

"GIVE US MEN."

By THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

Give us men!
Men from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The nation's welfare speeding;
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Men of lofty aim in action;
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones;
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their best!

Give us men!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Give us men!
Men, who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight;
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the crowd cringe and falter),
God defend the right!
True as truth, though torn and lonely,
Tender as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for country—home—and God;
Give us men! I say again—again—
Give us men!

THE OPERATIONS OF SHIFTY SIMMONS AT PEAPACK.

A LITTLE STORY OF THE FARMER AND THE FAKIR.

THE village of Peapack was radiant. It was a legal holiday and the circus was in town. Every one was there drinking in its intoxicating delights. The tents had been erected under the joint criticism of the entire male population of Peapack, and the stimulating odor of the menagerie filled the place.

In one corner of the circus field Shifty Simmons, the Philanthropist, was busily engaged in doing good. He was giving away gold watches. At first the suspicious citizens of Peapack regarded the thing with a cold and calculating eye. Philanthropy seemed to be a drug on the market. Then four watches were sold for a dollar each to four well-known Peapackers and a two-dollar bill was found in the back of each case. Thereupon the intelligent citizens of Peapack brightened up. They took more interest in this affair.

Shifty Simmons took four other watches and surreptitiously tucked a twenty-dollar bill in the back of the case of each. The quick-sighted Peapackers were on. After spirited bidding old Amadee Pierson bought one of the watches for \$10. He opened the back case with an exceedingly fond expression of countenance. This expression suddenly disappeared, and he looked at Shifty Simmons with an intensity which made even that hard-boiled sinner shudder.

The case was empty! In all the various phenomena of nature there is nothing more tantalizing than to observe a vacuum looking space where coin of the realm is confidently expected to be found.

In front of the First National Bank of Peapack the street was deserted. It seemed as though every one was attending the afternoon session of the circus. And yet inside the bank a performance was going on which was not without merit. The actors were three capable looking gentlemen who were doing clever tricks with the safe. The audience consisted of the bank watchman, who lay on his back in an indolent attitude. This watchman was bound and gagged in such an artistic manner that he was unable either to applaud or to exhibit any signs of the disapproval which at times seemed to be welling up within him.

Two hours later the cashier entered. He was softly and happily tooting in peaceful emulation of the steam calliope. His eyes fell upon the watchman. The tooting stopped. They exchanged agonizing glances. The cashier ran to the vault. The door opened readily at his touch and showed certain unmistakable vacancies within. The cashier at once resumed his tooting, but an expert musician might have observed that the tune was now pitched in quite a different key.

In a few minutes all Peapack knew that the bank had been robbed of \$50,000. A bank robbery and a circus in one day! The town had never seen such metropolitan excitement. The watchman became the oracle of the hour. His story gradually accumulated additional details about the fight he had put up before he was overpowered, but his conclusion was always the same:

"And then the little man who limped stepped all the money in a green satchel and out he skipped."

In the office of the bank the cashier was bitterly cursing the fate that had led him to make up a deficiency of \$500 in his cash account the day before.

Night had come. Shifty Simmons, tired out with his philanthropic labors, slowly walked up Main street to the hotel which he was gracing with his presence. A low whistle sounded. Simmons stopped and looked around with ready apprehension. He had philanthropic funds in his pockets. Through the darkness he perceived a short man carrying a satchel and limping around the corner. A gas lamp glinted for a moment on the satchel. It was green. Shifty Simmons gave a stage start and followed. His air was determined. He

seemed to be saying "Sh-sh" to himself.

The short man limped through the town and out into the country. After an hour's walk he jumped over a fence and ran nimbly over a freshly plowed field. Shifty laboriously followed, keeping close to a fringe of trees that bordered the field. The short man went to a little tool house and obtained a shovel, with which he dug a deep hole. He then opened the satchel. Shifty saw him abstract a few yellow backed bills, leaving the rest of the contents. He then placed the satchel in the hole, carefully covered it up, put the shovel back in the tool house and silently stole away.

Shifty Simmons now took a prominent part in this little drama. He sneaked up to the tool house and began groping for the shovel. Enter the trained beast—two large, cavernous bounding, resounding and ravenous bulldozers—who dashed across the field from the farm house in the next lot. Shifty fled. He spent the night just outside the fence and kept an unwinking eye upon the spot where the olive colored satchel lay buried.

As a strict matter of history it should be stated that it started raining in torrents shortly afterward, and that the rain continued all night. It would indeed often seem as though nature was not above a joke.

At daybreak next morning there was unusual activity in the field. A number of hired men appeared with spades and lumber. Shifty shook some of the water from his clothes and climbed over fence.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"We're going to dig potato pits," they replied.

Shifty didn't like this development. It seemed to him that these prospective potato pits were much too near the buried treasure. He asked for the owner of the field and found in him old Amadee Pierson, who had bought one of his watches the day before for \$10.

"I've just been looking for you to pay you back that \$10," began Shifty solemnly. "It's been troubling my mind."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Amadee. "I'm not kicking. That was business and I got valuable experience. Anything I can do for you?"

"Why, yes," answered Shifty. "The circus people want to rent a field to put some old circus wagons and things on. I'll give you \$20 for a year's use of this field."

Amadee scratched his head with a puzzled motion.

"Seems kinder funny they didn't come themselves," he remarked. "Still, it's none of my business. I was just going to put some improvements on this lot and I'd figured on making quite some money out of it. I'll let you have the field for six months for \$250 and not a cent less. And I'd want the cash in advance, seeing as I don't know you."

"I'll take it," Shifty replied, after a suitable pause. "If you'll give me a receipt I'll give you the money. Immediate possession—and say, just chain up your dogs at night, will you?"

That night in another pouring shower, Shifty Simmons dug up the precious satchel. He carried it lovingly to the tool house and opened it carefully under the flickering glim of a little lantern. He picked a neatly folded note out of the satchel and read:

"My boy Eph limped like the bank burglar and I had painted the satchel green. We lay for you. The American farmer is quick to learn and it's a bad business to cheat him out of \$10."

In conclusion it may be set down, judging from Shifty's subsequent remarks and manner, it would seem that there are few things so irritating as for a man to be tripped up at his own game.—New York Evening Sun.

Russian Lady as Navy.

The Lockalozzeiger states that the "watchman" at a level crossing on the Russian Southern Railway, who goes under the name of Alexander Rodcherevsky, is really the daughter of a high railway official. She sought and found work as a navy on the line some time ago, and proved so intelligent and industrious as to soon become foreman. When the position as watchman became vacant, it was given to her, and she has discharged the duties with unfailing regularity and zeal.

Chance led to the discovery that the "watchman" was a lady, a bluestocking who had taken a University degree, and a distinguished classical scholar. She disappeared from home over eighteen months ago, and her relatives had given up all hope of seeing her again, when they heard of the curious employment she had accepted. As soon as a new watchman can be appointed she will be sent back to her parents. It is not known why she gave up her studies to become a manual laborer. Her age is twenty-seven.—London Express.

Three Great Thoughts.

The winner of a prize of one guinea, offered by the London Academy to the person who should select the three most pregnant and felicitous sentences from any authors, chose the following three quotations:

Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in Heaven.—Bunke.
Discouragement is but disenchanted egotism.—Mazzini.
The true wisdom is to be always reasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth, and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.—Steuenson.

Black Adventure.

WOMAN TRAPPED APACHES.

THE women who have gone with their husbands or brothers to make homes down in the famous gold mining regions of Tombstone, in southern Arizona, are accounted among the most daring of any in the Territories in the last ten years. The Apache Indians, when Geronimo was their chief, made frequent incursions into that part of the country, and the outrages committed in the homes of settlers and ranchmen among the mountains and foothills are among the most atrocious and horrible ever known by savages. With the conquering of the Apaches some twelve years ago by General Miles the fearful slaughter of settlers' families and cattlemen came to an end, but the women who still live in that region deserve merit for frequent acts of bravery and coolness in their daily life.

Mrs. Mary Nugent and her husband and three children came from a little town near Scranton, Pa., several years ago. They made their home seventeen miles east of Tombstone, where they took up one of Uncle Sam's land claims and opened a little merchandise store for the cowboys and Mexicans. Both the husband and wife became accustomed to seeing Apache Indians about, and they often gave the savages cast-off clothing to keep them from looting about their home too much. One day in June, while Mr. Nugent had gone some twenty-five miles across country to a ranch house, two scrapping Apaches armed with knives suddenly appeared in the settler's home.

Mrs. Nugent was there with a twelve-year-old son and a smaller daughter. There had been reports for weeks among the settlers that Apache Kid and his gang of outlaws and thieves were marauding the region. Mrs. Nugent was sure she had to deal with the most cruel and most fiendish Indians in the country. That the men had watched her husband ride away from the house she knew full well. It would be useless to try to deceive the redskins. Instant thought and decision alone were serviceable. Speaking as best she could in the jargon of English and Apache, she boldly said that her husband would be away all day and that she was glad the Indians had come, because she wanted them to help her at some work. That gave the savages a feeling that they need not hurry about whatever sinister plans they had for the Nugent household. In less than half an hour the woman, with a smiling face and apparent deliberation, had cooked a fine breakfast for the Apaches, who sat never uttering so much as a grunt and all the time watching her every movement.

When the meal was over and the Indians had been given a quantity of tobacco Mrs. Nugent asked them if they would help her in moving provisions into the store at the front of the house. There was a sort of cold storage cellar at the back of the house. It was built of adobe bricks, with a heavy wood door, having big hinges and a loop for a padlock on the outside. It was without windows and the walls were three feet thick. It was a storage place for the merchandise sold in the little Nugent store. Bustling about the house with a forced energy, but not a moment forgetting the two great, half-naked savages who stood in her doorway were there for a settled purpose, she carried numerous hams and packs of lard from the storehouse, as if the greatest expedition were necessary. Then, suddenly calling the Apaches to the storehouse, she praised their strong arms and backs and asked if they would not carry a barrel of lard out of the adobe cellar to the store.

The savages were caught off their guard, and, bending low, they began to slowly raise the heavy barrel. At that moment Mrs. Nugent snatched hold of the heavy wood door, and in a flash she drew it shut, put the loop in place and fastened the padlock outside. Then, while all manner of diabolical oaths reached her ears, she brought out the two family Winchester rifles and stood guard over the storehouse. She dispatched her boy with all possible speed on the bare back of a broncho to the Alling ranch, seven miles away, for help from the cowpunchers. Life in hand, she walked about the exterior of the storehouse, watching for the first evidence of the imprisoned Apaches attempting to dig out through the adobe walls. Several times she fired her rifle in order to let the men know there was some one about with firearms. Two hours later several cowboys came to the Nugent house, the Indians were easily taken and were sent back to their reservation, where they have since been in prison. The Indians were not in the Apache Kid band, but years ago they were the murderers of whites, and are intractable savages. Not the least doubt remains that they meant to kill Mrs. Nugent and her children and rob the store of its money.

CUBA'S LAST BUCCANEERS.

As late as the year 1825 the waters adjacent to Porto Rico were infested by a bloodthirsty band of pirates, led by a Spaniard named Confreinas. It was the proud boast of the buccannier chief that he neither gave nor asked quarter. In March of the year mentioned Captain John Dyer Sloat, who twenty-one years later raised the American flag over California, was placed in command of the sloop-of-war Grampus, with orders to proceed to the West Indies and wipe the pirates off the ocean. The Grampus cruised

for some weeks without catching sight of any pirate vessel. One morning, while the sloop was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Juan, a man who had swam ashore from a merchant vessel captured by Confreinas, reported that the pirate brig was anchored in the Boca de Inferno (Mouth of Hell), an obscure harbor some miles up the coast, waiting to attack a heavily laden schooner which was to sail from San Juan that very day.

Confreinas knew the Grampus well, so to make sure of his prey, Captain Sloat placed a heavily armed crew and cannon loaded with grape on board the schooner, and sailed forth. The pirates, unsuspecting any resistance, bore down on the disguised vessel, with the black flag and skull and crossbones at the brig's masthead. Not a move was made by Sloat and his crew until the vessels were almost alongside, when the marines arose from the deck and poured a deadly volley into the brig. Confreinas rallied his men and for some time kept up a running fight, showing great skill in manipulating his crippled vessel. He was finally forced to run his brig ashore. Forty of the crew, with the buccannier chief, were captured by waiting soldiers. They were taken to San Juan, court-martialed the next day, and shot. Confreinas was the last and most bloodthirsty of the buccanniers of that region.—Harper's Weekly.

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE.

The spirit of adventure exists in many men to-day, as strongly as it did in the days of Ivanhoe and Richard the Lion-Hearted. Danger seems to have a perennial charm. Some men go to war for patriotism, but more men go to war for money. A lieutenant's band of small boys to seek combat with another. Expeditions toward the poles are justified on scientific grounds, but the actual men who compose them are led by the longing for adventure. The steamer Discovery is now ice-bound in the Antarctic regions, awaiting relief from Great Britain. What contributions on subjects of botany, geography, biology and magnetism have been made by her voyage, we do not yet know. What we do know about, and what impresses most both the popular imagination and the explorers themselves, is the series of dramatic adventures. One period of darkness lasted one hundred and twenty days. A lieutenant fell from the brink of a precipice of twenty-five hundred feet. Several men slipped on a glacier, and all were able to dig their knives into the blue ice and check their progress toward destruction, except Thomas Vane, who was hurried over the precipice with a final scream. Clarence Hare slept six days and a half, without awaking, in a bed of snow. Twelve men were blown into the ocean by the wind, and saved. The dogs died of canned food, and the men hauled the sledges. We all love to hear of such adventures, especially when we know that they are real. There is a wonderful essay by Robert Louis Stevenson, called "The Lantern Bearer," which explains this charm of adventure more skillfully than any other piece of writing that we know. The charm exists in all of us. In some it is strong enough to cause the actual trip to the polar regions, there to face the freezing, and the desperate fall to death. In others it is only strong enough to give enormous sale to such a book as Nansen's "Farthest North." The man who seeks adventure is still a hero, and the rest of us love him for the dangers he has passed.—Collier's Weekly.

NARROW ESCAPE.

A small company of Alaskan gold-diggers were walking across one of the great ice fields in that winter-bound country when one of them noticed a difference in the color of the ice a few yards before them. Almost as he spoke, however, the treacherous coating of thin ice across a jagged crevasse gave way, and with an awful cry the two foremost men went down into the crumbling, glittering surface. A third man would have followed, but his gun lodged crosswise in the crevice and saved him. The other two had sunk out of sight, only their voices guiding their rescuers. Blankets were torn into strips and all the available rope used as well to reach the unfortunate prisoners, to whom hatchets also had to be lowered to hack their way out, so tightly had they been jammed in between the ice boulders by their fall of fifty feet or more. When they reached the surface again they were in a fainting condition, and it was many days before they recovered from the effects of the time spent in that icy tomb.

A LEANDER IN MISSOURI.

J. A. Soard, aged eighty-nine years, swam the flooded Platte River, half a mile wide, in order to get from his temporary home in the country east of that stream to St. Joseph, Mo., where his wife of six weeks has been visiting, and from whom he was cut off by the flood.

His feat was witnessed by some families along the river bank, who cheered him lustily.

The river was a raging torrent where he braved it, but it was the narrowest point across for many miles. Mr. Soard was completely exhausted when he reached the other side, but was none the worse for his plucky deed.

Only about two per cent. of the radiant energy that comes to us from the sun is capable of affecting the human eye.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

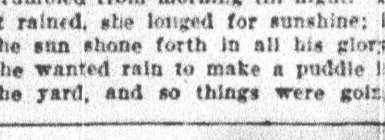


SUCH LOVELY BOWS!

"Altho' we turn our backs to you. We are not rude you know. For nurse has tied each little sash. In such a lovely bow!"



—Pittsburg Dispatch.



GRUMBLING KITTEN.

Katie had reached an age when she grumbled from morning till night. If it rained, she longed for sunshine; if the sun shone forth in all his glory, she wanted rain to make a puddle in the yard, and so things were going

reached in Katie's heart and mind. "Complaining, complaining, complaining," she finally cried in despair. "I wish Jack had never said that to me. I am so sick of that horrid old word."



"Why not stop it, then, my dear," said Aunt Alice, who sat sewing near by. "I overheard what you were saying and have wondered for a long time why my sweet little Katie didn't try to overcome that fault."

"Oh, Aunt Alice," Katie replied, throwing herself into her aunt's arms. "I am going to try, but anyway Jack was cross to me this morning."

"Jack was only in a hurry, that was all," said Aunt Alice, a twinkle creeping into her eye. "Boys haven't as much patience as girls, you know."

Katie dried her eyes, and with a smiling face then and there set herself to work to show her mother and father and indeed all the household that she could and would stop grumbling.

Nora, the cook, questioned long and loud as to what had happened to "Miss Katie," and asked Aunt Alice quietly if she thought she was sick.

Jack was quite beside himself with

from bad to worse, and worse to even worse than that.

One morning Jack, her big brother, called to her from the porch, where he stood with his schoolbooks under his arm. "Come out here a minute, sis. I want to show you something."

"Oh, I can't," responded Katie. "My face aches and my shoestring's broken, and it's going to rain, too."

"For pity's sake, Katie, do be cheerful, please," Jack replied. "You are always complaining!"

Seeing nothing to indicate that Katie was coming, Jack slung his pack of books over his shoulder, and whistling a merry tune, went off to school.

Katie stood for a moment disconsolately peering between the curtains at her big brother, whom in her innermost heart she adored.

"I wonder if he does think I am always complaining," she thought. "He didn't wait for me, though, and I think



THE DANCING PEA.

This is a remarkably simple but always surprising and effective trick.

joy and told everybody far and near that his little sister was a "brick."

"She is the sunniest little creature," he confided to his chum, "and can beat any sister in town."

So Grumbling Katie became Sunshiny Katie, and in quite a short space of time, too.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE DANCING PEA.



The performer takes the stem of a broken clay pipe or a straw and, holding it perpendicular to his mouth, places a pea quickly upon the upper end. Then he makes the pea pop up and down to a lively tune on the piano.

The whole trick consists in sticking a long thin needle into the pea. This forces it always to return to its place. A piece of thin wire can be used instead of the needle, which, in order to remain invisible, should not be bright and shining. Care must be taken that the needle or wire is fastened well into the pea, so that it will not drop into the performer's mouth.—New York World.

The normal human eye can read letters seven-twentieths of an inch high at a distance of twenty feet. Inability to do this shows defective sight, which should be corrected with glasses.

he's a mean old thing anyway." But, strange to say, a tear or two rolled slowly down the child's chubby cheeks.

All day long at school Jack's words