From the lakes to the far Rio Grande!

Great men of the east, where fruition Smiles sweet upon heritage won!
Strong men of the west, where the glowing
Of hope beckons endlessly on!
Brave men of the northland, toll girded, Clear visioned and firm in thy tread! Grand men of the scuthland, transfigured In the light of thy sorrow and dead; All: all: let our anthem be ever
At the God of all nation's command:
Our fatherland sweeps to both oceans,
From the lakes to the far Rio Grande;

Here are birthrights noble in story; There, graves of a consecrate throny; Here, mountains and valleys of glory; There, echoes of immortal song. freemen! we are but each others'!

All these have been pricelessly won! lise, rise! to the love height of brothers, Invincible, evermore one Then, deathless, our song shall be ever At the God of all nation's command: Our fatherland sweeps to both oceans, From the lakes to the far Rio Grande -Edgar L. Wakeman ia Southern Bivouac.

### AT A NEGRO FUNERAL.

Ceremonies of Old Slavery Days Still Prevailing in the South.

Not long since I was visiting one of the towns in upper South Carolina. I and a friend were taking an afternoon stroll into the adjoining country. We had proceeded some distance, and were passing through a dense wood, when suddenly my companion stopped and nervously inquired: "What's I came to a halt, and listened. A weird, mournful sound floated through the trees and reached our ears. It seemed to come only a short distance; appeared to emanate from the copse on the other side of the road. We crossed over, and followed, bent upon investigating what it was. We had scarcely gained the opposite thiexet when we dobouched into one of those country burial grounds which are to be found near every hamlet in South Carolina.

It was a strange picture that met our sight, and one that belonged more to heathen lands than our own civilized country. There, around a newly made grave, about twentyfive negroes were collected. They all held hands and were slowly moving to and fro, while they wailed forth dirges, and at inter-vals would ejaculate wild, incoherent words. In the midst of the circle, at the head of the grave, an old woman sat who rocked backward and forward. Her eyes rolled wildly, and she moved in a mechanical way. This was the widow of the deceased, and it was her required part in the ceremony to loudly moan at appointed intervals during the singing. thing in this way their hymn sounded as nearly as I could catch the words:

De white horse he rode, Wid de sickle in he hand, And slew down our brudder From among our earthly band. A moan! sister, moan!

And here the widow would reintroduce her heathenish incantations. These were kept up for some time, when suddenly they ceased and the negroes prostrated themselves upon the ground, while the minister, a tall, very dark negro, stood and offered up a prayer. After the "amen" was utlered they rose and two of the number took from a basket near some articles with which they decorated the grave, as if they were placing upon the tomb floral offerings. They then slowly formed in procession and silently marched out of the inclosure. My friend and I, curious to decide what the peculiar mode of grave decoration was, proceeded to the spot where an old man was shouldering his spade to quit the place. things they have left on the gravef Bottles,

shoes, a jug! Why, what does it all mean?"
"Well, boss," said the ebony grave digger, with an air of importance, "you see, we puts de articles dat de departed brudder use to uso on de grabe for to keep away de bad sperrits, and I 'spose it is a sort ob 'spectful way ob treating de memory ob de lost sister or brudder. You see, dars de bottle dat he take the medicine from when he be sick. And dars de jug 't had de last dram he drunk 'fore he sined de temperance meetin', an' de boots I spose is de shoes dat he gwine to change for de golden slippers dat he put on when he jine de ban' up yander," and a beam of placid faith illuminated the old black face.

It certainly was a strange sight. Here were numberless graves, all bearing the same picturesque decorations. Children's graves were covered with broken toys, tin horns, gaudily colored clay cats, dogs, and owls. One mound was almost beat to the ground with age, and on it rested in dilapidation an old hat and the remnants of a banjo, also a clay pipe, and a coon skin. Near by them was the grave of a blacksmith, with the implements of his craft wedged in the ground, and rusty horse shoes formed a circle around the mound.—Atlanta

## The Short Hair Craze.

The short bair craze died some time ago, but the disease has broken out again, and the sadachey dames, married coquets and girls who go the pace have taken up the fad again. The regular "close cut" is ordered, and then follows a coiffure a la Cupid. This consists in having what is called a steam curl, the process being the same as that employed by barbers in turning the mustache ends of club men. An improved curler heated by steam is used in the operation, consuming an hour of so. The curls are short, close, but thick little ringlets exactly like those that the sculptors have identified the blind boy with. Only fifty cents is charged or the dressing, which is remarkably cheap, lonsidering the tonacity of the curls. Think of curls for three weeks retailing at fifty lents—curls, too, that wumen can sleep in, and look pretty in, which is best of all features. No dressing is needed to keep the head sightly. ourl, the process being the same as that em-

sightly.

When the fair damsel arranges her toilet after getting in and out of numberless skirts, after getting in and out of numberless skirts, it is only necessary to run a rack comb diagonally through the lanky tresses to have them as roguish and graceful as though twisted by nature's own curling iron. Indeed, the curls are improved by much tossing and blowing about, and if the girl is half pretty, and any place under 25, she is sure to have in her jaunty wig a captivating air.—Inter Ocean

## A Helmet for Firemen.

A Helmet for Firemen.

A new belinet for firemen has been invented in Bremen. It consists principally of a copper mask, which is very light. The wearer's nose, mouth and eyes receive, through an india rabber tube, a constant stream of pure air, which leaves the helmet by an opening opposite the eyes, and prevents the entrance of smoke. The helmet has been practically tested, and is to be used by the Berlin firemen, it is said.—Beston Budget.

How many a power hath to this moment bent:"
Wave after wave hath broke its jeweled crest,
Its pride hath shattered, lavished of its best;
The storm of yesterday a force hath lent,

HIGH TIDE.

The tempest long forgotten; all are blent In this fair hour of perfectness and rest; Hour of fulfillment, ere the heaving breast Swells with the soon stirred pulses backward

Lack has been, will be. Now the cup brims o'er; The balanced moment holds abundant peace; Peace in the mild blue heaven overbent,

Peace in the tender light, the slumbering breeze, Peace in the wave, as, soft along the shore,
Dies the slow ebb of sorrow born content.
—S. W. Weitzel in Overland Monthly.

Matrimony in British Honduras. When legal marriages occur in this region the parents of the couple make all the arrangements between themselves. The tender passion takes early root in the tropics, and it is not uncommon to see a bride and groom both under 14 years. When the boy wants to get married he tells his mother all about it. She talks with the father, and if both are willing to accept the girl as their daughter they repair to the house of her parents, taking with them a chiquibuite of fowls, fruit, bread, ears of dried corn and strings of peppers. They organize a sort of procession, composed of their relatives and friends, headed by a band of music, thus publicly proclaiming their intention.

It is good form for the girl's mother to politely refuse the first request until she has had time to consult the maiden as to her wishes in the matter, and to find out what her own friends may think of it. She sends the procession home completely in the dark as to the result of its mission. If the answer be irrevocably unfavorable she simply nds back to the parents of the would lover their basket, with contents untouched. If, on the contrary, she be inclined to entertain their proposals, in the course of a week or two she sends to them another chiquibuite filled with similar offerings.-Cor. Philadel-

New York's Magnificent Harbor.

The passage from New York to Staten Island means a trip across the most magnificent harbor the world knows. A bay so large that the navies of the universe could easily rest upon its inviting bosom, a bay sur-rounded literally by sheltering islands—Long Island, Staten Island, Manhattan Island, with Jersey's shores beyond. The trip secures you first a view of this quiet expanse, bowed by high heavens of blue, fringed by most inviting landscape all round, a surface as of molten silver, through which blow incessantly lively little tugs, alert on business; majestic steamers incoming with their happy oads of immigrants, or outgoing with men and women, joyous with anticipation of foreign sights; pleasure boats of every name, description and size and errand; yachts, the most exquisite in mold, the most costly in construction, the most hospitable in experience that can be found in any water upon the face of the earth, buge transportation factors carrying thousands at a trip from New York to Long Branch, to Coney Island, to Staten Island, to the Narrows, Rockaway, to the Fishing Banks and everywhere. - Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

Dragging His Father's Musket.

Gen. Hancock used to tell of a child scarcely 6 years old, who, in the midst of the fighting at Gettysburg was seen coming towards him with a musket, which the little one was dragging across the field, not having the strength to carry it. When near enough to speak, a feeble little voice that could scarcely be heard amidst the rattling of musketry, the roar of artillery, and the shouts of the struggling men, cried out: "Here's my papa's gun. Papa is dead, but

here's his gun. Somebody else must shoot it, Papa can't shoot it any more," As the general spoke a kindly word, and

ordered the little waif to be taken to a place of safety, "something on the soldier's cheek washed off the stains of powder." The father, like a number of the patriotic

citizens who lived there, had shouldered his musket and taken part in the defense of the town. The child had strayed after him and seemed to know that he would not like that gun to be idle on such a day.-Gen. Horace Porter in Youth's Companion.

## In a Chinese Kitchen,

Life in a Chinese kitchen is onerous, to say the least. Early in the morning, long before most good Christians are awake, the chef is out buying goods in Fulton and Washington markets. At 7 he is ready to give breakfast to early risers or late night owls. He is busy all day, but manages to snatch a nap or two in quiet hours. Evening brings another rush of trade, and not until midnight or later are the lights extinguished and the doors closed for good. Despite this unhygienic time table he seems to thrive. Of the leading cooks of Chinatown not one is weak or sickly. One in particular, who has a strong penchant for the tiger and the green cloth, and has already won and lost more than \$100,000, seems as well preserved today as when he started in business in Mott street eight years ago. - Harper's Weekly.

California's Wild Morning Glory. One of the worst weeds with which the farmers of California have to deal is the wild morning glory. John Young, of Ala-meda county, is experimenting with it. He tried plowing and cultivation, and that was exactly what the morning glory thrived on.
Then he plowed deeply, stripped the entire
field of surface soil to a depth of fourteen
inches, and picked out all the roots by hand. The soil that remained was soon covered with a fine crop of the weeds. Even the loose dirt which he had piled in heaps yielded a good crop. Next he tried salt, and at last accounts was waiting to see what would be the result.—New York Sun.

Gubbins, in one of the rare moments he devotes to the cultivation of his intellect, was reading aloud from a work on natural

"The carnel is an animal that can work a week without drinking."

"And I," remarked Gubbins, commenting upon the text, "I am an animal that can drink a week without working."—Judge.

## WAY OUT IN ALASKA.

A TENDERFOOT'S ACCOUNT OF MIS FIRST TRIP PROSPECTING.

Roseate Romance of Boundless Wealth and Magnificent Scenery-Feasted by a Hospitable Indian-His Claim to the Country-A Bad Indian and Family.

On the morning of July 9 we left Douglas City on the favorite and fast sailing canoe Hiak, Capt. Jim (both well and favorably known in Alaskan waters), for a prospecting trip in Lynn canal. As the day was fine and the wind fair, the sail through Gastineaux, Stephens' passage and Lynn canal was de-lightful, as each one is cotted with little islands, rising from the water's edge to a height of a thousand feet or more, whilst the mountains on the main land are thousands of feet high, with ragged peaks not unlike the teeth of an old fashioned cross cut saw, the spaces between the peaks being filled with glaciers and the peaks themselves are covered with perpetual snow. As I am a chee-chaco in the country (that's what my chums call me), everything appeared wild and picturesque, and as I burst out in exclamations of admiration every once in a while at the scenery, they would say, "Oh, shucks! that ain't nothing; you had ought to see the scenery on the Yukon."

The first night we camped on a creek about thirty miles from Juneau, where our native told us there was some quartz. We stayed and examined it, but did not think enough of it to locate it. The next day we arrived at our native's illahee (as he' called it), situated at Lynn Canal, and distant about forty miles from Juneau. It is a beautiful bay, filled with many islands and teeming with fish, from the mighty whale to the tiny her-ring, while the woods and mountains are full of game-the small and harmless ground hog and the large and fierce brown bear.

The Indian who accompanied us is a fine pecimen of his race, as he stands over six feet in his bare feet, and weighs over 200 pounds. He is a Mormon in proclivities, for he has a number of wives, who appear well satisfied with him as their lord and master, and I could see no sign of the green eyed onster. He is a bear hunter by occupation, an enthusiast in that line, and many were the stories and hair breadth escapes be related. I can well believe he is a good hunter, as his larder is well stocked with fish, flesh and fowl; his wives were brown, fat and greasy; his dogs, of which he had seven, were all in splendid condition, and that is more than can be said of most Indian dogs. He told us the peculiarities of each, and showed us the many wounds they had received in the encounters with bruin. He also showed us the hole where he buried the bears' heads, and there must have been twenty skulls in it. I inquired of him why he did so, and he told me, "Bear all same Indian; by and by he go to the happy rooting

As a host he is a prince, and right royally he treated us to all kinds of game put up in Indian style. We had smoked porcupine put up in seal oil, and one of our crowd who pretends to be an epicure said it was delicious; there were seal's flippers cooked in grease, which were not dissimilar to pig's feet; baked ground hog stuffed with mussels, which gave the hog a fishy taste and improved the flavor of the mussels. His bear's head cheese was actually immense, and there were many more dishes too numer mention. He showed many kinds of roots and herbs good for food and medicine. He also showed his canned halibut, hooks and all of his dancing outfit. His headgear and mask cost him \$50; it was wild and uncouth, and was carved out of yellow cedar. It had a large nose like a parrot's beak, eyes made of mother of pearl, a mouth which contained the teeth of the only siwash doctor on Nonh's ark, ears made from the hide of the ichthyosaurus, hair made from the sea lion's whis-His hunting knife had some unique carving on the handle that represented some Indian myth the bears were afraid of. As a prospector, like many more following that vocation, I do not consider him a success, as we examined many places that he showed us, but could see nothing except white and bar-

He had other places he wanted to show us, and we would have gone with him, but one of the party had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. The native told us the extent of his territory, and said he expected white men prospecting on his domain to pay him \$2.50 per day for his knowledge and services. He said the land and water belonged to his ancestors from time immemorial, and be inquired if white men owning a similar amount of land would allow everybody on it. His argument brought forcibly to our mind the "bloated bondholders" of America and the land question that is now agitating the British empire, where lords, dukes and earls are holding hundreds of miles square that their ancestors acquired by might, while he claims his by right. The only difference I see between them and this Indian is that he will be glad to see you hunt or fish on his supposed country, while if you caught a trout in their waters or shot a pheasant in their woods you would get about

So we parted with feelings of regret, promising to return if the Hoonah springs cured our companion. We ran across two men looking for fresh water. "Just think of it!" my chums exclaimed, "hunting for fresh water in Alaska! They must be pilgrims like yourseif." The next camp we made was on a large stream, where we found an Indian and his family on a barren point, exposed to the elements from all points. He had to the elements from all points. He had to carry water nearly half a mile. We won-dered why he built on such a bleak place, but he was not communicative, so we con-cluded he had committed some depredation on his fellow Indians, and was continually on the lookout, as a foe could not approach

on the lookout, as a foe could not approach him without being seen.

The next day we traveled against a head wind and a terrible rain, and after getting drenched to the skin we camped. It would be very pleasant prospecting in Alaska were it not for the rain, head wind and tides, thick brush and musquitoes, and a few other little inconveniences. Then, again, if I was looking through a tourist's eyes from the deck of an ocean steamer, how romantic the majestic mountains and rivers, hundreds of miles of pine clad shores, and every now A Novel Contest.

A "pea hull contest" is the latest from Georgia, and three separate and several editors are crowing over hulls respectively twenty-two, twenty-eight and thirty-nint inches long.—Chicago Herald.

Soap in China.

China recently received her first importaticu of foreign soap. The Chinese soap is of alkaline earth, and the material used for washing the hands is the pods of a tree.—Boston Budget.

Emperor William II of Germany has a passion for having his photograph taken. Since his accession to the throne he has flooded Germany with his pictures.

In order to recealed to an occean steamer, how romantic the majestic mountains and rivers, hundreds of miles of pine clad shores, and every now and then a vast glacier! Then in smooth, narrow channels can be seen the mammoth whale, forging his way along nearly as fast as the steamer, and every few feet can be seen the shining silvery sides of a beautiful salmon, disporting, or trying to eacap from some finny monster who is trying to eacap f

In order to popularize their own wares the Jerman charapague makers are said to put serman labels on French wines.

Considering how much easier it is to tell the truth than it is to lie, we cannot help being astonished at some of the things we hear.

-Bomerville Journal.

BUSINESS WHICH DEVERSES THE OPERATIONS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Making Post Obit Investments, as They Are Called-Buying Logacies of People With Expectations-Benefits and Lossey

It was in a real estate broker's office or Court street, and the time was after direct. The broker had just disposed of a big brick swell front house on Commonwealth avenue with as much ease and as little difficulty as you could sell a pint of peanuts at a cattle fair. He was a man of business, that broker was, and to use an expression which he delighted in, he liked to see things go at the first "crack."

I rather liked him, although I was not "stuck" on him, for I was taught in my earlier and innocent days to be cautious in my dealings with the man who talked business as cold bloodedly to me as an Anarchist harls a bomb at a czar of all the Russias,

"You buy legacies?" I remarked. Such flat, stale and unprofitable remark, I thought, beside the vigorous and prolonged push which he gave to his alacritous vocab

"Yes," he replied, "I make and have made a great many contingent investments—post obit investments some call them. You will perceive that my business is a novel one, in this country at least. It isof frequent occur rence in England for a young man who has been bequeathed a sum of money, or left some real estate, to sell his right to such property, the buyer, of course, not realizing his benefit until the death of some guardian uncle, aunt or parent. Of course we take no chances on simple wills of living persons, as such persons may change their wills a dozen times before they go over the river. Where would we be if we did? We'd be in the river, and not affoat, you bet.

BENEFITS OF THE BUSINESS. "Let me give you an illustration of the benefits of this business. Only a few days ago a sailor chap steps in here. Says he, Tve t come ashore, having laid along Just come asnore, naving last the haven't a nick, Uncle Sam's guns for years. I haven't a nick, ye see, and a chap as would like to go with me to see Jake Kilrain and Joe Lannon mani each other give me the tip that I sell what right I has in the property left me and me brother by the old man. I can't get a pick until the ole woman dies, and although she's near 90, shiver me timbers if I don't think it'll be a big break before she goes aloft. So, ye see, I goes to me brother, and axes him what he'll give me fur my share. He tells me that share ain't worth a schooner of beer. I'm disheartened, d'ye see, until this chap as wants te-see the fight- a feller as reads, he is. though he does booze- tells me that you could do me up. Now, if ye can, and does, I'm no tar if I don't drink yer health more'n wunst, Ye see, cap'n, we want to get a peep at the

"Questioning the fellow further, I was sured that his claim was solid, and I offered aim \$500 for it at the first crack. He went away and soon returned with the information that his brother had abandoned the schooner of beer theory, and would give him \$1,000 in cold cash. I went the brother \$200 better,

however, and we closed the trade. "So, you see, I have not as yet received a copper in return for my expenditure, and won't until the sailor's mother died. Of course, the chances are against her living long enough to suchre me out of my investment. You must remember there are cases where the principal and compound interest of the sum advanced may in time exceed the sum realized in the end. "You see, some old women never die. What's to kill them? Having passed through all the critical stages of womanhood, leading exemplary lives, re-tiring early and not arising too early, drinking tea and enting toest, why shouldn't they live long enough to baffle me? Some dayfar away—they may dry up and blow off, then I have a show to make a dollar.

"You see this business is the reverse of life lusurance. While the life insurance man is interested in the prolongation of human life the legacy buyer looks upon death as the senger who unlocks the safety deposit vaults of Dives, and makes the heart of said legacy buyer happy. Thus the dark pall be comes an immaculate wedding garment."

THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED. He went on: "I'll tell you snother thing. It often happens that this contingent investment business operates in favor of the one who takes the risk and the one who sells the legacy. Thus, to protect myself, I frequently get the life of the man in question insured for a sum equal to the expected legacy. So, if he dies before I get my legacy, why I am protected by the insurance. It has so happened that I get my share all right, while the man who is insured, or his family, is not left

"But I do wish I had those old ladies, good souls, off my hands. Pve got three of them already, and may have more before winte thaws out in the lap of spring. However, I prefer them to some of the beats I come in contact with. You can't imagine the numerous forces against which I am obliged to work sometimes. Dishonest legacy hunters, unscrupulous trustees and such. There is a wide scope for a man who wants to be crooked. Now, if I buy a legacy from a fel-low there is nothing to prevent him from selling it again to some other man. The courts in this state have decided that the investment belongs to the first purchaser.

Therefore, if a fellow comes in here to offer me a legacy for sale, how do I know that he has not already sold it to somebody else?

"But you ought to see the array of cranks with whom I have to deal," he went on. "Why, they come la-re from all parts, from all classes and conditions, imagining that they have got some money tied up somewhere. Why, I had a woman come in here not long ago who told me that Jay Gould held \$500,-000 in trust for her, and that she would sell it for two-thirds. Of course, she did not fool me. Then a colored woman, who claims to be Queen of Africa, and who speaks of her be Queen of Africa, and who speaks of her daughter as the princess, is a frequent caller. She says that she will own one when her father, who is 1,000 years old, dies. She says the mine is in the Congo country I think it must exist in the great desert of Sahara; that is, in the only casis of her brain. Then there is a Chinaman who wants to sell me his interest in a tea field, which he says is thirty miles contained. which he says is thirty miles outside of Canten, China. His is a sad story. He decanton, China. His is a sad story. He declares that be was a merchant of respect and prominence in Canton, but, through a love of opium, neglected his business, which finally fell into the sands of creditors, with the exception of a zertain field, which, by a Mongo lian law, as eld as Confucius, still remains his, but which he cannot dispose of while living. He thinks he can sell it when he is dead. I do not believe the laws he keepen a dead. I de n't believe it. He says he keeps a laundry row on Howard street."-Bo

Selling Wooden Safes.

An agent for a safe company several months ago made sales in Bad Ax, Mich. A few weeks ago an agent for another company came along and according to the least

came along, and, according to the local news-paper, by the aid of a jack knife and a gim-let proved to the safe buyers that their safes had a lining of wood, a filling of clay and a covering of thm sheet tron,—New York Sun.

About the latest is a glass bottomed book, ased, according to a correspondent of The inter Ocean, to gazs down upon the beauties of the bottom of the sea at Nassau.

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