WHAT SAID THE WIND?

BY ALDIS DUNBAR.

(Her thought.)

The wind is waving all the trees,
They whisper in the sun;
And ever through the sweet warm grass
The wayward shadows run.
Oh, turn you here, or turn you there,
The thought will not away—
That love comes as the wind comes,
And none may say it nay.

(His thought.)

The wind is scattering the leaves,
The clouds rush up the sky;
The vagrant snow flakes find no rest,
But whirl and toss and fly.
And still thought wanders with the wind,
Returning but to say:
"Oh, love goes as the wind blows,
And none may bid it stay."

—Ainslee's Magazine.

A WISH FULFILLED.

BY LAURA ELLEN BEALE.

BOTH were silent for a few moments, Bessie biting her lip in vexation, while the young man walked along with lowered head, dejection apparent in every movement. At last he said:

"Bessie, you seem to think that I continue to ask you to marry me for the sole purpose of annoying you, but it is simply impossible for us to be as you suggest. I love you too deeply to live near you always and be merely your friend. I want you for my wife, and will try very hard to make you happy. Bessie, dear, won't you put aside all that foolish nonsense and say you will marry me?"

"No, no, Harry," the girl said petulantly. "I have told you over and over that I am not ready to marry any one, that I want to see a little more of life before I settle down. I like you, of course, more than anybody else, but I don't think I love you."

"Bessie, do you love any one else?"

"Now, that is absurd! You know I don't! How could I? I have never seen a dozen young men outside of the town boys. Then, besides, haven't I gone everywhere with you ever since we were children?"

"Yes," responded Harry, "and I always thought you would marry me when we grew up, and now you have a silly idea about romance or some other tomfoolery. What do you want a fellow to do, Bess? We can run away and get married if you say so."

"Nonsense!" replied the girl. "What would be the use of that, when your parents and mine are only waiting for us to come to an understanding, as they express it, before buying a farm for us? Oh, it is just too humdrum for any use—always living in the same town, always going together, never quarreling, with absolutely nothing to make life worth living."

"Well, Bess, I might make love to Clara Martin or Minnie Butler, and give Hal Burns or some of the rest of the boys a chance."

"Don't trouble yourself to make love to any other girl, just to give Hal Burns a chance with me," Bessie said somewhat stiffly, "for I have fully decided not to marry any one in Potosi, unless he can do something out of the ordinary, something heroic, to show his love——"

"Oh," interrupted Harry, "I might set fire to your father's house, so that I could rush headlong into the flames and save you, or I might bribe old Bob to tip the boat over the next time you go fishing, so I could jump into the water, catch you by the hair and drag you to the bank. But suppose my plans should miscarry, and the hired man should precede me into the burning building and rescue you, or, worse still, that baldheaded old Jeed Blunt should prove the best swimmer, and I should arrive just in time to see you, all dripping and fainting, in his arms, while it became my duty to save black Bob. By Jove, Bess, I believe you'd marry that old skinflint, just because he had proved himself a hero and saved your life."

"Don't be silly, Harry," laughed Bessie. "Do be serious."

"Serious! I never was more so in my life. Come, Bess, promise me before you go away, won't you?"

"No, Harry, I will not be engaged to any one before I visit Aunt Sue. But as soon as I return I will give you my final answer."

"Well," sighed the young man, "I shall have to be content with that, but I do hope you will have done with all this romantic nonsense when you come back."

A few days later, when the young girl left her home for a visit of several weeks in the Far West, a sad hearted young man lingered a few moments on the station platform, gazing wistfully at a black speck fast disappearing down the valley.

This was their first separation, and Harry strolled back toward the business section of the little town, feeling strangely depressed.

As Bessie waved her hand in final adieu to her father and Harry she experienced a sudden feeling of loneliness and regret at leaving her playmate and lover. But her attention soon became diverted to the other passengers in the car, and she began to speculate upon their possible destination.

She noticed a valise and umbrella on the opposite seat of her berth, and as no one had yet appeared to claim them, she grew curious as to the owner.

After the conductor had examined her ticket and berth check, and there seemed nothing more to do, Bessie took off her hat, and, making herself as comfortable as possible, became interested in the passing scenery. A couple of hours had elapsed when a young man, whom she had not before seen, came out of the smoking compartment and sauntered slowly down the aisle. He was a handsome fellow, his travelling cap, pushed jauntily back, and one hand in his pocket, giving him the appearance of a college student, Bessie thought.

She was surprised that she gave a perceptible start when he sat down opposite her, opened his valise, and taking out a magazine, began idly turning the leaves.

Half unconsciously she studied his features. Suddenly she became aware that the eyes were regarding her intently, with a somewhat peculiar expression. Bessie crimsoned violently, and to cover her embarrassment, hurriedly caught up a novel she had discarded a short time before. As she did so the train lurched suddenly and the book fell from her grasp to the floor. She stooped quickly and her head came in sharp contact with the head of the young man, who had also stooped to recover the volume.

Bessie exclaimed "Oh!" and the young man's "Beg pardon!" sounded explosive to mean something else.

Both looked uneasily at the passengers in the opposite berth, who had seen and heard the collision, and the look of polite amusement on their faces caused the young people to glance quickly at each other, when with one accord they all burst into a hearty laugh.

The acquaintance thus begun progressed rapidly, and by the middle of the afternoon the two were chatting like old friends.

Bessie learned that the young man was Frank Preston, who owned a stock farm near Denver, but spent only part of each year on the ranch, the rest of the time being devoted to travel.

The time passed all to swiftly. Bessie declared mentally that she had never spent two happier days in her life.

What a pleasant young man Frank was! He was so different from Harry. Of course Harry was jolly, and the life of every gathering in Potosi, but he was not like this man, who had been everywhere, it seemed, and who knew so much of the world.

Then, too, he was not at all backward in showing his admiration for the girl's beauty, and she thrilled with pleasure at this new experience, as she was unaccustomed to such open admiration as shone from the young man's eyes.

His eyes were lighter than Harry's; she hardly knew what color to call them; while Harry's were the deepest blue, fearless and steady, the stranger's often shifted uneasily.

As the time drew near for Frank Preston to leave the train at Arco, the station nearest his ranch, Bessie was conscious of a peculiar sinking of her heart. In trying to analyze the sensation, she blushingly wondered if it could be caused by love. She was not certain, but at least she had not experienced anything like it at leaving Harry. A momentary silence which had settled upon the new friends was rudely broken by the conductor.

"Arco! Arco station! All out for Arco!"

In saying good-bye a moment later, Frank held Bessie's hand clasped tightly in his, and when he asked permission to call upon her in Denver, she gladly gave it.

He came even sooner than she had hoped. In fact, he came many times during the next few weeks, and two months glided swiftly on in a constant round of pleasure, the young people, with Bessie's aunt and uncle, taking many delightful trips to Manitou, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, and other places of interest in the vicinity.

Into the midst of this enjoyment there came one day a telegram calling Bessie to the bedside of her mother, who had become suddenly very ill, so all else was forgotten as hasty preparations were made for the departure of Bessie and her aunt that same evening.

It was not until the very moment of boarding the train that Bessie thought of sending a telegram to Frank Preston to meet them at Arco station to say good-bye, but it was then too late to do so. Sleep that night was impossible. She was continually thinking of how happy she was on her other trip over that same road. What a jolly time they had after their acquaintance began "head first," Frank had said, and she smiled at the recollection.

Suddenly there seemed to be a commotion in the car. For an instant the girl lay still, wondering what those rude voices meant. She was brought to an uncomfortable realization of the cause of the disturbance when some one exclaimed in no gentle tone:

"Yes, dig up your money and watch and get a move on you, too."

Th car was in the hands of train robbers!

Bessie was almost petrified with fear, but she put out her hand to arouse her aunt just as some one said:

"None of that! Kindly hand it all over."

The voice sounded strangely familiar; where had she heard it? She had no time to determine, for at that instant the curtain was pulled roughly back, and a lantern (held by the conductor, who was compelled by the robbers to go ahead and wake up the passengers), flashed in the face of the girl and her astonished aunt, who had no idea what was occurring.

Bessie mechanically reached under the pillow for her watch; as she did so the robber, who held a revolver in one hand, impatiently put up his left hand to adjust the black calico mask which had slipped down a little and Bessie caught a glimpse of his face. What she saw caused her to cry ——

"Why, Fran——" She did not finish the sentence; she had fainted.

The man had snatched the watch from the girl's hand, at the same time demanding her purse; when she spoke he half turned, his face close to the lantern, then, with one quick glance at the girl, who lay in a swoon, he half threw it upon the bed, and was turning away when the sharp report of a pistol rang out.

An old man from Denver, who occupied the bert. next to Bessie and her aunt, hearing the commotion, had guessed its import, and hurriedly taking a revolver from his valise, partially emerged from his berth, just as the second robber, who was guarding the train men, immediately discovered him and fired, killing him instantly.

The robbers at once commanded the conductor to pull the bell rope. He did so, and as the train slowed up they sprang off and quickly disappeared in the darkness, followed by a futile volley of shots from the now thoroughly aroused passengers.

When Bessie recovered consciousness she found the passengers in the wildest state of excitement, and her horror and indignation knew no bounds when told of the brutal murder of the poor man whose bravery cost him his life.

She experienced a feeling of relief, however, when she learned that it had not been the man who was collecting the money and other valuables, but another—a taller one, who had fired the shot with such terrible effect

The girl was filled with a sickening dread and bitter humiliation as she thought of Frank. Not so many hours before she was actually wondering whether or not she loved him, almost deciding that she did.

How she had been deceived! She knew now that she had but allowed herself to be dazzled by his compliments and flattered by his attentions, but love had taken no part in the affair, and it was with shame that she remembered having compared him with Harry.

Yes, he was different, and she was glad. But how dare she think of Harry—so good and true? She was entirely unworthy of him, and it would serve her only as she deserved if, during her absence, he had found pleasure in the society of some girl more worthy of him than she, who had been so vain and silly.

A telegram to Bessie's aunt at Chicago brought the happy news of the great improvement of Bessie's mother, and when the train reached Potosi her father was there to meet them with the glad tidings of sure and speedy recovery.

Harry, too, was at the station and found an opportunity to ask in a whisper:

"Bessie, have you decided?"

The almost inaudible "Yes, Harry," sent the blood from the young man's face, leaving him very pale.

"Am I to be happy at last, Bess?" he asked.

The glance which she gave him, even when she said, "Not now, Harry, please," brought the color again to his face, for he knew she had decided in his favor.

Bessie's relatives were greatly alarmed when it became known that she and Aunt Sue were in the midst of that daring "hold up." They thought it extremely fortunate that no loss had been sustained, even Bessie's watch having been accidentally dropped on the bed instead of going into the bag of the robber carried for that purpose.

Several days passed before the papers reported the capture of the train robbers, but neither was taken alive, one having been killed while trying to escape from a farmhouse, the other shooting himself in order to escape death in the flames, his shelter having been fired by the sheriff's posse.

This man was described as handsome Dick Powers, who always dressed well, was well educated, and had every appearance of a gentleman. He was known by several aliases, and had been often seen in Denver.

After a few days, about a week after her return to Potosi Harry said:

"Bessie, can you not give me your final answer now, as you promised? Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Harry," she said slowly, "if you are still willing to trust your happiness in the hands of one so romantic and foolish as I."

When, a few moments later, she managed to escape from the embrace and kisses which threatened to smother her, she said:

"You have had your wish, Harry, for I certainly have had all the romance I want."

"But, Bessie, darling, you could hardly call a train robbery romantic," he replied.

"No, not exactly," she answered. "Yet that had something to do with my cure."—Waverley Magazine.

Nuts as an Article of Food.

Nuts, which not so long ago were regarded as the special property of squirrels and small boys, are coming to be considered more and more as essential articles of staple diet. As a result, the nut production of this country is increasing. The almond is useful not only as a part of the nut and fruit course, but can be added with advantage to any apple or fruit mixture, either cooked or raw. "Bettys," Charlottes, turnovers and even pie and sauce are often improved by the powdered nut. For invalids to whom sugar is barred almond meals or pastes form an important addition to the bill of fare. These preparations are made into breads, biscuits, crackers, blanc mange, etc.

The peanut is valued for its nourishing properties, containing as it does more nitrogenous matter than meat or eggs. Freed from its oil and ground, it is used for bread, or with the oil becomes useful as a butter. Pecans, almonds and walnuts are used largely for confections.

Effect of Rain on People.

Have you ever noticed the effect of rain upon people in our busy streets? The slightest drizzle seems to addle their brains. In clear weather they manage to keep to the right, passing without discomfort and jogging; but as soon as the water begins to fall they lose the sense of direction, and you will find them swerving all over the sidewalks as a tired horse swerves in the homestretch. They will bump into you in spite of all you can do. Truck drivers go mad in a slight downpour, and even the horses are affected. Gripmen and motormen become fit candidates for insane asylums. The streets become congested for no apparent reason. In crossing them men and women rush, dodge, spring this way and that, stoop, back and fill until confusion is worse than confounded.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

A Considerate Wife.

"The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her letters a week or so ahead, to allow her husband time to mail them."—Indianapolis Press.

OHIO'S SERPENT MOUND.

SAVING ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS.

Why Harvard College Has Deeded It to the State Archaeological and Historical Society—Mound Erected For Ceremonial and Symbolical Purposes.

By a recent vote of the Harvard corporation the Treasurer of Harvard College has been authorized to deed to the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society the Serpent Mound Park which for the last fourteen years has been in the custody of the Peabody Museum in Cambridge, thus restoring to Ohio the ownership of the most remarkable and famous of the thousands of monuments of the ancient mound builders which exist within her borders.

The great Serpent Mound lies in the Township of Bratton, overlooking Brush Creek, about seven miles from Peebles, the nearest railway station. It had been noted with wonder by the first settlers, but it was not until 1846 that it was measured and described by Squier and Davis, who published a report with drawings from surveys in the first volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." The two explorers had found the site of the mound covered by a forest. Thirteen or fourteen years after their visit a tornado swept directly along Serpent Hill, practically sweeping the forest clear. This led to reclaiming the land for cultivation, but by 1883 it had relapsed again to a state of nature and was overgrown with sumach and briars.

In that year Professor Frederick W. Putnam, curator of the Peabody Museum and Peabody professor of archaeology and ethnology at Harvard, visited the spot in the course of a trip which he was making through Southern Ohio for the purpose of examining some of the best known of the ancient monuments for which this part of the State is famous throughout the world. He was able to make arrangements with Mr. Lovett, the owner of the land, to have the site cleared of underbrush, so that for the first time in years the extraordinary character and grandeur of the Great Serpent was apparent to visitors.

It has been reckoned that no less than 13,000 mounds and earthworks, built either by the Indians or by the so-called "prehistoric" inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley, are included in the State of Ohio alone. But the advance of cultivation, the cupidity of seekers after the buried treasures which are popularly supposed to be hidden under many of these works, and in some cases pure vandalism, have put many, including, of course, some of the most important, in jeopardy. An example of this last kind of destruction is to be found at Marietta, where two great embankments, famous among students of American archaeology, have been partly destroyed—one having been built upon and in part leveled, and the other made into bricks. The destruction of the Marietta works seems all the more to be regretted on account of the contrast which it offers to the enlightened wisdom of the pioneers, who, acting under the direction of the famous Rufus Putnam, had made the two embankments to form an avenue which they named in the classical fashion of the day, the Via Sacra.

Visiting Adams County again in 1885 he found that its destruction was inevitable, unless immediate measures were taken for its preservation. He was able to secure a contract with the owner that it remain intact for a year, and a price for the absolute purchase of the land was agreed upon. Going back to Boston, he enlisted the aid of Miss Alice C. Fletcher, well known for her notable contributions to the knowledge of Indian life. Miss Fletcher, meeting in Newport a few Boston ladies, appealed to them for support with so much effect that in the winter of 1886 a private circular was issued, with the indorsement of the late Francis Parkman, the historian of the West, calling for subscriptions. As a result a sufficient sum, amounting to about $6000, was secured to buy such land as seemed to be required for the purpose in view, and to take steps for the preservation of the Serpent, with provisions for making thorough excavations in the immediate neighborhood. In the end some seventy-five acres of land along the pike leading from Peebles to Hillsborough were purchased, and the whole, under the name of the Serpent Mound Park, was transferred to the keeping of the Peabody Museum in trust.

This movement not only saved the Great Serpent itself, but was the occasion of stimulating increased interest in the preservation of the archaeological remains of Ohio in general. The General Assembly, at the suggestion of Professor M. C. Read, of Hudson, passed a law in 1888 exempting from taxation lands in the State on which are situated any prehistoric earthworks, and which may have been or may hereafter be purchased by any person, association or company for the purpose of preservation of said earthworks, and are not held for profit, but are dedicated and open to public use as prehistoric parks.

Professor Putnam immediately began work to put the mound and the new park containing it in a suitable condition as a public pleasure ground. The convolutions of the serpent were outlined by gravel paths, so that visitors could be led from end to end without injury to the monument itself. In the southwest corner of the park a pleasant picnic ground was arranged, with a spring of water protected by a substantial springhouse. A well-built road leads diagonally across the park, and the whole was put under the care of a competent keeper. The present transfer to the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society is in accordance, of course, with the principle that wherever possible historical sites are more appropriately cared for by a local society. When the Peabody Museum took over the property there was no such society available.

Serpent Hill, as one looks up toward it from the cultivated meadows on the hither side of Brush Creek, rises steep and wooded to a height of nearly 100 feet. It is crescent-shaped, following the bend of the river below it, and the bold turn to the northwest is crowned by a sheer cliff of bare rocks, which slopes to a point like the nose of some monstrous animal. On the back of this rocky spud is the serpent itself, opening its huge jaws as if to swallow the great hollow oval or egg before it. The body winds in broad, graceful curves down to the coiled tail at the end.

It seems to be generally agreed by archaeologists that the mound was erected for ceremonial and symbolic purposes, and was not connected with the idea of sepulture. In the centre of the egg-shaped oval is a heap of stones showing the effect of fire. This altar (if such it is) was once much larger than now, having been broken up some sixty years ago in some search for buried treasure. The oval is 160 feet long by eighty feet wide, and about four feet high. From the end of the oval to the tip of the tail is a distance of 496 feet in an air line, but 1348 feet if measured from the end of the oval to the neck of the serpent and then along the convolutions of the body. From the tip of the upper jaw to the end of the tail the serpent itself measures 1254 feet. The average width of the body is about twenty feet and its height along the head and body from four to five feet.

The Peabody Museum in Cambridge retains a memorial of its now terminated connection with this great monument of the past in the shape of a very beautifully executed model of the park which it formerly owned, done by Ward's natural science establishment in Rochester, N. Y., under the supervision of Professor Putnam from surveys by C. Cowen. It measures six feet six inch by four feet eight inches. The contour of the land is shown most interestingly in green, with its forests and cliffs and cultivated land and Brush Creek flowing through the whole. A duplicate of this model has also been procured for the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago.—Chicago Times-Herald.

HOW THE EYE IS DECEIVED.

Electric Fan's Motion Overcomes That of Another—Seems to Revolve Slowly.

A remarkable optical illusion may be seen in the United States Census Office in Washington, and to the person witnessing it for the first time it is unexplainable and most puzzling.

In the east end of the great building are two electric ventilating fans; they are placed in the walls of the north and south sides near the ceiling; they are about two feet in diameter and revolve at the rate of about 3000 revolutions a minute in opposite directions as they face each other, thus carrying the heated air from the room and permitting fresh to enter at the several entrances.

Being in a direct line with each other, one can look from and through the rapid revolving fan at the south end to the one at the north, and it is this that gives the illusion, for the far fan seems to slowly, seems to be traveling at the rate of only a few revolutions a minute, while the nearest one is whirling so rapidly that it is impossible to follow it with the eye.

By moving the head in a circular path from right to left the farthest fan seems to stand still, but it also seems to have double the number of blades that are known to be there.

The effect is altered if the motion of the head is reversed, for then the far fan seems to have doubled the original motion, and by moving the head in different directions the blades dance around in a most uncanny fashion.

The weird effect is still more heightened when one looks through the aperture between the edges of the near fan and the wall in which it is set, for from this viewpoint it is at once seen that the fan is traveling as fast as the near one.

The explanation is simple. The fans are traveling in opposite directions, and the motion of the near one overcomes that of the far one. Were they traveling the opposite direction in the walls their motion would be synchronous and no illusion would appear, only half as fast as the far one the latter would appear to revolve only half as fast as it really does, but being on the same circuit, and traveling at the same relative rate of speed, the explanation given is the true one.

Thousands of persons have witnessed the illusion, yet not one has offered thus far an explanation, and so complete is the deception that there are few who notice it at all unless their attention is called to it, when they realize that the fans are both going at like rates of speed. A slow motion would be of no avail to draw out the vitiated air of the great room, and a glance at the far fan through the aperture mentioned will instantly convince one of the tremendous speed of both.—Philadelphia Press.

Sprinkling Streets in Switzerland.

While Bern boasts of a lumbering sprinkling cart that would do justice to the middle ages, the ordinary method of laying the dust is very primitive. Men are employed who first fill with water a large oblong metal arrangement shaped like the baskets used for carrying wood and open at the top. One side of this can is flat so that it can be strapped to the operator's back. At the bottom is a stopcock and a rubber hose which has a sprinkling nozzle at the end and when ready the watering man marches down the street swinging the rubber hose to right and left, impartially sprinkling the dodging pedestrians as well as the street in his wild, flapping energy. The supply generally lasts until a fountain is reached, when the can is unstrapped and refilled for the next course.—Correspondence Chicago Record.

King Leopold as a Sailor.

King Leopold of Belgium is a good sailor and a thorough yachtsman. The king remains on deck during the worst storms, when all the other passengers, officers of the royal household and invited guests seek refuge in their cabins. Lately the king's yacht, the Alberta, had to remain twelve hours at sea to avoid the danger of a lee shore. The sea was so bad that even some members of the crew got sick and discouraged. The king remained on deck and cheered them up. On board his yacht Leopold speaks familiarly in English with all his sailors who are Englishmen, for he sails under the British flag. Two footmen and a cook always accompany the king on his cruise.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' RISKS.

Julian Ralph Admits That Their Lot Is Not Without Its Drawbacks.

Julian Ralph confesses in the Century that he has been converted from the opinion that the life of a war correspondent is not a dangerous one.

"Just before I went to the war in South Africa I was asked by the editor of a London magazine to write about war correspondents and their work. What I wrote was in criticism of those of my occasional comrades who appear to fancy it a clever thing to put themselves in danger of death on the battlefield, and who afterward write about one another's sensational performances, as if these reflected glory upon them and their profession. I have not changed my mind about the behavior of those who try to share the experience of the private soldier, thus bringing themselves to his rank, and needlessly jeopardizing their usefulness to the public in flat violation of the trust reposed in them by their employers. I have since been the companion of a man who honestly believed it his duty to share battle elbow to elbow with the private soldiers, in order, as he said, that he might know the temper of the "Tommies" and the conditions under which they were fighting. My opinion remains the same, not because this brave gentleman was disabled in the very first battle, and had to leave the war, but because he is not a man apart from those I criticise—a born soldier, first of all, and a modest, sober, earnest workman, who never took or asked for credit beyond that which his published reports gained for him.

"But I believe that in the London magazine I said it was not necessary for a war correspondent to incur danger on the battlefield. I have altered that opinion. It makes me laugh at myself when I put side by side the view I then held and the experience I have since gained.

"To return to the artist who wanted nothing but a chance to do his duty. He succeeded at Belmont, but at the battle of Graspan, after establishing himself in a nice, safe and commanding position, he found himself, in half an hour, amid such a hail of bullets that it seemed as if all Boerdom had concentrated desire for slaughter. He lay still with becoming dignity, and found himself alive at the end of the fight—alive, and resolved, with all the strength of his will, never again, while he lived, to mix his body up with fly ing bullets. At Modder River, in some manner which I have forgotten, he was suddenly pursued by shells and flying shrapnel, and made his way out of that danger, only to find himself under such Mauser fire that the bullets came in ropes. It was fun to hear him talk about the duty of correspondents after this second experience. To begin with, his was a round, chubby face, lit by steady, gray eyes, and he had a way of merely mentioning his own experiences, incidentally, with a gravity too droll to be either described in words or listened to without merriment. He canvassed the corps of correspondents at short intervals, and reported to each one that all the rest were pleased with him never to get under fire again.

"And then came the fight at Magersfontein.

"There was the advance in black and rainy night, then the grayish threat of dawn, then the terrible fusilade from the Boer trenches at the Highlanders, only a few rifle-lengths away. After that the panic, the confusion confounded, the awful dropping of scores upon scores of dead men, the reeling of over so many wounded, the stampede to the rear, the shouting of the officers trying to restore order. And, finally, there was the artist, tousled, mudstained, breathless, but still with the same round, cherubic face, and the same grave, well-considered speech. He was coming out of the jaws of death. He had been in the thick of the fight, which, for a minute or two, daunted the tigers of the British army."

Telegraph Poles Often Grow.

An account was published recently, and copied from a paper made by the Sun, of growing telegraph poles. It is not unusual for stakes or poles planted green in the fall to sprout and grow foliage the next spring. There is a fine instance of this in Queenstown Creek, Queen Anne's County. The intricate channel from Chester River to the steamboat wharves at Queenstown is marked with green chestnut and poplar stakes cut from the woods and planted last fall. Some of them budded and put forth foliage in the spring which is growing into branches, and on a few of them blossoms were noticed. As it is impossible for the stakes to root in the creek mud this summer, growth will perish with the season, never to return.

Sometimes, but very seldom, a stake or pole cut from a tree and set into the ground roots and makes another tree. There is a fine example of this on Harmon K. George's farm, Locust Neck, in Talbot County. Some years ago locust posts in the ground were used in building a post, cap and rail fence. The end of each post was sharpened to go through the whole in the cap. From one of them a sprout put out below the cap. The sprout became a twig, the twig a branch, which became a limb, and is now grown into a large, umbrageous locust tree. Of course, roots put out from the end of the post in the ground. A tree can be grown from the twig of almost any of the poplars except the Lombardy. In rail and rider fences the riders planted green on the ground green are often found to bear leaves, but they seldom grow.—Baltimore Sun.

Dutch Cheese at Paris Exposition.

Dutch cheese of various kinds was seen at the Paris exposition. The spiced Leyden cheese, Gouda sweet-milk cheese, the well-known Edam, was there. But all these varieties are now made by the farmers of South Holland just as well as in the places from which they take their name. The farmers of Budegraven had a cheese exhibit at the exposition, which for variety and excellence can vie with the products of the better-known localities. Budegraven has now a larger cheese trade than any other district of Holland, the output last year being 50,970 pounds. Chese generally is estimated by the carload.

A BACHELOR.

Who collars all my scanty pay,
And with my little plans makes
Who says Mamma has come to st

Who takes away my easy chair
Because "it has no business the
And only says she doesn't care?

Who says she hasn't got a gown,
And wants to put the horses do
And thinks we'd better live in to

Who commandeers my only bac
Returns him with a bad sore back
And says the little beast is slack

Who thinks that I must ride a
And makes me do what I don't li
And tells me if I don't she'll st

And when I'm feeling sad and lo
Who sympathizes with my woe
And softly breathes, "I told you s
NO C

PITH AND POINT.

Waiter—"Here, sir, is the b and the drink of water you w the bouillon is in this cup."—Fli Blaetter.

"He has always run his b like clockwork." "Yes, and no creditors have wound it up."— delphia Bulletin.

"You're not half as stout a were, Billy." "No; we've move a flat, and I just had to get thin dianapolis Journal.

"Is young Mr. Dibbins a man social discernment?" "No; every he calls on me he takes my p chair."—Chicago Record.

The Bachelor—"Single blessedn a good thing." The Benedict— isn't double blessedness twi good?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who'll make a brand-ne
Feel easy as the old,
Or make the old look good as new,
Will gather lots of gold.
—Philadelphia

Askit—"Is Loafer a lazy Tellit—"Lazy? Why, he has kil much time he is ashamed to clock in the face."—Baltimore A can.

"Well, Daisy, shall we pay the rent or give a dinner?" "Why, the dinner, of course! What goo paid-up house rent do us if we lo social position?"—Life.

Burglar (suddenly confronted policeman)—"Hello! here's a cop." liceman—"Don't let me interfere. not on duty to-night. Just dropp to see the cook."—Boston Transc

Though he asks her, "Wilt thou b
wife?"
And not another thing,
This damsel hems and haws as if
She were being asked to sing.
—Detroit Jo

He—"Have you done as I a Elise, and saved some money month?" She—"Oh, yes; I spo the grocer and asked him not to in his bill till next month!"—Flie Blaetter.

Mrs. Highblower—"How quiet little boy is, Mrs. Slimson! Re model youth." Willie Slimson—" mother told me not to say anythi embarrass you while I was here I haven't dared to open my mou Smart Set.

House Owner—"You didn't pa rent last month." Tenant—"No? I suppose you'll hold me to your a ment." Owner—"Agreement — agreement?" Tenant—"Why, wh rented you said I must pay in adv or not at all."—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

No Help From the Father.

"When I was new in the busi said a public school teacher, "I to bother the parents of my sc at times when I should have act my own book. The result was of a character to make me cur moment when I had taken it in head to invite the boy's father t classroom. Once, when I taug one of the toughest neighborhoo town a boy unloaded on me so the worst English to be heard o Bowery. Being green in the bus I first blushed and then flew i passion. But the boy only contin sneer, and speaking out of the c of his mouth, he went on abasin in the most approved gutter fashion. I was wild. I thoug asking for the boy's discharge found it impracticable. There quite a labyrinth of red tape through, and the result was any but certain. A confrère, who w green as I was, suggested that I to the boy's father. I did, and th fellow—a tough looking Irish called the very next day. mornin', teacher,' he said. 'It's a t'ing I'm out of a job and got de to speak to ye. Well, sorr, you me to give Billie a lickin', don't I said yes, explaining the situ Then the old fellow looked me grinned and answered: 'An' I sa feller as calls himself teacher know how to give a boy a lickin ain't earnin' de wages de city's p him. Good-by, sorr.'"—New Commercial Advertiser.

A Defense of the Cat.

"The idea that cats, out of cr play with a mouse before killing a mistake," observed a cat fanc the writer recently. "If you what I say just notice what ha when a cat catches a sparrow o other small bird. The bird i played with, but slain at once. I cat tried any game with the spa though wounded, could easily away. But a mouse cannot esca that way, so the cat practices the unfortunate little animal a va of experiments in order to kee powers as a hunter up to the m That is why it so frequently give mouse a chance of running away the harder the task it sets itsel more will its skill be improved. cat did not take such lessons sionally it would soon become a ond-rate mouser."—Washington S

They Were Fond of the Mule.

An amiable mule named Jim ha years been employed in a coal mi Dalton, Ohio. The mine boss decided to transfer Jim to an mine. Four hundred miners obje and struck work. Until the mu returned to the scene of his fo labors, the miners refuse to ha pick or shovel.

The Girl to Freeze On To.

Whenever you see a girl at a that none of the men are talkin you can generally bet she knows to bake good bread.—New York T