

One Square, one inch, one month... 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month... 5 00
One Square, one inch, three months... 10 00
Two Squares, one inch, one year... 15 00
Quarter Column, one year... 25 00
Half Column, one year... 50 00
One Column, one year... 100 00
Local advertisements ten cents per line
each insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected
quarterly. Temporary advertisements must
be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

Railroads through the "wild West" put an end to serious Indian outbreaks. They would be great civilizing and peacemaking forces in our new possessions.

We sent 2,222,279 pounds of mail to Great Britain during the last fiscal year, from which it would appear that we are entitled to high rank among people of letters.

A society has been formed in Paris whose business it will be to furnish a fortnightly guest for dinner parties numbering thirteen guests. Alas, how serious those frivolous Parisians take the little amenities of life.

In spite of all the attractions of football, it is still true that the impelling motive of young men who seek our colleges is a serious purpose to acquire knowledge and an adequate preparation for the important duties of citizenship.

The wreck of the steamer Portland off the coast of Massachusetts, involving the loss of over one hundred lives, appears to have been due primarily to a willful disobedience of orders on the part of the captain of the doomed ship. It is alleged that he was ordered by his employers not to sail from Boston at the regular hour of departure, but to wait at least two hours and consult the weather reports as to the probable duration of the furious storm the raging along the treacherous coast.

Instead of following these instructions, it appears that he left port at the usual hour, taking his vessel toward the open sea in the face of a gale of extraordinary violence, with the result that he lost his ship, his life and the lives of all the other persons on board. It is a grim tragedy of the wintry seas, made doubly tragic by the probability that it might have been averted if common sense and good discipline had guided its principal actor.

The strained relations between Norway and Sweden bear close resemblance to those between Hungary and Austria. Norway, like Hungary, has been rapidly increasing in wealth and population and, like Hungary, she is evidently aiming at eventually complete independence. In the meantime Norway is seeking for a separate consular service of her own, claiming that under the present arrangement the foreign service of the Scandinavian union is practically Swedish, and Norwegian interests suffer greatly in consequence. To this Sweden refuses to assent, maintaining that there can be only one representation of the union abroad. The recent action of the Norwegian storting in adopting a resolution for a flag without the emblem of the Scandinavian union is apparently a protest against the attitude of Sweden. Where the long dispute between these two countries will end it is hard to say. The good influence of King Oscar, like that of Emperor Joseph in the case of Austria and Hungary, has kept the two countries together in spite of jealousy and hickering, and it may prevent dissolution of the Scandinavian union.

The latest declaration as to the legal status of the boycott is found in an opinion rendered by the Supreme Court of Michigan in a case which arose out of a boycott of a firm of mill owners by striking union teamsters. The strikers picketed the mills and issued circulars establishing a boycott on the firm. The court prefaced an injunction against the strikers with a statement of the law regulating the relations between employer and employe. According to the court the law protects employers in the right to employ whom they please at prices they and their employes can agree upon, and to discharge them at the expiration of their term of service for violation of their contract. So, also, the laborers have the right to fix a price upon their labor, and to refuse to work unless that price is obtained. They have this right singly or in combination. They may organize in order to improve their condition and secure better wages, and may use persuasion to induce men to join their organization or refuse to work except for an established wage. They may present their cause to the public in newspapers or circulars in a peaceable way, and with no attempt at coercion. This, however, marks the limit of either party's right. The injunction granted by the court restrained the strikers from picketing the premises and from distributing boycott circulars which were said to embody threatening language. Labor, as the decision illustrates, possesses freedom of action and of combination, but that freedom must be construed to include intimidation or coercion of others whose right to labor or employ labor is equally free.

DAN JUDSON'S RIDE.

By EDWARD JOHN HART.



UPRISINGS were in the air and Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland, was in a state bordering on panic, in the month of June, 1896. The Mashonans had risen to aid their former oppressors, the Matabele, and from the 15th to the 18th of June, and thence onward for many terrible days almost every hour brought tragic tidings. Prospectors, miners and travelers, unsuspecting of danger, were being slaughtered in all directions. Stores and lonely houses were being seized, looted and burned, after the owners were slain.

Judge Vincent, the Chartered Company's active administrator, could only muster 250 burghers armed with but eighty rifles and one Maxim between them, to protect the 300 women and children in Salisbury. Mr. Dan Judson, chief inspector of the Chartered Company's Telegraphs, and a recently gazetted captain in the Rhodesia Horse, was one of the few men who had prophesied that the Mashonans would rebel. Though a young man, he was an old pioneer, had taken part in two campaigns, and knew the country well.

Having friends at the Mazoe—a small settlement centering round the Alice Mine at the head of the Mazoe Valley, about twenty-seven miles from Salisbury—Judson wired to Mr. Salthouse, manager of the Goldfields of Mazoe Company, the news of the murders as it came in.

When, however, early on Wednesday, the 17th of June, the inspector had occasion to wire the Mazoe people the terrible list of murders ending with the blood-curdling Norton massacre, he suggested that their women folk, at least, had better come into Salisbury, where a strong laager was being constructed.

Consequently at midnight a wagon, or large wagonette, and six mules left the telegraph office in charge of Mr. J. O. Blakiston, Captain Judson's clerk, and Trooper Zimmerman of the Rhodesia Horse.

At nine the next morning (Thursday, the 18th) a telegram was received from Blakiston announcing his safe arrival, that he had met nothing on the road, and was ready to leave with the women as soon as they had breakfasted.

Judson then—by wire, of course—ordered the Mazoe telegraph office to be closed, after first instructing Blakiston, Salthouse, and the men with them to start off at once with the ladies. The inspector passed the next few hours feverishly anticipating their arrival.

On going into the office later on, he was astonished—believing Mazoe to have been deserted since morning—to hear the Mazoe instrument clicking. It ceased as he entered, and Lieutenant Harrison, then in charge of the Salisbury Telegraph, silently handed him this message:

"Blakiston, to Inspector Judson. Three men killed. Alice Mine surrounded. Send help at once. Our only chance. Good-bye."

The news from the Mazoe greatly distressed Judge Vincent, for he was now being harassed on all sides with the most piteous appeals for assistance, which, for the most part, he was unable to grant. Now, when Judson asked him if nothing could be done to assist the Mazoe people, he said he was afraid no men could be spared. After some talk, however, the inspector was granted permission to take four men, and these he chose from the members of the Rhodesia Horse.

Just before sunset, the little patrol of one officer and four men rode out of the town on its forlorn errand. The party consisted of Captain Judson and Troopers Honey, Guyon, Godfrey King and Hendriks; but three miles out it was joined by Captain Stamford-Brown, who was chief paymaster of the Rhodesia Horse, but not on its ordinary fighting strength.

The patrol then pushed on, and near the Gwebi River unearthed a native, who, when challenged, fled precipitately. With one brief halt to loosen girths and allow horses and men a hasty meal, the patrol rode on to Mount Hampden, and again halted, keeping a sharp look-out the while. Here, at half-past three in the morning, they were joined by a reinforcement from Salisbury, consisting of Troopers Finch, Pollett, Niebuhr, Coward, Malvaney and King.

lowed by the others. Then he wheeled his horse round, and raising his gun covered the thickest clump of grass, past which Niebuhr and Pollett were then galloping. As he did so, a dozen shots rang out in rapid succession; fire and smoke burst out of the grass not six yards from the two men, and at the same moment both of them were on the ground, horses and all. In the same instant Judson caught sight of the natives crouching in the grass and fired his slug-charged barrell, felling two of them. This also prevented a volley being fired on Honey and Coward, the latter of whom was thrown by his horse—who was frightened at the sudden discharge—right in front of the enemy.

Two horses were killed outright; Pollett was badly shaken and Niebuhr severely wounded, his hand having been shattered by a slug. Brown, Hendriks, Coward and Honey then opened a hot fire on the enemy to engage their attention, while, with great difficulty, Judson got the wounded man to his horse behind him, Pollett clambering up behind Hendriks.

Then they fired a volley into the rebels at forty yards, and again started off at a gallop, Niebuhr's wounded and useless arm hanging limply over Judson's shoulder, and saturating the front of the latter's tunic with blood.

Before they had galloped many hundred yards, a large party of the enemy was seen running parallel with them along the mountain side to cut them off. Judson at once halted his detachment and poured volley after volley into the enemy, the Martins at 300 yards range doing good execution among the natives and forcing them to retire.

Once more the party started forward, but this time at a gentler canter, emptying their rifles as they rode, and keeping up a running fight. On approaching thick clumps of grass which swarmed with concealed natives, they dislodged them by firing volleys into them as they advanced, and then rushed past the dangerous spots at a flying gallop.

Judson gave orders that, in the event of any more getting wounded, and the survivors being unable to carry them, they were to stick together and endeavor to secure a position on one of the kopjes, where they would be able to hold their own, at least while the ammunition lasted.

Judson decided, and so informed his comrades, that if they were unable to discover their friends alive, they were to fight their way to the telegraph office and inform the Salisbury authorities of their plight. They would then laager up as best they could, the fact of their having no food and but little ammunition left forcing all to realize that such a proceeding—though the only one possible under the circumstances—could be but a preliminary to certain death.

Just as they were heading for the telegraph office, they heard a great shout of mingled triumph and despair, and looking round they beheld, standing up and waving to them from within an improvised laager on a small kopje near the Alice Mine, the men and women they had fought their way so gallantly to rescue. But for that shout the patrol might have ridden past, so hidden was the laager by masses of the enemy. Through these blood-thirsty savages the relief force now shot a pathway for themselves and while under a hail of lead, but still firing volley after volley, they came up the slope at a gallop, and in a minute rescuers and rescued were united.

Thus Dan Judson's patrol had had to fight their way in under a continuous, heavy, close-range fire from dense cover, for a distance of eight miles. But the besieged had also a terrible experience to relate.

When on the Thursday it was decided that all the Mazoe people should proceed to Salisbury, a party of the men, as before related, started on ahead, taking with them fourteen native carriers and a cart drawn by two donkeys to carry their provisions.

About 11 a. m. they left the rough laager of logs and boulders which had been constructed the previous day, but had not gone above three miles when their carriers led them into ambush. Cass and Dickenson were done to death on the grass with assegais and knobkerries, whereupon the rest turned the cart round and jumped in, but had not proceeded far when Paull, who was driving, was shot through the stomach by a native concealed in the grass not four yards from him. Almost at the same moment one donkey was killed and the other wounded, and the men, abandoning the cart, then ran for their lives.

They met the wagonette containing the three ladies and turned it back. Finally, shooting for all they were worth at fifty or sixty natives who chased them and fired as they ran, they regained the shelter of the laager.

And then occurred a strange thing, which for heroism is not to be excelled in the annals of war. A message had to be wired to Salisbury for relief, but who in the face of certain death would volunteer to take it?

Then Blakiston, who was a telegraph clerk, but not an operator, volunteered to take the message if Routledge, who was an operator, would accompany him to transmit it. The two men knew they were certain death, too—and yet they went.

Blakiston was wounded in the foot before he reached the telegraph office, but sent his message—and his good-bye. The people from the laager

caught sight of them on their return, when they were some 1700 yards distant. They saw Blakiston fall on the road, man and horse, riddled with bullets. Routledge ran for cover into the bush, but was never seen again.

After the arrival of the relief, the enemy for a time practically ceased firing, though the watchers knew they remained concealed in their vicinity.

For the promised reward of \$500, a singularly plucky Cape boy named Hendritz was induced to ride to Salisbury with a dispatch asking for a reinforcement of forty men and one Maxim gun.

On the Gwebi Flats he met Inspector Nesbit of the police, with a patrol consisting of Troopers Ogilvie, Harbord, McGregor, Byron, Edmonds, Arnot, A. Nesbit, Berry, Van Staaden, Zimmerman, McGeer and Jacobs—thirteen men in all.

The inspector elected to proceed at once to the Mazoe, without waiting for further reinforcements, and partly on account of the darkness, and partly owing to the enemy making sure of them on the return journey, they reached the Mazoe without fighting.

The party now numbered thirty men and three women; and after the new arrivals had fed and rested their horses, all hands set about preparing for their departure.

Judson had the two sides, and to an extent the back of the wagonette armored with sheet-iron, which—as was observed at the time—fitted so well, that it seemed to have been made for the purpose. The mules had all been shot or lost, so six men were dismounted, and the six troop horses inspanned in their place, though they had never been in harness before.

The order of march was an advance guard of five mounted men and eight on foot, and then a rear guard of seven mounted and eight footmen. A start was made before noon.

The thick bushes and kopjes were alive with thousands upon thousands of the enemy officered by experienced Matabele, and armed with Lee-Metford, Martins and elephant guns, crammed with pot-legs and every variety of sling.

Mounted natives never ceased to harass the rear guard, and pressed it so close that at one point a halt had to be made, and volley after volley fired to drive them back. A few minutes afterwards Lieutenant McGeer fell, and his horse bolted, but was pluckily ridden after and recaptured by Hendriks. Then two of the patrol had their horses shot dead under them. Judson and Stamford-Brown ran back to see McGeer, and found him lifeless, with several bullets through his head. All this while the enemy for the most part remained hidden, the grass edging the roadside being from eight to nine feet high. In this dense cover the natives squatted, and took pot-shots at the patrol, who had only flashes and puffs of smoke to aim at in return.

About a mile from the Tatoroga Drift, where the road winds between the foot of a large kopje and the river, an ambulation seemed certain. The blacks were swarmed to within three yards of the road, and bullets seemed to rain upon the horses from every quarter. Here one of the leaders of the team was shot through the head, but not killed, and kept its place. Immediately after, however, the off-side wheeler fell mortally wounded, and while Brown and Salthouse were struggling to cut him loose, the near wheeler was killed and almost fell on Salthouse.

Next Jacobs and Van Staaden were shot dead, the latter falling with the side of his head completely blown away. Arnot was cut off from his comrades, but eventually escaped. Hendriks in the advance guard was shot right through the jaws and mouth, and was ordered to abandon the conveyance and save himself. Ogilvie was shot and severely injured; and Burton, receiving a terrible wound—right through the face—just managed to clamber into the wagon, and fell bleeding among the horrified women.

Still the agonized procession forged slowly ahead, and still the four remaining horses painfully dragged the wagonette, blood pouring from the nose and mouth of the wounded leader.

The advance guard now made a series of charges on the ambushes ahead, and so diverted some of the fire from the wagonette. At the end of that terrible valley, a ruse de guerre was attempted, the advance guard riding forward and cheering wildly as if they sighted advancing relief. The cheering was taken up by the rest—and the ruse succeeded.

The firing slackened off perceptibly, and soon ceased altogether; and before they reached the Gwebi River all pursuit was abandoned.

With one halt, varied by a false alarm that the natives were again in sight, they toiled painfully over the intervening seventeen miles, reaching Salisbury Lager about ten o'clock.

They received an indescribable ovation, it being reported that all were killed. The attack on the Alice Mine and the relief had lasted, with but little intermission, more than sixty hours.

Inspector Nesbit—possibly because he was connected with a force more nearly allied to the regular forces—was given a Victoria Cross, but he was the only member of that gallant little band whose services were recognized by government. Captain Dan Judson, the organizer, leader and moving spirit of the most heroic expedition in colonial annals—despite the strenuous recommendations of Judge Vincent—received nothing. But his heroic feat of arms is not likely to be forgotten by the people of the redit side, and will be remembered by most Englishmen who know the story.—Wide World Magazine.

The elephant beetle of Venezuela is the biggest of its species. An average specimen of this insect, when full grown, weighs half a pound.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

29.—A Cross Word Enigma.
My first is in mouse, but not in rat;
My second is in dox, but not in cat;
My third is in trial, also in treasure;
My fourth is in health, but not in pleasure;
My fifth is in ear, but not in mouth;
My last is in north, but not in south;
My whole is of the greatest worth,
For it is the dearest name on earth.

30.—A Pled Verse.
Eth valley vout saw with thiv pelap-
alomb,
Dan eth treaz slem hoered
Erar dawsos vove no reth realia mools,
Thos hugroth thiv delong arched.

31.—Additions.
[Example: To a prefix add fifty-nine and make diffuse. Answer, prolix.]
1. To one hundred add a place for baking and an industrious insect, and make a solemn agreement.
2. To a hundred and fifty-one add nothing, and make one of the Muses.
3. To one thousand add nothing and a postscript, and make kitchen utensils.
4. To six add nothing, fifty, a letter from Switzerland and a beverage, and make a flower.
5. To one-tenth of a cent add one and nothing and a letter from Switzerland, and make a great number.
6. To one hundred add half of a year, five hundred and one and five hundred, and make ingenious.
7. To one hundred and four add one and a hundred and a letter from Switzerland, and make the relations of citizens to the State.
8. To a college graduate add fifty and four, and make a Conservative British politician.
9. To a point of the compass add another point of the compass, one thousand, a letter from Switzerland, eleven, one hundred and nothing, and make an interesting part of our country.

10. To five hundred add nothing, and five hundred, and five hundred more, and the smallest State in the Union, and five hundred, and two letters from Geneva, and make a celebrated writer of hymns.
11. To a letter from Switzerland add nine, and make half a dozen.
12. To fifty-one add eleven, and six, and a heathen goddess, and make pertaining to life.

32.—Hidden House Furnishings.
I took my little brother on an excursion just over the mountains, on Friday last, and so far as my enjoyment was concerned, I declare the trip to be decidedly a failure. Harold, as soon as we were seated in the car, pettishly declared there was too much air, then fretted because there was too little room, and then cried because he wasn't able to sit in any seat he pleased. I finally had to hand him over to Mr. Minot to manage. When taking a trip, I another time shall know better than to take Harold along.

25.—A Drop Vowel Quotation—Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.
26.—A Double Acrostic—Primals, John Greenleaf Whittier; finals, "The Goldsmith of America." I, Jurist; 2, oldish; 3, horologe; 4, nutmeg; 5, Gonzalo; 6, reveal; 7, errand; 8, eggs; 9, Nahum; 10, lazant; 11, erect; 12, afresh; 13, fiasco; 14, Wy-cliff; 15, Hygeia; 16, infirm; 17, temple; 18, talker; 19, Illimani; 20, exotic; 21, Ramona.

27.—Five Beheadments—H-arbor, s-tray, t-our, s-late, s-pine.
28.—A Diamond—
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Gibraltar Over-Fortified.
That it is possible to fortify a place too much is strikingly shown in the case of Gibraltar.
Ever since 1713, when it was captured by the English, sappers and miners and engineers have been hollering out fort after fort in the living rock to place batteries in, until to-day the military experts have suddenly awakened to the fact that they have undermined the rock itself with their burrowings, and are now trying to think of some plan to strengthen it.
So honeycombed, indeed, is it that it is estimated that if a powerful man-of-war could get within range and get in a few shells the place would crumble away like an ant-hill.

Whether the idea of one rather eccentric expert will be put into practice—namely, coating the whole with steel plates after the manner of armor—does not know; but certain it is that something will have to be done sooner or later.—Tit-Bits.

The Peanut Industry.
The latest thing in the way of trusts is a peanut combine. Very few people realize the extent of the industry. The value of the crop is between \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 annually, and about \$3,000,000 is invested in clean up establishments. Four of them are located at Norfolk, eight at Richmond, Petersburg, Danville and other places in Virginia; three at Cincinnati, two at St. Louis and three others in different parts of the Southwest. The largest establishment belongs to Gwaltney & Bunkley, at Smithfield, Va., where they handle about twenty-five per cent of the entire peanut crop of the United States. All of the seventeen other concerns have agreed to combine their interests so as to control the produce and increase prices and profits, which, through competition, are now very low.

SHE BURIED THE WRONG BOX.

Mistake at a Funeral Which Made Even the Mourners Laugh.
It is not often that a man's funeral is funny enough to make his near relatives laugh. This, however, is what happened at the funeral of Dr. Kellogg, of Ashland, Ohio. The Kellogg family is an old and respected one in town, and, as often happens in old families of small towns, is connected with nearly every other family in the town.

Dr. Kellogg died in New York. He was a widower, without any children, and left orders in his will for his body to be cremated and the ashes deposited in the grave of his wife at Ashland. Mrs. Patterson, a cousin, was directed to carry out this request. The death of the doctor cast a gloom over the whole big family of kinsfolk.

Mrs. Patterson telegraphed directions for the cremation of the body, and watched anxiously for the arrival of the remains. One morning the expressman drove up with the box. A funeral was held, and attended by Ashland in a body. The wife's grave was opened, the box deposited solemnly, and the mourners dispersed.

A few days afterward Mrs. Patterson received a small zinc box, about the size of the first. She was horrified to find that this last box undoubtedly contained the ashes of her cousin, Dr. Kellogg. She knew, of course, at once that something else, no telling what, had been deposited in the cemetery in lieu of the doctor. A quiet investigation was made. It was found that another Mrs. Patterson in Ashland, a sister-in-law, had sent a dress to a dye firm in New York. The box containing this dress had been deposited in the grave of the late Mrs. Kellogg.

A second and very quiet burying was held, at which only Mrs. Patterson and the sexton were present. The story was too good to keep, and was soon passed around.

A Sagacious Hen.
My sister lived on a farm in Woodbury, Conn., and raised a great many fowls. One hen turkey was very unfortunate with her broods, losing them by taking them into the tall grass, some distance away. She was an excellent mother, but lacked judgment. She mourned sincerely for them, and for comfort would coax the broods of the other turkeys and hens to follow her. One morning about 4 o'clock my sister was awakened by a pecking at her face. Springing up, she found a hen on the bed. It was the mother of a young brood of chickens. She pondered a moment and then said to her husband, "I believe that old turkey is calling Biddy's chickens away." Going to the door, the hen in advance, there, indeed, was the childless fowl clucking to the chickens, which were toddling along after her. The mother hen had given the alarm, but the mystery was how she had gained an entrance to the house. Upon looking about, it was found that a window had been left open in an upper hall, just below which was a shed. It was not very high, but the anxious mother had flown upon the shed and from there to the window, then, going down the stairs, which opened into the kitchen, the door of which was open, had gone across the room into the bedroom and awakened my sister. She rescued the truant brood, gave the old turkey a sound scolding, and restored them to their affectionate and natural parent. And hens are accused of being the most stupid of creatures.—Correspondence Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

He Didn't Sit It Out.
He was a fragile youth and didn't dance all the dances, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Let's sit it out," he said, to his pretty partner.
"Where?" she asked.
"On the stairs."
So they went up a little way and sat down.
"Wh-why, what's the matter, Mr. Stackpole," cried the fair young girl. For the young man had hastily risen and was grasping for breath. He could not reply. His face was livid; his eyes were rolled up and with one shaking hand he clawed feebly at the skirt of his Tuxedo.
"What kind of attack is it?" she gasped.
At this question his voice came back to him.
"What difference does that make?" he harshly growled. Then, without a word of apology he dashed upstairs and flung himself into the gentleman's room.

And how was she to know that it was an ordinary carpet tack that the man had who canvased the stairs had carelessly left standing on its head?

Oregon Children Wise in Their Generation
Oregon children naturally keep track of commercial and international affairs, for their State has an extensive seaboard and intimate relations with the wheat markets of the world.
A class in geography was reciting in one of the rooms of the Central school-house yesterday, when the matter of the interchange of commerce and natural products came up for discussion and review. After referring to other countries and explaining what kind of articles were shipped to Germany, France and England, the teacher put to the class this question: "What do we send to Spain?"
A number of little hands went up all over the room, indicating a readiness and desire to answer, and the teacher told a bright-looking little girl in the further end of the room that she might tell, and she said: "We send soldiers to Spain."
"Yes, that is true," said the teacher; "but can you tell what we receive in return?"
"We get islands," came the answer promptly from the same little girl.—Portland Oregonian.

The Bachelors of Ancient Rome.
Ancient Rome was severe with its bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines and were subjected to even worse treatment, for it is on record that Camillus, after the siege of Veii, compelled them to marry the widows of those soldiers who had fallen in battle. In the time of Augustus married men were preferred for filling public offices. Romans who had as many as three children were exempt from the payment of personal taxes and they were paid instead by the bachelors. Plato condemned unmarried men to be fined, and at Sparta they were driven at certain times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who chastised them in true military style. In modern times women were sent over to the French settlement of Canada after the men, and in order to compel unwilling bachelors to marry they were heavily taxed.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SPORT.

When chestnut trees are beaten bare, And hickory leaves turn yellow,
When drooping poplars fill the air
With perfume rich and mellow,
We boys steal off in early night,
While whimping screech-owls shiver,
And by the pine-knots flickering light
Go giggling, down the river.

Our blaring horn in crystal waters;
We hear a wild-blown tinkle
Of hidden rills, and through the limbs
Stars peep, and home lights twinkle
On distant hills; and there below,
Where restless weeds are swaying,
A silent circle wends slow,
The muskrat's door betraying.

Alert I lean along the bow,
With slender gig held ready,
While Ben von poles the boat, and now
Stands still, and holds her steady.
The fallen leaves in swarms pass,
Each leaf its shadow throwing,
And which are shadows, which are bass,
Is often just our knowing.

The townsmen, rigged with rod and reel,
When summer sun's are burning,
With anglers art here fills his creed,
Our rustic method sparing.
But each to each his own delights—
No keener sport we're wishing
Than here to try in pleasant nights
Our ancient Indian fishing.

And oft again in wintry dreams,
Our boyish fancies stray,
Guide backward down the darkling streams
Where Memory's treads is playing;
Again the steel is aimed true,
And down young heroes a-quick
Tumble straight down the dashing runs,
When eelgrass on the river,
—William Hervey Woods, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Rose—"Was he on his knees when he proposed?" Mary—"No; but I was."—Philadelphia Bulletin.
"The vane on the church steeple says the wind is East." "Well, that is pretty high authority."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.
Caller—"Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter on the ocean?" Old Lady—"Land sakes, no. She can swim."—New York Weekly.

'Tis now the humble married man
Both grant and swear like a sin,
And carry out his wife's commands
And her dear house plants in.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.
First Billionaire—"Make me rich on the deal?" Second Billionaire—"No; not over a million." First Billionaire—"Oh, well; every million counts."—Truth.
Baugs—"How they applauded!" Griggs—"Yes; probably the man who is speaking is telling them what intelligent looking men they are."—Boston Transcript.

Bobby—"Popper, what is a respectable fortune?" Mr. Ferry—"One big enough to make its owner's opinions on any subject entitled to respect."—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Hoax—"Jones gets a great deal of credit for the way he keeps his family clothed." Joak—"Well, they wouldn't be so nicely dressed if he didn't."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Benham—"Mother tried to commit suicide to-day, but I prevented it." Mr. Benham—"I wish you'd let her have her own way about those little things."—Town Topics.
"No, Herbert, I am sorry, but I am sure we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything." "But my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—London Judy.

Physician (looking into his ante-room)—"Who has been waiting the longest?" Tailor (who had called to present his bill)—"I have, doctor; I delivered the clothes to you three years ago."—Pileggiende Blaetter.
"I wonder," remarked Professor Delver, "if the Emperor William turned up his royal nose when he saw the Mosque of Omar?" "Omar?" echoed Mrs. Delver, momentarily at a loss. "Oh, yes. He was the man who wrote the liad."—Chicago Tribune.

"Minnie" said a mother to her naughty three-year-old daughter, "what is the reason you and your little brother Harry can't get along without quarrelling?" "I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's because I take after you and Harry takes after papa."
They had been talking of the war hero. "When he passed through our town," said the blonde triumphantly, "I kissed him." "Quite likely," answered the brunette, "but I never have found it necessary to take the initiative in such matters."—Chicago Evening Post.

It was with diffidence that he rose to the sentiment. "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," he said, "I am not reminded of a little story—? Of course he was hollered down. A palpable liar has no standing before a cultivated American audience."—Detroit Journal.

He (after being accepted)—"And now, darling, may I just have one kiss?" She—"Will you promise never to ask me again if I let you have just one?" He—"I'll promise not to ask for that particular one again." She—"Oh, well, take it. But I don't see why you want to waste time asking such fool questions."—Chicago News.

The Bachelors of Ancient Rome.
Ancient Rome was severe with its bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines and were subjected to even worse treatment, for it is on record that Camillus, after the siege of Veii, compelled them to marry the widows of those soldiers who had fallen in battle. In the time of Augustus married men were preferred for filling public offices. Romans who had as many as three children were exempt from the payment of personal taxes and they were paid instead by the bachelors. Plato condemned unmarried men to be fined, and at Sparta they were driven at certain times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who chastised them in true military style. In modern times women were sent over to the French settlement of Canada after the men, and in order to compel unwilling bachelors to marry they were heavily taxed.