

**'STRONG THE WARD, STERN THE GUARD.'**

(From a Transval War Song.)  
They drove the burgher northward  
From Cape and Natal's shores  
To where the Bushman wanders,  
To where the lion roars.  
He found the land a desert,  
He won it by his toil;  
The men who till will keep it  
Or die upon the soil.

Beho the strain from hill to plain,  
Wherever the burghers stand,  
Strong is the ward and stern the guard—  
The guard of the burgher's land.

**An Encounter With Bolomen**

A True Narrative of Personal Experience in the Philippines.  
By Lieut. I. A. Reeves.



ORGANIZED bands of Filipinos, known as bolomen, are so called because their principal weapon is the long, broad-bladed, vicious-looking knife called the bolo, with which they do their deadly work. They make boasts of their prowess and skill in taking human life, and one of their proudest feats is to sever the head from the body with a single blow. Our men in the Philippines who are on detached duty, or who for any cause are away from their commands, are frequently attacked by these men. Many of the insurgent officers and soldiers carry bolos, but the genuine bolomen are an organized body belonging to Aguinaldo's army, who have as distinct a work to do as the different branches of our own service. Their work is solely to surprise the unsuspecting outpost, officer or soldier, to dispatch him and run away before the deed has been discovered.

During the months of June and July, 1899, my regiment was doing duty at San Fernando, about forty miles from Manila. The companies of the regiment took turns on outpost, going on this duty every fourth day and being in reserve on the outpost line the day preceding that on which they went on post. This gave the companies two nights in houses in town and two on the line out of every four.

My company did duty on what was known as the north line, extending from San Fernando a full mile toward Angeles. The entire distance was an almost impenetrable jungle of bamboo and banana trees, intertwined and interwoven with vines, thorn-bushes, and many other forms of tropical growth.

To the front was an immense caucfield, with "paddy-field" beyond. The cane was from five to seven feet high. Along this deep fringe of bamboo and matted undergrowth, and near the edge next to the caucfield, our pickets, or Cosack posts, as they are properly called, were stationed at distances ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty yards apart one corporal and six privates at each post.

On the tenth of July my company went out in reserve, and early in the morning relieved the company there on the outpost line. Nothing took place during the day except the usual exchange of shots with the insurgent pickets. Most officers when in command of companies on this duty visit their sentries some time during the night, in order to reassure their men, and to see that they are well-instructed and on the alert. I have always followed this practice.

I started on a tour of inspection at about half-past nine, visiting first the post on the railroad on the left of the line, then taking the other posts in succession down toward the right. It had rained in torrents for several days, and wide, deep pools of water had formed everywhere along the way. Because of these pools I was wearing high-topped rubber boots. Shortly after ten o'clock I arrived at the next to the last post on the line, which was about two hundred and fifty yards farther on.

Between these two pickets was the most dense growth of bamboo trees and banana stalks to be found in that neighborhood, and the entire distance was a continuous chain of diminutive lakes. There was a path leading through this network from one picket to the other.

It was drizzling. The immense spreading leaves of the banana and thickly matted foliage of the bamboo formed a canopy that shut out every trace of light. No dungeon was ever darker than this path.

Notwithstanding the gloomy surroundings caused by the deathlike stillness, the darkness of the night, the water dripping from the overhanging vegetation and completely saturating my clothes, my occasionally colliding with a thorny shrub, or tripping over a low-hanging vine, I was in excellent spirits. I groped along the cavetike way, humming in a low tone "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and had reached a point about midway between the pickets. Then, although I could see no one, I suddenly became aware of the presence of a human being.

I stopped as if I had been struck dead, and strained my eyes. There, just in front of me, near enough for me to grasp with my hands, I saw the dim outlines of a short, thick-set man. Was he one of my men? No, for so man would dare to leave his post at that time of night. Should he be discovered in such an act, the penalty for his crime would be death.

"Hello! Who are you?" I said. There was no answer from the man; instead, I saw his right hand quickly strike out from his shoulder, and the flash of a glistering blade. I threw up my left hand, and our wrists met in heavy collision; but his blow was stronger than my ward, for I felt a

sharp sting in my face just below the left eye, and a moment later the warm blood trickled down my cheek. With my left hand I grabbed his wrist just below the thumb and gripped it like grim death, but he was not to be beaten thus. I felt the sinews of his wrist rise, and the grinding of the muscles, and then the same stinging sensation that I had felt in my face I now felt in my wrist.

I could count the cuts as he made them—one, two, three—all on my left wrist and hand, and then the blood began to run down my forearm, as our hands were elevated.

This occupied but a second of time. He raised his left hand and I saw another flash. What it was I knew not, but I immediately grasped his wrist and tried to force this hand behind him. Before I could do so, he fired, and the ball passed through my left boot-leg. The muzzle was so close to me that the force of the powder almost threw me to the earth. I ground my teeth in a desperate effort to force his hand behind him. My left hand, cut and bleeding, still held his right. Now forcing the fight with the revolver, he tried vainly to raise it and shoot me in the body. Throwing my whole strength on my right arm I succeeded in forcing back his revolver hand. At this he began to shoot at my feet.

The first shot missed, but he immediately followed it with another. It struck, for my right foot felt as if it had been hit with a club, and grew numb. Four more shots came in quick succession. One of them—which I cannot tell—struck the same foot and broke the bone, as I knew from the immediate loss of strength in that member.

Now all was quiet. We stood with our heaving chests touching. I felt his breath in my face, and his heart palpitating against my breast. There was a lull in the battle. I felt safe, as far as the revolver was concerned, for he had emptied that, but the deadly knife was still poised over my head. My life depended entirely on the strength of my wounded hand and wrist, which were holding the knife away from my throat.

Now I remembered that bolomen never travel alone. That he had comrades within a few feet of me, who were trying to distinguish between us, so that they might be sure that their knives should enter my back instead of his, I was certain. My flesh cringed at the thought; I could almost feel the cold steel enter my body.

It was time for me to force the fight. My right foot was badly wounded, but the knee was yet unhurt. With this I struck the man a blow in the abdomen, and quickly followed it with another. It was evident that he was weakening. He again made a desperate effort to free the hand which held the bolo, but my endeavor to keep him from succeeding was greater. I drew back the right leg as far as I could, doubled up the knee, and with all the strength that I possessed, drove it again into his abdomen.

The effect was marvellous; his muscles relaxed, his struggles grew feeble, and his breathing was badly interrupted. This was the decisive part of the fight, and I grasped the opportunity. With all my might I threw him from me. He fell among the bushes, and was lost in the blinding darkness. I drew my revolver from the scabbard, and fired in the direction in which I had thrown him. This shot was answered by a cry which told me he had been hit.

At this moment I heard the twigs breaking and the leaves rustling behind me. Like a flash I faced about and fired at the approaching figures—my assailant's fellow-bolomen. The effect of the shot was to cause a heavy rustling and the sounds of many feet in rapid retreat.

I had been careless enough to come into his jungle with but two loads in my revolver, and these had been fired. When I began to reload, my right foot gave way and I fell. Lying on the ground, I loaded and fired again. The groans of my wounded enemy were getting farther away, and the sounds finally died in the direction of the Filipino line.

I hobbled to my nearest outpost, where one of the men bound my wounds, and later I received the attention of a medical officer. I believe myself to be the first American soldier to live to tell the tale of his fight with bolomen.—Youth's Companion.

**Girls and Curling Pins.**  
When a recent thunderstorm broke over London a curious scene, it is said, occurred in a large business house in the city where nearly 300 girls are employed. The moment the first flash of lightning was seen almost the whole of the girls, as if moved by machinery, raised their hands to their heads and for a minute or two were busily employed removing curling pins from their hair. The effect of all these fingers simultaneously unrolling silken tresses in order to get rid of what might have proved dangerous ornaments must have been amusing. Anyhow, the incident shows that the science the girls acquired at school had not been wholly lost, for they still remembered that curling pins might attract the lightning too near them to be pleasant.

**Painting the Guns Gray.**  
The garrison at Fort Screven is painting the barbette guns gray. A short while since orders were received to make that the color for everything showing above the parapet. Dark green has been the color for coast-defense guns, though it might have been thought to be black, for that was the hue they assumed after a few cleanings with the oil that is used for the purpose. The gray is regarded by the War Department as least conspicuous and offering the poorest target for an enemy's fleet.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

The Philippine Islands are among the few places where gutta-percha trees will flourish. A German publication suggests the cultivation of the trees as an opportunity for American enterprise.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Secretary for Scotland, has issued from the Scotch Education Board a circular to the schools calling attention to the importance of elementary drill and advising the formation of School Corps. This is the first step toward adopting the system long in vogue in the United States.

When we are apt to attribute our great climatic changes to the disturbance of the normal electric balance between earth and atmosphere, by the immoderate use of electricity, we have only to turn to South America, where in the absence of any electrical appliances, the temperature of Buenos Ayres ran from an average of 62.8 to 120 in the shade. In such temperature it is not surprising to find one hundred and twenty cases of sunstroke and heat prostration in a single day, with ninety-three of them fatal.

A new question for discussion has been precipitated in Chicago with reference to public school polity. There has been submitted to the Board of Education for its action a resolution looking to the separation of the sexes after the fourth grade has been passed. The trustee who is in management of the movement says that "the inherited traits and home training of many of the boys in our cosmopolitan schools are not such as to make them desirable companions for girls. The language you may hear on any of our streets from boys bears this out."

The Postoffice Department wishes to put a stop to the practice of large merchants buying their stamps of small postoffices. Postmasters of a certain grade are paid according to their stamp sales, and hence they have induced some users of many stamps to buy of them, either through friendship, or through pecuniary inducements; for largely increasing their sales they could afford to offer discounts to large buyers of stamps and still make money. By giving the large cities special stamps the department hopes to abate this "evil," at no matter what cost of bitter artistic rivalry between cities. This, however, will be more than offset by the joy of the philatelists.

Is there anything cunning in calling a man who has his neck stretched a rubberneck? It is funny or witty? Yet it is the correct word for that exhibition, and when it is spoken those who hear it laugh. Why do they laugh? Does the word do anything more than state what appears to be a fact hardly worth noticing? A man is hanged. Would it be cunning to call him by that word? And who gives innocent words these extra meanings? It was a fad to call old stories chestnuts. There was no reason in it. There was not fun, or wit. It seemed stupid. And yet the word chestnut was adopted for that purpose by a great many otherwise sensible people. Who can account for these things?

James Pyle, the soap manufacturer, died a few days ago at his home in New York City. It was when located in the vicinity of the old Tribune office that Mr. Pyle, who had become acquainted with Horace Greeley, learned the value of that advertising in which he afterward expended sums aggregating millions. He was the first to utilize in advertisements the letters "O. K." in their business significance of "all correct." He had read the version of the origin of the use of these letters by Jackson as an endorsement, and was struck by their catchiness. By his extensive employment of them he probably did more than any other person to raise them to the dignity of a popular term and an established business institution.

Rats bought up wholesale at Vancouver and examined for germs of the plague have failed to show any, and this is said to disprove the theory that they carry the said germs about with them. It is well for humanity, especially for that part wearing skirts, that this adventitious terror of the rodent tribe is removed. It had terrors enough before. It is also pleasant to learn that one of the causes for the spread of disease is no cause. We are always discovering some new way by which we can catch the measles from Patagonians and such distant persons, and so seldom find a way by which we can avoid catching them. The rat will probably never become a favorite domestic animal; but we can at least look on him with a kinder eye in future as he gnaws our things and avoids our traps.

**BABY RAN THE LOCOMOTIVE.**  
A Three-Year-Old's Trip Alone on an Engine Running Wild.

"I can run an engine like papa," said little three-year-old Fred Evans as he was lifted down from the locomotive of the St. John's motor line at Albina, Oregon, a few days ago. He had mounted the engine at St. Johns, pulled open the throttle and remained on the seat alone on a mad ride of seven miles. The young engineer is the son of W. B. Evans, of St. Johns, an engineer on the motor line. He had often been on the engine, and his father had explained to him how the lever is pulled and the wheels started moving.

The engine lies over an hour at St. Johns, just by the water tank, and during this time, while Mr. Evans was at home at lunch, little Fred walked down to the engine, mounted the seat and opened the throttle wide. The machine was full of coal and water, and was ready for the road. Several people saw the boy start, but no one was near enough to catch the engine. The news was at once told to Mr. Evans, and he reached the track just in time to see the locomotive, with his boy on board, disappear around a curve. The father was wild with grief and fear, and the boy's mother was almost prostrated.

The news spread like wild fire, and the whole town turned out. Excitement was intense, women and children cried and men offered suggestions. Master Mechanic Michael F. Brady was at that end of the line and at once began to telephone to stations along the line. Portsmouth and Peninsular were notified, and men at these points tried to board the engine as it dashed by, but its speed was too great. Mr. Brady also notified the office at Albina, and a party of men ran out the line northward to meet the wild engine. In coming up the long grade toward Albina, the steam had died down a little, but the register still showed eighty pounds. John Woods, a motorman on the City and Suburban Railway, was the first man to meet the engine. He caught the hand rail and swung up, but in doing so he was dragged sixty or seventy-five feet. He at once turned off the steam, and the engine slowed down and stopped. It was then young Fred made the remark concerning his ability as an engine-driver.

The boy was not scared at all, but seemed rather proud of his feat. When the engine first dashed out of St. Johns he was frightened, and as he came through Portsmouth like a shot out a gun he was yelling lustily for "mama." After coming several miles, however, he again became brave and held his position on the seat with composure, with his hand on the lever, like a veteran.

The engine was stopped in front of the home of Dr. Davis, on Commercial street, and was quickly run back to St. Johns by Mr. Woods with the boy Fred still on board. Mr. Woods said his success in boarding the engine was a surprise to him, as well as every one else, as its speed was still considerable. The engine had made the run from St. Johns to Albina in less than half an hour.

In the meantime the news of the rescue had been sent by telephone to the frightened parents, and for the remainder of the day there was great joy in all St. Johns.

**Efficiency of Japanese Servants.**

Japanese servants are more and more in demand every year in New York City, as their efficiency has been proved and they are looked upon as more capable than any other kind of domestic help. There is one serious objection to them which cannot always be overcome. They lavish their politeness and courtesy on the masculine members of the household in which they are employed and cannot be induced to treat the women with respect. One gentleman who had a Japanese butler said the other day that he was compelled to part with him solely because he could not induce him to say good morning to his wife. "He was always obsequiously polite to me," said his former employer, "and greater respect could not have been demanded, but it was impossible to make him realize that it was his duty to treat the women of my household in the same way. I expostulated with him on this ground and told him that in this country it was more important to be polite to women than to men. That made no impression, and after he had repeatedly refused to give my wife any more than a sullen nod after greeting me effusively, I was compelled to part with him. His explanation when he left was ingenious. He told me he was very sorry he could not get along and added that it would be a very difficult matter for me ever to find a butler any more polite to the women, as the training of a lifetime was not to be overcome in a few years, and all Japanese would probably act just as he had done when the time came to say good morning to the mistress of the house."—New York Sun.

**Mr. Wu's Ancestry.**

The population of China is estimated at 303,000,000, and of these some 40,000 are direct descendants of Confucius, who lived 500 years B. C. They are seventy generations removed from the founder of the Confucian religion, and constitute the aristocracy of China. Mr. Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, is one of this noble family, the oldest in the world. With such a pedigree no wonder the Chinese are proud and haughty.—New York Press.

**War's Millions of Victims.**

An army officer estimates that in the century just closing no fewer than 30,000,000 men have been killed in war in civilized countries.

**GOOD ROADS NOTES.**  
Will Not Increase Taxation.

In her travels and missionary work to promote the sentiment for good roads in Illinois, Miss Harber claims to have been very successful in enlisting the co-operation of commercial bodies in different towns. Among farmers, however, she had some difficulty in explaining that the association she represented was working not for hard roads but for good roads. The average farmer, she found, easily became frightened at the proposal for hard roads, for that makes them think of macadam, which would mean increased taxation. In a recent address Miss Harber said: "Our sole aim at present is to make good soft roads, which in years to come will furnish foundations for good hard roads. As an association we regard our work as experimental and educational. We aim to have at each of our conventions manufacturers and machines for constructing sample pieces of road, that farmers may see in a practical demonstration how a road should be built to be of value to the community. The object lessons show how a road should be built so that water will drain off; how outcrops should be constructed and arranged in order properly to fulfill their mission, and how really inexpensive it is to make good roads when the work is done intelligently and systematically.

"We do not intend to increase taxation one penny, for we know that the \$1,000,000 annually expended by Illinois is sufficient to build good roads throughout the State. But we do ask that the farmers will let the State do the work, according to an approved system, and not work out their poll tax by pretending to build good roads. Not that they do not mean to do their best so far as they know or have the ability, but they have not the facilities and cannot do the work as it should be done. We know that under the proper system a good rural road can be made for less money than it now costs. We want, if possible, to see the poll tax reduced to \$1, but want the farmers to pay that dollar into the State treasury, instead of working it out, as is now the case, and we expect to convince him that it will be to his advantage to do it."

The State and Interstate Good Roads Association, represented by Miss Harber, embraces twenty-two or more States, and is the outgrowth of a State convention held in Missouri in 1897, at which 700 delegates were present. Miss Harber and six men were appointed a committee to travel over the country and organize county associations. At the end of one year, when the first interstate convention, attended by 2500 delegates, was held in St. Louis, seventy-two counties had been organized, and as Miss Harber had organized sixty-six of the total she was unanimously chosen general secretary and organizer.

**The Movement in New York.**

Governor Roosevelt received at the Executive Chamber over a hundred delegates from various parts of the State, who were in Albany to attend the Convention of Representatives of County Boards of Supervisors to discuss highway improvement under the proposed operation of the laws enacted for good roads. The party was marshalled into the Governor's presence by State Engineer Bond, who introduced Mr. Joseph L. Lee, of Westchester. Speaking for his colleagues, Mr. Lee said they wanted an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for good roads, and if the Legislature refused to make such an appropriation, he believed the party deserved to be driven from power. He believed that the Governor would espouse their cause, as he always had the cause of everything just and right.

The Governor, in reply, said he was glad to meet so many earnest champions of the good roads movement. He thought it unnecessary to assure them of his hearty sympathy with their cause. This State must have good roads and we must improve our methods of communication, especially in the rural districts. The Governor said that he thought that, as a rule, the members of the Legislature would respect the wishes of those whom they represented when the people got those wishes properly formulated. He, therefore, urged them to organize and make the strength and sincerity of their purposes apparent. When this is done, the Governor said, the difficulty of getting appropriations would end. The Governor said he thought the delegates were getting the movement in good shape by such meetings as the one they were now holding here, and he hoped the convention would bear fruit in practical results.

The Good Roads Convention adopted a resolution that it was the sense of the convention that there should be no amendment of the Higbie-Armstrong bill this year. The delegates decided to ask the Legislature for an appropriation of \$1,000,000, which is considered the amount necessary to be paid by the State for a proper inauguration of the work. A proposition in favor of the employment of convicts on the roads was approved.

**A Home Example.**

Otto Dörner, Chairman of the L. A. W. Highway Improvement Committee, who is considered one of the best-informed good roads men in this country, says: "We are not obliged to go to Europe for illustrations of good roads, for we have, fortunately, a few localities in our own country which furnish such examples. Mecklenburg County, N. C., not long ago began the construction of a system of macadam roads. It was customary there to load up two bales of cotton on a wagon to be hauled by a mule team. The mules could draw this load all right. After a rain, when the roads were soft, the load was too much for

even a pair of tough mules. When the country had built a few roads it was found that the same mules were able to haul as much as twelve bales, or six tons, in place of their former load, which amounted to only a single ton. And more—the improved roads made it possible to haul this load in wet and dry weather alike, for, being properly built of stone, they were fit for use immediately after a heavy rain."

**TEACHING A HORSE TO DANCE.**  
No Amount of Punishment Will Train a Circus Animal.

The reminiscences of W. C. Coup, the old showman, now being published in the Saturday Evening Post, tell how a circus animal is trained: "Teaching a horse to dance, the master would strike the poor animal above the fetlock, and this would produce a painful swelling. The result was that in a very short time the motion of the stick, in time with the music, would cause the horse to raise its foot. Before the swollen limb was healed the performance was repeated so frequently that the animal did not need the incentives of fear and pain to cause him to keep step with the music.

Jumping the rope is taught in nearly the same manner, a chain being attached to two long sticks swinging back and forth, striking the horse just below the knee. As a man was stationed on each side of him, the poor horse had no way of retreat, and was compelled to jump in order to escape the blow from the swinging bar. A horse is taught to roll an object or to push open a door in a very simple manner, and without cruelty. One man stands in front of the horse and another behind him, the three being stationed in a passageway too narrow for the horse to turn. After standing a bit in this way, the man behind the horse gently slaps him on the back and urges him forward. Instinctively the horse pushes against the man in front, and the latter quickly moves along. In this manner the horse soon learns that by pushing against an object in front of him it may readily be forced out of his way. An intelligent spectator can always tell by the attitude of a horse toward its master whether it has been ill treated. If fear seems to be the governing motive it may be depended upon that the horse has been harshly dealt with, on the other hand the very nature of the trick performed by the animal goes far to indicate whether fear or intelligence has been the main factor in acquiring the accomplishment displayed. If you see an animal open a trunk or drawer and pick out some article for which it has been sent, you may know that this feat is the result of an appeal to the creature's intelligence and not to its fear, for no amount of punishment could ever teach a thing of this kind.

**EPIGRAMS BY BALZAC.**

There is no love between equals.  
Women are only as old as they look.  
Love is not only a sentiment; it is an art.  
Vanity is the most tenacious of all habits.  
Generous souls are defective in business faculty.  
Woman understands all things through love.  
All human power is a compound of time and patience.  
Love is the only passion which looks to neither past nor future.  
The savage has feelings only; the civilized has feelings and ideas.  
Nations, like individuals, derive their vigor from noble sentiments only.  
Men of fine characters confess their faults to themselves and punish themselves for them.  
If society gives us pillows she makes it up by goat; just as she puts up law to modify justice.  
A woman's errors come almost always from her belief in good, or her confidence in truth.  
Gold represents all human forces; nothing is denied to him who opens and closes the mouth of the sack.  
A woman who loves will put the whole world under the ban of Love's empire for the sake of one whom she loves.  
Good taste consists as much in the recognition of those things concerning which one should be silent as in that of those things which one may say.

**Made Him Homesick.**

A tramp went along a dusty road and sat down on the steps of a house in a quiet village street. Through the windows the voices of a man and a woman in violent altercation were heard, and the tramp listened intently.  
Angry words, and occasionally the sound of something thrown, reached his ears, and he could hardly sit still.  
At last, evidently, the wife had taken a broom, and the blows fell fast and furiously.  
The tramp could stand it no longer, but, rushing to the side door, he darted in, and, stepping between the pair, he cried, with a husky voice: "Give us a clip or two with the broom, old woman; it seems just like old times!"

**All Right But the Name.**

A salesman in a local chinaware establishment is responsible for the following: "A day or two ago," said he, "a lady came in the store and began to examine some fine cups and saucers. Nothing suited her. At last, however, she found some that pleased her, and smiling innocently said: 'Now, these are very nice, and I like the way they are made, with different names on them. If I could find some with the names I want, I would take them, but all I see read "Tom and Jerry."'"—Memphis Evening Scimitar.