#### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands: But the little toy soldier is covered with rust, And his musket moulds in his hands. Time was when the little toy dog was no And the soldier was passing fair, But that was the time when our

Blue Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise!" So toddling off to his trundle bed He dreamed of the pretty toys. And as he was dreaming, an angel song Awakened our Little Boy Blue-Oh, the years are many, the years are long. But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face, And they wonder as waiting these long years

In the dust of that little chair. What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there. -Eugene Field.

#### THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN THE SAND.

Demaris opened the gate and walked up the narrow path. There was a low hedge of pink and purple candytuft on each side Inside the hedges were little beds of homely flowers in the shapes of hearts, diamonds

and Maltese crosses.

Mrs. Eaton was stooping over a rose-bush, but she arose when she heard the click of the gate. She stood looking at Demaris with her arms hanging stiffly at her sides. 'Oh," she said with a grim smile, "you.

"Yes." said the girl blushing and looking embarassed. "Ain't it a nice evenin'?" 'It is that; awful nice; I'm tyin' up my rose-bushes. Won't you come in and down a while?"

"Oh, my, no!" said Demaris. Her eyes went wistfully to the pink rose-bush,

can't stay."
"Come fer kindlin' wood?" She laughed a little at the wornout joke. "I come to see 'f you had two

or three pink roses to spare.' 'Why to be sure-a dozen if you want, Just come an' help yourself. My hands ain't fit to tech 'em after diggin' She stood watching the girl while she

carefully selected some half-open roses. There was a look of good-natured curiosity on her face. "Anything goin' on at the church tonight?"

'No; at least not that I know of." "It must be a party then." 'No-not a party either. She laughed merrily. Her face was hidden as she bent over the roses, but her ears were pink under the heavy brown hair that fell, curling,

over them. "Well, then, somebody's comin' to see you:"
"No. I'll have to tell you." She lifted

a glad shy face. "I'm goin' to the moon-light excursion." 'Oh, now! Sure? Well, I'm real glad." "So'm I. I never wanted to go anywheres so much'n my life. I've been most

holdin' my breath fer fear ma'd get sick.' "How is your ma?" Well, she ain't very well; she never is,

"I don't know," said Demaris slowly. "We'll get home by midnight. So 'f she

ing.
"Sh'u'd think you'd be all worn out, a

Demaris sighed. The radiance had gone out of her face and a look of care was upon

"Well," she said after a moment, "I'll

up the path. 'Oh, sister, sister! Come home quick!" "What for?" asked Demaris. There was a look of dread on her face. "Ma's goin' right into a spell.

wants you quick. She thinks she's took worse'n usual." There was a second's hesitation. girl's face whitened. Her lips trembled.

"I guess I won't want the roses after gettin' em," she said. "I'm just as much obliged, though, Mis' Eaton. She followed the child to the gate.

'Well, 'f that don't beat all !" ejaculated Mrs. Eaton, looking on with genuine sympathy. "It just seems 's if she had a spell to order ev'ry time that girl wants to go anywheres. It's nothin' but hysterics, anyway. I'd like to doctor her a while. I'd souse a bucket o' cold water over her! I reckon that 'u'd fetch her to 'n a hurry. She laughed with a kind of stern mirth and resumed her work.

Demaris hurried home. The child ran at her side. Once she took her hand and gave her an upward look of sympathy. She passed through the kitchen, laying her roses on the table. Then she went in-

to her mother's room. Mrs. Ferguson lay on a couch. A white cloth was banded around her head, coming down well over one eye. She was moan-

ing bitterly.

Demaris looked at her without speaking. "Where on earth you b'en?" She gave the girl a look of fierce reproach. "A body might die, fer all the help you'd be to 'em. Here I've b'en a-feelin' a spell a-comin' on all day, an' yet you go a-gad-din' around to the neighbors, leavin' me to git along the best way I know how. I believe this is my last spell. I've got that awful pain over my right ear ag'in till I'm nearly crazy. My liver is out 'f order.''

Demaris stood silent. When one has heard the cry of the wolf a hundred times one is inclined to be incredulous. Her apathetic look angered her mother. 'What makes you stand there a-starin'

like a dunce? Can't you help a body? Get the camfire bottle an' the tinetur' lobelia an' the box o' goose grease! You know 's well 's me what I need when I git a spell. I'm so nervous I feel 's if I c'n'd fly! I got a harrable feelin' that this 'll be my last spell—an' yet you stand there astarin' 's if you didn't care a partikle !"

Demaris moved about the room stiffly as if every muscle in her body were in re-She took from a closet filled with drugs the big camphor bottle with its cutglass stopper, the little box labeled "tinc. lobelia" and the box of goose grease.

She placed a chair at the side of the couch to hold the bottle. "Oh, take that old split-bottom cheer away," exclaimed took her hand with a tenderness that "Oh, paw, you hurt my head! Your hands the dust is to let him know you possess it self to thus recompense her talent, for

her mother. "Everything upsets on it so! Get one from the kitchen—the one that's got cherries painted on the back of it. What makes you ac' so? You know what cheer I want. You'd tantalize the soul

out of a saint!" The chair was brought. The bottles were placed upon it. Demaris stood wait-

"Now rub my head with the camfire, or I'll go ravin' crazy. I can't think where 't comes from!"

The child stood twitching her thin fingers around a chair. She watched her mother in a matter-of-course way. Demaris leaned over the couch in an uncomfortable position and commenced the slow, gentle message that must continue all night did not lift her eyes. They were full of

For a long time there was silence in the room. Mrs. Ferguson lay with her eyes closed. Her face wore a look of mingled

injury and reproach.
"Nelly," said Demaris, after a while, 'could you make a fire 'n the kitchen Or would you rather try to do this while I build it?"

"Hunh-unh," said the child, shaking her head with emphasis. "I'd ruther build fires any time."

"All right. Put two dippers o' water 'n the tea-kettle. Be sure you get your damper right. An' I guess you might wash some potatoes an' put 'em in to bake.
They'll be all done by the time pa comes
an' he can stay with ma while I warm up
the rest o' the things. Ma, what could

"Oh, I do' know"—in a slightly mollified tone. "A piece o' toast, mebbe-'f you don't git it too all-fired hard."

"Well, I'll try not." Nelly went out, and there was silence in the room. The wind came in through the open window, shaking little ripples of perfume into the room. The sun was setting and a broad band of reddish gold sunk

down the wall. Demaris watched it sinking lower, and thought how slowly the sun was settling behind the straight pines on the crests of the blue mountains.

"Oh," said Mrs. Ferguson, "what wretched creature I am! Just a-sufferin day an' night, year in an' year out, an' a burden on them that I've slaved fer all my life. I've walked with you 'n my arms till mornin,' Demaris, an' never knowed what it was to git sleepy or tired. An' now you git mad the minute I go into a spell.

Demaris stood upright with a tortured

"Oh, ma!" she exclaimed. Her voice was harsh with pain. "I ain't mad. Don't think I'm mad. I can't cry out o' pity ev'ry time you have a spell, or I'd be able home an' some 'n to do your work fer cryin' all the time. An' besides I'm so— you."

disappointed."
"What you disappointed 'bout?" "Why, you know." Her lips trembled. 'The excursion."

Mrs. Ferguson opened her eyes. "Oh, I'd clean fergot that." She looked as if she were thinking that she would really have postponed the spell if she had remembered. "That's too had, Demaris. That's always the way." She began to cry helplessly. "I'm always in the way. Alway mis'rable myself, an' always makin' somebody else mis'rable. I don't see what I was born for."

"Never you mind." Demaris leaned over suddenly and put her arms around her mother. "Don't you think I'm mad. I'm just disappointed. Now don't cry. You'll go an' make yourself worse. An' here comes pa; I hear him cleanin' his boots

on the scraper.' Mr. Ferguson stumbled as he came up the steps to the kitchen. He was very tired. ought to turn herself into a hospital nurse, He was not more than 50, but his frame had a pitiable stoop. The look of one who has struggled long and failed was on his has a spell come on, pa can set up with her brown and wrinkled face. His hair and beard were prematurely gray. His dim blue eyes had a hopeless expression that was almost hidden by a deeper one of pasittin' up two or three nights a week that tience. He wore a coarse flannel shirt, way?" overalls. His boots were wrinkled and hard; the soil of the field clung to them.

"Sick ag'in! Mis'rable creature that I am. I've got that awful pain over my have a good time to-night, anyhow. We're goin' to have the band along. They're gettin' so that they play real well. They play 'Anna Laurie' an' 'Rocked 'n the Cradle 'o the Deep,' now.''

The gate clicked. A child came running to the best of the control of the a bite to eat. I've ploughed ever since sun-up an' I'm tired an' hungry."

He returned in a few minutes and took Demaris' place. He sighed deeply, but silently, as he sat down.

Demaris set the table and placed upon it

the simple meal which she had prepared. "I'll stay with ma while you an' pa eat," said Nelly, with a sudden burst unselfishness.

"Well," said Demaris, wearily. Mr. Ferguson sat down at the table and held his head in hls hand. "I'm too tired to eat," he said, "hungry 's I am." looked at the untempting meal of cold boiled meat, baked potatoes and apple sauce. Demaris did not lift her eyes as she sat down. She felt that she ought to say something cheerful, but her heart was too full of her own disappointment. She despised her own selfishness even while rielding to it.

"It does beat all about your ma," said her father. "I'can't see where she gits that pain from. It 'aint nothin' danger's or it 'ud a-killed her long ago. It almost seems 's if she jest gits tired o' bein' well, an' begins to git scared fer fear that pain 's a-comin' on-an' then it comes right on. I've heard her say lots o' times that she'd be'n well a whole week now, but that she w u'dn't brag or that pain 'u'd come onan' inside of an hour it 'u'd up an' come

It's awful discouragin'.' "I wish I was dead!" said Demaris. Her father did not speak. His silence reproached her more than any words could have done.

When she went into the bedroom again,

she found her mother crying childishly. "Demaris, did I hear you say you wished you were dead.

"I guess so. I said it." "Well, God Almighty knows I wish I was! You don't stop to think what 'u'd become o' me 'f it wa'n't fer you. Your pa c'u'dn't hire anybody, an' he's gittin' too old to set up o' nights after workin' hard all day. You'd like to see 't all come on your little sister, I reckon!"

Demaris thought of those slim, weak wrists, and shivered. Her mother commenced to sob-and that aggravated the

Demaris stooped and put her arms around her and kissed her. "I'm sorry I said it," she whispered. "I didn't mean it. I'm just tired and

ross. You know I didn't mean it." Her father came in heavily. "Demaris," he said, Frank Vickers omin' around to the front door. I'll take keer o' your ma while you go in an' see

It was a radiant faced young fellow that in her heart.

brought the color beating into her

"What!" he said "Ain't you ready? to hurry up, Demaris."

"I can't go." "You can't go? Why can't you?"
She lifted her eyes bravely. Then tears swelled into them slowly until they were full. Not one fell. She looked at him through them. He felt her hand trembling against the palm of his own. "Why can't you, Demaris?"

"My mother's sick. Just hear moanin' clear in here. Young Vicker's face was a study. "Why, she was sick last time I wanted

to take you som'ers—to a dance, wa'n't "An' time before that when I wanted

you to go to a church sociable up 'n String Town. "Yes."

"Why," she must be sick near onto all the time, accordin' to that." "She is-pretty near." She her hand. There was a stiff-looking lounge in one corner of the room. It was covered with Brussels carpet and had an uncomfortable back, but it was dear to Demaris' heart. She had gathered and sold strawberries two whole summers to pay for She sat down on it and laid her hands ogether on her knees.

The young man followed and sat down "Why, my dear," he said, very quietly; "You can't stand this sort o' thing. It's wearin' you out. You never did look light an happy, like other girls o' your age; an' lately you're gettin' a real pinched look. I feel 's if 't was time fer me to in-

terfere. It was dim twilight in the room now. Demaris turned her head aside. The tears brimmed over and fell fast and silently. "Interferin' won't do any good," aid, resolutely. There's just two things about it. My mother's sick all the time an' I have to wait on her. There's nobody lse to do 't."

"Well, 's long 's you stay at home it'll all come onto you. You ain't able to carry sech a load." 'I'll have to."

"Demaris, you'll just have to leave." "What?" said the girl. She turned to look at him in a startled way. "Leave home? I couldn't think o' doin' that. He leaned toward her and put his arm around her, trembling strongly. "Not even to come to my home, Demaris? I want you, dear; an' I won't let you kill yourself workin', either, I ain't rich, but I'm well enough off to give you a comfort-

There was deep silence. Each felt the full beating of each other's heart. There was a rose bush under the window, an oldfashioned one. Its blooms were not beautiful, but they were very sweet. It had flung a slim, white spray of them into the room. Demaris never smelled their fra-grance afterward without a keen, exquisite thrill of passion, as brief as it was deli-

"I can't Frank." Her tone was low and uncertain. "I can't leave my mother. She's sick an' gettin' old, I can't. "Oh, Demaris! That's rank foolish

"Well, I guess it's the right kind of foolishness. She drew away and sat looking at him. Her hands were pressed to-"Why, it ain't expected that a girl 'ad ought to stay and take care o' her mother, forever, is it? It ain't expected that she'd

Her face grew stern. "Don't talk that way, Frank. That ain't respectful to my mother. She's had a hard life, an' so's my father. You know want to come, but I can't. It's my place to stay an' take care of her. I'm goin' to do it-hard's it is. My leavin' 'em u'd

just take the heart out o' both of 'em. An' there's Nelly, too." "Demaris—" he spoke slowly; his face was pale—"I'm goin' to say somethin' to you I never thought I'd say to any girl alive. But the fact is, I didn't know till right now how much I think o' you. You

marry me, an' we'll all live together!' Her face softened. She leaned a little toward him with uncontrollable tenderness. But as he made a quick movement she drew back.

"No, Frank. I can't-I can't! It won't do. Such things's what breaks women's hearts!

"What things, dear?" "Folks livin' together that way. There's no good ever comes of it. I'd have to set up with my mother just the same, an' you'd be worryin' all the time for fear it a'd muke me sick, an' you'd be wantin' to set up with her yourself.' "Of course," he said stoutly. "I'd ex-

pect to. That's what I mean. I'd take some o' your load off o' you." Demaris smiled mournfully. don't know what it is Frank. It's all very well to talk about it, but when it comes to doin' 't you'd be tired out 'n a month. You'd wish you hadn't married me-an that u'd kill me!"

"I wouldn't. Oh, Demaris, just you try me. I'll be good to all your folks—just 's good 's can be, dear, I swear it."

She leaned toward him again with a sob. He took her in his arms. He felt the delicious warmth of her body. Their lips trembled together. After awhile she drew away slowly and

looked at him earnestly in the faint "If I thought you wouldn't change," she faltered. "I know you mean it now, but oh—"

"Sister," called a thin troubled voice from the hall, "can't you came here just a this snow blockade was \$60,000 in cold minute?"

Demaris went at once, closing the door The child threw her thin arms around her sister's waist sobbing.

"Oh, sister, I fogot to get the kindling wood, and now it's so dark down the cellar. I'm afraid. Can't you come with me?" "Wait a few minutes, dear, an' I will.

Frank won't stay long to-night." "Oh, won't he? I'm glad." Her voice sunk to a whisper. "I hate to have him here, sister. He takes you away from us so much an' ev'rything goes wrong when you ain't here. Ma's awful bad to-night, an' pa looks so tired! Don't let him stay long, sister. He don't need you 's bad 's

She tiptoed into the kitchen. Demaris stood still in the hall. The moon was coming, large and silver, over the hill. Its the dark, and set a halo above her head bending on its fair throat. Her lips but the prayer remained voicele

's so terrible rough! Is that girl goin' to

stay in there forever?" Demaris lifted her head and walked Why, the boat leaves in an hour, an' it's a steadily into the little poor parlor. "I'll good long walk to the wharf. You'll have to ask you to go now, Frank; my mother needs me."
"Well, dear." He reached his strong

arms to her. She stood back, moving her head from side to side.

"No Frank, I can't marry you, no nor ever. My mother comes first."

"But you ain't taken time to make up your mind, Demaris, I'll wait fer an answer." "It's no use. I made up my mind out n the hall. You might as well go. When

get me to change it. I hadn't made 't up He went to her and took her hands. 'Demaris," he said, and all his heartbreak was in his voice, "do you mean it? Oh, my dear, I'll go if you send me; but having been exhibited in the Salon fifty-I'll never come back again—never!"

She hesitated but a second. Then she

said very coldly, without emotion-"Yes,

go. You've been good to me, but-it's all over. Goodby. He dropped her hands without a word. and went. She did not look after him, or listen to

his footsteps. She went to the cellar with Nelly to get the kindling wood, which she arranged in the stove for the match in the morning.

Then she went into her mother's room. She looked pale in the flickering candle light.
"I' take care o' ma now, pa," she said.
"You get to bed and rest. I know you're

and commenced bathing her mother's brow.—Ellen Higginson in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

# Troops Wanted!

Larger Army is Desired in the Philippines --- Too Small Number There.—What the Inadequacy is Said to Have Led up to .- Cannot Hold Territory.

The events of the past week have emphasized the need of a much larger army, without which, according to the best auhorities in Manila, it would be attempting the impossible to expect to establish American supremacy in the Philippine

The inadequacy of the American forces is said to be responsible for the large total loss in the number of small encounters without material results as a compensation. Most of the fighting has been in territory which the Americans had swept, but have been compelled to abandon, because they could not spare troops to hold it.

The forces commanded by Generals Mac-Arthur and Lawton hold two important lines of communication and commercethe railroad to San Fernando and the Rio Grande river. But much of the country they have swept, including scores of the smaller towns and some of the larger ones have been left uncovered simply for want of men to hold them.

The insurgents have returned and are occupying the towns the Americans abandoned and are camping in the jungles and woods outside. Others are on the watch for chances to harrass the garrisons and attack scouting parties or detached companies with greater forces. This is the kind of warfare they prefer to regular battles.

The secretary of war has ordered 2,000 recruits now at San Francisco for regular regiments in the Philippines to sail on the transport Sheridan June ship will be utilized to bring home volunteers now in the Philippines. ter of war, General Polaveia,

has received a dispatch announcing the evacuation of Zamboanga, Island of Mindanao, by the Spanish garrison. The dispatch further said that as the Spaniards had declined to assent to the Filipinos' demands that the arms and munitions of war should be surrendered with the city, fighting ensued, the Spaniards suffering some loss. The dispatch adds that the natives continue bitterly opposed to the idea of her first contributions for the Salon, a American annexation and that the conquest of Mindinao will prove to be a tough

# Still Snow Bound.

Colorado Railroad Buried Under the Heavy Drifts. The South Park Line May not be Open for Summer Tourist Traffic on Account of the Blockade. Heavy Losses in Cash to Companies.

While the people of the Mississippi val-ley and the East are rejoicing over the advent of the leaves, the spring flowers and the warbling of the birds, a Colorado railroad is still blockaded by snow, its rails in many places being many feet under the

planket. white This unfortunate property is the South Park railroad, one of the most picturesque of the Rocky Mountain roads. Hopes are now entertained, railroad men say, that the road may be opened before the summer tourist business reaches its height, which

usually is about July and August. This line was buried under snow last January, and, despite the gigantic efforts of hundreds of men supplied with the most modern machinery for snow fighting, they were unable to make any impression on the big drifts. About the time the South Park road was buried the Colorado Midland suffered a similar fate. On this line the blockade was not broken until April 14th, the last train having gone over the rails on

the evening of January 27th. The lifting of the blockade in April brought to an end what is now called the most remarkable occurrence of its kind ever known in the Rocky Mountain region. During all the days from January 27th to April 14th the railroad company fought every moment to keep the road open, and without success. It is estimated that the cost to the Colorado Midland to fight

The Colorado and Southern suffered almost as severely as the Colorado Midland, and it abandoned its high line between Breckinridge and Leadville and made no effort to open the road. This line still remains closed.

# Dewey's Latest Namesake.

An American buffalo in the Central Park menagerie has presented the city with a bull calf which will be named Dewey. An ordinary calf spends 30 minutes in wondering where he is on his arrival in the Dewey rose to his feet fifteen minutes after reaching port, walked without wabbling, and began to act belligerently by discharging a three pound hoof from his after starboard leg, striking the keeper on the port side of his stomach and placing him out of action. Dewey is of a light, soft light brought her slender figure out of dun color, a fine specimen, and, it is thought, he will live, owing to the strength of his name.

Rosa Bonheur the Artist Dead.

Famous Painter of Animals Succumbs to Disease Her Work won Favor Early. The First Great Picture Wrought was the Horse Fair, Which Is now Owned in This Country-An Industrious Caree Marked With Many Successes. How She Gained

FONTAINDBLUE, FRANCE, May 26 .-Rosa Bonheur, the famous animal painter, died at 11 o'clock to day of congestion of

the lungs. Of the celebrated paintings which have been produced in the present century, one of the best known is the Horse Fair. This I make up my mind it's no use in tryin' to picture, which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, to which it was presented by Cornelius Vanderbilt, the purchaser at the Stewart sale, made Rosa Bonheur world known, and although it is among the earliest of her productions, six years ago, it is the one, above all others, with which her name is most frequently associated, and by which she will be best remembered.

The Horse Fair inspired Horace Vernet to proclaim Rosa Bonheur the first female

artist that France had produced. Hamerton calls her "the most accom-plished female painter who ever lived." Victor Hugo characterized the boldness of her conception as sublime. "As a creative artist," he said, "I place her first among women, living or dead. And if you ask me why she thus towers above her fellows, by the majesty of her work silencing every detractor, I will say it is because she listen to God, and not to man. She is true to

Nature predestined Rosa Bonheur for a painter. She did not become one without remonstrance, and even opposition. Her mother, it is true, perceived the dawn of great ability in her child. As early as 1829, the little girl was then 7, Madame Bonheur wrote to her husband, "I cannot say what Rosa will be, but of this I feel sure, she will be no ordinary woman.' There were no women artists at that time. They were not to be tolerated; and when Rosa, the daughter of a painter of recognized ability, and surrounded with works of art to which her youthful mind was readily impressionable, had quite naturally developed a taste for drawing, M. Bouheur at first determined to check it. But the passion in Rosa for drawing interfered very much with her other studies. At school her principal amusement was to cover her copybooks with sketches of shepherds and shepherdesses, landscapes and animals of all kinds. At 12 years of age her father thought that the time had

#### come for her to learn an occupation.

HER EARLY EXPERIENCES. He apprenticed her to a conturiere. In a very little while Rosa rebelled. Needlework proved as little suited to her taste as book-learning. The father, who was an accomplished draughtsman, at last decided to foster her artistic inclinations. He began to give her lessons, and soon father and daughter worked together in the Louvre, copying pictures. The appearance of the little girl with a yellow braid, tied with a bit of shoe-string, mixing paints and helping her father in the Louvre, was a source of amusement to some; of censure from others. On every hand indignation was expressed and M. Bonheur was severely remonstrated with.

'Let's cut off the braid, and I'll wear boy's clothes and be a boy," said Rosa.
The next day Raymond Bonheur had a close-cropped boy in loose trousers and quilt, and, calling to his wife to follow,

blue blouse to help him.

While she soon distinguished herself by her copies of the most beautiful works of the old painters, it was not long before she began to be attracted to the subjects in which she latter attained such high excellence. When the Museum of the Louvre was closed she would take her sketching materials into the environs of Paris, where she imbibed the love of verdure, of sky, of space and of air, which are as much of features of her pictures as are the animals they surround.

When eighteen years old she painted her first contributions for the Salon, a presenting sheep and goats.

# AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.

When she was twenty-three the Salon awarded her a gold medal of the third class. Three years latter the jury awarded truck are coming in from North-western her the premiere medaille. She began The Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota. Horse Fair when twenty-eight. It was the largest canvas ever attempted by an animal painter. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1853. The picture became the rage of Paris. It was engraved by Thomas Landseer, then the finest line engraver in England. The price it brought at the Stewart sale was \$53,000, \$20,000 more

than Mr. Stewart paid for it. All the honors of the Salon were heaped upon the young woman painter. By special decision all of her work henceforth was declared exempt from examination by the jury of admission. Her fame hitherto had been confined to France, but it now crossed the Channel and through England became world-wide.

The Horse Fair was sent some time after to the exhibition at Ghent, where it proved no less successful than it had been at Paris. The citizens of Ghent, wishing to show their gratitude to the artist for the loan of her work, made her a present of a magnificent cameo, engraved after the picture itself. Subsequently The Horse Fair was sold to M. Gambart, a picture dealer, who first took it to England and then to America, it finally passing into the possession of Mr. Stewart and at his death to the Metropolitan Museum. Rosa Bonheur painted two replicas of the picture, one of which is at the present time in the National Gallery at London.

In 1860 she bought a fine old house and park near Fontaineblue. Here she has since resided. She built a large atelier. and in the park and grounds of the chateau were to be found at different times the animals which the artist used as models. She has kept here dogs of all kinds, sheep and goats, cows of many breeds, lions and wild boars and deer.

HER MANY PAINTINGS.

While Rosa Bonheur publicly displayed few pictures in Paris since the exhibition of The Horse Fair, she painted many. Wild beasts, and sheep, horses and oxen equally served her as models. Her painting was strong, simple and sincere. was in thorough sympathy with nature and her knowledge of animal forms is manifest in the vigor of drawing, action and temperament in her delineation of them. The weak point in her technical equipment was her color; her pictures were not always harmonious in combination and tone.

Rosa Bonheur was possessed of a strong earnest and interesting personality. Her honor did not make her arrogant, and she was beloved by all who knew her. When the Empress Eugenie pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on Rosa Bonheur's homely blue blouse, she kissed her and said that "she was happy to be able her-

which, as a woman, she felt a great pride, and that she honored in her the as much as the artist."

Desperate Struggle With a Bull. Levi Hainley, of Peck Station, Narrowly Escapes a

Levi Hainley, of Peck Station, Blair county, has an interesting story to tell about his escape from a savage bull. The animal in question, a two-year-old Holstein, was turned out of the barn and allowed to go to the watering trough. When Mr. Hainley noticed that the beast did not go back to the barn he attempted to drive it back, when to his surprise it turned and with lowered head came down upon him. He grasped a heavy club and struck the ani-mal on the head which caused it to wheel about and start for the stable. Still holding his club in his hand he followed it up the lane when to his utter surprise just before it reached the barn it turned again and with a hoarse bellow dashed upon him. He had his club upraised to strike, but before he could administer the blow the bull had him on his horns.

Although he was a strong man he was lifted from his feet as if he had been a little child. The enraged beast carried him fully seventy-five yards and threw him against a woven wire fence. A desperate struggle ensued. The bull attempted time and again to gore the man, who could not escape. Mr. Hainley grasped the horns that were tossing him about, but could no more hold on to them then he could with his hands have stayed a moving locomotive. He managed, however, to keep between the horns, at the same time crying out loudly for help. His son, who was working in the barn, finally heard the shouts of his father and quickly ran to his assistance. The young man who was accustomed to take care of the bull was able to drive the animal away. It went to its stall quietly and submitted to being tied up without any

show of resistance.

Mr. Hainley was badly bruised about the body and had a scar on the side of his head where the bull had struck him with one of his horns. Arrangements were made immediately to get rid of the animal and the next day he was sold to a butcher at Newry. The latter had considerable difficulty in driving the animal to the slaughter house, but finally succeeded in doing so without serious mishap.

## An Awful Tornado.

Buildings Carried Away as if They Were Straws. Farmers Hurried to Their Cyclone Cellars and Many Miraculous Escapes Made-Several Houses Disappeared Completely.

OMAHA, May 27.—A tornado swept Kearney county early this morning. Every building in its circuitous path was wrecked and much livestock perished. Houses were picked up, carried some distance and then dashed to splinters.
Fortunately the storm moved slowly,

giving the people time to reach their cel-lars. One mile north of Minden the cyclone struck the farm of Joseph V. Tennant. The latter saw it coming and with his wife and son ran to a plowed field, where they buried themselves in a furrow. Their house was wrecked and they escaped injury.

It also struck the farm occupied by Joseph Bayer and completely ripped everything from the premises. Mr. Bayer saw the storm coming. He seized his infant child in his arms, together with a heavy

made his way to a thick clump of trees. One end of the quilt was fastened to the bottom of a massive tree, and Mr. Bayer the ground till the storm had passed. The tree under which Mr. Bayer and family were lying was twisted and broken and almost tied into knots. Mr. Billisbach, with his family of eight had just succeeded in entering their storm cave when the cyclone crossed the road with a roar and landed in the front yard. When

the family ventured from their place of safety they were in the midst of a lot of debris. Not a building was to be seen upon their farms. Sioux City, Ia., May 27.—Severe rain-storms which have been almost continuous for three days culminated to-night in a terrific downpour, with hail. Reports of damage to small grain, fruit and garden

# Wanted to Get the News.

A young man with a monster bouquet of violets on the lapel of his light overcoat rushed up to the hotel news stand and exclaimed:

"Give me a copy of all the morning pa-

pers. I want to read about it." 'Yes, sir. All of them have full accounts of the election." "I don't care about the election. I want to read about the wedding."

"Was there a wedding yesterday?" asked the boy in charge, who had freckles and a turn-up nose, and didn't appear to care whether he lost his place or not. "Of course there was."

"Sure?"

"Certainly; I was there." "Was it a fine wedding?" asked the boy. "How do I know? That's what I want to read about."

"But you were there." "Yes. But I don't know who else was, except in one or two instances.' "Couldn't you ask questions?" "No. Everybody was too busy to pay attention to me. I tried to elbow my way into the occasion once or twice, but it wasn't any use. All that was expected of me was to stand around and do what I was

### Rev. David Conway's Will. He Leaves \$5,000 to the Mt. Joy Presbyterian

told and not speak till I was spoken to. I

wasn't anybody of any consequence at all. I was merely the bridegroom."

The will of Rev. David Conway, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Mt. Joy, who was a great friend of Rev. Dr. Laurie of this place, and who has visited here many times was admitted to probate recently. He was injured in a runaway accident several weeks ago and died at the General Hospital in Lancaster. A few hours before his death he made his will. He bequeathed \$5,000 to the Mt. Joy Presbyterian church, \$2,500 to his nephew, David A. Sharkey, of Oswego, New York, and \$3,000 to his sister, Margaret Hunter, of Garveh, Ireland. The balance of his estate is to be divided between the church, his nephew and his sister. As the will was made within thirty days of his death the bequest to the church fails, if there is any objections on the part of the heirs of the dead preacher. M. S. Bowman, of Mt.

-You ought to take the WATCHMAN.