

THE LIBERTY BELL.

Lo! At its coming how all men rejoice—
A ringing chorus swells!
For once it spoke with Liberty's own voice—
This bell of bells!

It's tongue made heroes in the days of old,
And still, as dear as then,
Its deathless story to the ages told
Makes patriots of men!

And in its presence, swift from stand to stand
Resound the bugle notes,
O'er its triumphal journeyings through the land
The flag of glory floats!

And the wild rivers dashing to the deep
Still echo loud and long,
And all their silver waves in glory leap
To one immortal song!

One soaring song of liberty and life
That was and is to be
Till tyrant flags are trampled in the strife
And all the world is free!

All hail our country! In high grace she stands
Nor fears the war-drum's beat,
The sword of freedom in her holy hands—
The tyrant at her feet!
—P. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE TWO CAPTAINS.

BY TOM HALL.



O the king,
"To my king."
The toasts, though
slightly different,
were uttered simultane-
ously. The scene was the
broad veranda of a South
Carolina plantation,
not fifteen miles
from the famous
city of Charleston;
the time was the
early autumn of 1781; while the
characters were a young captain of His
Majesty's artillery, a portion of which
was guarding the city of Charleston,
and a young woman in perhaps her
twenty-second year. A famous beauty
was this Miss Phoebe Poindexter,
and a most captivating picture she made,
in the eyes of the captain of artillery,
as she sat thumping the keys of her
harpsichord. The latter was a hands-
some young man, apparently thirty
years of age, with a perfect air of
good breeding and evidently of some
grace, for he had just finished a solo
on the flute to the accompaniment
of the young lady.

"The fact is, Miss Phoebe, I hardly
know what I should do with myself
were it not for the possibility of rid-
ing out here to spend an occasional af-
ternoon with you—or should I say,
both in gallantry and truth, every af-
ternoon with you? The town is sim-
ply too dull for a soldier now that Lord
Cornwallis has taken the major part
of our army with him in his chase after
the rebel Greene."
"And what do you think, captain,
are his chances of capturing General
Greene?"

"Oh, the chances are perfect, my
dear Phoebe. They are as good as
secured, according to our dis-
patches, at the battle of Guilford
Court House, and so badly demoral-
ized that they ran from the field like
sheep. Indeed there is no necessity
for further pursuit. Greene is starv-
ing up there in the mountains of
North Carolina and will surrender at
discretion in the course of a week or
two. His defeat and reduced cir-
cumstances will be the ex-
cess, but the real reason
will be British gold. You remem-
ber, of course, our success with their
General Arnold. Well, after a man's
ambition has been killed, he will not
fight in any cause with neither food
nor pay. And that is the dire ex-
tremity to which Greene has been
forced by the glorious success of His
Majesty's arms. My Lord Cornwallis
has turned north and in a month will
have defeated and captured that little
boy of a Frenchman, La Fayette.
With their armies of the South and of
the Centre defeated, he will move next
spring upon the only remaining army
of the rebels, that under the miscra-
neous Washington. It will be a short
campaign, a battle, a rout, a pursuit
and then peace—and with peace will
come its delightful handmaiden, love.
And then—then, Mistress Poindexter,
I shall have the honor of claiming you
for a bride, of selling out my commis-
sion and living the quiet life of an
English country gentleman for, I hope,
the rest of my life."

"A charming arrangement of events
for yourself, my dear Captain Webb!
But I must say it appears to me as
though General Cornwallis's movement
into Virginia is more like a retreat
than the advance of a victorious and
conquering army. And as for Gen-
eral Greene, they say that he is not only
harassing General Cornwallis at every
step of his northward movement, but
has detached his cavalry and a portion
of his riflemen to reconquer the Caro-
lina and Georgia."

"On what utter nonsense do these
misguided colonists feed their despair-
ing hopes!" answered the captain.
"Why, it would be no more ridiculous
for you to assure me that a detach-
ment of Marion's outlaws were here,
surrounding this very house, and that
I was in danger of becoming a prisoner
to them, as to—that was that?" The
captain jumped hurriedly from his
seat and grasping the railing of the ver-
anda in front of him for support,
looked anxiously up and down the
road that ran in front of the old planta-
tion.
"It seemed to me most like the
winding of a horn," said the lady,
calmly.

"And, by my faith, I heard the gal-
loping of horses and a short com-
mand," continued the captain, ex-
citedly.
"Inside, inside, captain, as you value
your liberty," said the lady; "I saw
a mounted man in a uniform there in
the bushes just now, and I know the
uniform well."
"And the wearer?"
"Yes, the wearer."
"Then it is a detachment of Mari-
on's outlaws indeed. Ha, I will be an
agreeable prize for Captain Pickens.
An interesting meeting between two
rivals it will be, indeed! I must be
saved, madam, or your own loyalty
will be put in question."
"And, pray, what can I do?" asked
the girl, drawing herself up to her full
height and looking at the English officer
with scornful and indignant eyes.
"You can tell them that there is no
one concealed in your house. He
will never dare to doubt your word."
"You would have me tell a lie to
save you—me, the woman you pretend
to love and wish to make your wife?"
"It is a case of necessity—quick,
they are approaching on all sides.
They have been informed. It is a
trick!"
"Where will you hide?" asked the
girl, with an insulting emphasis on
the word "hide."
"You will tell them that no one is
concealed in the house?"
"I shall tell them nothing but the
absolute truth—be quick."
"Then there is but one place where
I will be safe," answered the captain,
"and there only if he be a gentleman."
Saying which, the captain darted up
the stairs and entered Miss Poindexter's
own chamber.
He had no more than closed the
door when a lithe, athletic young officer
in the partisan cavalry leaped over the
railing of the veranda and stood,
embarrassed and hat in hand, bowing
before the young mistress of the man-
sion.
"Phoebe!" exclaimed the young
soldier.
"Would it not be better to address
me as your prisoner?" answered Miss
Poindexter. "If I am not mistaken,
you have surrounded my home with
armed soldiers and have come your-
self on no gentle errand."
"Prisoner, Phoebe?" answered the
patriot captain. "I would never wish
to hold you prisoner, save in the bonds
of love. My presence here needs an
explanation and I will make it. I have
received information that an English
officer is visiting you this afternoon.
It is a matter of duty. I have been
ordered far in advance of the return-
ing troops of Marion and Sumter, for
the express purpose of catching some
of the officers of the garrison at Char-
leston off their guard; and I expect to
appear at the very gates of that city
before I am done and let them know
that, far from being defeated as they
suppose, General Greene's army has
driven their red-coats from the Caro-
lina and is chasing Cornwallis him-
self to the sea."
"What a romance!" laughed the
young lady.
"I wish I had time for romance,"
said the officer; "there could be no
more delightful opportunity. Only
when this war is over will I be able to
ask you to reward a love that has been
faithful to you ever since we were
children. But to duty. Are you har-
boring an English officer here?"
"Why, of course I am," she an-
swered, laughingly.
"This is no time for joking," said
the captain. "If he is not here, he
cannot have been gone a very long
time; and if you delay me, he may
yet get within the gates of Charleston."
"It seems to me that you are a trifle
difficult to-day," she replied. "Do
you not believe me?"
"Of course," he said, biting his lips
nervously. "I shall have to search
the house," he continued.
"O, we are quite used to it," she
answered.
He ordered up his men and began a
systematic search of the mansion and
surrounding buildings. He himself,
however, stood immovably in front
of the door that he knew opened into
her private apartments, and permitted
no one to enter. The search was there-
fore useless.
"Well," said she, teasingly, "why
do you not enter my own room?"
"If he is an officer he should be a
gentleman, and could not be there,"
answered the captain. "You have
been fooling me, Phoebe, in order to
give him a start. I do not blame you.
He was a guest and you have but ob-
served the laws of hospitality, even
though he is an enemy to our country.
Farwell—remember always I shall
come to you when this war is finished."
"Why not come before—to-night?
You will not wish to camp nearer
Charleston than this, I am sure.
Grandmother, who is in town to-day,
shopping, will be back by tea time,
and you can tell us all the news."
"And may I tell you something
else?"
"Yes—without even waiting for the
war to end. And I will tell you some-
thing, too." The young patriot turned
about quickly for a moment—and for
a kiss. Then springing into the saddle
he shouted the commands: "To horse,
the road to Charleston—gallop!" and
was off.
As soon as he and his men were well
out of sight, the English artillery
captain made his appearance. "I sup-
pose," he said, "that I am under obli-
gations to you—and yet I thought
your truthfulness would have been the
ruination of me."
"And could you have admired or
loved a woman who had deliberately
lied?"
"Well, that is rather an odd ques-
tion. If you had told an untruth it
would have been in a noble cause. All
is fair in love and war, you know."
"Even hiding in a woman's apart-
ment?"
"Oh, yes—when necessity compels
it."
"Well, Captain Webb," said Miss
Poindexter, slowly, "will you in your
turn do me a favor?"
"With the greatest pleasure, I am
sure," answered the gallant captain.
"Will you please mount your horse
and get safely back into your own

FELONS AT PLAY.

A SCIENTIST'S STUDY OF THE SPORTS OF CRIMINALS.

Games as Brutal as They Are Re-
pulive—Crucity the Basis of
the Criminal's Amuse-
ments.

Chinese Babies.

While China is certainly not setting
the example at present for the rest of
the world to pattern by, the wives and
mothers of that land show a practical
wisdom in regard to the care and nur-
ture of babies of which we can imitate
many points with considerable bene-
fit. The first rule is that everything
worn by a child should be loose. The
coat or gown, jacket or dress, is a
world too wide and is suspended from
the shoulders. Shoes and stockings
are looked at with disfavor, and are only
put on to little boys after they learn
to walk, and only then when they go
out for a promenade or when they are
to receive important company. A
youngster goes round in his bare feet
and enjoys the mysterious pleasure,
which only babies know, of playing
unlimitedly with his toes and heels.
The third rule forbids the use of a
belt, girdle or cinchure of any kind
excepting in full dress, and then it is
worn loosely. The rule given by the
Chinese is sound science, and is that
the little child should breathe with its
stomach, and that anything interfering
with this kind of respiration is injur-
ious. Another rule is to give the child
playthings and to cultivate its love of
play. Birds, chickens, puppies,
kittens, kids, lizards, flowers and
all sorts of objects are given to the
child, where we confine his habits to
the rattle and the rubber ring. One
result of this system is that the Chi-
nese child will entertain and amuse
himself the day long while the West-
ern child frets and wants something,
it knows not what.
Another style of toy consists of
children's furniture, stools and chairs
no larger than cigar boxes; clumsy
little tables a foot high; little chairs
that swing with ropes from the top of
a doorway and so low down to the
ground that a child can get into it
himself; little earthenware bowls,
cheap but strong, with which it can
make believe to have dinner. These
and other things of the kind amuse
millions of little folks. Still another
good rule is that of the parents be-
coming children for the time being
every day, and devoting an hour or
two to baby talk and baby play. It
does good to the children, and, it is
said, as much more good to the fathers
and mothers. Last of all the chil-
dren are allowed to play in the sand
and gravel as much as they desire.
—New York Mail and Express.

Traces of Prehistoric Men.

Some weeks ago a San Diego (Cal.)
newspaper reported interesting dis-
coveries made on the north slope of
San Miguel Mountain by Herman C.
Cook and C. A. Pavari, two mining
prospectors, the discoveries compris-
ing a prehistoric roadway, a number
of mining tools and unmistakable
traces of an ancient mining camp.
The stone-paved road was traced to a
wall of solid and well-executed mason-
ry. This was found to surround an
inclosure, now filled with debris but
which is believed to be an old arastra.
Near this arastra was discovered the
mouth of a tunnel filled with debris.
In the vicinity are also traceable the
foundations of no less than nineteen
small houses. It is believed that the
cleaning of the tunnel and the push-
ing of the investigation into the tun-
nel will lead to more interesting dis-
coveries than any yet made bearing
on the life of ancient man in this
region.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Sunk the Axe into His Back.

The Episcopalian gave a harvest
festival at Nelson's Opera House,
Mount Clemens, Mich. On the pro-
gramme was a farce in which Cab Kiels
and Calvin Davis took leading parts.
Kiels was to pick up an axe and hit
Davis in the back, where the latter
had a board concealed under his vest.
Kiels's intention was to stick the axe
into the board, but he missed his aim,
and instead of striking the board,
sunk the axe into Davis's back. Davis
rushed behind the curtain and the
wildest confusion followed. Several
women in the audience fainted. Dr.
Wilson, who was present, attended
the wounded man. While the cut is
a serious one the doctor apprehends
no fatal results. Kiels feels deeply
regretful over the mishap.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The glass mouse trap has not proved
a success.
Georgia has 3621 pensioners within
her bounds.
The first books printed on this con-
tinent were made in the City of
Mexico.
Daniel Webster is said to have been
able to repeat the most, if not all, of
"Paradise Lost."
Granny Davis, who died recently in
the County Infirmary in Muncie, Ind.,
was said to be 104 years old.
Lieutenant-Colonel Craigie Halkett,
an English soldier, has not drunk a
drop of water for twelve years.
York County, Maine, farmers are
telling of a snow-white deer that has
been seen in that region several times
of late.
Three hundred years ago all the
men wore baggy bloomers, only very
short ones, coming to the middle of
the thigh.
The Japanese method of lacquering
is said to be at least 2000 years old.
Pieces made ten centuries ago are still
exhibited.
The British Government has given
£4 apiece to some native Indian soldiers
as a reward for "conspicuous gallantry
in the late campaign."
According to the dictum of art, the
Greek nose is the most beautiful;
but a fine pair of eyes will lend beauty
to any nose or any face.
The heaviest man whose weight is
recorded authentically was Miles
Darden, of Tennessee. He weighed a
little less than 1000 pounds.
Fully two wagon loads of straw and
trash were found between the roof and
ceiling of the old Lancaster Methodist
Church, which had been carried there
by sparrows.
John B. Curtis, of Portland, Me., is
one of the largest land owners in Ne-
braska. He has one pasture under
fence which is eight miles long and
five miles wide.
A woman with apparently lots of
time of little value, in Ransom, Mich.,
has just completed the sewing of an
even 17,000 little bits of cloth into a
patchwork quilt.
Winderford, Klavirtz and Vleskora
are the names of three children of
George Frye, of Kansas. When asked
where he got the names of the chil-
dren, Mr. Frye said his wife chose
them from among those of various
brands of collars.
It is said that New York policemen
may be swinging rubber clubs before
long. The Commissioners are consider-
ing an invention of a Connecticut
doctor, who says that the rubber club
has all the stinging effects of wooden
weapons and will not break heads.
Lignum is produced from lichens
which grow on the shores of the
Mediterranean. The lichens are
ground, moistened and treated with
potash, lime and ammonia, and
converted into dough. It is then fer-
mented, and afterward mixed with
plaster of Paris, and dried and
pressed.
A Lifetime of Railroadng.

There was a certain poetic time-
liness in the death of Joseph Bell,
which occurred in London a few days
ago. He was eighty-three years old,
and had spent most of his life as a
locomotive engineer. He was still
 hale and hearty, and, except for fail-
ing sight, might still have been in the
engine-cab. His death was caused by
an accidental fall. The incident oc-
curred just after the extraordinary
performances of railroad trains, in
Great Britain between London and
Aberdeen, and in America between
New York and Buffalo. Between those
achievements and his death there was
no connection; but the coincidence
was remarkable and suggestive.
For Joseph Bell's life spanned the
whole railroad history of the world.
He was, in his youth, the engineer of
the first locomotive ever constructed
—George Stephenson's famous Rocket.
For half a century his place was at
the throttle, at first of the little slow-
going engines of the Rocket type, and
at last of the monsters which outstrip
the whirlwind. He had seen and
had personal experience of every
change and development of the carry-
ing industry which has revolutionized
the world. He heard Stephenson's
audacious prophecy that a locomotive
would attain a speed of ten or twelve
miles an hour. He ran the Rocket at
fourteen miles an hour on the average;
and made on one occasion the bewil-
dering "world's record" of twenty-
nine miles an hour. And he lived to
see trains run for hundreds of miles at
more than a mile a minute, and for
shorter distances at the rate of more
than 112 miles an hour.
It has been given to few men to wit-
ness and to participate in such a trans-
formation scene as that which began
with the Rocket and ends, for the
present, with No. 999. But what a
sense of the rapidity of modern progress
it gives us to think of all that
being included in a single lifetime;
and what a field for prophecy of what
some lives, now just beginning, will
see if prolonged to the years of Joseph
Bell!
—New York Tribune.

Manhattan.

Speaking of Indians, I should like
to ask how many New Yorkers know
the origin of the name of this island.
There used to be a nomadic tribe
called the Man-o-tans, I am informed,
who used to live in Jones's Wood,
hunted in the forests of Central Park
and fished in the waters of the East
River. What we now call Hell Gate
was a terrible whirlpool then, known
of the Indians throughout all the coun-
try. Man-o-tan means the "people
who live by the circling waters." The
Man-o-tans were evidently a branch of
the Algonquins.
—New York Press.

Calamity to Coffee Trees.

In 1867 the coffee trees of Ceylon
were attacked with a blighting dis-
ease; it spread rapidly, and now the
coffee crop of that island no longer
influences the market. In 1879 the
same disease appeared in Java, and in
1889 alone caused a loss of \$40,000,-
000. Until lately the Brazilian planta-
tions seemed to be exempt, but at
last the calamity has spread there also,
and in another generation coffee may
be a luxury, indeed.
—New York World.

Cotton and Linen.

Cotton may be distinguished from
linen when one is buying handker-
chiefs by moistening the tip of the
finger and pressing it to the handker-
chief. If it wets through at once it is
linen, while if any cotton enters into
its manufacture it will take several
seconds to wet through the threads.
Also in linen the threads are more
uneven than in cotton.
—New York World.

The Crack Bull Fighter.

Guerrita, who is now the first bull
fighter in Spain, has appeared in fifty-
eight fights this season, and is engaged
for nineteen more. He receives \$1200
for each appearance, and, as his ex-
penses average \$400 a performance,
his clear income amounts to over \$50,-
000 besides the presents made to him.
—New York Sun.

AN ELECTRIC CITY.

Great Falls, Montana, is run by electricity.

Not only are its street
cars propelled and lighted by electric-
ity, but they are heated by electric
radiators placed in each car. Eleva-
tors, printing presses, cranes and all
kinds of machinery are operated by
electrical force. There are automatic
electric excavators, electric pumps
and electric rock crushers. It is not
unusual to see on the street a mortar
mixer attached to an electric wire
leading down from a pole. The restaur-
ants cook by electricity; the
butcher employs it to chop his saus-
ages, the grocer to grind his coffee.
Electricity is looked upon as a wel-
come blessing in every home; the
housewives run their sewing machines
and heat their flatirons by electricity;
they bake their cakes in wooden elec-
tric cake ovens that can be set away
on the shelf like pasteboard boxes.
They have electric boilers, broilers
and teakettles. The hydraulic works
and power houses are erected about
three miles from the city on the banks
of the Missouri.
—Atlanta Constitution.

The "Broken Plate Club."

In a little village in the Department
of the Nord, France, there exists a
curious brotherhood. It is called the
"Broken Plate Club." This is its his-
tory: A few years ago some merchants
and manufacturers were dining to-
gether, when a plate rolled from the
table and, falling into the fireplace,
broke. As it happened, the number
of the fragments exactly corresponded
with that of the guests. The coinci-
dence was regarded as a good augury,
and then there a society was
formed which imposed upon its mem-
bers the bonds of brotherhood. Each
man as he left carried away with him
his fragment of the plate. According
to the rules no new member was to be
introduced, and at each death the bit
of porcelain which was in the posses-
sion of the deceased was restored to
the President, who glues the fragments
together. The last surviving member
of the club is charged with the duty
of cementing his piece to the rest, and
when the plate has thus been reform-
ed it is to be buried.
—London Telegraph.

An Honest Man.

Maurice Dore, who was a real estate
agent at San Francisco for many
years, died the other week. The
noteworthy fact in his career is that
when Ralston died Dore came forward
and turned over to the heirs \$400,000
which the President of the Bank of
California had transferred to him in
trust. There were no documents to
show that Dore held this large sum in
trust and no witnesses to prove that
the money did not belong to him.
His honesty served as a contrast to the
conduct of several others with whom
Ralston had confidential dealings and
who kept what really belonged to the
dead financier's widow and children.
New York Tribune.

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