

Saint Leger (August, 1777.)

By Clinton Scollard.

From out of the north-land his leaguer he led,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger;
And the war-just was strong in his heart as he sped;
"Their courage," he cried, "it shall die 't the throat,
When they mark the proud standards that over us float—
See rover and ranger, redskin and red-coat!"
Saint Leger, Saint Leger.

He hurried by water, he scurried by land,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger,
Till closely he cordoned the patriot band:
"Surrender," he bade, "or I tighten the net!"
"Surrender?" they mocked him, "we laugh at your threat!"
"By Heaven!" he thundered, "you'll live to regret
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!"

He mounted his mortars, he smote with his shell,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger;
Then he fumed in a fury that futile they fell;
But he counseled with rum till he chuckled, elate,
As he sat in his tent-door, "Egad, we can wait,
For famine is famous to open a gate!"
Saint Leger, Saint Leger.

But lo! as he waited, was borne to his ear—
Saint Leger, Saint Leger—
A whisper of dread and a murmur of fear!
"They come, and as leaves are their numbers enrolled!
They come, and their onset may not be controlled,
For 'tis Arnold who heads them, 'tis Arnold the bold—
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!"

"Retreat!" Was the word e'er more bitterly said,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger,
Than when to the north-land your leaguer you led?
Alas, for Burgoyne in his peril and pain—
Who lists in the night for the tramp of that train!
And, alas! for the boasting, the pompous, the vain
Saint Leger!
—Saturday Evening Post.

MR. HUNT, DETECTIVE.

BY JEANNETTE SWING.

"Wonder who it can be," remarked Nell to Martha. "It was just about dusk, and a tall man in a mackintosh stood ringing their door bell.

"I cannot imagine," said Martha, peeping over her sister's shoulder. The door was opened by the maid, and the visitor hurried into the parlor. Then the maid hurried up stairs, and said to the waiting sisters: "He didn't give me name, Miss Martha, but asked if he might see Miss Harper."

Martha took off her white apron, and smoothed back her hair in a very important manner, as she started down stairs.

"I wonder what he wants," muttered Nell enviously. To have tall, well-dressed gentlemen asking for Miss Harper was not an every day occurrence. Nell began to surmise. It might be an agent for either books, life insurance, or foreign missions, or it might be one of the many lovers Miss Harper had had in her youth, who had at last come back to claim her. Nell had known a great deal about those lovers by hearsay. Miss Harper was fond of dwelling upon them, and so many times that she spun out her stories, that she had almost persuaded herself to believe in them. Nell's incredulity had long since vanished, and now she began to contemplate her sister's claim, and married and carried off a bride in blushing and happy triumph while she herself was left an old maid, and an object of pity.

The thought was sickening. She stood in the hall by the ballusters, with her eye fixed on the parlor door, wishing her sister's visitor would depart. Suddenly the door opened, Martha came out, and motioned for her to come down.

"I thought it better to consult with you, Nellie, in regard to this gentleman's proposal," said Martha. "A proposal already," gasped Nell following her sister into the room. She was soon undeceived, however, and quite forgot her miserable anticipations in listening to the visitor.

He was a fine looking man, with a smoothly shaven face, and close cropped hair. His manners were perfect, and his voice low and refined. "I shall explain to you as I did to Miss Harper," he said to Nell, placing a chair for her gallantly. "What I tell you is strictly confidential. In case you do not care to favor me as I wish, I trust to your honor to keep this visit a secret. You know that there have been several burglaries committed in this town lately."

"Yes," said Nell, "we have been frightened to death several times nearly. Sister is so nervous, the slightest noise at night—"

"Exactly," he said, as she paused, "there have been some heavy losses, and it is thought that the gang of thieves contemplate more depredations, and it is certain that they are located in this vicinity."

The two ladies looked with awestricken faces at their visitor as he went on.

"I do not wish to alarm you, for the thieves are to be brought to justice. To do this requires a detective. Now ladies, I do not believe in the old

adage, that none of your sex can keep a secret. I know better. I have had many a chance to try the ladies, and many a time I have placed my life itself in the hands of a woman, and did not regret it. God bless them."

Miss Harper's eyes glistened with this praise, while her sister leaned forward and listened with rapt attention. "So, I am going to trust you with my secret. I am Mr. Hunt," and he drew out a card case, and presented each with a piece of paste board, bearing the simple words, "Mr. Hunt, Detective."

"I have been sent here to work up this robbery business. I have come to you, knowing that you are sensible, trustworthy ladies, and I hope that you can give me lodgings for a few days, or weeks, as the work requires."

Then he went on to explain how impossible it would be for him to stop at a hotel, or ordinary boarding house, because no one was to know of his presence in the town, not even the town officers who had hired him. His success depended upon the secrecy maintained, and who was better at being discreet than these ladies whom he had chosen? He wanted the privilege of coming in and going out at all hours of the day and night; he wanted keys to both the front and back entrances in case of emergency or pursuit. For all this he was willing to pay handsomely.

The ladies considered the matter, and finally agreed to accommodate him. They had occasionally taken boarders, their income being none too lavish, and besides being both handsome and fascinating, Mr. Hunt paid a week's board in advance. An hour later he returned with a large trunk, which was brought in the back way, and no one the wiser.

He took the ladies into his entire confidence at once, and having sworn the maidens to secrecy also, he made himself very much at home.

The evening passed delightfully, spent in the sitting room, with the blinds closely drawn. Mr. Hunt was very entertaining, and had many exciting incidents to relate about himself. When they were about to retire, he remarked: "You must not let my coming in or going out disturb you in any way. I shall have to prow around at all sorts of unearthly hours, you know."

"Oh, we understand," said Miss Harper, as though she had been raised in detective headquarters. "You are often in great danger?" asked Nell tremulously.

"Yes, often," he answered, "and if at any time I do not return say for four or five days, or even a week, and you hear nothing of me, you can break open my trunk and find full details there, as to whom to notify. But don't be in a hurry to give me up. I'm lucky, and generally come out all right."

"Oh, do be careful of yourself!" said Nell impulsively, and she would have said more, but she saw her sister frowning.

But, when a little later, that same night, as Nell came down to be sure the front door was latched, and met Mr. Hunt in the hall, dressed in a great coat and slouch hat, with the idea of his danger, made an anxious look come into her eyes.

"I will be careful to-night," he said, offering her his hand. "I will think of your uneasiness, and not be rash." Nell did not tell this to Martha. It was her first secret from her sister.

Ten days, full of a new interest to the Harper sisters, passed. Two more robberies had been committed, and the whole town was excited. The papers announced that detectives were on the trace of the thieves. Mr. Hunt smiled as he read this aloud to the sisters.

"Yes," he said, "I think I will have them located by to-morrow night. I'm on the scent. But this stuff in the paper is all surmise. I have not given them a single clue yet. They have to say something. It would ruin my success if I told anything to anybody outside."

When the matter was discussed at the Missionary tea that afternoon, the task of keeping silent was almost too much for the Miss Harpers, and they only restrained themselves by thinking of their triumph when the affair was over, and they could tell their share in it. They would pose as celebrities in connection with the famous Mr. Hunt, detective.

Nell had quite given her heart to this interesting man, and some rather tender passages had taken place between them, so it was with a pitifully sad face, she heard him say one morning: "If all goes as I expect, I shall leave to-morrow morning."

Then he glanced at Nell, and sighed, and Nell began to wish that the thieves might not be found for some months, at least, or never at all.

That evening Mr. Hunt went out completely disguised in a red wig and whiskers, and walked with a decided limp, so that Nell and Martha laughed heartily at him, as he went down the steps. He laughed back at them and waved his hand.

He did not return at all that night, nor the next day, and their anxiety was intense. On the next morning there came a letter for Nell, and fortunately Miss Harper had gone to market, so Nell read it unhindered. It was from Mr. Hunt. He stated that he had been hastily obliged to leave, that his life had depended upon it, and that he wanted her to have his trunk shipped immediately, and secretly to an address enclosed. He gave her a few directions as to how to get his trunk to the station, and closed his letter with some words that made her face flush as it never had before: "For your sake I have been careful of my life. I have you to live for now. You will see me again before many weeks. Let no one know where I am. My life depends upon it. And I—trust you."

Nell felt that she could die for him then and there. She hid the letter in her bosom, and went up stairs to his

room, to look at the important trunk and to wonder if she could get it away as secretly as he wished. Her plan was interrupted by the sound of voice below, and on the stairs.

Then Martha burst suddenly into the room, her face red and angry, her eyes wide open with fright. Behind her came the town constable, two police officers, and some strange men.

"And you have no idea where he is?" asked the constable. "No," gasped Martha, "He left Sunday night."

They unceremoniously broke open the trunk, and revealed a shocking sight. A lot of silverware, jewelry, in fact all the stolen goods were there, except the haul of diamonds taken from the jewelry store, and these Mr. Hunt had evidently carried with him.

"He was as shrewd a thief as ever I traced," said one of the strange men, "and you ladies were nicely imposed upon. The law won't do anything with you for receiving stolen goods, since you've surrendered them all, but you'd better be careful after this about taking in strangers without references. I'd give I don't know what to know where he is. He did not leave any address where to send his trunk, did he?"

"No, he didn't," gasped Martha on the verge of hysterics, when she thought of the Missionary society; and Nell said never a word, but went out in fear and trembling, and burnt up the letter just received.

Verily can a handsome man say: "Women are to be trusted."—The Pathfinder.

SUPERSTITIONS OF CHINAMEN.

Discovery of a Devil in a Garden Hose and Its Serious Results.

On a farm in the Southern part of California a young Chinaman was employed to do odd jobs. His one great delight was to sprinkle the lawn with the hose. One afternoon when he was at his favorite occupation a visitor thought it would be a good joke to cut the water off by turning a faucet at one end of the piazza. Now the Chinaman had sprinkled the lawn hundreds of times, but had not the remotest idea where the water came from, taking it for granted that it was the most natural thing in the world for the water to flow from the hose. Therefore when the visitor carried out his idea and the water stopped running, the Chinaman was sorely perplexed to know what had happened.

First he threw the hose on the ground, stamped upon it and shook it, and then as this vigorous treatment produced no beneficial results he blew down the hose. Just then the owner of the house stepped up to see the visitor. The visitor, seeing him coming, said in a low voice: "Just see the fun. The next time he blows down the hose I will turn it on full force."

Scarcely enough, in a few minutes the Chinaman started to blow down the hose, and as he did so the visitor turned the water on full.

"Did you ever see such an astonished Chinaman?" remarked the visitor gleefully.

The Chinaman certainly was astonished. He threw the hose on the ground and made one beeline for his room, which was next to the tank in one of the outbuildings. In a few minutes he returned with a small bundle under his arm, and going up to his employer said:

"Give me my money. Me no stayee. Debblil in hose. Debblil in hose." The joke had turned out to be of a more serious nature than had been expected. The Chinaman walked off in spite of all remonstrances. The owner of the farm laughed, and said he would go to the Chinese agent and get another boy. Bright and early the next morning a new Chinese boy arrived, and as everything seemed satisfactory he went with his small paper bundle to his room, the same one occupied by his predecessor. He had been in the room only a few minutes when he ran out, and going up to his employer said:

"Me no likee. Me no likee. Me no stayee." Upon being questioned he would give no answer except that he didn't like it and wouldn't stay. Recourse was again had to the Chinese agent, and the next morning another Chinese boy arrived with his invariable little bundle under his arm. Going to his room, he retraced almost as instantly and, with a mystified way, said like the former one:

"Me no stayee. Me no stayee." Things were beginning to look serious, and the visitor wished he hadn't played that practical joke. For the third time the Chinese agent was called upon. This time the agent made some inquiries and promised to call the next morning and try to find out the trouble. The next morning he arrived, and, after looking around the place, went to the Chinaman's former room. There he discovered, written on one side of the wall, in Chinese characters, the information that the place was haunted and was inhabited with strange spirits or devils, and that Chinamen had better keep clear of it. This explained it all, and after removing the writing no trouble was had in procuring a new Chinese boy.—New York Sun.

Why We Value Our Liberties. The late Roswell P. Flower once remarked: "People wonder why our liberties had to be bought with blood. I'll tell you why. The more a thing costs you the more you value it; the more it's worth; and while George Washington and the Continental Army were freezing to death at Valley Forge, God Almighty was teaching them that lesson. Look at France. They don't value civil liberty over there because they didn't have to work for it. If those Frenchmen had to sweat and starve and freeze like our Revolutionary fathers, they would estimate their blessings a good deal higher than they do now."

RAGE FOR CLIPPINGS.

AN AMERICAN IDEA THAT THE WORLD HAS ADOPTED.

Remarkable Spread of a Unique Business Which Began With Fifty Cents—Emperors, Business Men and Many Others Among the Customers of Clipping Bureaus.

Eighteen years ago a man had an idea, which he developed with fifty cents, the last money in his pocket. Less than a month ago half a dozen firms engaged in the business resulting from that idea coalesced, and capitalized the effort undertaking at \$5,000,000. The story has been told more than once of how a young Russian-American at the end of his resources, saw a famous French artist pay handsomely for papers several days old, containing notices of his pictures, and was inspired by the sight with the thought of making a business of furnishing such notices to whoever had need of them. To-day 50,000 persons and \$50,000,000 are employed in the business of making and distributing newspaper clippings. There are between fifty and one hundred bureaus in the United States, nearly as many in England and on the Continent of Europe, others at Melbourne, Sydney, Calcutta, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Johannesburg, Natal, Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro. The biggest of these are in effect international. If they have not branches they have instead a sort of traffic arrangement, after the manner of the big banks, by which their foreign correspondents fill cabled orders quite as if they were received over their own counters.

Even this does not mark the full spread of the idea. Railway, telegraph and express companies have gone into the business on their own account. At first they were among the best customers of the regular bureaus, but presently they began ordering local agents to clip and file every line of railway matter appearing in local sheets and to send the clippings to the main office, where they are indexed and put away. Several times an item so kept has proved to be worth a good many dollars to the company keeping it.

Among clippers, as elsewhere, specialization works. Some bureaus give their whole attention to literary matters. The minute a book is put—sometimes even earlier—the writer of it receives their circular letter, inclosing a sample clipping, a notice of himself or his book, and asking his subscription. The rate is \$5 a hundred clippings, or, if the writer be little known, \$5 a year. Where competition is keen figures are often lowered one-half. In case the author has already engaged another bureau it is not uncommon to ask that the late comer be allowed to send clippings also, receiving pay only for such as are not duplicates of those already received. Besides notices and reviews, the literary bureau will, if ordered, send all manner of literary intelligence.

Emperor William is much too busy to read the papers, yet needs to know what his world is saying of particular things. So he has a scrapbook, in charge of a court officer. W. T. Stead is said to possess a whole library made up of clippings. It fills three dingy rooms in a London house. Some bureaus concern themselves mainly with business affairs. They give to their subscribers all that appears in print concerning the subscribers' lines of business, such as the letting of contracts, the adoption of building plans, new materials, inventions, discoveries, legal decisions affecting commercial interests and legislation. The latest development is the bureau of medical intelligence.

One needs imagination to see anything picturesque in the mechanics of clipping. One establishment with more than a hundred employees shows to the casual eye only ranks and rows of men and women, reading, blue pencilling, clipping, pasting and stamping. This bureau's usual output is 50,000 clippings a week. Under a rush order it could clip and mail 100,000. There is an elaborate system of card classification. The cards are hung on books in a rack some four feet across, and running the whole length of a very long room. Nearly every book is filled.

Queen Victoria subscribes to more than one bureau, but never sees the clippings until they have been put in books under the editing of some of her family, which means, of course, the leaving out of anything unpleasant. The Prince of Wales also takes clippings from two sources. In addition he cuts out with his own hands all the pictures of himself which appear in the public prints. Slurs upon his family are said to touch him nearly, yet to things said against himself he is indifferent. One can readily credit that upon hearing that by his own order a scrapbook was made for him containing American opinions about the baccarat scandal, the royal patron dearest to clipping bureaus is the Czar of Russia. He has shown himself exceedingly well disposed toward them. A New York bureau man has made for him sumptuously bound scrapbooks, all Russia leather, and gold clasps and gilt edges, first about the death and obsequies of his father, Alexander III., then about his own marriage and coronation ceremonies, and later in regard to the American journey of Prince Hillkoff, his Minister of Railways. The same house has now in hand clippings about the Peace Conference, which are to form another in the series of imperial scrapbooks.

Uncle Sam himself has taken the clippings idea, and keeps at the White House a corps of clippers and a Government scrapbook. Mrs. Harrison subscribed to a bureau on her own account, and her daughter has many books full of the things printed about Baby McKee. Mrs. Cleveland had a scrapbook of persons; notices—not, however, of herself, but of her husband. The wives of many other promi-

nent men have similar books. Almost every man in public life is a bureau subscriber. The Government has just ordered a scrap history of the war with Spain. It is in twenty big volumes, though most of the war pictures were left out. The volumes are bound in morocco cloth, and cost the Government \$1,000. That sum, indeed, hardly covered the cost of making, but the bureau man has gathered a duplicate set of clippings and looks for his profit in them, whenever a rich and patriotic citizen decides to give a similar history to West Point or Annapolis. Stanford University has already a monumental set of scrap histories, bearing on everything American, and particularly the life and works of its founder.

John L. Sullivan gets clippings—subject not specified. Lord Randolph Churchill ordered "everything unfavorable," and was forced by the size of the first month's bill to reverse his order. Nicola Tesla wants "electrical inventions." Edison is more comprehensive—he orders clippings upon about twenty subjects of living interest. W. D. Howells subscribes intermittently for real incidents going with whatever story he may have in hand. One man who is said to have a plot factory patronized by both novelists and dramatists when imagination lags wants all sorts of hairbreadth happenings. "Stories of elopement" was another order. The maker of it, strange to relate, was not a realistic novelist, but a luckless lover, who hoped thus by vicarious example to persuade his sweetheart to defy her parent and make him happy. The Cramps get every line printed in any part of the world about any one of their ships.—New York Sun.

WOMEN TALK THE MOST. In 1,000 Couples Observer Finds 751 Girls Lead the Chat.

"There it is again. Just what I had made up my mind to long ago," exclaimed the wag as they were standing upon the street corner, elongating the elastic substance in their necks at the passing female population.

"What's that?" replied the other, inquiringly.

"See that couple—that fellow and girl? Notice anything about them?"

"Nothing in particular. Don't see but that they conduct themselves about as any other couple does. Don't see that they differ from the general run of 'em."

"That's just the point; they're doing just as the general run of 'em do," retorted the wag with apparent satisfaction. "Yet people don't notice anything peculiar regarding it."

"What are you driving at, anyway, old man? Explain yourself," demanded his companion.

"Well, it's just this. For several weeks past I've been taking observations to determine the relative amount of time a woman talks to the number of times a man is permitted to speak when they are alone in each other's company. At last I have discovered a safe ratio, and what it is you can easily determine for yourself when I give you the figures."

With this he drew forth a notebook, and continued: "I've taken 1,000 couples, and as they passed me, noted which one, whether the man or the woman, was doing the talking. The snatches of conversation I caught, while they might have been interesting as a subject for further thought, did not interest me. I've been dealing in mathematics only. Those figures are accurate, and taken with great care. The couple who just passed us was the one thousandth I have observed. The others have been young and old, native and foreign born, and altogether it establishes a general rule which I am positive can be safely relied upon.

"Out of the 1,000, I have noted, just as they came, mark you, the man was talking 133 times. In those instances, I expect, there must have been something the matter with the vocal chords of his female companion, but, however, I won't attempt to explain it away. In 27 cases both were making an effort to be heard. The woman was doubtless successful in the end, but I never followed them up to see. Eighty-three times I observed that silence reigned, another phenomenon for which I am unable to offer any explanation. But listen—nay, hearken—here is the record of the fair ones. Before the appearance of this last couple I had 751 times charged against them, 750 times out of 1,000 where their sweet voices have been heard while a man was the only auditor. This last instance completes the 1,000, and makes the grand total 751. Try it and see if your figures do not come out about the same."

Havana a Pest-Hole.

The lack of a proper sewerage system is the cause of nearly all the disease and pestilence that have made Havana one of the most dreaded ports of the world. There are more and better sewers than is generally supposed, but the cause of their breeding sickness is the fact that they are, in many cases, open to the street by manholes, and they all empty into the harbor immediately in front of the city. Two of the main sewers flow into the channel of the harbor directly under the Lieutenant-Governor's Palace, in which General Ludlow lives and in which he has his headquarters; one empties under the Maestranza de Artilleria, in which some of the troops were quartered; and from these main flow all the filth of Havana, that pest-hole of disease, while at all times there arises a sickening odor, and it will be the greatest of wonders if there is not much sickness among our troops, who are accustomed to cleanliness at home.

The one thing that always is the most noticeable to Americans on their arrival in any of the towns or cities of Cuba is the offensive odor that is ever present.—From "Havana Since the Occupation" by J. F. J. Archibald, in Scribner's.

JOKERS' BUDGET.

The One Thing She Cares For. She doesn't care for operas, the drama or the play.

She doesn't care for housework—she isn't built that way; She doesn't care for dancing, for flowers or for books.

She doesn't care for bloomers—she doesn't like their looks; She doesn't care for picnics, they freckle her and tan— The only thing she does care for is a marriageable man. —Chicago Record.

A Tactful Mistake.

"Tom, my dear, do you think I made a mistake in naming baby after your rich uncle?"

"No, my love; your mistake was telling him the baby looked like him."

A Feminine View.

Kate—So Carrie is to be married. I suppose she is very happy?

Ruth—Happy! I should say so! Mr. Fixton, her fiance, doesn't amount to much, but her tressouzeau is just elegant.—Boston Transcript.

A Serious Omission.

"That new reporter has been dropped to office boy."

"What was the trouble?"

"He wrote an account of the cyclone without using the expression 'funnel shaped.'"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Against His Principles.

Lady—I should think you would be ashamed to live on charity. Why don't you do something? Haven't you ever learned that a man is known by his works?

Sloppy Sim—Well, so's a watch. I ain't no pocket piece.—Chicago Times-Herald.

No Time for Idleness.

Retired Business Man—I am rich at last, and now I'm going to find a perfect climate to live in.

Great Traveler—Good idea! I've always held that when a man retires from business he should immediately take up something that will keep him occupied for the rest of his life.—New York Weekly.

No Use for It.

"What advice would you give a young man who intends to take up literature as a profession?" inquired the long-haired youth.

"I should advise him to have his stomach removed," replied the old timer without a moment's hesitation.—New York Journal.

Hint At An Unfortunate Time.

"What has happened to Mrs. Nibber?"

"She fell out of the window while trying to see who was sitting on her next neighbor's porch."—Chicago Record.

A Mortifying Confession.

Cholly—I was mawtified almost to death last night!

Geowgie—What happened?

Cholly—A bold wobbah demanded me diamond stud or me life, and to save me life I had to confess it wasn't a diamond!—The Jewelers' Weekly.

Condeseends to Explain.

Half-frozen Passenger—What do you run these open cars for when the weather is like this?

Conductor—For nicksles. Fare, please.—Chicago Tribune.

Double Proof.

"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Indeed I do; every mean trait Bobby has I can trace right back to his father."

"Does his father believe in heredity, too?"

"Yes; he traces Bobby's faults all back to me."—Chicago Record.

Looking for a Friend.

Saleswoman (to lady who has been rummaging the silk counter)—I think you will like this mauve; it is very stylish, and I am sure it would become you beautifully.

Lady—Oh, I didn't come in to buy!

Saleswoman—And did you expect to find her in that ribbon box?

Pity the Poor Ice-man.

"In some future year," said the citizen with a powerful imagination, "the human race will find the sun extinct. That once glowing orb will cease to shed its rays upon our world. Then what'll we do?"

"What will we do?" echoed the morose man, who was grinning for the first time in weeks. "That isn't the question. What'll the ice-man do?"—Washington Star.

Misnomers.

Mrs. Brown—Our language is full of misnomers. For instance, I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they called him a "civil engineer."

Mrs. Smith—Yes, but that's not so ridiculous as the man they call "teller" in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit and he just laughed at me.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Wasted Opportunity.

"I never was so insulted in my life!" she exclaimed.

"What did he do?" asked her dearest friend.

"We were all alone and he threatened to kiss me."

"Well?"

"Well, we were alone and he didn't do it."

"Oh-h-h!"—Chicago Post.

A Cincinnati Judge recently gave a man ten days for stealing an eight-day clock.