DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

Ring out, ye bells, your sweetest chimes;
Sing, all ye poets, dulcet rhymes;
Shout loud, ye crowds, in strongest praise;
Shine out, fair sun, in softest rays,
And dance ye rippling waters.
For Freedom's sons will sing a song,
That in a chorus, high and strong,
Shall sounding ring, from sea to sea,
Whose theme of harmony shall be,
America's true daughters.

Oh! they are loyal, brave and true,
And fair the red, and white, and blue,
That in the nation's colors rise,
Shine in their cheeks, and brows, and eyes,
And glow upon their banners.
From ocean shore to mountain crest;
From north, and south, and east, and west;
From all the bright and beauteous land,
They come, a blessing-laden band,
And singing sweet hosannahs.

With cheering words from such a mouth,
As thine, oh! daughter of the south!
And love from such a loyal breast,
As thine, oh! daughter of the west!
The sons can never falter.
And while in north and east shall stand
The earnest, helping, sister band,
Sweet Freedom's day shall know no night,
But ever shall the flame glow bright
Upon the country's altar.

A Tragedy of the Thames.

I.

The two tall standard lamps in Mount's resort on board the Primrose shed a cheerful light on the cosy surroundings. A fire was burning brightly in the grate at the further end, and, to accentuate the sense of comfort, the cold, treacherous stream beneath was lapping and gurgling under the stout bottom boards.

For days the river, swollen by winter streams, had been carrying down great blocks of ice and frozen snow from the upper reaches, and on this particular evening London was smothered in a dense black fog. So intense was it that, looking through the window, it was impossible to see the little wharf light a few feet away.

Silently and suddenly it had crept forward all through the winter's day, gradually enveloping everything, like the visible embodiment of some dreadful plague. Denser and darker it grew as the night closed in; wreaths of it circled and eddied round the dim street lamps; it crept under ill-fitting doors, and through the tightly-closed windows; until even in the snug parlor of the Primrose it made the lights burn less brightly, and the polished metal work glint a little more dimly in the firelight.

"Curious thing," said Mount, breaking a luxurious silence—"curious thing how that fellow Dortheim managed to get away?'

"Eh?" said I drowsily, and waking up; for, to tell the truth, I was half asleep when he spoke. "Oh, ah!—yes, very."

"I heard from Carter's again today," Mount continued. "The police have tried their very utmost; but they simply can't get hold of the faintest trace."

This was apropos of the breaking up of the river swindler's gang, of which Dortheim was the head, some fortnight or more ago. On the information with which Mount and I had been able to supply them, the police had raided Dortheim's store, and effectually broken up the whole crew of them, besides recovering a large amount of stolen property; but Dortheim himself had managed to escape at the last moment through a sliding panel, and got away.

"By the way," I asked, "did they find out where that emergency exit of Dortheim's led to?"

"Yes; it was rather a cute contrivance; it gave into an old-fashioned, disused chimney, with a ladder in it. At the foot of the ladder was a crude tunnel—I should think Dortheim had made it himself—which ran under the road into the block of houses opposite; and once there he was as safe as if he was in Africa. There are hundreds of different exits from the place, so it's little wonder they missed him. But what I cannot understand is how it is that they've heard nothing of him since. It's all very well, you hear people talk and say, that it's the easiest thing in the world to disappear, and that a simple disguise and a little precaution are all that is necessary, and so on. Well, that's all right as long as no one cares twopence whether you disappear or not, if it amuses you so to do. But it's quite another kind of game when you've got the whole of Scotland Yard at your heels simply tearing their hair to get hold of you, when your description, usual haunts, acquaintances and such-like are all duly entered on the official list, and when a slight mistake will end a visit to the hangman."

"I've not yet noticed that Master Dortheim is any particular variety of fool," I interjected. "And as long as there is a way of evading the gentle police, I should imagine Dortheim to be its probable 'inventor.'"

"That's true enough. Give the rascal his due. I grant that the man is as cute a scoundrel as ever breathed, but he must be keeping precious quiet to evade such an exhaustive search as they are making for him."

"What do you think he's probably doing?"

"Well," said Mount, with a laugh, "it may sound absurd, but to tell the truth I am a little uneasy. I believe that the brute is watching a chance to get his knife into me before he makes a final bolt for it. You see, it is practically entirely my fault that he is in all this trouble. Months and months ago quite accidentally I stumbled across the fact of the existence of this man and his company of fellow ruffians. I wasn't on the lookout for him in the very least. It was sheer luck on my part, but ever since then, in nine cases out of ten, I've had the whip hand of him, and, of course, he's feeling pretty sure about the raid of the other day.

"At first he did not know who it was who was working against him, but I couldn't keep in the dark forever, and directly he knew he began to take reprisals, as you saw for yourself when you arrived so happily at Steppings' flat. I admit that it sounds fantastic enough that a man whose life is in momentary danger at the hands of the common hangman should worry himself about anything more than an unobtrusive departure. But you know what vindictive animals some men are; they never forget an injury, and sooner or later they'll have a try at you.

"But it's not only that. Yesterday, as I was coming home rather late, I caught sight of a figure lurking about here that I rather fancy was Dortheim or his twin brother. I gave chase, but, what with my lame leg and the darkness the fellow got away. This morning I had some neat little brass bolts screwed on to the hatchway, and I think I shall have the shutters looked to. I am ashamed to confess that the man is getting on my nerves—he is so duced artful one can never tell quite what he will be up to."

II.

When Mount had finished speaking he sat and stared gloomily into the fire. It was evident that he was weary—more so than I should have expected in a man who was usually pretty well indifferent to danger.

But for real nerve-straining work which makes your courage ooze out of your finger tips, there is nothing like living for a week or two in constant expectation of—you don't know exactly what; when any minute something may spring out of somewhere and take you where you least expect it. You can't give it a name, and you can't quite explain, but the result in the end is loss of nerves.

I felt quite shivery myself as I sat there watching Mount. Everything was so deathly still, and over everything and around everything and through everything there lay that horrible, dark, unclean fog. It lurked in the corners of the place, making the shadows deeper. It got into one's throat and into one's eyes, and depressed one like an evil dream. And as I sat there, listening vaguely, I shuddered; and, remembering Dortheim's face as I had last seen it, I shuddered again.

How long the intense silence had lasted I don't know. It might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour. Anyhow, after a certain lapse of time, I became dimly conscious of a faint, regular noise, like the gentle scraping of a boat's gunwale against the side of the barge as it swayed gently on the tide.

I could not say how long the noise might have been going on, or when it had began. I simply remember that gradually, quite gradually, I became aware of it, and then all of a sudden, with a start, I realized the meaning of it.

Mount's two boats were, I knew, laid up for the winter under canvas on the upper deck, but the noise was unmistakably made by a boat scraping against the barge. And—well, and there was Dortheim!

I leant forward in my chair and touched Mount on the arm. I saw him start convulsively at the pressure; and his farther hand slid into his coat pocket. The man's nerves were positively on the rack.

"Listen!" I whispered, holding up my finger to enjoin silence.

We both sat with strained ears, and there it came again—scrape, scrape! bump, bump!—at regular intervals.

Mount sprang from his chair and crept noiselessly to the hatchway. I followed close behind, having armed myself with a thick stick. Together we crouched in the shadow of the door, while Mount gently slid back the bolts. The door was one that opened outwards, thus affording anyone coming from within partial protection—a fact that Mount has to be thankful for for the rest of his days.

He thrust the door open sharply, and stepped out into the darkness with his arm well to the front, and at that instant there was a crash, a tinkle of broken glass, and something liquid and burning splashed on my hand. I heard a yell of rage from Mount, and saw him spring forward.

"Vitriol!" he said. And with that I, too, sprang out, with my head low and covered by my arm.

Two figures were struggling and twisting in the blackness on the edge of the upper deck. I could hear the hard breathing, and see a confused mass whirling about perilously near the edge, but which was friend and which foe I could not make out at first. As my eyes got accustomed to the darkness, I saw that Mount had got one hand twisted in his assailant's collar, while with the other he held the man's left wrist high in the air.

III.

Dortheim—for he it was—was fighting like a demon. I could see his broad shoulders heave and strain with every movement. But Mount was mad with rage and pain—a considerable quantity of the vitriol had splashed over him, and he was in horrible agony from the burning acid; and so the two swayed backward and forward, so closely intertwined that I could not render assistance.

Presently Mount shouted: "Knock it out of his hand, Lascelles! Knock it out of his hand! My leg is giving!" And then for the first time I realized why it was Mount struggled to hold his adversary's hand so high. Dortheim had got a second glass bomb filled with vitriol, and Mount daren't release his grip.

I made a grab at the man's arm, intending either to make him leave go or break his wrist. But just as I did so I heard a cry from Mount, and saw him go down. His wounded leg, which had burst out bleeding afresh had given under him. Dortheim's arm naturally jerked back, and I missed my hold. At the same instant he gave a horrible scream, and, putting his hand to his eyes, fell head foremost into the river below.

I heard his body strike a projecting corner of the lower deck. There was a splash and in an instant he was whirled away out of sight into the black fog.

With a word to Mount I hurried to the boat, which I found moored to the stern, and casting loose pulled frantically down stream, but after ten minutes it was evident that there was no chance of finding him alive or dead in that inky darkness—in fact, it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to get back to the barge in safety.

Mount had escaped permanent injury by a miracle. As it was, the acid had scarred his temple and hands badly, but owing partly to the fact of the door opening outward and partly because he had naturally emerged in a stooping attitude (the doorway being a low one), the full charge had missed his face, and, beyond the awful pain at first, he was comparatively little damaged.

Dortheim's body was picked up the next day in a fearful condition. How it happened exactly I cannot tell, but I imagine that the sudden release of his wrist caused him to grip the frail glass vessel so tightly that it broke, and the acid fell straight on his upturned face, blinding him instantly. I shall never forget the poor wretch's screams as he fell. It may have been retribution, but it was none the less horrible, and I can't think of it without shuddering.

However, such was the death of one of the cleverest scoundrels of the period, and the leader and organizer of Dortheim & Co.—Answers.

TAXES IN THE CONGO STATE.

Nothing Is Free in This Country, Apparently, but Fever.

A report on the Congo independent state issued by the British foreign office gives a striking description of the universal taxation system in existence there. A new settler in the country, having traveled by rail as far as the railway line is open, requires porters, but before he can engage any he must pay for a license. When provided with that he forms his caravan, and every load in it pays its special tax. For the navigation of the upper river beyond Stanley Pool he needs a steamer, on which another impost is levied. This vessel cannot go more than a day without renewing its fuel. There is an abundance of it in the forests, and it benefits the timber to remove the dead wood. A license to take it, however, has to be paid for. Not being always able to land directly from the steamer, the settler needs a rowing-boat and is taxed for that as well. Ashore again, he finds himself wanting a house. He must build, but he has to lease his plot from the state and pay according to measurement. For building, timber is required. He has to cut it himself, but is taxed all the same at so much a log. Aware of there being no skilled workmen in the place, he has taken a few up with him from the coast. For leave to make use of them in state territory he is taxed according to their number, and if he employ any of the aborigines to assist in the work there is a payment due on them also. In respect of the finished house, a tax is levied proportionate to the surface it covers, although he has paid already for the entire plot. A necessary adjunct to a tropical house is a detatched kitchen. That carries another tax. The settler must pay again on a hut for his domestic servants and on all his shelters for his live stock of every description. In fact, it is a common saying that nothing is free in the country except fevers.—New York Post.

Didn't Study How to Retreat.

Ever since the troops popularly known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders were recruited the soldiers composing it have been diligently drilling and studying military tactics and maneuvers. Aboard the transports on the way to the Cuban coast this drill work was kept up. Captain Allyn K. Capron, who lost his life in the encounter with Spaniards in ambush, was instructor of the officers in their studies on board. His work in that capacity was characteristic. He found fault with the many provisions in the book of tactics relating to retreat. Too much forethought as to what to do "in case of retreat" he believed had a bad effect upon the men. "If you go into action you want to go in to win," he said. "I have heard officers say in the presence of their men that soldiers cannot live in the face of a direct fire from the modern rifle. You had better impress upon your men that the only way for them is to charge through, and to charge through it quickly." This sentiment met with Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt's approval and indicated precisely the policy that was followed when the men actually came under Spanish fire a few days later. The American soldiers did magnificent work because they had been training and preparing for just such an emergency as confronted them and because they possessed the bravery and coolness to execute in the face of danger the maneuver that had been planned in advance.—Chicago Record.

Why Sampson Joined the Navy.

Admiral Sampson's selection as a naval cadet is reported to have been in a great measure due to his mother. The family lived in Palmyra, N. Y., and was poor, the father being a laboring man, who earned the larger share of his support by sawing wood. The elder Sampson objected to having his son enter the navy. The mother, however, is credited with firmly remarking: "Let us show the world that we have one son who is able to do more than carry a sawbuck."

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Design With Low Square Neck.

In this design by May Manton maize-colored wool challie dotted with rings of black is stylishly trimmed with narrow black satin ribbon gathtop. Over the shoulders from the edge of the square-cut waist double epaulettes are arranged by gathers at the top to stand out stylishly over the sleeve puffs.

This charming style can be made up to wear with separate guimpe, the

GIRL'S DRESS.

design providing the outline for the low, square neck and short puffed sleeves. One or both of the epaulettes may be omitted or they can be made of ribbon to match the sash.

The mode is suitable for any kind of ribbon on one edge and put on in evenly spaced groups of three rows on skirt and waist.

Sash of maize taffeta ribbon diagonally striped with lines of black and finished with maize silk fringe.

The pretty blouse waist is arranged over a lining fitted with single darts, under-arm and shoulder seams, closing in centre-back. The yoke is applied and the lining may be cut from underneath if so preferred. The front and back are gathered top and bottom, being fitted with short shoulder and under-arm seams and arranged in soft, becoming blouse fulness at the waist. The sleeves are two-seamed, a full Empire puff being set on at the of material in silk, wool or cotton, and lace or embroidery, insertion, braid or gimp may be used for decoration.

To make this dress for a girl of eight years will require three yards of material forty-four inches wide.

WOMAN'S BASQUE.

A Gracefully Rounded Basque.

Cadet-blue broadcloth is shown in the large engraving, stylishly decorated with black silk braid in two widths. The graceful rounded basque will call forth the admiration of all who admire severe styles. It is a decided revolt from the blouse, and is rendered less trying than the tailor modes by the bretelles that finish in pointed revers at the waistline. The faultless adjustment is by double bust darts and under-arm gores, the curved centre-back seam and the side forms in the lining serving as a foundation for the smooth, seamless back. The smooth back can be omitted and the lining portions covered with the material if a back width seam is preferred. The basque closes in centre-front, the vest portion being included in the right shoulder and under the bretelles, closing over on the left, where it is secured with hooks and loops. The neck is finished with a standing collar that closes at the left side. The two-seamed sleeves, slightly full at the top, are mounted over fitted linings, the band of wide braid at the wrists having a scroll of the narrow on top to correspond with the rest of the decorations.

To make this basque for a woman of medium size will require two yards of material forty-four inches wide.

A Revival in Shawls.

There is to be a revival in the fashion of using lace. It is appearing everywhere. Old-fashioned lace shawls, in both white and black, are being used over colored linings for wraps. The shawls are not cut, but fall in natural folds from the shoulder back. Lace gowns are gaining rapidly in popular favor. Irish lace of every description is much worn, both in making up entire gowns and in trimming. A pretty lace gown has a skirt of black Chantilly over black satin that falls in a graceful demi-train. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a ruching of black and white chiffon. The bodice is of black accordion-plaited chiffon, bloused over white chiffon. There is a tall stock of black velvet and a narrow black velvet ceinture.

A Famous Woman Painter.

The usual way in which Mme. Henriette Ronner, the famous cat painter, works is by placing a cat in a glass case made for the purpose, with cushions which invite the animal to assume a natural position. What is more remarkable is the fact that one never sees a cat in her house. Whenever Mme. Ronner wants to paint one she has a model brought to her.

A Clever Woman.

A young woman, Miss Estelle Reel, of Wyoming, has been appointed Superintendent of Indian schools, and will have the honor, it is stated, of being the first woman, outside of the Postoffice Department, to receive an appointment confirmed by the Senate. As Superintendent of Public Instruction in her native State, she has acquired familiarity with school matters, and has done good work.

Li Hung Chang's Wife's Many Frocks.

The wife of Li Hung Chang is said to possess 2000 frocks, and has half that number of waiting women in attendance upon her.

Black Velvet With Ruffles.

Ruffles of silk or net, finished with black velvet ribbon, are seen in a great many of the new skirts.

The Fashion in Petticoats.

The newest petticoats for everyday wear are of silky-looking checked alpacas. Petticoats of colored lawn, pink, cream, blue, lilac, green and red are sold to wear under muslin frocks. They are made in various degrees of elegance. Some have a single wide frill at the foot, others are ornamented with three ruffles, while still others have tiny tucks, ruffles and bands of lace insertion.

Garment For a Growing Boy.

No garment worn by the growing boy is more thoroughly comfortable and satisfactory than the blouse. The model shown is well suited to flannel of all sorts, light stripes being correct for warm weather wear, dark, plain colors for present use in the gymnasium or in the ball field.

The fitting is accomplished by shoulder and under-arm seams only and the closing is effected by means of buttons sewed to the edge of the right-front and button holes worked through the center of the box-plait which finishes the left. The sleeves are one-seamed and comfortably loose. The fulness at the shoulders is collected in gathers

BOY'S BLOUSE.

and seamed to the arm's-eyes. The wrists are finished with straight-stitched cuffs seamed to the edge of sleeves. At the neck is a sailor collar simply finished with machine stitching. At the lower edge is a casing through which an elastic band is run.

To make this blouse for a boy of eight years will require three yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

The Russian scepter is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments 268 diamonds, 360 rubies and fifteen emeralds.

Training Cavalry Horses.

Every horse enlisted in the army has to go through a course of instruction just the same as every recruit. It is important, therefore, writes Gilson Willetts, in Leslie's Weekly, that the horse as well as the cavalryman shall understand his business. The animal is given a lesson in running round a central point, with a rope tied to his neck. Balky or unruly, he is strapped and thrown to the ground. Later he is taught the various gaits, is given a course in trotting and galloping. Following this, he is given bending lessons, how to passage right to left, how to turn on forefeet, and so on. In the drill the movements of the cavalry horse must be like machinery. He must be like a circus horse, understanding every command of his master. Another interesting feature of training a horse is to make him lie down when commanded. In battle, horses are used by the cavalrymen as breastworks. When a horse will lie down when commanded the most difficult part of the training process is over.