THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

That ocean-guarded flag of light, forever may it fly!
It flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody fight and lit McHenry's sky;
It bears upon its folds of flame to earth's remotest wave
The names of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er inspire the brave.

Timbers have crashed and guns have pealed beneath its radiant glow,
But never did that ensign yield its honor to the foe!
Its fame shall march with martial tread down ages yet to be;
To guard those stars that never paled in fight on land or sea.

Its stripes of red eternal dyed with heart-streams of all lands;
Its white, the snow-capped peaks that hide in storm their upraised hands;
Its blue, the ocean waves that beat 'round Freedom's circle shore;
Its stars, the print of angel's feet that shine forever more!

A Matter of Temperament.

Major Owen passed almost with a look of relief down the steps from the crowded reception-rooms into the garden. He was not a musician, and, although all that was best and most unpronounceable on the London concert stage was at present performing in her ladyship's drawing-room, the only comment he could find to make to Philip Rutherford was that there was too much of "this beastly fiddling."

Then he had left Philip Rutherford, and annexed Miss Phoebe Horton (much the prettiest of the three Miss Hortons), and now passed into the garden, looking as one who passed out of the valley of the shadow. Chinese lanterns twinkled everywhere. The garden was no wilderness. London gardens are not big enough for that—and at the moment parts of it were densely populated, but the Major and his companion passed through the groups near the house into the comparative solitude beyond. There, as it was necessary to say something to Phoebe, he said that he didn't care for a violin. He was a man of few ideas; when he had got one he never made the mistake of expressing it in the same way to a woman as to a man. In a general condemnation of the violin Phoebe supported him enthusiastically, and the walk in the garden would not have taken more than three minutes fifteen seconds by a respectable chronometer. And that was all there was against the Major—absolutely nothing else. He returned Miss Phoebe Horton to Philip Rutherford in excellent condition, and sought out Christine. He found her, and he judged by her appearances that there was a storm gathering. Unquestionably the best thing to do with a gathering storm is to take it into supper. By the time it has finished its supper it has probably forgotten the cause of its storminess, and a holy calm follows.

So the Major, who, though he had few ideas, was not an unpractical man, suggested that he should take Christine in to supper.

"No, thank you," said Christine. "I don't want any supper."

"Well," the Major said vaguely, "one must do something."

"I don't want to do anything," said Christine.

"Well," the Major said again, "it's very hot in here, and this music doesn't much appeal to me, you know. Will you come out into the garden?"

Christine got up, sighed, and said that she only came because she was tired of saying "no" to everything.

They passed out together. The garden was almost empty now; nearly everybody was in the supper-room.

"You like this garden, don't you?" said Christine.

"Well, yes," he said; "these lanterns and things aren't bad. If you get right up to the far end you can't hear the music—at least, not enough to matter."

"Did you go up to the far end just now?" said Christine.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, come! One doesn't say those things for nothing."

"Very well, then. For the last half hour you've been hiding in the garden."

"Oh, come! You mustn't say such things."

The passion deepened in her voice.

"You've been hiding in the garden with Phoebe Horton." She tried to laugh. "I thought you'd had time to explore it."

"As a matter of fact," said the Major, "I don't suppose I was out here five minutes. If I'd been out here for five fortnights, what would it have mattered to you?"

"Nothing," she said, drearily. "Nothing matters to me now."

Then he observed that things were growing more serious. He took her two hands.

"Tell me," he said, "what is it?"

She began to cry.

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An hour and a half later Major Owen got out of a hansom in Jermyn-st. He paid the man his legal fare, added another shilling because the man didn't grumble at it, and went up to his chambers. On an ordinary occasion, being a middle-aged gentleman of some discretion, he would have gone straight to bed; this was not an ordinary occasion. He changed his dress-coat for a smoking jacket, mixed himself a brandy and soda, lit a cheroot, and sat down in an easy chair. But his mind was too disturbed for inaction. He got up again, and paced the room, circling like a planet round the little table on which the tall glass sparkled like a star under the electric light. At last he stood still.

"I have done for myself," he said.

Freedom was at an end. His comfortable chambers, that early in the evening he had regarded as his permanent abiding-place, now seemed the unsubstantial fabric of a vision; the breath of Hymen, and they were gone.

Then came second thoughts. Had he really done for himself? Christine was charming; she had distinctive ways of her own, but she was none the less charming. She would, he considered, do him credit. The money did not happen to matter much in his case, but he remembered vaguely that there was money. What seemed much more important was that she looked very pretty when she cried. A few hours before he had never dreamed of marrying, certainly not marrying a girl like Christine. As it was, he had proposed to her for reasons that he was totally unable to analyze, and he must go on with it.

Half an hour's further reflection having still shown him that he must go on with it, he finished his drink, switched off the light and went to bed, and the next morning, having dressed himself with great care, and grumbled profusely at his very excellent valet, he called on Miss Blake, in Bryanston Square. Now, Miss Blake was the sister of Christine's father, Colonel Blake, and Christine's guardian.

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The engagement was to be short. The drudgery of it began at once. He had to go to many places where he had never been before, and did not want to go again. He waited, a perfectly ghastly figure, in the shops of fashionable milliners, feeling that every lady customer who entered regarded him as an insult and an outrage. He had to sit through concerts, they were very good concerts, and a very good concert was, from the Major's point of view, the very worst sort of a concert. An ordinary tune, as he sometimes observed, he could more or less understand. He was made to dance frequently, and in the small hours of the morning, when respectable, middle-aged gentlemen should be in their beds, it was all very trying, but gradually it dawned upon him that there were one or two compensations. Christine certainly behaved very nicely to him. He bought her a ring (diamonds and sapphires), and her reception of it gave him great pleasure. He repeated this pleasure by buying her other things. After a fortnight he owned to himself that things might have been worse.

But he didn't fall in love with Christine definitely until she fell ill. Then the Major went temporarily mad. He became a source of wonder and pained surprise to his friends, and a scourge and chastisement to his valet. He lived chiefly in telegraph offices, hansom cabs and in the shops of the florist and fruiterer. By a constant succession of telegrams he kept himself informed of Christine's progress during those brief periods when he was not driving to see her, or purchasing for her scented flowers, which she could not bear to have in her room, or out-of-season fruit, which she was not allowed to eat. By the time she had recovered her health her conquest was complete, and, with the magnanimity of a conqueror, she decided to do something to please him. So she told him that she meant to have her portrait painted. It would be hung on the line of the Academy—Delmay was always hung on the line—and afterward she was going to give the portrait to him. He said that he was charmed, and he really was.

"But," he said, "the sittings will bore you terribly, and you are really not strong enough for them. Why don't you have your photograph taken instead?"

Christine pointed out that it wasn't the same thing at all.

"No," he answered; "I suppose not."

In matters of art his education had been somewhat neglected.

"But," he went on, "I have really seen some photographs which I liked better than the things which had been colored by hand."

She laughed at him, and instructed him.

"But why do you go to Delmay's?" he said. "If I were going to have my portrait done I'd have it done at bed-rock prices. Delmay charges no end of a lot, just because he got some of those writing chaps to scribble about him in the papers."

"But he paints so beautifully," said Christine; "there is no one at all like him."

"That is just it," said the Major; "if you were not very pretty it might be just as well to go to a clever chap who could put it on a bit for you, but as it is, why any one of them who understood the rudiments of his trade couldn't go wrong.

However, Christine had her way.

The Major's conception of artists, derived chiefly from stage-plays, was that they wore velveteen coats and long hair, and led improper lives. Delmay, it is hardly necessary to add, had never worn a velveteen coat in his life, was as well dressed as the immaculate Major himself, and differed from him chiefly in the fact that he possessed far fewer scruples and much more intelligence.

Miss Blake was a patient woman, but she got weary of continual attendance at Delmay's studio. After repeated sittings he still seemed to be progressing very slowly; she didn't like to tell him to hurry, especially as he was always perfectly charming to her, but she asked him to dinner with a vague idea that a sense of the social obligation might lead him to shorten those sittings as far as possible. The Major suggested that he should see the portrait, but Christine thought it would be better for him to wait until it was finished. It was nearly finished when Delmay found that his conscience would not allow him to go on with it any further, and that he would have to begin it all over again. Once or twice, as Miss Blake sat in the studio, turning over the illustrated papers, her head nodded and her eyes closed. She told Christine that it was very boring. Christine said she was very sorry, but seemed in the best of spirits.

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Once more it was late at night, and the Major paced his chambers. They no longer had the air of a dream that might pass at any moment. In fact, he knew that, except when he was away for the shooting, or spending an occasional week in Paris, he would inhabit them for the rest of his natural life.

Christine's letter lay on the table. He took it up and reread portions of it.

"It was your impetuosity that drove me into it. I was frightened, and hardly knew what to say, and gave way. I had my fears even at the time, but I thought that I would give it a fair trial, and see if I could bring myself to love you. I am so sorry if I have given you any pain, but I know now (something which has happened recently has shown me) that I could never really love you like that."

He read this through twice. Then he recalled that scene in the garden where the proposal had been made, and he remembered from whom practically the proposal had come. And then, though he was sore at heart, he grinned sardonically.

It says much for the generosity of his nature that, although he was not present in response to Miss Blake's invitation to the reception on the occasion of her niece's marriage with Maurice Delmay—it says much, I say, that, though he was not present—he sent silver candlesticks—four of them.

The Delmays still use them.

The three lessons that are all the better for knowing: that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering ones self aright, one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest thing makes home happy and life lovely.

NOTICE—All hunting, fishing or other trespassing on the premises of the under signed, in Dingman Township, on Raymondskill and Dwarfskill Creeks, is forbidden under penalty of the law.

Chas. J. Boileau,
Dingman Twp., N. Boileau,
May 17, 1898. Joseph F. Boileau.

Pillsbury's vitos at Mitchell's.

Paul Du Chaillu's Advice.

Paul Du Chaillu, the noted African explorer and author, who last week was the guest of the Watsons at Eastern Point, has sent the following letter to a young man who had enlisted.

"My Dear ——: It was news to me when I heard that you had enlisted. I congratulate you. I am proud of you, and I write as an old traveller in both hot and cold climates. I will tell you my experience while travelling in warm countries. I abstained from strong drinks, because I found that they did not help me. On the contrary, I felt weaker half an hour after, so I gave them up.

"Before I undertook my second journey to Africa I began to take two or three grains of quinine every day, weeks before I left New York, and continued to do so after my arrival on the coast of that unhealthful continent, near the equator. The result was that I was free from fever during my expedition. Wear a band of flannel around your stomach. Train yourself to drink as little water as you can. Next to fever, dysentery is to be feared. The doctor probably will give you a few drops of laudanum or something equivalent. Look out that your liver is in good order. I suppose your officers will make you go in the sun as little as possible, for this is one of the causes of fever. Keep under shelter at night.

"These are the rules that I applied to myself, and you know how healthy I am after all I have gone through. The country is looking upon you and all the other young fellows who, like yourself, have enlisted. God bless you! Your old friend,

"Paul du Chaillu."

One Thing and Another.

The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains 46 quarts of water.

In some parts of Africa slaves are still the basis of all financial reckoning.

On an average every woman carries 40 to 60 miles of hair upon her head.

In Hungary whisky is distilled from turnips, maize, potatoes and molasses.

A cup of very hot milk taken at bedtime will, it is said, effectually prevent sleeplessness.

Experiments in England have proved that fine coal is an excellent material for sewage filtration.

The highest waterfall in the world is Cholock cascade, in the United States, which is just half a mile high.

Transparency of the Sea in Bermuda.

Near the Bermudas the sea is extremely transparent, so that the fishermen can readily see the horns of the lobsters protruding from their hiding places in the rocks at a considerable depth. To entice the crustaceans from their crannies they tie a lot of snails in a ball and dangle them in front of the cautious lobster.

Belting in Belgium.

Belgium requires large supplies of belting for its numerous manufacturing establishments. Considerable quantities are manufactured in the country. Still, a large proportion is imported from Great Britain. It would seem that the United States might by proper introduction secure a share of this trade.

Cane Mills in the Philippines.

The Philippine Islands have imported during the past three years a great amount of German roller mills for sugar cane. As extensive tracts of territory are still working with simple stone and even wooden mills, it will be seen that there is room for extensive business.

A Curious Theory.

A curious theory lately revived is that the sap of a tree ebbs and flows in some way in sympathy with the ocean.

Something new, a spring tooth harrow with wheels. Syracuse plows and "Planet, Jr.," cultivators at W & G. Mitchell's.