(SONG OF THE BOER WOMAN.)

Mary.

The huts were riddled through and riflethrough with round-shot and riffe-bullets, and the escapes from death were so miraculous that Lieutenant Long twice had the men assembled

-Where can we trekk to more?

Trekking! trekking! think you we love not our home?

Think you my father prized not the farm of the yellow loam?

And mother—I see her weeping beside my brother tall,

Turning and gazing northward beyond the mountain wall.

The cattle—they seem to be standing dumb in a brute despair

With a longing look at the pastures—they feel the trekk in the air!

Even old Yok seems broken—he turns from the tempting bone—

I see him there in the corner, manlike, brooding alone!

Sou a wolf at the sheep?

Trekking! trekking! trekking! we have trekke agair!

The king! trekking! trekking! we have treke agair!

The king! trekking! trekking! trekking! we have treke agair!

The doors of the northward veldt are closed—the doors of our heart are strong—

They shall ope their lock to a brother's knock—but not to the threat of wrong!

There is the gun your father bore when he climed Majuba's hill—

The land is ours—the land is ours—to you got at the dawn, you say, my son? Yes—go at the dawn, my son!

—John Jerome Rooney, in New York Sun.

crockery.

Meanwhile, the men kept up their

Meanwhile, the men kept up their

"Hold spirits with music and dancing. "Hold the Fort," with a strictly local application, was a favorite chorus, and the men invented a version of the famous Jingo song:

her escape from being crushed in the ruins was marvellous. But she must

needs, woman-like, go back to rescue her "things," and expressed truly feminine sorrow to find her best bon-

net smashed as flat as a pancake, and only one cup, two saucers and a couple of plates left of all her cherished

We don't want to fight; but, by Jingo, if we We've got the pluck, we've got the men, and ammunition, too, We've fought the Zuiu king and Sekekuni,

too. And the Boers shall never get into Fort

And they never did, though they tried their utm st to drive out the gallant defenders with cannon and rifles, and, what was worse, "Greek fire" shot in metallic tubes into the thatch of the roots. Perhaps if the Boers could only have summed up courage to make a determined assault while the huts were blazing and half the garrison occupied in putting out the flames, they might have captured the fort. But they did not care to meet the stubborn defenders of Fort Mary hand to hand. So they contented themselves with potting at the gallant fellows who fearlessly exposed themselves who fearlessly exposed. fellows who fearlessly exposed them-selves in their efforts to extinguish the fire. Those efforts were successful, though they cost the lives of two brave men who could ill be spared. But the garrison were not content

with standing only on the defensive. They made plack little night sorties, which scared the Boers considerably and caused them some loss. Twice Conductor Parsons of the Army Service Corps sallied out alone in the dark and pitched hand grenades in among the enemy, which produced a p rfect panic among them. There was a vigorous sapping and mining, too, on the part of th Royal Engineers, who made it lively for the besiegers.

Then the water ran short, A pint a day for each man was all that could be suggested and this was tarribly short.

be spared and this was terribly short rations of drink in the hottest month of an African summer. At last the of an African summer. At last the rain, which for many weary hours they had watched deluging the hills around, condescended to visit them, and then they had rather more water than they wanted; for, the huts being all roof-less since the fire, there was no shelter from the pitiless downpour. The soldiers, always eager and anxions to protect Mrs. Long. rigged up a tarsoldiers, always eager and anxions to protect Mrs. Long, rigged up a tar-paulin screen to shield her from the rain when sleeping; but, despite their

care, she often woke up drenched.

The news of the disasters at Laing's Nek and Ma uba Hill was, of course, promptly communicated to them by the enemy, accompanied by a per-emptory summons to surrender. But Lieutenant Long, though badly wounded himself, with his faithful wife nursing him night and day, sent wife nursing him night and day, sent back the curt answer: "I shall hold out to the last." And the men, looking at that brave woman so patient and cheerful under her terrible load of anxiety, set their teeth hard and swore the Boers should never have Fort Mary while there was a man left to

handle a rifle.

"And ever on the topmast roof the "And ever on the topmast roof the old banner of England blew." At first, indeed, it was but a merchant ship's ensign. How they hoisted a real union-jack I will let Mrs. Long tell in her own words:

"Our ship's ensign had become,

what with the wind and what with the bullets, a perfect shred; moreover we were anxious to hoist a real union-jack. A Geneva flag was discovered, but though sufficient red and white were forthcoming to complete the crosses, no blue was to be found. Nothing dannted, the men came to me to inquire if I possessed such a thing as a bit of dark blue for the new flag. and, to their delight, I gave them a serge dress of the desired color. A beautiful union-jack was very soon made and hoisted, instead of the first."

On the 24th of March the Ro On the 25th of March the Boers kept up a furious cannonade and fusillade all night. But the next morning, to the surprise of the garrison, a white flag was hoisted over the enemy's lines, and under its protection Lieutenant Baker of the Sixtieth Riffes brought them the humiliating news that neace then the humiliating news that peace had been concluded with the Boers. So the gallant defenders marched out from the riddled and battered little fort which for 84 days they had held

against ten tim s their number. against ten tim s their number.
Mrs. Long was so thin and pulled
down that her friends in Lydenberg
hardly knew her. The Boers cheered
her heartily as she passed them on
her way into the town, and their commander, Piet Steyne, treated her with the utmost courtesy. Indee l, such a chivalrous gentlemen was this gal ant Boer that he sentenced one of his men to 25 lashes for shouting out during the siege: "Come out, Mrs. Long. and make us some coffee; we are so cold." At the same time he threatened double the penalty if any further in-sult were offered to the English lady.

Lieutenaut Long and his men we e publicly complimented in a general order "for their successful and heroic defence." But I am disposed to think that the largest share of the praise was due to the brave woman who set them so noble an example.—Chambers's Magazine.

Long twice had the men assembled for a special thanksgiving service con-ducted by Father Walsh. On one oc-casion a cannon-shot struck the wall within an inch of Mrs. Long's head and covered her with dust and debris. Another time the hut in which she lived came down about her ears, and

the Victims of Insominia—Wakefalness a Means of Grace.

(Copyright, Louis Riopsch, 1900.]

Washingto, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talimage treats of a style of disorder not much discoursed upon and unfolds what must be a consolation to many people; text, Psalms ixxvii., 4, "Thou holdest mine syes waking,"

Sleep is the vacation of the soul; it is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of the muscles and the solace of the nerves; it is the bash of activities; it is the soft curtaining of the eyes; it is a trance of eight hours; it is a calming of the juses; it is a breathing much slower, though far deeper; it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares; it is the loctor recognized by all schools of medicine; it is a divine narcotic; it is a complete anæsthetic; it is an angel of the hight; it is a great mercy of God for the human race. Lack of it puts patients on the rack of torture, or in the madhouse, or in the grave. O blessed sleep! No wonder the Bible makes much of it. Through sleep so sound that a surgical incision of the side of Adam did not waken him came the best temporal blessing ever afforded to man—wifely companionship. While in sleep on a pillow of rock Jacob saw a ladder set up, with angels coming down and climbing. So "He giveth His beloved isleep," solloquized the penimist. Solomon listens at the door of a tired workman and eulogizes his pillow by saying, "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet." Peter was calmly sleeping between the two constables that night before his expected assassination. Christ was asleep in a boat on Galilee when tossed in the euroclydon. The annunciation was made to Joseph in sleep, and death is described as only a sleep and the resurrection as a glorious wakening out of sleep.

On the other hand, insomnia or s'eeplessness is an old disorder spoken of again and again in the Bible. Ahasuerus suffered from it, and we read, "In that night could not the king sleep," Joseph Hall said of that ruler, "He that could command a hundred and seven and twenty

Notion describes this trouble and says, "Neither day nor night seeth he sleep with his eyes." Asaph was its victim, for he complains in my text that his eyes are open at midnight, some mysterious power keeping the upper and lower lids from joining, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

joining, "Thou holdest mine eyes waking,"
Of course there is an uprighteous sleep, as when Jonah, trying to escape from duty, slept in the sides of the ship while the Mediterranean was in wrath because of that prophetic passenger; as when Columbus in his first voyage, exhausted from being up many nights, gave the ship in charge of the steersman and the crew, who, leaving the management of the vessel to boys, went to sleep and allowed the ship to strike on the sand banks of St. Thomas; as when the sentinel goes to sleep at his post, endungering the whole army; as when the sluggard, who accomplishes nothing the day before he went to sleep and will accomplish nothing the day after he wakes, fills up Solomon's picture of him as he yawns out. "A little sleep and a little slumber and a little folding of the hands to sleep." But sleep at the right time and amid the right circumstances, can you imagine anything more blessel? If sleep, according to sacred and profane literature, is an emblem of death, the morning to all refreshed slumberers is a resurrection.

Remark the first: If you have escaped the insomnia spoken of in the text, thank God. Here and there one can command sleep, and it comes the minute he orders it and departs at the minute he wishes it to go, as Napoleon when he wrote." Different aftars are arranged in my bed as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought I close the drawer which contains another. They do not mix together or inconvenience me. I have nev r been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of mind. When I wish for repose I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always sleep when I wanted rest, and almost at will." But I think in most cases we feel that sleep is not the result of a resolution, but a direct gift from God. You cannot purchase it. A great French financier cried out, "Alas, why is there no sleep to be sold?"

Remark the second: Consider among the worst orimes the robbery of ourselves or others of this mercy of slumber. Much

nor a Lord Brougham. Let not the absurd apotheosis of early rising induce you to the abbreviation of sleep. Get up when you are sleep tout unless circumstances compel otherwise. Have no alarm clock making its nerve tearing racket at a o'clock in the morning, unless special reasons demand the forsaking of your pillow at that hour. Alost of the theoretes about make a great ado was a constitute of the decrease and the constance of the constance of

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE B! THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Capacity to Sleep—It is the Poor Man's Blessing—Words of Comfort For the Victims of Insomnia—Wakefulness a Means of Grace.

(Copyright, Louis Riopsch, 1903.]

WASHINGTON. D. C.—In this discourse.

Remark the fifth: Let all insomnists

when you get bat thee or four hours of sleep as when at night you get eight or nine hours.

Remark the fifth: Let all insomnists know for their consolation that some people sleep more rapidly than others, as much in one hour as others do in two, and hence do not require as long a time in unconsciousness. In a book on the subject of health years ago I saw this fact stated by a celebrated medical scientist: Some people do everything quick—they eat quick, they walk quick, they think quick, and of course they sleep quick. An express train can go as far in thirty minutes as a way train in sixty minutes. People of rapid temperaments ought not to expect a whole night to do the work of recuperation which slow temperaments require. Instead of making it a matter of irritation and alarm he a Caristian philosopher and set down this abbreviation of somnolence as a matter of temperament.

Remark the sixth: The aged insomnists should understand that if their eyes are held waking they do not require as much sleep as once they did. Solomon, who in knowledge was thousands of years ahead of his time in his wondrous description of old age, recognizes this fact. He not only speaks of the difficulty of mastication on the part of the aged when he says, "The grinders cause because they are few," and of the octogenarian's caution in getting up a ladder or standling on a scaffolding, saying, "They shall be afraid of that which is high," and speaks of the whiteness of the halt by comparing it to a tree that has white blossoms, saying, "The almond tree shall flourish," and speaks of the spinal cord, which is the color of silver, and which reliaxes in old age, giving the tremor to the head, saying, "The silver cord be loosed." But he says of the shall frie in head waying, "The silver cord be loosed." But he says of the head, saying, "The silver cord be loosed." But he says of the aged, "He shall rise up at the voice of the bird;" that is about half past 4 in the summer time, an appropriate hour for the bird to rise, for he goes to his nest

deal of sleeping in their time and that if
they do not sleep so well now as they used
to it is because they do not require so much
sleep.

Remark the seventh: Insomnia is probably a warning that you had better moderate your work. Most of those engaged
in employments that pull on necessary rest
and sleeplesaness calls a halt. Even their
pleasuring turns to work. As Sir Joshua
Reynolds, the great painter, taking a walk
with a friend, met a sun browned peasant
boy and said, "I must go home and deepen
the coloring of my infant Hereales." The
sun browned boy suggested an improvement in a great picture. By
the time most people have reached
middlife, if they have behaved
well more doors of opportunity open before them than they ought to enter.
Power to deeline, power to say "No,"
they should now cultivate. When a man
is determined to be useful and satan cannot dissuade him from that course, the
great deceiver induces him to overwork
and in that way get rid of him. We have
thermometers to tell the beat, and barrometers to tell the air, and ometers hung in
engine rooms to tell the pressure of steam,
and ometers to gauge and measure almost
everything. Would that some genius
would invent an ometer which, being hung
around the ne-k and dropped over
heart and lung, would by the pulsation and respiration, tell whether one
is under too great pressure or might carry
more. All brain workers would want such
an ometer and want it right away. For
the lack of it how many are dying and how
many have died of overwork? A prominent
financier who recently departed this life
was an officer of pressure or might carry
more, of lawyers, of physicians, of
merchants, of elergymen, are now dying
of overwork. Do not be in the board of
directors of more than three banks and
life insurance establishments. Do not
as pastor preacu more than three banks
and got olour public dinners where you
will be called to make a speech more than
four times a week. Do not go so deep into the real estate business that before
spring all tho real est

insomnia ought to be consoled with the fact that they will have a good, long sleep after a while. Sacred and profane literature again and again speak of that last sleep. God knew that the human race would be disposed to make a great ado about exit from this world, and so H- inspires Job and David and Daniel and John

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

It Stings—Since the Craze For Strong Drink Has Been Diagnosed by Ex-perts as a Disease Many States Have Passed Laws to Treat It as Such.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings.
—John Pierpont.

Law For Inebriates.

Since inebriety has been recognized officially by some States as a disease laws have been passed for the treatment or cure of inebriates. In a few States the law provides that they may be committed to the hospitals for the insane. In Vermont they may be placed in such institutions or in private institutions for the cure of drunk enness. Massachusets has a State institution for the treatment of such cases. Pennsylvania authorizes the countles to establish hospitals in connection with the work houses and to commit all inebriates for a course of treatment of from six months to two years, the indigents at the expense of the county.

In Michigan and Wisconsin indigent inebriates are committed at public expense to some private asylum, the commitment in the former State being for not more than thirty days and the cost of treatment in the latter not to exceed \$130.

In Louisiana the judge of the district court, upon the application of the relatives of an indigent drunkard who has lost the power of "reasonable self-courtoi," may commit him at the expense of the parish to some institution for treatment, provided that it will agree to cure the inebriate at a cost not to exceed \$100. California has authorized certain counties holding lands reserved for the purpose to build hospitals for the inebriate. Minnesota has provided for the commitment of drunkards to such a special department of the State Hospital for the Insane and also authorizes the county judge to commit drunkards to such a special department at a cost not to exceed \$100. New York Press.

Old World Thirst on the Increase.

List year the population of the British Isles drank a gallon of whisky per head, besides a vast amount of liquors in other forms. Our cousins drink entirely too much, and their wise men are telling them so. Moreover, they are not getting better, but worse. The London Lancet says, that within twenty years the deaths of men from chronic alcoholism have increased eighty-two per cent., and of women 145 per cent. Diseases due to alcohol have also increased very seriously, especially among women. This is much the same story that is told of France, Beigium and other continental countries. What alls the old world that its thirst is o uncontrollable? Tales of this sort tend to make us patient with the teetotalers. Great Britain derives an enormous revenue from rum, and doubtless every true British patriot drinks many times a day to the extension of the empire, but it looks as if there might come a day when the extension of the empire, but it looks as if there might come a day when the extension of British subjects with alcoholic beverages will not avail in the long run for the spread of British power.—New York Life.

Begin on the Boys. Old World Thirst on the Increase.

Begin on the Boys.

Begin on the Boys.

The Milwaukee Citizen's view on drunkard reformation is as follows:

"To reform drunkards," is a mistaken line of temperance effort. What the drunkard needs is the fool-killer rather than a temperance society. When a man has gotten drunk half-a-dozen times before his thirtieth year he is not only a hard subject to spend effort upon, but in nine cases out of ten he is a useless subject. Let him alone. Let the drunkards kill themselves off.

off.
"The drunkard has no right to impose "The drunkard has no right to impose his case upon the temperance society and ask it to neglect worther purposes for the sake of saving his precious body and sout. It is better to give the pledge to one boy than to ten drunkards.

"The best charity towards the chronic beggar when he asks for alms is to kick him. The best charity towards the drunkard is to hope that he may repent and die before he sins again."

Drink a Menace in Winter.

Drink a Menace in Winter.

At this season of the year, when the proprietors of different brands of intoxicating drinks, who, a few months ago were advertising their poisons as protection against the dangers of hot weather, are now advertising them as a sure fortification against the winter's cold. The advocates of temperance should miss no opportunity of reciting to their friends and neighbors the testimony of such competent witnesses as the great successful Arctic explorers, who are a unit in their assertion that drink is not an aid to the human system in resisting intense cold. It is a notable fact that both Nansen and Peary, the most successful of all explorers, totally repudiate and condemn the use of intoxicants; while the only explorer, whose testimony, so far as we can discover, has ever been recorded in their favor is poor Greeley, whose expedition was one of the most tragic failures of Arctic history.

'Vitality Depends Largely Upon Habits." In Albany, N. Y., when the cholera prevailed in 1832, there were 5000 members of the temperance society there, and only two of them died; while there were 331 deaths among the 20,000 who were not members, or more, than eightly for every 5000, forty times as many as among the temperance people. "Vitality depends largely upon habits; good habits increase it, bad habits waste it."—Presbyterian Banner.

Anti-Alcoholic Serum Announced Anti-Alcoholic Serum Announced.
Two French doctors, Sappelier and Thebault, recently announced to the Academic du Medicine that they had, in colinopration with M. Broca, a chemist, discovered and experimented with a specific serum against alcoholism. The serum is extracted from the veins of a horse primarily rendered alcoholic by artificial means. It appears that the serum confers on dipsomatiacs an unconquerable distaste for alcoholic drinks.

The Crusade in Brief.
Whisky as medicine, means whisky as

naster.
Striving to save drunkards, will not atone or making them.

When the churches tackle the drink roblem in real earnest it will soon find a

If we had a million tongues, we would cry: "Save the children from the curse of alcohol."

A good citizen has no right to assist in maintaining a traffic whose fruits are necessarily evil.

If you want a cool head and a clear brain keep clear of the saloon.

The saloon makes more criminals than the church makes converts. If we had a million pens every one of them would write: "Train the children to banish the drink flend."

A State Young People's Christian Temperance Union for Iowa, was recently organized at DesMoines, Iowa.

A three-mile liquor law forbids all rum selling within that distance of the Iowa State Agricultural College, at Ames.

'All the members of the new London (England) School Board are pledged to maintain the existing arrangements for temperance teaching in the schools

(Song of the Boer Woman.)

Prekking! trekking! trekking! will never the trekk be done?

Will never the rest, will never the home be won, and forever won?

Are we only as beasts of the jungle afoot for the fleeing prey—

With a lair in the bush at midnight—on the veldt, a trackless way?

Ever the word is "onward"—ever our white train goes

Deeper and deeper northward beyond the grasp of our foes—

Deeper and deeper northward our fathers went before—

Deeper and deeper northward our fathers we followed His call:

The laind He promised is ours to keep—is ours forever to keep—

Every late the lain of the veldt is closed—is closed.

Will never the velding! trekking! trekking! trekking! we have

A Heroine at Lydenberg.

AN EPISODE IN THE TRANSVAAL WAR OF 1880-'81.

BY W. WILMOTT DIXON.

One forgets many things in 18 years, and probably the story which I purpose retelling here is forgotten by catholic priest who had elected to call except the surviving actors in it and their immediate friends. But the memory of such a signal instance of British pluck should not be allowed to die.

Christened Fort Mary, in honor of Mrs. Long, and Father Walsh, a Roman cast in his lot with the little garrison, formally blessed it.

An envoy from the Boers, Dietrick Muller, appeared, on the 27th of December, with a proposal that the gar-

On Sunday, the 5th of December, 1880, the little town of Lydenberg, in the Transvaal, was in a state of un-wonted excitement. The whole population was out in its Sunday best to give a hearty send-off to the Ninety-fourth regiment, which had been quartered there for many months and was now ordered to Pretoria. Both officers and men had made themselves extremely ropular with all cleases. extremely popular with all classes, and the expressions of regret at their departure was universal. Numbers of the inhabitants accompanied the regiment on its way for five or six miles. One lady and gentleman— ing him in sole command of the troops left behind - a responsible position for a youngster of barely two-and-twenty.

As the lieutena t and his wife turned their horses' heads and bade farewell to their comrades, Colonel Anstruther called out:

"Good by, Mrs. Long! Look after Long, and mind you're a good little adjutant. Good by, Long! Look after my garden for me; remember I expect to find it in as good order as I leave it."

Both the colonel and the lieutenant

were enthusiastic gardeners.

As the regiment tramped past, Mrs. "Good by, Ninety-fourth! God bless you!"

And the men shouted back:

"Good by, our indy! God bless you, Mrs. Long!" was a last farewell for many of them, though they little thought it;

for a fortnight later Colonel Anstruther and more than half his men were killed at Bronkhorst Spruit. Out on the open veldt, about ha'f a mile from the town, were eight milimile from the town, were eight military huts, each 50 feet long by 18 feet wide, built two abreast, with an intervening pice of 30 fee, the whole forming a parallelogram 78 yards in length by 20 in breadth. At the first rumor of disaffection among the Boers, Lieu e and Long resolved to withdraw his men into these huts, and throw up some kind of shelter round them, for up to this time they stood without the slightest enclosure and utterly unpro-tected. The force under his com-mand consisted of 50 privates and three non-commissioned officers of the privates and a conductor of the Army

Service Corps—in all, including Dr. Falvey of the Army Medical department and Lieutenant Long himself, 64 officers and men.

Mrs. Long, who had been living with her husband in a pretty little cottage embowered in roses and fruit trees at the lower end of the town, without a moment's hesitation decided to leave her comfortable home

and take up her quarters with her husband. Her many friends in Lydenberg tried in vain to dissuade her from he step. She was offered a warm velcome in half a dozen houses; but the brave little woman said that her place was beside her husband. So the oldiers brought her belongings from the pretty cottage to one of the huts. showed their admiration for her pluck by taking the greatest pains in making her quarters as tasteful and comfort. as possible. There was, how-but scant accommodation for a ever, but scant accommodation for a lady in the hut assigned to her, which sheltered under its roof three horses (whose every movement was distinctly audible) besides herself and her hus-

On the 16th of December they be gan throwing up works of defence round the huts, and Mrs. Long delighted the men by working as hard as any of them. On the 23d of Decem-ber the appalling nows reached them of the massacre of the Ninety-fourth at Bronkhorst Spruit. But, stunned though they were by the terrible tid ings, they set to work more vigorously than ever to complete their defeaces. When the tinv fort was fin shed it was

cember, with a proposal that the garrison should surrender and accept a safe-conduct into Natal. His surprise safe-conduct into Natal. His surprise at the youthful appearance of the commandant of the fort was great. "Dat younker!" he exclaimed in contempt. But "dat younker" was not so green as Mr. Muller imagined. He suggested writing to Pretoria for instructions. Muller consented, and Lieuteunant Long thus cleverly gained a delay of five days, which he utilized in very materially strengthening his defences.

On the 4th of January the Boers appeared in force, some 700 of them, and formally demanded surrender of the fort, to which summons the young subaltern returned the spirited reply: subaltern returned the spirited reply: "It is inconsistent with my duty as a soldier to surrender my trust " urgent appeal was once more made by Mrs. Long's friends in the town to induce her to quit the fort and take up her residence in one of the many homes placed at her disposal. But she

stoutly refused. toutly refused.

Two day: iterwards the attack commenced. For three hours and a half menced. 700 Boers kept up a continuous rifle-fire upon the little fort at a range of 500 yards. In her own charmingly modest and simple narrative, Mrs. Long thus describes her feelings when 500

she first found herself under fire: she first found herself under tire:

"I must humbly confess that during the first hour of the firing I was dreadfully frightened, and took refuge under a table, for its imaginary shelter. Father Walsh, entering the hut at that moment, with his beviary in his hand, to look for me, and not finding me, as he expected called me. ing me, as he expected, called me. lifted the table cover and poked my head out, saying, 'Here I am, Father! My position struck me as so lu licrous

that I burst into a hearty fit of laugh-ter. Not till 4 p. m. was I able to as-certain that, notwithstanding the ter-rible tire of the last four hours, not a man had been wounded. My hus-band, knowing how auxious I should be as to his safety, looked in as often as he could to cheer me."

as he could to eneer me.

But she very soon overcame these
natural terrors, and got so used to the
firing, even when the Boers brought a couple of caunon to bear on the that she frequently slept right through

the cannonad .

What with tending the sick and wounded, and making sandbags, sometected. The force under his command consisted of 50 privates and three non-commissioned officers of the Ninety-fourth, seven privates and a sergeant of the Royal Engineers, three a girl, alone among 60 man fighting privates and a sergeant of the Royal Engineers, three a girl, alone among 60 man fighting for their lives against ten times their number! What wonder that the men fought like heroes with this dainfily bred England lady sharing all their dangers and setting them an example of patience and courage and cheerful-ness. She admitted that at first she felt the absence of any of her own sex keenly. But the soldiers were so devo ed to her, so delicate in their solicitude and consideration for her, that she soon lost the sense of loneliness.

One day a strange messenger arrived, a little black-and-tan with a piece of paper folded in a rag tied round its neck. It was a communication from some friendly townsfolk informing them that the quarreling among themselves, furious with Dietrick Muller for being such a fool as to allow the English those five days to complete their defences; and adding, as a hint, that the defenders of the fort were firing too highwhich hint, I need hardly say, was quickly taken. quickly taken.

The garrison had nothing in the shape of a gun with which to meet the fire of the two-pounders that the Boers Long suggested to one of the army service men that the "monkey" of an Abyssinian pump which they had might perhaps be utilized. The tdea was promptly seized upon and ingeniously carried into execution; and the Boe s were very much amazed when a cylin brical shot weighing two pounds six ounces, formed of round crowout iron cased in lead, came crashing in among them. "Mrs. Long's gan," as it was christened, proved a very valuable addition to the armament of Fort

Of course there is an uprighteous sleep,

cannot purchase it. A great French inancler cried out, "Alas, why is there no sleep to be sold?"

Remark the second: Consider among the worst crimes the robbery of ourselves or others of this mercy of slumber. Much ruinous doctrine has been inculcated on this subject. Thomas Moore gave poor advice when he said, "The best way to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night." We are told that, though they did their work at night. Copernicus lived to be seventy-three years of age, and Galliel seventy-eight years, and Herschel eighty-four years. Yes, but the reason was they were all star hunters, and the only time for hunting stars is at night. Probably they slept by day. The night was made for slumber. The worst lamp a student can have is "the midnight lamp." Lord Brougham never passed more than four hours of the night abed, and Justinian, after one hour of sleep, would rise from his couch. But you are neither a Justinian nor a Lord Brougham. Let not the absurd apotheosis of early rising induce you to the abbreviation of sleep. Get up when you are slept out unless circumstances compel otherwise. Have no alarm clock making its nerve tearing racket at 4 o'clock in the morning, unless special reasons demand the forsaking of your pillow at that hour. Most of the theories about early rising we inherited from times when people retired at 8 or 90 o'clock in the even-