officer was saying:

"Now, Jimmy, don't you do it again. You gave me an awful scare when they said that they could not find you. I thought you had gotten on some train and been carried off. Don't wander far from the camp!"

And Jimmy touched his ridiculous cap in true military style and scampered away.

Later the woman found him adjusting his suspender on the one button of his ragged trousers, and for a blissful ten minutes she and her son had Jimmy all to themselves. At first he was shy and gazed at his visitors with his gentle eyes just as any unimportant little boy might have done. But presently he lost himself in the glory of his achievements and possessions, and then, indeed, was Jimmy brilliant.

"I did live down in Tampa," he said, "but I didn't have no folks, so de Ninth cavalry dey took me long wid dem to Cuba."

"I suppose you were in the battle at Santiago?" the woman asked, with a smile.

"Yessum, I was, an' I didn't hide. I stood 'long by de colonel all de time. I saw de Spaniards all covered up wid leaves like de trees, an' dey shot at us like murder. An' sometimes dey yell out. 'We'se Cubans.' an' den when we uns went up close dey'd fire on us. Yessum, an' I wasn't scared. I just ran after the colonel."

After a pause he went on, looking regretfully down at his airy costume:

"I'se got a suit just like de boys, an' a gun, an' a little Spanish pony named Buffalo Bill, an' a mule named Jack, an' I'se got a little tent all fur myself up on de hill by de colonel's—an'—an'—dat's what I got," with a final burst of pride.

The woman could not believe all that he told her, for he was certainly not more than 10 years old, so she went up to one of the Ninth cavalry and questioned him. Yes, it was all true, the trooper said, but he had left out one item more touching than all the rest. While he was standing by the colonel in that battle of Santiago a bullet went clean through his left foot, and when he was lifted up to be carried back with the wounded, he said:

"I'se glad I got de ball 'stead of de colonel."

When the woman left camp at night she spied Jimmy Wallace in a side-tracked parlor car eating a slice of watermelon which almost hid him from her view.

"Good-night, Jimmy," she called, "but why did you not tell us about how you were wounded?"

Down went the watermelon and all the white teeth showed.

"Why, I done forgot dat!" he said, and again attacked the melon.

"Poor little fellow!" she murmured.

"Poor!" exclaimed her little boy, "Why, I'd rather be Jimmy Wallace than President McKinley!"

Fungi That Kill Locusts.

The Colonial Bacteriological institute, attached to the Cape of Good Hope (South Africa) department of agriculture, has issued its report for the year 1896. Though belated in appearance it is a valuable document as indicating the importance of the work carried out at the institute. Besides the elaborate experimental investigations which have been conducted on rinderpest, we note various directions in which the activities of the staff have been engaged. For example, no less than 1039 culture tubes of a locust destroying fungus have been forwarded to different parts of the country, and the reports received as to the efficacy of this fungus are encouraging. In order that the best results may be obtained, it is recommended that the Veldt should be inoculated twice a year, as the cold of winter seems to act deleteriously on the fungus.

Mallein and tuberculin, for the detection of glanders and consumption, are also now produced at the institute and arrangements were being made, when the report before us is drawn up, for the elaboration of anti-venomous serum, as well as an antitoxin for tetanus. The staff is, the director points out, lamentably insufficient to carry on even the work at present undertaken by the institute, and the appeal for more assistance is certainly amply justified by the record of what has been already done by the department.—Nature.

Curious Work of Busy Bees.

One of the most trying processes of the industry is the making of wax. Bees gorge themselves with honey, then hang themselves up in festoons or curtains to the hive, and remain quiescent for hours. After a time wax scales appear, forced out from the wax pockets. The bees remove these scales with their natural forceps, carry the wax to the mouth and chew it for a time, thus changing it chemically. Wax-making is therefore an expensive industry, for it costs not only the time of the workers, but it is said that it takes twenty-one pounds of honey to make one pound of wax.

Trespass Notices

Hunting of any kind on Greenwood plantation, likewise seining, is positively prohibited under penalty of trespass. Any permission heretofore granted is now revoked. No exceptions.

CHAS. H. REED.

From and after this date all hunting of any kind on Ambrosia and Independence plantation is positively prohibited under penalty of tresspassing. Any one found on these places without permission will be considered trespassing, and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

S. D. BARROW.

WARNING.

The public is hereby warned against buying wood, posts or timber of any kind from tenants on Ogden and Oakley plantation.

MRS. I. L. MATTHEWS.

WARNING.

The public is hereby warned against buying wood, posts or timber of any kind from tenants on "Live Oak" plantation.

E. L. NEWSHAM.

Trespass Notice.

From and after this date hunting with dogs or firearms, also seining on the Green Oaks, Seven Pines, Satterwhite, Home and the Carr plantations is positively prohibited under penalty of trespassing. Any one found on these places without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

C. B. HAMILTON

Warning.

The public is warned against buying fire wood, posts or timber from tenants on Rosedowd, Texas and Hazlewood plantations.

JAS. P. BOWMAN.

From and after this date, all hunting of any kind on my places, Solitude and Swamp Tract is positively prohibited under penalty of trespass. Any one found on these places without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

W. B. SMITH.

From and after this date, all hunting of any kind on my place, Pinedale (formerly owned by J. S. Griffin) is positively prohibited under penalt of trespass. Any one found on this place without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

W. W. LEAKE, JR.

All hunting or fishing on the Afton Villa, Layson and Maxwell plantations is positively prohibited under penalty of trespass. Any one found on these places without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

MRS VIRGINIA Z. HOWELL.

Registered Jersey Bulls.

The registered Jersey bulls, Gov. Foster and Palona's Tamerlane, may be found at W. L. Stirling's and at Pecan Grove respectively. For prices and particulars, apply to W. L. Stirling, or R. M. Leake.

From and after this date, all hunting and fishing on the Cottage plantation is positively prohibited under penalty of trespassing. Any one found on this place without permission will be considered trespassing, and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

RICHARD BUTLER.

Hunting of all kinds, with dog or gun, on the Rosebank, Pecan and Indian Mound plantations, is hereby prohibited under penalty of trespass. Persons found so engaged on any of these places will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

MRS. M. RYLAND.

From and after this date, all hunting of any kind on the Pecan Grove plantation is positively prohibited under penalty of trespassing. Anyone found on this place without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

R. M. LEAKE.

From and after this date, all hunting of any kind on the Greenwood plantation is positively prohibited under penalty of trespassing. Anyone found on this place without permission will be considered trespassing and prosecuted to the full extent of the law

MISS S. MATTHEWS.

Professional Cards.