THE HERO OF THE TOWER.

Long time ago, when Austria was young,
There came a herald to Vienna's gates,
Bidding the city fling them open wide
Upon a certain day; for then the king
Would enter, with his shining retinue.

Forthwith the busy streets were pleasure paths;
And that which seemed but now a field of toil,
With weeds of turbulence and tricky greed,
Flashed into gardens blooming full of flowers.
Beauty blushed deeper, now the rising sun
Of royalty upon it was to shine;
Wealth cast its nets of tinsel and of gold
To catch the kingly eye; and wisdom merged
Itself into the terms of an address,
Which the old Mayor sat up nights to learn
(A needy poet wrote the same for him).
No maiden fluttered through the narrow streets
That pondered not what ribbons she should wear;
No window on the long procession route
But had its tenants long engaged ahead.

But the old sexton of St. Joseph's Church
Moped dull and sulky through the smiling crowd,
A blot upon the city's pleasure-page.
"What runs wrong with you, uncle?" was the cry—
"You who have been the very youngest boy
Of all the old men that the city had,
Who loved processions more than perquisites,
And rolled a gala day beneath your tongue—
What rheumatism has turned that temper lame?
Speak up, and make your inward burden ours."

The old man slowly walked until he came
Unto the market-place, then feebly stopped.
As if to talk; and a crowd gathered soon,
As men will when a man has things to say.
And thus he spoke: "For fifty years and more
I have been sexton of St. Joseph's Church.
St. Joseph's would have fared ill but for me.
And though my friend the priest may smile at this,
And wink at you an unbelieving eye
My office shines in heaven as well as his.
Although it was not mine to make the church
Godly, I kept it clean, and that stands next.
If I have broke one circle of my sphere,
Let some one with straight finger trace it out.

"And no procession in these fifty years
Has marched the streets with aught like kingly tread,
But on the summit of St. Joseph's spire
I stood erect and waved a welcome-flag,
With scanty resting-palace beneath my feet,
And the wild breezes clutching at my beard.
It took some nerve to stand so near to heaven
And fling abroad its colors. Try it priest.

"But I am old; most of my manhood's fire
Is choked in cold white ashes; and my nerves
Tremble in every zephyr like the leaves.
What can I do?—the flag must not be missed
From the cathedral's summit. I've no son,
Or he should bear the banner, or my curse.
I have a daughter: she shall wave the flag!

"And this is how my girl shall wave the flag.
Ten suitors has she; and the valiant one
Who, strong of heart and will, can climb that perch,
And do what I so many times have done,
Shall take her hand from mine at his descent.
Speak up, Vienna lads! and recollect
How much of loveliness faint heart e'er won."

Then there was a clamor in the callow breasts
Of the Vienna youth; for she was far
The sweetest blossom of that city's vines.
Many a youngster's eye climbed furtively
Where the frail spire-tip trembled in the breeze.
Then wandered to the cot wherein she dwelt;
But none spoke up, till Gabriel Petersheim,
Whose ear this proclamation strange had reached,
Came rushing through the crowd, and boldly said:

"I am your daughter's suitor, and the one
She truly loves; but scarce can gain a smile
Until I win her father's heart as well;
And you, old man, have frowned on me, and said
I was too young, too frivolous, too wild.
And had not manhood worthy of her hand.
Mark me to-morrow as I mount yon spire,
And mention, when I bring the flag to you,
Whether 'twas ever waved more gloriously."

And thus the old man answered: "Climb your way,
And if a senseful breeze should push you off,
And break that raw and somewhat worthless neck,
I cannot greatly mourn; but climb your way,
And you shall have the girl if you succeed."

High on the giddy pinnacle next day
Waited the youth; but not till evening's sun
Marched from the western gates, that tardy king
Rode past the church. And though young Gabriel's nerves,
Were weakened by fatigue and want of food,
He pleased the people's and the monarch's eye,
And flashed a deeper thrill of love through one
Who turned her sweet face often up to him,
And whose true heart stood with him on the tower.

Now, when the kingly pageant all had passed,
He folded up the flag, and with proud smiles
And prouder hearts prepared him to descend.
But the small trap-door through which he had crept,
Had by some rival's hand been barred! and he,
With but a hand-breadth's space where he might cling,
Was left alone to live there, or to die.

Gussing the truth, or shadow of the truth,
He smiled at first, and said: "Well, let them voice
Their jealousy by such a paltry trick!
They laugh an hour; my laugh will longer be!
Their joke will soon be dead, and I released."
But an hour, and two others, slowly came,
And then he murmured: "This is no boy's sport:
It is a silent signal, which means 'Death?'"

He shouted, but no answer came to him,
Not even an echo, on that lofty perch.
He waved his hands in mute entreaty, but
The darkness crept between him and his friends.

A half-hour seemed an age, and still he clung.

He looked down at the myriad city lights,
Twinkling like stars upon a lowlier sky,
And prayed: "O blessed city of my birth,
In which full many I love, and one o'er-well,
Or I should not be feebly clinging here.
Is there not 'mongst those thousands one kind heart
To help me? or must I come back to you
Crashing my way through grim, untimely death?"
Rich sounds of mirth came faintly—but no help.

Another hour went by, and still he clung.
He braced himself against the rising breeze,
And wrapped the flag around his shivering form,
And thus he prayed unto the merry winds:

"O breeze, you bear no tale of truer love
Than I can give you at this lonely height!
Tell but my danger to the heart I serve,
And she will never rest till I am free!"
The winds pressed hard against him as he clung,
And well-nigh wrenched him from that scanty hold,
But made no answer to the piteous plea.

Hour after hour went by, and still he held—
Weak, dizzy, reeling—to his narrow perch.
It was a clear and queenly Summer night;
And every star seemed hanging from the sky,
As if 'twere bending down to look at him.
And thus he prayed to the far-shining stars;
"O million worlds, peopled perhaps like this,
Can you not see me clinging helpless here?
Can you not flash a message to some eye,
Or throw your influence on some friendly brain
To rescue me?" A million sweet-eyed stars
Gave smiles to the beseecher, but no help.

And so the long procession of the night
Marched slowly by, and each scarce hour was hailed
By the great clock beneath; and still he clung
Unto the frail preserver of his life,
And held, not for his life, but for his love—
Held while the spiteful breezes wrenched at him;
Held while the chills of midnight crept through him;
While Hope and Fear made him their battle-ground,
And ravaged fiercely through his heart and brain.
He moaned, he wept, he prayed again, he prayed—
Grown desperate and half-raving in his woe
To everything in earth, or air or sky;
To the fair streets, now still and silent grown;
To the cold roofs, now stretched 'twixt him and help;
To the dumb, distant hills that heedless slept;
To the white clouds that slowly fluttered past;
To his lost mother in the sky above;
And then he prayed to God.

About that time
The maiden dreamed she saw her lover, faint,
Clinging for life; and with a scream uprose,
And rushed to the old sexton's yielding door,
Granting no rest to him until he run
To find the truth, and give the boy release.

An hour ere sunrise he came feebly down,
Grasping the flag, and claiming his fair prize.
But what a wreck to win a blooming girl!
His cheeks were wrinkled, and of yellow hue,
His eyes were sunken, and his curling hair
Gleamed white as snow upon the distant Alps.

But the young maiden clasped his weary head
In her white arms, and soothed him like a child;
And said, "You lived a life of woe for me
Up on the spire, and now look old enough
Even to be my father; but soon I
Will nurse you back into your youth again."

And soon the tower bells sung his wedding song.
The old-young man was happy; and they both.
Cheered by the well-earned bounty of the king.
Lived many years within Vienna's gates.

—WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's Magazine for*

A STORY OF GARFIELD.

I accompanied President-elect Garfield from Mentor to Washington when he went there to be inaugurated, and at Ashtabula the sheriff of the county got on the train and rode with us to Youngstown. Though but a few years the junior of the lion of the train, he had been his pupil when a youth, and Garfield had boarded with his mother. Some one who was familiar with the General told him while he was an humble country pedagogue he had but one pair of pantaloons, and they were a pair of jeans, which were worn very thin. He was invited to a country party, but the night before it came off he split one of the knees of his pants, and he felt terribly bad over the accident, as he had no money to buy him a new pair and he was very desirous of attending the festivity. "You go to bed," said the mother of his pupil, "and send your pants to me by John, and I'll see if I can't mend them for you, Mr. Garfield." The teacher did as he desired, and the next morning he found his pantaloons at the foot of his bed, with the damaged knee so neatly repaired that it was hard to tell that it ever had been torn. The teacher was profuse in his thanks, but the good woman cut him off with: "Never mind Mr. Garfield, when you're a member of th Legislature or of Congress no one will ma you what kind of pants or how many of 'em you had when you taught school up here ok the Reserve."—*Philadelphia Times.*

For The Inter Ocean.

AFTER THE DECORATION.

BY LANTA WILSON SMITH.

They have gathered the roses and lilies
And strewed them with lavish hand
O'er the graves of our fallen heroe's
Scattered throughout the land.
The rarest and fairest of blossoms
Were plucked from their stems to-day,
That the grateful hearts of the Nation
The tribute of love might pay.

The veterans of many a conflict
Have answered the roll-call to-day;
They have marched to the glad strains of music,
Once more in a battle array.
They've sung with deep thrills of emotion
The songs they had sang long ago,
When from wearisome marches they rested
In their camp-fire's ruddy glow.

But the speeches, the cheers, and the music
Bro't back to my heart all its pain,
And I saw but the form of my loved one
Who fell with the noble slain.
So young, so brave, and so handsome,
The pride of my fond young heart,
Is it strange that amid the rejoicing
I felt that I had no part?

Is it strange that my love of country,
Or pride for the gift I gave,
Can never relieve my sorrow
When I think of that far-off grave?
I have given my country not only
The life that was precious to me;
But all of my weary existence,
And all I had *hoped* to be!

My heart has been torn with its anguish,
Yet I love this tender way
Of remembering our dear dead heroes
By a decoration day.
For I know, though my love lies sleeping
In the South lands far away,
Some one who has felt my sorrow,
Laid flowers on his grave to-day.
Parker, D. T.

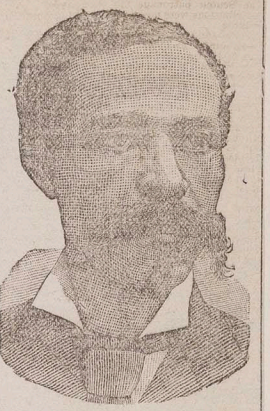
Locks of Hair from Presidents.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Very few of the people who stream through the National Museum know, I fancy, that small locks of hair taken from the heads of the Presidents, from Washington to Pierce, are carefully preserved in a glass-covered box in one of the exhibition cases. They are interesting as the only relics of the bodies of the chief magistrates. Washington's hair in this collection is nearly pure white, fine and glossy. That of John Adams is also white, but coarser. Jefferson's hair is rather coarse, and in color a mixture of white and sandy brown. You can see that in his youth it must have been remarkable for its bright color. Madison's hair is coarse, a mixture of white and brown. Monroe's is fine, smooth and of its original dark auburn in color. The hair of John Quincy Adams is of the oddest color; it is coarse and colored like a yellow gray cat's eye. Gen. Jackson's hair is a coarse white. Van Buren's is white, fine and smooth. Gen. Harrison's is fine and white, with a slight admixture of black. John Tyler's hair is mixed white and brown. Polk's is almost a pure white. Taylor's is white, streaked with brown. Millard Fillmore's on the other hand, is brown, with a few white streaks. Franklin Pierce's is a dark brown, fine and soft.

JOHN R. LYNCH.

Colored Delegate from Mississippi to Republican National Convention, Elected Temporary Chairman.



The first colored man who ever wielded a gavel in a Republican Convention was Senator Bruce, of Mississippi. He was called to to the chair by Senator Hoar, who presided over the convention. That was four years ago. The proceedings of the Republican Convention of 1884 indicate a farther advance in the direction of honoring the colored Republicans of the South, as John Ruggles Lynch was made temporary Chairman.

Mr. Lynch was born a slave in Concordia Parish, La., Sept. 10, 1847. He and his mother were sold, while he was still a child, to a resident of Natchez, Miss., where he has ever since resided. The war gave him liberty, and with liberty came the aspirations proper to youth and freedom. He worked hard all day and attended school in the evening, in this manner laying the foundation of the considerable culture which his thoughtful and aptly expressed address at the convention indicated. While still a very young man he started in business for himself as a photographer. In 1869 he was made a Justice of the Peace by Governor Ames, and in the fall of the same year elected to the State Legislature. Two years after he was re-elected, and subsequently chosen Speaker by his fellow legislators. Congressional honors began with his election to the Forty-third Congress. He was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress, and, as claimed by his friends, to the Forty-fifth, but was then counted out and General James R. Chalmers counted in. His election to the Forty-seventh Congress was undisputed; he met Chalmers again and defeated him. Mr. Lynch was a candidate for the Forty-eighth Congress, but was defeated by Henry S. Van Eaton, the Democratic candidate.

He is not a dark negro, but has a keen yellow face, set off by a black mustache and goatee. His figure is small and lithe. As a speaker he is enviably fluent and self-possessed, and his voice is full, rich, and extremely pleasing.

"For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore."

[From POE'S "RAVEN," illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ.

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ON THE RIVER.

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A GONDOLIERS' HOLIDAY.

These expeditions are expensive, and the Venetians spend freely when about them; their open-handedness limits the number of times that they can afford a day in the country, which is, at most, twice a year. The season chosen is spring or autumn, and the occasion is either the winding up of a gondoliers' bank, or else the meeting of one of those clubs called *Mariti e Moglie*—a society of friends and their wives, formed especially for these expeditions. The company chooses a head, and he arranges the day and the place in accordance with the amount of money at his disposal. They are sure of a welcome wherever they go, for the Venetians make themselves popular on the main-land, and their advent and noise and songs are a pleasant break on the monotony of many a quiet village of the plain. But even if their welcome were not a ready one, they would take care to secure punctual and submissive attention.

They are prompt to stand upon their dignity at a moment's notice, and give themselves abundant airs; one would almost suppose that they remembered the fact that all these cities at one time owned the sway of Venice. It is a perilous thing for a landlord to show them less than the greatest attention. I remember once at Castel-Franco a fair was going on in the market-place; the landlord of the Spada let his best room to a company of Venetian gondoliers, but let the balcony to another party, and forgot to mention the fact, which only transpired when supper was on the table. The whole party of gondoliers walked out of the house and over the way to the rival inn, leaving the landlord to do what he chose with a supper for fourteen thrown upon his hands.

The gondoliers have a great capacity for finding out where the best food and wine are to be got, and travelling about among these small villages and out-of-the-way towns one can not do better than go where the gondoliers go. When the party arrives at their inn the *capo* sends for the landlord and orders supper, which, of course, is regulated by custom, rice and chicken being the invariable rule. He also tastes and chooses the wine, seals up a small bottleful, and puts it in his pocket. This sample bottle is placed on the table at supper-time, and referred to if the landlord is suspected of changing the quality as the feast goes on.

Too often, it must be confessed, time hangs heavily on the party, and spirits are apt to run low. But supper, the climax of the day, comes to pick them up again; and after supper, songs and a dance, and then the scramble to catch the last train, which takes the party back to Venice somewhere about midnight.

THE BRIDGE BY THE MILL.

THE ALMOST DEFEATED BACHELORS OF HAYTON.

To the Editor of The News.]

Hayton, Wis., Nov. 20, 1884.—A few more days and the anxiety of our bachelors will be allayed. A few more weeks and the dreaded leap year will be ended. As a stalwart member of that little infuriated band, looking back in dismay o'er the fruitless annals of the flying year, we can but concede that another of our tried and true has been captured by winning smiles, and on Wednesday of this week was taken away "for better or for worse" to the ranks of the enemy no more to live in single blessedness. Coming, as it does, in this critical time (leap-year) when one, as firm, before him has deserted; and still another departing from our ranks when trials and affliction come nearest to our hearts, we could under no other consideration have pardoned the offense save the one that William has taken—he needed—a *Holiday*, and as he has served us long and well, by God's grace, the blessing could not be denied him.

The groom, William Goode, Jr., came with his parents from Canada when a mere lad and lived with them on a small farm, located on the bank of the Manitowoc river, between Gravesville and Hayton, where he remained until he became a man. At the age of puberty, here in this lovely location, where the singing of wild birds and the prattling of dancing ripples are so apt to inspire the youthful mind and heart with thoughts of tender love, he knew his bride then as well as now. Yet he yielded not, resolving rather to show his love by building up a comfortable home on some domain of which he might be monarch and she the queen of their own palace. Some fifteen years of diligent toil have rolled on since that time, but to-day he is the owner of a fine farm, well stocked, about a mile and a half north of this village, and a grand new residence, erected from his own designs, all of which through his massive strength and energy was accomplished. And yet still more in all those years of self-denial, without any previous engagement save the legible promise in the eyes of a true lover, she remained constant until to-day she has gone with him to that happy but hard-earned home, where a multitude of friends and even the bachelor corps wish them a long, happy and prosperous union, and in the fullest what their names signify—a *Good Holiday*.

The bride is the only daughter of a pioneer farmer of this place, Mr. William Holiday, perhaps universally known and highly respected throughout the county, especially among the early settlers who with him underwent the privations of pioneer life. Besides living in the fullest confidence and esteem of his neighbors and friends, he raised, clothed and educated a large family in those days when hard labor was much more plentful than dollars, and the woodman's steel an equivalent for but an extremely small portion of silver.

The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's parents in this village early in the evening in the presence of many friends and relatives, prominent among whom were the sister, brother, and aged white-haired father of the groom; the mother remembered, but alas, *not there!* Also the parents of the bride and six remaining sons were there to welcome to their midst and extend the hand of fraternity to their old and constant companion, who in life shared with them the gay happy hours of his childhood and youth.

The bride was clothed in a suit of heavy grograin silk of a light bronze color; the groom in a plain well-fitting suit of beautiful navy blue, both wearing large boquets of natural white flowers.

Rich and many were the gifts bestowed, but above all William seemed to regard his bride as the richest, and we beg pardon for saying that he gazed six times upon her to once upon his choicest goods. With her, however, it would appear differently, but in reality the same, for she rather admired the—*Goods*.

The large and beautifully adorned table was spread in the private hall of the residence, which was handsomely decorated with wreaths of evergreen twigs,—in fact so finely arranged as to bespeak well for the family of the bride, as well as for the young ladies of this place.

As an intimate friend of both the bride and groom, and in behalf of all who know them, we can truthfully and with pleasure say that never was there a union perpetrated in Hayton with more entire satisfaction on both sides—never was there a more respected pair than Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Goode, Jr. May there never be a happier or a brighter future in store for any than for the captor of the bachelors' liege lord and master. C.

EMERSON.

(From Oliver Wendell Holmes's Poem in the January *Atlantic*.)

From his mild throng of worshipers released,
Our Concord Delphi sends its chosen priest,
Prophet or poet, mystic, sage or seer,
By every title always welcome here.
Why that ethereal spirit's frame describe?
You know the race-marks of the Brahmin tribe,—
The spare, slight form, the sloping shoulders' droop,
The calm, scholastic air, the clerkly stoop,
The lines of thought the narrowed features wear,
Worn sharp by studious nights and frugal fare,
List! for he speaks! As when a king would choose
The jewels for his bride, he might refuse
This diamond for its flaw,—find that less bright
Than those, its fellows, and a pearl less white
Than fits her snowy neck, and yet at last,
The fairest gems are chosen, and made fast
In golden fetters; so, with light delays
He seeks the fittest word to fill his phrase;
Nor vain nor idle his fastidious quest,
His chosen word is sure to prove the best.
Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?
He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secrets of the skies—
And which the nobler calling, if 'tis fair
Terrestrial with celestial to compare,—
To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came,
Amidst the sources of his subtile fire,
And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre?
If lost at times in vague aerial lights,
None threads with firmer footsteps when he lights;
A soaring nature, ballasted with sense,
Wisdom without her wrinkles or pretense,
In every Bible he has faith to read,
And every altar helps to shape his creed.

THE ELDER HAWTHORNE.

Speaking of Hawthorne, one of the most interesting books of the season is "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," written by him chiefly from letters and memoranda left by his father. He has been rated a little for writing the book, because it is supposed that his father did not wish to go down to posterity in biography, but he certainly has thrown some light on the life the elder Hawthorne led. Extracts from the gifted romancist's letters form not the least readable part of the work. While a boy he had the mind of a man, and was full of thought. At the age of 17 he wrote to his mother: "I am quite reconciled to going to college since I am to spend the vacations with you. Yet four years of the best part of my life is a great deal to throw away. I have not yet concluded what profession I shall have. The being a minister is, of course, out of the question. I should not think that even you could desire me to choose so dull a way of life. Oh, no, mother; I was not born to vegetate forever in one place, and to live and die as calm and tranquil as—a puddle of water. As to lawyers, there are so many of them already that one-half of them (upon a moderate calculation) are in a state of starvation. A physician, then, seems to be 'Hobson's choice,' but yet I should not like to live by the diseases and infirmities of my fellow creatures. * * * * What do you think of my becoming an author, and depending for support upon my pen? Indeed I think the illegibility of my handwriting is very authorlike. How proud you would be to see my works praised by the reviewers as equal to the proudest productions of the scribbling sons of John Bull." Hawthorne's love letters, as might be supposed, were very different from ordinary ones, and very different indeed from the gushing idiocy of those written by Bulwer. Here is a passage from one: "When we shall be endowed with spiritual bodies I think they will be so constituted that we may send thoughts and feelings any distance, in no time at all, and transfuse them warm and fresh into the consciousness of those we love. Oh, what happiness it would be at this moment if I could be conscious of some purer feeling, some more delicate sentiment, some lovelier fantasy than could possibly have had its birth in my own nature, and therefore be aware that you are thinking through my mind and feeling through my heart." Whether Julian Hawthorne has acted wisely or not in putting forth this biography of his father, he certainly has produced an interesting book, which will give many persons a great deal of pleasure.

"DIVIDING UP."

Our artist gives on page 734 an illustration of a practice common among the Long Island fishermen. When a party of them return from a day's fishing, the united catch is divided as fairly as possible into as many piles as there are members of the party. Then, in order that there may be no dispute over the distribution of the several piles, one of the men is placed with his back to the catch, while another points first to one heap and then another, calling out, "Who takes this?" At each call the "blind" man names one of the party, who takes the designated pile without a word. This goes on until the whole catch is distributed. There is no appeal from the decision, and it is very rare that any disputes arise over this method of dividing up.

LONG ISLAND FISHERMEN—"DIVIDING UP."—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 737.]

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF POE'S "RAVEN."

How a Little Dutch Lad Helped the Composer.

We look for the birthplace of the immortal lyric, not at Fordham, but at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. There, at the place called "Yaddo," east of the village on the road to the lake, was a superb piece of forest land, diversified by what were once trout streams, and now owned by Spencer Trask, Esq. In 1784 Jocobus Barhyte, of Dutch stock, and a soldier of the revolution, who had assisted Burgoyne to surrender, bought the tract of land from which he could have the old battle-ground of Bemis Hights in view. He kept trout preserves and spread toothsome dinners for which the place and host became famous. To these the fashionable and noted visitors to the rising watering-place came to see and be seen, to catch and to eat. Nearly all the Presidents of the United States, European guests, literary men, wits, scholars and epicures came once or offener to "Barhyte's." Prince Jerome Napoleon was so enamored of the natural beauties of the spot that for years it was his hope to buy it and live there. Among the throng of gayly dressed visitors was one who in garb "looked like a prairie cowboy;" though in manners he showed him self a kindly gentleman who captivated the heart of Barhyte's grandson, and won the regard of his elders. In the lad's eye the general effect of the stranger's appearance was Mexican. He wore his black hair rather long, covered his head with a wide-brimmed black slouch hat, and seemed of a lonely, gloomy disposition. Rarely mingling with the gay throng, he loved to ramble in the deep woods, muttering, humming and talking to himself. He spent hours at a stretch with rod in hand, and seemed to do a great deal of fishing—without the fish; for few trout seemed to come to his fly.

On one occasion the lad noticed him pacing up and down in the woods encircling the pond of the upper level, apparently delivering an oration. His favorite seat and walk was in a cleared space under the pines and hemlocks bordering the lower pond and nearer the house. A seat of boards fixed between the trees was occupied when writing was to be done. This gentleman was Edgar Allan Poe, the time was the year of 1842.

During the summer of 1843 Poe again visited the Barhytes, and by this time he and the lad were fast friends—a circumstance that sheds some light on Poe's real character. Still fond of his favorite seat under the hemlocks near the pond, the dark-eyed gentleman, as the boy well remembers, paced up and down talking and reciting to himself.

On one day, never to be forgotten, the little fellow had been out fishing for trout on the pond down in the direction of the old grist-mill. Having caught his pail full, he was rowing back toward the house oblivious of visitors, and suspecting no one near, when, suddenly, the silence was broken by the deep echo of "nevermore!" As he neared the house, the sonorous polysyllable rolled over the pond and came back in echo at regular intervals.

The sound which issued from the grove seemed to be that of some one reading aloud, though only the one word "nevermore" could be distinguished. The boy, wondering to the verge of fright, knew not what to make of it, having never heard the strange word in such fashion.

As he neared the landing he began to hear whole lines, and to catch a regular cadence of sound. He now made up his mind that someone was "speaking a piece," and that it was likely to be none other than Mr. Poe. Laughing to himself at the idea of having been so scared, he gave the oars a fresh pull and the mystery was solved. There was Poe in something of a fine frenzy, pacing up and down the space cleared among the trees, reciting to himself the poem, the refrain of which had so frightened the lad at a distance—the semi-croak, the demi-thunder of "nevermore."

His fears over, the boy slow resolved to have some fun. Knowing the poet so well, he ran by this time lost all fear of the Mexican. So, leaping ashore with his fish he walked up to the man in long hair and slouch hat, and shouted mockingly:

"Oh! what a name for a bird! Who ever heard of a bird named 'Nevermore?' "

Instead of scowling or taking offense, Poe's *face* brightened. He clapped his hands and seemed delighted with a new idea.

"I have it," he cried. "Just the thing. That will make the very stanza I need to complete the poem."

Thereupon he sat down on the rustic seat and wrote the first draft of the stanza:

> "Much I marveled this ungainly
> Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
> Though its answer little meaning—
> Little relevancy bore.
>
> For we cannot help agreeing
> That no living human being
> Ever yet was blest with seeing
> Bird above his chamber door—
> Bird or beast above his sculptured
> Bust above his chamber door,
> With a name as 'Nevermore.' "

From that time forth a new tie of interest bound boy and poet together. Having now completed his first draft of the poem, Poe submitted the manuscript to his hostess, Mrs. Barhyte, for criticism, telling her that her son was the cause of "the stanza of the strange name," and that he had simply put boyish prose into his own best poetry.

BETTINA MAZZI.

It is related that immediately after the battle of Solferino, a detachment of the Italian force passed through a town near the field of the day's victory, and discovered that the enemy's colors, abandoned or forgotten in their panic, were still flying from the old church. The spire had been nearly demolished by the cannonades. In reply to the thoughtless challenge of the leader to "climb up and get down the flag," after the soldiers had shown their general unwillingness to risk their lives on the tottering structure, a little peasant girl, Bettina Mazzi by name, undertook it successfully. She received a rich reward from the spectators, as well as the only thing she had asked for on attempting her feat—the long ostrich plumes which the leader wore in his military chapeau, and by which her rustic little fancy had been greatly struck.]

> "Oh! who will scale the belfry tower,
> And cut that banner down?
> All broken is the Austrian power;
> They gallop from the town;
> And surely 'tis an idle taunt,
> With this day's victory gained,
> To let you painted falsehood flaunt—
> The very sky seems stained!"
>
> So spoke the Duke; around he glanced
> To see that each rank heard;
> But every eye was on the ground,
> No single soldier stirred;
> The shattered belfry timbers shake;
> That highest spire of all,
> Beneath a dove's weight might it break,
> And sevenscore feet down-fall.
>
> Each thought: "Cut down *by hand* that flag!
> Foolhardy were the deed.
> When one three-pounder snaps its staff
> As flecks a withered reed!"
> But just as silence grew to shame,
> And none would lift his face,
> A sunburned child, her face aflame,
> Stood forth before his Grace.
>
> She courtesied; gave a hasty glance
> To where the flag flew high,
> Then, stammering, she said: "My Lord,
> May I—have leave—to try?"
> "You, child?" he mocked. "By Mars, you
> would
> To school these veterans grim.
> And your reward?" "Those two fair
> plumes
> That shade your beaver's brim."
>
> Loud rang his laugh: "So be it! climb!
> The plumes are yours—if won."
> She darts across the street as fleet
> As swallow in the sun;
> The church door clashes at her back;
> She flashes up the stair—
> Against the sky, in the belfry high,
> See, see her standing there!
>
> And now she slips up to the leads;
> The crowd all hold their breath.
> Higher and higher slow she mounts,
> One step twixt her and death.
> Along that narrow dormer's edge,
> Up to the broken ball;
> Oh, shattered joist and splintered beam,
> Let not the brave child fall!
>
> And now she grasps the slender staff;
> Then slowly, gently, see!
> The flag begins to sink. Good cord,
> Do thy work faithfully!
> The pulley turns—the rope runs smooth—
> Down the gay folds glide
> Along the quivering pole, until
> They hang her hand beside.
>
> Close gathered—look! she outs their bond,
> Her scissors flashing fair;
> Then lightly pushed from where she clings,
> They drop, plump, to the square:
> But no man thought to raise his cheer
> Until—oh, blessed chance!—
> They see her clamber down, and safe
> From the church steps advance.
>
> Ah, then, what shoutings came from all,
> To honor such a deed!
> Up the old street at the Duke's side
> She rides his pacing steed,
> Her homespun apron filled with crowns,
> The Duke's plumes in her hair;
> What man shall say a little maid
> Can never do and dare?
>
> —*Edmund Irenæus Stevenson, in Harper's Young People.*

When the Woods Turn Brown.

How will it be when the roses fade,
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-brier wild
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is changed for its hips on a thorny bush?

Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower and star-flower and golden-rod
Glimmer no more from the frosted sod,
And the hillside nooks are empty and cold?

Then the forest tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,
And crumbled to dust?

O, then as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my
crown;
We will dream of green leaves, when the wood
turn brown,
—[Lucy Larcom, in the Floral Cabinet.

THE GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

RICHLAND, Iowa.

Will Our Curiosity Shop give the date of death and the place of burial of the various Presidents of the United States? ETHEL.

Answer.—There are now living three Presidents—Grant, Hayes, and Arthur. It has been noted as somewhat remarkable that all who have died while in active service as Chief Magistrate have passed away in the early part of their term. General Harrison filled the office only a month. General Taylor died after having served sixteen months. Mr. Lincoln died a little over a month after his second inauguration, and General Garfield filled the office but six months and fifteen days, half of which he was on the very threshold of the grave.

George Washington died Dec. 14, 1799, at Mount Vernon, Va., of acute laryngitis, and was buried at Mount Vernon. His remains were placed in the present receptacle in 1827.

John Adams died July 4, 1826, of old age, at Quincy, Mass., and all that is mortal of the second President lies beneath the Unitarian Church. The church was completed in 1828, and the body was removed from the family vault in the cemetery across the way into a room beneath the church.

Thomas Jefferson died July 4, 1826, in the course of nature, say the chroniclers, at Monticello, Va., and was buried in a thick growth of woods near a road leading from that place to Charlottesville.

James Madison died June 28, 1836, at Montpelier, Va., of old age, and was buried in the center of a large level field at that place.

James Monroe died July 4, 1831, at New York, of old age, and in 1858 his remains were removed by the State of Virginia to Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Va.

John Quincy Adams died at Washington, D. C., Feb. 21, 1848, from a stroke of paralysis, and is buried in the same place with his father, beneath the Unitarian Church at Quincy, Mass.

Andrew Jackson died June 8, 1845, from an attack of dropsy, at the Hermitage, his famous home, on the Lebanon pike, eleven miles from Nashville, Tenn., and was interred there.

Martin Van Buren died near Kinderhook, N. Y., July 24, 1862, of old age, and rests in the family lot in the little cemetery there.

William Henry Harrison died at Washington, D. C., from the effects of the fatigue and excitement of the campaign, April 4, 1841, and his body was buried at North Bend, about fifteen miles from Cincinnati.

John Tyler died at Richmond, Va., Jan. 8, 1862, and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, where Monroe lies.

James K. Polk died June 15, 1849, at Nashville, Tenn., of cholera, and was buried in the garden of the old family homestead in that city.

Zachary Taylor died at Washington, D. C., of a bilious disorder, July 9, 1850. His remains were removed several times; first they were placed in a cemetery at Washington, then in a lot on the Taylor homestead near Louisville, then to Cave Hill Cemetery, and they are now in the cemetery at Frankfort, Ky.

Millard Fillmore died at Buffalo, N. Y., March 8, 1874, and was buried at Forest Lawn Cemetery, three miles from that city.

Franklin Pierce died at Concord, N. H., Oct. 8, 1869, and his remains rest in the old cemetery on Maine street.

James Buchanan's death occurred at Wheatland, Pa., June 1, 1868, and his remains rest at Woodward Hill Cemetery, a mile or so west of Lancaster, on the Marietta turnpike.

Abraham Lincoln died at Washington, D. C., April 16, 1865, shot to death by John Wilkes Booth, and his resting-place is Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., where stands probably the finest monument ever erected to a President of the United States.

Andrew Johnson passed away at Greenville, Tenn., of dropsy, July 31, 1875, and was buried there on a spot selected by himself.

James A. Garfield died Sept. 19, 1881, and was buried in the Lake View cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio.

It will be noticed that Massachusetts has given a last resting-place to two Presidents, New Hampshire to one, New York to two, Pennsylvania to one, Ohio to two, Illinois to one, Kentucky to one, Tennessee to three, and Virginia—the "mother of Presidents"—to five.

FAMILY MISCELLANY.

THE PAGEANT OF AUTUMN.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its yellow richness on the clustered trees.
And from a beaker full of richest dyes
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And tipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a Summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate
wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits
down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird
sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy
flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and
looks
On duties well-performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

For the Inter Ocean.

SWEET BY AND BY.

HYMN AND RECITATION—BY EUGENE J. HALL.

There are faces we fondly recall,
That have vanished away from this vale,
Like the leaves of the forest that fall,
That float from our gaze on the gale.
There are forms that have gladdened our sight
That are moldering under the sod;
There are loved ones that walk in the light—
The glory and splendor of God.

"In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

There's the form of a beautiful child
That comes at the set of the sun,
There's a face that once met me and smiled
When my weary day's labor was done;
I see her, in dreams, at the door,
Again, when the green ivy clings,
I list to her laughter once more,
I hark while she joyously sings:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Like a lily that blooms by my way,
That brightens the path where I roam,
She came to my presence one day—
The sunshine and joy of my home.
Like a lily that withers and dies,
She drooped in the morning of night,
And, closing her beautiful eyes,
She peacefully passed from my sight.

"In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

I know on that beautiful shore
She is watching and waiting to-day.
I know she will greet me once more,
No matter what may stay.
I shall lay down my burden of woe
When I enter the valley she trod;
She will sing the same sweet song that she sang long ago
Again in the presence of God.

"To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet, by-and-by, by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

GROWING OLD.

We are growing old together,
John and I;
We have seen youth's precious morning
Swiftly fly;
We have seen life's Summer bloom,
Quick, for Autumn shade, make room;
We have watched the rustling flight
Of life's song-birds, out of sight;
We have known the heart fears
Crowding full life's busy years;
All the changes, who can tell,
Since love rang our wedding bell,
Life's great joy, that came, we know,
"Five-and-twenty years ago?"

We have planned and hoped together,
John and I;
We have sowed, to reap together,
We have sowed, to reap together,
Not the good for which we greed,
Not the harvest that we hoped,
Always waited; but no frost
O'er home's threshold ever crossed;
Come what might, of good or ill,
Mutual love kept shining still,
And what life's somber imagery
Love still found us side by side,
With the trust we learned to know,
"Five-and-twenty years ago!"

We have lived and toiled together,
John and I;
We have mourned and wept together,
John and I;
We have clasped in tender arms,
Babyhood's sweet, winsome charms;
And the churchyard holds a name,
Only John and I can claim;
While from childhood homes we miss
A father's smile, a mother's kiss,
Yet our clinging hearts still say
We will walk life's chosen way—
Just the way we learned to know,
"Five-and-twenty years ago."

We must walk life's shadowy valley,
John and I;
Locks of brown will turn to silver,
By-and-bye;
Lines will mark the once smooth face;
Care and grief will leave their trace;
Hands will not so lightly move,
Love, by tender tasks, to prove;
Feet will slow and slower take
Countless steps for love's sweet sake;
But, dear heart, what can we ask
More than this, that age may bask
In love's rays, that brightened so,
"Five-and-twenty years ago."

—*Leslie's Magazine.*

DROPPING INTO POETRY.

The Janesville *Recorder* "drops into poetry" in expressing its preference among the several candidates for president, as follows:

> When you ask us who's our candidate,
> And what may be his name,
> What mighty state he hails from,
> And how he earned his fame;—
> We answer you thus plainly,
> And the sacred secret tell,
> Now mark our words, they're weighty,
> And their import ponder well,—
> When we hear from Great Chicago
> In the June of eighty-four,
> We will tell you who's our leader,
> And we cannot tell before.

"HIDE ME, O, MY SAVIOR, HIDE,
TILL THE STORM OF LIFE IS PAST."

(PAGE 8.)

er the Inter Ocean.

LIFE'S PICTURE.

BY MINNIE MAY CURTIS.

The winter sun is setting and ended is the day,
And I am tired and weary, so I put my brush
away;
Finished to almost living beauty, by the last rays
of the sun,
Upon the easel near me, stands my picture nearly
done.

And as I gaze upon it solemn thoughts within
arise,
Bitter tears of sudden sorrow fill my weary, aching
eyes,
And the pride that filled my bosom quickly faints
and fades away,
Like the glowing Southern sunset, leaving all so
cold and gray.

As I think of that drear outline which I feebly
sadly paint
On my life's broad stretch of canvas in dull
colors, weak and faint.
Where beneath is plainly written so that every
eye may see,
"This is but the dimmest shadow of what might
and ought to be."

In that picture flaws and failures, vain attempts
to make it fair,
Brave resolves, alas soon broken, plainly are depicted there;
While the whole is blurred and blotted in confusion, doubt, and strife,
Making up the sad, drear outline of my weary,
restless life.

* * * * * * * * *

But with joy I see there's blended with the dark
a lighter gleam,
And 'mid the jarring discords some small beauty
shines between,
While the darkest cloud that hovers with a silver
edge is rimmed,
And o'ec all with cheer and gladness shines the
star of hope undimmed,

As the artist first beginning paints his landscape
cold and gray,
Then lays on the richer colors, glowing brightly
as the day,
And the dark and gloomy picture with its tints
so poor and cold
Shines at last in wondrous beauty with its glints
of gleaming gold,

So upon my poor life's picture with a stronger
touch I may
Year by year with earnest effort brighter, better
colors lay;
And when all my work is finished and this busy
life is past
May shine with some small beauty and faint
radiance at the last.

Marion, Ala.

His Term Had Expired.

[From the Washington Hatchet.]

A funny scene occurred in the Senate of the United States on the day that the last term of Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, expired. Just before 12 o'clock on that day, at which hour his time was up, he took the floor to speak on some question in which he was deeply interested. Vice-President Colfax permitted him to run along until fifteen minutes past time, and then the vice-president began to fidget and hitch in his chair. Finally Colfax, rapping, said:

"The Senator from Delaware is out of order and will please take his seat."

"I am not out of order, Mr. President!" thundered the bibulous Willard in response. "Do you think I do not know when I am out of order?"

And then he plunged into his subject again.

Colfax turned and twisted, and then rapped again.

"The Senator from Delaware is out of order, and must take his seat."

This was too much for the now irate Senator, and he was about launching one of the scorching philippics he was so capable of uttering at the devoted head of the vice-president, when the latter interposed with:

"One minute. The Senator is out of order because his term has expired.

For a moment Saulsbury stood in utter amazement, and then blurted out:

"By thunder, Mr. President, I really forgot that little circumstance, and will now close my remarks," and then for fifteen minutes more the strange scene was presented of a private individual addressing the Senate of the United States in full session. And Saulsbury afterwards boasted that he was the only man on record who ever served a single term over six years in the Senate of the United States.

DOUGLAS' DEATH-BED.

The Last Hours of the "Little Giant"—His Farewell Words.

[From the Boston Budget.]

When Stephen A. Douglas lay stricken with death at Chicago, his wife, who was a devout Roman Catholic, sent for Bishop Duggan, who asked whether he had ever been baptized according to the rites of any church.

"Never," replied Mr. Douglas.

"Do you desire to have mass said after the ordinances of the Holy Catholic Church?" inquired the bishop.

"No, sir!" answered Mr. Douglas; "when I do, I will communicate with you freely."

The bishop withdrew, but the next day Mrs. Douglas sent for him again, and, going to the bedside, he said: "Mr. Douglas, you know your own condition fully, and in view of your own dissolution do you desire the ceremony of extreme unction to be performed?"

"No!" replied the dying man, "I have no time to discuss these things now."

The bishop left the room and Mr. Rhodes, who was in attendance said:

"Do you know the clergymen of this city?"

"Nearly every one of them."

"Do you wish to have either or any of them call to see you to converse on religious topics?"

"No, I thank you," was the decided answer.

Soon after this, about 5 o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened, and the windows raised. Mr. Rhodes lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the street, and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially closed, and in low, measured cadences, with considerable pause between each accent, he uttered:

"Death! Death!! Death!!!"

After this he seemed to revive slightly. Mrs. Douglas asking if he had any message for his sons, Robie and Stevie, he replied:

"Tell them to obey the laws and support the constitution of the United States."

At about 5 o'clock Dr. Miller came into the room and noticing the open shutters and windows, inquired:

"Why have you these windows raised and so much light?"

Mr. Douglas answered:

"So that we can have fresh air."

At Mr. Douglas' request, Mr. Rhodes changed the dying man's position again in the bed, for the last time. He now lay rather down in the middle of the bed upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat beside him, holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning tenderly over him, sobbing. Mr. Rhodes remarked to Mrs. Douglas:

"I am afraid he does not lie comfortable."

In reply to which Mr. Douglas said: "He is—very comfortable."

These were his last intelligible words. From 5 o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness. When, a few moments before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him and sobbingly asked: "Husband, do you know me? Will you kiss me?" he raised his eyes and smiled, and though too weak to speak, the movements of the muscles of his mouth evinced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request. His death was calm and peaceful; a few faint breaths, a slight rattling in his throat, a short, quick, convulsive shudder, and Stephen A. Douglas had passed from time into eternity. He was buried near the lake shore, in the suburbs of Chicago, where a monument marks the spot.

"It is a great deal better to have music in your home—home-made music—than almost anything else. Keep up your practice at the piano, even if some other things do get less attention than you wish. Practise every day. In her letter in the *Christian Union*, Aunt Marjorie says that one hour a day conscientiously given to the piano will keep the beautiful accomplishment which you acquired by so many years of study and devotion. You are a busy matron, with something to fill in all the flying moments, and you are contentedly letting your music go, now that the children are taking lessons. The girls monopolize the piano, and they are learning to play beautifully, and your pride in their progress is very great. Nevertheless, it is not well that girls should excel their mothers in everything. It is not well that girls should have the drawing-room especially set apart for their evenings and their guests, while mother sits up-stairs or in the basement. The mothers of to-day are quite too prone to retire into the shadowy background, leaving the young ladies to queen it in the front. We always like to visit a house where the mother keeps her true place of gentle pre-eminence. We think mothers would less frequently slip from this, if they cared a very little more about not becoming rusty. A woman should grow more and more charming as she goes on in life; also fuller of resources, and rather than lose any acquisition once gained, she should add to her stock as she approaches middle age. One hour a day, dear madame, will enable you to surprise your husband, as he sits beside the table in the evening, with the same sweet old melodies which you used to play to him in the long ago. One hour a day will so give to fingers and brain the power, and the magic of harmony, that you will be able to play merry little polkas and jigs for the children's entertainment, and to criticise, to their delight and profit, the ambitious performances of the older ones."

The Value of Eloquence.

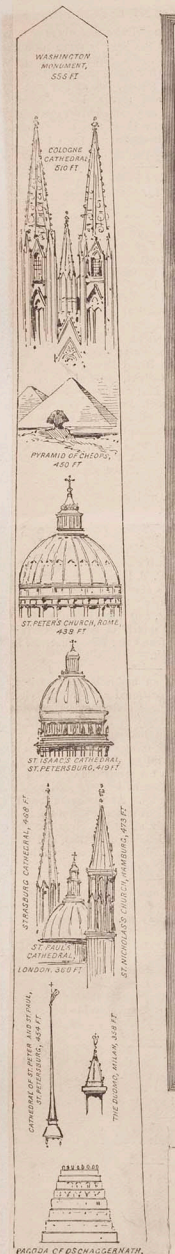
Every day's experience proves that the power of public speaking is not only absolutely essential to the most moderate success in many professions, but is indispensable to the highest grades in all. In Congress, at the bar, in the pulpit, it is, of course, necessary from the very outset, if the very least eminence is to be looked for. But not only in the professions of which oratory is the very foundation, but in every case of life where a certain degree of eminence has been attained, it becomes of equal importance, and the want of it will be equally felt. The merchant and the manufacturer, even the soldier and sailor, when they rise to eminence in their professions, are called on to speak in public, and grievously suffer if they can not do so. Many a gallant spirit which never quailed before an enemy has been crushed and his reputation injured by inability to speak in a public assembly or to answer appropriately a complimentary speech at a public dinner. Indeed, the influence of public speaking in this country is not only great, but daily increasing, and it confers influence and distinction often far beyond the real merits of the speaker, and, for its want, the most solid or brilliant party in other respects can make no comparison. The great body of men invariably impute inability to speak in public to want of ideas, whereas, in reality it generally arises from want of practice, and often coexists with the greatest acquirements and the most brilliant genius.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich and he was poor,
And so it might not be,
A lady never could wear—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an Indian
Instead of an Indian worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

A youth would marry a maiden.
For fair and fond was she:
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spur,
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down with great renown,
To goad his future son!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

—*By John G. Saxe.*



COMPARATIVE HEIGHT OF VARIOUS STRUCTURES.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MONUMENT—THE VIEW FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

HOME, AT SEA.

WILD winds are howling savagely,
But in the cabin, billow-tossed,
The sailors gather cozily,
'Mid swaying lights by shadows crossed,
That speak of change—joys won or lost—
And blended moods of grief or glee.

Within the rude but ship-shape room—
A dusky bulk against the glare—
One figure sits, a form of gloom
You might not choose to wish were there,
So worn his cheek, so grave his air,
'Mongst those hale faces all abloom.

Yet him his comrades crowd around;
He leads the story and the laugh.
And now what spell, think you, he's found?
Only a woman's photograph;
But all gaze eagerly, and half
In musing fantasy are bound.

He tells of home and snowy days
Ashore at Christmas, in the past:
"They'll come no more along my ways,"
Sighing he falters out at last.
(I hear the creaking of the mast,
While the fierce ocean round us plays.)

"Yet, lads, it's good to think of home!"
And they agree, with voices deep;
And fancy flits across the foam,
To join the feast their dear ones keep.
Love haunts us still, awake, asleep,
Where'er we stay, where'er we roam.

So, if or calm or tempest be,
We well may keep the Christmas-tide
With tender thought, bright memory—
Blessings like angels' wings spread wide.
If loyal heartiness abide,
You'll still have home with you, at sea.

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

A Case of Cousin.

Oh, pshaw, now, old boy, don't be silly!
She is only a cousin of mine—
This dear little, sweet little Millie—
Nothing more than a cousin of mine.

So, why shouldn't I speak of her beauty?
Her winning and amiable ways?
She's my cousin; it's my really duty
To say all I can in her praise.

And what though I show her attention!
Though regard and esteem I should show!
Why, surely, 'tis scarcely worth mention;
It is all in the family so.

"First cousin?" Well, no, not precisely;
Our great-grandfathers—now—let—me—see—
We're cousins, to state it quite nicely,
In about—the eleventh degree.

—*J. P. L., in Life.*

THE JEFF DAVIS-BISSELL DUEL.

MORENCI, A. T.

Will Our Curiosity Shop give an account of the difficulty out of which grew the challenge and duel between Jeff Davis and Colonel Bissell, of Illinois?

D. C. AMBLER.

Answer.—Some thirty-five years ago the relations between different parts of the country were in a peculiar condition. Many portions of the North had manifested a spirit of undoubted opposition to the slave traffic and its extension. On the other hand, the slaveholders' apologists were becoming more and more outspoken in their schemes, and hesitated not to make their boast of what the South would do unless certain things were done, and so forth. This sharp antagonism had on several memorable occasions shown itself, and in every recorded instance the insolence of the so-called Southern chivalry was almost unbearable. After the Mexican war it was the custom of these small-bore patriots and large-bore boasters to be particularly offensive when speaking of the part taken in that struggle by soldiers from the North, as compared with the gallant, chivalric conduct of regiments from the slave States. On any and all occasions this was their style, knowing the reluctance of Northern men to resort to weapons to heal "wounded honor, sah." In the year 1850 a question arose at Washington by means of a person named Seddon, as to the battle of Buena Vista. That was in Congress, and the man named Seddon went so far as to award the entire credit of saving the fortunes of the day at a very critical period of that engagement to a Mississippi regiment, of which Jeff Davis, the figure-head and front of the slaveholders' war, was the Colonel. The boast was also made by the gentlemen who afterward publicly proclaimed themselves rebels, that there was more personal bravery and prowess in the South than existed this side of Mason and Dixon's line. Colonel Bissell was a member of Congress, and had a good record in the Mexican war as Colonel of the Second Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. He was justly indignant at the cool, impudent assurance of the slave-owning boasters, and in the latter part of January, 1850, he undertook to reply to the disgrace which he conceived had been cast upon that part of the country which he represented. His speech has been characterized as "one of the keenest, most incisive, and brilliant speeches ever spoken in the halls of Congress, not only in the vindication of his own section, but also in pricking the vain assumption of the other." The gentle spirits of the sunny land were deeply affected, in fact so touched that they failed to answer Colonel Bissell's cavalry charge. But they were not to be cheated out of their revenge, and so sought other means of crushing him. Bissell claimed in his speech that not only was it untrue that Davis' regiment saved the field, but he affirmed that Davis' troops were not within a half-mile of the place where the movement was made which saved the day. This was astonishing; the "mudsill" must be taught what it was to enter the lists against a Southern gentleman. The field of honor must decide this historic fact. Davis was hot-headed, and challenged Bissell. The crowd who fluttered around Davis were certain that Bissell would not accept the challenge, and it was not to be expected that he would—in fact, there were a good many who didn't want him to accept. But Bissell did accept, and accept promptly, and left the preliminaries to his friends, all excepting naming the weapons and the distance. The whole of Washington was agog with excitement. Why—why—to think of the party accepting—why—why—it was terrible! Bissell set about his part of the work very coolly. He selected as the weapon the common army musket, to be loaded with a ball and three buckshot; and the combatants to be stationed at forty paces, with liberty to advance to ten! This was too much. A duel was all right enough, but what was the use of two gentlemen marking pepper-box tops of themselves, just for something or other that had or had not occurred in the Mexican war? This question never seems to have occurred to Davis' friends till Bissell had mentioned the army musket, the bullet and buckshot, and the ten paces. That little arrangement was a wonderfully powerful pacificator. Well, to make a long story short, Davis' friends made overtures, the challenge of the future head of the Confederacy was withdrawn, and the duel was proclaimed postponed. But this did not take place before old Zachary Taylor, then President and Davis' father-in-law, had heard of it, and at once instituted legal steps to stop the "meeting." It was, then, however, all disposed of, and the fire-eaters were unable to say for some time to come at least that Northern men were afraid to meet them.

ROMANCE OF THE KING.

The king of Somewhere loved the queen
Of Somewhere else most dearly,
And in his courtier Gobetween
Confided he sincerely.

The courtier was a pleasant man,
Of readiest invention,
And always had some clever plan
To hold the king's attention.

The queen was coy and hard to please,
As best beseemed her station;
The king upon his bended knees
She kept in supplication.

No favoring answer would she give
No smile of kind consenting;
And while the king was fain to live
Yet life was all lamenting.

At last he prayed his courtier wise
To aid in his proceeding;
The courtier's ready wits devise
Plans worthy of his breeding.

He hastened to the haughty queen
And praised his royal highness;
So wiley was this Gobetween
He chuckled o'er his slyness.

The queen was softened by his art,
And when her suitor tendered
His royal kingdom (and his heart),
She graciously surrendered.

The king and queen lived happily,
In hand and heart were wedded;
As for the courtier—let me see—
Oh, yes—he was beheaded.

Texas Siftings.

A STORY OF THE "LOG CABIN" CAMPAIGN.

A Meeting Between a Politician and his Rival's Wife.

There are two stories told of Tom Corwin's meeting the wife of Gov. Shannon, both of which are very funny, but both of which cannot be true. One is that the meeting took place at St. Clairsville, where Shannon was to have a joint discussion with Corwin. In coming to the town, Mr. Corwin occupied the same stage with Mrs. Shannon, who did not know him, and who, on account of his sitting in a corner of the stage in a very modest and reserved way, together with his very dark complexion, took him to be a mulatto. She asked him at one of the stations to go and get some milk for her little baby, which she had with her. Corwin politely did as she requested. She then had him feed the baby and hold it during the remainder of the trip. As the stage reached the St. Clairsville Hotel, she took her infant and handed him a quarter, which he politely but with dignity declined. She suspected nothing, however, as she took her departure. All unconscious of her error, she went that afternoon to see the man who was opposing her husband, and to hear the joint discussion. Her surprise can be imagined when she saw upon the platform her dark mulatto servant of the morning, and she was deeply mortified when she heard him introduced a moment later as Thomas Corwin, the Whig candidate for Governor of Ohio.

The other story states that this meeting occurred in a stage approaching Columbus during the campaign. Corwin and a number of his Whig friends were going from one place to another, and were discussing the situation and laughing over the prospects of Shannon's defeat, when Mrs. Shannon, whom none of them knew, entered the stage at one of the minor stations. She listened to their talk for a few moments, and then gave them to understand that she did not think as they did, that she was the wife of Gov. Shannon, and that there was no doubt of his election. This abashed the several gentlemen for a moment, but Corwin at once recovered himself and soon began conversing with Mrs. Shannon. He was an accomplished conversationalist, and in a short time she thought the dark gentleman with whom she was talking was one of the most polite gentlemen she had ever met. He told her he knew her husband well, and talked at length about him, skilfully parrying all questions which might lead to his giving her any idea of his own identity. They finally got to laughing over the campaign, and Mrs. Shannon remarked that it was not possible that such a man as her husband could be beaten by a fellow like Tom Corwin, who, they say, was only a waggon boy when yonng.

"Yes," replied Corwin, "and who goes round the country speaking from a log cabin."

"And," continued Mrs. Shannon, "who is as black as the ace of spades."

"Yes," returned Corwin, "as black as—as black as I am."

So the conversation went on while Tom Corwin complimented her in various ways, taking her baby, which she had with her, in his arms and dandling it and calling it "the young Governor." When they reached Columbus Mr. Corwin carried the baby into the hotel for her, and, as he laid it down, said, "Mrs. Shannon I am indebted to you for a very pleasant ride. I will now lay down the 'young Governor,' and a few weeks later you will find me laying down your old Governor as well. I have the honor to introduce myself to you as Tom Corwin, the black-faced waggon boy of the present campaign."

History tells how well Corwin succeeded in verifying his prophecy—how he was elected Governor in 1840, and how five years later he was sent to the United States Senate which he left to accept the portfolio of the Treasury.—*Boston Herald.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. K.—Your poem, "Queen of Home," is so true to nature, and will we think so interest our young readers that we publish it here—

QUEEN OF HOME.

I am queen of my husband's heart and home;
As proud a queen as ever reigned;
My subjects to me are loyal and true,
And worship me with love undefined.
I know you will find, wherever you roam,
The happiest woman's the Queen of Home.
Be her realm as broad as an empire grand
Or only the span of a narrow room;
Be her castles fair as art can plan,
Or only a simple well-kept home—
She's the happiest woman who holds the crown
Of her husband's love beyond renown.
Whether dressed in velvets, jewels and furs,
Or simple garments neat and plain;
Whether dainties of every clime be hers
Or the frugal fare from labor's grain—
She's the happiest woman who's queen alone
Of her husband's heart, and home her throne.
When Love is Prime Minister, and Faith and Truth
Are councillors who never fail
To guide with wisdom; and Charity,
Before whose rule all discords quail,
Controls the household, why should not the queen
Be the happiest woman that ever was seen?
And such a kingdom as this is mine,
Proud queen of my husband's faithful heart;
No wealth or honor or power or fame
Could lure me from his side apart.
And I'm sure you'll find wherever you roam
The happiest woman is the Queen of Home.

LAKE MŒRIS, IN EGYPT.

PAXTON, Ill.

What is the condition of Lake Mœris at the present time?

CHARLES MCHARRY.

Answer.—Lake Mœris, or rather what remains of it, is near the ancient Crocodilopolis, now Medinet-el-Fayoom. It was long a marvel, as may be seen from what Herodotus says: "Wonderful as is the labyrinth, the work called the Lake of Mœris, which is close by the labyrinth, is yet more astonishing. The measure of its circumference is 3,600 furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the sea-coast. The lake stretches in its longest direction from north to south, and in its deepest parts is of the depth of fifty fathoms. It is manifestly an artificial excavation, for nearly in the center stand two pyramids rising to the height of 300 feet above the surface of the water, and extending as far beneath, each crowned with a colossal statue sitting upon a throne. The water of the lake does not come out of the ground, which is here excessively dry, but is introduced by a canal from the Nile. The current sets for six months into the lake from the river, and for the next six months into the river from the lake." The author just quoted states that this lake was formed by a king whose name has since been given to it—Mœris—and whom scholars identify with Amenophis, the Memnon of the later Greeks and Romans; but it is explained that Herodotus confounded the natural lake, Birket-el-Keroon, with the artificial lake, Mœris. Another writer, referring to the present times, says that M. Linant, a French engineer, was the first to determine the position and character of this famous work of antiquity. The object of the lake was to regulate the irrigation of the Fayoom (or Feiyoom, as it is sometimes written), anciently the Crocodilopolite Nome, and afterward the Arsinoite, and it was valued on account of its fisheries. It seems rather to have deserved the name of a very large reservoir than that of a lake. Notwithstanding the lake has dried up, Fayoom is still an important and fertile province.

Historic Church Burns at Chicago

Chicago, Ill.—(U.P.)—The historically famous New England Congregational church, a survivor of the great 1871 conflagration, was wrecked by fire Tuesday.

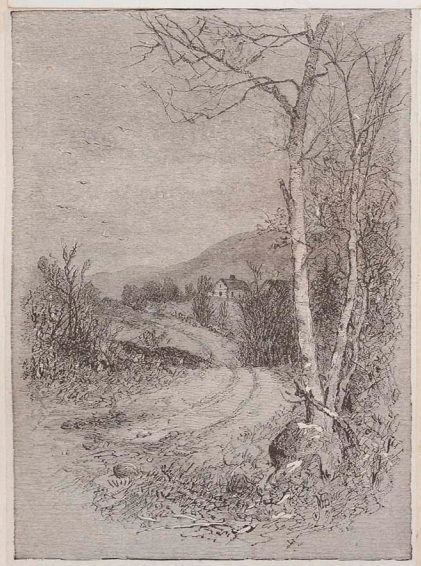
The church housed the rock on which the Pilgrims were baptized before going from England to Holland and thence to America in 1621. The rock, which dated back to the fourteenth century, came originally from Scrooby, England.

The cornerstone of the church, laid in 1865, was part of the original Congregational church in Plymouth, England. Beside it was a piece of the Plymouth rock.

The stone pieces were saved, as were numerous ancient Bibles, and a hymn book which was scorched in the great Chicago fire.

Six firemen were overcome by heat fighting the flames and another suffered a possible skull fracture when he fell from the roof. Damage was estimated at $25,000.

FROM "NATURE'S SERIAL STORY."



FROM THE WEATHER-WORN HOUSE, ON THE BROW OF THE HILL,
WE ARE DWELLING AFAR IN OUR MANHOOD TO-DAY."

SWEET MEMORY'S CALL.

[Written for The News.]

The love that embraces "Sweet memory's call,"
Will cling fast wherever we roam;
Like the rambling sound of Niagara's fall.
Its muse may be heard when alone.
Yet the years may roll on and none ever can bring
Back reality's fondness to me,
For there's naught but the surges of memory can fling
Its light o'er oblivion's dark sea.

As the wave rolleth deep in the ocean of love,
And the breeze wafts it quickly along;
As the dust riseth up to the regions above,
When the whirlwind is mighty and strong,
So the days of our youth glide along unto age,
When the breeze of contentment is high;
And the book of our lives on that sorrowful page,
Shows the days of life's darkness are nigh.

But to-day let us think of the days that are gone,
When the troubles of life were but few;
And the clouds of misfortune we never have known,
For our lives were as pure as the dew.
And our thoughts were as gay as the beautiful form
Of the rainbow that arches the sky,
When the rays of the sun and the clouds of the storm,
Their bright hues reflect to the eye.

Like the low undertone of the murmuring deep,
When the tempest that stirred it is still;
Like the human heart's gladness, when lips gently speak
Of its love, with a calm gentle trill.
May our joys wander forth in their realms afar,
And our troubles take calmest repose;
May our souls be as light as the fair evening star,
And our fondness as sweet as the rose.

Let us go to the island of beauty and fame,
Where the sorrows of life ne'er betide;
Yet each year that rolls round us will whisper the name,
Of the "Merry, Merry Christmas time;"
Let us each to another these precious words bear,
And abide by "Sweet memory's call;"
In their fullness of heart, let every one share
In a "MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS" to all.

T. E. CONNELL.

A NEW YEAR GREETING.

I.

"A Happy New Year!" So we lightly cry
To those around, in careless, idle phrase.
But, ah! what years are happy 'neath the sky?
Whose paths are altogether pleasant ways?

II.

And so, to you, my friend, I fain would give
Another greeting for the coming year—
A greeting that through all its days may live
As tender music lingers on the ear.

III.

We know the year that holds the Summer's prime—
Holds, too, the Winter's icy storm and frost,
The changing blasts of Spring's capricious time,
The mellow Autumn, when the world is lost.

IV.

In beauty like a dream, when golden days
Fall softly on us with the falling leaves,
And purple hills are wrapped in radiant haze,
Like the enchanted mist that Fancy weaves.

V.

So, too, the years of changing human life
Hold many a season clasped in their embrace—
Days bright with hope, days dark with weary strife,
And days serene with fair, pathetic grace.

VI.

Shall I, who fain would call upon your way
Life's highest blessing, wish for smiles alone
From sunny skies on flowery meadows? Nay,
Not so God blesses those he makes his own.

VII.

Souls lapped in glowing sunshine seldom rise
To face unblenched the driving storm and rain;
And hearts most truly and most gently wise
Have learned their wisdom in the school of pain.

VIII.

Therefore, O steadfast soul! I ask for you
Courage and strength to meet the fiercest blast;
And God's best sunshine, faithful heart and true,
To gild your pathway when the storm is past.

—*Christian Reid.*

Robert E. Lee.

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

The Sons and Daughters of the Late Gen. Robert E. Lee.

At the recent opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art I saw among the many notable people there, Miss Mary Lee, the second daughtor of Gen. Robert E. Lee. She is a plain-looking lady of 35 and, like her father, is altogether unpretentious. She wore a heavy cashmere wrap, and was in company with a lady similarly attired. Miss Mary Lee resembles her mother in appearance more than her father. It is a remarkable fact that the only one of Gen. Lee's children who at all resembles him is his oldest son, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, now the president of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. There are five of the Lee children—three sons and two daughters. They were all born at Arlington, the old Custis homestead, near Washington, where Mrs. Lee continued to reside after her marriage. The eldest daughter Mildred, has traveled a good deal since the war, spending much of her time in Europe, but when here makes her home with her brother Custis at Levington. Miss Mary, the next sister also lives with him. Miss Agnes, the youngest sister, died during the war at a health resort in North Carolina. None of the daughters married, and Custis Lee is also single, but Runey Lee and Robert E., jr., are both married, and are both Virgina farmers. One of them only has children, and the probabilities are that it is through him alone that the Lee family and the Custis family are to be perpetuated.

Mrs. Robert E. Lee was the only child of George Washington Park Custis, who was the only son and heir of Martha Washington. It was from George Washington and Martha Washington that Custis obtained Arlington, which, at the opening of the war, was one of the finest prices of country property of the south. It was the ideal southern homestead. The Union forces took possession of it at the very opening of hostilities in 186, and during the war it was converted into a national cemetery. According to a provision of the will of George Washington Park Custis, the entire property was to go to the eldest son of Mrs. Lee. That eldest son was the present Gen. G. W. C. Lee, and he obtained $125,000 from the government in payment for Arlington last Winter, there having been a long contest at law about it. That money represents the bulk of the property now in possession of the Lee family, and is but a trifling remnant of the magnificent estates they owned in Virginia before the war, not to speak of the hundreds of slaves that belonged to these estates. But the family has fared better than many others of the south that were equally wealthy before the war.

Gen. Custis Lee, though the legal possessor of $125,000 he received for Arlington, has a big heart and makes the most liberal provisions for his two maiden sisters. Though, as stated at the opening of this paragraph, Miss Mary Lee is a plain-looking lady, with no pretentions to beauty, she is gifted in intellect, and is a most charming person. During the war she was most of her time in Richmond with her mother and sisters, and with them endured many privations. I have seen a little account book in which there was a record of expenditures, made on account of the little party Mrs. Lee and her daughters messed with. It was seldom they had meat or coffee, and the most exorbitant prices had to be paid for a chicken or even green corn. The bulk of the diet was made up of rice, bread, and such light articles. Mrs. Lee was one of the most patient and self-abnegating of women, and though a confirmed invalid during the entire war in which her husband was such a prominent actor, never complained, but was in the face of constant misfortunes and

threatened dangers, always resigned and serene. She maintained this character up to the very hour of her death.

A touching story, of which Miss Mary Lee is the heroine, is that after one of the terrible battles near Richmond, just previous to the close of the war, she and some other ladies went on the field to render whatever assistance they could in the care of the wounded and dying soldiers of her father's army. One among those to whom she went to offer relief was a youth of not over 16, who had been fatally shot and was ready to expire. She saw that the poor fellow was going to die immediately, and, being struck by his youth and neat attire, asked him if he had any message to leave behind. "Yes," said he; "my name is——and my mother lives at——; tell her, if you please, that I have just seen our splendid commander, Gen. Lee, ride by, and that I am content to die." That was all. He never knew it was his splendid commander's daughter to whom he was confiding that final message.—*New*

AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Interesting Recollections of Eminent Men.

Mr. Evans, a Philadelphia gentleman, has at present in his possession a collection of autographs which in point of historic interest is possibly unequaled. The book is the property of Mr. Evans' aunt, Mrs. Anna D. Evans, the wife of George Evans, who was a senator of the United States from Maine in 1834, and was for nine years a member of the national house of representatives. Mrs. Evans, although now over ninety years of age, is well preserved, and enjoys the exercise of all her faculties. Her collection of autographs includes those of all the great statesmen of the country who were in congress in 1844, and has been much sought by curiosity hunters. Many of the men who inscribed their sentiments in the little book left reputations that are fondly cherished by the present generation, and will forever live in history. On the opening page of the book appears the name of John Quincy Adams. The handwriting marks a hesitating pen that at several stages in its progress narrowly escaped the dreadful calamity of a blot. Mr. Adams wrote:

My name? and what besides, to write
With fancy on the rack—
What—but the page, of virgin white,
Shall turn at once to black?
What—but a prayer to heaven on high,
That through this world of strife,
Your lot may with your album vie—
All spotless as your life.

Among the signatures are those of Henry Clay, Theodore Frelinghuysen, father of the present secretary, William H. Prescott, the historian, J.C. Calhoun, Charles Dickens, Martin Van Buren, Winfield Scott, James G. Blaine, Horace Binney and many others. The *Press* quotes:

A unique autograph is that of the renowned Indian scout, Davy Crockett. Crockett had just been elected to congress, and was busily applying himself to the task of learning to read and write. These were accomplishments that to him had before seemed unnecessary, but, under the careful and patient schooling of Mrs. Crockett, who was herself gifted with a not inconsiderable fund of knowledge, the valiant Davy soon "picked up," and served his constituents with credit. When Mrs. Evans was introduced to him he was sitting on a lounge. Without rising, he bent his head in salutation, and, with a long sweep of his arm, said: "How are you, my good madam? I am glad to see you."

He wrote literally as follows in the album:
"WASHINGTON, 16th June, 1834.—Mrs. Evans of main requests The hunter from the west to write his name in her Album. Her curosity shall be grattified by a Sentiment wishing her helth and haplnes—and a safe arivel at her residence with her family and friends. DAVID CROCKETT."

Daniel Webster preferred a plain white page. His sentiment was couched in plain prose, and bears evidence of having been written hastily. It was as follows:

"*My Dear Lady*: I have only time to wish you a good journey, and to express the hope that you may meet all friends well. Y'r truly. DAN'L WEBSTER."

On a blue page is written:
"Very respectfully, your ob't serv't
WASHINGTON IRVING.

And underneath it:
"I entirely agree with Irving.
JOHN P. KENNEDY.
Washington, May 3, 1842."

Kennedy will be remembered by school boys as the author of "Swallow Barn," "Nick in the Woods," and other equally sprightly and entertaining story books. Irving and Kennedy were in Washington at the same time, were introduced and became good friends.

What a jump in associations from this page to the next! It is blue tinted and bears upon its face this inscription:

"With my best wishes for the health, happiness and prosperity of Mrs. Evans, I remain, most Truly her ob't serv't,
J. DAVIS."

Mr. Davis did not then probably dream of becoming the president of southern confederacy, or the chief organizer of a rebellion.

John G. Whittier, the poet, modestly wrote:

"With the great names of old, and friends long gone,
I leave, at thy request, my humble one."

THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Madeline Moore was the belle of the village;
Beautiful Madeline Moore!
Friends clustered round her,
Charming they found her;
Lovers she had by the score.
Happy to-day, she 'd no thought of to-morrow;
Light was her heart, free from trouble or sorrow;
Never was seen such a maiden before
As beautiful Madeline Moore.

Though to a snow-flake, a pearl, or a lily,
(Beautiful Madeline Moore!)
They might compare her,
O, she was fairer—
Worthy to love and adore.
Lovers her beauty were ever extolling,
Others her name in high places enrolling;
All in their love and their loyalty wore
The colors of Madeline Moore.

One of her suitors, the proudest and boldest,
Fiercely and frowningly swore
(Deeming it rapture
To follow and capture
The prize, and a victory score),
He, and he only, should win the sweet treasure.
Then there were sadness and grief beyond measure,
When far away to his home-nest he bore
Beautiful Madeline Moore.

Stories were brought to her friends and her neighbors,
Grieving their hearts very sore;
Tales of dishonor,
Of cruelties done her
On a dark, desolate shore;
Stories of infamy, oh, past believing!
Hints of dark plots for still further deceiving!
Sunshine no longer was hovering o'er
The pathway of Madeline Moore.

Back to her home came the belle of the village—
Beautiful Madeline Moore!
She the rare flower,
Plucked from their bower,
Fairer than ever before.
Friends that were faithful soon clustered around her,
Tearfully, tenderly kissed her and crowned her,
Then to her lone, quiet resting-place bore
Beautiful Madeline Moore!

Ah, were she living to-day in the village
She would be over fourscore!
With not a trace
In her form or her face
Of the bright graces she wore.
Death has removed all unloveliness from her;
And, as her story is told each new comer,
She lives again, fair and sweet as of yore,
Beautiful Madeline Moore!

N. P. Willis.

Nathiel Parker Willis was in full bloom when I opened my first portfolio. He had made himself known by his religious poetry, published in his father's paper, I think, and signed "Roy." He had started the *American Magazine*, afterward merged in the New York *Mirror*. He had then left off writing scripture pieces and taken to lighter forms of verse. He had just written:

"I'm twenty-two, I'm twenty-two,—
They idly give me joy,
As if it should be glad to know
That I was less a boy."

He was young therefore, and already famous. He came very near being very handsome. He was tall; his hair, of light brown color, waved in luxurious abundance; his cheek was as rosy as if it had been painted to show behind his bottles; he dressed with artistic elegance. He was something between a rememberance of Count D'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde. There used to be in the gallery of the Luxemburg a picture of Hippolytus and Phædra, in which the beautiful young man, who had kindled a passion in the heart of his wicked step-mother, always reminded me of Willis, in spite of the shortcomings of the living face as compared with the ideal. The painted youth is still blooming on the canvas, but the fresh-cheeked, jaunty young author of the year 1830 has long faded out of human sight. I took the flower which lies before me at this moment, as I write from his coffin, as it lay just outside the door of St. Paul's church, on a sad, over-clouded winter's day, in the year 1867. At that earlier time Willis was by far the most prominent young American author. Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Drake, had all done their best work. Longfellow was not yet conspicuous. Lowell was a school-boy. Emerson was unheard of. Whittier was beginning to make his way against the writers with better educational advantages whom he was destined to outdo and to outlive. Not one of the great histories, which have done honor to our literature, had appeared. Our school-book depended, so far as American authors were concerned, on extracts from the orations and speeches of Webster and Everett; on Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and the "Death of the Flowers," Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," Red-Jacket, and Burns; on Drake's "American Flag," and Percival's "Coral Grove," and his "Genius Sleeping and Genius Waking"—and not getting very wide awake, either. These could be depended on. A few other copies of verses might be found, but Dwight's "Columbia, Columbia" and Pierpont's "Airs of Palestine" were already effaced, as many of the favorites of our own day and generation must soon be, by the great wave which the near future will pour over the sands in which they have been or still are legible.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

FROM "HERRICK'S POEMS," ILLUSTRATED BY ABBEY.

GEMS.

[From a Masonic Address.]

Several alleged *exposes* have been published to the world by men ambitious of fame and celebrity at the expense of honor, yet they have been unable to impart such information to the impostor and uninitiate as will enable him to gain admittance in a regularly constituted Lodge, or enjoy without its sacred walls the benefits connected with it. There is no intellect so great, no genius so boundless, nor eye so far-reaching as will constitute a man a Mason and a brother who has not experienced the feelings of initiation, and seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, the mysteries and beauties of honorable, genuine membership—who has not had breathed upon him the life and vitality of Masonry around its own altars.

***

The beauties of Masonry consist chiefly in the lives and fellowship of its members; there is a mystic cord that binds them together, whether in prosperity or adversity, in sickness or in health, in life or in death, at home or abroad; and death itself does not rend asunder this silver cord—for as long as the descendants of a Mason ask in his name "help" it is freely given! When a man becomes a *true* Mason, the fountain of charity is opened up in his heart, and, like the pure waters gushing from a rock, continues to flow, dispensing happiness and joy.

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When a man asks a *true* Mason for bread, he does not give him a stone; when the cold, bleak winds of winter beat about the tattered form knocking at his door, he does not turn him away to perish in the cold; when the hour of adversity lays its hand heavily upon an unfortunate brother and he sinks beneath its pressure, the strong arm and the stout heart lifts him up again, and sends him on his way rejoicing. Ah, if Masonry were lived up to, what a sublimity would there be in the character and life of a true Mason! or we might say if Christianity were lived up to, and its sceptre had universal dominion, there would be no need of Masonry! But we must take the world as we find it, not as we would have it.

***

Whilst Masonry teaches the practice of morality, and virtue, and temperance, and relief, and brotherly love, and truth, and faith, and hope, and charity; yet, it none the less inculcates lessons of diligence in business, industry, economy and the study of the arts and sciences; it also discountenances strifes and heart-burnings, and contentions, and encourages obedience to law, and loyalty to properly constituted authority. It is strictly *non*-political, and it is not recorded in the history of the world, so far as my information goes, when Masonry as a body, as an Order, participated as such in political or civil warfare. When the commotions of civil strife shake the earth to its centre, and the very clouds are rent in twain by the thunders of war, serenely and calmly Masonry sits enthroned, the rightful Sovereign of Peace. Unalloyed with politics, and independent of religious creeds, she occupies an elevated plane of philanthropy higher than the earth, and but little lower than the heavens.

STORY OF CLAY AND ADAMS.

It recalls to my mind a very funny story I heard in a party of Congressmen retailing a repartee which Clay made at a dinner there in response to a joke upon him attempted by John Quincy Adams. "It was," said the Congressman, "at the dinner given to the American Commissioners after the conclusion of the treaty. Henry Clay told me the story himself. He was sitting in the seat of honor at the right of the head of the table, and immediately opposite him was sitting John Quincy Adams. Mr. Adams seldom made a joke, and when he arose and spoke as follows about Mr. Clay, there was no man in the party more astonished than Clay. Said Mr. Adams, 'We have at last finished the business which called us to this convention, and I am glad of it. Not that our relations have not been pleasant, but I think it is high time that my friend Mr. Clay should depart. I think it to the interest of himself and family that he should go at once. Because, gentlemen, at the hotel at which we both stop there is a serving maid, young, rosy, and fair to look upon. This fair girl was met by Mr. Clay this morning, just in the hall outside my room, and I distinctly heard him offer her a five-franc piece for a single kiss from her cherry lips. Like a good girl she scorned his offer, tore herself from his embracing arms, and ran down the hall.' The assault was so unexpected that Clay blushed to his temples, and was for a moment at a loss for a reply. As John Quincy Adams was closing, however, he noted the well-known weakness of Mr. Adams' eyes, which at all times were full of water, and kept him constantly busy mopping up the tears. While the attention of the table of diplomats was so directed at Mr. Clay he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes with a significant imitation of Mr. Adams' gesture. He then slowly rose and said, as he looked up and down the table, and finally fixed his wonderful orbs on Mr. Adams' face, 'What the gentleman opposite me has said is all true. It is true that the girl is very beautiful. And it is true her lips were very tempting to me. The story of my failure to pick the cherries is also true as far as it goes, but the whole of the story has not been told. I did offer the maiden five francs for a kiss, but as I attempted to take it she sprang from my embrace and indignantly exclaimed: "Do you think that I am such a fool as to give you a kiss for five francs, when I've refused that old gentleman across the hall, who has offered me twenty with tears in his eyes."'

"The laugh was on Adams. He took the joke angrily, and for several days would not speak to Clay. Clay, however, went to him and apologized, saying he had been dumfounded by Adams' remark, and that the more so because it contained more truth than fancy."—*Cleveland Leader.*

The great naturalist, Cuvier, was walking one day with a young lady who was a victim of tight lacing, in a public garden in Paris. A lovely blossom upon an elegant plant drew from her an expression of admiration. Looking at her pale, thin face, Cuvier said: "You were like this flower once; to-morrow it will be as you are now." Next day he led her to the same spot, and the beautiful flower was dying. She asked the cause. "This plant," replied Cuvier, "is an image of yourself. I will show you what is the matter with it." He pointed to a cord bound tightly around the stem, and said: "You are fading away exactly in the same manner under the compression of your corset, and you are losing by degrees all your youthful charms, just because you have not the courage to resist this dangerous fashion."

LINCOLN AND GRANT.

The Great Emancipator's Estimate of the Hero of Appomattox.

[From Stoddard's Life of Lincoln.]

When Gen. Grant assumed command of the armies of the United States, in 1864, President Lincoln felt that he had "at last obtained an arm of iron wherewith to deal the blows he had so longed to deal, but in vain." It was not long before the president began to experience an unwonted feeling of relief. The tremendous burden he had borne so long and patiently began to slip away a little. He could with difficulty realize it at first, the situation was so new and agreeable. A few weeks later, in April, a personal friend came into his office on Sunday forenoon. The president lay upon the sofa, seeming more than usually fatigued, but cheerful. He did not rise at first, but chatted freely upon several topics. At last his visitor remarked: "Now Mr. Lincoln, what sort of a man is Grant? I've never seen him. He has taken hold here while I have been laid up. What do you think of him?"

The president half arose, and laughed silently as he replied:

"Well—I hardly know what to think of him, altogether. He's the quietest little fellow you ever saw.

"Why, he makes the least fuss of any man you ever knew. I believe two or three times he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It's about so all around. The only evidence you have that he's in any place is that he makes things *git*. Wherever he is, things move!"

He grew energetic as he talked, and there was almost a glow upon his face. He was describing the man he had been longing for. Other questions and answers followed, until the visitor inquired:

"But how about Grant's generalship? Is he going to be *the* man?"

Mr. Lincoln half arose and emphasized his reply with his long forefinger.

"——, Grant is the first general I've had. He's a general."

"How do you mean, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean. You know how it's been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he'd come to me with a plan of campaign and about as much as say, 'Now, I don't believe I can do it, but, if you say so, I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibilty of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be the general. Now it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I'm glad to find a man that can go ahead without me."

A slightly critical reply brought the president bolt upright.

"You see,——, when any of the rest set out on a campaign they'd look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn't give' em, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it—and it was most generally cavalry." He paused for one of his quiet, long peculiar laughs, and went on. "Now when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossiblity would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, as a matter of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount even what men we had. There were 15,000 or thereabouts, up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he should make infantry of 'em or disband 'em. He doesn't ask impossibilities of me, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."

You Kissed Me.

[The following exquisite poem was written in 1867, when the author was a young lady under 20. It was addressed to a certain young gentleman, the hero of the occasion portrayed. James Redpath thought so well of the poem that he once published quite an edition on white satin ribbon. Whittier, the poet, wrote of it and its young author, that she had truly mastered the secret of English verse.]

You kissed me! my head
  Dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter
  And infinite rest,
While the holy emotions
  My tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame
  From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—
  Oh, your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart
  In their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
  My soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
  From the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
  Till I prayed in bliss
They might never unclasp
  From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! my heart
  And my breath and my will,
In delirious joy,
  For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
  No temptations, no charms
No visions of happiness
  Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
  An angel possessed
Of the peace and joy
  That art given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
  Unrepiningly down;
I would tear from my forehead
  Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
  In that haven of rest,
Your lips upon mine,
  My head on your breast.

You kissed me! my soul
  In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
  Foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious
  To die there, if death
Would but come while my lips
  Were yet moist with your breath;
If my heart might grow cold
  While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
  And these were the questions
I ask day and night:
  Must lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
  Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
  And, if you were here,
Would you kiss me again?

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house with meadows wide
  And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
  The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought fill day;
  "Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
  How happy, happy, happy,
How happy, I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
  A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
  Is thinking, thinking, all day long;
"Oh, could I only tread once more
  The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
  How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be.

—*Marion Douglass.*

The Ravages of Rum.

Upon an attic, cold and bare,
  Lay husband and wife, a drunken pair;
Covered with rags and blotched with rum,
  Yet were they not always society's scum.

Once they were happy in sweet content;
  Temptation came and happiness went;
In the social glass their woes begun,
  Of all their friends there is left not one.

Their all is gone, will they now desist?
  Will cold and want clear away the mist?
Oh, will they see the yawning pit,
  A thwart their path, and flee from it?

In dread we hold our breath and wait;
  One step may now decide their fate;
Will love which should fill a mother's heart
  Assert its sway and perform its part?

Will fatherly love flash forth its light,
  And turn him from everlasting night?
Will the watchman—conscience—placed within
  In warning cry convince him of sin?

Their children dying of want and cold,
  Will sure some spark of pity unfold..
Nought have they to pawn but a pair of old shoes;
The shoes, bread, or rum, which of these will they
  choose?

They pledge the shoes for a paltry sum,
  And spend the money for cursed rum—
Ten cents more in the rumseller's till,
  In death their children lie cold and still.

Who was it that slew these children, pray?
  You drop a tear. Did I hear you say,
"Hunger and cold and want of care,
  Blighted these flowers so young and fair?"

Who sold the license such work to do?
  T was we, the people. Full well we knew.
Then we the people and rumseller too,
  As well as their parents these children slew.

Fenelon's Prayer.

"O Lord! take thou my heart,
  I cannot give it thee;"
'Tis bound so fast by earthly ties
  I cannot wrest it free.
So close love's clinging tendrills twine,
  How can it be entirely thine?

"And when thou takest it,
  Keep it, O Lord! for I
Can never keep it for thee," while
  Earth's tempting voices cry:
"Come back to us, dear heart." But, oh!
  My Father, do not let it go!

"And save me, Lord, in spite
  Of my own self" For when
Sometimes I long for better thing;
  The wish takes flight again.
So, pitying Lord, I only pray,
  Cast not so poor a heart away.

—*By Virginia B. Harrison.*

About Marriage.

A new weekly paper entitled Marriage, and devoted to the promotion of that happy estate, the bringing together the sundered halves of humanity, gives the following appropriate quotations:

Take the daughter of a good mother. —*Fuller.*

If you wish to marry suitably marry your equal.—*Ovid.*

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.
—*Simonides.*

Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely.—*William Penn.*

By the bride which a man selects does he show the quality of his soul, and what value he puts upon it.—*Goethe.*

Oh, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!
Few know thy value and few taste thy sweets.
—*Cowper.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—*Swift.*

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Johnson.*

Men that marry women very much superior to themselves are not as truly husbands to their wives as they are unawares made slaves to their portions. —*Plutarch.*

Every effort is made in forming matrimonial alliances to reconcile matters relating to fortune, but very little is paid to the congeniality of dispositions, or to the accordance of hearts.—*Massillon.*

I pity from my heart the unhappy man who has a bad wife. She is shackles on his feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulder, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.—*Osborne.*

It does not appear essential that in forming matrimonial alliances there should be on each side a parity of wealth; but in disposition and manners they should be alike. Chastity and modesty form the best dowry a parent can bestow.—*Terence.*

Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and, when you have made him happy you will be so, not in appearance, but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it.—*Justus Morse.*

Remember that if thou marry for beauty only thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

The best time for marriage will be toward 30, for as the younger times are unfit, either to choose or govern a wife and family, so if thou stay long thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, who, being left to strangers, are in effect lost, and better were it to be unborn than ill-bred; for thereby thy posterity shalt either perish or remain a shame to thy name.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

THE AAGGIE FAMILY OF HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE.

THE THREE NIGHTS.

"Where have you been?" said her sisters,
"Where have you been so long?"
"Only down by the river
To hear the blackbird's song;
Only down by the river,
And round by the castle-wall,
To see the daylight fading
And the evening shadows fall."

"But why is your cheek," said her sisters,
So very red to see?"
"The speed with which I hastened
The only cause can be.
I walked too far by the river,
And the night came down at last
Before I thought of the distance;
So I hurried homeward fast."

"Where have you been?" said her sisters,
"Where have you been so late?"
"Only down by the river,
And in the castle-gate:
Only down by the river,
To watch the moonlight change
The things we deem familiar
Into visions weird and strange."

But why do you look," said her sisters,
"So very pale and ill?"
"I am cold," was her only answer,
"For the night is sharp and chill.
I have stayed too long by the river,
Though it did not seem so long,
For the sky was bright and the river—
Each bright with its starry throng."

"Where can she be," said her sisters,
"So very long and late?
The merle has ceased his singing,
And sleeps beside his mate;
And the sky is dark and the river—
Each dark and drear to see;
The wind blows hard and the rain comes down;
Where can your sister be?"

In vain they watched and waited,
In wonder and in pain;
In vain they sought by the river,
By the castle-walls in vain:—
For the maiden was gone with her lover
Away from the blackbird's song,
And away from the walk by the river,
She had known and loved so long.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

TWO SCENES.

He knelt beside her pillow
In the dead watch of the night,
And he heard her gentle breathing,
But her face was still and white;
And on her poor, wan cheek a tear
Told how the heart can weep;
And he said: "My love was weary—
God bless her; she's asleep!"

He knelt beside her gravestone
In the shuddering autumn night,
And he heard the grasses rustle,
And his face was thin and white;
And through his heart the tremor ran—
A grief that cannot weep;
And he said: "My love was weary—
God bless her; she's asleep!"

—*William Wirt.*

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

I.

In the best chamber in the house,
Shut up in dim, uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright.
One morn a woman frail and gray
Stepp'd tottering across the floor—
"Let in," said she, the light of day—
"Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer!"

II.

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,
Knelt down with eager curious face,
Perhaps she dreams of Indian silks,
Of jewels and of rare old lace.
But when the summer sunshine fell
Upon the treasurers hoarded there,
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

III.

"Dear grandmamma!" she softly sigh'd,
Lifting a withered rose and palm;
But on the elder face was naught
But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed
Upon the baby's half-worn shoe;
A little frock of finest lawn,
A hat with tiny bows of blue—

IV.

A ball, made fifty years ago;
A little glove; a tassel'd cap;
A half-done long-division sum;
Some school books fastened with a strap.
She touched them all with trembling lips—
"How much," she said, the heart could bear!
"Ah, Jean! I thought that could I die
The day that first I laid them there.

V.

"But now it seems so good to know
That all throughout these weary years
Their hearts have been untouched by grief.
Their eyes have been unstained by tears,
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight,
When earthly love is almost o'er;
Those children wait me in the skies,
For whom I lock'd that sacred drawer."

—*Our Continent.*

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye!
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie!
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—*George Herbert.*

THE MINISTER'S BRIDE—A TRUE FISH STORY.

The minister's bride, though youthful and sweet,
Was highly cultured and learned and wise,
In 'isms and 'ologies quite complete
Had her training been; and she read the skies
Like an open book, and had scanned with care
Great Jupiter's belts and Saturn's rings;
As an artist excelled, was poetical, too,
But in mundane matters—indeed 'twas rare
To meet with a lady who really knew
So much—yet so little of commonplace things.

Now, æsthetical people, like others, must eat;
And our classical housekeeper heard one morn
A fish-vender (driving adown the street)
Calling, and winding his musical horn;
So she beckoned, and questioned: "What have
you to-day?"

"Bass, salmon and haddock, as fresh as can be;
Pike, perch—but the halibut 's choicest, I 'd say."
"Ah, then," said the lady, "please bring me in
three."

"Three halibuts, ma'am!" he repeated, amazed.
She thought: "I am sure he thinks me mean.
Well, bring half-a-dozen." (Still mutely he
gazed,
As if the sea-serpent at last he 'd seen).
"I am certain that six for our dinner will do;
And on Tuesday next you may call again,
Our family is small—there are only two—
I will give you a larger order then."

Unmoved could a Chesterfield longer endure!
The merchant seemed seized with a spasm of
pain,
Yet his wild shouts of laughter rang out o'er
and o'er,
Every effort to speak seeming utterly vain.
"He 's a lunatic!" thought the small woman,
spell-bound—
Till he gasped: "I asks pardon; I do, ma'am,
indeed!
But, ha! ha! ha! halibuts weigh forty
pounds!
And *one*, ma'am, I guess, would be more 'n
you 'd need."

Her lord from his nook in the study had heard;
And strangling his mirth to the rescue he
went
Unconscious apparently; said he "preferred
A blue-fish;" then passed on his sermon in-
tent.
(Thank the fates! *she* would never the story un-
fold.)
But when dining, Thanksgiving, the courses
between,
By the wicked professor this fish tale was told
I leave you, my reader, to picture the scene.

MARY MACCOLL SCHULTE.

THE LATE SCHUYLER COLFAX,

Vice President During General Grant's First Term.

Schuyler Colfax died suddenly, Jan. 13, at Mankato, Minn. He was born in New York City March 23, 1823, and attended the common schools of that city until he was 10 years old. He began work at this tender age as clerk in a store, in which he continued three years. He then removed to St. Joseph County, Ind., with his mother and step-father, and soon found employment as clerk at New Carlisle. After having about four years in this position he was appointed Deputy Auditor for the county, and removed to South Bend. He then began a course of study, read law, and wrote for the newspapers.

When 22 years of age he became the proprietor and editor of the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, published at South Bend, which he made an influential newspaper.

His political preferences at the time were Whig, and in 1848 he was a delegate and Secretary to the convention which nominated General Taylor. A year after he was elected a member of the convention to revise the constitution of Indiana. Mr. Colfax was nominated for Congress in 1851, but defeated. He was a second time delegate to a National convention, in 1862, but refused to be a candidate for Congress in that year. Two years afterward, however, he was elected to the House of Representatives against a candidate for re-election who had voted for the Nebraska bill. The young statesman soon made his influence felt in Washington. He detected and defeated two attempts to put a Democratic Speaker in the chair, and during the debates on the Kansas-Nebraska bill delivered two strong speeches in behalf of the free settlers. One of these addresses was published as a campaign document by the Republican party in 1856. While in Washington he was nominated for re-election, and carried his district, although the National election went against his party. He was re-elected to each succeeding Congress until he was chosen for higher honors. In the Thirty-fifth Congress he was a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and in the Thirty-sixth he was Chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads. He was active in extending the mail facilities of the West and in reforming postal laws. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln was highly satisfactory to Mr. Colfax, and he worked hard for his election. At the opening of the Thirty-eighth Congress in December, 1863, Mr. Colfax was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was twice re-elected to the office, on each occasion by a larger majority than before.

In April, 1865, he went with a party of friends on a journey to San Francisco. He called to take leave of President Lincoln, with whom his relations had been very intimate. In one hour afterward he was astounded by the intelligence that the President had been assassinated. Before starting for California Mr. Colfax delivered a eulogy on the President in Chicago, and repeated it in Colorado, Utah, and California. He was well received throughout the West, and on his return delivered a lecture entitled "Across the Continent." After the nomination of General Grant, in May, 1868, Mr. Colfax was nominated for the Vice Presidency on the first ballot. When General Grant was renominated Mr. Colfax was beaten by Henry Wilson in the contest for the second place on the ticket. Mr. Colfax was first married, at the age of 21, to a playmate of his childhood. She had two children, both of whom are dead. A fortnight after his election to the Vice Presidency he married again. A son by the present Mrs. Colfax survives, and is now 14 years of age. Since his retirement from public life Mr. Colfax has lived quietly, occasionally appearing as a lecturer. He was exceedingly popular as such, and has been heard in nearly all the great cities of the United States. At his home in Indiana he retained the friendship of his early associates, and was a prominent church member and abstainer from intoxicating liquors. Instances of his great generosity are numerously quoted. He frequently gave the whole proceeds of a lecture to a deserving and needy institution. After a long life of incessant activity, he died worth only about $150,000. His residence was at South Bend, Ind.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of Summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume,
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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THE MONMOUTH BATTLE MONUMENT.

THE monument in commemoration of the battle of Monmouth unveiled this week at Freehold, New Jersey, is a notable work of art. The first movement toward the erection of this monument was made in response to an address delivered by ex-Governor JOEL PARKER at Freehold on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle, June 28, 1877. A preliminary meeting for this purpose was held September 17, and the Monmouth Battle Monument Association was organized October 2, 1877. The people of the State, and especially of Monmouth County, during the years 1878, 1879, and 1880, contributed nearly $10,000 to this object. The State of New Jersey, by an act of March 14, 1881, appropriated $10,000, and placed the work under the charge of a Commission instructed to select a design, contract for, erect, and finish a monument in the Park at Freehold, where the battle commenced June 28, 1778. The Congress of the United States passed a law, approved July 6, 1882, granting an appropriation of $20,000 for this purpose.

At a meeting of the Commission held March 2, 1883, the design executed by EMELIN T. LITTELL and DOUGLAS SMYTH, architects, and J. E. KELLY, sculptor, and exhibited by MAURICE J. POWER, of New York city, was accepted, and a contract was awarded to Mr. POWER, of the Power Bronze Foundry, for the erection of the monument for the sum of $35,000.

The base of the monument is in the form of an equilateral triangle, with cannon at each angle. Three spurs of granite form the base of the shaft, surmounted at the point of contact by a large drum-shaped block, on which five bronze reliefs illustrative of the battle will be placed. Above the tablets and around the shaft are the coats of arms of the thirteen original States, festooned with laurel leaves. Rising above this is the shaft proper, consisting of three sections, which are joined by rings of bay leaves. The shaft is surmounted by a composite capital, on which is a statue of Columbia Triumphant. The monument is constructed of New England granite, polished, and is about one hundred feet high.

The tablets, five feet high and six feet wide, merit special mention. The models thereof were designed by Mr. J. E. KELLY, of New York city, and the bass-reliefs were cast at the Power Bronze Foundry. They represent with graphic exactness five scenes in the Monmouth battle. Three of them are already finished and in position on the monument. A brief description will be of interest to the public.

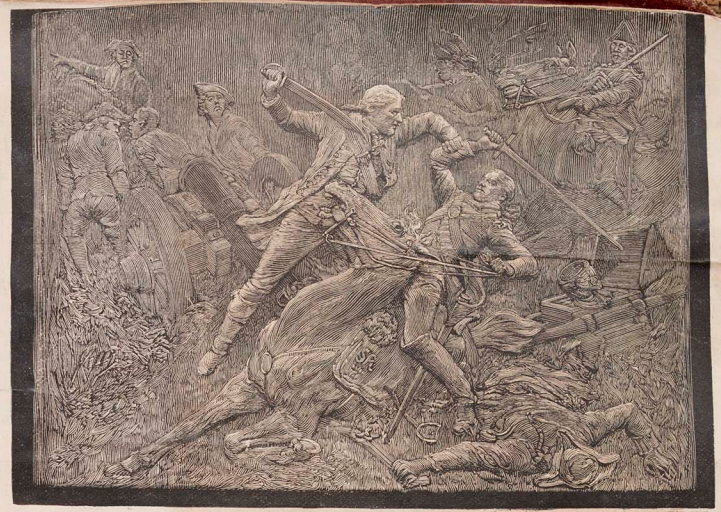
1. *Ramsey Defending his Guns.*—This represents Lieutenant-Colonel NATHANIEL RAMSEY, of Maryland, in the closing effort to hold his position until the main army could be rallied. General WASHINGTON had told him he depended on his exertions, and he had promised to check the enemy. He tried with his gallant regiment to defend the guns of Lieutenant-Colonel OSWALD, until, having become dismounted, he was overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the British dragoons. In the foreground he is represented with historical accuracy in a hand-to-hand conflict with a detachment of the Seventeenth British Regiment Light Dragoons. Colonel RAMSEY's portrait is from a miniature and a silhouette, taken from life, and furnished by his family. His sword is modelled from the short-bladed weapon which he actually carried and used with great effect that day, and which is still preserved. The uniform, horse furniture, and all the equipments of the dragoons are taken from the official records of the regiment. So particular has the artist been that the "death's-head" may be seen on the hat of the troopers of the Seventeenth Dragoons—the organization allowed to wear the same by the orders of the King, with the motto, "Death or glory." In the background OSWALD is directing his men in their attempt to carry off the guns. It will be remembered that RAMSEY, badly wounded in this personal combat, was taken prisoner by the British. Sir HENRY CLINTON, in soldierly admiration of so brave a man, ordered his release on parole the following day.

2. *Washington Rallying the Troops.*—The Commander-in-chief is here depicted riding down the American lines on the spirited horse which had just been presented to him by New Jersey's war Governor, WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, and rallying the troops after General LEE's unaccountable retreat. He is placing the regiments of STEWART and RAMSEY and LIVINGSTON in position to check the advance party of the British. General WASHINGTON's head and figure are modelled from HOUDON's life cast, now in possession of Mr. POWER. The model is worked on a scale, and is entirely accurate in all its proportions, from HOUDON's measurements. The styles of the uniform and horse equipments of the chieftain are all from authentic sources.

3. *Molly Pitcher.*—The head and figure of the heroine of Monmouth is an ideal woman of great muscular power. Her dead husband is at her feet, and General KNOX is seen in the background directing his artillery line. A wounded soldier uses his right hand instead of his left in thumbing the vent. This, it is readily seen, improves the composition of the picture. The old Tennent Church, still standing as a memorial of the battle, is seen on the extreme left of the relief.

4. *Council of War at Hopewell.*—This tablet is unfinished. It will represent Generals WASHINGTON, LEE, GREENE, STIRLING, LAFAYETTE, STEUBEN, KNOX, POOR, WAYNE, WOODFORD, PATTERSON, SCOTT, and DUPORTAIL as they appeared in the important council held at Hopewell, Old Hunterdon County, New Jersey, June 24, 1778. General WASHINGTON is listening attentively as General LAFAYETTE, standing by the table, is urging upon the council to decide on making a strong demonstration against the British column, even if it brought on a battle. The position and general expression of other officers clearly indicate their opinion of LAFAYETTE's appeal. General LEE, who preferred to let the British force parade unmolested across the State, looks anxious and indignant that his military experience and judgment do not entirely control the board. It is also easy to see that the foreign officers STEUBEN and DUPORTAIL want to make a strong attack, and not simply to feel the enemy. General PATTERSON agrees with them, and so does the true-hearted GREENE. General WAYNE, always ready for fight, can hardly wait until LAFAYETTE is finished, that he may speak a few words of ardent patriotism. Colonel SCAMMELL, WASHINGTON's Adjutant-General, who afterward gave his life for liberty on Yorktown's ramparts, is here engaged in noting the opinions of the general officers for the guidance of his chief.

PANELS FROM THE MONMOUTH BATTLE MONUMENT.



RAMSEY DEFENDING HIS GUNS.

WASHINGTON RALLYING THE TROOPS.

MOLLY PITCHER.

LAFAYETTE AS A LADIES' MAN.

How the Great Frenchman Was Received by 200 Girls in New Hampshire.

"Yes, indeed, I well remember Lafayette," replied Mrs. A. W. Hatch in response to a reporter's interrogation.

"It was in the summer of 1824, while I was attending a young ladies' seminary at Claremont, N. H., that I met him," she said. "At that time the great Frenchman was traveling through the Northern states, and wherever he went he was tendered a reception. When he entered Claremont he was accompanied by twelve chaises with calash tops. The school I attended was under the supervision of a Miss Morse, and when it was known that Lafayette would visit the institution, great preparations were made to receive him. The preceptress, who was a woman of remarkable beauty, prepared an address of welcome, which was regarded by all who heard it, as a wonderful production. Lafayette was greatly struck by her beauty, and called her the 'Queen of the North.'

"No, there was nothing specially striking in his personal appearance. He was a man a little above the average height and rather stout, with a large head and a short neck. His face was cleanly-shaven, and his complexion very dark. I can almost see him now as he stood and was presented to all the young ladies. He wore the knee-breeches and black silk hose in style at that time, with a blue frock coat and a buff waistcoat with enormous gold buttons. His low shoes were ornamented with large buckles studded with brilliants. This costume was the fashionable dress of the civilian during the early decades of the present century. When he was about to depart for Windsor, the young ladies of the school, each dressed in a costume of white and blue, with low neck and short sleeves, formed in double rows and allowed him to pass between. We all threw our boquets after his conveyance, and he seemed greatly pleased at his reception. He was, like all Frenchmen, a great ladies' man, and in manner most courtly. After he had passed between the lines, we were likewise provided with chaises and followed him to Windsor, where there was another young ladies' seminary. On the road he lowered his calash and frequently stood up and waved his handkerchief. At Windsor the young ladies were also prepared to receive him. Their costumes were similar to those worn by ourselves, with the exception that they had pink trimmings instead of blue. In all there were about 200 of the young ladies. Although the reception of La Fayette at these places was different from the receptions that are tendered great statesmen at the present time, he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the affair."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WEST UNION, Iowa.

Will Our Curiosity Shop give a brief biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes? E. T. SCOTT.

Answer.—Oliver Wendell Holmes was a son of Dr. Abiel Holmes, a distinguished divine and author of Massachusetts, and was born Aug. 29, 1809. He graduated at Harvard University in 1829, and subsequently studied medicine, going to Europe and perfecting his knowledge by attendance in the hospitals of the principal cities there. He was made professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College in 1838, and in 1847 took the same chair in the faculty of Harvard College, which he has since held. He early won considerable local fame as a poet, and published his first volume of verses in 1836. He has since published several other books of poems, which have usually been introduced to the public through the pages of the magazines or on anniversary occasions, all of which have won much popularity. He began his career as an essayist in 1857 by the publication of a series of papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which were soon after issued in book form. In the same vein he afterwards wrote "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." He has also had two other volumes of essays reprinted from magazine contributions—"Soundings from the Atlantic" and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals." He has written two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," and several volumes of medical essays, among which we may mention "Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science" and "Border Lines in Some Provinces of Medicine," and has been, besides, a frequent contributor to scientific and literary periodicals. His writings are very noticeable, not only for their beauty of style and purity of sentiment, but also for their originality of thought and a graceful and delicate humor that pervades them. Dr. Holmes is known as a gentleman of unusual scholarship, a very skillful physician as well as a gifted and versatile writer, and possessed of a genial and happy disposition which endears him to all who know him.

CHILDHOOD.

In the blest days of the long, long ago,
When the world seemed an opening rose,
And the summer winds seemed to whisper low,
'Mid pines where the rivulet flows,
A picture hangs I shall never forget,
Should fond memory hold its place,
While suns shall rise and continue to set,
For its wondrous beauty and grace.

Her face was as fair as the rosiest morn,
And her eyes were violet-blue;
And ne'er, oh ne'er, since the day I was born,
Have I found one so good and true.
'Twas a mother's face and a mother's eyes,
And that is all I need to say
To prove to any one under the skies
That she was more sweet than the day.

And there at her knee impatiently stands
A child, both her solace and care,
With his soiled face to be washed, and his hands,
And combed his disorderly hair.
And when all was done, how sweet was that kiss,
As on lips and on cheeks it was given?
Oh, my heart still throbs in transports of bliss
In thought of that forestaste of heaven.

Oh, that again I might stand at her knee—
I, who by the world am defiled;
That happy and pure I might again be
As when she embraced her dear child.
Oh that from my face she might wash away
Each furrow of trouble and care,
And soft on my brow her rosy palm lay
And smooth out the silver threads there.

FRESH AIR FOR THE COURTHOUSE.

When Alexander consulted Aristotle as to the propriety of killing certain barbarians he had captured, the great scientist suggested that he first find out what kind of air he had been accustomed to breathing before deciding whether they were worth saving. Without an abundant supply of fresh air there can be no sound thinking—active cerebration depends largely upon the oxygenation of the blood. Fletcher is quoted as saying: "Let me make the songs of a people and you shall make its laws." This is probably a misprint. He said "the air of a people" and the intelligent compositor, who was musical, preferred the word songs. You can have a people intelligent and conscientious or stupid and selfish, according as you make them breathe air laden with oxygen or with carbonic acid. The public has often marveled at the lack of intelligence on the part of the common council and the county board of supervisors, but the cause was not known until a member of the board of public works stated that there is no provision for a supply of fresh air in the apparatus for heating the courthouse. If this is the case, it calls for immediate attention. It is of far more consequence that there should be a supply of fresh air in the building than that fire-escapes should be provided for other public buildings—there is more danger to life and health in the foul air of the courthouse than in the possible fires [illegible] exceed the authorities from time to time. In this building are the offices of the city and county, the courtrooms and council chamber.

It has been notorious that the courthouse is an extremely ungainly pile of ill-laid stone, ceiled out with wood and iron; that it is wonderfully unsuited in nearly every part for the uses required of it; that the courtrooms are quite unfit for forensic use by reason of their poor acoustic qualities and by badly-arranged light, and that the offices generally are models of inconvenience and absurdity. It has been notorious that there is not a single open fire-place in the building (except one grate that cannot be used), and that, when the building was completed, there was no provision for a chimney, so that the county had to build one outside where it is the wonder of every stranger; that the air in the building always seemed foul and was frequently heavy with the fumes of cooking vegetables, and that the supposed means of ventilation were inadequate—but it will be learned with astonishment, indignation and disgust that the whole building is utterly destitute of any means of supplying pure air to be heated in its furnaces and driven through the halls and offices. It is dreadful, it is barbarous, it is deadly. If the breathing of dead air has not dulled the minds of the supervisors beyond a recognition of the importance of pure air, they will take immediate steps to correct this murderous condition.

FROM "LABOULAYE'S LAST FAIRY TALES."

custody of the railway company's agent. To that official a full confession was made, and finding himself completely in the company's power, the young man calmly contemplated his fate, expecting nothing less than a state prison sentence.

He was quietly taken before Mr. Merrill, who, to his complete surprise, approached him pleasantly, took him warmly by the hand, and said: "Well, back again, I see. Sorry you staid away so long, as we needed you. Had a good time though, I hope. Now, G——, your desk is just as you left it. No one has disturbed a paper, and you can get to work at once. Here, look over these accounts, and see that they are properly checked."

The young man, dumbfounded at this reception, as in fact was the special agent, burst into tears, and could not fully realize the situation, until Mr. Merrill again broke in with: "Come, what are you doing there? Get into that chair as quick as you can and check those accounts. And, by the way, I don't want to ever hear a word regarding certain events of recent date, which you perhaps know of."

The young man did go to work, began a new life, attended to his duties as he never had before, advanced himself in rank as a railway employé, made good to the company the amount he had stolen, and several years later left the company with as good a letter of recommendation as any man ever received. He to-day occupies a prominent position with one of the leading railways of the country, and for it thanks his old employer, S. S. Merrill.

Manager Merrill's regard for faithful employés is well illustrated in the following incident: A colored boy, who had some time previous served as a porter on Mr. Merrill's private car, and who had rendered excellent service in that capacity, was accidentally killed. Upon learning of the accident, Mr. Merrill immediately gave orders that every necessary arrangement for the funeral service and burial of the young man be made, his own purse contributing to that purpose. The day of the funeral chanced to be an unusually busy one at the general manager's office, and from early morning the place was fairly besieged with callers desirous of making contracts for rail, ties, spikes and other supplies, representatives of various corporations, and individuals having personal matters to attend to. Mr. Merrill disposed of them as fast as he could, but as the day moved on into the afternoon there was yet more than a half-dozen in waiting. Ascertaining the wants of each, he granted an audience to those with whom a meeting could not be conveniently postponed, and then passing into the waiting room, he said: "Gentlemen, you must excuse me to-day. I have not time to consider your cases this afternoon, as I must attend a funeral."

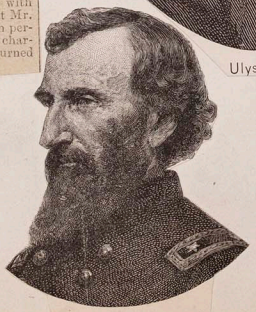
And in the midst of the lowly, but honest-hearted people who were present at the faithful porter's funeral was Manager S. S. Merrill.

The purse of Mr. Merrill has scores of times been quietly opened to the relief of poor and needy persons, and it will never be known what amount he has distributed in this quiet manner. Several years ago a subscription paper was circulated in the Milwaukee & St. Paul's general offices, to raise a few hundred dollars for the relief of a deserving person. It chanced that Mr. Merrill was out of the city at the time, and before he had returned the required amount had been raised and turned over to the person for whom it was intended. A short time after that Mr. Merrill heard of the transaction, and immediately summoned the person who had circulated the subscription paper.

"How much did you put me down for?" inquired Mr. Merrill, drawing his pocket-book. "Nothing! Do you mean to say that you permitted that list to be closed without my name on it. Now never let that thing occur again, if you wish to be friendly with me," and the circulator readily saw that Mr. Merrill felt injured that he had not been permitted to contribute his portion to the charitable fund which had been raised and turned over.

Ulysses S. Grant.

W. T. Sherman.



John A. McClernand.

P. H. Sheridan.

FAITH.

BY LIZZIE M. RIPLEY.

Faith washes clean the soul,
Bids care and sin depart,
And banishes all pain
From every aching heart.

Faith changes moans to songs,
To songs of joyful strain,
And makes the sad face shine
With happiness again.

Faith makes the future bright,
The clouds to disappear
From out the sky of life,
And keeps it fair and clear.

Faith sits within the soul
That opens wide its door,
And guides it safely on
To the eternal shore.

21

What the Moon's Face Tells.

The moon's face, says Professor Proctor, tells us of a remote youth—a time of fiery activity, when volcanic action even more effective (though not probably more energetic) than any which has ever taken place on this globe, upheaved the moon's crust. But so soon as we consider carefully the features of her surface we see that there must surely have been three well-marked eras of volcanian activity. Look at the multitudinous craters, for example, around the metropolitan crater Tycho. They tell us of century after century of volcanic disturbance—but they tell us more. They mark a surface which varies in texture, and therefore in light-reflecting power, in such a way as to show that the variations were produced long before the volcanic action began by which the craters were formed. For the variations of texture are such as to mark a series of streaks—some of them two thousand or three thousand miles in length, and many miles in breadth extending radially from Tycho. Craters lie indifferently on these bright streaks and on the intervening darker spaces, and some craters can be seen which lie right across a bright streak with parts of their ring on the darker regions on both sides of the streak. Of course, this proves that the craters were formed long after the great streaks. When the streaked surface was formed, it must have been tolerably smooth; for we see the streaks best under a full illumination, and there is no sign of any difference of elevation between them and the darker ground all around; they are neither long ridges nor long valleys, but mere surface markings. Yet they must have been formed by mighty volcanian disturbance, such indeed, as we may be certain went on at the early stage of the moon's history to which these radiating streaks must be referred. It seems clear that, as Nasmith has illustrated by experiment, they belong to that stage of the moon's history when her still hot and plastic crust parted with its heat more rapidly than the nucleus of the planet, and so, contracting more quickly, was rent by the resistance of the internal matter, which, still hot and molten, flowed into the rents, and, spreading, formed the long, broad streaks of brighter surface.

Sights in Japan.

In the course of travel we observed many strange things. Women seem to perform the most of the outdoor work, ditching and laboring in the rice swamps, with infants lashed to their backs. When they were met taking articles to market, upon the little country ponies, they rode astride, man fashion. At the tea-house, where we stopped for the night, our passports, specially granted, were taken by the local officials, and returned to us in the morning. The passport was a rather curious document, and disclaimed all responsibility on the part of the Mikado and his Government should the holder be murdered by the way, from whatever cause. In short, we were permitted to travel inland, but at our own peril. It is still looked upon by many as somewhat risky to travel away from the populous centres, but we met with no special trouble. The natives upon the route were inclined to be a little curious as to the ladies' bonnets and dresses, nor were they quite satisfied, without using some familiarity, about the gentlemen's attire; but they seemed to be of a soft and pliant mould, easily managed by exercising a little *finesse*. It was curious to observe how entirely opposite to our own methods were many of theirs. At the post stations the horses were placed and tied in their stalls with their heads to the passage-way, and their tails where we place their heads. Thus they are fed and kept. In place of iron shoes, the Japanese pony is shod with close-braided rice-straw. The tailor sews from him, not towards his body, and holds the thread with his toes. They have no chimneys to the houses, the smoke finding its way out at the doors and windows, though braziers are used instead of fireplaces, and in the hot weather are placed outside the dwelling for cooking purposes. The men shave their heads just where the Chinese do not, making a bald spot on the top.

MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

BY MRS. R. V. WILSON.

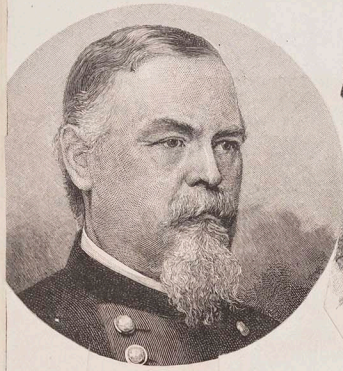
There is music too low for us to hear,
The beetle that lives its life in the grass,
Hears melodies sweet in the rustling blades
That over it sway as the light winds pass.

For I sometimes hear, of a summer day,
As I lie in the shade, a soft refrain,
Like the echo faint of a hunter's horn
Or the dying fall of a wind-harp's strain.

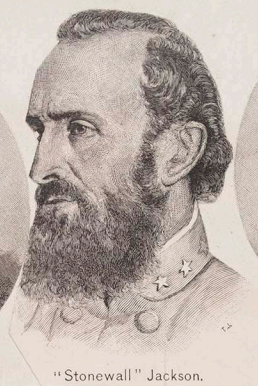
There are sounds sublime that we never hear,
The wonderful stars in "their courses" sing
To music so grand that the angels lean
From the windows of heaven to hear it ring.

For I sometimes hear as I stand alone
'Neath the solemn sky, when the night winds blow,
Afar in the limitless halls of space,
A sound as of multitudes chanting low.

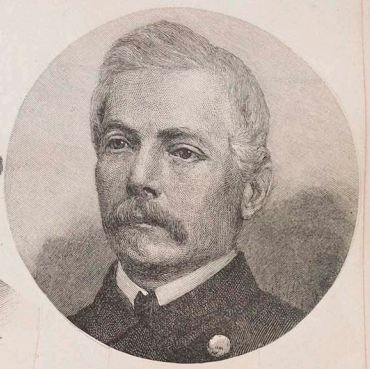
And I think, as the eye now "darkly sees,'
So imperfectly heareth the ear;
And not till we're rid of this cumbrous clay
Will we know what it is to see and hear.



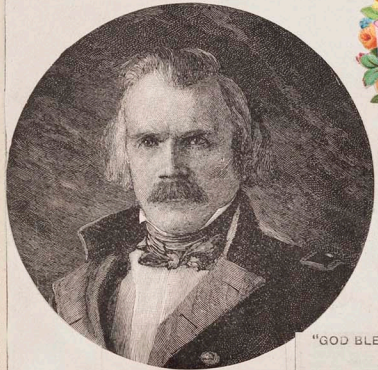
Irvin McDowell.



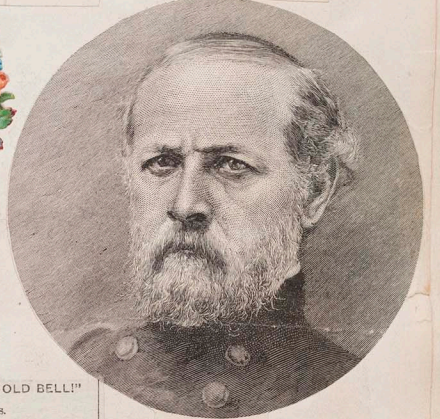
"Stonewall" Jackson.



G. T. Beauregard.



Albert Sidney Johnston.



D. C. Buell.

MISEREMUS.

The shadows lengthen and the sunlight dies
In hectic glow above the waving trees,
Its parting hymn breathed forth in lullabys
By the soft rustling of the evening breeze.

See you yon ivied wall, whose sombre gray
Recks little of the onward march of Time,
Bearing as yet no traces of decay
To mar the beauty of each curved line?

Above, the storied western window stands
(Painted by one now numbering with the dead)—
Scenes of the Blessed Life in holy lands,
And one sad picture of a thorn-crowned Head.

Look how the rosy light on that bright pane
Reflects a radiance dazzling to behold,
Falling aslant a headstone, where I fain
Would pause, to read the history thereon told.

Only one word marks out that lonely spot—
Only one word, with deepest sadness fraught;
"Miseremus"—most wretched! Pass it not,
But follow on the saddened train of thought.

Think on and pity this poor soul, whose life
Was all so full of woe and deep unrest,
That peaceful death, ending its earthly strife,
Could bring with him no glorious vision blest.

Leave not the lonely grave without one prayer
For all the sorrow-laden and the lone;
Pray that for them a silver lining fair
May chase the clouds which veil the great unknown.

The shadows deepen, twilight now draws nigh;
No sunset frames the west in ruby red;
The breeze dies softly in a farewell sigh,
And rest and peace are with the weary dead.

"GOD BLESS THE DEAR OLD BELL!"

BY G. W. CROFTS.

When the train bearing the floeny bell drew up at Beauvoir this afternoon, Varuna Davis Hayes, grandchild of Jefferson Davis, was lifted to the bell, which she warmly clasped and kissed, and exclaimed, "God bless the dear old bell." The incident was greeted with cheers.

I.

"God bless the dear old bell!"
O magic words that fell
Like music on the air,
To charm the listeners there,
From infant lips so sweet,
Of her who did it greet
In fond and true embrace,
And kissed its battered face.

II.

God bless the dear old bell!
Let children rise and tell
The glory of that tongue
That bravely spoke, and rung
The freedom of the race,
In every dwelling-place,
O'er all the world around,
Wherever man is found.

III.

God bless the dear old bell!
O how our bosoms swell
In thought of days gone by,
When through the flaming sky
Thou didst proclaim abroad
In name of man and God,
The birth of Liberty,
To all on land and sea.

IV.

God bless the dear old bell!
Thou spake and tyrants fell!
Thou spake and freemen rose!
Thou spake and now there glow
The day, so long foretold
By seers, and prophets old,
When men should brothers be,
And all the world be free!

V.

God bless the dear old bell!
Go South! go South and tell
Thy story old and sweet,
And bring unto thy rest
All souls, and make accord
Each sentiment and word
That wells from heart and mouth
Of men, both North and South!

VI.

God bless the dear old bell!
Let all arise and swell
The anthem of the free,
Where'er their dwellings be!
Arise! and still proclaim
Freedom in God's dear name
To white, and black, and all
On whom the sun's rays fall!

Sandwich, Ill.

HIS FIRST TOBOGGANING.

It was a gorgeous Gotham dude
Who hied him to the carnival,
And tried, with manners more than rude,
To "mash" the maids of Montreal.

He sought the slipp'ry Lansdowne slide
Where, with a world of wondrous sighs,
He watched the merry maidens glide
Like meteors, with starry eyes.

"Now, why should I not try it, too?"
He thought; and then he took a sled,
And swiftly down the slide he flew
With blinking eyes and dizzy head.

He reached the foot, but, like a dude,
He made no haste to clear the track;
For, in a striking attitude,
He posed, nor, like Lot's wife, looked back.

When soon a swift-descending sled
Cut short his chance to show his charms,
He backward turned, heels over head,
And fell into a fair maid's arms.

Then filled was all the ambient air
With leggings, robes and moccasins;
A sight which made the slimlet stare,
As high aloft he waved his shins.

When, with a derrick, block and ropes
They raised him from the maiden's lap,
He homeward went, with blasted hopes,
A sadder but not wiser chap.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

There are beauties, oh, many, with hearts gay and free,
Brains sharp as the point of a pin;
But they're generally "left," as you quite often see,
If they don't possess the hard "tin."

They all may be lovely, and graceful, and gay,
Yet still they are oft in the "cold;"
And the cause is, as anyone surely will say,
The fact that the cash they don't hold.

And sure 'tis a reason that's natural quite,
For a gem may be charming, and yet,
Though it sparkles and twinkles with luminous light,
'Tis more fair when in gold it is set!

DUVVA.

"THE CHRIST-CHILD."—Drawn by Mrs. Jessie Shepherd.

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For The Inter Ocean.

JACK WELSH.

His body was found this morning half-way up Long's Peak buried beneath the snow.—THE INTER OCEAN, *Jan.* 5.

BY GEO. R PARRISH.

I knew him once, out in that distant West—
A simple man—with visage seamed and browned,
And knotted hands, but close within his breast
The heavy laden help and comfort found.

His life was bare, his wants were small and few,
His mind above them never seemed to soar,
But, poor and simple, every inch was true—
No dog went hungry from Jack Welsh's door.

He could not write or even spell his name,
But he had the one gift of a lion's heart,
And now the cold, white lips of Fame
Are whispering to us that he did his part.

Where fade the mountains into endless air,
Where even the hardy cedars fail to grow—
The night rocks, in summer rough and bare,
Lie hidden now beneath a mass of snow.

And trapped there—like rabbits in their den—
Without sufficient food, without a trusty guide,
Were laid and died close a little group of men,
The sky above them, the snow on every side.

'Twas then one heart beat stronger than the rest;
One man rose up to seek the hidden trail;
Beneath his coarse, blue shirt a hero's breast
Beat stout and warm against the winter gale.

Across the ragged rocks he bravely staggered on,
With dread solitude above him and below;
His thoughts, who knows, as foot by foot he won
His desperate way along the ice and snow.

Oh, wind, that howls to-night among the pines
That hang, like ghosts, above the mountain depths,
You mark the narrow path which feebly winds
Along the track made by his faltering steps.

You saw alone what such a soul may dare:
The weary work the shrouded path to trace:
You heard the accents of his murmured prayer;
You watched him sink, exhausted, on his face

Thy legacy it is, oh, mighty mountain crest,
For he has given his cold, cold lips to you—
His pressed upon your rocks his pitiless breast;
The struggle ended while his heart was true.

They found him there, half covered in the trail,
Just as he sank, too weak to move ahead;
The strong hands nerveless, the dark cheek pale;
Alone, deserted, the mountaineer was dead.

A fallen knight, his mantle was the snow:
His requiem the wind that o'er his body sighed.
Breathe forth his name, oh, tempest, as ye blow,
And tell the world how bravely Jack Welsh died.
Kowanee Ill.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

BY LOU P. BARBETT.

There is a pause between the day and darkness,
Between the sunlight and the soft moonbeams;
A quiet hour to open memory's flood-gates,
And let the past roll back in silent streams.

The daily tasks that weary and discourage,
Vanish like mist before the morning sun;
The burdens of the day are lifted from the bearer
And quiet comes, just as the day is done.

I hear the hum of voices, long years silent,
That echoed through the halls of childhood's home;
I catch the fragrance of the woodland blossoms,
That grew where happy children loved to roam

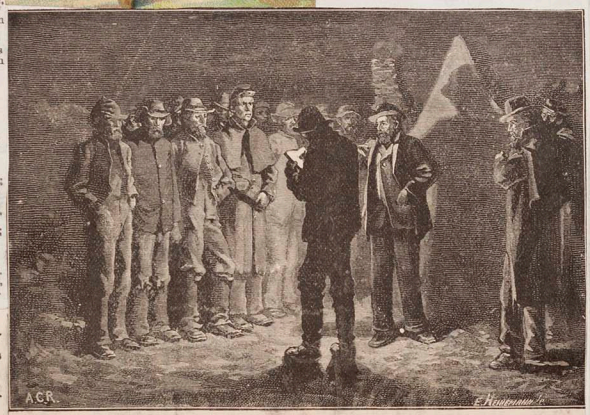
I hear the echo of departed footsteps,
The hands, long folded, o'er mine seem to meet;
A cry, with heart all filled with hopeless longing,
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet?

Why must the heart in bitter pain and hunger,
Yearn for the treasures which to-day are mine?
When will thy chastening lead me closer to thee?
When shall I truly say: "Thy will, O Lord, not mine?"

The answer, Peace! the loving Father knoweth
The human heart in all its sin and strife;
Out from his throne the healing water floweth,
Drink from the fountain of eternal life.

He giveth life, love, beauty, all life's sweetness;
The happy past will He to you restore;
Only its sorrows, sins and human frailties
Shall vex and weary aching heart no more.

Serve Him with loving heart and earnest purpose
Press onward with true courage toward the heights,
And there, with psalms of gladness and thanksgiving,
Tell how He comforted "between the lights."



"WHEN THE MOMENT CAME FOR ROLL-CALL, STILLNESS ON US FELL."

A ROMAIC BALLAD.

Cradled in the arms of slumber Athens lay
at dead of night;
I alone my vigils keeping, watched the lamp's
unsteady light
Burning in my silent chamber with a dimand
fitful flame;
Till my senses slowly left me, and at last ob-
livion came.
But in dreams the Sacred Legion I beheld be-
fore me stand;
Saw my brother, my Demetrius, chief of that
heroic band.

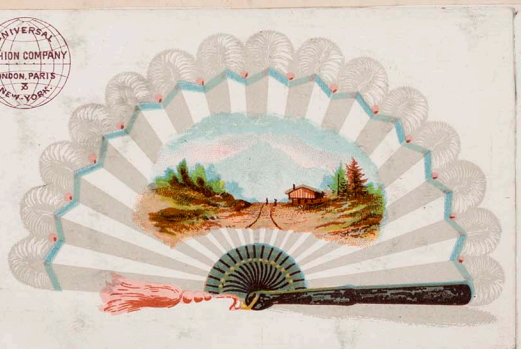
Pale as death he seemed, my brother, while in
stern unfaltering mood
Round him his undaunted Legion, closely gath-
ered round him, stood;
Chosen youths of Greece, in beauty as in
bravery the first,
Worthy sons of those three hundred men of
elder days who erst
At Thermopylæ contented 'neath Leonidas'
command;
Thus I saw him, my Demetrius, chief of that
heroic band.

As I gazed, methought upon me he upturned
his dimming eye,
Recognized me, and embraced me, saying
"Brother, I must die!"
Then he bared his gleaming falchion and
alone, but undismayed,
Ran to charge the mounted myriads, trusting
to his single blade;
And the Legion charged behind him, by aveng-
ing fury fanned;
Thus I saw him, my Demetrius, chief of that
heroic band.

All the ridges of the hills were covered by the
Ottoman hordes,
All the valley swayed and quivered bristling
with unnumbered swords;
I could see them, see their myriads, filling
every copse and hollow,
And I heard a clarion voice that shouted:
"Gallant comrades, follow,
Follow me and disarge the foemen: fear not
steel nor blazing brand!"
Twas my brother, my Demetrius, chief of that
heroic band.

And I saw him rush upon them dealing death
at every blow;
Saw him smite and saw him smitten, falling,
rising, falling low.
Then methought I ran to aid him, heard him
say with faltering voice,
am dying, dying early, yet I grieve not,
nay, rejoice;
e glorious cause of Freedom I at least
have raised my hand,"
ing in thy blood, Demetrius, thy famil-
form I scanned.

t in ancient ages high renown was
e shed,
thy meadows hover shadows of the
r dead:,
eforth, I was a witness of the
s illustrious fray;
the new Three Hundred, Spar-
n a later day,
drop of their life-blood to re-
he fatherland.
e young Demetrius, chief of the
e band!"



PENN'S TREATY. [1682 or 1683?]

Over

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Obituary.

WEAVER — At Lisbon, Waukesha County, Wisconsin, on Saturday, July 25, 1885, Thomas Weaver, aged 62 years.

Thomas Weaver, son of James and Elizabeth Weaver, was born at Peasmarsh, in Sussex, England, October 1, 1822, and was the second of a family of sixteen children. When he was seven years old his father emigrated to America and settled in Oneida county, New York. This was in 1830. In the year 1837, James Weaver removed to what was then "the far west," and settled in the town of Lisbon, Waukesha county. In his boyhood Thomas experienced the hardship and labor incident to pioneer farm life. Having the privilege of only a common school education he grew to manhood in his father's home.

On the 7th of April, 1847, the subject of this sketch married Betty, daughter of Richard and Rachel Craven. They commenced their married life on the same farm upon which Mr. Weaver lived to the day of his death. He was a man of active and deligent habits, and commanded the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. His home was gladdened by five sons and five daughters. In the year 1865 Mr. Weaver was elected a member of the Legislature of Wisconsin, and served as such for one term. He carried on the business of farming successfully, and accumulated a very considerable property. He was an earnest and devout man, and a life-long member of the Episcopal Church. The parish of St. Alban's Church, Sussex, ever found in him an efficient parish officer and hearty supporter. In fact the parish owes its existence to the loyalty of the Weaver family to their training in the mother church of England. The parish was organized at a meeting held in James Weaver's barn, on the 2d of October 1842. At that meeting Thomas Weaver, then twenty years of age was present. Adhearing to the teachings of his childhood and youth, he trained his children in the Christian faith for lives of usefulness. He has left a widow, three sons and four daughters. His death was peaceful and "in the confidence of a certain faith.

It is an easy task to write a mere sketch of biography. But it is a harder one to tell the story of a brave, manly life. There are lives which are so grand in their quiet simplicity, that words seem like weak things to describe them with. There is a painful thrilling of the heart-strings, such as stills the tongue of the thoughtful neighbor and friend while the grief of loss is near. It is all too soon to speak advisedly of all that such lives have been to our own. We must needs wait until the light of a fuller knowledge and realization has broken through the darkness of our sorrow, for this reason it is hard to tell of all that Thomas Weaver has been to those who knew him; but we know that we shall miss him more and more. Our grief may lose its keenness, but not its depth. When we miss, day by day, the presence of the great-hearted man who has gone beyond, the thought of loss will stir the deep waters of our sorrow. This will be true of those who were his neighbors and friends; and how much more true of those who were members of his home. Of the depth of bereavment to them we cannot speak; but all who knew him will go on their way with chastened joy—joy that they have been privileged to count this man their friend—joy for the brave, tendness that marked his life—joy that

> "The sweet rememberance of the just
> Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

B.

Card of Thanks.

We have known the trial of deep affliction.—The waters of bitter sorrow have come in even unto our souls. Death has entered into the house, and touched with his relentless hand the one whom we loved next to God.

We had sore need of sympathy. We feel that we have had that of the Son of Man. We thank Him and bless His Name for His sympathy and love.

But other friends have also been with us. They came and with tongue, and hand, and heart, helped us to bear our grief. They have, indeed ministered to us in our need. We thank them, each and all, in the Name of the Blessed Master. May the blessing of God be with them. May they have such sympathy and love in the day of their sorrow as they have given to us in ours.

Lisbon, July 29, 1885.

MRS. BETTY WEAVER,
JAMES T. WEAVER,
JOHN F. WEAVER,
AMELIA B. (WEAVER) CONNELL,
JULIA (WEAVER) HARDY,
JANE E. WEAVER,
LUCY C. WEAVER,
ELMER W. WEAVER.

VICTOR HUGO'S FUNERAL.

Paris and France yesterday united in paying funeral honors to Victor Hugo. No disturbances, such as had been apprehended, marred the solemnities of the occasion. It was a great popular tribute of respect and love to the memory of the peerless poet whose genius had adorned his country and whose influence had always been given to uplift the poor and to break down the barriers in the way of human progress.

If, as he believed while living, his spirit was conscious of the scene, and if it still retained its characteristic French love of glory, the spectacle of this tribute paid by the city of his love and pride was a supreme satisfaction. Paris was in the full splendor of its early summer beauty. The shrubbery and flower plots of the Champs Elysée were gay with leaf and bloom, the horse chestnut trees studded with cream and pink-colored flowers. Between this brilliant aspect of nature, with its manifestations of abounding life, and the sable funereal pomp there was just that antithesis which Victor Hugo loved.

Under the Arc de Triomphe, that superb monument erected to commemorate the glories of the first empire, the body of the dead poet, who had seen both the first and second empire tumble in ruins, was laid in state. The representatives of the French republic pronounced the funeral orations. Thence the remains were borne, with honors such as have seldom been accorded to sceptred prince or laureled conqueror, to the edifice which France has once more resolved to make the depository of her illustrious dead. It was the spontaneous and genuine tribute of the people to one who owed nothing to the accident of birth or office, but who had won distinction by the power of his genius, and the affection of his fellow men by the warm and generous traits of his character.

Obituary.

CONNELL.—Mary Jane, oldest daughter of Samuel and Jane Connell, was born in Lisbon, Waukesha Co., Wis., July 26th, 1860 and died at the house of her parents, one mile south of the village of Waukesha, March 12th, 1885. March 14th, 1881, she renewed her baptismal vows in the rite of confirmation in the Episcopal church in Waukesha, of which she was a faithful member.

During a painful illness of two years, she maintained a serious and submissive spirit, having no doubts or fears but entering hopefully into the dawning light of an eternal rest. In the church, she was loved and esteemed, and in the community she had the respect of all. During her sickness, she was not only visited by sympathizing friends in the immediate vicinity of her home, but by those around the home of her childhood (from which she moved with her parents five years ago). A large concourse of the latter mingled with the former, to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed friends; and see her remains laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery near her home.

There is a reaper, whose name is death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between

"Shall I have naught that is fair? saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain!
[to me,
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet
I will give it back again."

He gazed at the flower with tearful eye,
He kissed its drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound it in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of this floweret gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
Dear token of the earth it is,
Where He was once a child.

"It shall bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And an angel, upon its garments white,
This sacred blossom wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flower she most did love;
She knew she should find it again
In the fields of light above

O! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away.

BEEBE—At Waukesha, on Sunday, March 29th, 1885, Jacob Beebe, aged 73 years.

Mr. Beebe was an old resident of this county, and an industrious and prosperous citizen. He was born in Gelderland, Albany county, N. Y., and followed the carpenter trade, until he moved to Wisconsin in 1856, when he settled on a farm in Vernon, on which he resided until 1874. He had been a resident of this village since his retirement from the farm.

Sleep the Sleep That Knows no Waking.

In behalf of the community at large and in fact every good citizen of our county, we pause once more to reflect upon the solemn departure from this life of one of Charlestown's truest, most popular and best citizens, Mr. Adam Saxe, who left this earthly "vale of tears" on Tuesday morning of this week at his residence a few miles east of the village of Hayton. The deceased settled on his farm about twenty-eight years ago, hewing away the forests and building up a comfortable home where he since lived in peace and tranquility, surrounded by every worldly comfort imaginable, excepting the blessing of good health, which of late years had become somewhat impaired by asthma. However, previous to his death and even on that morning he complained, as we are told, of nothing unusual, arose in good season, arranged his toilet and told his family that he was weary and would again retire requesting them not to arouse him. At two o'clock that afternoon, thinking he had slept long enough, they attempted to awake him, but found he had been already called by the one "still small voice" and followed her guiding pathway toward the land of shadows and forgetfulness; where many a friend has gone before to rest in peace and quietude. Speaking after the manner of men, 'tis sad but pleasing to say, with a tremulous voice, that one after another of the strong and resolute men, who cleared away the forest and erected our happy homes, have fallen 'neath the scythe of time, and few, yes very few there are, who still survive this honest man or lived a nobler and a better life. His remains will be laid in the cemetery on the bank of the river at this place where,—

They made his clay bed in the morning,
And laid him to rest by the stream;
With the warm tears of anguish quickly falling,
And the sorrow of their hearts was so keen,
They have lain him to rest forever,
'Neath the bosom of the earth's verdure gree
Yet the beauty of the landscape cannot sev
The memory of his life's gentle dream.
When the morning bells ring forth their
[chi
And the day pours forth its brightest gleam
On the margin of the river slope inclining,
His calm resting place may be seen.
Though their hearts with sorrow are aching,
And the main link is missing from the chain,
And he now "Sleeps the sleep that knows n
[waking;
Yet the "Still small voice" will call all to him,
Yes they'll join hands again on the morrow,
Where all trouble, sickness, grief and pain
Will be severed from this worldly vale of sor
By the death stream that glideth on between.

THE GODDESS OF OUR KITCHEN.

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THAT HISTORIC ELM.

PLEA FOR THE "COUNCIL TREE" CUT DOWN AT NEENAH,

Something Regarding the Historic Traditions Surrounding the Stately Elm.

NEENAH, August 8.—The Oshkosh *Times'* Neenah correspondent says: so much has been said regarding the "council tree" which was recently cut down at Neenah, that a short sketch would be of interest to the TIMES readers.

There can be no doubt that the council tree was one of the most remarkable elms that ever grew on Wisconsin soil, and any attempts to detract from its memory should be promptly ruled down by not only people of Neenah, but those of the entire state. Clustered about the old tree there has been for the past forty six years associations, which should not be ruthlessly blotted out. The tree occupied one of the most prominent and beautiful spots in the state, a site Neenah has been justly proud of, but in spite of the fact that the historic legends surrounding the historic tree, have never been authentically disputed, the people of this city took but little interest in the grand old elm, and the TIMES, a local newspaper, has even sought to belittle the fame of the fallen giant of the forest by asserting that the historic council tree was a tall and shaggy cotton wood tree blown down seven or eight years ago. This is wrong, as everything connected with the tree shows.

The council tree was one of the largest elms growing in the state. The trunk at the base measured some six feet in diameter, and separating in various large branches, a few feet from the ground, it shot off into inumerable branches, making a shade of 100 square feet of ground. The massive roots running along the surface near the ground, peculiar to the elm tree were monstrous, being near the trunk of the tree almost as large as the main limbs.

Of course, there is nothing but rumor to support the statemen, that this historic tree was used as a council tree by the Menominees in the days of long ago. But it is known that the point where the elm stood was a favorite resort for the Indians in the years of 1837-'38 and 40. The fording place of the Fox on the Menasha side was near the mouth of the river or inlet, properly speaking. From thence the Indian traveler or white pedestrian traveling north from Fond du Lac to Ft Howard, would pass westward, on the Island, to the portage on the south of Winnebago Rapids. From here to the point, a distance of nearly one mile, the Indian tribes would go, and their marks of camping out of their villages, cornfields and burying grounds were visible up to within a few years, along this point, and, across the Neenah channel and through the east end of Doty's Island to the inlet of the Menasha channel, history refers to the relation between the Indians and that favorite spot, shaded by the mighty council elm. The old settlers, such men as George Mansur, G. P. Vining and George Harlow, distinctly remember the Indian villages scattered along the lake shore, and the friendly feeling the Indians had for the particular locality around the mighty elm.

The block houses built by the government when the fruitless attempt was made to educate the Menominee Indians in 1830 2-3, were built along the lake shore near the elm. The residence erected by Harrison Reed when he purchased the site of Winnebago Rapids was within eighty rods of the noble tree.

How old the stately elm was when the onward march of improvement felled it to the earth no one has means of knowing. The oldest settler can remember it appearing the same, though a trifle smaller, for forty-five years. But, of course, no white man can remember seeing a "council" being held under the tree. The Indian changed with the coming of the government employes who built the block houses. After occupying the houses, after a fashion, for a short time the red men removed to other fields, returning only to the lake for the winter fishing. The presence of the white man was distasteful to the Indian, as it always was and always will be, and he went and took with him all his traditions and legends regarding the spot that is memorable in history as the camp grounds of the Menominees, and where the noble brave and the Indian maiden sat under the shade of the lofty and wide-spreading elm, the only tree of the character and size on this point, and told the same story of love in another language that the pale-faced youths and youthesses of later generations have whispered to each other in that same shade, and along the pebbly shore where the waves of old Winnebago carressed the feet of the noble tree. Just across the channel Gov. Doty built his "grand loggery," the log mansion which still stands as a interesting adjunct to Roberts' Summer Resort. History tells of the meetings between Gov. Doty and the Indians on this point under the tree, and the old settler can vividly recall the interest manifested by all, in the early days, in the spot.

These traditions and legends must be surrounded by some truth or they would not have clung to history and the memory of men through the past half century. They should not have been ruthlessly destroyed now that the old elm in all its stately grandeur no longer stands, to, by its very appearance, corroborate tradition and the beliefs of the later generations. The old tree which stood a silent guard over the river inlet for ages, whose branches shaded generations of both the white man and his red-skinned predecessor, should be remembered through all time, as the "council tree" of Winnebago rapids.

THE NEW ENGLAND SHORE.

Plymouth Rock and the Memorials of the Brave Days of Old—Burial Hill—The Pilgrim Fathers and Their Little Ones—John Eliot and Father Drouillette.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE STAR.]

BOSTON, July 11.—The nooks and corners of the New England coast are deservedly famous. But if a choice is to be made among them, perhaps the preference must be given to the coast of Massachusetts, for, although wanting in the rugged grandeur of that of Maine, it has charms all its own. Having made a trip along the south shore recently, we can speak with fresh endorsement of that, and especially of that region round about Plymouth, that place having been our objective point.

All along the coast in that immediate vicinity are strung charming little villages, which are not only attractive in themselves, but each one has some bit of history to enhance its merits. Has the Canadian heart ever responded to that sweetest of lyrics, "The Old Oaken Bucket"? In the little village of Scituate where we first tarried lived the author, and

> The old oaken bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket,
> The iron-bound bucket,
> Still hangs in the well;"

as all who have been there can testify. Next below Scituate lies Marshfield, where that great statesman of the United States, Daniel Webster, had his home. Here, like the illustrious Cincinnatus, he sought relief when the cares of state pressed too heavily on him. Here his happiest days were spent, and here he died. His home is pointed out to the tourist, and the angler drops his line into the same waters. Then a little farther down the coast lies Duxbury, where the French cable comes ashore, and here we begin to find ourselves on historic ground, for this is where the great Puritan captain, the redoubtable Miles Standish, made his home. "There is a pleasure in the pathless wood," undoubtedly, but in view of the peculiar dangers that lurked in the pathless woods of that era, we will presume that Miles Standish took a shallop and sailed along the coast, as did we, in order to reach Plymouth, our objective point. What a thought it is as we run into the bay, that when the Pilgrims brought the "Mayflower" to anchor on that rough Winter night, 1620, this was all a trackless wilderness.

> "The woods against a stormy sky
> Their giant branches toss'd;
> And the heavy night hung dark,
> The woods and waters o'er,
> As a band of exiles moored their bark
> On the wild New England shore."

Look at that picture, then on this. Here is a sparkling little bay dotted with every variety of pleasure craft. Rising from the water in a succession of terraces is a village of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. Although

THE EARLIEST OF THE NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENTS,

it bears not a trace in its outward aspect of its ancient history. Elsewhere throughout the States it is easy enough to find houses two hundred or so years old. But here all is thoroughly modernized. The flower-embowered cottages and the spacious hotels, indeed, give an air of "summering" not quite in consonance with one's feelings—for it is an historic pilgrimage that we are on, and relics of the past are that to which we purpose to give our minds.

The world-famous Rock lies in its original position at the head of the wharf. Although it has been subjected to two or three removals it still is of goodly proportions, being six feet long, and about three feet in height and breadth. A little temple protects it from careless approach. And there is not the smallest doubt of its being the very rock whereon was first set the pilgrim feet on this shore; the ancient records mention it, and subsequent accounts have kept it identified. Thanks to these records so faithfully kept, we may still reproduce, in fancy, the old aspect of the place.

The hill where nearly one-half of the little band were buried before that dark, sad, first Winter was over, is now a smooth lawn sloping from the principal hotel. But a tablet marks the spot as hallowed ground, and at night the murmur of the sea sighs a requiem. Leydon street, which was the original site of the little settlement runs upward to

BURIAL HILL,

where those who survived the first Winter were finally laid to their long sleep. The gray old headstones furnish a wonderful record, and, truly, in these stones there are sermons. Thanks to the Pilgrim Society, the more frail memorials of our honored forefathers are preserved in a building erected especially for their accommodation. Here are the household goods that they brought with them, and old writings and scores of articles of personal value to their owners, which are sealed in glass cases safe from the wear and tear of time. There was a child born while the "Mayflower" lay at anchor, and here we see his cradle. This child, who was called Peregrine White, lived to a hale old age, notwithstanding his stormy advent. In 1882 died in Plymouth a certain Mr. Thomas. This Mr. Thomas was acquainted with Ebenezer Cobb, who died in 1801. This Mr. Cobb having been born in 1694 remembered well in his boyhood seeing Peregrine White, who was then an old man, "frosty but kindly." So, Plymouth, through being so conducive to the longevity of its inhabitants, has brought the little Peregrine out from the mythical into the actual. Another memento of infantile life in the colony is here in the shape of a tiny morocco shoe. This little shoe bears evidence of having trodden the wilderness in its small way.

The memorials of the redoubtable Puritan Captain Standish are innumerable. This is his sword (a genuine Damascus blade), his household equipments, and a brick from his hearth-stone—that hearth by which he wished the gentle Priscilla to sit. Priscilla,

THE PURITAN MAIDEN

of Longfellow's poem, was in prose Miss Priscilla Mullins, daughter of Mr. William Mullins. Shortly after the death of Mrs. Standish, the valiant captain sent John Alden to ask for Priscilla at the hands of her father. Mr. Mullins listened with favor, and sent for Priscilla to ratify the contract, to whom John Alden, "a man of noble form, of fair and ruddy complexion, and of engaging manners, delivered the message in prepossessing and courteous terms." Priscilla listened quietly, and then looking at him frankly, said, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" John's ruddy face became *red*. He took the hint, retired, delivered the message to the irate Miles, and henceforth visited for himself, the result being that soon Miss Priscilla Mullins became Mrs. John Alden. The poetic version is more charming than the prose.

A worn old book is studied with great interest, as one of the Indian Bibles which John Eliot prepared. It bears evidence of considerable rough handling at the hands of its savage owner, but perhaps it was a light unto his feet all the same. What would have been the result of Eliot's evangelizing efforts, if they had not been checked by the general war of extermination that arose in 1675 is a question. His methods were radical. He did not, like the Jesuits of Canada, set out to win the savage gradually from his lawless life, but with him civilization and religion must go hand in hand from the first. Very curious is the account of a most unwonted guest that John Eliot had at his home in Roxbury, in the year 1650, it being no other than

FATHER DROUILLETTE,

the Jesuit missionary among the Indians in Canada. At that time, the Puritans had passed a law that any Jesuit entering this jurisdiction should be banished, with the death penalty if he returned. But, as Father Drouillette had come to engage the English settlers in commercial relations, as well as to secure an alliance defensive against the Mohawk Indians, his diplomatic character was his security. He was received with much courtesy by the stern Puritans, and we can also admire the scenes he described in the charming letter he left. He visited Plymouth, and, it being Friday, Gov. Bradford "entertained him with fish." In Boston, his courteous host "grave me the key of a room in his house, where I might in all liberty pray and perform the exercises of my religion, and he besought me to take no other lodgings while I was in Boston." Thus was the first mass celebrated in Puritan Boston. At Roxbury he passed the night with the Rev. John Eliot, "who was instructing some Indians. He treated me with respect and affection, and invited me to pass the Winter with him." One can imagine the scene; these two missionaries the Puritan and the Jesuit, each representing the extreme of two creeds and each so devoted. Doubtless, solvings of all differences, they found plenty of subjects in which they were in accord.

But this is a theme so endless, that the only way of dismissing it is to cut it short. Plymouth and its environs furnish an inexhaustible field of interest. The tourist, the pilgrim, the antiquarian, and the sportsman seek the place. The hotels are numerous and have an air of cosmopolitan gayety that serves as a foil to the single minded sobriety of the sad little group that first took possession of the spot.

ALEX.

At the Lock.

"Lock, ho! lock!" the rowers cry, as up the river they float:
Open your gates, O nut-brown maid, for my lady's pleasure boat;
Turn your windlass, open the sluice, and let the waters rise:
My little lady will rest awhile and view the sunset skies.

Fair she is as you are dark, O maid of the sunburnt skin;
She is like the lilies, that toil not, and neither do they spin;
Her slender feet and her languid hands have a high-born grace, you see,
And even her pug conducts himself like a pug of high degree.

Do your eyes behold her wistfully, poor toiler by the gate,
Whose daily bread must still be won by labor early and late?
Do not murmur; remember this — that honest toil is blest,
And he that works most faithfully has earned the sweetest rest.

Perhaps (who knows?) my lady's eyes look wistfully at you,
Heedless of roughened fingers, or foot in clumsy shoe:
The world she moves in covers ill deeds with rich disguise,
And the fairest faces sometimes mask "a ruined house of lies."

Perhaps if the hidden secrets of both hearts could be told,
You would not change with my lady for all her rank and gold;
You would pity the lovely creature in all her silk attire,
And thank the Lord for the sweetness of love at your desire.

For here is the little sister that clings about your neck,
So loving always, and gentle, ready to run at your beck;
And a step away from the river rises the busy mill,
Where for your sake, O nut-brown maiden, somebody works with a will!

Turn your windlass, open the sluice: the waters rise amain;
My lady's dog and my lady step into the boat again;
She smiles as her lover greets her — who knows if the smile is true?
But the oars flash in the sunlight, and they vanish from your view.

So let the wistful longing vanish from heart and eyes,
And look what a golden glory over the river lies!
Sky and water together equally overspread
With a royal blending of color, gold and purple and red.

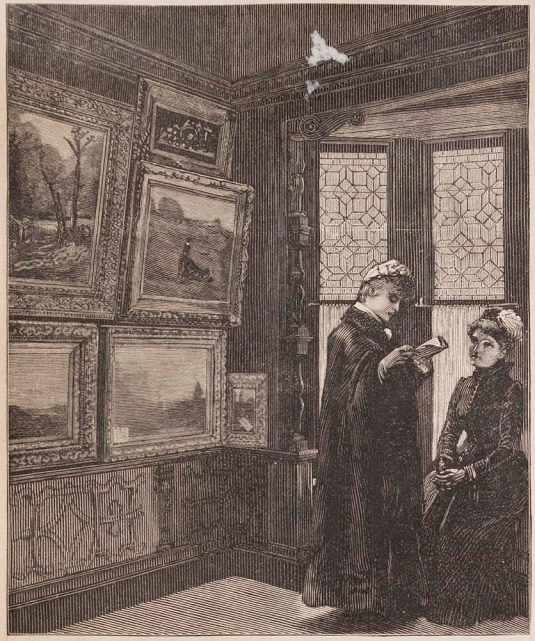
Gold and purple and scarlet are blossoming too at your feet,
The ragged crown of the thistle, primrose yellow and sweet,
Flaming cone of the sumac, yarrow and golden-rod,
And a splendor of silken tassels from the milkweed's burst-ling pod.

Round them, seeking for plunder, hums a belated bee,
And a robin twitters a sleepy song in yonder maple-tree;
Soon the day's toil will be over, clink the gates for the night:
Somebody waits to walk with you in the golden evening light.

Herein let your heart be thankful: the sturdy strength of your hand,
With love to sweeten your labor, is better than gold or land;
And better than all is the truth in which meek souls find rest,
That God, who gives each his portion, knows what for each is best.

—*Mary Bradley in Godey's.*

GRANT AND SHERMAN AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.



OPENING OF THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

29

A CZAR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

Wooing a Country Maiden in the Disguise of a Captain of the Guards.

The father of Peter the Great, Alexis Michaelowitz, was one of the most popular czars Russia ever had, and he would have been one of the greatest if his brilliant son had not eclipsed him.

Like many other crowned heads we have read about, Alexis was wont to dress in a plain civilian's garb or a common soldier's uniform, and move among his subjects, thus finding out their likes and dislikes, their wrongs and grievances; and very frequently the monarch's *ukases* were the result of private experiences among the people.

Not far from Moscow lived a poor nobleman named Matwies, who often received visits from the czar in his various disguises. Although Matwies recognized the czar every time, he was always careful to treat him according to his disguise, so that the other members of his family were entirely ignorant as to the real character of the visitor.

One day the czar visited Matwies dressed as a captain of the "Guards." While conversing together a young lady entered the room where they were, but immediately retreated when she found it occupied. Alexis saw enough of her to notice that she was beautiful.

"Who is this young lady, Matwies?" he asked.

"That is Nathalie Narajchkin, a distant relation from the country. She is poor, but amiable. I have adopted her in my family, and love her as my own."

"Well," answered the czar, "does she know me?"

"She does not, sire. She never goes out. She never saw you."

"Introduce me to her as a simple captain, and do not let her know who I am."

At dinner the czar met Nathalie, and found her a very intelligent and highly interesting maiden, so much so, indeed, that he fell desperately in love with her, and the great czar of all the Russias was conquered by a modest girl.

From that day the czar came more frequently than ever before, and being handsome and gallant, it was but a short time before Nathalie found herself longing for the visits of the captain. Although no declaration was made, yet she was not blind to the captain's devotion to her.

Matwies, however, saw with alarm their growing attachment to each other, as he was aware of the fact that the czar was about to choose a wife from among the most handsome noblewomen of the empire, and he feared that his acquaintance with Nathalie would end ignominiously.

On the day before the one appointed by the czar for the choice of his czarina he once more came to Matwies as captain.

"Matwies," he said, "You know that tomorrow I shall make a choice from the ladies of the Kremlin as to who shall share my throne with me. I desire Nathalie to be present and choose for herself a husband from among my courtiers, and whoever the fortunate man shall be I will rapidly promote him.

"Your will shall be obeyed, sire;" answered Matwies.

"Well, then, remember that for twenty-four more hours I am the 'captain' to Nathalie."

On the evening of the long-expected day the entire city was illuminated, and the palace, the Kremlin, was gorgeously decorated, while the brilliant lights threw their beams far across its surroundings; inside all was gaiety, but with the handsomely attired ladiés there was a general feeling of anxiety. One, however, was more confident of success than all others, and that was the handsome, but haughty Elizabeth, who was considered to be the belle of Moscow.

As the czar had been wont to mingle with these ladies occasionally in various incognitos, none of the ladies knew whether the czar was present or not. Added to this the gentlemen were all masked.

A long way back in a corner, with Matwies, sat the humble Nathalie, with a plain dress, and not a single diamond to adorn her beauty.

She thoroughly enjoyed what was to her so novel a scene. Suddenly she recognized among the masks her lover, by his captain's uniform. As soon as the captain's wandering eyes had found what they looked for half-hid in a corner he came to her. She asked whether or no the czar had made his choice yet.

"No, not yet," answered the captain. "But come with me and I will bring you nearer to the monarch, and who knows but what he may choose you when he sees you."

"Oh, no," said Nathalie, "I do not desire a crown; and how can I compete with so much beauty? Moreover," she added, looking archly at his eyes as they shone through his mask, "I am happy enough now."

"You are very modest, Nathalie. Remember you may add to the happiness of your czar."

"I do not desire to be a czarina. Please do not insist any longer," she answered, rather reproachfully.

Alexis saw that the only woman he cared for loved him also.

Going a few steps away from her he commands—"Lift your masks!"

A deep silence pervaded the room, and every eye rested on the czar. The ladies trembled with fear and expectation, while the noblemen were curiously waiting to see to whom the honour should fall.

The czar took his crown, and placing it on the head of the modest Nathalie, said—

"Noblemen, see your czarina!"

The masked gentleman with whom the haughty Elizabeth had been promenading, and whom she felt sure to be the czar, was the court jester!

SUNDAY ON THE MOUNT

GEN GRANT LISTENS FROM A DISTANCE TO THE CHURCH SERVICES.

MT. MCGREGOR, July 12—The morning was bright and sunny, the mercury marking 70 degress. The air was still and fresh after the late rains. The atmosphere was so clear that the crests of the Adirondacks made sharp outlines on the sky to the northward, and the shadows at their basis were a dark blue. Gen Grant and family, Gov. Hill, J. W. Drexel, Senator Arkel, and 300 other people sat on the broad piazza of the hotel to hear the Rev. Dr. Newman preach while just down the slope in the cottage Gen Grant sat, where he could hear the singing of familiar hymns with correct accompaniments. This was the scene on the top of Mt. McGregor this morning and the occurrence that rounded the day. The Sabbath service had been arranged to take place on the hotel verandah as far as possible from Gen Grant's cottage, so that no cause for excitement might reach him. The patient was almost disposed to go to the hotel to attend the service, but it was deemed unwise for him to do so and he contented himself with the listening to the singing from where he sat at the cottage. The preacher's text was from Matthew v: 1 to 8 and his subject was "The Value of Character."

Besides a reference to Gen Grant in his opening prayer. Dr. Newman used these words at the close of his discourse.

"Oh, illustrious sufferer in yonder cottage! What a lesson thou art teaching to the warriors and statesmen of the world, and to the youth of that country, thou hast saved, by finding within thyself at this supreme moment those elements of repose and happiness which to-day excite the admiration of mankind, and fill the hearts of angels with delight."

THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON.

An old man sits in his garden chair,
  Watching the sunlit western sky,
What sees he in the blue depth there,
  Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
  There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
  Radiant women and stately men,
Singing with voices of sweet attune
  The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a form of cloud
  That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gray and loved,
  And a hand that beckons him afar,
O, cheek of roses and hair of gold!
  O, eyes of heaven's divinest blue!
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mould—
  But love is infinite, love is true;
He will meet her—yes, it must be soon;
  They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
  Is driving athwart its troubled face,
The golden mist is a trailing shroud;
  It is cold and bleak in the garden place,
The old man smiles and droops his head,
  The thin hair blows from his wrinkled brow,
The sunset radiance has appeared
  O'er every wasted feature now;
One sigh exhales like a breath in June—
  He has found the land of the Afternoon.

For The Inter Ocean.

A VALENTINE.

BY ADA IDDINGS GALE.

'Tis Love's own day—but to the sight
How drear the scene—how cold, how white,
No glist'ning boughs sway in the breeze,
Or song of bird thrills from the trees.
And not a blossom shows the wood,
No violet in its purple hood,
No wind flow'r or anemenœ,
Or dandelion stars the lea.
How chill the air—how dull the sky
Where flocks of tiny snowbirds fly.

But in my heart I bear a charm
That doth the winter's strength disarm.
Haply I think, sweet love, of thee,
And lo! 'tis spring where e'er I be.
I shut my eyes—I see thy face.
And lo! a glory fills the place,
As though the sunshine of a May
Had all been crowded in a day.

Through mem'ry's hall the echo sweeps
Of thy glad face, and lo! upleaps
A melody far sweeter—far,
Than songs of summer birdlings are.
And dreaming of thy tender eyes,
An azure splendor fills the skies.
Thou, only, dearest, hast the power
To change for me this wintry hour.
Though widely parted, thou and I—
I here, thou 'neath a distand sky—
Still dost thou love me—thou art mine,
And I—thy faithful Valentine.

GRANT HONORED IN VERSE.

The Arrival.

[Charles H. Adams in Hartford Courant.]

His President and the great Admiral,
Lincoln and Farragut, have clasped his hands.
They bid him welcome, and lead him up the hall,
—See how the comrades gather, as he goes past,
Saluting the old Commander, come at last,—
To where, expectant of him, Washington stands!

Vanquished.

[Francis F. Browne in Chicago Daily News.]

I.

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning stroke
When fiery tempests broke,—
Not mid the ranks of war
Fell the great conqueror.

II.

Unmoved, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade—
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
Steel nerve, iron form—
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

III.

While the hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name;
O'er the stricken brow there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

IV.

The Hero woke; rose undismayed;
Saluted Death—and sheathed his blade.

V.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;
No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great soldier low;
Victor in his latest breath,—
Vanquished, but by Death.

The Victory.

[Chief Justice Noah Davis in New York *Tribune*.]

The truce is o'er. The foe at length,
Assails the inmost citadel of strength
Where kept aloft by dauntless will
The flag of life floats faintly still,
But neither skill nor love hath power
Long to repel the "inevitable hour."

Betrayed and wronged, without a stain—
A death-march trod through fiery pain,
With heart unmoved; how these unroll
Heroic grandeurs of the soul
In victories whose lessons stand
A light and promise to the land!

There is no death for such as he,
When slow transition endeth agony,
His battles fought, his duties done,
His country's life by valor won,
The change is but a soldier's reveille
To greet the morn of immortality.

When in the notes of muffled drums

THREE HELPS.

If the world seems cold to you,
  Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
  Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
  To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
  "Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
  Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
  On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
  Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and meal invite
  Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
  Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
  Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
  Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
  Blends with Hope's bright river.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

VERY ROMANTIC INDEED.

"I had a strange experience once in human hair," said a member of a firm of human-hair importers to a reporter for the Philadelphia Times. "A French lady of noble blood, who had been my friend for years, wrote me a few months ago, inclosing a lock of hair which was a peculiar shade of drab and of silky fineness. She wanted me to match it, and I set about doing so. I dispatched my agents all over Europe, but nowhere could they find a thread of hair that would match the sample.

"I then inserted an advertisement in the principal Philadelphia, New York, and Boston papers, offering a liberal reward for a switch of the desired quality and color. One day a woman of about 20 years of age, shabbily dressed, but with a form and face that Venus might have envied, entered my office.

"'I came in answer to your advertisement,' she said, and, removing her hat, unbound a luxuriant coil of hair that called from me an involuntary cry of admiration. 'Will this do?' she asked.

"I examined her hair and compared it with the sample sent me by the countess. The two were so similar that when I mixed them together I could not distinguish one from the other.

"'This hair is exactly what I want,' I said, 'and I will give you $200 an ounce for it.'

"'Take it off,' said she, with a nervous trembling of her voice that at once attracted my attention. 'I am starving, I and my baby, and what you are willing to pay is a fortune to me.'

"I became interested and questioned her. After a little hesitation she told me her story. Her husband had been a sea captain, and shortly after they were married had sailed for the west coast of Africa. His vessel was never heard of after leaving port, and it was presumed she had foundered at sea and all hands had been lost. The presumed widow had struggled to maintain herself and infant child, but with indifferent success. Finally, when suffering from the pangs of hunger, she had read my advertisement and hastened to my place of business, praying inwardly that her hair, which had been her husband's pride, might be the required shade.

"Well, to make a long story short, I bought her hair, which weighed four ounces, and paid her $800 for it. I sent the switch to my customer, the countess, and wrote her the history of the hair. She is a women of great wealth and goodness of heart. The return mail brought me a letter authorizing me to pay the poor little sailor's widow $1,000 extra. I did so and wrote an account of the affair to our official journal, which is published in New York. The story was so romantic that the daily papers copied it, and I received several letters from charitable people offering pecuniary assistance to the sailor's widow. She was proud and refused to receive any help.

"One day, about three weeks after the publication of the story, a man who was bronzed and bearded came into my office very much excited. He held in his hand a copy of a New York paper, and, unfolding it, pointed to my story.

"'Can you give me the address of this woman?' he asked, eagerly. 'She is my wife; I thought her dead.'

"While I wrote down the address he told me his story. His vessel had been wrecked on the African coast, and he and two others of the crew alone to reached the shore. It was several months before they managed to reach a civilized port. He immediately sent word of the disaster to the owners of the foundered vessel and wrote to his young wife. From the former he received a reply, but he heard no word from his wife, and when he reached Philadelphia discovered that she had mysteriously disappeared. One day in looking over a paper he came across my story and hurried to my office to learn fuller particulars. I sent him to his wife in my carriage, and you can imagine what occurred at the meeting, for each believed the other dead. I wrote to the countess, giving the sequel to the story, and the result was that the shipwrecked captain now commands her yacht, and the wife who sacrificed her hair to buy bread sails with him on every voyage."

OUR HARVEST YEARS.

When russet apples turn each bronzed cheek
To catch a final beauty from the sun—
When the first frost with pencil fine and true
The tinting of the leaves has just begun—
Then nature still can turn one fairer page,
It is the mellow year's sweet middle age.

When the bright world hangs out a tender haze
To veil her scarlet colors grown so bold—
When in full fruitage droops the ripened corn
And nature's green is turned to red and gold—
Then do we feel that in loved nature's shrine
Four seasons' wondrous blessings doth combine.

To all the riches of the summer, spring,
The hazel copse now adds its store of wealth;
The nests are empty, but the birdlings gay,
Now sing their own sweet songs of love, by stealth;
From gen'rous laden trees the brown nuts fall,
For earth her treasure now doth yield to all.

Thus, in our human lives, those years are best,
Those harvest years, with love and children blest.
We see our nestlings mate in their glad spring,
And know their love is not so grand a thing
As it will be when autumn's glory sheds
The rapture of all seasons on their heads.

—*Elizabeth Baker-Boh*

30

X

PAUL H. HAYNE, a Southern poet, has just published a poem in which he bemoans the failure of the rebellion in the following style:

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts,
Frail wrecks from a gory sea,
Though pale as a band from the realm of ghosts
Salute them! they fought with Lee.

* * * * * * *

Not vanquished, but crushed by a mystic Fate,
Blind nations against them hurled,
By the selfish might and the causeless hate
Of the banded and brutal world.

Enough! All fates are the servants of God,
And they follow His guiding hand,
We shall rise some day from the Chastener's rod,
Shall waken and understand.

It is extremely doubtful whether those who, like Mr. Hayne, still think it was the "causeless hate of a banded and brutal world" which prevented the destruction of the Union and the establishment of a new nation whose chief aim should be the perpetuation and extension of human slavery, will ever "waken and understand." This poem is published and admired by Southern newspapers, which have filled their columns with denunciations of Senator Sherman, and charges that his speeches, complaining of the practical disfranchisement of the colored vote in the South, were an attempt to revive the animosities of the war period, which they assured us had entirely disappeared in that section.

"HOE OUT YOUR ROW."

One day a lazy farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a ploughman's phrase,
And the lad, as the sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze"—
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And the good man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The text the lad remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil
Always hoe out your row.

The Story for my Father.

BY BESSIE O. CUSHING.

I sat alone in the gloaming
Of a sad November day;
From the glowing west the crimson
Had slowly died away;
And the masses of clouds were sinking
To bands of ashen gray.

My fingers were weary with writing,
And the words were blotted with tears.
I have almost finished my story,
And its final chapter nears,
So I paused to look back on the pages
I had written in other years.

Here all the pages are snowy;
I have traced them around with flowers.
In their folds are some withered daisies
That I gathered in childhood hours.

Here's a page with its sable border,
And a bit of folded crape,
That I wrote through swimming tears
Till the letters lost their shape.

And this is the rose-scented chapter
On leaves of the rose's hue.
Oh! this I wrote in the June of life
When my beautiful roses grew.

Here the leaves are pinned together;
I'll not unfold them to-night.
It's an unfinished chapter—and—well
The old pain is not gone—not quite.

Then follow some tear-stained pages
That I wrote with a trembling hand;
And chapters all full of errors;
Not at all like those I planned.

Its mistakes, O Father, are many,
And its merits, alas, are so few!
And its blotted, tear-stained pages
Are so soon to meet thy view.

All the exquisite, tender feelings
In writing, have lost their charm;
And the rarest, sweetest fancies
My words could never form.

Then I lifted my eyes of sorrow
And gazed in the night afar,
And lo! in the somber twilight
Shone the radiant evening star.

And, from out of its light, an angel
Came down a starlit stair.
And whispered in sweetest accents,
That stilled my wild despair—

"Grieve not for those beautiful feelings,
For thy fancies so sweet and rare,
But know that thy Father can read them
In unseen writing there."

LAMAR'S POEM.

A correspondent of The New York Sun writes as follows: The Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, secretary of the interior, while yet a young man was traveling in South America for the benefit of his health. He met and became enamored of a beautiful girl, in honor of whom these lines were written, and to whom they were presented. He says the poem has never been printed, and I hand it to you that The Sun may be the first to shed light on the divine affatus hidden in the bosom of the dreamy but sterling statesman:

THE SWEET DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

Oh, lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains;
And lend to me your cadences,
O rover of the mountains,
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star,
The evening star how tender;
The light of both is in her eyes,
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light,
They were too dazzling for the sight,
And when she shuts them all is night,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

Oh, ever bright and beauteous one!
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silver tone,
The rainbow in thy smiling.
And there is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

What though perchance we meet no more?
What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light
Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set,
Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

FAME.

"Better than aught is fame," he said;
"'Tis better than wealth or wine
To see the populace sway its head,
And to hear its shouts combine."

"Sweeter than kiss the bridegroom sips
Is the honey sweet of fame,
When the grateful nation opens its lips
To utter a hero's name."

Trampled by hoofs and heavy feet
With power and blood bestained,
His body they found on the foe's retreat,
Where the bullets thickest rained.

Silently through the crowded street
The muffled coffin came;
Not a word was said—hearts quicker beat;
And that was the hero's fame.

—*Paul Hermes.*

N. B

Tobogganing.

A pretty little stranger
Gazed wistful down the slope.
I said, "There is no danger;
You'll slide with me I hope?"

She answered frankly—"Yes, sir."
The inference was drawn—
A pretty Yankee—bless her!
A shout and we are gone.

The hissing, pliant basswood
The glister of the spray,
I think (as any ass would)
I'd like to slide all day.

The bumps are something frightful.
The snow is soft and light.
She murmurs: "How delightful!"
I whisper—"Hold on tight."

And when we reach the bottom.
Her cheeks are all aglow,
The dancing eyes are tearful.
Her hair poudré with snow.

Then shaking off the snowflakes,
"I guess," says she; "I'll snother.
Wait till I fix my cloud, please.
Now let us have another."

And while we yet are sliding.
The shadows fainter fall.
The sun is shining
Behind old Montreal.

Still am I puzzled fairly.
Her ways embarrass me.
Going down she calls me "Charley,"
Going up I'm "Mister T——."

Yonkers Gazett

LABOR.

There is no lasting pleasure save in toil;
All other things lose savor, and seem stale,
Earth has no joys that are of long avail—
So soon its best delights grow old and spoil.

We put aside some task set for our hands,
And go forth seeking for content. That name
We think synonomous with wealth or fame,
Or else a gem found but in distant lands.

We seek the wide world over in unrest;
We taste of sweets that turn to bitterest gall,
And when the leaves from all joy's roses fall
We find the task we put aside was best.

Let glory bring the helmet and the sabre,
Let fame take off the laurel and the bay,
Let pleasure fetch its perfumed wreaths, and lay
All these upon an altar reared to labor.

—*Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, in Farmers' Advocate.*

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THE OLD COUNCIL TREE.

An Interview Concerning It.

There has been considerable discussion pro and con in this section between parties who are supposed to know whether or not the famous councils of '35 and '36 were ever held under the tree at Neenah that has been cut down to give place to the government works. With the view of learning something with reference to the old tree, a Post reporter broached the subject to Captain Neff, of the government steamer, Henrietta. He said: "In 1856 Wm. B. Odgen, the President of the Chicago & Northwestern road, came to get up to Neenah, to see about the the extension of the C. & N. W. road, that was being built through that city at the time. There was and had been a very strong gale on the lake and none of the steamers would venture out' so I took him to Neenah in a sailing boat. When we reached Neenah, Odgen said, pointing to the old council tree: "That is where I had the famous councils with the Indians in 1832 and 1836 at which time I was Indian agent in this section, and that old elm you see yonder, is the one from bel ind which an Indian stepped, and fired point blank at me, the ball whistling past my head. Another Indian interfered, and probably saved my life. We stood under the tree and held our council, the first one not being very satisfactory, as the Indians made demands that never could be acceded to. I felt relieved after I got safely away from those never to be forgotten interviews."

The Menominees and Potowotamies at that time lived on the land all the way from Appleton to Lake Poygan and the councils were with reference to their payments, and to establish more friendly relations with them, as they were anything but pleased with the advances of the whites who were pushing the results of civilization into their frontier grounds. Appleton *Post*.

POE'S HOME IN FORDHAM.

Reminiscences of a Neighbor—The Poet's Small Salary.

The house that was the home of Edgar A. Poe in Fordham is visited by many admirers of the poet. It remains to-day much as when he rented it in the Spring of 1846, though the neighborhood is now a part of the city and is changing with every year. Two years ago the place was sold at public auction under foreclosure and it was bid in for $5,700; the unpaid taxes and accrued interest amounted to something more than that. From the railroad station the road winds up the Fordham hill to the cottage with the native rock as a pavement. The cottage seems no more than a little paint box, shingled on the sides as well as the roof and covered with vines on which the foliage is now appearing. It is only a few feet from the road, but in Summer is almost obscured by the trees. Within, the rooms are more spacious than they appear from the road. A cherry tree planted by Poe, now vigorous and thrifty, shades a pleasant porch. There are two good sized rooms, a bedroom, and a kitchen on the lower floor. In the front room Virginia, Poe's invalid wife, lay through her sickness and died. On the upper floor there are three rooms one of them quite large. The old-fashioned chimney passes through it, affording an old-time fire-place which in Winter when filled with crackling wood would be a cheerful place. It was a favorite room with the poet and here he wrote "Ulalume" and "Eureka."

Poe moved to Fordham from Amity-st. Washington Square was then the centre of the fine residences of the city and his house in Amity-st., into which he moved when the "Raven" had brought him a reputation, was only a short distance from the Square. He had been engaged on *The Evening Mirror* at a salary of $10 a week, and in a suit against the paper for libel, after resigning his position, he secured a verdict, and obtained several hundred dollars. With this money he secured the Fordham cottage at a rental of $100 a year, furnished it and removed there with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Clemm, who remained there until Poe's death in 1849. The grounds, comprising about two acres, are as interesting as the house, and have associations reaching back to Revolutionary times when this neighborhood was a part of the "neutral ground" and the field of Cooper's "Spy." The lawn slopes into a grassy hollow. A massive ledge of blue-gray rock overlooks the valley at the height of a hundred feet and forms the eastern wall of the place. The site is said to have been occupied at one time by a British battery. Now, a tennis club composed of young men and women of Fordham meet on the lawn in Summer. The rocky ledge commands a view of the Long Island hills in purple background and east the horizon. In the growth of the city it is likely to become one of the choice sites for residences.

The place rents for $400 a year. For several years it has been occupied by Mrs. E. D. Dechert, the widow of an engineer who drew the original plans of Central Park and afterward most of the avenues and drives of Fordham. A few of those who knew Poe and his family are still living in the neighborhood. One of these was his near neighbor, Mrs. Reuben Crowell, then a young girl. She said recently that the first time she saw Poe he was up in a cherry tree picking the fruit and his wife stood beneath the tree. "He was a nice looking young man," continued Mrs. Cromwell, "and sociable. His wife had come out here to get the good air, he said, and to dig in the ground and get well. But she was too thin and weak to dig. She soon became ill and never came out until she was buried. Her mother they called 'Muddie' and Mr. Poe they always called Eddie. They were awful poor, poorer than I ever want to be."

Mrs. Cromwell describes going over to the house the morning that she heard of Poe's death. Mrs. Clemm was packing his things, having received a letter from him the day before in which he wrote of his intended marriage to a Baltimore lady, and said that he would come on for her. She was overcome when informed of his death and was sure that he would not have died had she been there to "nurse him in his bad spell." The neighbors raised money to enable her to go to Baltimore. Poe had not paid any rent for several months and Mrs. Clemm afterward returned and sold their few effects. Among these Mrs. Cromwell obtained the family Bible, a rocking chair and a clock, which she still retained as relics of her distinguished but unfortunate neighbor. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT.

They appointed to meet in the parlor,
When all the guests were asleep;
And they parted with sweet protestations
That each the appointment would keep.

They were punctual, just to the second,
Their greeting were soft as a breath:
And they sat on a lounge in that parlor.
Where all was as silent as death.

And they spooned in that fashion peculiar
To verdancy under love's charm;
She resting her head on his shoulder,
He circling her waist with his arm.

Soon their eyes to the dark grew accostomed,
And then they in terror took wing:
For they saw in that parlor four others
Engaged in the very same thing.

—Boston Gazette.

An Anecdote of Captain Decatur.

The following anecdote of Commodore Decatur was told at a recent meeting of the Sons of the Veterans of 1812 held in New York. Decatur, commanding the frigate "United States", while stationed at Gibraltar before the outbreak of the war of 1812, became acquainted with Capt. Carden, of the British frigate "Macedonian." The air was full of the coming strife, and the two officers often discussed the situation. "I'll bet you a silk hat," said Carden, one day, "that if we ever come into action together I'll take your ship." Decatur took the bet. They did meet not long after war was declared, and after a hard fight the "Macedonian" struck her colors. Carden, much humiliated, presented his sword to the victor, in the presence of most of the officers of both vessels. Decatur, drawing himself up to his full height, said, in a tone loud enough for all to hear, "Capt. Carden, I do not want your sword—but I'll take that hat."

WHEN LIFE'S BLOOM FADES.

BY J. P. R. JAMES.

When the bloom of Life has faded,
And our footsteps weaker grow,
Ere the fainting heart-beats falter,
Then how sweet 'twould be to know
That we've lived a life of wisdom
And the path of duty trod,
Turning not for thorns that bruise us,
It it led us nearer God.
Fondly seeking for that river
With its crystal tide, on high,
Where the roses bloom forever
And Life's fount is never dry.
What though earth may seem so dreary,
Or Life's sweetest flowers die,
What though Hope's fond ties may sever,
'Twill be brighter by-and-by.

Faint not, though thy burden's heavy,
Or thy treasures turn to dross,
Trials but make us wiser, better—
Think of Jesus and the cross.
Let not gold or vice allure thee—
Riches bring not peace of mind;
Better far be pure and holy
Than be rich with heart unkind.
'Tis not wealth that leads to Heaven,
But true heart and noble deed;
He's the greatest who has given
All he had for others' need.

A LOVE SONG TO A WIFE.

'Tis the beautiful, love-breathing, gloaming hour
And the breeze is rocking each slumberous flower
And 'neath the clustering hawthorn boughs
Lovers are breathing their tender vows.

Shy lids are drooping o'er radient eyes
And her air is full of delightful sighs;
Cheeks glow and dimple and red lips part—
And, oh, how fondly heart answers heart!

For very gladness young pulses sing—
Ah, love is a 'wildering, witching thing;
An exquisite, tremulous, heaven-born strain,
That fills the soul with delicious pain.

We have been lovers for forty years;
O dear cheeks, faded and worn with tears,
What an eloquent story of love ye tell!
Your roses are dead, yet I love ye well.

O pale brow shrined in soft silvery hair!
Crowned with life's sorrow and lined with care:
Let me read by the light of the stars above
Thoses dear, dear records of faithful love.

Ah, fond, fond eyes of my own true wife!
Ye have shone so clear through my checkered life,
Ye have shed such joys on its thorny way,
That I cannot think ye are dim to-day.

Worn little hands that have toiled so long,
Patient and loving and brave and strong!
Ye will never tire, ye will never rest,
Until ye are crossed on my darling's breast.

O warm heart throbbing so close to mine!
Time only strengthens such love as thine,
And 'tis that the holiest love doth last
When Summer and beauty and youth are past.

GEN. BEAUREGARD.

New York World: Gen. Beauregard has nothing of the beau sabreur in his appearance, and would pass in a crowd for a demure and painstaking bookkeeper in a commercial house. He carries his years remarkably well, and in the bright sunshine yesterday passed the "muster" in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with the agile step of youth and some of the energy of bearing. He is growing quite stout and broadshouldered, though his neatly trimmed gray mustache and goatee and fine head of hair, also frosted by honorable time, still give him the appearance of one of the ancienne noblesse. In conversation, which he enjoys, he charms all by a pleasant voice and naivete, and he is always the center of an admiring circle. One mot of his has not been published that we have seen, Once asked why he did not move on Washington when his troops were so near, after the first battle of Bull Run, Gen. Beauregard replied very seriously: "Well, I will tell you; the Washington papers received in camp informed us the city was overcrowded!" which is as felicitous as Parepa-Rosa's reply when asked how it was she came to marry Carl Rosa: "Oh, because he asked me to!" Gen. Beauregard generally visits his numerous friends in this city at this season.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Where blossom, O my father, a thornless rose?"

"That can I not tell thee, my child;
Not one on the bosom of earth o'er grows
But wounds whom its charms have beguiled."

"Would I'd a rose on my bosom to lie,
But I shrink from the piercing thorn;
I long, but I dare not its point defy:
I long, and I gaze forlorn."

"Not so, O my child—round the stem again
The resolute fingers entwine;
Forego not the joy for its sister pain,—
Let the rose, the sweet rose, be thine."

—*George Eliot*

GRANT.

Twenty years ago the close of the war between North and South left U. S. Grant the foremost man in America. In many years he remained first in both peace and place. Then, returning to private life, his subsequent tour around the world became one of imperial triumph; the nations of the old world honored in him both his own deeds and the development of the tremendous people whom he represented. Finally, as a private citizen resident in New York, and no longer a factor in the restless, forgetful and tumultuous progress of the times, he was drawn into business complications, cheated, impoverished, and forced for a time to look forward to depending in his closing days upon the tribute of friends and admirers.

He is dead with his great name unsullied, his memory honored as much as, or more, than if he had died twenty years ago at the head of the Union armies; and his life and death furnish perhaps the most extraordinary illustration of the possibilities and character of the American people that has ever been given. The life and death neither of Washington, nor of Lincoln, nor of Garfield were such as the life and death of Grant. A farmer's boy—a West Point cadet—a retired officer—a country store keeper—a soldier again—one of a thousand unnoted generals in the northern armies—one of the noted generals—*the* General—commander-in-chief, conqueror—this man who in five years traversed the distance between the dealing out of sugar in a country store and the command of the greatest and grandest army that ever stood upon the face of the earth, passed on to the White House, and for eight years ruled his forty million countrymen with integrity and credit. All this was the prelude to the unparalleled spectacle furnished later, when Grant, again a private American citizen, was day by day the honored guest of the inheritors in Europe and Asia of the oldest and proudest names and stations of the world's history, of prince and pasha, of emperor, sultan and mikado.

We will not attempt to assign to General Grant his exact place among great soldiers further than to say that he was one of the greatest known to history, but we do claim for him as grand a character as any among the world's great generals. Other great commanders have slain more thousands, but it would be a degradation to the memory of Grant to place him on a level with the generals who have fought to array themselves in the imperial purple or to extend their dominions. There is something unique in this great conqueror dying a simple citizen, almost in poverty, and still unconquered. The American people were right not to elect Grant to the Presidency for a third term, not because there was danger of his abusing a third term of power but simply because of the danger of the precedent. Having refused a third term to Grant they can never justly give a third term to any other popular idol while the memory of Grant lives. And that will live as long as the United States of America—his great and, it is to be hoped, most enduring monument.

LINCOLN AND BLOODSHED.

The President's Proposition to Stop the Waste of Human Lives by a Money Payment.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 30.—Regarding the story that Mr. Lincoln, on his return from the Hampton Roads conference in February, 1865, proposed to his cabinet to submit a message to congress, giving to the Southern states an amount in money, equal to the probable cost of the war from that time to its close, on condition of their laying down their arms and returning to their loyalty, John P. Ushur of Lawrence, Kas., at that time secretary of the interior, writes:

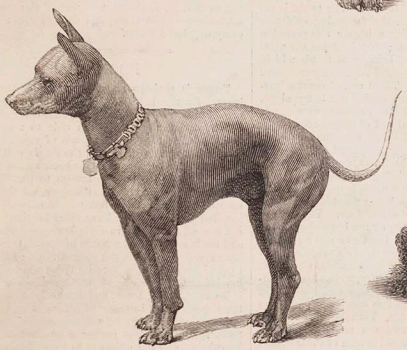
"Soon after his (Lincoln's) return from the James river, the cabinet was convened, and he read to it for approval a message which he had prepared to be submitted to congress, in which he recommended that congress appropriate $300,000,000, to be apportioned among the several states in proportion to the slave population, to be distributed to the holders of slaves in those states, upon condition that they would consent to the abolition of slavery and the disbanding of the insurgent army, and would acknowledge and submit to the laws of the United States. The members of the cabinet were all opposed. He seemed somewhat surprised at that and asked how long the war would last. No one answered, but he soon said, "A hundred days. Well, we are spending now in carrying on the war $8,000,000 a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives." With a deep sigh he added, 'But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message.'"

DUKE OF LEEDS.

BONIVARD.

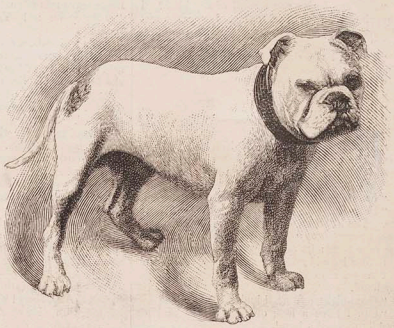
JUMBO.

PONTO.

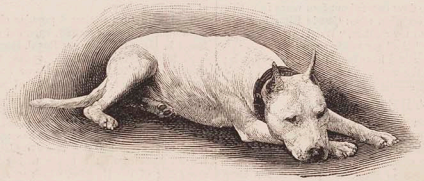


"ME TOO."

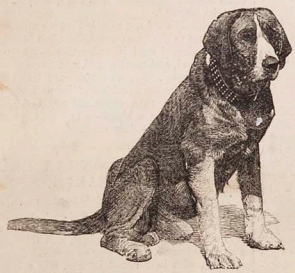
BONHOMME.



BOZ.

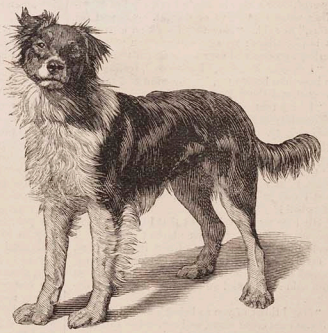


GRAND DUKE.

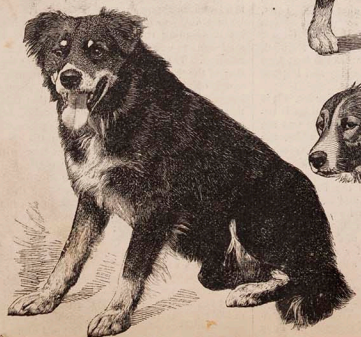


ROYALIST.

STELLA.



FRANK.



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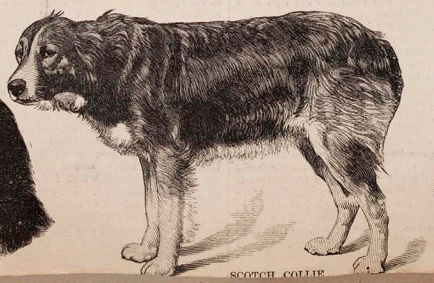

SCOTCH COLLIE.

DEER-HOUNDS.

Red Irish Setter. 2. Scotch Collie. 3. English Greyhound. 4. Danish Dog. 5. English Setter. 6. Spaniel. 7. Pointer. 8. Irish Water-Spaniel. 9. Newfoundland. 10. Rough-coated St. Bernard. 11. Pug. 12. Bull-Dog. 13. Straight-legged Dachshund. 14. Scotch Terrier. 15. English Mastiff. 16. Berghund. 17. Bent-legged Dachshund. 18. Fox-Hound. 19. Fox-Terrier.

SPECIMENS FROM THE DOG SHOW.—Drawn by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 299.]

The Dangers of Grammar.

MR. EDITOR—I have been sendin' my dater Nancy to school to a schoolmaster in this naborhood. Last Friday I went over to the school just to see how Nancy was gettin' along, and I sees things I didn't like by no means. The schoolmaster was learnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and as I think improper.

I sat awhile in the schoolhouse and heered one class say their lesson. They were spellin', and I thot spelled quite exceedingly. Then came Nancy's turn to say her lesson. She said it very spry. I was shot! and determined she should leave that school. I have heered that grammer was an uncommonly fine study, but I don't want any more grammer in my house.

The lesson which Nancy sed was nothin' but the foolishist kind uv talk, the ridicles luv talk you ever seed. She got up, and the first word she said was—

"I love."

I looked rite at her for doin' so improper, but she went rite on, and sed, "Thou lovest, he loves," and I reckon you never heard such a riggermyrole in your life—love, love, love, and nothin' but love.

She sed one time, "I did love."

Sez I, "Who did you love?"

Then the scholars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and I sed—

"Who did you love, Nancy? I want to know—who did you love?"

The schoolmaster, Mr. M'Quillister, put in, and sed he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word.

She said, "I might, could, or would love."

I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The schoolmaster tried to interfere, but I wouldent let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I knocked him down and made him holler in short order. I taukt the strate thing to him. I told him Ide show him how hede learn my dater grammer.—*Irish Fireside.*

The President and the Fair Sex.

There is a dim, shadowy fear among the fair sex at the capital that the mythical Buffalo lady whom rumor has betrothed to Mr. Cleveland may turn up at any time and carry off the prize, but there is the best authority for stating that the fear is groundless. The most authentic reports have it that while quite a young man, teaching school in a western New York village, he met and loved a young girl not yet seventeen. They were engaged, but the poverty of both parties prevented marriage. The young teacher made up his mind to go to Ohio for the purpose of providing a home for his betrothed and was on the point of starting for the west when she fell sick, and in less than a week was carried to her grave.

FOUNDED BY CUPID.

The Part Played by the Little Rascal in the History of Connellsville.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOSOM FRIEND

The Father of the Lass Who Captivated the Town's Patron Saint.

A MONUMENT THAT MARKS HIS MATCH-MAKIN

Special Letter from a Staff Correspondent.]

CONNELLSVILLE, October 28.—Ann Crawford chanced to be a pretty girl, and so Connellsville was built.

Zachariah Connell, a hardy young Virginian, without very much silver to jingle in the pockets of his homespun trousers, but with a great deal of hard sense under his coon skin cap, journeying through the trackless woods of the farthest frontier that the white man had thrust into the Indian country, came one evening in 1771 to the cabin of Captain William Crawford. This gallant pioneer had built his log home on the pleasant flat just opposite this place, in the shadow of an oak-grown hill behind, and facing to the shallow crossing of the Youghiogheny. The geographical points of this early settlement still survive in the recollection of a few old citizens, but all the other traces of it have passed away. The little one-roomed cabin of Crawford has rotted away; the wide-mouthed chimney which once flung out its blue banner of civilization above the tree tops has crumbled to the earth; the building of bridges has taken away the natural usefulness of the crossing. Pretty much everything is changed in appearance but the water, which patters and ripples over the stones of the shallow pretty much as it bubbled and gurgled about the tall boots of Braddock's grenadiers when they waded across here in 1755 on their way to the slaughter; and the crossing place is called Braddock's ford to this day.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHUM.

Captain Crawford, whose after history and terrible death is one of the bloodiest chapters in the history of the frontier, was a noted man. He had carried the chain for young George Washington in Virginia, when they were both stout lads of 18. The two young men, who were both strong, vigorous and excelling in athletic sports, grew much attached to each other, and remained fast friends to the day of Crawford's death. Colonel Washington, even then a noted man, had visited Crawford's home here in 1770, the year before Connell came, and he and Crawford had gone down the Yough, Monongahela and Ohio rivers as far as to the mouth of the Kanawha, on the lookout for land which Washington wanted to buy.

But I am keeping the young lady waiting. Connell was hospitably entertained of course. He had a traveler's appetite, but when young Ann Crawford bent before the fireplace to turn the venison steak, which was cooking for supper, he noticed that the cheek the light flamed on was redder than the maple leaf which the frost has kissed; that her waist was round and slender and lithe like the hickory sapling in the wind; that her hair was blacker than the bearskin of his saddle, and her eyes as deep and tender as a fawn's. Anyhow, he was in no hurry to be gone next morning. He was looking for a good place to locate, he said, and might as well look about that neighborhood for a day, especially as Captain Crawford was a justice of the peace and a surveyor as well, and could give him much valuable information. So the young Virginian stayed and stayed, looking at neighboring tracts of land a good deal, but at pretty Ann Crawford a good deal more. At last, with plenty of mossy log, and moonlight on the Yough, and zephyr in the trees, no doubt, young Connell asked the lovely Ann the old, old-fashioned question, and with the usual hesitation and the venerable blush that is worn to this day on all such delightful occasions and yet never gets threadbare, Ann said she would. And so they were married, and after living near the old folks for several years, moved across the river sometime between 1773 and 1778, and built a cabin near the spot on which the Trans-Allegheny House now stands, on a tract of land which was designated in Connell's warrant of survey as Mud island, which includes the site of the present borough of Connellsville. William McCormick, who had also married a daughter of Captain Crawford, and located here in 1770, was the first settler in Connellsville, and his grandson, Hon. Provance McCormick, still living, is the oldest citizen of the place.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TOWN.

Connell was a shrewd man, and saw that he had all the requirements of a thriving town here except inhabitants. It was the head of boat navigation on the Yough. Here the emigrants and travelers to the West, coming over the hills by way of Bedford, camped down, built themselves flatboats and made ready to continue their journey by water. They needed accommodations and supplies, and there was profit to be made out of them. So Zachariah Connell took out a charter and laid out the town of Connellsville in 1793. He made special provision for the accommodation of these travelers, giving a plot of ground beside the river, in the heart of the town, to be forever free for the use of the inhabitants, "and for travelers who may erect thereon temporary boat yards, or may from time to time occupy the same or any part thereof for making any vessels or other conveyances for the purpose of conveying their property either to or from said town."

This plot of ground still lies open and common, though it is many years since the last flat boat with its load of household goods, and farming implements, and milk cows, and children grated over the shallows of the Yough. The railroad has succeeded to the river as an avenue of travel, and it has even been suggested by some that it is entitled to administer on the assets of its predecessor also, and take possession of the old boatyard for a depot.

THE GREAT CANAL SCHEME.

If George Washington's judgment had been followed, Connellsville would have been on the line of a great water way from Pittsburg to the seaboard. Immediately after the close of the revolutionary war he made extended journeys on horseback, examining the routes which were afterward taken by the Erie canal, of New York, the Pennsylvania canals along the Conemaugh and Juniata, and by the James river canal in Virginia. He also examined the country from the Potomac, near Cumberland, across the summit, by way of Castlemans river, to the Yough at Turkey Foot or Confluence, 20 miles above this, and pronounced this to be the best canal route of the lot. Forty-five years later (about 1830) the same route was surveyed for the Chesapeake and Ohio canal by General Bernard, who had been an aide-de-camp to Napoleon Bonaparte, and afterward Minister of War to King Louis Philippe. His survey of the proposed extension of the canal from Cumberland showed in the 70 miles from Cumberland over the summit to the Youghiogheny an ascent and descent of 1,961 feet to be overcome by 246 locks, the entire work to cost $10,028,122. From the mouth of Castleman's river, by way of the Yough and Monongahela to Pittsburg, he found a fall of 619 feet, which he estimated would require 78 locks, costing $4,170,223, making the total length of about 155 miles cost $14,198,345. General Bernard, besides being a noted engineer was a prophet, and figured out that the opening of this canal between Pittsburg and Cumberland would within six years from the time of its completion, add $82,000,000 to the value of the land along the route. But the 14 actual millions in the hand which would have to be paid out seemed better than the 82 prophetic millions in the bush, and the enterprise was abandoned, although some other surveys have since been made, including one by Colonel W. E. Merril and Lieutenant Mahan as late as 10 years ago. The old slackwater and canal scheme has even yet some adherents, and if railroad freights get too high it may yet grace a river and harbor bill.

ITS PRESENT PROSPERITY.

The town of Connellsville grew along at the usual gait of country towns until aided greatly by the foresight and energy of the late Colonel Daniel R. Davidson in pushing through the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad, now part of the Baltimore and Ohio, and by the subsequent building of the Southwest branch from the Pennsylvania and the Pittsburg, McKeesport and Youghiogheny. The development of the coke business gave the town its great lift, however. Favorably situated at the junction of three railroads connecting with Pittsburg, and two with the East, it easily became the metropolis of the coke region. Its population jumped from 1,200 in 1870 to 3,600 in 1880. By the public spirit of its citizens it maintains its prosperity in spite of the general depression. Last spring, when times seemed to be getting harder and harder, the people held a public meeting, organized an "Improvement Association," and subscribed a fund to be used in advertising the advantages of the place as a place of residence and business. They have in preparation a pamphlet setting forth its many advantages, and have liberal offers from land owners to donate sites for manufactories. As a result the town looks busy and bustling, a number of handsome new business houses are building, a company is being organized to establish a glass factory, there being large deposits of flint glass sand rock near by, and there is to be a meeting to-morrow night to organize a company to bore for natural gas.

So much for grit. ST. GEO.

THE LAST TRIBUTE.

Funeral Services Over the Remains of the Late Mr. Lynde.

A plain, unpretentious mahogany casket, embowered in flowers, bearing the simple inscription

WILLIAM PITT LYNDE,
Born December 11, 1817,
Died December 18, 1885.

reposed yesterday afternoon in the library of the handsome residence at the corner of Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, and contained all that remained of one who has been as prominent in legal circles as any man in the state, and as noted for his kindness and benevolence as any man in Milwaukee. Long lines of carriages, the funeral hearse and a morbidly curious crowd, were the outward evidences yesterday of the obsequies of the late Mr. Lynde; inside the residence sorrow reigned and the large assemblage of the dead lawyer's friends and relatives were much affected by the sight of the casket and the burden it carried. Neither the widow nor any of the children appeared. All of the latter, except Mrs. Baker, of Japan, were in the city. William Pitt Lynde, Jr., was seriously sick and unable to leave his bed.

The gathering at the funeral was of a most representitive character. It included all the prominent lawyers of the city, the Bar association attending in a body to the number of nearly seventy-five. The members of the Old Settlers' association, of which Mr. Lynde was a member, were also present as a society. Fifty-three of the pioneers were in attendance, the average age of whom was over 70 years. In addition there was a large gathering of the friends of the deceased. The coffin, in the library on the north side of the house, was surrounded by the books of which Mr. Lynde was such a diligent student. At its head stood a crown and scepter worked in immortelles, while at the foot was an exceedingly handsome cross made of ferns and autumn leaves. On the casket reposed three very pretty wreaths, while the mantel directly back thereof was decorated with yellow rose buds and other rare exotics.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. John M. Freeman, pastor of Immanuel church, of which Mr. Lynde was a member. Opening with a short prayer, Mr. Freeman pronounced a most eloquent eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased. He compared him to one of Solomon's pillars, "which were built of bronze and crowned with lilies, and then the work was completed." The speaker carried out the idea that the real meaning of Solomon's pillars lay typical in a man's life. "And so it was with this man," he said. "His life was pure and holy; he built it upon a solid foundation and reared it in the sight of God. He was gentleness and manliness personified, and when his column had been raised it was, like Solomon's, crowned with lilies, those flowers typical of purity and greatness. A loving husband, a gentle father, a typical man, William Pitt Lynde will long be remembered by the people of our city."

During the services the Immanuel church choir, consisting of Mrs. Annie Foote, soprano; Mrs. Hayden, contralto; M. L. Laue, tenor, and M. O. Goodrich, bass, sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Sleep in Jesus," and "Lead, Kindly Light." The pall-bearers were Judges Hamilton, Mallory and Mann, Alexander Mitchell, E. B. Mariner, E. D. Holton, P. C. Hale and J. W. Cary. The body was interred at Forest Home cemetery.

Origin of a Common Saying.

There is a very common saying, though all who use it may not understand its origin. It arose out of an old song:

There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune—
Consider, good cow, consider:
This is no time of year for grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider!

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy song or tune is uttered people often say, "That is the tune the old cow died of."—Chicago Journal.

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THE ADDRESS.

A SACRED TRUST.

Fellow Citizens—In the presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen, I am about to supplement and seal by the oath which I shall take the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust; and he here consecrates himself to their service. This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety lest by any act of mine their interests may suffer, and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in the promotion of their welfare. Amid the din of party strife the people's choice was made; but its attendant circumstances have demonstrated a new strength and safety of the government by the people. In each succeeding year it more clearly appears that our democratic principle needs no apology, and that in its fearless and faithful application is to be found the surest guarant[illegible] of good government.

But the best results in the operation of a government wherein every citizen has a share largely depend upon the proper limitation of purely partisan zeal and effort, and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of the citizen. To-day, the executive branch of the government is transferred to new keeping. But this is still the government of all the people, and it should be none the less an object of their affectionate solicitude. At this hour, the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat, and the exultation of partisan triumph, should be supplanted by ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will, and sober, conscientious concern for the general weal. Moreover, if from this hour we cheerfully and honestly

ABANDON ALL SECTIONAL PREJUDICE

and distrust, and determine, with manly confidence in one another, to work out harmoniously the achievements of our National destiny, we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow. On this auspicious occasion we may well renew the pledge of our devotion to the Constitution, which, launched by the founders of the republic, and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion, has for almost a century borne the hopes and aspirations of a great people, through prosperity and peace, and through the shocks of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and vicissitudes. By the Father of His Country our Constitution was commended for adoption as "the result of a spirit of amity and mutual concession." In that same spirit it should be administered, in order to promote the lasting welfare of the country, and to secure the measure of its priceless benefits to us and to those who will succeed to the blessings of our National life. The large variety of diverse and competing interests subject to Federal control, persistently seeking the recognition of their claims, need give us no fear that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will fail to be accomplished if, in the halls of National legislation that spirit of amity and mutul concession shall prevail in which the Constitution had its birth. If this involves the surrender or postponement of private interests and the abandonment of local advantages, compensation will be fo nd in the assurance that thus the common interest is subserved and the general welfare advanced.

In the discharge of my official duty I shall endeavor to be guided by a just and unstrained construction of the Constitution.

A CAREFUL OBSERVANCE OF THE DISTINCTION

between the powers granted to the Federal Government and those reserved to the States or to the people, and by a cautious appreciation of those functions which, by the Constitution and laws, have been especially assigned to the executive branch of the government. But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen, on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, and everywhere, should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of freemen is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the State capitols and the National Capitol, is yours. Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, State and Federal—and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the Republic.

It is the duty of those serving the people in public place to closely limit the public expenditures to the actual needs of the government, economically administered, because t is bounds the right of the government to exact tribute from the earnings of labor and the property of the citizen, and because

PUBLIC EXTRAVAGANCE

begets extravagance among the people. We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudential economies which are best suited to the operation of a republican form of government and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected for a limited time to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity. The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that foreign policy, commended by the history, the tradition and prosperity of our republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents, and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe, and Washington, and Jefferson—"Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

A due regard for the interests and prosperity of all the people demand that

OUR FINANCES

shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of the business interests, and make the wage of labor sure and steady, and that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury to tempt extravagance and waste.

Care for the property of the Nation and for the needs of future settlers requires that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation. The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship, and that polygamy in the Territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed. The law should be rigidly enforced which prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor with no intention of acquiring citizenship, and bringing with them the habits and customs repugnant to our civilization.

THE PEOPLE DEMAND REFORM

in the administration of the government and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end, civil-service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employes who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise, and the vicious methods of those who expect, such rewards; and those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized, instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief, in the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men.

There should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations, and responsibilities.

These topics and the constant and ever varying wants of an active and enterprising population may well receive the attention and patriotic endeavor of all who make and execute the Federal law. Our duties are practical and call for industrious application and intelligent perception of the claims of public office, and, above all, a firm determination by united action to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man. And let us not trust to human effort alone, but humbly acknowledge the power and goodness of the Almighty God who presides over the destiny of nations, and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history. Let us invoke His aid and His blessing upon our labors.

A WIFE WISHED.

Detroit Free Press: The wife of a Detroit speculator went East a few days ago to visit friends in the Mohawk Valley of New York. In due time he received a letter from her announcing her safe arrival, and adding:

"I am going to show you that a woman knows how to speculate as well as a man. Apples are much cheaper here than in Detroit, and I am going to buy and ship a car-load on speculation."

The thermometer was at zero, and the man pranced around like a crazy steer. She could not be reached by telegraph, and the letter he sent in reply had not been gone two hours when he received a second, which said:

"Inclosed you will find the shipping bill of the car-load of apples. Don't sell one of them at less than $2 a barrel, and don't never say again that women don't know how to turn a dollar to account."

Yesterday the man went down to look at the car. Every apple was, of course, frozen as hard as a stone, and when the freight agent asked: "What blanked fool shipped you apples in this sort of weather?" it seems to be a great satisfaction to reply:

"My wife, sir—my wife!"

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, I pray thee, sweet,
Mourn not above the winding sheet,
But rather smile, and say: "At last
The hot and thorny way is passed—
The dew of heaven shall cool his feet."

Yet profitless and incomplete
Life's journey, should I fail to meet
One heart with woe to be o'ercast
When I am dead.

But thou—whose joyance is the seat
And throne of Love—I thee entreat,
Bend not before the cruel blast
Which snaps my life; nor stand aghast,
List'ning in vain for one heart beat
When I am dead.

—C. H. L.

G. A. B.—1. What were the Alabama claims? 2. In sailing an ice-boat why does it go faster than the velocity of the wind? Is not the wind the motive power and if the boat proceeds at a greater rate of speed than the wind how will its sails be filled? Ans.—1. The "Alabama" was a vessel built for speed, carrying a few guns, and intended not for fighting, but for preying on defenceless merchant ships. She was almost the only vessel the Confederate States had upon the open seas during the American Civil War; but the destruction she wrought was so great and in effect so alarming as to produce a very marked diminution in the number of commercial vessels carrying the flag of the United States. This vessel was built for the Confederate government by Messrs. Laird & Sons at Birkenhead, and was to be commanded by Captain Semmes, who had been a commander in the U. S. navy and was thoroughly instructed in the principles and details of international law and etiquette. This officer and Commander Bullock, who superintended the building, were enjoined by the Confederate government to keep the destination of the vessel as secret as possible, and carefully to avoid any infringement of public law or of the municipal law of Great Britain, which would give the British government a pretext for seizing her. These instructions were carefully acted upon. The destination of "No. 290," as she was called from her number in the list of steamships constructed by the Messrs. Laird, was so well concealed that she was nearly finished before it was suspected by the emissaries of the United States. It had been held lawful to build vessels in neutral ports, and lawful to purchase guns and stores in neutral ports, though they might be for the equipment of vessels thus built. What had been held unlawful was the equipment with guns and warlike stores of a vessel built for a belligerent in a neutral port previous to her leaving the neutral jurisdiction. Captain Semmes did not intend to equip his vessel at Birkenhead, and therefore, supposing the rules of public law to have remained unchanged, he intended no infringement of the law. But the U. S. minister called upon the British government to detain the "No. 290," maintaining that her construction, being that of a war-vessel, was so different from that of vessels built for the trade as itself in some measure to constitute an equipment for war. The British government consulted the Crown lawyers, who at first thought the evidence of destination insufficient. Afterward when further evidence was presented, a delay was caused by the illness of Sir John Harding, the Queen's Advocate. When an opinion favorable to the detention of the vessel was at length given, "No. 290" was gone. The builders made aware of the danger of a seizure, had got the vessel ready for sea, although unfinished; under pretence of a trial trip, she made her way down the Mersey to Moelfra bay, where the work remaining to be done was actively carried out; and on the morning of the 31st July, 1862, warning having been given that she was to be seized that day, the "No 290" steamed away from the British Coast. The ablest English lawyers were of opinion that there had been no infringement of the law, but that a case had been presented which the British Government was bound to submit to a court of law. The detention of the vessel during a protracted lawsuit would have served the purposes of the United States almost as well as her condemnation; and as she must have been detained but for the delay caused by Sir J. Harding's illness it is not without a show at least of reason that the U.S. Government claimed from Great Britain indemnification for the losses consequent upon her escape. The "Alabama question" was raised in the Winter of 1862-'63 by Mr. Seward declaring in his diplomatic correspondence that the Union held itself entitled at a suitable time to demand full compensation for the damages inflicted on American property by the Anglo-rebel vessels; and the question never ceased to be a source of irritation between the two peoples until its final settlement by special tribunal of arbitration. This Court, consisting of the representatives of England and the United States, and of three other members appointed by the King of Italy, the President of the Swiss Confederation, and the Emperor of Brazil, met at Geneva, 17th December, 1871, and, the claim for indirect damages to American commerce having been allowed to drop, gave its final award, 15th September, 1872. It was decreed that Great Britain should pay a sum of £3,229,166 13s. 4d. 2. It is a law of Physics that if all impeding causes were withdrawn, a body once in motion would continue to move forever in a straight line, with unchanging velocity. This is called the law of inertia, and friction is a powerful impediment to perpetual motion. In the case of an ice-boat, the points of contact are so smooth that the friction is reduced to a minimum; therefore the momentum, furnished in the first instance by the wind, meeting with slight resistance, carries the boat forward at a high rate of speed; the force of friction, however, which is a force of attraction or gravitation, finally impedes the velocity communicated primarily by the wind and increased by inertia, and the boat would stop if the process was not repeated by the wind still filling the sails. Thus on the whole, the boat progresses somewhat faster than the wind.

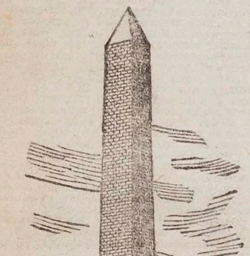
THE REPUBLIC'S TRIBUTE.

Formal Dedication of the Grand Pile to Commemorate the Memory of Washington.

Orations of Winthrop and Daniels—The Monument and the Man.

Addresses by President Arthur, Senator Sherman, and Others—Scenes and Incidents.

THE MONUMENT AS IT IS.
555 FEET HIGH.



THE GREAT EVENT.

DEDICATED TO WASHINGTON.

Special Telegram to The Inter Ocean.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Under a cloudless sky, in a flood of bright sunlight, with much eloquent oratory, booming of cannon, beating of drums, and cheering from the assembled thousands, the great monument was to-day dedicated to the name and memory of George Washington. The heart of the weather-clerk was warmed kindly to the occasion. The keen, nipping air and hyperborean blasts of the past few days gave way to a much milder temperature, and permitted the entire programme to be most successfully carried out in every detail. The weather was not warm by many degrees. On the contrary, it was cold, causing much discomfort to those who participated in all the out-door exercises, but in view of the thermometer's record during the past week everybody was ready to give thanks that it was not worse. The exercises at the monument began promptly on time, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators.

There was a good deal of shivering, but this seemed to be amply compensated for by the interest in the ceremonies, particularly in the Masonic rites appertaining to that part of the programme. The 13,000 citizens who remonstrated against allowing the Masons to take part in the exercises appealed in vain. There would seem to be nothing remaining for them to do about it. Larger processions have been seen in Washington than that which passed through the monument grounds, up through the President's grounds and through Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol, but none that were more admirably managed or that presented a pageant more pleasing to the eye. The fact that

GENERAL SHERIDAN WAS THE CHIEF MARSHAL gave the fullest assurance that the details would be arranged and carried out with that military precision which contributes so largely to the success of such a display. With efficient chiefs of divisions and well appointed corps and staff officers the organization was perfect and the column moved in a manner rarely equaled. "Little Phil" was loudly cheered along the whole line as he rode at the head of the column. The military division of the parade was brilliant with bright uniforms. The companies attracting most attention for their martial bearing were the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, of Massachusetts, whose organization dates back to 1638; the Governor's Foot Guards, of Connecticut, dating from 1771, with red coats, white pants, black velvet leggings, and Hessian hats, and the Light Infantry of Detroit, Mich., whose immense white shakos with black plumes were conspicuous objects of applause. There was some delay in arranging for the review of the column by the President at the east front of the Capitol. The column was halted for nearly half an hour, and during this tedious wait the marchers suffered much from the cold. The scene in the hall of the House was a very brilliant one; the desks of the members had been removed and the space filled with chairs, affording a seating capacity on the floor of fully 1,200, with standing room for several hundred more. The galleries were all densely packed, the entire number of persons present being not less than 4,000. It will be readily understood that political antagonisms had no appropriate place in such a celebration. The Republican members of the House, however, naturally took their seats with their friends on their own side of the hall and the Democrats on theirs. This fact might have escaped observation except for two or three incidents that occurred. When the doorkeeper announced "General Sheridan and his staff" there was great clapping of hands in that part of the crowd, composed chiefly of Republicans, as the dumpy, grizzled soldier passed down the aisle to the seats assigned them. The Democratic side was very silent; the Confederate brigadiers had no applause for the man who had made it warm for them on so many hard-fought fields. A few minutes later General Fitzhugh Lee—that is, he was once a famous general in the armies of the lost cause—entered unannounced, and passed around in the rear of the seats on the Democratic side. It was now the turn of the rebel brigadiers to applaud, and they did so right vigorously, while those on the Republican side could see nothing to provoke any demonstration on their part.

When Mr. Long, in reading Mr. Winthrop's oration, reached the point where the attempt to disrupt the Union was so strongly denounced, the patriotic utterances were vehemently applauded by the Republicans, while Lamar and Hampton and Morgan and Vest and Coke and all the crowd who once wore Confederate shoulder-straps, sat silently glowering upon the unexpected scene. They could not approve the sentiments of the orator and at the same time justify their own course during the rebellion.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR AND HIS CABINET were loudly cheered as they entered the hall, the entire audience rising to their feet. The President was shown to a great arm chair in front and to the left of the Speaker's desk. Secretary McCulloch sat at his right, and Secretary Frelinghuysen at his left. The other members of the Cabinet took seats near by. Just behind the President sat, side by side, those two very old men who are so highly honored in Washington, George Bancroft and W. W. Corcoran. When the Speaker mentioned the name of the latter there was great applause, during which Mr. Bancroft patted his aged neighbor gently on the knee. When the name of Bancroft was spoken the applause was louder and longer than at any other time, Mr. Corcoran joining by beating a lively tattoo on the floor with his gold-headed cane. The Justices of the Supreme Court and the members of the diplomatic corps were duly honored as they filed into the hall. Prominent among them were the Chinese Embassy in the full pagan costume of their country. Ex-Senators Hannibal Hamlin and David Davis marched in together at the head of the Senators, immediately in the rear of Vice President Edmunds.

The oration was admirably read by Congressman Long. He is one of the most polished speakers in Congress, and no better selection could have been made. He rolls his "r's" in true Boston style, but his enunciation is clear and distinct, and his voice was easily heard in all parts of the hall. Mr. Winthrop's masterly oration was listened to with the closest attention, and was greeted with frequent applause. Mr. Daniels' eloquent address was also most cordially received. Very few left the hall until the speaking was finished.

THE HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THE ORATION.

Vice President Edmunds introduced Representative Long, of Massachusetts, who read the oration prepared by Mr. Winthrop, as follows:

President Arthur, Senators and Representatives of the United States: By a joint resolution of Congress you have called upon me to address you in this hall to-day on the completion of yonder collossal monument to the Father of his Country. Nothing less imperative than your call could have brought me before you for such an effort. Nearly seven and thirty years have passed away since it was my privilege to perform a similar service at the laying of the corner-stone of that monument. In the prime of manhood and in the pride of official station, it was not difficult for me to speak to assembled thousands in the open air without notes, under the scorching rays of a midsummer sun. But what was easy for me then is impossible for me now. I am here to-day, as I need not tell you, in far other condition for the service you have assigned me—changed, changed in almost everything, except an inextinguishable love for my country and its union, and an undying reverence for the memory of Washington. On these alone I rest for inspiration, assured that, with your indulgence, and the blessing of God which I devoutly invoke, they will be sufficient to sustain me in serving as a medium for keeping up the continuity between the hearts and hands which laid the foundation of this gigantic structure and those younger hearts and hands which have at last brought forth the capstone with shoutings. It is for this you have summoned me. It is for this alone I have obeyed your call.

Meantime, I can not wholly forget that the venerable

EX-PRESIDENT, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—at whose death-bed, in my official chamber beneath this roof, I was a privileged watcher thirty-seven years ago this very day—had been originally designated to pronounce the corner-stone oration, as one who had received his first commission, in the long and brilliant career at home and abroad which awaited him, from the hands of Washington himself. In that enviable distinction I certainly have no share; but I may be pardoned for remembering that, in calling upon me to supply the place of Mr. Adams, it was borne in mind that I had but lately taken the oath as Speaker at his hands and from his lips, and that thus, as was suggested at the time, the electric chain, though lengthened by a single link, was still unbroken. Let me hope that the magnetism of that chain may not even yet be entirely exhausted, and that I may still catch something of its vivifying and quickening power, while I attempt to bring to the memory of Washington the remnants of a voice which is failing, and of a vigor which, I am conscious, is ebbing away.

After extended comment on the character of Washington, Mr. Winthrop concluded as follows:

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was nearly contemporary with Christ, but who could have known nothing of what was going on in Judea, and who, alas! did not always 'reck his own rede,' wrote thus to a younger friend, as a precept for a worthy life: 'Some good man must be singled out and kept ever before our eyes, that we may live as if he were looking on, and do everything as if he could see it.'

Let me borrow the spirit, if not the exact letter, of that precept, and address it to the young men of my country: "Keep ever in your mind and before your mind's eye the loftiest standard of character. You have it, I need not say, supremely and unapproachably in Him who spake as never man spake, and lived as never man lived, and who died for the sins of the world. That character stands apart and alone. But of merely mortal man the monument we have dedicated to-day points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and as far as may be to emulate. Keep

HIS EXAMPLE AND HIS CHARACTER ever before your eyes and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it, or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude, on sea or land, may be at Greenwich, or at Paris, or where you will, but the prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character will be marked forever by yonder Washington obelisk!"

Yes, to the young men of America, under God it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their country's future—and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them!

Yet let me not seem, even for a moment, to throw off upon the children the rightful share of those responsibilities which belongs to their fathers. Upon us, upon us, it devolves to provide that the advancing generations shall be able to comprehend, and equal to meet, the demands which are thus before them. It is ours—it is yours especially, Senators and Representatives—to supply them with the means of that universal education which is the crying want of our land, and without which any intelligent and successful free government is impossible.

We are just entering on a new olympiad of our National history—the twenty-fifth olympiad since Washington first entered upon the administration of our Constitutional Government. The will of the people has already designated under whom the first century of that government is to be closed, and the best hopes and wishes of every patriot will be with him in the great responsibilities on which he is about to enter. No distinction of party or of section prevents our all feeling alike that our country, by whomsoever governed, is still and always our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be upheld and defended by all our hands.

Most happy would it be if the 30th of April, on which the first inauguration of Washington took place in 1789, could henceforth be the date of all future inaugurations—as it might be by a slight amendment of the Constitution—giving, as it would, a much needed extension to the short sessions of Congress, and letting the second century of our constitutional history begin where the first century began.

BUT LET THE DATE BE WHAT IT MAY, the inspiration of the centennial anniversary of that first great inauguration must not be lost upon us. Would that any words of mine could help us all, old and young, to resolve that the principles and character and example of Washington, as he came forward to take the oath of office on that day, shall once more be recognized and reverenced as the model for all who succeed him, and that his disinterested purity and patriotism shall be the supreme test and standard of American statesmanship! That standard can never be taken away from us. The most elaborate and durable monuments may perish. But neither the forces of nature, nor any fiendish crime of man, can ever mar or mutilate a great example of public or private virtue.

Our matchless obelisk stands proudly before us to-day, and we hail it with the exultations of a united and glorious Nation. It may, or may not, be proof against the cavils of critics, but nothing of human construction is proof against the casualties of time. The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it. The action of the elements must soil and discolor it. The lightnings of heaven may scar and blacken it. An earthquake may shake its foundations. Some mighty tornado, or resistless cyclone, may rend its massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground. But the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure. It will remain unchanged and unchangeable in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth. God be praised, that character is ours forever.

THE HON. JOHN W. DANIEL.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF WASHINGTON.

As Mr. Long ceased the band struck up "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," and as the strains of the air ended Mr. Edmunds introduced the Hon. John A. Daniel, who was greeted with long-continued clapping of hands. He said:

Mr. Chairman, and Gentleman of the Commission: Solitary and alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history: solitary and alone like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

"Washington," says Guizot, "did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway." Washington did indeed do these things. But he did more. Out of disconnected fragments he molded a whole and made it a country. He achieved his country's independence by the sword. He maintained that independence by peace as by war. He finally established both his country and its freedom in an enduring frame of constitutional government, fashioned to make liberty and union one and inseparable. These four things together constitute the unexampled achievement of Washington.

WHEN MARATHON HAD BEEN FOUGHT, and Greece kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor, but all agreed that Miltiades was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded in the muniment of their preservation, whoever else was second unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States—their President, their Senators, and their Representatives, and their judges, do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, him whom Virginia gave to America—whom America has given to the world, and to the ages—and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness—whom liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of humanity.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic which he founded—a free Great Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome, and sprire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be the citadel of that liberty which writes beneath the eagle's folded wings: "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, right and justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example; may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who knew the rights of man—may they be each a column, and all together, under the Constitution, a perpetual temple of peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace; at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of liberty and brotherhood.

Long live our country! O, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the old world's feuds and follies—solitary and alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of Him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

As he closed Senator Edmunds and Senator Sherman, Speaker Carlisle and Representative Long warmly congratulated him, while once more the audience testified their appreciation of the orator's eloquence. After benediction by the chaplain of the House the distinguished guests departed and the Speaker called the House to order.

ONNALINDA. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Milwaukee: J. B. Hoeger & Sons.

This poem narrates a romantic incident connected with the invasion of the Genesee valley by the French, in the early part of the last century, an incident confessedly woven by an unfettered fancy upon two or three slight threads of historical fact. The gallant captain, Eben Stark, who had joined the invading French, is captivated by the beautiful Iroquois princess, Onnalinda, (whose charms, according to her ardent lover, "would make a laureate of a loon"), and the thrilling course of their true love, is related fluently in the humorous-romantic style. The poem dances along in a particularly merry, light-footed manner, dropping continually from one measure into another, and indulging in an abundance of quips and sallies, so that, without possessing much merit as poetry, it may lay claim to being very entertaining reading.

MARRIED.

HAYTON, WIS., MAY 18, 1886.

To-day while the scions of our land were toiling in the fields and at their desks, the flag of the village waves at full mast to betoken another union of heart and hand and to convince the community at large that while their names were beginning to sink into obscurity and they were regarded as drones in the great matrimonial hive. "They were not dead but sleeping."

The sleeping however is not profound. One of our enterprising citizens, Edward Sievert, the village blacksmith, has awakened from his slumbers and torn himself away from his anvil, for a time, to unite his destines with realms both high and noble. He is a young man known in our community from his infancy having served a three years apprenticeship in our village, and to-day wields the blows of a master mechanic in his own shop and commands the esteem of all, as a man of true character, industry and integrity.

The bride hailing from Minnesota is an entire stranger in our midst; and to us even her previous name, now changed, is foreign. Therefore for convenience, humbly craving pardon, the writer will adopt, to him that always favored name, Minnie Sota. Miss Minnie, for we dare not allude to her as Mrs., fearing to speak in words of tender emotion or terms of praise of other men's wives, has been visiting relatives in Wis. for several weeks, and judging from a casual acquaintance she is a lady of fine deportment, rather tall in form but amiable in manner and disposition, as well as possessing a goodly portion of that most becomming feature in man or woman, good sound sense. She was attired in a suit of dark bronze, made to fit neatly, adorned with a beautiful white veil and wreath, trailing down nearly to the floor, which she wore during most of the entertainment, at the hall, in the evening; and while it was generally allowed that the newly made couple presented a beautiful figure in outward demeanor, it must be conceded that in other respects they are equally well mated which alone speaks most flatteringly for the bride.

The wedding coming on suddenly as it has, needs no explanation. Mr. S. has been taught from a very early day by the most excellent tenets of his profession to "strike while the iron is hot." And true to the morals of his teaching he has done so very becomingly this time. He seized the grand opportunity of striking while she was here from the far west from whence he himself recently came and thereby we trust that he will mold out a life as perfect and as true as the finest pieces of workmanship ever wrought by his hand, and that the wish of his many friends given is due sincerity at the celebration of the important event will be fully granted. C.

Waiting in the Rain.

James H. Morse.

Drip, drip, the rain comes falling—
Rain in the woods, rain on the sea;
Even the little waves, beaten, come crawling,
As if to find shelter here with me.

This is the spot she named for parting—
Here to shake hands and go in pain;
Never to kiss, though our souls be smarting—
Here by the little waves, here in the rain.

But, oh, to think of the bygone blisses—
One at first and a thousand soon;
Fond, sweet glances and stolen kisses,
At twilight, starlight, at midnight and noon!

Rain, rain, though it rained forever
Rain could not sunder hearts so fond!
Now in the rain to go parting never,
Never to meet till the dark beyond!

Here in the rain, the great sea throbbing—
How can hearts meet and love not wake?
Here in the rain, the pine boughs sobbing—
How can hearts sever, and yet not break?

A LETTER FROM WHITTIER.

He Describes a Pro-Slavery Mob in Boston Fifty Years Ago.

The fiftieth anniversary of the pro-slavery mobbing of Garrison, in Boston, was commemorated in that city on the 23d inst. The following letter from the venerable poet Whittier was read:

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, 10th month, 17, 1885.—I. W. POWELL—*Dear Sir:* I have received thy invitation to attend a meeting in Boston on the 21st inst., the anniversary of the mob of 1835, in which the now world-honored William Lloyd Garrison narrowly escaped with his life. I was at the time in the Legislature at the State House. Hearing the mob, I hastened to the scene of it. I found the street thronged and noisy with turbulent respectability and unwashed rascality. I was anxious for my young sister, who I knew was in the anti-slavery meeting, but I learned that the ladies had all left there and were safe. The fury of the mob seemed to be directed against George Thompson; but, failing to find him they seized upon Garrison. I heard their shout of exultation and caught a glimpse of their victim just as he was rescued and driven off to Leverett street jail. Thither Samuel J. May and myself followed and visited him in the prison. I could sympathize with him, for only a short time before the Concord, N. H., mob, which could not get hold of Thompson, fell upon me, with stones and missiles, and my escape with nothing worse than a few bruises was something to be thankful for. The rioters had just roughly used a poor traveling Quaker preacher, quietly passing through the town, who had the misfortune of being mistaken for myself. It seemed to be a case of suffering by proxy all around. From our present standpoint, we can pity and forgive the actors in those scenes, but I am glad to see the colored citizens of Boston faithful to the memory and grateful for the noble work of the great anti-slavery pioneer. Let us be thankful that times have changed, that Boston now honors her illustrious citizen, whose bronze image in her midst will soon be the witness of her "Works meet for repentance." Thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Flirting.

Good-for-nothing coquettes, take notice and heed it.

Down the shady village street
Comes a maid with dancing feet;
Light of heart and free from care,
Rifled sunshine in her hair;

Eyes like purple pansies' glance
With a tender radiance;
Apple blossoms o'er her float,
Rifled for her slender throat,

Blushing cheeks and pouting lips,
Hands with rosy finger tips:
Seek they now her 'kerchief, hid
Underneath her pocket lid.

For a stranger, young and gay
Watches her from o'er the way;
Sees her glance with eager air,
'Neath her sunny tangled hair.

Notes he, too, the conscious smile
Creeping to her lips the while,
Then he says, with puzzled brow,
"Can it besne's flirting now?"

Yes, alas! this lovely maid,
One for whom a mother prayed,
Was a precious little flirt,
In all the ways and wiles expert.

Ah, if she could only know!
Though as pure as drifted snow,
Yet the angels bend in fear,
For the danger lurking near.

Every maid should joyful hold
Her well-being true as gold;
Beautiful, each fond pursuit
As the tender bloom on fruit.

—*The Wisconsin.*

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that live and die,
In hunger and want and cold;
That one may revel in luxury,
And be lapped in its silken fold;

The ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
The one in a palace with riches rare.

They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine,
For the fruits of our mother earth;
They dig and delve in the dusky mine,
And bring its hid treasures forth.

But the wealth released by their sturdy blows
To the hands of the one forever flows.

By the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls;

But the one owns cities and homes and lands,
While the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long
At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the Victor's song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring

And echo afar from zone to zone,
REJOICE! for labor shall have its own.

Mrs. M. S. Smith.

IF I WERE YOU.

Why did he look so grave? she asked.
What might the trouble be?
"My little maid," he sighing said,
"Suppose that you were me,
And you a weighty secret owned,
Pray tell me what you'd do?"
"I think I'd tell it somebody,"
Said she, "If I were you!"

But still he sighed and looked askance,
Despite her sympathy.
"Oh, tell me little maid," he said
Again, "if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
And what she answered too—
"I think I'd go and tell her so,"
Said she, "if I were you!"

"My little maid, 'tis you," he said,
"Alone are dear to me."
Ah, then, he turned away her head,
And ne'er a word said she.
But what he whispered in her ear,
And what she answered too—
O no, I cannot tell you this;
I'd guess, if I were you!

Troublesome Weeds.

[Scholar's Companion.]

Every one has a garden called Conversation. If the unpleasant words which blossom into thoughts are kept out, the garden becomes beautiful and interesting. There are a few kinds of weeds which unconsciously creep into this garden, and, unless they are put down or, bettter, pulled out, they injure or spoil the good flowers.

1. *Untruth:* This is darkleaved, and so small at first that it is scarcely noticed. In its earlier stages it is called exaggeration. You are not sure whether you saw three or four things and you say four. The next time the number becomes larger, and so the weed grows until it becomes strong and hardy. Be sure and pull it up.

2. *Slang:* This spoils many a garden of choice flowers. It is sometimes overlooked among boys, but it is not considered to have any beauty.

3. *Bad Grammar:* This is a common weed, found in the gardens of uneducated and careless persons. It grows slowly, but steadily, and finds a place among the nicest looking flowers. There are a number of varieties, and among them, 'I seen,' chokes up 'I saw,' or 'I have seen;' 'it's her'n,' which crowds out 'it is hers,' and 'it is me,' which grows close to the little 'it is I.'

4. *Gossip:* Everyone knows this ugly weed which works mischief wherever it appears. It is one of the worst varieties, and has been known to completely overrun and spoil the garden in which it was allowed to grow.

These are the principal weeds which find their way into the garden of conversation. Examine the one belonging to you and see what weeds are making headway.

AU REVOIR.

From Punch.

[Mr. James Russell Lowell, in finishing his speech at the unveiling of the bust of Gray at Pembroke college, Cambridge, said that "this would, in all probability, be the last occasion on which he would have the opportunity of addressing Englishmen in public. He wished, therefore, to express his most heartfelt gratitude for the kindness which had surrounded him for the last four years in his official and in his private life, and had made both delightful. He had come among them as a far-away cousin, and they were sending him away as something very like a brother."]

Send *you* away? No, Lowell, no.
That phrase, indeed, is scarce well chosen,
We're glad, of course, to have you go
More like a brother than a cousin;
True, we must "speed the parting guest,"
If such a guest from us must sever,
But what we all should like the best
Would be to keep you here for ever.

You've won our hearts; your words, your ways,
Are what we like. Without desiring
To sicken you with fulsome praise,
We think you've seen no signs of tiring,
Of graceful speech, of plensant lore,
How much to you the English mind owes!
We're sad to think we'll see no more
Of you save through your *Study Windows.*

Well, well, the best of friends must part;
That's "commonplace," like Gray, but true, sir.
Commend us to the Yankee heart.
What *Biglow* calls our "English sarse"
Is not *all* tarts and bitters, is it?
Farewell!—If from us you *must* pass,
But try, *do* try, another visit!

MARRIED.

ROBINSON—BENDER—At the residence of the brides father, in the town of Oconomowoc, by Rev. A. Porter, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 9, Mr. Geo. E. Robinson and Miss Lydia Bender.

The happy couple took the evening train for a short bridal tour to the east. Mr. Robinson is of the well known law firm of "Hurlbut and Robinson" of this city, of which he is the leading light, an intelligent, upright conscientious young man and of rare legal acumen. The bride, Miss Lydia, one of the most charming girls of Oconomowoc, has been associated with the public schools of this city for the past four years as teacher in the intermediate department. May every happiness of married life be theirs.

A SAD CASE OF FRIGHT.

Mr Editor: I have ben readir you paper for some time, cause my feler feches it out to me; so of corse I haft to read it fur his sake; but this is what I want to tell you—that I live in arkinsa rite in the back woods, and seen all kend of wild like anamule, but will tel you now rite heare that none skared me as bad or haf as bad as I was skeart when I read in your paper of March. Well this is what I went and done: you see I was Engagead to a fine kinder sort of a feler from town, and my foks thought I was just doin it up foine kause he was a Sity feler, but I have just sot him down, for I am skeart almost unto taking my pap's larette and hanging myself tell I am almost gone, for I am a fraid I wel worey myself into a young grave for fere I wil play the fol and go and maray that Sity felor yet, and I want to ask the young girls if they red on page 58 of the farm and home bout that wommen had 14 younguns in 12 years. If this is what this wiked world is comin to don't let me live eny longer, and if my Sity felor seas this I hope he wil tak the hint and not come romd eny more, fur I never wel lok at another mankend agin, for fer I lose my senseses and go and marie hem, and if al the single gals got a skeart at that are littel pice as I have I don't think they will be another wedin in another 12 years.—[Our Sister from arkensa.

☞The above is printed just as we received it. It does very well as a "take off." Of course, nobody wrote it in earnest.

The Forge of Life.

The black-smith stood at his blazing forge,
And I watched each steady stroke,
As the thousand sparks, a fiery shower,
From the ruddy anvil broke.

Hour after hour he labored on,
The hammer with its clang,
Like a relentless foe to time,
The passing moments rang.

An iron chain lay on the forge,
And trailed its coiling length,
Back and forth at the blacksmith's feet,
An emblem of mighty strength.

And I thought as I watched, no human force
Could rend its length in twain,
And yet, the smith welds out each link,
The links complete the chain.

Each new soft link is moulded thus,
As he the mallet plies,
Once cold and hard, a giant's strength,
Its iron power defies.

And then I thought, life is a forge,
And each of us a smith,
The chain we form is character
A link, each act, belief.

We heat the forge in the flame of hope,
Then grasp some tender thought,
From it a habit quickly grows,
A character is wrought.

How strong, how free from dross each link
Should be to bear our weight,
How careful we in forming them,
Once finished, then too late.

The time will come to every one
To grasp the chain he's bore,
To the Rock of Ages fasten it
And swing to the other shore.

One link less pure or illy wrought
May break and all is lost.
A chain though short, if strong and pure,
The yawning chasm's crossed.

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[Written for The Wisconsin.]

WHEN LIFE'S BLOOM FADES.

BY J. P. R. JAMES.

When the bloom of Life has faded,
And our footsteps weaker grow,
Ere the fainting heart-beats falter,
Then how sweet 'twould be to know
That we've lived a life of wisdom
And the path of duty trod,
Turning not for thorns that bruise us,
If it led us nearer God.
Fondly seeking for that river
With its crystal tide, on high,
Where the roses bloom forever
And Life's fount is never dry.
What though earth may seem so dreary,
Or Life's sweetest flowers die,
What though Hope's fond ties may sever,
'Twill be brighter by-and-by.

Faint not, though thy burden's heavy,
Or thy treasures turn to dross,
Trials but make us wiser, better—
Think of Jesus and the cross.
Let not gold or vice allure thee—
Riches bring not peace of mind;
Better far be pure and holy
Than be rich with heart unkind.
'Tis not wealth that leads to Heaven,
But true heart and noble deed;
He's the greatest who has given
All he had for others' need.

MISTAKES OF LIFE.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops of the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: "It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we can not perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.—*Scientific American.*

FOREVER YOUNG.

The wild world hastens on its way;
The gray-haired century nears its close;
Its sorrow deepens day by day;
The summer blush forsakes the rose.
But, darling, while your voice I hear,
And while your dark-brown eyes I see,
Sad months and sunless, seasons drear,
Are all the same, all glad to me.
Despair can never reach me
While your soft hand I hold;
While your eyes love and teach me,
I never shall grow old!

They say that love forsakes the old,
That passion pales and fades away;
That even love's bright locks of gold
Must lose their charm and change to gray.
But, darling, while your heart is mine,
And while I feel that you are true,
For me the skies will ever shine
With summer light and tenderest blue.
Yes, let old age deride me!
I scorn his mocking tongue,
Dear love, with you beside me,
I am forever young.

—*Belgravia.*

Webster and Jenny Lind.

Webster was a very convivial man, fond of pleasure and social amenities. On one occasion he was at a supper, at Brown's hotel, and the wine being good, he imbibed a great deal of it. Jenny Lind was singing at the Canterbury theatre, and at a late hour Webster and his party of friends ajourned from the hotel to the theatre. When they arrived the curtain had just gone up for the last act, and the cantratrice appeared on the stage to sing 'Hail Columbia.' Webster joined in with his magnificent bass and accompanied her through the song. The audience yelled, stamped and shouted. They began again, and again sang it through with the same enthusiasm pervading the audience. The procedure was repeated a third, a fourth, a fifth and sixth time, before they were permitted to retire. At the close Webster made a magnificent bow to the diva, such as would have made him a prince had he made it at a drawing-room of Louis le Grand; the singer returned it, and Webster repeated it, and these courtesies continued until both had bowed in the most elaborate manner seven times. During the whole performance Webster held his fine silk hat in his hand, and Mrs. Webster was tugging at his coat, signaling him to desist.—Louisville Times.

AN ANECDOTE OF TOM CORWIN.

The Louisville Courier-Journal tells this story of "Tom" Corwin and his ready repartee: "Gov. Brough was once matched against Corwin, and in the midst of his speech, said: 'Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches advocacy of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England—had it shipped across the ocean to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?' When Corwin came on the stand, he made a great show of embarrassment, stammered, and began slowly: 'Well, gentlemen, you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say of my carriage. I plead guilty to the charges, and have only two things to say in my defence. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. Again, I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my backyard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen,' with a steady look at Brough, 'I have nothing further to say in my defence; but I would like to know how Brough knows anything about my carriage, if he has not been visiting my chicken roost.'"

Swans Mate But Once.

Mr. Evans told me a pathetic fact about swans, which he raises for parks and gentlemen's estates: They never mate but once. If the mate dies, the idyl is over. But as we drew near a pair of swans, he said, "Let me go first. That papa swan is liable to hit you, and there is a catapult drive in his neck."

HOLD DEDICATION CEREMONIES

Important Event Observed Sunday at Trinity Presbyterian Church on Madison Street

Trinity Presbyterian church, formerly known as the Union church which was remodeled both outside and inside stands today a credit not only to the members of the congregation but also to the entire city. The editor of The Times well remembers the untiring workers of 50 years ago who undertook the task of collecting funds to build the Union Church. From The Times of Sept. 1, 1877, we take the following short story which tells what perseverance and work will do in righteous cause.

"The contract for the wood work on the Union Church to be erected on Madison street has been awarded to Martin Fadner and Philip Hall, who have commenced work and will push the job through with rapidity.

It is to be a veneered brick building, thirty four by fifty feet, on the ground and twenty four feet high from the floor to ceiling. The tower to the foot of the spire will be forty-eight feet. The vestibule will be six by eleven feet and the building is calculated to seat about four hundred people. The plans and specifications were drawn by Architect T. D. McCarthy of this city.

The credit of erecting this place of worship is entirely due to the ladies, and it is hoped that every person with a spark of christianity in his system, or who is in favor of public welfare, will extend to the noble band material aid in order that the edifice may be completed "before the snow flies."

Several years ago Trinity Presbyterian church was established here and the members of that organization decided to have the old church remodeled and a basement placed under the same. Today it stands out as one of the attractive churches of our city and is a credit to those who were instrumental in carrying out of the work of transformation.

The dedicatory services of the remodeled Trinity Presbyterian church on Sunday were very inspiring and helpful. Rev. McElree of Kiel delivered a strong and impressive message in the morning to a large and appreciative audience. In the afternoon the observance of the Anniversary of the first organized Sunday school work was interesting and unique. Mrs. Geo. D. Breed was the only surviving charter member present. Mrs. Harwood recalled the noble service and heroic efforts of those pioneer women who laid the foundation for the present Trinity church, not only the brick and mortar, but the foundation of boys and girls who were taught the principles of the Christian religion in the Sunday school. The one outstanding woman in the history of the Christian Sabbath School in Chilton was Mrs. Margaret D. Hume, to whose beautiful memory a memorial window has been placed in the young men's Sunday School Class room, in the tower.

Sunday evening a large audience enjoyed the closing service of the day Rev. Milton S. Weber of Manitowoc and his wonderful Chorus Choir rendered an excellent program. The message by Rev. Weber on "The Incarnation' was splendid and inspired the followers of Christ to more Christly living and service. The climax of the day was the observance of the Lord's Supper when those who are seeking to follow the master partook of the Holy Sacrament in remembrance of Him. May the sacred memories of the day linger with us.

Edgar A. Guest agrees with me anyhow, when he says:

To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill
And cling to faith and honor still;
To do my best, and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, should failure come to me
Still hope and work for victory.

Chilton Times

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MOURN DEATH OF A GOOD WOMAN

Mrs. Thomas E. Connell Prominent Citizen Goes to Her Reward Following a Long Illness.

Profound sorrow followed the death of Mrs. Thomas E. Connell, one of the prominent women of this city, which occurred at her home on Main street on Friday morning, Aug. 7th, shortly after midnight. Mrs. Connell had been in poor health for several years, but unselfishly kept this fact from her family and friends until last April when her condition became aggravated and noticeable to members of her family. In June she was taken to Madison where she entered the Jackson Clinic Methodist Hospital and later underwent a surgical operation which seemed to relieve her though the seriousness of the case was made known to her family who were given no hope for her permanent recovery. She was brought home on July 10th and under the good care and home environment she seemed to pick up strength, which, however, was of short duration and she closed her eyes in eternal sleep on Friday morning.

Nettie M. Brown, daughter of the late John J. and Eleanor Brown, was born in the town of Granville, Milwauke county, July 9th, 1868. Her parents were prominent among the early settlers of that town, coming there from Pennsylvania in 1835 and taking an active part in the history and advancement of that section until their death. She graduated from the Wauwatosa High School and then remained at home and cared for her mother, whose health was not the best for a couple of years. On July 6, 1887, she was united in marriage to Thomas E. Connell and immediately after came to establish a home in Hayton, where Mr. Connell, in connection with his brothers ,conducted a mercantile, grain and lumber business. They remained there until 1891 when they moved to their present home in Chilton where Mr. Connell was in charge of the State Bank of Chilton, established by himself and other members of the Conneil family. Four children were born to them, William Park, dying in infancy, Arthur Brown Connell, and two daughters, Mrs. Gladys M. Westfahl and Miss Myra of this city.

Mrs. Connell occupied a prominent place in the hearts of the people of Chilton, since coming to make her home here. Though a woman of ability she was extremely modest in pushing herself to the front in her public work, religious, civic and social, in all of which she was a tower of strength. Her policy was to "do good by stealth," as it were, asking no praise in return. She was a member of Trinity Presbyterian church since its establishment and labored unceasingly for its advancement. She was also a charter member of the Calumet Chapter of the Order of Eastern Star and an active member of the Joseph B. Reynolds Woman's Relief Corps, all of which organizations are mourning the loss of one of their very best helpers. One of her chief characteristics was her unbounded sympathy for those in need of a helping hand and many a strugling man and woman have had occasion to bless her name .

In her home life she was an ideal wife and mother, planning and guiding the lives of her family by her strong personality to successful achievement and happiness. She enjoyed outdoor activities and drove her own car and horses with remarkable ability being never so happy as when at the wheel or in charge of the reins of her high spirited team.

She leaves surviving, her husband, son Arthur B., two daughters, Mrs. F. Gilbert Westfahl and Myra, two grand children, Jeanette Connell and Shirley Westfahl. She also leaves one sister, Mrs. Julia Staley of Madison, and two brothers, Merritt E. Brown and Frank Brown, both of Wyoming.

The funeral was held on Monday at 9:00 o'clock from the home and from the Presbyterian church at 10:00 o'clock, Rev. L. M. Harwood officiating and members of the Eastern Star and Woman's Relief Corps attending in a body. The remains were conveyed to Forest Home Chapel at Milwaukee where services were held at 2:00 o'clock P. M., Rev. L. W. Westfahl of Neenah officiating with interment in the family lot in the Forest Home cemetery. A delegation of some thirty people from Chilton accompanied the remains to their last resting place. The procession was also joined by delegations from Menomonee Falls and Waukesha, relatives and friends of her younger days.

Those from outside attending the funeral in Chilton were Mrs. Julia Staley and daughter, Miss Dora of Madison, Mrs. Edith Robbins of Wauwatosa, Mrs. Adolph Feldt and Mrs. M. H. Snell of Oshkosh, Rev. L. W. Westfahl of Neenah.

THE WIDE OPEN SPACES.

Out where the mountains kiss the sky,
Where the lone wolf howls to the bobcats cry,
Where a brave man's name will never die.
Oh that is the land for me!

Out, where the wants of man are few,
Where the smiles are rare but the handclasp tru
Where each fragrant morn, a dream brings true.
Oh that is the land for me.

Out where your dog and a willing steed
And a day's grub-stake are all that you need,
With a friend thrown in, you're rich indeed.
Oh that is the land for me!

Out where they ask not where you have been,
Away from the crowd and the smoke and the din
Out in the West, a new life to begin,
Oh that is the land for me!

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT.

Cashier J. R. Eagan, of the Farmers State Bank of Darien, in responding to the address of welcome before the bankers of Group No. Five, at Ft. Atkinson, recently, forever set at rest the question as to how St. Patrick's birthday came to be upon March 17th. He said:

On the eighth day of March, it was, some people say
St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day.
Whilst others aver, 'twas the ninth he was born
And 'twas all a mistake betwixt midnight and morn.
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock
And some blamed the infant and some blamed the clock
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know,
If the babe were too fast or the clock were too slow.
So at last both their factions so positive grew
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two.
Till Father Mulkaney who told them their sins
Said, "Sure, no one could have two birthdays but twins.
Don't be a fighting for eight or for nine.
Don't be always dividing but sometimes combine.
Combine eight with nine, seventeen's the mark.
Let that be his birthday." "Amen" said the clerk.
So they all got blind drunk which completed their bliss
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

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Man Can T... With God, S... Noted Psyc...

A new and rev... teaching based en... understood sayings ... Carpenter, and desig... how we may find, und... use the same identical p... Jesus used in perform... called Miracles, is attrac... wide attention to its four... Frank B. Robinson, noted ... ogist, author ... lecturer. ...chiana," this ... Psyche... Religion, believe... it is today possi... mal human bei... spiritual law as C... it, to duplicate every... Carpenter of Galile... to raising the dea... teaches that wh... things that I do ... He meant what ... it literally to ap... through all the ...

Dr. Robinson ... word treatise ... which he tells a... for the Truth, ... to the full real... Power or forc... that all othe... fade into insi... how he learne... ly with the I... mighty, neve... onstrate her... nancial suc... al being ... us did ... ise fi... h... t...

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Tax Rules Applying To Transfers of Property Changed

Bureau of Internal Revenue Amends Articles Referring to Contemplation of Death.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, Department of the Treasury, has promulgated an amendment (T. D. 4066) to Articles 15, 16 and 17 of Regulations 70, relating to the transfers of property in contemplation of death and the tax thereon. The amendments carry into effect the finding in Nichols v. Coolidge et al., Supreme Court of the United States. The United States Daily Yearly Index Page 954, Volume II.

Following is the full text of the articles as amended:

Three Articles Amended.

Articles 15, 16 and 17, Regulation 70 are hereby amended to read as follows:

Art. 15. Transfers During Life.—Except bona fide sales for an adequate and full consideration in money or money's worth, all transfers made by the decedent subsequent to September 8, 1916, are taxable if made in contemplation of or intended to take effect in possession or enjoyment at or after his death. If the enjoyment of the property or the interest transferred (whether the property or the interest was transferred by th decedent before or after passage of the Revenue Act of 1916) was subject at the date of the decedent's death to change by the exercise of any power to alter, amend, or revoke, or if any such power was relinquished by the decedent subsequent to the effective date of Part I, Title III, of the Revenue Act of 1924, in contemplation of death, the entire value of the property, or the interest transferred, as of the date decedent's death must be included in the gross estate unless the transfer constituted a bona fide sale for an adequate and full consideration in money or money's worth. To constitute a bona fide sale for an adequate and full consideration in money or money's worth it must have been made in good faith, and the price must have been an adequate and full equivalent, and reducible to a money value. Where the price was less than an adequate and full equivalent only the excess of the fair market value of the property, as of the date of the decedent's death, over the price received by the decedent should be included in the gross estate.

Should File in Duplicate.

Where a transfer, by trust or otherwise, was made by written instrument, duplicate copies thereof should be filed with the return. If of public record, one of the copies should be certified; if not of record, one copy should be verified. Where the decedent was a nonresident, only one copy, certified or verified, need be filed.

Art. 16. Nature of Transfer.—The words "in contemplation of death" do not mean, on the one hand, a general expectation of death such as all persons

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Tax Rules Applying To Transfers of Property Changed

Bureau of Internal Revenue Amends Articles Referring to Contemplation of Death.

[Continued from Page 1.]

entertain, nor, on the other, is the meaning limited to an expectation of immediate death. A transfer, however, is made in contemplation of death wherever the person making it is influenced to do so by such an expectation of death, raising from bodily or mental conditions, as prompts persons to dispose of their property to those whom they deem proper objects of their bounty Such a transfer is taxable, although the decedent parts absolutely and immediately with his title to and possession and enjoyment of the property.

Must Be Returned for Tax.

Transfers made by the decedent in his lifetime, other than transfers intended to take effect in possession or enjoyment at or after death (see Art. 17), excepting bona fide sales for an adequate and full consideration in money or money's worth, must be returned for tax, or disclosed in the return, as follows (see also Art. 20):

"(1) Transfers made in contemplation of death.—The executor must return for tax the value, as of the date of the decedent's death, of all property transferred by the decedent subsequent to September 8, 1916, in contemplation of death.

"(2) Transfers not admitted to have been made in contemplation of death.

"(a) The executor is required to disclose in the return all transfers made by the decedent subsequent to September 8, 1916, of an amount or value of $5,000 or more. Any such transfer made within two years of the decedent's death, but before the effective date of the Revenue Act of 1926, and constituting a material part of the decedent's property and in the nature of a final disposition or distribution thereof, is deemed to have been made in contemplation of death within the meaning of the statute. Where the executor contends that the transfer was not made in contemplation of death he must file with the return sworn statements, in duplicate, of all the material facts, including, among other things, the decedent's motive in making the transfers and his mental and physical condition at that time and one copy of the death certificate.

Should Disclose Entire Value.

"(b(The executor is required to return for tax all transfers made by the decendent within two years prior to his death, but after the effective date of the Revenue Act of 1926, to the extent that the value thereof to any one person is in excess of $5,000, even though the transfer is not admitted to have been made "in contemplation of death. The entire value of the transfers should be disclosed in the return. Example: The decedent died April 15, 1926, having transferred on March 1, 1926, a farm to his son, A, and certain shares of stock to his son, B, the values as of date of death, being $20,000 and $30,000, respectively. Both transfers should be listed on the return and the entire value of the transfers disclosed but the taxable portion of the value of the transfers will be $15,000, and $25,000, respectively. This example is applicable only in case the transfer is not admitted or shown to have been made in contemplation of death."

The fact that a gift was made as an advancement, to be taken into account upon the final distribution of the decedent's estate, is not, in and of itself, determinative of its taxability.

Transfers intended to take effect in possession or enjoyment at or after death:

Art. 17. General.—All transfers made by the decedent subsequent to September 18, 1916, other than bona fide sales for an adequate and full consideration in money or money's worth, which were intended to take effect in possession or enjoyment at or after his death, are taxable, and the value, as of the date of the decedent's death, of property or interest so transferred must be returned as a part of the gross estate.

HOMER McKEE ONCE WROTE A PRAYER, AND AMONG OTHER THINGS HE SAID:

"Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

"Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and undaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

"Grant I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof, that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.

"Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

"Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own.

"Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

"Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

"And then when comes the smell of flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple:

"Here Lies a Man."

WALL STREET is as sensitive as sweet Alice in the old song. She would "smile with delight when you gave her a smile, and tremble with fear at a frown."

Poetry Is Placed In Old Testament

CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—(A. P.)—A new translation of the Old Testiment in which "Thou" becomes "You" and a portion of the Book of Genesis is put into poetry, has been completed and published by the University of Chicago. J. M. Powis Smith, professor of Old Testament language and literature, is the editor.

"Much of the Hebrew text that heretofore passed as prose has been found to be really poetic both in form and spirit," Dr. Smith said. Adam's words on the creation of Eve, therefore appear in the "American translation" this way:

"This at last is bone of my bone,
And flesh of my flesh;
She shall be called woman,
For from man she was taken."

THE University of Chicago publishes "an American translation of the Old Testament," a thing not needed, since all changes must be for the worse. Let Chicago university persuade its young men and women to read Job and Isaiah at least fifty times, in the King James version, that would be good work.

responded with another number. Mrs. Carpenter then read "At the end of the Journey" by Edgar A. Guest:

This I would rather have than all your fame:
A few true friends to sit with me and smile.
Laughing and chatting in life's afterwhile
O'er some remembered youthful joyous game.
When age comes on and I no more can claim
The right to march with men another mile,
But must retire to some safe sheltered Aisle;
May all I've known in friendship speak my name.
May all who pass my doorway wave a hand
In friendly greeting as they journey by,
The tired old man will smile and understand
The love that flashes in each merry eye:
For down the distance where the journey ends
Old age would watch life's sunset with his friends.

Valuable Words From Gary

The will of the late Elbert H. Gary concludes with some valuable advice to his heirs. The words might well be widely copied and their instructions followed.

"Do not sign notes or bonds for anyone," was one of the suggestions. Another urged that "they refrain from anticipating their income in any respect."

That they loan money only on good security and never make personal loans, was recommended. If involved in any doubt they should always reject the opinions of others.

Gary expected that "they would be approached frequently with suggestions for investments that are not entitled to be relied upon from a business standpoint." He cautioned them thus to be careful.

They are good rules to follow.—N. E. A.

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Change In Payment Of Income Tax

Information Of Vital Importance To The Tax Payers

Change In Time Of Payment Of Taxes

Six Months Delay in Payment of Income Tax for About 200,000 Wisconsin Residents —Rates To Be Same, But Exemptions are Changed and Some Will Have to Pay Higher Taxes

Madison, Wis.— About 200,000 individuals of Wisconsin who have been paying their state income taxes every January will now get a six months' delay. The next state income tax paying date has been shifted from next January to next July.

This is one of a number of features of the new W. L. Smith income tax law enacted at the session of the legislature just closed.

Most Wisconsin corporations and individuals will get their tax burdens in two divided payments in the future, with the real estate tax to remain due in January. Another important change made is that income taxes will be payable to county clerks in the future instead of to local tax collecting officials and the provision that income taxes in the future are to be assessed on the average of three-year earnings rather than on the earnings of an individual year.

Higher For Some

The tax rates are the same in the new law as under the old law. Exemptions have been changed which will result in higher tax payments for some.

One of the principal features of the new law is that of taxing average incomes instead of taxing the incomes of a single year. The computation of the average income and of the tax on such income will be done by the tax commission and assessors of incomes. For this reason the change to the method of assessing incomes on the basis of an average will not affect the filing of returns so far as the taxpayer is concerned. However, the assessor of average incomes instead of annual incomes will affect the amount of tax which a taxpayer will have to pay. Average income is a truer measure of a taxpayer's prosperity and ability to pay income taxes than a tax on annual incomes. A home owner or a farmer may hold his home or farm

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Change In Payment Of Income Tax

(Continued from Page 1)

for many years before selling it and the home or farm may have gradually increased in value over this period of years.

A tax on annual income would tax the entire profit from this transaction in one year and a considerable part of this income might be in the higher brackets of tax. If average income were used, this extraordinary income would be averaged with the more normal smaller income of other years and the average would not force such income into the higher brackets of tax. Similarly, if an individual or corporation suffered a net loss in the year or years preceding a gain year or in the years following a gain year, these losses would be used in the average to reduce the income of the gain year. There is considerable equity in the averaging of gains and losses in this manner. Most businesses have up-hill periods which pave the way for larger profits or they may have bad years following years of large income, resulting from inflation or boom periods. If the particular year in which such a taxpayer made a large profit is used as a measure of his ability to pay income taxes, he will be paying more than his share.

Average Tax

The new law provides that the incomes of 1926 and 1927 shall be averaged and the tax on the average new income of these two years shall be assessed in 1928. The assessment of taxpayers who report on a calendar year basis will be made on June 1, 1928, and the tax will be delinquent on July 1, 1928. The few taxpayers who report on a fiscal year basis need only remember that the assessments will be made five months after the close of their fiscal year. For example, a taxpayer whose fiscal year ends on January 31 will be assessed on July 1 and his tax will be delinquent 30 days thereafter, or on July 31.

In 1929 and succeeding years income tax assessments are to be made on the basis of a three-year average under the new law. For example, on July 1, 1929, an assessment will be made which is based on the average of the net incomes or losses of the years 1026, 1927 and 1928.

Another new provision which affects a large group of taxpayers is that which taxes bank and trust companies' incomes. About a thousand national banks, state banks and trust companies will be affected by this new provision. Heretofore banks were taxed on the value of their capital stock.

The new law also makes many minor administrative changes. It provides for the exemption of stock dividends. The deduction for dividends received depends upon whether the corporation paying the dividends is subject to the income tax and whether its principal business is attributable to Wisconsin. Dividends are taxable in their entirety or fully exempt depending on whether they meet these requirements. The new law provides a reorganization section exempting pure reorganizations and incorporations.

Back Tax Interest

Interest will be charged on back taxes at the rate of 6 per cent and the same rate of interest will be allowed on refunds or credits. Individuals filing late or after their extension date will be subject to a penalty of $5 and corporations will be subject to a penalty of $10. If back income is discovered in case records are not kept after the taxpayer has been notiffed to keep such records, a penalty of 25 per cent of the amount of the tax will be added. The new law permits the state to audit six back returns until July 1, 1929, and three back returns after that date. Notice of back assessments must be sent by registered mail. Claims for refunds may be heard by the tax commission or the county income tax board of review in certain cases, just as appeals from assessments are heard by those bodies. The county income tax board of review now remains in session during the entire year. It is no longer necessary to pay into court the amount of a contested income tax assessment before an action is started in court. Appeals from assessments of individual incomes must be made to the circuit court of the county in which the individual resides. Under the old law all individual income tax appeals were tried in Dane county circuit court. Corporation income tax appeals will continue to be tried in Dane county circuit court.

Individual exemptions are stated in terms of dollars of tax rather than in terms of dollars of income. No deduction from income will be allowed hereafter but after the tax is computed, $8 will be allowed as a deduction from the tax for a single individual; $17.50 will be allowed for a husband and wife or the head of a family; $3 will be allowed for each child under $18 years of age, and for each dependent. The status of a taxpayer on the last day of the last year included in the computation of the average income will determine the exemptions to which he will be entitled.

THIS is written crossing the Mojave desert in California just after sunrise. The wise man mentioned four things that were too much for him. A serpent on a rock, a man with a maid, an eagle in the air, a ship on the sea. If he had crossed this continent he would have added: "Sunrise on the Mojave desert." Nobody has ever described Niagara, the sky at night, or the smile of an infant, no one could describe this sunrise and no one will try.

Tax Poverty Grips Northern Counties

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

owned by people who will pay taxes. The attempt to make upper Wisconsin an agricultural section, without thought to restoring timber, has been a disheartening failure. The attempt to exploit the land for farming, when much of it is suited only for timber, is the real cause of the jam. We have good farm land and good farmers, but we have had too many farm failures on land where the farmer never had a chance to succeed."

In Oconto county, where a clerical error raised $109,000 in taxes in excess of actual needs, the county board, three years ago, voted to take over the certificates, thus barring the public from the tax sales. The theory was that the county, better than the individual, could use the 10 per cent interest and be able to fight shy of the land shark.

But right now Oconto county would welcome a land shark or some definite proof that Oconto is going to be able to take down the real estate shingle from her county courthouse. As a matter of fact, the error saved the county from a serious financial plight. The over amount balanced the tax shortage. Taking over delinquencies in Oneida certificates at 15 per cent found few takers.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no man, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"
—Charles Mackay: The Miller of the Dee.

$92,278 in Certificates

Whereas before 1924, when Oconto decided to go real estating, there were only a few hundred certificates issued, there were 1,526 in 1924, 2,716 in 1925, and 2,577 last year. Oconto county took over $142,750 in unpaid taxes in three years and now has $92,278 in certificates, according to the auditor's report, a considerable portion of which are on improved property. This county will start taking tax deeds in June.

Whether Oconto comes out on the right side of the ledger and is able to square in full the $109,000 raised by error depends on the ability of the county to unload the tax deeds and certificates, county officials agree. Delinquencies jumped from 2 per cent, a year before the county barred individuals, to 16 per cent in three years, with the county holding the bag, the tendency of land owners has been to let taxes lapse. Now the question troubling the supervisors is whether delinquent owners will pay up before June, when threatened with the county taking tax deeds. If not, will people be interested in buying tax titles? Oconto is in the enviable position of having no bonded indebtedness, paying cash for her highway program.

Others in Same Fix

The land tax problem of these two counties are typical of what is confronted by others, say those making a survey of upper Wisconsin tax conditions. Counties having all the way from 40 to 70 per cent of their rural land being turned back as delinquent are in a quandary. When tax deeds are taken by the county it removes the lands from the assessment rolls. In addition, there is considerable stote-owned land exempt from the assessors. A total of 350,000 acres come under this classification, with Oneida county having 71,000 acres.

There are 450,000 acres in Oneida county. With the exempt state land and the percentage returned delinquent, the tax paying acreage is reduced to approximately 141,000 acres or less than one-quarter of the total acreage. How this works out for those still paying taxes is shown by Rhinelander's contribution to the county. The city's share was 44 per cent of the total county tax, but due to the radically reduced amount of property on which taxes were paid the city turned in 70 per cent of all the money for county purposes.

financial blood of this section of the state.

There is no use continuing to try to make up the difference with agriculture. Counties must have revenue. The increase in delinquencies and failure of people to be interested in buying the certificates demands attention.

Passage of the forestry act offers a part of the solution, says E. O. Barstow, secretary of the Rhinelander Chamber of Commerce. It is getting down to a question of whether the state will be able to collect taxes in about 30 of the counties. The general plea of northern Wisconsin is for a definite land policy whereby farm lands are designated and the rest turned back to timber, the depletion of which has drained the

Revenue Source Cut

Every tax deed cuts the source of revenue for the counties, and every delinquency certificate reduces the actual cash paid. The northern counties are beginning to consider diverting the tax liens at almost any price.

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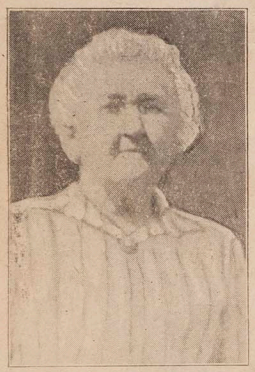
Pioneer Woman Passes On, Miss Martha J. Connell

Reaches Life's 82nd Mile-Stone, and was Loved and Honored in Our Community

1929

Few there are of our noble pioneer women left in this community. The passing of Miss Martha J. Connell, at her home, on June 9, removed from her family the last of the daughters of a pioneer stock that made for the development of the state and the nation. Few indeed were privileged to be born, live and die on the paternal homestead.



The deceased was born in the town of Germantown, June 4, 1845. Her parents located on a tract of land in the year 1842. Throughout her lifetime she witnessed the growth and changes incident to over three-fourths of a century. From the log house to the latest in modern dwellings, her lot, like many others, was laid in pleasant places. She grew to womanhood and took an active part in everything that made for the betterment of the community. Probably her greatest contribution lay in the direction of a public school teacher. She followed that pursuit for a number of years, teaching in the rural schools. She was faithful to her vocation, and there are living to revere her memory, many men and women who delight to recall the impressions which she made upon their youthful minds. Her pupils were endeared to her. In those years the practice was for the teacher to board around among the parents of the children. It is often said that they deemed it a great privilege to have her come to their home. The boys and girls esteemed her most highly. The records of our own school in the village show that she was a teacher here 60 years ago. She was the only surviving instructress that taught in the "old school house" the year that it was built, 1867.

Among her virtues was an outstanding trait of fidelity. This was evidenced in her devotion to her parents, brothers and sisters. When infirmity brought on by old age rendered it necessary to comfort and care for her parents, she met every obligation cheerfully, and with a steady purpose to carry out her duties as a daughter, she made sacrifices patiently. In the community she was always willing to help her friends and neighbors. In the Eastern Star, where she was long a devoted adherent, giving of her time and purse to increase the Order's prestige, she played an important role. Her faith was placed upon the desire to meet every duty willingly and hopefully.

The passing away of this beloved woman, even though divine providence allowed her to live to an age away beyond the average limit, is regretted deeply by those who knew her and loved her in family circle, at the fraternal hall, and having lived a long and useful life filled with good cheer and many deeds of kindness, she surely is now enjoying the reward promised to all who live as well. She did her share to make the world better and brighter. Her philosophy, in the language of another, might read as follows: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

No better earnest of the respect she bore among her neighbors was the presence of scores of men and women at the last rites. The floral tributes showed their great love for the departed. The members of Aurora Chapter came to give the beautiful burial ritual at the grave. There she was laid to rest among the flowers she loved so well.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed
Whose deeds both great and small
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells."

OJIBWAY INDIAN TRIBE LONG AGO WERE CANNIBALS

Wisconsin Was Scene of Their Orgies.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Cannibals in Wisconsin!

"The ancient home of the Ojibways was on Madeline island, one of the Apostle group, formerly known as La Point," says Supreme Court Justice C. H. Crownhart in the Wisconsin Magazine, in which he tells how these Indians, who were living in what is now Wisconsin when Columbus first trod on the soil of the new world, became eaters of human flesh.

The authority for the tale is William Whipple Warren, born in 1824 of a white father and a three-quarter blood Indian woman. Warren became the chronicler of the Ojibway traditionary history, for of course they had no written annals. By listening to the stories of the grandfathers "with parted lips and open ears," he gained a wealth of lore.

Believed in Evil Spirits.

"The dispersion of the Ojibways from the island of their refuge was sudden and entire," he said. "The evil spirit had found a strong foothold amongst them during the latter years of their residence on this island.

"Evil practices became in vogue—horrid feasts on human flesh became a custom. It is said by my informants that the medicine men of this period had come to a knowledge of the most subtle poisons, and they revenged the least affront with certain death.

"When the dead body of a victim had been interred the murderer proceeded at night to the grave, disinterred it, and, taking it to his lodge, he made a feast of it, to the relatives, which was eaten during the darkness of midnight, and if any of the invited guests became aware of the nature of the feast and refused to eat he was sure to fall under the ill will of the feasters and become the next victim.

"It is said that if a young woman refused the addresses of one of these medicine men, she fell a victim of his poison, and, her body being disinterred, her relatives were feasted on it by the horrid murderer.

Acquire Taste for Human Flesh.

"Such a taste did they at last acquire for human flesh that parents dared not refuse their children if demanded by the fearful medicine man for sacrifice. And numerous anecdotes are related of circumstances happening during this horrid period, which all tend to illustrate the above assertions, but which the writer has not deemed proper to introduce on account of the bloody and unnatural scenes which they depict.

"The Ojibways at this period fell entirely under the power of their satanic medicine men, and priesthood, who even for some time caused themselves to be believed invulnerable to death. This, however, was finally tested one night by a parent whose beloved and only child had just fallen a victim to the insatiable longing for human flesh of one of these poisoners.

"After interring his child, he returned at night with his bow and arrow and watched near the grave. At midnight he saw what appeared to be the form of a black bear approach and commence digging into the grave. It was also believed that these medicine men possessed the power of transforming themselves into the shape of animals.

Slays Medicine Man.

"But the determined father, overcoming his fear, launched his barbed arrow into the body of the bear, and without waiting to see the consequence of his shot, fled to his wigwam. The next morning the body of one of the most malignant and fearful poisoners was found clothed in a bearskin, weltering in his blood, on the grave of the old man's child, whom he had made a victim.

"Whether or not these evil practices were at this particular period caused by dire necessity, either through failure of their crops, or by being entirely hemmed in by their enemies as to be prevented from hunting on the main shore, the writer is not enabled to state, though he should be but too happy to give this as a palliating excuse for the horrid custom he is obliged to relate, as once having been in such vogue in the tribe of whom he is writing.

"It is further stated that these evil practices were carried on to such an extent, that the Che-bi-ug, or 'souls of the victims,' were at last heard nightly traversing the village, weeping and wailing. On this the inhabitants became panic stricken, and the consequence was that a general and complete desertion of the island of their refuge took place.

Mystery in Wailings.

"How far the nightly weeping of the dead, which caused this sudden fear and panic, was drawn from the imagination of the wicked inhabitants, or originated in the nightly secret wailings of fond parents for victimized children, we are not able to affirm.

"Certain it is, however, that from that time the Ojibways considered the island as haunted, and never resided on it till after the first old French traders located and built their trading establishment thereon.

"When my maternal grandfather, Michel Cadotte, first built his trading post and resided on the island of La Point, 70 years ago [1782], not an Indian dared stop over night on it alone, for fear of the Che-bi-ug, which were even then supposed to haunt it."

Justice Crownhart commenting on the story adds:

"Lest we blame the Ojibways overmuch because of this tragic tradition, let us remember that the time was 400 years ago; that the Indian people as a whole were innocent, but that they suffered from the mad jugglers who held mysterious power over them. Also we may recall that in our day civilized white men under the stress of starvation have yielded to cannibalism."

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Joy and Sorrow.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

It is not the usual custom of the writer to indulge in reveries neither to ascribe the glorious works of nature to the conditions and affairs of mortal man, yet we concede that God is infinite in his wisdom; he has the power to darken the skies and cause the lightning to pervade the world, he has the power to send the blasts and storms to the remotest parts of the earth. He has also the power to draw aside the sable curtain that enshrouds the broad canopy of Heaven and the wisdom to apply all his numberless powers in a way that is pleasing to him and for the benefit of mankind.

Such was seemingly the case on Wednesday evening of last week, which was the time set apart for the numerous friends of Louis Larson and Miss Fannie Sweetman to assemble as witnesses to the solemn ceremony of their nuptial tie. All that day the sky was enshrouded with a dense mass of clouds, the driving rain beat constantly and more furiously and the lightnings flashed in the lurid sky as the evening drew near and many anxious hearts began to sink in fear that they would be unable to meet the occasion. Just then a bright streak appeared in the horizon and one hour before the ceremony took place not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, the stars twinkled merrilly and the moon cast forth its smiling beams to be reflected by the glittering snow in such a spectral way as would call forth all the latent romance of a person,s temperament and cause him to dream of beauty and tranquility as well as to inspire his mind with the exhalted idea—that surely this most important of human events must be pleasing to God.

The bride and groom, too well and favorably known by all, need no encomium. She having been among us from her childhood, has established a reputation and stamped it upon the portals of every mind with the indelible purity of a modest unassuming character, most becoming to man or woman. Yes, so well is she known that it would be a vain effort for our frail pen to enumerate her excellent qualities, so we will forbear by merely alluding to a touching scene evident to all that were present. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sweetman, who are both bending under the weight of years and infirmities and when the hour (seven) arrived 'twas sad to them, for the only womanly hand that administered to their comforts since their decline of life was to be given away to another, to assume new cares at a time when their need was the sorest. The mother who has been entirely helpless for years was brought and placed at the left of the clergyman while the father, although ambitious in the extreme, could not be raised from his bed owing to weakness and a high fever that was then upon him. Few that were present knew how rapidly the iron hand of death was pulling away the vitality of this respected man and how soon, yes, very soon the same fond friends that were then enjoying the festivities of the occasion would be called on to lament the loss of a friend whom no man can say was ever implicated in a mean act or ever proved untrue to his trust it being in his power to prevent. It might be well said of Mr. Sweetman that his career presented an example of unswerving integrity, well worthy of imitation by thousands in like circumstances. It is true he was a poor man in wordly goods but yet he soberly, earnestly and constantly struggled with the world to meet his obligations and if in any particular he has not succeeded let us not censure but say with one accord "Well done, thou good and faithful servant enter into thy rest."

Thus it was with the dissolution of this household upon which a volume might be written were the writer but a Washington Irving or a Hawthorne. The father with a fervent spirit went personally and invited his time-tried friends to join in the festivities, this being done his earthly mission was ended. He took to his bed on Sunday and passed away on the following Sunday, while the wedding took place on the intervening Wednesday, and the Wednesday following, one week from the day of jollification, the last sad rites were proclaimed. We look around us and notice on every hand new families organizing such as we have an instance of here. We see them sail quietly on the stream of life toward the tempestuous sea of trouble. We see others who have sailed before tossing upon the billows with the main mast gone. But seldom within the bounds of one family do we see calm and tempest, joy and sorrow so closely interwoven as in the case referred to. This life at most is but a pilgrimage and he enjoys it most who does his duty best. So with a firm belief that the widowed mother will be comforted, we extend in behalf of all, condolance to the bereaved and mutual happiness to the new family.

Wm. Sweetman was born in Parish Kilmoo, County Cork, Ireland. He emigrated to this country, 1840, settling in Mount Morris, New York. In November, 1869, he moved to Wisconsin and located in this county.

BANKERS ASSIST FARM LOAN CO.

Co-operating with the bondholders' committee of the Wisconsin Mortgage and Securities company, several hundred state bankers yesterday moved to aid in bringing about a reorganization of the company or the organization of a new corporation to take over the business of the concern.

At the close of the meeting, held at the Hotel Pfister, the bankers and members of the bondholders' committee, were optimistic, believing that harmony and proper co-operation between all concerned will bring about a solution of the financial problem that confronted the company. The company, the bankers said, is solvent and can work out its difficulties—difficulties brought on by various farm conditions.

The bankers appointed a committee of fifteen, headed by A. T. Hening, of Oshkosh, to meet with the bondholders' committee, which is headed by Atty. Louis Quarles, of Milwaukee. The bankers' committee consists of the following:

A. T. Hening, chairman; Charles Hawks, Horicon, vice chairman; Norman E. Henze,, Port Washington, secretary; Joseph Pfeiler, Sheboygan; A. B. Chandler, Beaver Dam; F. E. Woodard, Watertown; Vilas E. Whaley, Racine; W. C. Sullivan, Kaukauna; F. J. Bohri, Fountain City; M. P. Becker, Cedarburg; J. E. Uselding, Port Washington; Thomas N. King, Spring Green; Edward H. Cole, Brodhead; E. W. Wiese, Thiensville, and T. D. Spalding, Marshfield.

RUSSELL ON COMMITTEE.

In addition to Atty. Quarles the bondholders' committee is made up of Dean H. L. Russell, of the Wisconsin university college of agriculture; H. J. Maxwell, Ripon; J. F. Kettenhofen, Oconomowoc, and F. S. Clausen, of Hartford. Fred C. Best, of Milwaukee, is secretary of this committee.

Another committee, consisting of O. J. Graham, Racine; A. J. Whitford, Marinette, and Roy F. Burmeister, Monroe, will look after the interests of those holding rural credit notes.

Mr. Quarles said that an effort will be made to have 75 per cent of the bonds deposited so that the assets of the company can be released, making it possible to continue operation and to iron out difficulties in an orderly manner.

Early in the day bankers suggested that the banks which floated the farm morotgages advance sufficient cash to take up the mortgages now in default, but this was vetoed by Commissioner Calvin F. Schwenker, head of the state banking department.

John J. Jamieson, Shullsburg banker, who presided during the meeting, was emphatic in his assertions that the company is solvent; that the assets are far in excess of the liabilities and that in time the difficulties can be straightened out. Others expressed similar opinions.

BETTER CONDITIONS SEEN.

In a statement issued by the bondholders' committee the amount of first mortgages on farms in Wisconsin held by the company is given as $7,858,600. The rural credit notes aggregate $796,000.

"Owing to the decrease in the value of crops and the resulting loss of income to farmers in the last five years, farms have become less valuable and many farmers have been unable to pay principal and interest on their mortgages, and in many cases have abandoned their farms," the statement says.

"Officials of the company believe that the bottom has been reached and conditions now are considerably better than they were last year, as more farms are occupied and there is a demand for farms."

The officers of the company are H. A. Moehlenpah, president; S. M. Smith, vice president and treasurer, and John Rose, secretary.

Obituary.

Died February 24th, 1888, at the home in which she was born, near Menomonee Falls, Elsie E., daughter of William and Elizabeth Connell.

Again has the fell destroyer, consumption, entered a once happy home and carried from the midst of loving parents, sisters and brothers, a cheerful blossom of earthly hope. Not only in the family circle where she was best known and most appreciated, will Elsie be missed, but by the many friends whom her cheerful, loving demeanor ever won. During her long and painful illness she bore her sufferings uncomplainingly, and the last thoughts of the departing soul were for those from whom she was so soon to be separated, never to meet again on the earthly side of of the dark valley of death; as was beautifully shown in the last painful effort at syllabling the names of her loved ones. Sustained by faith and animated by hope, her death was, as her life had been, a happy one.

"Light be the turf of thy tomb;
May its verdure like emeralds be;
There should not be a shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee."
"Young flowers and an evergreen tree,
May spring from the spot of thy rest;
But no cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?"

E. M.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!
—Walter Scott: Lines from Coronach from The Lady of the Lake.

OUT

They're in and out, they're out and in,
They're off to look at Rin-Tin-Tin
Or someone else, a dance, a show,
It seems they're always on the go.
They just run in, and just rush out,
They throw their clothes and hats about,
Run out for dinner, in for lunch,
And spend the ev'ning with "the bunch."
And, when you tell them what is what,
They raise their brows and say, "Why not?"

They're playing bridge, they're making fudge,
They're pretty busy, I should judge,
They're down at Blanche's, up at Bill's
They're driving fifty over hills;
On Sunday night they're always gone,
And Monday, Tuesday, and so on,
They're in and out and here and there,
And they can't see why I should care,
For when I cry, "My goodness me!"
They always say, "Why shouldn't we?"

Some must work while some will shirk. "Thus runs the world away."

Hilbert Has First Million Dollar

State Bank of Hilbert's Total Resources NowOver Million Mark

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF HILBERT'S MILLION DOLLAR BANK

On the last page of this supplement you will find the official statement of the State bank of Hilbert, showing that the bank has gone over the million dollar mark, making it the first Million Dollar Bank in Calumet County.

The editor is proud to give considerable space in his edition for the announcement and celebration of this very important event in the history of our little village. It is indeed something to be proud of to have the first Million Dollar Bank in the county, located in one of the smallest villages.

The credit for this wonderful achievement is perhaps not due to only one person, but we do owe a great deal of the credit to our Cashier John J. Madler who through his sound business principals and untiring service to the public has not only won the confidence of the people in the village as well as the surrounding community and in cities and villages that have a bank of their own, but has kept it as perhaps few others in his position have done and are doing.

"The Bank that Service Built" is our bank slogan and it can be truly said that it would be hard to have chosen a more appropriate one, for only real service could have done what this bank has done in a little town like ours, with no large manufacturing plants or other industries to draw business from. We also gave a great deal of credit to the prosperous farmers and cheesemakers in our community.

In studying the geography of Hilbert and the surrounding towns of Rantoul, Brillion, Woodville, Harrison, Stockbridge and Chilton immediately surrounding the village we find that Hilbert is a complacent little town of about six hundred inhabitants located on the M. & N. Branch of the C. M. & St. P. R. R. made twice a junction because of the intersection of the Appleton branch and also that of the Soo line. We speak of its people being complacent because of their uniform disposition to stand for their home institutions and boost their town. The story is told of a Hilbert man when asked if Green Bay was a good town he smilingly answered in the affirmative but at the same time remarking that "It cannot compare with Hilbert, however."

A brief history of how the "Hill" was put in Hilbert was given the editor by Mr. T. E. Cornell, one of the founders of this great institution in a recent interview. Mr. Cornell has the following to say:

"As a money loaner in Calumet County for nearly forty years and in the active management of the State Bank of Chilton for nearly thirty years we have naturally had a fine opportunity for the study of the soil and natural resources of all the territory tributary to Hilbert and our findings are that this region has been originally covered with a crop of hard wood timber tall and dense which could scarcely be outclassed by any other lying in the Temperate zone of North America. Give us table lands, give us prairie lands, give us bottom lands, give us mountain valley lands, but our preference will always be a good clay loam soil well tried by its first great crop of hard wood timber. It is a soil almost inexhaustible and a soil that seldom produces crop failures.

In examining the titles of many of the farms we glean that considerable of the land was bought up by speculators, timber men, and tax title men prominent among whom we see the names of the late George Baldwin of Appleton, the Pfisters of Milwaukee and Algeran Sartoris, a young English nobleman once famous for wooing and winning the hand of Nellie Grant, then living with her father U. S. Grant in the whitehouse at Washington. Well do we remember this incident through the press at the time; and in the fiery days of our youth we naturally became interested in the man, whom we found to be of a roving disposition something of the Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jaykill type, now with his coterie chasing the wild boar on the plains of India or hunting the lion in the jungles of Africa and then among the lumber jacks of Hilbert always supplied with an abundance of liquid refreshment and a capacity for

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Bank In County

same unequaled by the strongest lumber jack in Hilbert. Then again we learn of him at the White House at Washington, D. C. clothed in the finest attire, magnetic, educated and refined in the presence of what he was pleased to style "His American Princess. "But we are getting away from our story.

Soon the fame of this beautiful region spread abroad throughout the land and sturdy young settlers from Milwaukee, Waukesha, Washington, Dodge, Ozaukee, Sheboygan and Fond du Lac Counties flocked in to make their homes and raise their children up in the arts of good husbandry and good citizenship. They were an industrious class of people, God fearing and liberty loving, many of them having been veterans of the Civil War, well constituted to stand the hardships of pioneer life, and to transform a howling wilderness into green fields and pleasant valleys. Is it any wonder that out of the ranks of such people the present high standards of the citizens of Hilbert and vicinity should rise up to call them blessed?"

Financial institutions were quick to observe the natural resources and wonderful prosperity of the people of this district and soon the State Bank of Chilton, the Citizens National Bank of Appleton and the Bank of Menasha began to root deeply in this community, helping to finance the purchasing of farms and the improvements of some as well as promoting the business interests in the villages and towns, until it became evident that a bank would be organized in the midst of this district.

T. E. Connell of the State Bank of Chilton and John J. Sherman of the Citizens National Bank of Appleton, seeing that their interests demanded control of the new bank, after a brief conference in the office of the Citizens National Bank of Appleton, determined to call a meeting at Hilbert and put the proposition of a State Bank to be capitalized at $15,000.00 before the people at Hilbert, asking them to subscribe for so much of the stock as they desired and they would jointly take the remaining stock. A period of ten days was set for the taking of subscriptions. Speaking of "Inanimate bodies" is putting it mildly when the attitude of the Hilbert people at that time is considered. It was on a bitter cold evening in the winter of 1900. Sherman froze his moustache in coming from the train to the Village hall. Connell froze his fountain pen to an icicle in driving with a team of horses from Chilton to Hilbert to attend the meeting. Madler had nothing to freeze excepting his subscription list and that winning smile of his that would not come off; though both were severely frozen. The fire was low, the room was cold, the meeting unattended, excepting by a few, and in fact the entire proposition assumed such a chilly aspect that we know that even the "charms of Orpheus with his lute" would have failed to move them. At that meeting an extension of time was taken for the purpose of canvassing for new stock subscribers, which resulted in local subscriptions of $7400.00 and Connell and Sherman subscribed $7600.

The bank was finally incorporated on May 16th, 1904 and soon after opened its doors for business with the following official staff: T. E. Connell, president; John J. Sherman, vice-president; John J. Madler, cashier; H. L. Meyer, assistant cashier. Its progress in the beginning was very slow. The cashier, though an up-to-date business man was not experienced in banking business. The people of Hilbert were not accustomed to transacting their business through a bank and the money panic of 1907 all had a tendency to retard the volume of business of the bank. Yet undaunted the young cashier was all the time laying in banking rules and practices and when the time came that business came to the bank right he was well prepared to take care of it. As to the farther progress of the bank down to the time of this writing your readers are familiar by reason of its published statements and its advertisements from time to time. Suffice it to say, however, that the capital stock of the bank has been increased to $25,000.00 by reason of a partial stock dividend in 1913 and in January 1920 again increased to $50,000.00 with one hundred good and true shareholders.

The original Board of Directors consisted of T. E. Connell, John J. Sherman, John J. Madler, J. W. Grupe, H. L. Meyer, Theo. Runte and the late John Weber, whose good mature judgment and tireless energies for the benefit of the bank during his life time has gained a lasting place in the memory of his associates in the bank. Tenure of Office during life time or during the good behavior of officers and members of the board has always been the business policy of the bank. So today, five out of the six living original directors of the bank are represented upon the board, which together with W. G. Hass, H. C. Alvis, Anton Loehr, Fred A. Schmitt and Lewis Stark are directing the affairs of the bank, and with such men, successful in their own business, careful, honest, tried and true on the board of directors of any institution the inevitable result must be *success*. Volumes might be written on the strength and financial ability of each of the ten men now assuming the responsibility of the bank could time and space afford, but we must confine our biographical sketches to the original Official Staff of the bank, all of whom are still prominent in its assured success for the future.

T. E. Connell, president of the bank from the date of its inception down to the early part of the present year was born in South Germantown, Washington County, Wis. on May 13, 1857. His father, the late Wm. Connell, was a pioneer settler of that township who purchased his farm of 160 acres of good fertile soil about eighty-one years ago and made his home upon it up to 1892 when he was called to the far beyond. He was a most successful farmer, hospitable in his home and charitable to the poor. After his death his family then all well to do retained the old farm, it now belonging to T. E. Connell and his two brothers and two sisters, it is held as an heir-loom of the family and this together with a forty acre war garden under the eaves of the City of Milwaukee attained by his wife in a similar manner are among the pride of all Mr. Connell's real estate belongings. He attended the public schools until his sixteenth year of age, then attended the first high school in the State of Wisconsin, organized under the law of the state and located at Pewaukee, Wis. After two years at high school he began a college course at Carroll College, Waukesha, where he spent two years and then launched out in the profession of school teaching. After teaching for five years he formed a partnership with three of his brothers at Hayton, Wis. in the general merchandise, grain and lumber business. Early in the year 1891 he moved to Chilton and with his father and one sister incorporated the State Bank of Chilton, of which institution he still holds the presidency, and with his son and daughter assumes it complete management. In 1904 he together with Mr. Sherman and Madlet and others founded the State Bank of Hilbert of which institution he held the presidency down to the present year, resigning in favor of John J. Madler. In offering this resignation he by no means severs his interest in the State Bank of Hilbert. He still retains all of his stock in the bank and is one of its directors. Later he, together with his associates attained the State Bank of Stockbridge by purchase and has been retained as its president to this date. Later he helped to organize the State Bank of Greenleaf and held it presidency from date of organization to the present time.

Having reached the age, when by the natural course of human events, a man's strength and usefulness begins to wane and his health needs indulgence, it is perhaps better to vest the executive department of so large a bank into the hands of a younger man, yet the great success of the institution remains very close to his heart and in this connection he desires to thank each and every individual who so nobly stood by the bank in the past and made it possible for the bank to gather up its million dollar business and the Village of Hilbert to rejoice because of the great achievement of its banking institution. He also invites each and every friend of the bank to redouble their effort for the future so that another million may be recorded in the footings of the bank within the next decade.

John J. Madler, cashier of the bank from its organization until the present year, was born in the town of Woodville on March 15th, 1870. He received a common school education while residing with his parents and was employed on a farm until sixteen years of age. He then attended the high school at Chilton. He was then employed by the Menasha Woodenware Co. at their Carney, Mich. plant. He worked in a lumber woods for this concern for six years and then returned home and learned the cheesemakers trade at St. John and was employed by Theo. Reis for six years, the last three years was a partner in the cheese factory with Mr. Reis, also having an equal interest in a general merchantile store conducted by Mr. Reiss at that time. After disposing of his interest in the cheese factory and store he, in company with P. N. Schreiner, purchased the store and stock of the Schumaker Bros., who were conducting a business in this village now owned by Schmitt-Gage Co. Mr. Madler and Mr. Schreiner engaged in this general store business for eight years and were successful. When the bank was organized, the store was sold to H. A. Gloudemans who is now conducting a big store and is associated with Roscoe Gage, also a Hilbert boy, at Appleton.

continued on next page

Mr. Madler was one of the family of twelve children of the late Jacob Madler, his father who after firing on Fort Sumpter in 1861 offered his services to his country and remained under arms until the surrender at Appomatox in 1865. Few men of the Civil War could boast of longer or better service than was rendered by him. We are unable to get his complete war record, but from a veteran friend of his we learn that he was with General Sherman in that memorable "March to the Sea," so familiar to every American schoolboy. From the character and serious disposition of the soldier we feel safe in saying that he bore the hardships of his four years campaigning without a murmur and gave every ounce of power in his being for the preservation of the Union. In fact we know from all history that this particular campaign was recognized by the whole world at that time as being one of the greatest military feats of the age, for the reason that so vast an army covered so vast an area of country meeting every conflict and every obstacle in their way, devastating the very source of supplies of the Confederate army, and in doing so maintained their own commissary department to the end. This march often calls to mind the sentimental Anthem the chorus of which is as follows:—

"In many a slimy fevered swamp,
By many a deadly black bayou;
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The sentinel had ceased to tramp
And died for me and you!"

The soldier returned to civil life, raised his family, but alas, the germs of Malaria contracted while in the service gradually sapped away his giant strength, and at the untimely age of 57 years he fell like autumn leaves to enrich his mother earth. His farm was sacrificed to bring up his young family and thus we find our cashier "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

It has often been observed that self-made men are the best men and in this case we find no exception to the rule. With a limited, common and parochial school education, and a brief time spent at Chilton High School he started out in life, first laboring, then as a cheese maker, and later a partner in the general store now owned by our friend Director Schmitt. He has always been regarded as an energetic progressive young man, and was readily chosen by Connell and Sherman to take the management of the State Bank of Hilbert. In this profession true to his nature he climbed the ladder, round by round, giving service to all his patrons alike, without prejudice or favor until today his footings have crossed the *million dollar mark* and he is leading out for another *million*.

John J. Sherman, vice-president and director of the bank from its organization to the present time, was born at Addison, Washington County, Wis., on August 28th, 1853. He attended the common schools at an early age and when about twelve years old attended St. Gaul's academy, now Marquette University, Milwaukee, and later attended the University of Wisconsin. He taught school for a number of terms, the last two being in Milwaukee, and in the summer worked on his father's farm, thus financing his way to a good broad liberal education and preparing himself for a useful business career, which he afterwards followed.

His first business venture was a partnership in a merchantile establishment at Wausau, Wis., in which he remained for seven years. He was then elected city clerk of the City of Wausau and became interested as one of the founders of the new bank in that city, now known as the American National Bank of Wausau. In the spring of 1893 he was elected to the office of County Judge for Marathon County, having been nominated by both parties he received the unanimous vote of the County. Shortly after his election the former county judge resigned and Mr. Sherman was appointed by Geo. Peck to fill the vacancy; which he did and also served a part of his newly elected term as such officer. The professional life did not seem to appeal to him and when the Citizens National Bank of Appleton was opened for business in January 1894, Mr. Sherman was chosen as its first cashier. He therefore resigned his elective term as County Judge of Marathon County and came to Appleton to take charge of his new duties. His success in this new position soon demonstrated itself and he became broadly identified with the business men of the Fox River Valley, building up his institution by untiring efforts until it has long since been classed among the large financial institutions of Appleton.

Continued on page page four

A calf wandered out of the pasture and went through a wood. The owner in looking for the critter naturally followed its tracks. A traveler looking for a short cut to the village, seeing the foot-prints, followed them. A boy and his sweetheart seeing the same path, walked over it. So did others, until a well-defined but mighty crooked path was made.

That path the calf made is today one of the main streets in the largest city in the country. It's an eyesore to the city, but it's there, never to be straightened.

"Let Me"

Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me; let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary, just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for;
Let me be a little braver when temptation bids me waver;
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker with the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor and a little less of me.

(Anon.)

Old Masters

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon death:
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

—Robert Southey: Lines from "The Old Man's Comforts."

By Mrs O. H. Fethers

THE STAR OF WISCONSIN.

We love the bright star that ~~that~~ flies o,er us.
We cherish each star on its breast:
But one star is greater in glory,
Wisconsin the Star of the West.
Wisconsin thy glad day of promise
Had dawned ere our country was free-
When red men and white in the forests
Met in peace ~~n~~eath the French fleur-de.

Wisconsin thy murmur-ing waters,
Have stories of wonder to tell:
Brave deeds and heroic adventures
Have left on thy fair fields a spell:
But life came to thee when our fathers
First brought ~~to~~ thee the flag they had won
And fixed on its broad azure bosom
Thy star that now gleams in the Sun.

Wisconsin thy star is a beacon
A light to our wondering feet;
No distance can dim its bright luster,
Nor rival in splendor complete.
It beckons in darkness and daylight,
We see its bright beams from a-far
Wisconsin thy children adore thee!
Our state of the glorious star.

CHORUS.

Then hail to our banner in beauty unfurled!
The light of its star illumines the world.
The star of Wisconsin, the one we love best
Is moonlight- is sun-light-Our Star of the West.

47

Would Open the Tomb of Fr. Oschwald

St. Nazianz Residents Seek to Verify Odd Belief That Body Will Not Decompose

BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL.

Manitowoc—If the will of many who esteem his memory and extol his good deeds is complied with the tomb of the Rev. Father Ambrose Oschwald, founder of the Salvatorian Fathers' colony at St. Nazianz, near here, will be opened some time this summer at which time the belief held by many people that his body will not decompose may be verified or, perhaps, contradicted.

Father Oschwald was the leader of the Roman Catholic colony which left Baden, Germany, in 1854, with 113 followers to free themselves from vexations suffered under Protestant rule in the Black Forest, Klettgen, Breisgau and other sections. They reached Milwaukee in August, 1854, and soon after bought 3,840 acres of land in the town of Eaton, Manitowoc county, where the colony was established.

Built Colony in Wilds

Under most disheartening conditions Father Oschwald did wonderful work, both materially and spiritually. The place which was selected was a wilderness but in a few short months buildings stood where trees had grown and the community began its existence almost independent of the outside world. Today new, modern buildings with spacious lawns and nearby fertile fields greet the eye as monuments of the colony's founder.

But why the opening of the tomb? It is a natural question. Father Oschwald endeared himself to hundreds of the older residents of St. Nazianz, some of whom through years of love for the leader have come to regard him almost as a saint and there is a belief among some of these people that his body will never decompose. The heads of the Salvatorian college explain that Father Oschwald has never been canonized and that the odd belief is held without authority. They also state that it has not been decided whether the tomb will be opened. But unofficially the rumor persists that this will be done.

Tomb Once Opened

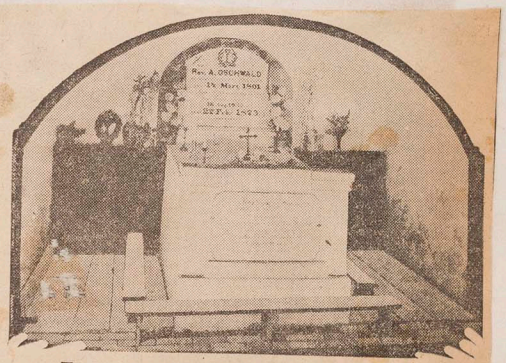
Father Oschwald died in February, 1873. His body lies in a vault and stone tomb in the basement of the old St. Ambrose chapel, which is now part of the monastery.

Those who uphold the belief that his body will ever be intact base their reasoning partly on the fact that it was unimpaired in 1898, 25 years after it was buried. In May of that year, with the permission of Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee, the vault and casket containing the body were privately opened by the Rev. Epiphanius Delbele, at that time superior of the Salvatorian monastery, now rector of the parish at St. Nazianz. He reported the body intact. The authorities of the monastery, however, do not subscribe to the theory that their dead leader's mortal remains will not return to dust.

If it is decided to open the tomb—and it is thought Father Sturmius, superior of the colony, will yield to the deeply earnest request—the event will probably be attended by many priests and church dignitaries.

Salvatorian college and seminary, St. Nazianz, Wis.

The Rev. Fr. Ambrose Oschwald, founder of St. Nazianz.



Tomb of Father Oschwald, which it is proposed to open.

ALL ABOUT THE STATE

Death of William Connell, a Washington Co. Pioneer.

HIDDEN PROPERTY OF A CHICAGO MAN AT HURLEY.

George P. Newberry Said to Hold $40,000 Worth of Real Estate There Under Another Name. Attachments Placed on It Yesterday—William Connell the Founder of the State Bank of Chilton—A $30 Suit Results in Heavy Damages.

MENOMONEE FALLS, Wis., April 15.—William Connell aged 78 years, died this morning of congestion of the lungs at his home in Germantown. He was one of the pioneers of Washington county, was president of the State bank of Chilton and was considered the wealthiest farmer in Washington county.

Mr. Connell was born near the city of Cork in Ireland June 12, 1814. While yet a young man he came to America to seek his fortune. For the first four years he worked as a day laborer on the Erie canal to secure money with which to purchase a farm.

In the summer of 1842 he came to Milwaukee, in search of land. He went out sixteen miles from the city (then village) of Milwaukee and located a farm of a quarter section which he purchased from the government, and which he has ever since owned.

After having purchased his farm he went to Rochester, N. Y., and there on Aug 20, 1842, was married to Elizabeth Duckelow. The young couple at once started for the farm in Wisconsin to make for themselves a home. It was a bridal tour not of pleasure but of necessity, one beset with many hardships, it having required two days' time to go from Milwaukee to the farm, sixteen miles distant, with a lumber wagon and an ox-team. The young couple toiled on in poverty and privation, clearing away the forests and converting the soil into fruitful fields. They were an honest, industrious, economical couple, and as usual with persons possessing these qualities success crowned their efforts.

Mr. Connell always prided himself on dealing fairly with all mankind, and on being a good farmer and a conservative financier. There is not to-day a man who can say he wronged him to the extent of a farthing. He leaves one of the best and most valuable farms in this section of the country. About a year ago he established the State Bank of Chilton, having capitalized it and subscribed for all the stock, which he has since distributed to some of his children as their inheritance. For some time past his financial interests centered at Chilton, Wis., but he never could be induced to leave the old farm, saying: "I will not leave the old farm which brought me out of poverty into plenty."

He leaves surviving him his wife, seven sons and three daughters all of whom are grown up and doing for themselves. The funeral will take place from the family residence Sunday next at 2 o'clock P. M.

MANITOWOC, Wis., April 15.—Dr. Louis Zeger, a prominent dentist of Manitowoc, succumbed this morning to an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. He leaves a wife. He was 38 years of age.

Poem on Transition from This World to That Above.

Thou most wonderful Gardner, thou hast called in thy appointed time, many of our loved ones; our earthly flowers. At times thou hast beckoned, Oh! so gently, in the morning of life; for thou hast need for such a bud; again thou hast called in the noon-day of existance for another needed blossom; and still again thou hast come in the very morning of life and quietly plucked one more flower.

Our Father, when thou dost call, the material petals fall; and the great seed, the Soul, passes through thy hands into this wonderful Spiritual Garden for its eternal planting. Here it shall blossom and thrive and send out its delicate tendrils through all eternity.

May our earthly sojourn in this preparatory school of life, become so linked with the future, that when our loved ones depart, we may look with spiritual discernment, and realize how much richer for us is the great Heavenly Garden, when one by one a new flower is added.

Dear God: teach us so to live, that when we are privileged to take our place in this beautiful garden spot and our trembling souls are in thy keeping, that we may leave behind us a pathway strewn with blossoms of kindness, flowers of love and the leaves of willing sacrafice. And then, Thou Oh Mighty Gardner, shall we know why thou hast pruned and trimmed our frail lives, but never blighted them.

Fading away, like the stars of the morning,
Loosing their light in the glorious Sun;
So do we pass from this Earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.

Jno Parker

Lyrics of Life

by Douglas Malloch

THE SENDER AND THE BRINGER

I honor him who honors God by giving of his treasure
To those who rougher roads have trod, whose days know little pleasure.
If heaven has sent him sun and rain, has prospered him in money,
I honor him for giving grain where fields are seldom sunny,
And yet the penny sent the poor, the rose you sent the mourner,
To someone just across the moor or just around the corner,
Meant little to one Friend of thine, however much you thought it,
Who gave the world His love divine, and did not send, but brought it.

I know the need of fire and food, the gifts that gold can bring them,
But men in hours of solitude need more than gold you fling them.
When through the mists of life they grope, in doubt, and hesitation,
Only a friend can give them hope, can bring them consolation.
I know the need of food and fire, when darkly hangs December,
But friendship also men desire, and kindness to remember.
Not from some cold, majestic hight His words of love He flung them,
But, when men walked a world of night, came down and walked among them.

Ah, yes, our gifts of gold are good, and yet the gift is double,
The gift we bring in brotherhood that wasn't too much trouble.
Though gold is something for awhile when shadows start to lengthen;
Only a face can wear a smile, a hand alone can strengthen.
The gift is much, the giver more, in want or care or grieving,
Whatever need men need it for, however much receiving.
Yes, fair the gift that kindness sends, the purse, the chec., the letter,
But, when the heart has need of friends, the gift we bring is better.

Tomorrow: Our Own.

Office Cat

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(A recipe)

Take some human nature, as you find it,
The commonest variety will do;
Put a little graciousness behind it,
Add a lump of charity, or two.

Squeeze in just a drop of moderation
Half as much frugality or less
Add some very fine consideration,
Strain off all of poverty's distress.

Pour some milk of human kindness in it,
Put in all the happiness you can;
Stir it up with laughter every minute,
Season with good will toward every man.

Set it on the fire of heart's affection,
Leave it till the jolly bubbles rise;
Sprinkle it with kisses, for confection,
Sweeten with a look of loving eyes.

Flavor it with children's merry chatter,
Frost it with the snow of wintry dells,
Place it on a holly-garnished platter,
And serve with the song of Christmas bells

NOT A CLAM

He talks like a book,
But the neighbors all say
It's a pity he never
Shuts up the same way.

PHILOSOPHY

There isn't much to life but this:
A pleasant smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a smoke, a poem, a friend,
And just a little cash to spend.

SWANEE THE HICK.

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A GOOD WOMAN TAKEN BY DEATH

Journal

Mrs. Thomas E. Connell, One Of Chilton's Noble Resident's Died Early On Friday Morning

In the death of Mrs. Thomas E. Connell, 57, which occurred at 12:07 o'clock, shortly after midnight, Friday morning, August 7th at the palatial Connell home, Main street, Calumet county mourns the loss of one of its most prominently known and noble women. Mrs. Connell who was in poor health for a long period, spared her family the knowledge of her suffering until it became too painful, confiding to her husband in April that she was not feeling well. For several months they lived quietly in the home expectant that the trouble would adjust itself, but she gradually grew worse and the pain more severe. Following the suggestion of the family physician that an operation would possibly relieve her she went to Madison accompanied by her husband, where she spent one week under daily observation at the Jackson Clinic, where an operation was found necessary. She returned to Chilton for a few days to attend to home cares and on June 11th underwent a major surgical operation at the Methodist hospital where she was a patient until July 10th, receiving the best care during the entire time. During the week after her return home she showed marked improvement, a relapse setting in, however, which rendered her unconscious on August 2nd. Madison specialists were summoned on Monday who advised another operation as the only chance to spare her. An operation on August 5th revealed the fact that recovery was impossible and the end came shortly after, all of the family members being at her bedside when the end came.

Like one in peaceful repose, Mrs. Connell rested in a beautiful bronze casket about which were banked an unusual profusion of flowers that were silent yet meaningful tributes from her multitude of friends.

People from the city and country as well came to the home during the days that the remains laid in state to view for a last time, a woman who stood exceptionally high in the esteem of everyone, and to offer sympathy to the members of the grief-stricken family.

At 9 o'clock a. m., Monday, Aug. 10th, Rev. L. M. Harwood conducted brief prayer services at the home and members of J. B. Reynolds Relief Corps No. 87 sang "Nearer My God to Thee." The funeral cortege headed by J. B. Reynolds Relief Corps and the O. E. S. who attended in bodies proceeded to the Trinity Presbyterian church where at 9:30 o'clock, Rev. L. M. Harwood read beautiful burial services. A dozen cars conveying immediate family members and intimate friends escorted the remains to Forest Home cemetery, Milwaukee, the procession increasing as relatives and friends of Menominee Falls, Waukesha and Milwaukee joined. At 2:30 p. m. final services were read at Forest Home Chapel by Rev. L. W. Westphal of Neenah, a close friend of the family. The already large number of floral tributes was increased by additional offerings from relatives who joined the assembly at Forest Home. The remains were interred in the T. E. Connell family lot in Forest Home Cemetery.

Pallbearers were officers from various banks, R. C. Hugo, and Walter A. Kurtz of Chilton, Hugh Flatley of Stockbridge, John B. Flatley of Greenleaf, H. J. Schommer of Sherwood and John J. Madler of Hilbert.

Among those from away who attended the funeral were Mrs. E. S. Robbins of Elm Grove, Mrs. Julia B. Staley and daughter Dora of Madison, Mrs. Lena C. Feldt and Mrs. Ida Snell of Oshkosh.

The deceased, Nettie M. Brown, was born July 9, 1868, in the town of Granville, Milwaukee county. She was a daughter of the late John J. and Eleanor Brown who settled on a beautiful 400 acre farm near the city of Milwaukee in 1835. Her childhood days were spent in ideal home surroundings and when she reached school age she attended the schools of the city of Wauwatosa, graduating from the high school when she was seventeen years. On July 6th, 1887, she was united in marriage to Thomas E. Connell, son of the late William and Elizabeth Dukelow Connell. Following their marriage was established in the mercantile business at Hayton, a member of the firm of Connell Bros., brought his bride to Hayton with him. Mrs. Connell's mother, who became an invalid while her daughter was attending school, was brought to the Connell home at Hayton where her daughter gave her every care. In January 1891 Mr. and Mrs. Connell came to Chilton settling in the home which they now occupy. The late William Connell, Thomas E. Connell and Martha J. Connell incorporated the State Bank of Chilton on April 20, 1891, of which Mr. Connell has been president for many years.

Four children were born of their union, Willie Park, born in March, 1890 and passed away three weeks later, Arthur B., born April 19th, 1891, Mrs. Gilbert Westphal (Gladys M.), born January 24, 1900, and Myra, born November 29, 1903.

Besides her grief-stricken husband and three children, Mrs. Connell is survived by two grandchildren, Jeanette Pearl Connell, 11, and Shirley June Westphal, 2½ years, sister Mrs. Julia B. Staley of Madison, and two brothers, Demerrit and Frank Brown of Wyoming.

During the years of her youth, Mrs. Connell was a staunch member of the Baptist church. When she came to Chilton she became affiliated with the Congregational church and when that congregation suspended and the Presbyterian church was organized she was a charter member and named it the Trinity Presbyterian church. For many years she was the leader of the choir and in the activities of the church she was a profound leader. She was a very firm christian woman and inspired her children and friends with that same spirit of christianity that made life so beautiful for her. She was a charter member of the church aid society, its president for many years, secretary for a few years and at the time of death and always a staunch supporter. In the J. B. Reynolds Relief Corps No. 87, she held the office of Sr. Vice-President, and of the Order of Eastern Star she was a member. She also belonged to various clubs. In all of the organizations to which she belonged she offered her assistance and financial support, promoting higher principles and aiming for pronounced welfare.

In regard to the splendid reputation of Mrs. Connell we publish by permission a letter received by Mr. Connell from a prominent citizen residing in Oshkosh. It is a glowing tribute to Mrs. Connell and all members of the family who are truly among the most prominent people of Calumet county.

"Mr. T. E. Connell,
Chilton, Wisconsin.
Dear Mr. Connell:

The sad tidings of Mrs. Connell's passing reached us yesterday. I realize that no words of condolence could lessen your grief, sorrow, and affliction caused by your great and untimely loss. But permit me to express the sincere and profound sympathy that goes out of our hearts toward you and your stricken home and family.

Thousands of people will feel as we feel,—that, in Mrs. Connell's departure, an ideal home has been sorely stricken—a good woman, a loving wife, a splendid mother has taken an untimely departure to the realms of The Great Beyond.

But she must have approached The Great Transition with the pleasing consciousness that her life had been a worthy, useful, and a truly successful one; that she'd leave a life partner who is an eminently worthy example of what a husband, father, and citizen should be,—the worthy head of a fine home and a moral efficient force in the community that has benefited so greatly by his intelligent activities and the splendid, efficient, square-dealing service he gave to all who had the pleasure of meeting him in a business way; activities and service that resulted incidentally in his signal success as a provider; that she'd leave children who are well-trained, educated, and thoroughly equipped for the struggle of life, and, through the efforts of her splendid husband and her efficient self, amply provided with the wherewithal that contributes so much toward leading a full and satisfying life.

Yes, dear Mr. Connell, your wife, when approaching her earthly end, must have felt happy in the knowledge that all had been well with her and those near and dear to her; that she had acquitted herself nobly, that all of her friends and acquaintances would feel that there had never been a blemish on the escutcheon of the fine, moral home whose bonds have now been severed; that her husband's and her own success had not been merely temporary, but permanent, because there was no failure of heirs; and that, though reluctantly, one can well afford to face the Great Transition calmly and resignedly when, knowing that when the great healer, Time, shall have assuaged the grief, the fruits of success will again be worthyly enjoyed by those, near and dear, who survive.

If anything has been written amiss here, do not charge to the heart of the writer.

Bear up in this great ordeal. Meet the test of fortitude as you have nobly met all the requirements of life thus far. Again our sympathy."

Thus the last chapter in the life of a high-minded woman has reverendly closed. Her epitaph will always pronounce her honor among the world of people.

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the river Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Never-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find the lovely City,
At the foot of No-Fret Hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earnest-Prayer.
Everybody there is happy,
And singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile.

But Men Are Men

Business is business, but men are men,
Working, loving and dreaming;
Toiling with hammer, brush or pen,
Roistering, planning, scheming.

Business is business, but he's a fool
Whose business has grown to smother
His faith in men and the golden rule,
His love for friend and brother.

Business is business, but life is life,
Though we're all in the game to win it;
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and strife
And try to be friends a minute.

Let's seek to be comrades, now and then,
And slip from our golden tether;
Business is business, but men are men,
And we're all good pals together.

Lips of Babes

Members of the pastor's family were having dinner, and the young son was sitting alone at a small table, as punishment for some misdemeanor.

It was the custom when dinner was over for each member of the family to quote a verse of scripture before leaving the table.

This particular day, Junior arose and said: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

A. McV., Spencer.

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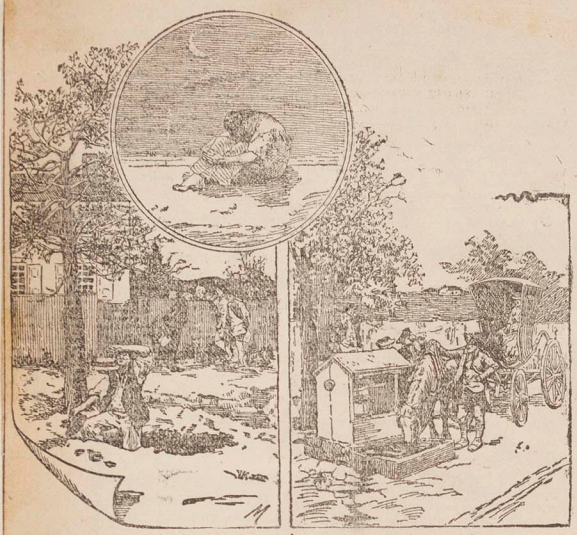
THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.



(Prefatory note by the author, John Greenleaf Whittier:) The story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley, on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert, has been familiar from my childhood. It has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, as far as it goes, nothing can be added, but in the following ballad I have endeavored to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded:

From pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;

Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade.
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here?" asked the passer-by;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered; "but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,

And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other: "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt if a spring can be found below;

You had better consult, before you dig,
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,

Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

My crazed brain listened in fever dreams
For plash of buckets, and ripple of streams;

And opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

Then something tender, and sad, and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

Rebuked by phrenzy; and, bowing my head,
I prayed as I never before had prayed:

Pity me, God! for I die of thirst;
[illegible]land accurst;

[illegible]y home again,
[illegible]gs and the sky has rain,

I will dig a well for the passers-by,
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

I saw, as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,

The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill.

And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,
The very place where my well must be,

God heard my prayer in that evil day;
He led my feet in their homeward way,

From false mirage and dried-up well,
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

Till I saw at last, through a coast-hill's gap,
The city held in its stony lap,

The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;

For there was a ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailors' cheer.

Now the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain

And the well I promised, by Oman's Sea,
I am digging for him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said;
"The poor old captain is out of his head."

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might;

And when at last, from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,
The water he dug for followed him,

He shouted for joy: "I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord!"

The long years came, and the long years went,
And he sat by his road-side well content;

He watched the travelers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest.

And the sweltering horses dipped as they drink,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank;

And grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient.

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, passing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;
"He don't know the value of water," he said;

'Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun

He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"

—*J. G. Whittier, in New York Ledger.*

THE BUTTER OF LIFE

[illegible] restaurants the aproned youth
Who brings our dinner (presently)
Will often bring as many a truth,
If we've the sense the truth to see,
Of many a maxim Ive made note,
Both ala carte and table d'hote.

Now, there's the matter of the square
Of butter that a waiter brings;
Butter and life, I find, compare
In lots of ways and lots of things.
For, in Virginia or Vermont,
At first he brings half what you want.

And soon you feel compelled to say,
"Some butter, please—I need some more;
And then the waiter goes away,
Brings twice the butter brought before.
At first you hadn't half enough,
And now you're burdened with the stuff.

But isn't that the way of life?
In poverty our days begin.
Like spreading butter with a knife,
We spread our money pretty thin.
We sigh for joys of many a shape,
But we must pinch and save and scrape.

And then, when we're too old to care,
Have grown too weary, or too wise,
Dame Fortune brings another square
Of butter, twice the usual size.
Half what we want we get, indeed,

"Tribute To Wisconsin"

Inspired by visits to places of scenic interest in the state of Wisconsin, where she has resided all her life, Mrs. Mae Walterbach, of Marshfield, president of the Rebekah Assembly, I. O. O. F., of Wisconsin, has written the following "Tribute to Wisconsin":

"Here's honor to you, dear old Wisconsin,
With all your beauty rare,
Your forest and your wealth in mines,
Your farms beyond compare.

Your grand old hills and winding streams,
Your plains and valleys fair;
I love your rippling, shining lakes,
Your rocks and cliffs so bare.

The birds, the trees, the honey bees,
The fields of golden grain,
The meadows rich in Nature's green,
Your soft refreshing rain.

Your golden sunsets, purple lined,
The rosy shades at morn;
But more magnificent than all
Is the coming of a storm.

My love for you will never end,
It rules with mighty sway;
'Tis here in old Wisconsin
I await life's closing day."

THE JOY OF LIFE

The joy of life is joy
In youth,
And yet you'll learn, my boy,
The truth;
That joy is not the joy
We live,
It comes, my boy, from joy
We give.

When joy grows old, as joy
Will do,
When joys return, my boy,
To you,
Then you'll be proud, my boy,
And glad,
For joy you gave, not joy
You had.

Yes, he the greatest joy
Will find
Who learns one simple joy—
Be kind.
Yes, he the greatest joy
Has known
Who finds in others' joy
His own.

5-1

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. WILLIAM PORTER

By Her Son JAMES PORTER.

Kindness of Jim Porter, Grandson of the writer.

.....

BELOVED MOTHER.

My thoughts are of you and the spot of my birth,
Where oft I found pleasure mid frolicsome mirth,
In the circle of kindred and friends that were dear,
With little to trouble and nothing to fear.

I think of my school,my schoolmates and plays,
Where oft we got whipped for our devious ways,
Where the teacher was master ,and taught by his rule-
Aye,those were the days of the gad in the school.

I think of the church and the men who taught there,
So earnest in doctrine,so fervent in prayer;
Who taught in their might,by authority given,
The terrors of Hell and the glories of Heaven.

I think of the days spent in fair Templemoyle,
O'er looking the classic old river,the Foyle;
Where we learned the grand business of Cain and of Abel
The tillage of land,and the care of the stable.

I think of the time when I parted with you,
And bade to each one a final adieu-
Parted with kindred and country and all;
Ah:surely that parting I would not recall.

I think of the time when I reached this fair land,
With strangers around me on every hand,
My heart in a tremor of hope and of fear,
And my thoughts are of those who came forward to cheer.

I think of my sowing,and then of my reaping,
I think of my joys and then of my weeping;
For none are exempted from care and from sorrow-
Then enough for the day,we hope in the morrow-

I think of my visit,so recently made,
Of your joy at my coming,and all that was said;
Of your undying love,that grows brighter with years,
The love for your children,that gladdens and cheers.

I think of your life as a beautiful song,
Where the rythm is perfect and nothing is wrong;
Ah. yes dearest mother,thy life has been true,
And the crown of the faithful is laid up for you.

May the close of thy journey be calm as the lough,
When the winds are at rest and you hear not their sough!
May your worth be full prized ere yet you are gone!
Is the hope of the absent,your far distant son.

Milwaukee Wis.
Feb.4th 1877.

HAD NOTHING TO SAY

You want to be a soldier, Jim? Well, I don't blame you, lad;
The fever that has hit you once monkeyed with your dad.
I know exactly how you feel, you're achin' fur a scrap,
An' want to go an' help to wipe our foe clean off the map.
When I was young an' full o' nerve in eighteen sixty-one,
I wasn't half content till I had coupled to a gun.
An', now that you're a feelin' in that same ol' hostile way,
An' want to emulate your dad, I've not a word to say.

I hope you've reckoned up the cost, an' counted it up well,
Fur war, as General Sherman said, ain't fur removed from hell!
You'll find it ain't no picnic, Jim; you'll soon find that you
Won't have a bit o' nerve too much in pullin' of you through.
It ain't no circus day affair when shells begin to bust,
An' comrades lay in blood an' pain a writhin' in the dust,
An' bullets, jes' like maddened bees, zip past in fiendish way,
But if you have a mind to go, I've not a word to say.

I guess yer mother won't object, I heerd her say last night
She wished she only was a man, so she could go an' fight,
'Twill be an orful trial, though, fur her to see yer start,
An' one that's mighty apt to break her pore old mother's heart.
Jes' tell her in a manly way that you are bound to go,
That you're true blood American from top clean down to toe,
An' if she asks you what I think, jes' tell her that's O. K.,
That we have had a talk and I've nothing more to say.

I want to tell you honest, boy, that this ain't no surprise,
I've seen the sparks of loyal pride a-dancin' in your eyes.
An' Ive been waitin' fur a week to hear you make your talk,
An' show your daddy that you come of good ol' fightin' stock.
An' now to close the matter up, I'll tell you further, Jim,
Your daddy would have knocked you out or you'd a-wolloped him.
If, when you'd hear your country call, you'd made a coward play—
I'm proud o' you; God bless you, boy! That's all I've got to say.

—Anonymous.

G. D. B.

WASHINGTON-LINCOLN

This month we hail two men of mighty deeds
Who sacrificed and suffered for our needs.
They fought and labored well without a pause,
And won undying fame in Freedom's cause.

One man was born in mansion large and grand;
The other one a true son of the land.
The two were unlike as the day and night
Except that both stood ever for the right.

One fought and helped our thirteen states to mold;
The other strove to keep them in one fold.
One fought with sword the other fought with love
Of fellow men and trust in Him above.

When others would have yielded, they fought on
And never once did feel that hope was gone,
Because within the nation's darkest hour
They both had simple faith in Divine Power.

And on their birthdays let us all acclaim
The homage that is due these men of fame.
May their example always be our guide,
And may their spirits with us e'er abide.

* * * * *

IF JUST A WORD

If any little word of mine
Can make the day more fair,
If just a message, just a line,
Can ease the load of care,
If just a thought can bring you cheer,
When things are looking blue,
If just a word can do, my dear,
The things we think they do—

If any words that I can say,
However poor they are,
Can push a single cloud away,
Or light a single star,
If anything in any case
Can turn your skies to gold,
And make the world a better place,
The way that we are told—

If any message I can send,
Or thought that I can write,
Can make you feel you have a friend,
One faithful friend tonight,
If any message that you scan
Can make your sky more clear,
The way that people say it can—
Then here it is, my dear!

Tomorrow: Why She Married Him.

THE SHRINE MOSQUE

By NOBLE EDGAR A. GUEST

(MOSLEM TEMPLE, DETROIT, MICH.)

YOU may delve down to rock for your foundation piers,
You may go with your steel to the sky;
You may purchase the best of the thought of the years,
And the finest of workmanship buy.
You may line with the rarest of marble each hall,
And with gold you may tint it; but then
It is only a building if it, after all,
Isn't filled with the spirit of men.

YOU may put up a structure of brick and of stone,
Such as never was put up before;
Place there the costliest woods that are grown,
And carve every pillar and door.
You may fill it with splendors of quarry and mine.
With the glories of brush and of pen—
But it's only a building, though ever so fine,
If it hasn't the spirit of men.

YOU may build such structure that lightning can't harm,
Or one that an earthquake can't raze;
You may build it of granite, and boast that its charm
Shall last to the end of all days.
But you might as well never have builded at all,
Never cleared off the bog and the fen,
If, after it's finished, its sheltering wall
Doesn't stand for the spirit of men.

FOR IT isn't the marble, nor is it the stone,
Nor is it the columns of steel,
By which is the worth of an edifice known;
But it's something that's LIVING and REAL.

SLOGANS

I'd rather wear upon my breast
One little rose than some "At Rest"
That cost some lodge of fellowmen
Five dollars, maybe eight or ten.
In fact, it needn't be a rose:
A daisy's pretty, goodness knows,
And now with one I'd rather stand
Than lie with lilies in my hand.

We're living in a slogan age,
When slogans really are the rage,
And no one ever thought one up
To put upon a loving cup,
Or on a fence, or in an ad,
Much better than the florists had
When they advised us at all hours

The things we say to say with flowers.
But there's another slogan, too,
I'd like to recommend to you,
A slogan equally as pat,
And one to use along with that.
You've often seen it on a wall,
That slogan certainly recall,
So hook the two together. How?
Say It With Flowers, and Do It Now!

Tomorrow: The River of Truth.

TWO DAYS.

I.

It happened on a happy day
When all the world was bright and gay,
That I stood at my true love's side
And fondly kissed my bonnie bride,
And out into the world together
We started in the Summer weather.

It was a gay enchanting world,
A laughing world,a dancing world,
A romping and romantic world,
And lightly through its whirl we swung,
For she and I and Love were young

II.

It happened on a hapless day
When all the world was bleak and gray:
I knelt at my true love's bed
And could not think that she was dead;
So peacefully my love lay sleeping,
I would not wake her with my weeping.

But Oh! it was a dreary world,
A woeful world,a weary world,
A troublesome and teary world,
And down upon my face I flung;
So bitterly my heart heart was wrung.

THE DREAM OF KING SOLOMON.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared unto Solomon in adream by night:And God said" Ask what I shall give thee." Solomon spoke thus:I am but a little child.I know not how to go out or come in.And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen,a great people,that cannot be numbered or counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart.

THE CLOWN AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

He knocked, though fear enthralled his heart,
At Heaven's mystic gate,
And trembled while he waited there
Uncertain of his fate.
He was no hero who had won
Honors and rare renown.
What would he say—what could he say
When he was just a clown?

Could Heaven be for common clowns?
Was he not over bold
To knock and hope to enter in,
And walk the streets of gold?
He was about to turn away
When wide the portals flew,
And in his funny clownish way
He smiled as best he knew.

The angel said, "What have you done
With all your precious years"?
The clown replied, "I laughed away
About a million tears."
So the angel took him by the hand
And led him to the throne.
He laughed and turned some somersaults,
And Heaven was his own.

SPARKS.

GOD BLESS YOU

I seek in pray'rful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you.
That you may know that, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God bless you!"

God bless you! so I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses;
For can there any joy at all
Be thine, unless God blesses?

God bless you! so I breathe a charm
Lest grief's dark night oppress you:
For how can sorrow bring you harm,
If 'tis God's way to bless you?

And so, "through all thy days
May shadows touch thee never—"
But this alone—God bless thee dear,
Then art thou safe forever.

THANKS.

Thanks, O Life, for your favors,
And thanks for your frowns.
Thanks for your wise men and poets,
And thanks for your clowns.

Thanks for the noble rewards.
That all men run after;
And thanks for the little things, too,—
And especially, laughter.

ELLEN M.

Let me do my work from day to day:
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray:
"This is my work: my blessing not my doom:
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can be done in the right way."

—Henry Van Dyke.

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Milwaukee, Wis.

I know a wood ,
Where mandrakes grow,
Hepaticas
And wind flowers blow

Where trilliums
And ferns abound.
And shooting stars
Bedeck the ground.

Where violets hide,
In shady beds,
And lilies flaunt,
Their tawny heads.

And through this wood,
Where shadows play,
A bubbling brook
Goes on its way.

There quiet reigns
And peace abounds,
For naught is heard
Save sylvan sounds.

And in among,
The stately trees
A place is cleared
For hives of bees.

And I have known
The precious boon,
Of dreaming there
An afternoon.

Upon a stretch
Of sun warmed grass,
I lay, and let
The hours pass.

Above my head,
A cloudless sky
A million bees
At work nearby.

Their rhythmic hum,
The verdant glade
And glowing sun
Upon me laid.

A magic spell
That o'er me sent,
A drowsiness
And sweet content.

I know a wood
Where wild flowers grow,
And oh 'Tis there
My feet would go.

Away from town
And man made things
To find the peace,
That nature brings.

J. PORTER, Jr,
4658 Woodlawn Court

BY A FADING FIRE

By the flickering light of a fading fire
We sit and dream of an old desire.
Though we know not why, there is something then
That fetches the old things back again,
And, gazing deep in the dying flames,
We think of faces, remember names.
No land is far in the firelight's glow,
And it isn't so long to the long ago.

There are nights we knew that have slipped away
Like a starlit sky at the dawn of day,
There are days we knew that have westward passed,
For not even the day itself could last.
We think our days and our nights are done
With the morning star and the evening sun,
But when we sit in the firelight here,
The past returns, and the loved come near.

There are things we knew that we thought forgot,
For the mind forgets—but the heart has not,
We shall often sit by the fire like this,
And shall hear a voice, and shall feel a kiss,
We leave old lands, and we lose old friends,
And we have a joy and it seems it ends,
But they all come back, when the new things tire,
By the flickering light of a fading fire.

Tomorrow: In Winter.

LET US PART QUICKLY

At eventide the ships put out to sea,
That morningtime may find them far from shore,
No well-loved Islands lying on their lee,
No well-loved woman standing in the door.
And I would have it so with you and me:
If we must part, then let us have it o'er.

The evening's sailor sighs to see the land
Drop farther west, and then kind night comes down.
The morning's sailor on his deck will stand
And wear the morning's crimson like a crown,
New duties here, new dangers close at hand,
And all the old things vanished like the town.

Let us part quickly, since we part at all,
For sadness may grow bitter, sad too long:
One sudden kiss for memory to recall,
One clasp of hands to help to keep us strong,
Then to turn bravely, not to cringe or crawl,
Nor talk too much of fortune, or of wrong.

Yes, let the morning find me far from here,
In some new place, where some new duty lies,
You facing forward to another year,
With memory, but no sorrow, in your eyes.
At eventide old Islands disappear,
And we must turn to dawn, and other skies.

ONE LITTLE FACE

One little light at the window,
One little face at the door,
And men may come home to a glittering dome,
But never to anything more.
One little hour in the evening,
An hour for a romp and a play—
Oh, that is the thing, what the money we bring,
That pays us for all of the day.

One little face that is smiling,
One little heart that is true,
And summers may go, or the winters may blow,
But what do you care if they do?
One little heart will be happy,
And one little face you can see,
And one world is bright that you come to tonight,
Whatever the other may be.

One little face I remember;
And, Fate, if you handle me ill,
It's easy to choose what to keep, what to lose—
So take all my gold, if you will.
But leave me the light in the window,
And leave me the face at the door;
For men may come home to a glittering dome,
But never to anything more.

Monday: My Scrapbook.

"Smile and the world smiles with you,
Kick and you kick alone;
But the cheerful grin will get you in
Where the knocker is never known."

outside.

"BLACK AND WHITE ON THE BELL-KNOB."

WAUKESHA, Wis.

Will Our Curiosity Shop inform me who is the author of "Black and White on the Bell-knob," and where it can be had, or when it was first printed, and where?

MRS. L. J. R.

Answer.—The author, who has furnished us with a copy of the article, and who desires for the present to remain incognito, makes the following statement of the circumstances under which it was written; "My next-door neighbor had a very pretty baby boy, to whom I became greatly attached, as he did to me. I think the age of the baby was about 20 months or so at the time of its death, which shocked me very deeply. On my return home I saw the black and white ribbons fluttering from the bell-knob of the house as I passed. I saw the child in its coffin, a small white rose in its hand. I sat down to the desk and wrote the article and read it to my wife, who was very deeply grieved at the death of the little one, to whom she had been greatly attached. At her suggestion, almost wish, I was induced to take it to a newspaper office and asked its publication, if they thought it worthy. It appeared the next morning. I was never of the opinion that it had any worth, except as the expression of my own sorrow, and although I frequently saw it quoted in the papers, I failed to see any merit, in its composition, until I heard it read by an elocutionist on the stage as a prelude to 'Little Willie, the Collier's Boy.' As the name of the little one of our neighbor was 'Willie' that may have caused me to think there was something in the composition more than common. That is a plain statement of the facts."

The following is the "Black and White on the Bell Knob":

"A bunch of black and white ribbons is hanging from the bell knob—emblems of death within the dwelling. "Somebody's dead there," remarks a passer-by. "Yes, it's a child," says the other, and they pass on in the current of the world. It is not their sorrow, and why should they weep? But it is somebody's child, and inside the dwelling there is weeping; for there is the "little one" still in death, and sweetly pretty it is. Its pale face, its closed eyes, that, if they could open, you know would smile on you, and oh, how serenely, too; and round the babe the children are clustered and wondering why—as children of a larger growth have wondered and will continue to wonder until the secrets of the grave shall be laid bare—why has their little relative died? Child-like queries are put to the parents. Why did God let little——die? Why couldn't God let him live and stay with us? Ah why? The child asks, but where is the philosopher that can answer? Why, indeed! from a home replete with every comfort; where constant care, attention, and every kindness was lavished on it; where it was, in short, an idol worshipped with parental love, and why was it not permitted to stay?—the little angel of the household. Ah why, why? Its life was the light of the home; its death is gloom and darkness. But God's ways are past finding out; for what cares, troubles and temptations has the little one escaped?

"Oh, my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them—
Of the tempests of Fate blowing wild,
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still keeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
O! those truants from home and for heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know, now, how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child."

The pang is to come, the double one, for the infant dead must be taken out of the house and put into the grave, and the earth shall hide its little coffin and all the pretty flowers that kind hands had placed within it, and the sweet fresh-plucked rose held in the little one's hand—that too; and all must be buried, hidden in the earth, from whence it sprung. Such is the inevitable law. And yet amid all, to those who mourn their dead dear one, there is consolation, for He who gave hath the right to take away:

"Our God to call us homeward,
His darling Son sent down.
And now, still more to tempt us there,
Has taken up our own."

After all there is a reluctance to remove the black and white from the bell-knob, for, although it told of death, it told also of the inheritance, by one, of that kingdom made up of such as their own little one.

OCHONE!

"The wind is a-wailin'," old Mary said,
"An' dogs are a-cryin' this night.
"Ochone! an' the corn still under the snow,
An' the praties all rottin' wi' blight!"

"Do be kissin' the cross," old Mary said,
"There's a hand at the door-latch now."
"Ochone! an' the critters all loose in the road,
An' a fallow field waitin' the plow!"

"An' there's shudderin' sounds," old Mary said,
"An' claw hands a-pluck at the sheet."
"Ochone! an' a paper waits at the bank
Wi' overdue interest to meet!"

"An' it's dust an' ashes," old Mary said,
"An' how weary 'tis waitin' alone
Wi' snow on the corn, the critters astray,
An' the debt at the bank—ochone!"

Wisconsin

O, fair Wisconsin, far-famed state,
For beauty far renowned.
Thy splendid lakes, thy forests great,
Long have thy splendors crowned.

From far and wide the tourists come.
To view they splendours great.
They see thy wonders, then go home
To praise thy name, fair state.

From sea to sea, thy fame is known,
It cannot be denied.
Thy sons and daughters, always known,
Look on their state with pride.

They love thy rivers and thy lakes.
They love thy forests, too.
In guarding thee, each son partakes.
Their loyalty is true.

Then onward go, Wisconsin fair,
And to the world proclaim,
That all the world thy greatness share
And glorify thy name.

—By Eddie L. Hennig, Mission House College

THE FIRST DIVORCE.

Cressida, child of Calchas, gave
Her hand to Troilus bold;
A winsome queen just turned nineteen,
He treasured more than gold.

Some hold her flowing tresses were
As black as printer's ink;
But as for me, I disagree—
She was a blonde, I think.

She had the most solicitous
Soft eyes of greyish hue,
Which seemed to say in their sweet way:
"My lover, I'll be true."
But rumors crept till all except
Poor Troilus heard and knew.

For gossips lived in ancient times
As gossips live today,
And scandal tales of other males
Began to wend their way.

Then Troilus heard some whispered word,
And wrought to desperation
He hired some dicks. With subtle tricks
They dug up information.

"Ah, woe is me!" wailed Troilus.
His voice was cracked and hoarse.
"Ah, woe is me and woe to thee—
Depart upon thy course!"
And there and then began for men
The custom of divorce!

PLEASE TELL MY WIFE

I wish that you would see my wife
And tell her that I love her.
A thing, these later years of life,
I hoped that she'd discover.
'Twas quite an easy thing to say,
The way that youth would view it,
But, now we both are getting gray,
I just can't seem to do it.

I wish that you would write a line,
Would send my wife a letter,
And kindly tell this wife of mine
I really love her better
Than in the days of twenty-one,
And thought of course, she knew it.
I think it really should be done—
I wish that you would do it.

I wish you'd do that much for me;
It's really very easy:
Just write a line, or come to see,
Adopt a manner breezy,
Just say, "He loves you," just like that;
There's really nothing to it,
There's nothing to be frightened at—
But I can't seem to do it.
Whom Heaven Hath Blessed.

(Copyright, 1928, Douglas Malloch)

THROUGH DUSK OR DAWN

Has God forsaken you, or you
Forgotten God a little while?
He did not promise all life through
That we should smile.
Is He a God, or is He none,
This God of Yours? Or is he one
To praise in joy, to seek in pain,
To follow through the shining sun
And through the rain?

Yes, when he leads us through the vales,
Then shall we fail to follow Him?
The night is not all nightingales
And cherubim.
How poorly we esteem a friend
Who loves us only when we spend;
And what of those who turn aside
From God when pleasure's at an end,
Some joy denied?

I pray we have a better faith
Than just the faith of happy days—
To love through life, to love through death,
Through all our ways.
Just why we do not always know,
But if the vale's the path to do,
I hope that we shall follow on.
Yes, through the roses or the snow,
Through dusk or dawn.

Monday: The Old Loafer

The Things That Count

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.

(Clarence Urmy

THE DYING YEAR

The year is old—the geese fly high,
And somber tints bedeck the sky;
And dry reeds quiver in the blast,
And songs of lark and thrush are past.

The hills beyond rear gaunt and bare,
And meads are bleak—trees everywhere
Are barren. Leaves find windy ways—
Grim ghosts of sunny yesterdays!

The clouds hang low: the winds are harsh,
And yonder in December's marsh,
Where purple flags were wont to grow,
The sun reflects cold afterglow.

A requiem is sung at night
Through branches leafless by the blight
Of winter's frost. The hearth's enfold
Keeps beckoning the year is old.

AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.

Says A. B. C. to X. Y. Z.
"It is as plain as plain can be
That one unfortunately set
At the other end of the alphabet
Cannot possibly see
Things accurately,
The way that they appear to me."

Says X. Y. Z. to A. B. C.
"You fool yourself egregiously
If you imagine you're the pet
Of all the letters of the alphabet.
You had better go back
And sit on a tack
Until you've learned how much you lack."

G. VAN DER PYLE.

APRIL.

When April, a capricious maid,
With fairy feet flits down the lane,
In wisps of winsome green arrayed,
Then all the world is young again.
Then all the world is young and gay,
And bright and joyous for a day,
And lovers love and children play—
When it begins to rain.

When April, in a solemn mood
(Sedately, as her garb implies),
In Quaker-gray walks through the wood,
Her mein her dancing heart belies;
Share not this mock solemnity,
Oh, dullard world—for such as she
Make sport of tears—Oh, look and see
The laughter in her eyes.

With lilt of laughter, shower of tears,
This April Maid our heart beguiles;
A wilful child, whose hopes and fears
And gray of frowns and gold of smiles
Go dancing, till humanity
Goes dancing too—then suddenly
She frowns—then, laughs again, to see
Us following her wiles.

ELM.
[Waukesha]

RECKONING

Sooner or later,
By lake or stream,
Where dawns come grayly
And sunsets gleam,
You'll pause and wonder
And ask a question:
"What did he mean
By 'the price of a dream'?"

And no one will tell you;
There will be none
To lift the veil
From days that are done.
You will be lonely
There with your puzzle,
While the water glares
With the setting sun.

And you will remember
My jests and quips
When you touched my hair
With your finger tips;
You will remember,
But find no comfort,
In the smile that I wore
Upon my lips.

HULIKOS.
[Green Bay.]

A Young Man's Fancy.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;
In the summer he's enchanted
With a little turtle dove;
In the autumn there's a wedding
With congratulations and good wills;
In the winter they live with "her folks,"
For they cannot pay the bills.

Lord Cecil Percival Spring.

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The Civil War Was

Expert Urges Beaver Farms

Declares They Are Easier to Raise Than Foxes

The surest way to propagate beaver, says Dr. John S. Lowe, biological advisor of Northern State Teachers' college at Marquette, Mich., is to do so commercially, on beaver farms.

It is Dr. Lowe's belief that beaver farming would be more lucrative than fox farming. Beaver, Dr. Lowe explained, are distinctly beneficial rather than destructive, because they are purely vegetarian and live solely on the bark of popular. The ordinary aspen or poplar tree is only a temporary forest crop, surviving from 10 to 20 years and then decaying. A great deal of it is not merchantable and never cut for pulp. He declares that it is much better to permit the beavers to use it than to let it go to waste.

A northern Michigan or Wisconsin beaver is the most valuable of all beavers in the United States. It has the darkest pelts, and value depends upon color, the darker the more valuable. The range of the northern beaver, he said, extends through northern Michigan, northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. Because of the color, it is the best foundation stock for breeding purposes.

Each northern beaver is worth $200 for breeding purposes. That is the market price for a mature, fine beaver today, said Dr. Lowe. The average bootleg pelt ranges in price from $20 to $35 or less because the pelts are not taken at the proper season of the year and many of the hides come from animals less than a year old.

Dr. Lowe estimated the loss to the north central states in beaver killed each year at close to a quarter of a million dollars, basing his estimate on the value of a live beaver for breeding purposes.

Beaver farms could be located on nearly all the streams in the northern part of the country.

Easy to Care For

They are easy to care for, as they live on poplar only, and rarely attempt to get out of the fenced in area. They are not susceptible to diseases which attack animals on a fox farm. Beaver are docile, easily tamed and take care of themselves the year around. They breed after two years, having four to a litter. Mature, they weigh about 60 pounds, some weighing as much as 85 pounds.

Beaver are beneficial to streams and to the land, Dr. Lowe explained, as the dams tend to retard the run-off of streams, maintaining an average flow of water. On small streams their dams provide a water sup- sufficient to promote growth trout. It is well known, s- Lowe, that in very sma-

BACK TO NATURE.

At the Des Moines meeting of scientists there was much support for the contention that animals are really weather-wise

I never could credit the tale
That a cow, as she grazed on the lea,
Could tell by the feel of the gale
What tomorrow night's weather would be.
I never believed that a pin-headed hen
From a throbbing inside of her gizzard
Was able to cackle a warning to men
Of the certain approach of a blizzard.
These legends, whose source is in hencoops and barns,
I always supposed were mere dull-witted yarns.

I have often been told that a sheep
Could discern by a twinge in his ear
That the snow would be heavy and deep
And the winter prolonged and severe;
And that hogs, who betray to the casual gaze
No very keen powers of reason,
Could predict, as they glanced at the sun's summer rays,
A wet and tempestuous season.
Such legends, I thought, were mere lore of the farm
And frequently highly productive of harm.

But scientists boldly declare
That the beasts which abide on the plain
And the birds that soar up through the air
Are prophets we must not disdain.
There is fact in the legends which time out of mind
You and I have regarded as fiction,
And perhaps it may be that some truth we shall find
In the grovelling ground hog's prediction
As we plod through existence, at every turn
We still must find out that we've something to learn.

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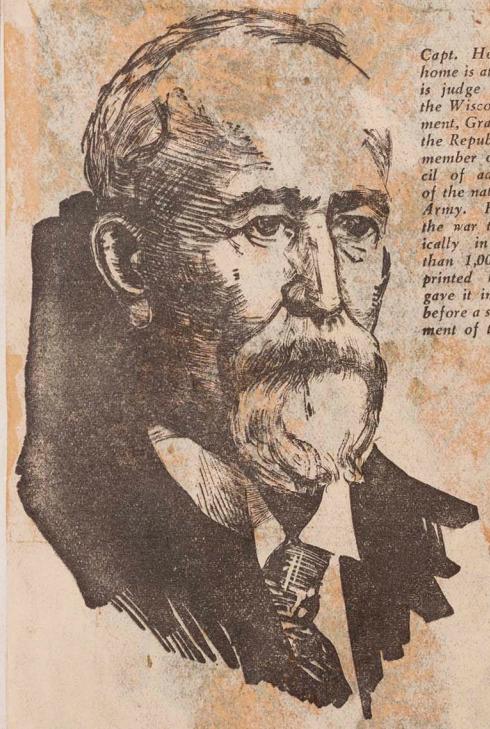
Average Age of Soldiers in the Union Army Was Less Than 19 Years and Many Brigade Commanders Were Under 21

By CAPT. CHARLES H. HENRY



Capt. Henry, whose home is at Eau Claire, is judge advocate of the Wisconsin department, Grand Army of the Republic, and is a member of the council of administration of the national Grand Army. His story of the war told dramatically in few more than 1,000 words, is printed here as he gave it in an address before a state encampment of the G. A. R.

THE Grand Army of the Republic was the greatest army ever marshaled under the stars. It represented the best bred and reared in the history of mankind.

There were 2,778,309 enlistments; 1,151,438 of that number were under 18 years of age; the average age of the total was less than 19 years.

This was no accident; they were born and reared in a new country. Educated and trained to sacrifice and toil, inured to privation much like myself, they were at labor instead of school at 10 years of age, when the wage for a boy was $1 a week. Many of us never wore underwear until we enlisted, when it was issued to us by the government.

Schooled at a blazing log fireside, many thought such boys poor material for fighting the battles of our nation, but we were the kind of soldiers out of which the heroic is born.

Many carried muskets one, two and three years as privates and were commissioned to command a company, regiment and a brigade before they

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Fought by School Boys

were 21 years of age. This only shows the caliber of the young men and boys who won the victories for Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

THE men and boys who gave greatness to this invincible army were the product of a new and virgin country. They were the artisans who conquered a wilderness and developed a civilization, the marvel of which the world had never known.

This army of the Union had in its ranks 500,000 sons born under alien skies—175,000 Germans from the fatherland; 125,000 Irish, whose Celtic blood was in the atoning sacrifice; 50,000 English, who took up the march from Yorktown, abandoned by England's best troops October, 1781, under the flag they failed to conquer; 50,000 came from the neighboring homes of British America; 75,000 came from alien climes throughout the known world. These 500,000 were the best yeomen of foreign lands; they hated kings and loved liberty. Who can measure the humanity thus marshaled for war?

The war lasted 1,440 days and for each day there came out of peace to war 1,500 men. The people of this day have no conception of what the war that saved the Union was. The men lost in the war would people the city of Racine with men six times—359,528.

In a single battle of a few days the nervous energy of accumulated years was exhausted. A lifetime was compressed into a day. Supernal defiance was in every heart.

The Confederates lost an equal number.

In the Union army one battle of the Civil war equaled in loss all the battle losses of all our wars from the Revolution to the war with Mexico. In our war of 1861-5 our loss exceeded the loss of England's sons in her wars for 800 years, before the World war.

Forty thousand Union soldiers perished in southern prisons from July 1, 1863, to the close of the war in 1865.

At Salisbury, N. C., 10,700 Union prisoners are buried in five trenches, and not a single name is known. In these prisons the greatest of patriotism was exhibited. Every man who died, whether from hunger, exposure or disease, might have saved his life by taking an oath of allegiance to the Confederacy; but not so; 40,000, rather than dishonor the uniform and the flag, went to nameless graves.

THE Civil war was instructive in the severe tests it enjoined. Let me give you a picture of this service. Four years of relentless discipline had molded the raw recruit into the invincible veteran. Then every soldier was baptized with the spirit of war. Each man was transformed from indifference into heroic resolution. As the final test approached, a spell of invincible power came upon each. The weak became strong; the doubting hopeful. The spirit of the heroic touched the rank and file of the whole army.

In a single battle of a few hours the nervous energy of accumulated years was exhausted. A lifetime was compressed into a day. Supernal defiance was in every heart, as two civilizations waited for their lives. Men felt not their wounds; gladly died; or living—they knew not how—seeming to be immortal.

The awful majesty of conquest was upon them, until out of the fiery tempest of death, the greater army prevailed, and the nobler cause was crowned with victory.

OUT of it all one thing is never to be forgotten—the tragedy of a battle—and only those who have played in the real tragedy know what it all means. I have seen some of the wonders of the world, and have watched the players on the mimic stage, but the carnage of the battlefield never can be dramatized. I have seen great mountains whose lofty peaks live high up in the blue of heaven, where snow eternal kisses the morning and noonday sun; and as evening shadows gather around these wondrous domes, the old orb of day sends back his gold-tipped fingers of dying light to toy with the evening stars.

Such is the tragedy of nature's glorious scenes. But the picture stands out eternally for the view of the beholder. Not so with Gettysburg or Chickamauga's bloody scenes. Here the curtain was let down to hide from mortal view the indescribable tragedy of the battlefield.

I have stood by the restless sea and listened to its deep tones murmuring, and watched great ocean waves start on shoreless journeys to break and foam amid the tempest of ocean tragedy; but no such scene compares with the tragedy in Mobile bay, where Admiral Farragut, lashed to the rigging of his ship, led the way to the greatest victory ever fought on any sea.

We who witnessed and played our part in some of these long departed scenes, remain yet a little while to tell all the world what must ere long become the legends of the passing years.

Where Ireland Buries Its Illu

Glasnevin Cemetery in Dublin, Wi of Jonathan Swift, Daniel O'Con Stewart Parnell and Richard Brins Is the Westminster Abbey of the

Over the remains of Daniel O'Connell, "The Liberator," just inside the entrance to Glasnevin cemetery, stands a huge round tower, a copy of the ancient towers which dot the island. In its shadow is the tomb of that other Irish patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell

THAT Westminster abbey is to England, Glasnevin cemetery is to Ireland. For, although it holds the bodies of hundreds of those who can lay no claim to fame or distinction, yet it also holds other hundreds whose names are written in gold across the pages of Irish history, and to the Irishman it is a hallowed and sacred spot. It is in the suburbs of Dublin on the banks of the historic Liffey.

Here the poet and the patriot, the learned and the brave, the unlearned and the unknown, all mingle their dust in the last long sleep. The little shopkeeper lies beside the warrior, the uncultured peasant beside the peer, the political enemy beside his opponent.

From the numerous great trees and shrubs that grow so profusely through the cemetery come the exquisite notes of the thrush and linnet, the higher and even more melodious tones of the lark, the gay song of the robin redbreast and the deep, throaty tones of the blackbird.

Thousands of monuments cover the cemetery, some shining in their newness, many showing plainly the heavy hand of time. On some, the inscription stands out in bold relief; others are so warn by wind and weather that the lettering is almost indecipherable.

THE largest memorial in the cemetery was erected to the memory of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot. It stands near the entrance gates and is most imposing and beautiful. It is a round tower and in the tomb at its base one is permitted to view the casket where O'Connell's body was placed in 1847.

Daniel O'Connell was one of Ireland's most distinguished leaders. He was known as "The Liberator." He was born in County Kerry in 1775 and was admitted to the Irish bar in 1798, one of the stormiest years in Irish history. He soon rose to eminence and became world known for his wonderful gift of oratory. During all the years of his public life he fought for the welfare of Ireland, and many later reforms in laws governing the country were due in a great measure to his splendid work.

A tomb of particular interest to the traveler is that of Jonathan Swift. Swift was born in Dublin in 1667 and died in 1745. Although of English parentage, he was always a friend of the Irish people and did many things to gain their lasting gratitude. A great part of his life was spent in Ireland and the influence of the country permeated his writings.

Few go away from Glasnevin without a visit to the monument erected to the memory of Charles Stewart Parnell, for many years leader of the Irish political party in the British parliament. The memory of Parnell is precious to the Irish people and the tragic events that led to his death claim their sympathy.

Parnell was of American descent on the maternal side, his mother being the daughter of Rear Admiral Stewart of the United States navy.

At the very height of his political career, Parnell's name was involved in a scandal, and his reputation and influence were so shattered by it that he was deposed as leader of the Irish party. His love for Kitty O'Shea, the wife of Capt. O'Shea, turned public opinion against Parnell, and the strain and worry of what his proud spirit endured led to his untimely death. But Ireland cherishes the memory of his many years of service and love, and pities the weakness that led to his downfall.

GLASNEVIN also holds the remains of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Sheridan was born in Dublin in 175 and died in 1816. Although he wrot and produced many plays, hi fam rests chiefly on two comedies, "Th School for Scandal" and "The Rivals. Sheridan also won a name as an ora tor while he served in parliament.

The graves of the poets are numerous. Everywhere they are scattered through the cemetery, telling the story of the singing sons of Erin.

One of the most stirring ballads of Irish history "The Rising of the Moon" was written by John Keegan Casey. It was around this song that Lady Gregory's play, "The Rising of the Moon," was written. There is a long inscription on the stone which marks the place where Casey sleeps and the words, "Died St. Patrick's day, 1870, in the cause of Irish freedom" speak fo themselves.

James Clarence Mangan, one of the immediate forerunners of the Irish literary revival, rests in Glasnevin Mangan was a poet of genius and his entering the vast field of Irish legend led many poets to follow in his footsteps. Some of his verse is filled wit tears; perhaps the sorrow and squalo of his own life is party accountable this. The best known of his poem "Dark Rosaleen," a poem of passio theme. "Dark Rosaleen" is one o many names symbolic of suffering land. Irish poets seem to have t a particular delight in giving names to the country of their love.

Many of Ireland's poets are bu in other lands, but Ireland pays t

lustrious Dead

Wn Its Tombs
Cowell, Charles
Brinsey Sheridan
the Emerald Isle

homage in monuments erected in Glasnevin and through other parts of Dublin. Statues of Thomas Moore and Oliver Goldsmith stand outside Trinity college, where there is also a statue of Edmund Burke.

A STONE of recent date bears the simple inscription: "Michael Davitt, died May 30, 1906; born, Straide, Davitt, Died May 30, 1906; Born, Straide, County Mayo, 1846." Davitt is remembered as the founder of the Irish Land league. In his early childhood he had witnessed the eviction of his parents from their home, and the event so embittered his life that he was filled with a hatred of everything English, and with a burning desire to end landlordism and its attendant evils. For his work along these lines he was imprisoned twice, but on coming out of prison he continued his bitter campaign and fought with every ounce of his strength in behalf of the Irish tenant farmer. Davitt was a prolific writer, too, but the great bitterness that had cast its shadow over his life was reflected in everything he wrote.

The passion of Irishmen for freedom and liberty took a heavy toll from the sons of the country. To die for the land that they loved seemed to be an easy thing for them to do and their deeds of valor and daring are uncountable. A monument that brings back a tragic day in Irish history is erected to the memory of Allan, Larkin and O'Brien, three Irishmen who were hanged at Manchester, England, on Nov. 23, 1867. No event stirred Ireland to greater depths than the conviction and hanging of these three Irishmen and the story that they went to the scaffold singing "God Save Ireland," added to the fury that swept through the island. The inscription on their stone, "God Save Ireland," pays tribute to this last deed of their love.

SOMEONE who must have loved the birds and the flowers and the sunshine lies in one of the quietest and most beautiful spots in the cemetery. A great tree towers above the grave and all around there is a profusion of beautiful flowers. The inscription on the monument speaks for itself:

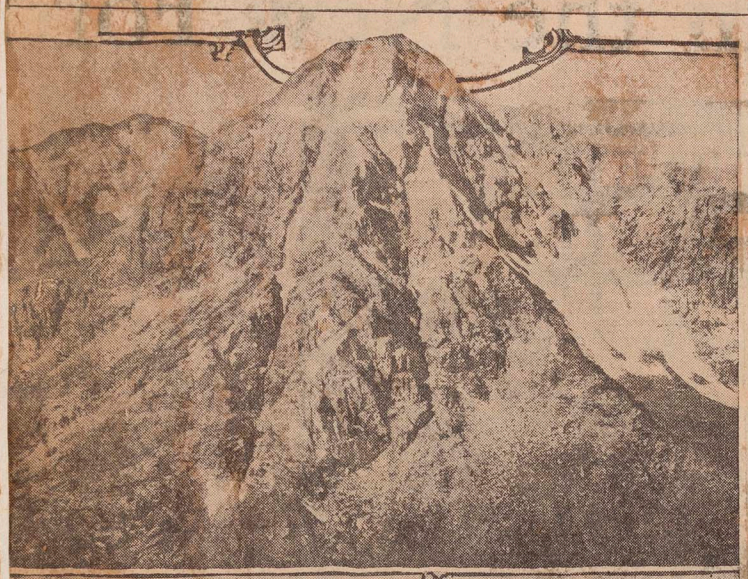
The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer to God in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

This and many other graves in the cemetery have perpetual care. Money has been deposited to provide that these resting places of the dead shall be kept as they should be as long as Ireland lives.

Two spots of particular sadness are those where the bodies of the republican and Free State soldiers repose. Divided in life by their beliefs of what was best for Ireland, these sons of Erin now sleep in the same cemetery, with only a small space of ground between them.

Trinity college, Dublin. Outside the college the Irish have erected monuments to the memory of their illustrious sons who are buried on foreign soil

God's Handiwork in throwing the towering crests of the Rockies into the azure Colorado skies bears a magnificent seal—a cross of virgin snow. It is proposed to make the Mount of the Holy Cross, shown in the top picture, a holy shrine to which devout Christians of all lands could come on pilgrimages and to establish there a vast stadium in which the pilgrims could gather to pray and worship. The picture at the bottom shows a party of horsemen advancing up the tortuous mountain trail to the cross of snow. The trail would be made over into a readily traversible mountain highway under the proposed plan.



GROUP TO VISIT HOLY CROSS MOUNT TO PLAN WORLD SHRINE

Movement to Make Wonderful Work of Nature the Greatest Gathering Place for Christians Everywhere Is Being Backed by Denver Post.

(By ALBERT E. HAYES.)

What Oberammergau means to Europe, what Mecca means to the Moslem world, what the Holy Sepulcher means to the Christian or King Tut's tomb to Egypt, the sacred Mount of the Holy Cross in Colorado may come to mean to the entire world wherever the holy cross is the symbol of worship. Colorado has been wonderfully blessed by nature in a thousand ways, but the Mount of the Holy Cross seems to be paramount as a supreme blessing of Omnipotence.

Unfailing as the seasons and eternal as truth itself, the Holy Cross of Colorado is forever visible almost three miles in the air as an everlasting reminder to all the world of that spiritual hope that transcends all earthly fears. Gigantic in proportions, 1,200 feet high and 400 feet broad, it towers compellingly above the neighboring hills and valleys, visible to the naked eye for fifty miles.

According to ancient tradition handed down by the Utes, the first white man who ever set eyes on the holy symbol was the pious Franciscan friar, Anselmo, victim of repentance for a fancied crime, who wandered to the base of the majestic symbol of his faith and found eternal peace and rest at the foot of the Holy Cross and within intimate vision of the Adoring Angel, that marvelous figure by the side of the cross, with snow white garments outspread in a posture of eternal worship. At the base of the cross by the beautiful little lake now known as the Bowl of Tears, the holy pilgrim is said to have lived for several years, nourished by friendly Indians, finding absolution in the waters of the sacred bowl, and finally a lone burial at the hands of his red-skinned friends who held him to be a prophet of good omen. Such is the legend woven about the Mount of the Holy Cross by Indian tradition.

POST BACKS MOVE FOR GREAT SHRINE.

Many millions of white men have gazed upon this glory of the Rockies since the good friar passed to his reward, millions of people have been inspired by the sacred white sign and now the time seems near when all humanity will know and give spiritual recognition to this marvelous sign manual of world redemption. Colorado still is young, with all the future ahead of her, with great deeds to accomplish, but with none more worthy than that of perpetuating and making famous the Shrine of the Holy Cross.

To further the project of bringing the Mount of the Holy Cross to the attention of the entire world, The Denver Post will bend all its efforts and influence. The Post will leave no stone unturned to acquaint the entire christian world with the necessity of developing this project.

To the Mount of the Holy Cross may in time come pilgrimages from all the cities and towns of the world, from all creeds, faiths and denominations that recognize the cross as the symbol of all holy things and the divine fingermark of salvation. The cross is everywhere recognized as nonsectarian and so for all time will this beacon of worship stand as a welcome shrine to peoples of all denominations, all religions. The cross is the one common sign of unity for all denominations of Christendom.

It is a remarkable fact of sacred history that providence has always chosen a mountain peak for the greatest demonstrations of diety. On Mount Sinai, Moses received the tablets of the law and heard the voice of God; Mount Olympus was the fabled home of the gods; Mount Olivet and Mount Calvary are sacred names in history and the great teachers of men, including Christ and Mohammed, retired frequently to a mountain top to obtain their revelations. So it is that on the summit of one of America's most lofty peaks, the finger of the Almighty has imprinted in snowy white the sign of salvation.

It is another peculiar fact that the sacred places of the earth are almost always secluded and far removed from the busy thorofares of men, the clamors of commerce and the busy throngs of city streets. All the more fitting are such places for a great pilgrimage, for a pilgrimage is something that implies self-sacrifice. The Mount of the Holy Cross is in the heart of Colorado's mountains and not easily accessible at the present time and this fact makes it doubly significant to the devout worshiper.

To make the Mount of the Holy Cross accessible to the world and the most popular shrine of public worship in America is a task that will involve a great labor of love and devotion. The horseback trail that now leads to the base of the mountain and the Bowl of Tears will have to be replaced by a broad and smooth highway open to the world and capable of accommodating thousands of pilgrims at one time.

GREAT AMPHITHEATER IS PROPOSED.

The great amphitheater that nature has spread at the point of greatest vantage for a view of the cross will have to be transformed into a real modern amphitheater that will seat thousands of worshipers in comfort. Shelter houses will have to be erected and many other structures completed for the comfort of the weary pilgrims.

A good start has been made in the direction of this development, for it is now ten years since the first Mount of the Holy Cross association was organized.

In 1927, a pilgrimage of 100 persons was conducted to the foot of the famous mountain by Dr. C. A. Randell of Minturn. At Red Cliff, Colo., is an organization under the leadership of O. W. Daggett, bent on developing the idea of popular pilgrimages.

In Denver there recently was formed a special committee for the same purpose, composed of Ira Lute, secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; O. L. Duggan, head of the Boy Scouts; Miss May Stubblefield, secretary of the Campfire Girls; John Kendrick, president of the Colorado Mountain club; the Rev. J. G. McElhinney, president of the Minis-

terial alliance; H. I. Schofield, assistant traffic manager of the Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad; E. W. Tinker of the United States forestry service; C. Parks of the First National bank and Warren E. Boyer of the Denver tourist bureau.

This committee will co-operate with the organized forces at Red Cliff and Minturn and early in May will make a visit to the Mount of the Holy Cross and investigate the conditions with the idea of making recommendations as to what is needed to carry out the work of development.

The people who have kept this great vision in mind for several years realize that there is a gigantic opportunity for public service and also that the task is not going to be an easy one. All worthwhile tasks present difficulties but the spirits behind the present movement believe that faith will remove mountains and that Colorado soon will be active in a movement that in time will make her more world famous than she ever imagined in the past.

The Denver committee that will visit the Mount of the Holy Cross in May will be taken care of by the people of Minturn, who will provide saddle horses for the trip over the horseback trail to the sacred shrine. The men composing this committee are well acquainted with the great outdoor world and well versed in all the details that make mountin camping enjoyable and comfortable.

MODERN HIGHWAY MAY BE BUILT.

The United States forestry service already has set aside a great area for the special purpose of dedicating it in perpetuity to the pilgrims of the Cross and the state highway department has been interested in the idea of building a modern highway to the spot from the nearest and most accessible location on the main highway.

A great pilgrimage of 1,000 persons is planned for this summer—probably about the middle of July when the days are longest and the pilgrims will encounter the least possible hardships and the greatest degree of enjoyment. Their objective will be the immense natural amphitheater that nature has spread at the base of the mountain in full view of the Holy Cross, the White Angel and the Bowl of Tears.

There are only two places where the cross can be viewed perfectly. First there is the closeup view from Evangeline's monument on Notch mountain where W. H. Jackson, the governmet surveyor, took his famous picture fifty-five years ago. At that point there is no level ground for a concourse of people, but across the valley is the natural amphitheater where an equally clear view of the cross can be obtained and at the same time ample room for the accommodation of large crowds and the development of a really modern shrine ground.

URGED AS SITE FOR SHRINE.

This spot was discovered several years ago by Father Carrigan, O. W. Daggett, H. H. French, then forest supervisor; Ben L. Cross, O. W. Randell, M. J. Fahy and others, all of whom unite in the opinion that it is the ideal spot for a shrine of the Holy Cross.

Some day an artistic cathedral may adorn this shrine with a chime of silver bells that will call the faithful to prayer and furnish beautiful music in harmony with the magnificence of the scenic surroundings. Some day the shrine ground may be equipped with a great stadium facing the Holy Cross so that the eyes of the entire multitude may be bent in common adoration on the holy insignia while the souls of the worshipers are uplifted by the strains of sacred music and the orations of inspired religious leaders who will come from all parts of the earth to unite in worship and contribute their oratory to the glory of the Almighty. Then will the prospective Oberammergau of America be an accomplished achievement.

In this grand vision of the future, your Denver Post is deeply and heartily interested. To the advancement of this great ideal it will devote its columns and moral support. A pilgrimage this summer should by all means be arranged and every year thereafter the event should be repeated. The first pilgrimage will become historic and will be perpetuated in pictures and movie dramas.

LITTLE BLACK HEN

Seems that worms are getting scarcer, and I cannot find enough,
Said the little red rooster, "Gosh all hemlock," things are tough,
What's become of all those fat ones is a mystery to me;
There were thousands through that rainy spell—but now where can they be?"

The old black hen who heard him, didn't grumble or complain,
She had gone through lots of dry spells, she had lived through floods of rain,
So she flew up on the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet,
As she said, "I've never seen the time there weren't worms to get."

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm.
The little rooster jeered, "New ground; that's no place for a worm!"
The old black hen just spread her feet, she dug both fast and free,
"I must go to the worms," she said; "the worms won't come to me."

The rooster vainly spent the day, through habit, by the ways
Where fat worms had passed in squads back in the rainy days.
When nightfall found him supperless, he groaned in accents rough,
"I'm hungry as a fowl can be; conditions sure are tough."

He turned then to the old black hen and said, "It's worse with you,
For you're not only hungry but you must be tired too.
I rested while I watched for worms, so I feel fairly perk;
But how are you? Without worms, too? And after all that work?"

The old black hen hopped to her perch and dropped her eyes to sleep,
And murmured in a drowsy tone, "Young man, hear this and weep,
I'm full of worms and happy, for I've dined both long and well,
The worms are there as always—but I had to dig like hell!"

Oh, here and there red roosters still are holding sales positions,
They cannot do much business now because of poor conditions.
But soon as things get right again they'll sell a hundred firms—
Meanwhile the old black hens are out and gobbling up the worms.

Author Unknown

A smart lumber woods rig of the eighties

Oh the day 'twas appointed and soon t'would draw nigh
And twenty-five dollars their fortunes to try.
So eager and anxious next morning was found,
The judges and scalers appeared on the ground.
With a whoop and a yell McGlosky came into view,
With his big spotted steers, the pet of the crew,
Said he, "Chew your cuds, boys, and keep your mouths full,
For you easy can beat them, those little brown bulls."

And along came bold Gordon with a pipe in his jaw,
With his little brown bulls, and he hollered "Whoa, haw!"
But little did we think, when we saw him come down,
That a hundred and forty he would jerk around.
On the day it was over, the sun had gone down,
"Turn out, boys, turn out," our foreman did shout
"For we've counted and scaled each man to his team,
And well do we see which one kicked the beam."

When supper was over McGlosky appeared
With a ready made belt for his big spotted steers,
He swore he'd conducted according to law,
And for to make it ripped up his mackinaw.
"But hold on," says the scaler, "Hold on, you, awhile
Your big spotted steers are behind just a mile!
For you've skidded a hundred and ten and no more,
While Gordon has beat you by ten and a score!"

Oh the boys they all hollered! McGlosky did swear!
And pulled out in handfuls his long yellow hair.
Says he to bold Gordon, "My dollars I'll pull,
And you take the belt for your little brown bulls."
So here's health to bold Gordon and Sandberry John,
For the biggest day's work on the river is done.
So fill up your glasses and fill them up full,
And drink to good health and the little brown bulls!

" It's the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand in mine,
Which means far more in this world of strife
Than shelter or bread or wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
But the touch of your hand and the sound of your voice
Sings on in the soul evermore."

"From David's lips this word did roll,
'Tis true and living yet;
No man can save his brother's soul:
Nor pay his brother's debt."

Heroic Contest for Bovine Supremacy of the North Woods Was Theme of Ballad Popular in Wisconsin Lumber Camps of the Eighties

For years Sam McGlosky and Andy McDonald, his chainer, held the championship for skidding logs. But one day a couple of Yankees, Seth Gordon and Sandberry Johnson, his chainer, arrived in camp with their team of little brown bulls. The shanty song describes the thrilling battle for "the belt" in timber so large that three logs scaled 1,000 feet. It is printed here just as it was copied by one of the "shanty boys" who sang it almost a half century ago.

Not a thing on the river McGlosky did fear
As he slung his gourd stick o'er his big spotted steers.
They were young, sound and handsome girting eight foot and three;
Says McGlosky, the Scotchman, "They're the laddies for me!"
And next came bold Gordon, who of skidding was full,
As he hollered, "Whoa, haw!" to his little brown bulls.
Short legged and shaggy, girting six foot and nine—
"Too light," says McGlosky to handle our pine!"

It was three to the thousand our contract did call;
Our skidding was good and our timber was tall.
McGlosky, he swore he'd make the day full
And skid two to one for the little brown bulls.
"Now that," says bold Gordon, "you never can do!
Though I well know your steers are the pet of the crew;
But mind you my laddie, you'll have your hands full
If you skid one log more than my little brown bulls!"

"When supper was over . . . ."

Says McGlosky to Andy, "We'll take off their skins,
We'll dig them a hole and we'll tumble them in!
We'll show that damn Yankee a trace of old Scot,
We'll fix up a dose that we'll feed to them hot!"

Then up spake bold Gordon with blood in his eye,
He swore he would conquer McGlosky or die.
Says Johnson to Gordon, "You need never fear
For you'll never get beat by the big spotted steers."

"So drink to good health and the little brown bulls"

Seasickness Finally Yields to Science

For the first time since Noah popularized ocean travel, trips may be planned this season without fear of seasickness.

Five years ago two scientists began a study of the vestibular mechanism which controls balance and equilibrium in the human body. They discovered that seasickness results from overstimulation of the vestibular nerve by the unusual motion of a ship at sea.

Further research revealed the fact that small doses of sodium nitrate have a directly calming influence to this nerve of balance until the body learns to automatically adjust itself to the heave and roll of a moving vessel.

Extensive tests in all sorts of weather, covering all manners of travelers, men and women, in both large and small ships, under the most varied weather conditions have proved beyond doubt the efficacy of this type of treatment. Tests in the air also produced favorable results.

Let nothing trouble thee.
Let nothing frighten thee.
All things pass away.
God never changes.
Patience obtains all things.
Nothing is wanting to him who possesses God.
God alone suffices.

History Says Ireland Once Melting Pot

DUBLIN, Ireland, Jan. 27. — Ireland in ages past was apparently a melting pot of races, just as America is today. Research work presented before the Cumann Literadha of the National university of Dublin, indicates that the mixed collection of the modern Irishman's ancestors range from early migrations of Iberian to Scandinavian peoples.

One early intrusion of Mediterranean people settled in the valley of the Shannon. Another group came from the area of the Marne. Toward the end of the bronze age people from the Loire valley settled in eastern Ireland.

—Photo by Johnson, Waupun

Dedicate Famous Statue at Waupun

'eproduction in bronze of "The End of the Trail," Je Earle Fraser's masterpiece, with which he won in ational fame at the Panama-Pacific exposition at Francisco in 1915, is to be dedicated at Waupun Sui The statue, mounted on a stone base so as to ook the Rock river, is the gift of C. A. Shaler, Wa manufacturer, to his home city. The original stat f temporary construction, was disassembled after the exposition and Fraser lacked the funds to reproduce it in lasting form. The statue depicts a horse and rider, drooped in great exhaustion at the end of the day, and epitomizes the American Indian crowded by the white man to the "end of the trail" at the Pacific ocean. Mr. Shaler's kindred sympathy with Mr. Fraser for the Indian and his desire to give the sculptor a chance to reproduce his masterpiece led him to choose the statue for his gift to Waupun.

As the beloved Longfellow so truly wrote:

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

CHILDREN OF SPRINGTIME.

The red cheeked dolls that children loved
And toys that once enthralled them
Are cast aside for field and wood.
Dear tots! Outdoors has called them.

The dolls' gold locks are curled no more,
Their worn clothes left unmended;
Their flaxen cheeks have gathered dust—
Poor dolls—they are untended.

Their little mothers romp afar;
The dolls, they will not miss them—
The children heard sweet springtime's song
And left their toys behind them.

DREAM-WEAVER.

Have you seen her, have you seen her, in the mild mid-summer eve,
When the mist is on the meadows and the purple shadows weave?
She is sleeping on the hillside, and her hair is all the sky
When the gold and citron cloudlets of the dusk go swimming by.

Oh, you'll find no merry lady with her glittering eyes alive,
And you won't be touching hands there, though your velvet fingers strive;
And your flesh-eyes will not see her, for she dwells forevermore
In the magic tracts of Vision, whom the poets call Lenore.

Last Mohican Is Still Living

Wisconsin Man End of Line of Sachems of Vanishing Tribe

BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL

Shawano, Wis.—Those who have mourned with James Fennimore Cooper the death of Uncas, "The Last of the Mohicans," will find it hard to believe that the famous tribe is not extinct and that the young sachem who was the hero of the great author's tale has a counterpart in Wisconsin who is not only possessed of the sterling qualities depicted in the novel but is what Uncas purported to be, the last sachem of the Mohicans.

The dwindling remnant of the famous Mohican tribe, now known as the Stockbridge Indians, makes its home in the town of Red Springs, Shawano county. Its leader is Uhm-Pa-Tuth, known to his white friends as Samuel A. Miller, who lives with his family in a little cabin about three miles from Gresham, on the trail over which the Indians once carried mail from Green Bay to Wausau.

A Carlisle Graduate

The story of the once powerful Mohicans, called by the French the "Wolves," is an epic of a vanishing race. When first known to the whites, their council fire was at Schodac, on an island near Albany, N. Y. Forty villages were included in their territory and they were carrying on a savage warfare with the warlike Mohawks. They now occupy part of a township, including the village of Red Springs, and number about 330.

Outstanding among them is Uhm-Pa-Tuth, their sachem, to whom they look for advice and leadership. The tribal council called 16 years ago to choose a successor to the present chief's father, Zachariah Miller (Wa-Tuhnk-Nuhkt) chose wisely when it placed the symbolical headdress upon the level head of Uhm-Pa-Tuth, then 33.

Fitted by his education at Carlisle college, from which he was graduated in 1902, and by his judicial temperament to deal on a basis of equality with the whites who were crowding his people, he has labored incessantly for the welfare of his tribe, and many are the poor Mohicans who have learned from Uhm-Pa-Tuth the strange workings of the white man's laws and the dangers which lurk in the white man's fire-water.

Works for School

About 5 feet 10 inches tall, with erect carriage and keen, intelligent eyes gazing boldly from a kind and strong face, the sachem of the Mohicans looks every inch a chief. His first interest of late years has been the small mission boarding school conducted at Red Springs by the Missouri synod of the Lutheran church. To arouse interest in the mission and raise funds for its enlargement Uhm-Pa-Tuth has traveled over the United States to lecture before councils of his church and over the radio on the needs of the school. Last week he attended a Lutheran council in Chicago.

No single tribe of American Indians has a more interesting history than the Mohicans, whose wigwams once dotted the banks of the swift flowing Housatonic. Its chiefs won distinction from the white man in recognition of their friendly service. Their warriors have fallen on the battlefields of every war which has roused the patriot to arms. They fought with the colonists in the French and Indian war and through the Revolution. Their graves were

Last Mohican

James Fenimore Cooper was wrong when he described one of his heroes as "The Last of the Mohicans." The remnant of the tribe, now known as the Stockbridge Indians, lives just outside the Keshena reservation and one of the few remaining full blooded Mohicans is Uhm-Pa-Tuth, the last sachem of the tribe, which has disbanded. To his white friends he is Samuel A. Miller.

THE FARMER AND THE WEATHER

'Twas a farmer man who thus began
To tell a tale of woe:
"There use ter be fine weather," said he,
"But it wuz long ago.

"I truly say the fust o' May
We always planted corn,
An' furthermore on July four
'Twas tossled, sure's you're born.

"Then June wuz hot right from the dot,
The days wuz warm an' fair.
An' on the fust we knew we must
Peel off our underwear.

"In springtime now we start to plow,
In May, an' plant in June,
At that, I fear, we're mighty near
Beginnin' a month too soon.

"Now June is wet an' cold, you bet!
Ez cold ez all geewhiz,
Yes June is jest a time o' pest
Fer flu an' rumatiz."

"Old man, your yell," I said, "may tell
What I sadly fear is truth;
Though all things might seem nearer right
Could we renew our youth."

But with good will the farmer still
Did at the weather cuss;
"To me 'tis clear, for forty year
It hez bin gittin' wuss."

And still he spoke with doleful croak—
As hoarse as any crow—
"There use ter be good weather," said he,
"'Bout fifty year ago."

A. H. PERKINS.
[Waukesha]

Rings In Tree Trunks Furnish Professor With Close Check On Weather Conditions

Tuscon, Ariz.—More than a quarter century of patient study of the rings in tree trunks have satisfied Prof. Andrew E. Douglass, of the University of Arizona, that trees record the history of the weather.

Rainfall, temperature and other meterological conditions of the past, Prof. Andrews is convinced, can be ascertained from a study of the growth-rings of old trees.

Prof. Douglass began his investigations by taking ring measurements of 25 yellow pines which grow in the arid region of northern Arizona. After carefully measuring the thickness of every ring in all the trees, making some 10,000 measurements, and fixing their dates, he examined the rainfall records available for the locality.

The agreements between ring growth and rainfall was striking.

Tell Food and Droughts

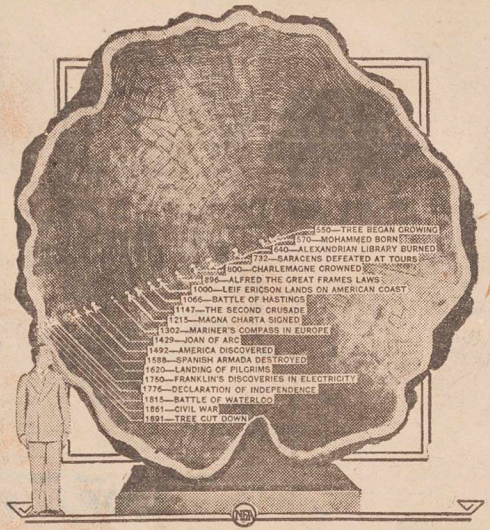
He also checked his records with every statement of weather, freshets and crop failures made by the historian Bancroft in his accounts of the settlement of Arizona and New Mexico. Particularly noticeable was the accord in the matter of the Rio Grande flood of 1680, the famine of 1680 to 1690, and the droughts of 1748, 1780 and 1820-23.

In all the trees examined, the rings of the date of 1851 were unusually narrow while those formed in 1868, and again in 1898, were unusually broad. Moreover the period 1879-1884, as recorded in the Arizona pines, was indicated by a group of rings so narrow that it was easy to pick them out on old stumps where no measurement had been taken.

By locating this particular group of narrow rings on one stump, Dr. Douglass was able to [illegible] the year when the tree was felled, a date which was verified by the owner of the land who remembered the circumstance.

Dr. Douglass' methods have been of help to Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale University, in his study of the sequoias of California. Dr. Huntington possessed the rings of the stumps of 451 trees whose dates of cuttings were known.

Some of the trees were only a few hundred years old when felled. Nearly a hundred were close to two thousand years old. Three had lived more than 3,000 years; the rings of the oldest recorded 3,210 years.



This section of sequoia, which is in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, reveals its history by its rings. Its size is shown by comparison with the man alongside.

Lived in Ancient Times

Commenting on their age, Dr. Huntington says:

"Huge as the sequoias are, their size is scarcely so wonderful as their age. A tree that has lived 500 years is still in its early youth. One that has rounded out 1,000 summers and winters is only in full maturity. Old age for the sequoias does not come for 17 or 18 centuries.

"In the days of the Trojan War and the Exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt, this oldest tree (the one measured) was a sturdy sapling with stiff, prickly foliage like that of a cedar, but far more come the trees had lost the hard, sharp pines of youth and were thoroughly mature.

"The oldest tree of the group appears to have been almost killed by prolonged drought at the very time when various lines of evidence indicate a dry period in lands around the eastern Mediterranean. In the Bible this dry period seems to be recorded in the so-called plagues that Moses is reported to have brought upon Egypt."

Dame Nature

Would you learn of nature.
And all her wisdom prove,
Understand her secrets,
Comprehend her love?
Would you know the service
Of rythm and refrain?
Walk with the diurnal sun
And the tramping rain.

To reach her sanctuary
Where inspiration dwells,
Her morning revelations,
Her twilight oracles,
Your eyes must wear her sea-hues
Your cheek her season's tan
Your bearing the calm leisure
Of her starry caravan.

Learn the swing of snowshoes,
Time as time you must-
The axe-stroke in the woodlot,
The hoof-beat in the dust,
Dip and swing of paddle,
Thrust of setting-pole,
These will give you poise and fligh
These will make you whole.

The waving grass shall show you
The highway to her door.
Every singing river
Chants her enticing lore.
He twelve great winds come seeking
To teach you line by line
The harmonies of her sense and soul
In music of the pine.

They shall share Nature's rapture
Who tread her wilding ytails,
Her desert stars will guide them
Whe every false flare fails.
Her wondrous heart is never
From wondering hearts estranged,
And you shall find at journey's end
Her smiling grace unchanged.

Jim Porter

THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any particular plan,
Not blest with any particular luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck
When asked a question he does not "guess,"
He knows and answers "no" or "yes,"
When set to a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he puts it through.
So he works and waits; till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay.
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.
For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks—
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries.

BLAMELESS

Let me smile, but let me smile
Not at my friends but with my friends.
Yes, let me laugh a little while,
But not if someone's laughter ends.
Let not my gain be someone's loss,
Let not my crown be someone's cross.
I cannot see the joy of things
If joy it takes, not joy it brings.

Let me rise to some success,
But not if I must push aside
Some other fellow in life's press,
Some brother who as bravely tried.
For this is what makes betting sin:
The rest must lose for me to win.
The only laughter worth the name
Is laughter with no blush of shame.

MILDRED AND I.

When dusk falls over the city,
And bedtime's blight draws near,
With its hint of long leavetakings
And subtle omens of fear,

She climbs on my knee, beguiling
With wiles wee maidens employ,
And pleads "tell a story, Daddum,
Of when you were a little boy."

So I drag out of memory's attic
The wraith of a graceless lad,
Whose face was begrimed and befreckled,
Whose manners were rather bad;

And I place him against a background
Of meadow and forest and stream,
And strive to envision the glamour
Of dreams that he used to dream.

I can't make a hero of him—
This urchin of long ago;
But, somehow, she seems to love him,
And, somehow, she seems to know:

He is her little knight errant,
As over the years they ride
To the land of enchantment and childhood,
Where dragons and dreams abide.

At each new droll adventure
She laughs till her brave eyes shine,—
I turn my head so she cannot see
The hint of a tear in mine.

AN EVEN BREAK

I'm not much given to askin' heaven
To spend all its time on me,
To soothe my pillow, to calm the billow
Whenever I put to sea.
I do some prayin' and now-I-layin'
And askin' my-soul-to-take;
But joy I'll pay for, here's all I pray for:
Just gimme an even break.

The saints, I figger, have somethin' bigger
To tend to, than my affairs.
They must get dizzy, they're kept so busy
With various kinds of pray'rs.
Some folks want money, like bees hunt honey,
And never a care nor ache;
I ask no favors, no special flavors—
Just gimme an even break.

When I have trouble I'll just work double,
A little bit harder yet.
For I'm not given to botherin' heaven
With all of the bumps I get.
I'll bear the cross's, I'll take the losses
That ev'ryone else must take,
And all I say is, whatever the play is,
Just gimme an even break.

Chief and Wife to Greet Tribesmen at Campsite

Le Meres Will Dwell Adjacent to Wild Life Sanctuary on Shore of Lake Monona

FROM THE JOURNAL'S MADISON BUREAU

Madison, Wis.—When Wisconsin's Indians return this summer to their ancestral hunting grounds at Ne-ru-rucha-ja, the 22-acre wooded tract provided for them along the south shore of Lake Monona, they will find two of their own people to greet them. Cho-no-ka-hun-ka and his wife, Wakan-ja-ska-winkaw, both descendants of a long line of Winnebago chiefs, have pitched their own wigwam right next to the tribal campsite and are awaiting the arrival of the pilgrim bands from the north.

Ne-rucha-ja, "the river crossing," was the original site of a Winnebago village. The land was purchased last year by the Lake Monona Wild Life Sanctuary association, which includes among its members about a dozen Indians, and is to be developed into a woodland tract with wild flowers and other native plant life. All Wisconsin Indians have been invited to camp there as long as they care each year and the first pilgrimage in large numbers is expected this summer.

Got Job as Capitol Guide

Among their neighbors the reception committee of two are known as Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Le Mere. They have built a permanent wigwam, just like those of their pale face neighbors, and expect to stay in Madison many winters. With that prospect in view Mr. Le Mere has obtained a job as guide in the tower of the state capitol.

Cho-no-ka-hun-ka, of the Bear clan Chief, isn't just another capitol guide. He was educated at Carlisle Indian school 25 years ago and is the author of an Indian folklore book now on the presses of a Chicago publisher. He traces his ancestry back to Oliver Armell, the French trader who established the first trading post at Madison about 1836. Le Mere relates how Armell met another trader in Quebec and saw among the collection of pelts and woven goods a beautiful sash of unusual design which the latter brought out of Wisconsin with him.

"He inquired of the trapper where he had obtained it and remarked that such a squaw ought to make someone a good wife," Le Mere said, delving into his tribal history. "Then he went forthwith and met the Orphan Girl, daughter of the Wolf clan, and married her."

Descendant of Princess

Armell lived with the Winnebagoes along the four lakes and when they were sent by the federal government to a reservation in Nebraska, he went with them.

Mrs. Le Mere, the White Thunder Woman, is a direct descendant of the Indian princess, Glory of the Morning, who married the French trapper, the Chevalier des Carries, before the American revolution. That romance has been dramatized by Prof. William Ellery Leonard of the University of Wisconsin and is one of the picturesque stories of early frontier history. Before she married Le Mere, the White Thunder Woman was Fannie Decora, whose ancestors, the Decora line of Winnebago chiefs, are traced back to Glory of the Morning and the French chevalier.

The Le Meres who live in a cottage adjacent to the sanctuary established for the use of the Indians, will have full charge of it. At least a dozen families of northern Wisconsin Indians have written to Charles E. Brown, curator of the state historical museum, commending the restoration of the camp site. All of them will come and bring others with us, they write.

Father

Used to wonder just why father
Never had much time for play.
Used to wonder why he'd rather
Work each minute of the day.
Used to wonder why he never
Loafed along the road and shirked;
Can't recall a time whenever
Father played while others worked.

Father didn't dress in fashion,
Sort of hated clothing new,
Style with him was not a passion,
He had other things in view.
Boys are blind to much that's going
On about 'em every day,
And I had no way of knowing
What became of father's pay.

All I knew was when I needed
Shoes, I got 'em on the spot;
Everything for which I pleaded,
Somehow, father always got.
Wondered, season after season,
Why he never took a rest,
And that I might be the reason
Then I never even guessed.

Father set a store on knowledge;
If he'd lived to have his way
He'd have sent me off to college
And the bills been glad to pay.
That, I know, was his ambition:
Now and then he used to say
He'd have done his earthly mission
On my graduation day.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler,
Didn't understand just why;
Saw his body growing frailer,
Then at last I saw him die.
Rest had come! His tasks were ended,
Calm was written on his brow;
Father's life was big and splendid,
And I understand it now. (Edgar A. Guest)

The Influence of Little Things

Drop a pebble in the water,
Just a splash and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples
Circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading from the center
Flowing on out to the sea,
And there's no way of telling
Where the end is going to be.
Drop a pebble in the water,
In a minute you forget;
But there's little waves still flowing
And there's ripples circling yet.
All the little ripples flowing,
To a mighty wave have grown;
You've disturbed a placid river,
Just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word or careless,
Just a splash and it is gone;
But there's a half a hundred ripples
Circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, spreading,
From the center as they flow—
And there is no way to stop them,
Once you've started them to go.
Drop an unkind word or careless,
In a minute you forget;
But there's little waves still flowing
And there's ripples circling yet.
And perhaps, in some good heart
A mighty wave of tears you've stirred,
And disturbed a life quite happy
When you dropped the unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and gladness,
Just a splash and it is gone;
But there's half a hundred ripples
Circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort
On each splashing, dashing wave.
Till you'd scarce believe the volume
Of the one kind word you gave.
Drop a word of cheer and gladness
In a minute you forget,
But gladness still is swelling
And deep joy is circling yet.
And you've rolled a wave of comfort,
Whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles and miles of water,
Just by dropping a kind word.

A Story of Behmus Heights.

Springfield Republican.

"Please tell us," said the boys who stood,
With eyes brimful of fun,
Beside their grandsire—"how you fought
Red-coats at Bennington;
And Col. Cilley's battle-tug
Over the twelve-pound gun."

"You've got a little mixed, my boys,
'Twas not at Bennington.
But Behmus Heights, where Cilley took
And christened that big gun;
And I was there and helped hurrah
When the brave deed was done.

"You see we'd been a-fighting hard
Through all the afternoon;
And 'mongst the trees a thousand balls
Still sung their deadly tune;
And shot and shell knocked bark and boughs
Over our whole platoon.

"We drove the red-coats rods away
And then they drove us back;
Briton and Yankee lay in scores
Along that bloody track;
And neither side would bate a jot—
'Twas give and take the whack.

"So back and forth the battle swayed,
As ocean's surges sway;
And round that gun that stood between
The dead lay piled that day,
Though captured oft, we had no time
To pull the thing away.

"Four times 'twas ours, and four times, oo
They drove us from our prize,
Which made the sparks of anger flash
From Cilley's gleaming eyes.
'The next time, boys, we'll hold it, or
Beside it die'—he cries.

"A rush, a shout, a volley's crash,
And it was ours again;
And furious as a horde of wolves
We drove them down the glen.
Then on the war-dog Cilley sprang
And waved his sword amain,

"And cried aloud 'To liberty
I dedicate this gun!'
Then whirled it round and bade its charge
Help its late owners run.
We shouted it to camp, and thus
Was the twelve-pounder won."

—*E. W. B. Canning.*

ROLL CALL.

Jefferson riding the King's Highway,
Parchment folds in his saddle pack,
Madison spurring the river road,
Mason of Gunston close at his back,
Memories of miles their only guides,
Gleam of the stars their only lights,
Gentlemen burgesses riding north
To give to the world a Bill of Rights.

Jackson a-horse on the Wheeling Road,
Swinging eastward from Tennessee,
Slashing out with his sword of right
(Soldier stuff in Old Hickory),
Braving his South in his country's cause,
Lusty for battle, and ready to fight
Nullification and John Calhoun,
All by the torches of Jefferson's light.

Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg,
Sorrowing over the battle gain,
Counting the cost of the Union saved
By the dead "who shall not have died in vain,"
Bowed with the grief of a people's grief,
But firm in his faith the while he stirred
The flame of a prophet's fire that blazed
A nation's honor to Jefferson's word.

The Unknown Soldier at Arlington,
Sleeping above the Potomac tide,
Near the road where Mason and Jefferson
And the first of the Presidents used to ride,
None knew his name, and none asked his creed
As they laid him down in the saber's gleam,
Son of the soil or the city streets,
He died for the glory of Jefferson's dream.

Gentlemen burgesses long since gone,
Believing you made your freedom true,
If you grieve beneath your Virginia earth
To know that your dream is as dead as you!

KATHERINE RANKIN.

CUPID and THE BEE.

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin,not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee.
The bee awaked--with anger wild;
The bee awaked and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs,he flies;
"Oh mother.--I am wounded through--
I die with pain--what shall I do?
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing--
A bee it was--for once ,I know,
I heard a peasant call it so."
Thus he spoke,and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said:my infant,if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bees touch,
How must the heart of Cupid be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee?

BOUQUET.

Every rose a thorn must bear,
So the wise ones say.
I'll take sweet peas for my share.
Who wants roses, anyway!

MARJORIE F. W.

A rare old bird is the Pelican.
His beak holds more than his belican.
He can take in his beak
Enough food for a week,
I'm darned if I know how in Helican.

Luscious Strip, Is Melonville

Mukwonago Grower Supplies Clubs, Hotels—and Hooker

By BILL HOOKER

A whole farm of 206 acres, nearly all devoted to melons (water and musk) from seed originated by a system of cross breeding as mysterious and secret as that followed by the late Mr. Burbank.

That's something that is not only the pride and joy of A. H. Craig of Mukwonago, but which has been a profit to him every year for 30 years without a failure, for during all that time Mr. Craig has furnished practically all the big clubs and hotels of Chicago and some in Milwaukee and elsewhere; and there would be other customers if Mr. Craig could grow enough to supply the demand.

This year he has planted 15 acres of watermelons and 35 of muskmelons. Besides this he has 30 acres of sweet corn, six of lima beans, five of winter squash and a lot of cabbage, tomatoes and other vegetables and berries. These, too, are his own variety, created by years of scientific cross breeding.

His lima bean laid upon a silver quarter covers it completely, not a particle of the coin being seen. These, also, go to the big clubs and hotels. Ten of these beans are a serving in first class places.

Shortage of Labor

This year Mr. Craig has been severely handicapped by the shortage of labor. Farm work in the counties of Waukesha and Walworth is away behind, due to the lateness of the season and this season to the fact that a gas company is gathering in every farm hand it can employ at $5 a day to lay pipes to East Troy and elsewhere.

Mr. Craig is 82 years old, a highly educated man and some years ago was county superintendent of schools. But the raising of melons has not only been a lifelong pastime for him but a means of livelihood although he is a writer and has published several books. And he is a mild mannered free hearted man, just as I'd hope to be were I raising melons, and being a neighbor of his, across the road from his muskmelon patch of 35 acres, I can prove this because when I took over Lone Pine Lodge, or rather one of his houses and christened it, he put into the lease of his own free will and without request the privilege to go into his patch and help myself at any time of the day or night.

Now this was really worth while, and something extra in my bargaining but it was in truth a disappointment, for I had anticipated experiencing again some of my boyhood thrills, even though I had been informed when I became his neighbor that Mr. Craig employed a night watchman to patrol the farm!

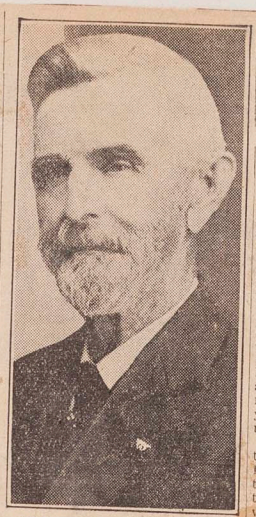
Maybe some boys will read thus far and give it up, having expected to find more details, the best road to take to reach this juicy, luscious spot! However, I believe most boys are alike when it comes to melons and that perhaps the youngsters won't mind a watchman or two who wear deputy sheriff's badges and carry a gun loaded with salt. I know I wouldn't when I was a boy. No, sir.

But really it isn't the boys Mr. Craig wants to get his hands on. He, too, was a boy and if he didn't steal melons he never had any fun. What he does want is to get at least one man who comes at dead of night with a four-ton truck and a family of kids to cart away all the melons he can pick for sale in Milwaukee. That's been done in spite of close surveillance on the part of Mr. Craig

Remembers the Kids

Right here I find myself in a quandary. Shall I give specific direction to Melonville or not? If I do there may swoop down from Milwaukee some moonless night an army of trucks and men that will overwhelm the watchmen, and I'd be sorry; but what about the kids? There's the rub; it wouldn't be right to refuse this information. The boys are entitled to have the numbers of the highways to travel, the bridges, streams and railroads to cross, and the metes and bounds of the farm.

Mr. Craig, being approached on this difficult problem, readily consented, in fact urged me to let the boys in on this good thing, saying they could do no great damage so long as they just came and ate and ate and ate and took not more than one melon away! But, even at that, melon thief that I was when a boy, I'm going to let the boys call me a mean old grouch because I'm keeping most of this information to myself—all except to say that it is two and one-half miles from Mukwonago and four and one-half miles from East Troy on Highway 14, which runs from Milwaukee in a southwesterly direction to the first iron bridge over the T. M. E. R. & L.



Big Melon Man

Meet Mr. Craig, the big melon man from Mukwonago. He furnishes melons to clubs and hotels in Chicago and to a few in Milwaukee and would supply more only he can't grow enough to supply the demand.

Work Is a Recreation

The Craig farm may be reached in other ways, but—no, I mustn't be any more specific because I am to be Mr. Craig's permanent neighbor and I do not want him to cancel my lease or strike out the option he has given me to buy my chicken farm and orchard. Besides, I have a large crop of strawberries and they may be ripe when this is published.

Mr. Craig was showing me four acres of black raspberries and five of tomatoes the other day.

"This also," he said, "is from seed of my own propagation. I have crossed several varieties of each fruit or vegetable to produce an original berry, melon, tomato or lima bean. I raise nothing from seed grown by anyone else. Doing this has satisfied a certain pride I have felt for years in a work that has really been recreation.

"I am kept young, refreshed and too busy to think of my age. When I see my seed begin to grow I am thrilled with a kind of joy and pride that I cannot explain, and in harvest time I feel as no doubt a painter feels when he finishes a canvas, prouder of what I have created than I am in anticipating a profit, although I'm glad to win compensation for that is further proof that I am a success, a leader, in fact, in my chosen profession.

"I may be excused if I say that I am prouder of furnishing famous hotels and clubs with their melons, beans, etc., than I am of the money they pay me, because primarily it was my determination to become known as an expert in developing certain kinds of produce for the table. Another thing, I sell everything I raise to customers who have patronized me for years and they take all I can produce, speaking for it months ahead of the crop."

PSALMS.

"I will guide thee:I will keep thee:I will help thee:
I will go before thee and make all crooked paths straight."

Celebrates Birthday

The many friends of Miss Martha J. Connell will be interested in reading that on Saturday June 4th, the family and neighbors observed her 82nd birthday. Her brother Thos. E. Connell and niece and husband Mr. and Mrs. Westfall of Chilton, Wis., came down. Despite her serious illness, she was able to recognize all who came. Mrs. E. W. Burkhardt brought a delicious birthday cake.

RICHES

How often do we hear the plaint
Of man, for lack of wealth,
The while we're clipping coupons
From the bonds of priceless health?

Would you or I exchange perhaps
For all the worldly gold
Our precious eyes which beauties rare
To us each day unfold?

Or would we give our hearing
With its sense to comprehend
Sweet music—or a mother's voice
For all that we could spend?

Who'd trade his speech for any sum
And cast the gift away
To utter words of love and cheer
Which mean so much to say?

With goodly lungs, a sturdy heart,
A mind that's sound for which—
Though pockets bare—be grateful
For we indeed are rich.

—HARRIE C. MEYER.

SKETCH OF A FRIEND.

Your eyes are bleakly wondering,
Who could guess within
For all our daily blundering
You have a warmish grin?

Your voice but rarely saunters by
To clothe a meager "Yes"
While silently it raises high
To sing some loveliness.

Beneath unfolding cyclamen
Your spirit likes to sit;
I think your mask is nicest when
It's slipping off a bit.

CONNELL FAMILY REUNION

Fiftieth Anniversary of Arrival in Oregon of Family Head

Thanksgiving day was the occasion for a reunion of the well known Connell family at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Connell in Hillsboro and the gathering also celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival in Oregon of the late Joseph Connell and family from Ontario, Canada. More than 30 members of the family were present and the event was a most pleasant one.

The following relatives were present: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Connell, Dr. and Mrs. E. DeWitt Connell, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Lewis, William H. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Abendroth and daughters Helen and Lucille of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Connell, Mrs. McKenney, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Randall, and children Clinton and Barbara of Oswego, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith and grandson James of Corvallis, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Connell and daughter Jean, Arthur Connell, Mrs. Grace A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Connell and family, Helen and John, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Connell and family, Reid, Irene and Thomas R., of Hillsboro.

TWO DAYS.

I.

It happened on a happy day
When all the world was bright and gay,
That I stood at my true love's side
And fondly kissed my bonnie bride,
And out into the world together
We started in the summer weather.

It was a gay entrancing world,
A laughing world, a dancing world,
A romping and romancing world,
And lightly through it's dance we swung;
For she and I and Love were young.

II.

It happened on a hapless day
When all the world was bleak and gray,
I knelt beside my true love's bed
And could not think that she was dead;
So peacefully, my love lay sleeping,
I would not wake her with my weeping.

But Oh! it was a dreary world,
A woeful world, a weary world,
A troublesome and teary world,
And down upon my face I flung,
So bitterly my heart was wrung.

A. H. PERKINS.
[Waukesha]

Make The Best Of It

Between ourselves, old friend, this life
Is less of peace and more of strife,
And just between ourselves, we know
It's mighty hard to make things go.
We know, between ourselves, that things
In life don't ride on easy springs—
But this is entre nous, old friend;
Outside, let's smile, and let's pretend!

Samuel Dukelow died at Neosho, Dodge County, Wisconsin, Friday, October 15, 1909, at the home of his son. Mr. Dukelow was born in Cork County, Ireland, August 12, 1824. At the age of twelve years he emigrated to this country, landing at Rochester, N. Y., where he remained for a time. In 1846 he came to Wisconsin and has been a resident of this state ever since, residing most of the time in Dodge county. In 1850 he was married to Elizabeth Carr, who died some thirty five years ago. Eight children were born of said marriage, three of whom survive their father, Peter of Strathmore, Canada, William of Lodi, and James of Neosho.

In the the death of Mr. Dukelow Dodge county loses one of its most substantial and respected citizens. He has been identified with the growth of the county from its earliest days and has witnessed the passing of the primeval forests and the appearance of fertile fields. The sucess of a county only means the success of its citizens. It is only through the energy and sturdy honesty of such men as Mr. Dukelow that the county can now boast of being one of the richest and most fertile in the state.

In Mr. Dukelow's death his friends have lost a trustworthy friend and his children an exemplary father. His character was an unusually well balanced one. He was kind and gentle, yet firm and just. His first inquiry was always to know the right or wrong of the matter upon which he was alled to act, after deciding on that point there was no power or influence strong enough to swerve him from the right. His life is worthy of being studied as an example of a good citizen, a good friend and a good father.

We shall miss him from our midst but it is a pleasure to know that he was allowed to fill out his alloted time and an equal pleasure to know that we can point to his life as one worthy of emulation.

TO MY LAST DUKE.

You may be charming, oh, my dear,
And passionate and bold,
You may possess as tender grace
As any lord of old,

But still you lack the velvet cloak,
The swish of plume and glove,
And nowadays we do not live
For duelling and love.

Your subtleties enchant the heart,
But measured by my ways,
Your mind is merely sensual;
Go live your little days!

THALIA.

THE BEGGAR.

With crutches to use in place of legs
A cripple sits by the wall and begs;
And he holds his hat to the heedless throng
For what coins may fall as it moves along.
They say he thrives at his calling mean
And rides to "work" in his limousine,
Whence, in some alley or parking stall,
He hobbles to sit at his place by the wall;
And they say we should hold back our little dole
That aids him in acting his beggar's role.

Well, it matters not whathis wealth may be,
He still must be poor, so it seems to me,
Who cannot walk or jump or run
Or climb a hill to rest in the sun,
Or tramp a lonely road at night
When the moon has waned and the stars are bright,
Nor wade a stream to cast a fly
Where the alders lean and the hemlocks sigh;
And who never can follow the narrow track
Of a forest trail with a loaded pack.

So I still shall drop him my silver bits
As I pass the place by the wall where he sits,
Sometimes in the cold and sometimes in the rain—
Well, thus he must ever look for his gain
Who cannot stand face to face with life
And demand the wage that he earns in the strife.
And sitting here by my hearthstone bright
With the little ones waiting to say good night,
I know he is poor in no small degree
Who cannot trot his babe on his knee.

SILVERTIP.

WHEN SPRINGTIME COMES TO FLANDERS.

(For Memorial Day, 1928).

When Springtime comes to Flanders,
She comes with noiseless feet,
Disturbing not those sleeping
'Neath their green winding sheet,
Who fought and died in Flanders
When life was young and sweet.

When Springtime comes to Flanders,
She wakes by plain and hill
The streams, that roused from slumber
By dreams are haunted still,
Of dreadful days in Flanders,
When lifeblood tinged each rill.

When Springtime comes to Flanders,
Soft breezes gently blow
Breathing memorial dirges
And requiems sad and slow,
For those who rest in Flanders,
'Neath crosses row on row.

When Springtime comes to Flanders,
She brings red poppies rare
To wreathe around the crosses
Marking our heroes there;
Oh! crimson flowers of Flanders,
Each blossom seems a prayer!

When Springtime comes to Flanders,
The birds flock overhead,
Singing their tuneful anthems
Above each shallow bed,
Where, mixed with soil of Flanders,
Are ashes of our dead.

When Springtime comes to Flanders,
Decking the graves with green,
The tears of millions mourning
Wash stains of carnage clean,
From ravaged fields of Flanders
Where war's red hell has been.

A. H. PERKINS.
[Waukesha]

WHY ONE BOY LEFT THE FARM

I left my dad, his farm, his plow,
Because my calf became his cow;
I left my dad, 'twas wrong of course
Because my colt became his horse.
I left my dad to sow and reap,
Because my lamb became his sheep;
I dropped my hoe and stuck my fork,
Because my pig became his pork.
The garden truck I made to grow,
Was his to sell and mine to hoe.

WHY ANOTHER ONE DIDN'T

With dad and me it's half and half,
The cow I own was once his calf;
No town for mine, I will not bolt,
Because my horse was once his colt.
I'm going to stick right where I am,
Because my sheep was once his lamb.
I'll stay with dad—he gets my vote,
Because my hog was once his shoat;
It's fifty-fifty with dad and me—
A profit-sharing company.

TOO LS

There was a lad named Willie T8
Who loved a lass called Annie K8
He asked if she would be his M8
But K8 said W8.

His love for her was very gr8—
He told her it was hard to W8
And begged to know at once his F8
But K8 said W8.

Then for a time he grew sed8
But soon he hit a faster G8
And for another girl went str8
Now K8 can W8.

IF I WERE THE WIND.

If I were a light breeze blowing
Out of the western sky,
I'd touch the tips of the tall tree tops
As I went hurrying by;
I'd laughingly shake the silent leaves
Of the maple, oak and birch.
And I'd sway the chirruping robin
As he clung to his lofty perch.

Then, swooping down to the fresh green marsh,
Where the golden marigolds grow,
I would play among the grasses there,
Tossing them to and fro.
I would dance upon the waters
Of every winding stream,
Whispering to the lilies
As they quietly sleep and dream.

I would hie me away to the meadow
Where the daisies smile at the sun,
And, as I shook their dainty frills,
I would kiss them, every one.
Oh! I'd love to be a fresh cool breeze
Blowing out of the western sky;
A glorious life I would live for a day,
And gladly I would die.

TOM BOY TAYLOR

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

(May 8th)

I give you a smile and a handclasp—
You who my face have known.
And a cheery word to you who've heard
My song, and by that alone
Know me, perhaps, and remember
Some song that I might have sung
When our afterwhiles were to be all smiles,
And the heart of the world was young.

The years, though they touch us lightly,
Leave ever the mark of care;
But they leave beside, though some dreams have died,
Some compensation there:
For it's said—that of friends, the old ones
Are the most sincere and true;
And the year just passed, to the very last,
Has made old friends of you.

E. B. S.
[Waukesha]

Americas Will Work Out Own Ideals, Keynote

President, in Opening Havana Conference, Pledges U. S. to Full Co-operation

BY CABLE TO THE UNITED PRESS

Havana—President Coolidge Monday gave Pan-America a good will message and the world a warning that the American republics will work out their own destiny in their own way.

Honored by Cuba with rare acclaim as he entered the city Sunday over a rose-strewn road, the American president Monday in the National theater told delegates of 21 American countries that the golden rule and "consideration, co-operation, friendship and charity" chart the course of the United States and other American republics.

He sounded a warning that these countries must join together to work out "their own destiny in their own way." Many regarded his caution as a notice of the League of Nations not to interfere in Pan-American affairs.

He preached justice, equity and respect, and lent to the Monroe doctrine a new vitality.

Address Is Applauded

President Coolidge's reference to respecting the sovereignty of small nations was applauded heartily, as was his tribute to Latin America's "impressive record of resort to mediation, arbitration and other peaceful methods of settlement and adjudication of international differences."

"The existence of this conference, held for the consideration of measures of purely American concern, involves no antagonism toward any other section of the world or any other organization," President Coolidge said.

"It means that the independent republics of the western hemisphere, animated by the same ideals, enjoying the common blessings of freedom and peace, realize that there are many matters of mutual interest and importance which can best be investigated and resolved through the medium of such friendly contact and negotiation as is necessary for co-operative action.

"We realize that one of the most important services which we can render humanity, the one for which we are peculiarly responsible, is to maintain the ideals of our western world. That is our obligation. No one else can discharge it for us.

Must Join Together

"If it is to be met, we must meet it ourselves. We must join together in assuring conditions under which our republics will have the freedom and the responsibility of working out their own destiny in their own way."

The president's speech made no reference to the recent United States ordering of more marines to Nicaragua.

"Consideration, co-operation, friendship and charity," he designated as the "highest law" in international dealings, adding:

"If we are to experience a new era in our affairs, it will be because the world recognizes and lives in accordance with this spirit. Its most complete expression is the golden rule."

The president's message to a notable gathering of Pan-American delegates here carried as its main theme peace and co-operation among the Americas. He advocated stronger ties of business and communication, and favored development of aviation as a means of strengthening the bonds among the sister republics of the north and south.

Peace, Self-Defense

The president declared the American republics had always gauged their military establishments to the needs of self-protection but never "for the purpose of overawing or subjugating other nations."

"The spirit of liberty is universal," Mr. Coolidge declared. "An attitude of peace and good will prevails among our nations. A determination to adjust differences among ourselves, not by a resort to force, but by the application of the principles of justice and equity, is one of our strongest characteristics.

Sovereignty of Smaller Nations Respected

"The sovereignty of small nations is respected. It is for the purpose of giving stronger guarantees to these principles, of increasing the amount and extending the breadth of these blessings, that this conference has been assembled.

"Our most sacred trust has been and is the establishment and expansion of the spirit of democracy. No doubt we shall make some false starts and experience some disappointing reactions. But we have put our confidence in the ultimate wisdom of the people. We believe we can rely on their intelligence, their honesty, and their character. We are thoroughly committed to the principle that they are better fitted to govern themselves than anyone else is to govern them.

"Next to our attachment to the principle of self-government has been our attachment to the policy of peace. When the republics of the western hemisphere gained their independence, they were compelled to fight for it.

Only a Song.

It was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song;
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet, as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened,
That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange, soul-stirring voices
When "the hills break forth and sing,"
Of the happy birds low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner,
A woman, worn with strife,
Heard in that song a message
From the springtime of her life;
Fair forms rose up before her
From the mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly
And went on her way alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed; but her heart was strong,
And she prayed: "God bless the singer!
And oh, thank God for the song!"

—Florence Tylee.

The Girl I ... Mackinaw.

The girl I saw at Mackinaw
Sure made a fool of me.
I spent money like a bee makes honey,
Then she left me in poverty.
I went in cahoots for her riding boots,
Might as well of bought the horse.
I bought her a sweater, so she'd like me better,
And now I'm all remorse.
She played poker and I went broker
'Cause I had to foot the bill.
And every night her appetite
Ten waiters tried to fill.
O, I was fishes for all her dishes,
She thought I was John D.,
The girl I saw at Mackinaw
Sure made a fool of me.

Paul Fogarty.

To Grown Up Land

Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop.
'Tis picking up stitches that grandma will drop.
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words will never pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town.

Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work.
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down—
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land. (Anon.)

A Simple Creed

What this troubled old world needs
Is less of quibbling over creeds,
Fewer words and better deeds.
Less of "Thus and so shall you
Think and act, and say and do".
More of "How may I be true?"
Less of shouting: "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone".
More of heart that will condone.

Less of dogmas, less pretense,
More belief that Providence
Will sanctify our common sense.
More of chords of kindness blent
O'er the discords of dissent,—
Then will come the great content.
"Just to be good, and to do good".
Simple, plain, for him who would—
A Creed that may be understood. (Wilbur D. Nesbit)

A HAPPY WORLD

We've made the world a rich old world
with satins, silks and gold;
On every gale our vessels sail
With fortunes in their hold.
Our pulleys sing, our spindles turn,
The earth we dig and ditch—
With mines and mills and ringing tills
We've made the old world rich.

We've made the world a wise old world,
Yes, wise in every lore;
We've solved at last life's secret past,
The future now explore.
Concerning man, concerning God,
We question and surmise.
We have not only made it rich—
We've made the old world wise.

We've made the world a different world.
Who says the task is through?—
With one undone, the greatest one
There is for men to do?
We've made it rich, we've made it wise,
And now, a little while,
Let's make the world a happy world,
Let's make the old world smile!

Tomorrow:.. Believers.

(Copyright, 1928, Douglas Malloch)

By Douglas Malloch

GREAT THINGS

You will do great things, I know.
But it won't be by dreaming,
By letting half the morning go
And sitting fondly scheming.
Your dreams will help to make you strong.
Unless you sit and dream too long.
I see you some great prize pursuing,
But not by dreaming, but by doing.

You will do great things, I know,
But it won't be by wishing,
By wishing certain things were so,
And then by going fishing.
The thing you wish for you may get,
The thing you work for sooner yet.
He won the prize, the man who wore it,
Not wishing for it, working for it.

You will do great things, I know,
But it won't be by waiting
For this to come, and that to go,
By only hesitating.
No matter what, no matter how,
The time to start is here and now.
I see you yet some honor winning,
But not by waiting, but beginning!

(Copyright, 1928, Douglas Malloch)

DEAR LITTLE HOUSE ON THE FARM

A cozy white house on the hillside,
Surrounded by sheltering trees;
And old-fashioned flowers by the doorway,
And roses to nod in the breeze;
Close by, the old-fashioned garden,
The orchard, how can I forget,
For this was the scene of my childhood,
In memory I see it all yet.

Again I can vision my mother,
So gentle, so wise, and so kind;
To all of our needs ever faithful,
To all of our failings so blind;
Her presence enriched and made dearer
That country home there in the hills,
Whenever I think of my mother
My heart with sweet tenderness fills.

That house in the hills now has vanished,
And mother has gone from the earth,
And now I am sadly regretting
So little I thought of their worth;
But ever 'tis so with life's treasures,
We value them not till they're gone;
And now I am thankful that mem'ry
Sweet mem'ry still lives on and on.

* * * * *

MEMORY'S CUP.

Draw me a draught of a vintage clear
In the clear of a twilight dew,
Give me the warmth of a wanton's kiss
To dry the tears I knew.

Fill my cup to the belching brim,
I drink a toast to my love!
Alone in the night, by the pallid light
Of a waning moon above.

Leave me to lie beneath the sky,
Nor harrow my sleep at dawn—
For what is born of a tender dream
When faith in love is gone?

Don Juan.

An Uphill Fight

You may be ill and you may be sore
With aches and bruises and pains galore;
Perhaps you are groggy, and halt and lame;
But keep right on, for it's all a game
Where like as not you are booked to win
Right now, in spite of the shape you're in.

Your brain is weary, your thoughts are dead
Each step is heavy as lifting lead;
The sun is under a passing cloud,
Don't let them measure you for a shroud.
But hang on now, though it may be hard,
For your next hand holds the winning card.

If you have played at a losing game
Until the colors all look the same,
You'll feel more joy when your luck has turned,
And look on life, which you may have spurned,
Through eyes that glow with the glory light
That comes from winning an uphill fight.

I Wouldn't Fret

Dear little lad, with flashing eyes,
And soft cheeks where the swift red flies,
Some one has grieved you, dear, I know
Just how it hurts; words can hurt so!
But listen, laddie—don't you hear
The old clock ticking loud and clear?
It says, "Dear Heart, let us forget—
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

Why, little girlie, what's gone wrong?
My song-bird's drooping, hushed her song.
The world has used you ill, you say?
Ah, sweetheart, that is just its way.
It doesn't mean to be unkind,
So, little lassie, never mind;
The old clock ticks, "Forget, forget,
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!" (Florence A. Jones

REMEMBRANCE.

Memory stirs a sleeping thought
Within my missing mind,
Bringing to life the dream I sought
So oft to leave behind.

Visions of youth, of love I knew,
That now is but a sigh,
Echoing softly words that you
Once whispered in good-by.

Only a mist, a fancy frail,
Of one faint yesterday,
Faded from view like ships that sail
From out a moonlit bay.

Don Juan de Barcelona.

The East Window.

Night shall not last forever,
Darkness is but a fear.
Behold! Dawn lights the distance,
Her couriers are here.
O, glad the song of morning
Above the marching sun.
Swing back the blinds. Beloved,
Night's servitude is done.

I gave my heart to grieving
When sunset turned to black,
My eyes had lost their courage,
Faith could not find the track,
When my small lamp was hidden
In one short hour of gloom,
I thought the fate of nations
With mine had met its doom.

Night shall not last forever . . .
How many nights we grope
Without a star to lead us,
Without a song of hope.
O, glad the dawn's faint bugles
When our poor strength is least . . .
Behold! How filled with glory
The window in the East!

Arrow-Head.

Past Splendors

Those were days of summer splendor
When the skies were opal blue;
Those were days of breezes tender,
Days of song and laughter, too.
But the autumn winds are blowing
And the frosts are coming on,
And I wonder when it's snowing
Shall we count the pleasures gone?

When we come to bleak December
Shall the long nights find us sad,
Or shall we still remember
All the sunny days we've had?
When the garden blossoms leave us,
And the last red rose lies dead,
And the clouds of winter grieve us
Shall we count the pleasures fled?

When our hands grow numb and number
As we brave the bitter cold,
Shall we think of days last summer
When the sun was liquid gold?
When the snows our paths are lining
And the lakes in ice are clad,
Shall we spend our time repining
And forget the joys we've had?

And when age at last shall hold us
To the chair beside the fire,
And life's winter shall enfold us
Crushing strength and all desire,
Shall we tell a doleful story
Just because we're old and gray,
And forget the radiant glory
Of the seasons passed away?

TRIBULATIONS

There are times that come to all of us
When we need the strength and faith
To make us never waver once
In the thought that we are safe.

When life has torn asunder
All our hopes, ideals and dreams,
And instead of mending kindly
Has made rough and ragged seams;

When the friendships that we value,
All the things we hold most dear,
Seem made of froth—that lightly touched
Will collapse and disappear.

When all the world seems shrouded
In a leaden mist of gray,
Then 'tis only winds of faith and love
That will blow our doubts away.

Far above we have to face it,
We must know that friends are true;
Know that all the world is smiling
As we should be smiling too.

We must face each problem bravely,
Feel that all is for the best,
Although our hearts are breaking
And it's hard to stand the test.

And then—even though we're sorry,
Know the deed we've done was wrong—
We can start again tomorrow,
Brave of heart, of courage strong!

SALLY.

RECIPE FOR RAISING RED RASPBERRIES.

Plant at intervals about 4 feet apart. When it is time to cut the canes thin them out to five or six canes in a hill and tie them to stakes aboy six feet high.

" He that hopes much has
within himself, the gift
of miracles."
Shakespeare.

THE LURE of THE WILD-woods.

Oh give me the free, the open woods,
The Pine and the spicy air;
The clear blue sky and the grassy earth
And the bird orchestra there.

Then give me the tangle, the underbrush.
The pond, the marshand the bog,
The fish, the heron, the screaming loon,
The fern and the big green frog.

Oh, give me the moss, on the ancient oak,
The wind in the pine-tops old,
And I'll paint a picture of God, my friend,
No four-walled church can hold.

The Tramp to His Dog.

They say you've got no soul, old pal.
I wonderif it's so?
I gaze into your eyes, old pal-
I don't believe they know.

You never lied nor broke a heart,
Nor helped the helpless fall;
Nor stupefied God's counterpart
By soaking alcohal,
You never trod beneath your feet
A pyramid of sighs.

Your faith, old pal, will never swerve,
And if their words are true,
God knows, I greatly less deserve
To bear a soul than you.

The State Bank of Chilton today celebrates its fortieth anniversary, and as a near neighbor we want to take this opportunity to extend our congratulations to the officers and stockholders who have made possible this institution. The State Bank of Chilton enjoys the confidence and the good will of the people of Calumet county, and the fact that it numbers its clientage in every corner of that county is commendable. It is officered by men of banking experience and deserves continued success. May the next forty years be equally as promising.

The First Snow-Fall

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

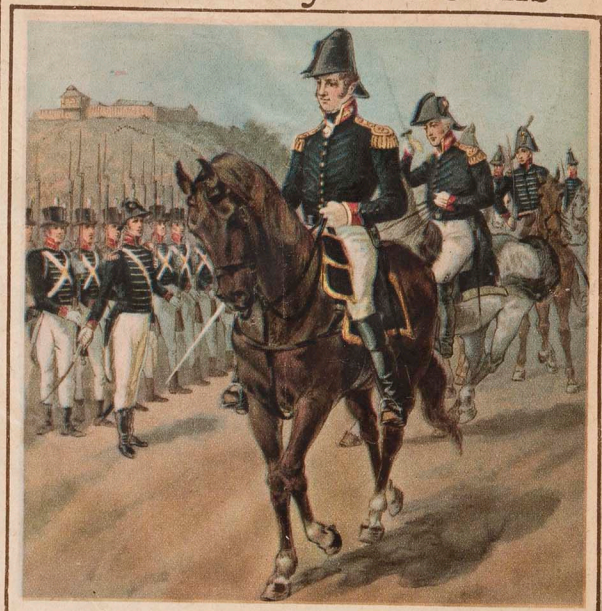
I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That MY kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

U. S. Army Uniforms

THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION brought forth the first definite styles in the uniform of the American soldier. Like their chief, members of Washington's bodyguard wore blue coats with buff facings, leather breeches, and scarlet waistcoats. Some of the Pennsylvania infantrymen appeared in brown with buff or white facings. From South Carolina came a close, round bodied jacket and a leather cap with a silver crescent inscribed: "Liberty or Death." The period depicted is 1776 to 1779.



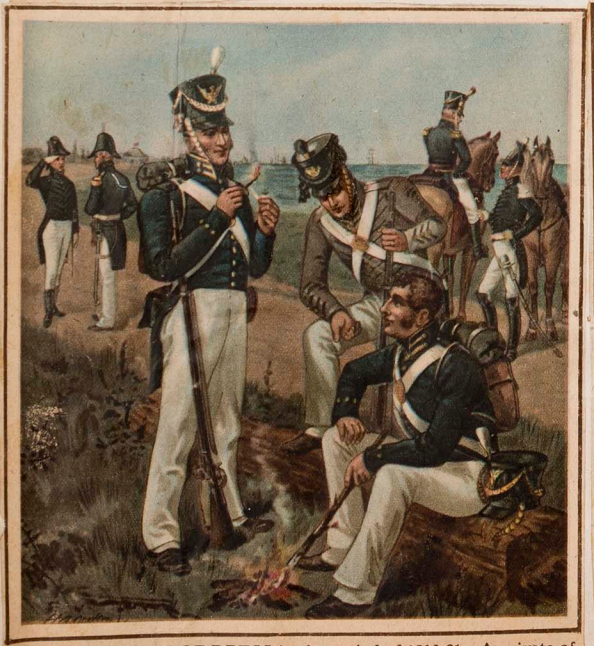
HIGH HATS were outstanding features of the costumes in the War of 1812. Most of the habiliments reminiscent of the Continental army had disappeared. Instead of the long cutaways of their forefathers, the soldiers fighting for the struggling republic in the second conflict with the mother country wore close-buttoned, single-breasted coats. Facings had gone out, and collars rose to the tip of the ear.

OF SHORT DURATION were the ugly hats worn by artillerymen and infantrymen in 1835. Visible on the mounted dragoon in the background are the sergeant's chevrons of today. The chevrons for all noncommissioned officers were adopted in the general regulations of 1847.

CAMPAIGN COSTUMES for the war with Mexico. The man on horseback is a dragoon, the one at the left is a foot rifleman, or, as he was known at the time, a voltigeur. The other two are infantrymen in the garb of 1841-51. In the distance is the light artillery. Jackets such as these did not entirely vanish until after the Civil war.

JUST BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR—The white-haired officer in the foreground is a lieutenant colonel of mounted rifles. Opposite him is a captain of infantry. On the steps above the two is a lieutenant colonel of dragoons. In the hall of the house are a second lieutenant of cavalry and a field officer. The two enlisted men are a sergeant of dragoons and a private of infantry. At this period the uniforms of both officers and enlisted men were dark blue.

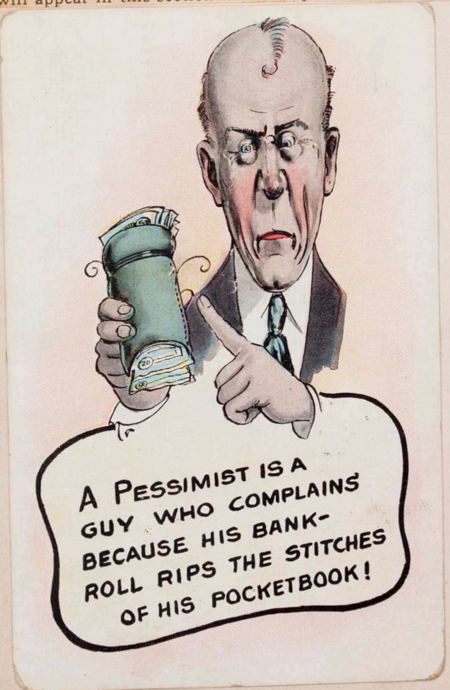
THE STIRRING TIMES of the Civil war are recalled by a glance at the dust-stained light blue trousers, the dark blue flannel blouses, the gray canteens and blankets, and the hideous and uncomfortable forage caps of the men who fought for the Union cause.



VARIATIONS OF DRESS in the period of 1813-21. A private of artillery sits on the log, an infantryman lights his pipe, and a rifleman leans over in conversation with the gunner. To the rear and at the right, an officer of light dragoons and a field officer of light artillery, mounted; at the left, a West Point cadet saluting an artillery officer.

TAKING LIFE EASY in a casement of an old-time fort, we find, at the checkerboard, an infantryman distinguished by the Saxony blue trimmings of his coat and hat, a rifleman in trimmings of green, a light artilleryman in red, a dragoon musician in orange, and an engineer in yellow. As long as the corps existed, the dragoons were the show troops of the service. The time was 1851-'54.

AT GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS, when Major General Meade was still nominally in command of the Army of the Potomac, and U. S. Grant was a lieutenant general. The three stars on the shoulder straps of "Unconditional Surrender" are his only distinguishing marks of rank. In front of him is Meade. Another chapter, bringing this chronicle of army costumery up to modern times, will appear in this section in an early issue.



Laugh and the World Laug

With you, [illegible] alone

If you, in an apologetic tone, have sometime said, "I laughed like a fool," you did yourself a great injustice; you should have said, "I laughed — like a wise man," for laughter is a sign of wisdom.

Chas. M. Newcomb, well-known humorist, lecturer and author, has been giving us a series of very delightful lectures on the "Psychology of Laughter," during the past week. "Laughter," says Mr. Newcomb, "is our safety valve. It is an escape from social rigor to primitive freedom. It is a necessity, not a luxury. It prevents more serious outbreaks. It's the normal way to preserve our equilibrium. We should laugh much.

"'Why we laugh' may be classified into different groups: (1) A slight but apparent violation of the law. It must be slight, however, for a serious violation produces shock. For instance, a fat man slips and falls down on the ice. The accepted law that humans should walk upright is violated and we laugh. But if he is injured, we stop laughing. A serious violation is never funny. (2) We laugh at the irregular, improper and disorderly.

"In order for a thing to be funny, we must know the law that is being violated. If I tell you that if you hold a guinea pig up by its tail its eyes will fall out, you will laugh if you know anything about guinea pigs. All small boys know that guinea pigs have no tails."

Mr. Newcomb is willing to admit there are other ways of escape than laughter, but none so wholesome, so harmless, so simple. Laughter leaves no evil hangover, costs nothing, yields much. It is our shock absorber. It is the spring that takes up the jar and enables us to stand the breakneck pace of civilization.

On last Friday evening, Mr. Newcomb gave a most inspirational talk, using as his subject, "Courage."

"There are five things in life," says Mr. Newcomb, "that we fear: (1) Accident and disease—harm to the body. (2) Loss of either property or loved ones. (3) Displeasure of the group. (4) Failure—a fear of one's self. (5) The Unknown."

Defining courage, he says, *"A brave man is a man who is afraid but who in spite of that fear, goes forward."*

Mr. Newcomb told many inspirational stories, greatly impressing his audience with the famous lines of a famous play —"Lazarus Laughed," by Eugene O'Neil. When Lazarus, rising from the dead, is asked how it seemed to be dead, he answers, "There is no death. There is only life on both sides. Death is the fear you have when you pass over."

Mr. Newcomb, who for several years was head of the department of public speaking of Ohio Wesleyan College, is now devoting his entire time to lecture work. We feel fortunate, indeed, in having him here, for his good nature has become quite infectious and we are not only enjoying him immensely but we know that he is doing us a lot of good.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own."

THE SITTING HABIT

"Beware the deadly sitting habit!
If you sit, be like the rabbit
Who keepeth ever on the jump
By springs concealed beneath his rump.

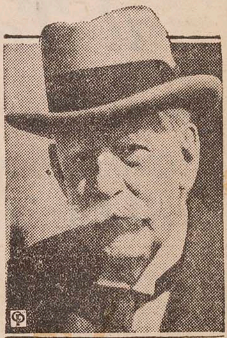
"Man was not made to sit attrance
And press and press and press his pants
But rather with an open mind
To circulate among his kind.

"And so, my son, beware the snare
That lurks within the cushioned chair,
To run like Hell it hath been found
Both feet should be upon the ground."

Justice Holmes Is Congratulated on His 89th Birthday

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, dean of American jurists, received the congratulations of his associates on the United States supreme court bench today, the occasion being his 89th birthday.

The venerable justice, who was appointed to the supreme court bench by President Roosevelt in 1902, attended a brief conference of the court and planned to spend the rest of the day quietly at his home.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Justice Holmes' birthday was called to the senate's attention today by Sen. Walsh, Democrat, Montana, who characterized him as "one of the noblest of public servants."

Walsh said Holmes' life has been 89 years of "honorable, useful and patriotic service."

Holmes' birthday finds him apparently in better health than for several years, still able to take a very active part in the workings of the high tribunal. None of his associates is more regular in attending sessions of the court than the veteran who was wounded three times while fighting for the Union cause more than 65 years ago. Nor is any more prolific in the preparation or delivery of opinions on cases vital to American interests.

Until the recent confirmation of Chief Justice Hughes, Holmes was acting chief justice during the illness of former Chief Justice Taft. For many years the veteran, the oldest man ever to sit on the supreme court bench, has been the leader of the liberals on the bench, joining with Associate Justices Brandeis and Stone in many dissenting opinions. He has shown no disposition to give up his duties.

Holmes was born in Boston in 1841, the son of one of America's literary immortals, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.
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Nickname of Tuckahoe Traced to Aborigines

"Tuckahoe" is an old nickname for the poor class of people living in southern Virginia, says Pathfinder Magazine. In some sections of the South the term is practically synonymous with "poor white." The word itself is supposed to be derived from an Indian word meaning globular and originally was applied to various bulbous roots used as food by the aborigines in that region. Chief among the edible bulbous roots so designated were those of the golden club or floating arum and the Virginia wake robin. But the name also was applied to Virginia truffle, a curious fungus growth found under the soil in the southern states bordering on the Atlantic. The Indians and early settlers were fond of these truffles and generally they located them by following hogs engaged in rooting. In time the term came to signify Indian bread and the inhabitants of lower Virginia were called Tuckahoes because their poverty compelled them frequently to resort to Virginia truffles or Indian bread for sustenance.

Revelry of Halloween Outdates Christian Era

Halloween and the ceremonies that formerly attended it long antedate Christianity. The chief characteristic in the ancient celebrations of Halloween was the lighting of bonfires. The ancient belief was that on this night, the one night in the year, ghosts and witches were abroad. The main celebration of Halloween was, no doubt, Druidical, because the Druids held great autumn festivals on or about the date of November 1, and lighted great bonfires in honor of the Sun god as a thank offering for the harvest of the year. The Druids also supposed that the wicked souls that had been condemned to live in the bodies of animals were allowed to come forth on the eve of the festival. The custom of lighting bonfires on Halloween night survived until recent years in the highlands of Scotland and in Wales. On the invasion of the Romans certain characteristics of the celebration of Pomona, such as offering of apples and nuts, were introduced into the celebration of the Druids.

Bath as Religious Rite

The first great health officer known to history was Moses. Moses taught the Israelites sanitation and the values of bathing, after their flight out of Egypt. The leader of a theocracy, he made holy laws out of what today would be city ordinances. He had to, in order to get them obeyed.

As a sanitation expert Moses made his people wash—often. The religious rites of bathing have been passed down to us in common custom to this day. Water is used as an outward symbol of spiritual cleansing.—Detroit Free Press.

A Recipe

Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings, believe in our civilization. Fear nothing and no one. Love your work. And don't forget to work. Hope and trust. Keep in touch with today. Then you cannot fail.—Grit.

Convenient Oxygen

In Germany "oxygen bricks" are put out in glass jars, designed for use in aquariums. A brick sells for the equivalent of 15 cents. The oxygen is "chemically bound" together, though the name of the binder is not mentioned. It is claimed that these bricks yield 350 times their volume of the life-supporting gas. The bricks may be safely sent by mail. The oxygen substance is not preserved under pressure, hence there is no danger of explosion. Test rifle shots have pierced the containers without exploding the contents.

Executive Veto Power

"Item veto" is the name applied to the power of a chief executive officer to veto single items in appropriation bills, without destroying the entire bill. The President of the United States cannot veto single items of a bill; he must sign the entire bill or veto it. Three fourths of the estate constitutions give the item veto to the governor and it has proved very effective in preventing riders from being tacked on important bills.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Chemicals in Food

There are at present 19 known chemical elements which make up both plant and animal matter. These elements are found in varying amounts in all plant and animal matter and hence in all food. Some of them, of course, are found in infinitesimal amounts. They are: Carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphur, calcium, magnesium, potassium, iron, phosphorus, manganese, chlorine, sodium, silicon, aluminum, boron, iodine, fluorine and arsenic.

Odd Wills

Oliver Bright of Tennessee wrote his will on a celluloid collar and it was granted probate and duly executed. There are many instances of queer wills written on insignificant things. The back of a mirror, a road map, a portrait, a railway ticket, cuffs of dress shirts, an egg shell and even the soles of shoes have been used for writing wills dealing with most valuable properties.

Pathos in Destruction of Countryside Mills

Anyone who has toured extensively through the country, particularly in the East, must have been impressed with the number of places named "Burnt Mills," or "Burnt Mill." It is really an attractive name, phonetically, containing a euphoneous arrangement of consonants and vowels, but it makes one feel somewhat sad that so many examples of the enterprise of our ancestors should have been doomed to such devastating misfortune. One occasionally finds old mills, in ruins, still standing, but while they are also a complete loss economically they add to the picturesqueness, to the human interest, of the countryside. Strange to say, the postal guide lists no "Burnt Mills"—not one is of that importance. But this book is eloquent of other disaster names—"Burnt Cabins," "Burnt Corn," "Burnt Ranch," "Burnt Hills," "Burnt Woods," and even "Burnt Creek." It is a melancholy fact that as we went along building we also went along burning. —Pathfinder Magazine.

Find Rich Ivory Store in Elephant Cemetery

Most of the ivory used is obtained by digging and not by shooting, as is commonly supposed.

Elephants have their own customs. One of these is that no member of the herd must die among his fellows. When an old elephant feels that his course is run, he separates himself from the herd and makes for a particular burial ground—for each herd has its own cemetery.

This is always a swampy tract of land overgrown with trees and rank vegetation. Here he dies, and his great body buries itself by its own weight in the soft soil. Many of these elephant graveyards are known to the African hunters, who make journeys to them each year for the purpose of digging up the ivory tusks.

Few white men have ever seen such a place, for the natives know that an elephant graveyard is as valuable as a gold mine and they keep the secret. —Lester Banks in "Our Dumb Animals."

When the Mill Burns

Ranging the past, the Providence Journal finds in the records of the Sprague, whose history is that of Rhode Island for many years, food for entertainment and instruction. William II inherited the mill on the Pocasset, and ran it with profit until, in 1813, it burned to the ground. His friends came to the front; the Knights, Governor Nehemiah and Robert, were among those quick in offers of help. He declined the proffered aid, saying:

"If a man falls down and is helped up by others he cannot walk alone afterward."

It is a saying to be borne in mind today; self-help has lost none of its virtue with the passage of years.—New York Sun.

Famous Railroad Slogan

Various accounts of the origin of the slogan, "Stop, Look and Listen," and its adoption, have been given. However, Col. J. C. Fuller, vice president and manager in charge of construction of the old Gettysburg and Harrisburg railroad, now part of the Reading, in looking over a court decision in a suit brought for injury at a crossing, found that the judge stated that "it is the duty of every one to stop, look and listen before crossing a railroad." He at once adopted it for use at crossings on his line and it was made standard on their line in Pennsylvania on July 23, 1891, although its origin was prior to that date.

District of Columbia

In September, 1791, at a meeting of commissioners, a letter was written to L'Enfant, in which they stated: "We have agreed that the federal district should be called the Territory of Columbia, and the federal city the City of Washington." This seems to be the first linking of the word "Columbia" with the district set aside for the Capital of the United States. The expression, "Territory of Columbia," was first used on a topographical map by Andrew Ellicott. This map was ready for use in 1794. George Walker of London in a letter referred to the city of Washington in the District of Columbia on March 12, 1793.

Bees Work Long Hours to Serve Human Needs

A pound of honey that is placed on the breakfast table is more than just a pound of sweetening, says the beekeeping specialist of the Massachusetts state college. It represents 20,000 round trips on the part of individual bees, each trip averaging 2.8 miles, in search of nectar from which the honey is made. If one bee were to take upon herself the herculean task of manufacturing a pound of honey, she would have to work every day for eight years, travel 56,000 miles, or nearly two and one-fourth times around the earth, and visit 739,000 individual blossoms of a plant such as rhododendron. Each teaspoonful of honey, according to the state college man, represents the entire life work of 100 bees.

Crusoe's Island Home

While Alexander Selkirk may have been the original of Robinson Crusoe, bleak, rocky, blustery Juan Fernandez was not the island Defoe wrote about in his book. Crusoe's island was Tobago, a balmy, hospitable spot at the south end of the British West Indies off the Orinoco, where rain falls six months of the year, and the temperature average is 81 degrees. Christopher Columbus discovered it in 1498, and called it Assumption island. Eighteen thousand people live there now, and sheep-farming (remember Robinson Crusoe's goats?) is one of the principal occupations.

Soviet Organization

The Octobrists is the youngest of Russia's youth organizations, including in its membership boys and girls from eight to 10 years of age. These children are banded into school groups with 30 or 40 children in each division, the divisions being broken up into units of stars with 8 or 10 members. The symbol is a red star worn over the heart. The members are instructed to help the workers and peasants of all lands in their fight for freedom, to study diligently, and to strengthen the organization. The name commemorates the October revolution of 1917.

Circumstances

The experience of life shows that, while poverty has its disadvantages, moderate conditions are a thousand times more advantageous than conditions of great wealth. If you are well off, and have no need to press your children, they are in more danger than those children whose parents are poor. Those circumstances in life, not indeed that press the child harshly and severely, but that lay him under the necessity of being and doing, as the very condition of his existence, make staunch men.—Exchange.

Castles Centuries Old

There are many fine old castles to visit in Denmark, but one of the finest is Frederiksborg castle at Hillerod, near Copenhagen, which dates from the Sixteenth century. It is a massive and majestic pile, surrounding a lovely inner court, and noted for a secret passage and the fact that it is built on three small islands in a lake. Its chapel is richly appointed, the altar and the pulpit being of ebony and chased silver, while in the king's oratory excellent carved woodwork will be seen.

Answer

"P. H. K.": We believe the quotation you seek is the one by Henry Ward Beecher, for many years pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. It reads as follows: "A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air".

o

As In A Rose-Jar

As in a rose-jar filled with petals sweet,
Blown long ago in some old garden place,
Mayhap, where you and I a little space
Drank deep of love and knew that love was fleet;
Or leaves once gathered from a lost retreat
By one who never will again retrace
Her silent footsteps—one whose gentle face
Was fairer than the roses at her feet;
So, deep within the vase of memory
I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear
As in the days before I knew the smart
Of time and death. Nor aught can take from me
The haunting fragrance that still lingers here—
As in a rose-jar, so within my heart.

(Thomas S. Jones Jr.)

o

Try This On Your Ukelele

'Twas night! the stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world; the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hailstones fell like leaden balls; the huge undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore, and torrents leaped from mountain-tops, as the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow, evil in his eye and murder in his heart, and the fell instrument of destruction raised high above his head.

The storm increased; the lightning flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp. A demoniac hiss came through his lips; he grated his teeth and sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim and relentlessly killed—a mosquito.

o

Eliminated

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.

"Are you the groom?" he asked a melancholy looking man.

"No, sir," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary tryouts".

o

NOW YOU TELL ONE

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?
Are there springs in the ocean's bed?
Can a rubber band play a symphony, or a river lose its head?
Are fishes crazed when they are caught in Seine?
Can an old hen sing her lay?
Can you give relief to a window pane, or mend the break of day?
What kind of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?
Is a newspaper white when it is read?
Is a baker poor when he is kneading dough?
Is the undertaker's business dead?
What is the speed of a flight of stairs?
Is a wash rag scared when it is frayed?
If you throw a rope to a drowning lemon, would you call it lemon-aid?

Sons Tell How Conan Doyle Tries Out Stories on Them

(By United Press.)

CROWBOROUGH, Sussex, March 6.—How the famous creator of Sherlock Holmes, who has been ill at his country home here, makes his family his "severest critics" before he sends his manucripts to the publisher, was explained by Denis and Adrian, sons of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in an exclusive interview.

The "family preview" of these famous, or to-be-famous stories, always occurs in front of a great fire in the drawing room.

"He's a great sport, pop," the boys explained. Then Adrian described how it felt to read his father's tales.

"I read pop's Sherlock Holmes when I was eight or nine years old," he commenced, adding: "I got the same thrills out of the adventures of pop's heroes as any other boy might have done but, of course, when I had finished reading the books I had an extra thrill, that of being the son of the man who wrote it. It's a feeling of immense pride, I assure you.

Offer Suggestions.

"But Sherlock Holmes is not pop's best work, by any means. We and many others believe that his "White Company" is far greater than any of his popular detective stories. Then, of course, there is his "Tales of Long Ago." It is a gem. This and other works like it are veritable little mosaics. They show the real artist in pop."

Explaining that the creator of Watson always reads his manuscripts to the assembled family before he sends them to the publishers, Adrian continued:

"It usually happens like this: At supper time, for instance, pop simply says to us 'I'll read you some of my manuscript if you like.' Of course, we invariably accept his offer and so when the meal is over we congregate in the drawing room. He sits in his large and cozy armchair opposite the fireplace and reads to us while we gather around him and listen. From time to time one of us may offer a suggestion or perhaps, more rarely, a criticism. Then pop immediately stops reading and makes a note on his manuscript."

recent speed trials. He and his brother Denis work as a team—Denis managing the equipment and pit arrangements.

Discussing his racing career, Adrian declared that he had not yet "started racing seriously." It is, however, understood that he has procured a faster machine with which he intends to compete to a larger extent during the forthcoming year.

IT AIN'T THE WORLD—IT'S YOU

Don't blame the world when things go wrong
And you have met rebuff;
Don't censure any of the throng
That seek to call your bluff.
Investigate, and you will find
That what I say is true—
Don't tell me that the world is unkind;
It ain't the world—it's you!

You say the world has used you bad,
And caused you tears and woe,
And made your life depressed and sad,
But, friend, it isn't so!
The world is full of joy today
And woes are mighty few;
Just stop and think and you will say
It ain't the world—it's you!

You tell me that the world is hard,
That gladness isn't here;
That happiness and love are barred,
That folks are not sincere.
You say the world treats you with scorn,
And that it's fickle, too;
But just as sure as you are born
It ain't the world—it's you!

We're always prone, when in the dumps,
To blame the world, and say
It only gives us kicks and thumps
As we go on our way;
But it's a mighty good world yet,
So take this little cue,
And quit your kicking—you can bet
It ain't the world—it's you!

—Author Unknown.

[Herald-News Photography]

ONE OF THE T. E. CONNEL FARMSTEADS

One of the attractive sights along County Trunk Highway C, going to St. Nazianz, is the fine layout of buildings on the T. E. Connel farm now being rented by George A. Helf who moved on the place last spring. Mr. Connel, a Chilton banker, owns a number of farms in that locality and takes pride in keeping them up to date and the buildings in good repair. The barn on this 160-acre farm is 100 feet long and 50 feet wide. The stable is modernly equipped with dairy barn fixtures, and is a convenient one in which to work.

BIG CROWD AT STATE BANK OPENING

Over Seven Hundred People Visit the N Structure and are Shown Through Same by President Connell.

One of the busy places in the ... Thursday afternoon and eve... week was the State Bank ... day set apart by president ... Connell to show the people of the city and vicinity the new building and some seven hundred visitors were registered during the day. The bank officials and a number of ladies were present to receive the visitors and show them about the building. A carnation and souvenir were presented to each person before leaving.

The new structure, which is most beautiful in design, is a one story building used exclusively for banking purposes. It is centrally located on Main street convenient alike to the up town and down town districts. It is 38x38 feet in dimensions and the walls are built of a handsome terra cotta faced brick. One of the most interesting features of the outside, however, is the handsome, Bedford stone front which is the admiration of everybody and causes many to stop and take a second look when passing by. This beautiful piece of workmanship was designed and executed by the Chilton Granite works and as builders they need no encomium. Their work speaks for itself and in this instance, it stands as a monument, not only for the bank, but for the city and is a credit to the mechanical skill of the builder. As the architect has well said there is not a handsomer or better piece of workmanship in any country town in Wisconsin.

The front is modeled after the Roman style of architecture, modernized, however, being what is known as the composite order. The design is elusive rather than pronounced and its graceful beauty grows upon one. The front is composed of five massive columns of Bedford stone between which are large plate glass windows which afford an abundance of light and complete the beauty of the outside appearance.

The interior consists of a large lobby intersecting which is a passage way which leads to the counting room and vaults on the left, and on the right of this passage way as you enter is the private office of the president and the directors' room. A practical feature of the lobby is the small apartment set off by railing to be used as the president's working office. It is furnished with every convenience and is so located that the president can view every one who enters and he also commands a view of the cashier at work.

The floors of the lobby, passage way, toilet room and vaults are of white tile, handsomely designed, surmounted by Tennessee marble baseboards. The interior finish is quarter sawed white oak. This with all the fixtures and heavy beam ceilings was manufactured and installed by the Arthur Schuetze manufacturing company of Manitowoc and is certainly a credit to the skill and workmanship of that establishment. The panels, beams, doors, casings and furniture are beautifully and harmoniously matched, finished with a rub finish and the whole forms a picture which challenges the admiration of everyone. Much more could be said on the convenience and beauty of the bank, had we the time and space to devote to it. However it needs to be seen to be fully appreciated and Mr. Connell will be pleased to show the building to any one who desires to be taken through it.

Badger for 75 Years Proud of War Heroes

BY STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL.

Oconomowoc — Toting guns for Uncle Sam from grandfather to grandson is the "fighting Dutch" record of the family of Mrs. Phoebe Loeb, who on May 2 will have been a resident of this community for 75 years.

Peter Bogardus, the grandfather, fought under Washington during the Revolution; Mrs. Loeb's father was a private in the War of 1812; two of her father's brothers were in the Mexican war; two of the aged woman's brothers and a nephew were in the Union army in '61; two sons were with Roosevelt's troops in the Spanish-American war, and four grandsons were in the World war.

"I believe there's a lot of war in me yet," Mrs. Loeb, who is now 85, told the writer, who visited her at her humble two-room cottage here. She proudly displayed photos of her war heroes, whose uniforms range from that of Washington's Continentals to the overseas cap of one of the grandsons, who "sent her the picture from France."

The family record in the old country is equally interesting, for Mrs. Loeb has proofs to show that she is an eighth generation descendant of William of Orange. In addition, the old lady is a possible heir to millions in the Bogardus estate, which has been in litigation in the American courts for years.

Milwaukee was still without passenger trains when Mrs. Loeb came in 1852 with her parents, two brothers and a sister, to settle in Monterey, four miles north of here. Oconomowoc then had about 200 inhabitants. Indians were to be seen in this vicinity in "droves," as the old lady expresses it, and wild animals were abundant. "Father killed 29 deer the third winter," she relates.

Came West in 1852

A native of Cayuga county, New York, Phoebe was 11 when her father, Isaac Van Der Bogart, decided to come to Wisconsin. Four of the children, who had married, were left behind, and the parents, with the other four, made the journey in 1852. The first 200 miles of the trip was by canal to Buffalo. From there the family came by boat to Milwaukee, the journey requiring eight days. By ox cart the last lap of the trip was made to Monterey.

Mr. Van Der Bogart—the name had been changed from Bogardus during the father's service in the War of 1812—was a carpenter and millwright and helped build the first grist mill at Monterey. He opened a store in the village and later had a meat market and acquired considerable farm land.

Waukesha county's fine dairy farms were forests in those days, and news from the old friends in Cayuga county was meagre. An old carrier made a round trip on foot from Milwaukee to Green Bay every six weeks, and it was necessary for the Monterey settlers to go 10 miles to the Waterville trading post to meet him and get the mail. The old man's only compensation was the 25 cents he received for letters and 10 cents each for newspapers which he carried.

Recalls Juneau, Astor

Solomon Juneau, the founder of Milwaukee, used to come through on his trips to the Indian trading posts, and on one occasion stayed overnight at the Van der Bogart home.

John Jacob Astor, sr., also used to come through the settlement on his way to Green Bay and Marinette fur trading posts, and several times stopped with the family, "for they were the only settlers in the vicinity from New York state."

tan island was granted to Jans in 1636 by the Holland West India Co. in colonizing New Netherlands. Jans died the year after receiving the grant, and his widow a year later married Evardus Bogardus, the first minister sent from Holland to New Netherlands.

Four sons were born to the couple. Peter Bogardus, Mrs. Loeb's grandfather, is said to have been a grandson of one of the four. Evardus Bogardus was drowned in 1647 when the ship on which he was returning to Holland was wrecked in a storm at sea.

Trinity church, on what is now lower Broadway, was on the Bogardus land, and is said to have been given a 99-year lease on the site which it occupied. In her will Anneke Jans Bogardus is said to have put the entire estate in trust and to have provided that when the church lease was ended, her heirs should have the property.

Heirs Seek Church Site

The will never was probated according to the laws of the state of New York, and in 1697, along with another tract, the Bogardus land was granted to Trinity church by Gov. Benjamin Fletcher. Controversy over possession of the land started a few years after the grant by Gov. Fletcher, whom the heirs claim was in error.

The church leased the land in 1757 to Burr & Astor, and the lease is said to have been the foundation for the Astor fortune. Aaron Burr, a partner in the lease, was attorney for the Bogardus heirs when the suits first started. Burr later withdrew from the case and is said to have allied the interests opposing the heirs.

A national organization, known as the Defendants' Association, Inc., was formed many years ago, and has branches throughout the United States. Meetings are held from time to time, and occasional national gatherings have taken place. A few meetings have been held in Milwaukee, one of which Mrs. Loeb attended.

"We are trying to get the case before the United States supreme court," Mrs. Loeb said. "The money wouldn't mean much to me now, but I should like to see the property where it rightfully belongs."

The Van der Bogart home was paid another historical visit in September, 1865, when Gen. U. S. Grant, who was a distant relative of Mrs. Loeb's father, came up to Monterey and stayed overnight while on an official visit to Milwaukee.

Mrs. Loeb's claim to a share of the Bogardus estate, which comprises property in New York city now valued at $6,000,000,000, is through her grandfather, Peter Bogardus, who is three generations removed from Anneke Jans Bogardus, granddaughter of William, prince of Orange.

Claims Share in Big Fortune

Anneke Webber, daughter of the fourth king of Holland, was born in King's mansion, Holland, in 1605. She fell in love with Roeloffson Jans, an agriculturist and private citizen of Holland. Such a union was disapproved by King William, and Anneke secretly married Jans and fled to New Amsterdam, now New York city. A tract of 62 acres on Manhat-

Dogs Must Stop Hunting Coons at Night, Law Says

MADISON, Wis., May 27—(AP)—Governor Schmedeman today announced signing of 16 bills among those which became law were the following, all originating in the assembly:

By Donley, empowering courts to extend beyond six years the period for settlement of estates, upon petition of 50 per cent of the beneficiaries.

By Grosvenor, regulating trackless trolley systems; limiting the width of the cars to 8 feet 8 inches except by special order of the public service commission; and requiring the cars to observe local speed limits fixed for automobiles.

By Lynch, extending the occupational tax on coal to its derivatives.

By Hardgrove, holding towns, cities, villages or counties liable for hospitalization of persons entitled to poor relief, without previous authorization, in cases where emergency operations or treatments are required.

By McDonald, making it unlawful for a stockholder, officer or employe of a bank or other corporation to act as a notary public for any persons connected with the same business.

By O'Malley, requiring roll call votes by school boards in elections or appointments of members.

By Hanson, prohibiting night hunting with dogs 45 days before the opening of the raccoon season.

By the committee on judiciary, providing for financing of municipally owned utilities and setting up machinery for carrying out provisions of the constitutional amendment voted by the people at the November, 1932, election. The amendment permits cities, villages, towns, and power districts to bond themselves to finance public utility enterprises.

Unmusical Auto Horns Banned by Roman Edict

The ancient Romans believed that a falling star was a warning of some imminent calamity, but that was before the advent of the gasoline chariot. Modern Roman pedestrians do not live in fear of falling stars but the raucous blast of the present day automobile horn gives them worse thrills and chills. As a matter of fact Roman nerves are on edge and authorities have made "musical horns" obligatory equipment on all motor cars with the exception of busses, which must be equipped with some sort of device giving "signals such as are produced by electric bells." Diners in Italian restaurants, startled by noisy horns of passing motorists, have often lost their equilibrium and become hopelessly entangled in the yards and yards of spaghetti on a skillfully poised fork. As many of the diners were American tourists inexperienced in spaghetti spearing, the risk of hanging one's self was great, in the event of which international complications and a severing of diplomatic relations might result. So if you are planning to motor through Rome, and whether you give a "toot" or not, see to it that your auto horn is of the "musical" type, as it may save you possibly 50 lira or more. When in Rome, honk as the Romans do!—Exchange.

A Human Interest Record of Mankind

By J. P. GLASS

The Girl Loved by John Paul Jones Married Patrick Henry While He Was at Sea.

When John Paul Jones was in France enjoying the admiration which his naval exploits had won, a Mlle. de Menon asked him if he ever had been wounded. He replied:

"Never on the sea, mademoiselle, but on land I have been riled by arrows which were never launched by the English."

It was in 1775, while Jones was a companion of Dr. John K. Read on his estate in Hanover county, Virginia, that he was pierced by the worst of the arrows to which he so romantically alluded in his reply to Mlle. de Menon.

It was then that he was introduced to the beautiful Miss Dorothea Spottswood Dandridge, daughter of Nathaniel West Dandridge, a former captain in the British navy, a cousin of Martha Washington and a descendant of the distinguished Gov. Spottswood of Virginia.

She was 19. Jones was 28. He had not yet achieved any of the glory that was to come to him, being only an ordinary sea captain. But he was a man of tremendous magnetism and charming address. They fell in love.

This was a sad affair for John Paul Jones. Miss Dandridge's family were rich and proud. He, after all, was a mere adventurer of the seas.

A proud man like Jones could only have entered into an engagement after telling the truth about himself. That truth was painful. His origin was humble and obscure; his real name was not John Paul Jones, but John Paul; he had been engaged in the slave trade; he had served aboard a pirate ship, and once, during a mutiny, he had killed a sailor—run him through with his sword.

What story was this to tell a young and carefully reared daughter of the Virginia aristocracy?

The colonies' war with England opened a way out. He could enter the American navy and win for himself sufficient glory to outweigh all his past. Eagerly he seized the opportunity to fight in the cause of liberty.

Did Dorothea Dandridge give him any promise to wait for him? We do not know. But in 1778, just when John Paul Jones was at the height of his most glorious feats, he received tragic news in a letter from Dr. Read, answering an epistle in which Jones had declared his expectation of purchasing an estate in Virginia.

"Miss Dandridge is no more," Dr. Read wrote, "that is, she a few months ago gave herself into the arms of Patrick Henry."

In later years Jones had many amours, but never again a serious love affair. In the meantime, Dorothea bore Patrick Henry nine children. She survived both him and John Paul Jones many years.

Friday Evening After Examination.

Johnny sat by the fire in an easy arm-chair,
And fell into meditation;
He had worked for a week in the puzzling affair
Of the winter examination.

o he shut up his eyes and leaned back in the chair—
Just to rest his tired eyelids he meant—
e thought it all over while thus sitting there,
And this is the way that it went:

The indicative mood of three times fifty-four,
And the cube of the torrid zone,
Make what per cent. of a base ball score
In longitude seventy-one?

There is something wrong about that, I know,
And the next one is just as bad,
About parsing the ratio of Borneo
To the treaty of Trinidad.

I'll try the next—What rate per cent.

CHANGING MOODS

I used to think no happier day could be
Than that when pleasure showered her gifts on me.

Yet night time came, and that glad day was gone
But other days of laughter followed on.

Trial and heartache slowly came and went,
At times I thought the best of life was spent.

But with the passing months new dreams I made
And found new pleasures everywhere displayed.

That which had pleased me in the long ago
No longer was a joy I wished to know.

And to the calmer pleasures youth had spurned
With beating pulse and eager feet I turned.

The best of days weren't buried with the past!
One need not call this happy day his last!

With changing thoughts and changing moods we grow,
The best of days is this glad day we know.

The Panacea for All Ills!

If you are poor—work.
If you are rich—continue to work.
If you are burdened with seemingly unfair responsibilities—work.
If you are happy—keep right on working. Idleness gives room for doubts and fear.
If disappointments come—work.
If sorrow overwhelms you, and loved ones seem not true—work.
When faith falters and reason fails—just work.
When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead—work. Work as if your life were in peril. It really is.
No matter what ails you—work.
Work faithfully—work with faith.
Work is the great remedy available.
Work will cure both mental and physical afflictions.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

["Why call ye me Lord and do not the things which I say?"]

Not forever on the knees,
Would Jehovah have thee found;
There are burdens thou can'st ease;
There are griefs Jehovah sees;
Look around.

Work is prayer if done for God,
Prayer which God delighted hears;
See beside you upturned sod;
One bowed 'neath afflictions rod;
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers but earnest zeal;
This is what is wanted more;
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;
Bread unto the famished deal,
From thy store.

Not high sounding words of praise
Does God want 'neath some grand dome;
But that thou the fallen raise;
Bring the poor from life's highways,
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good;
Works, not words; kind acts and deeds;
He who loved God as he should,
Makes his heart's love understood,
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful, mere words weak,
Battering at high heaven's door;
Let thy love by actions speak;
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And to brighten eyes now dim;
Kind deeds done to one another
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto Him.

From Our Spring Poet

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
For ma has some carpets to beat;
She's got all the furniture out in the road,
From the front porch clear down to the street.
The stove must come down and be put in the shed,
And the yard must be cleared of dry grass,
For it's time to clean house and the devil's to pay,
And the front window needs a new glass.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
And bring some bologna and cheese,
It's most twelve o'clock and there's nothing to eat—
I'm so hungry I'm weak in the knees.
All the dinner we'll have will be scraps and such,
And we'll have to eat standing up, too,
For the table and chairs are all out in the yard;
Oh! I wish spring house cleaning was through!

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
For ma is as mad as a Turk;
She says you're a lazy old thing, and that
She proposes to put you to work;
There's painting to do, and the paper to hang,
And windows and casing to scrub,
For it's house cleaning time, and you've got to come home
And revel in suds and cold grub.

Obituary.

As the years roll by, one by one the pioneers, who built their earthly habitations in the rugged wilderness, are called to that home already prepared for them; that Celestial home where trials and tribulations are no more.

It is with an intense feeling of mingled sympathy and sorrow, that we chronicle the death of Mr. Wm. Goode of Charlestown, who passed away August 19. Sympathy for the bereaved and sorrow to think that we lost as true a friend as mortal man can be.

Man's allotted time is three score years and ten, yet by reason of strength, Mr. Goode had attained unto four score years.

He was born in Bandon, Cork Co., Ireland, on June 30, 1807. When thirty years of age, he immigrated to America, remaining three years in Nova Scotia and seventeen years in Canada West. From Canada West, he came to Calumet county, where he has ever since resided.

Some one has said, that it is easy to speak well of the dead. In many cases this is true and in many it is false. In the case of Mr. Goode, it is imminently true for he so lived that it is a pleasure to tell the truth of him.

He did not covet many of this world's material goods, but always took pride in having enough, not only for himself, but for needy persons who were worthy of assistance. A still greater pride did he take, however, in bringing to himself the good will of all. Well has he succeeded, for as extensive as was his acquaintance, so extensive was good will towards him.

Uncle and Auntie Goode; as he and his beloved wife were commonly called, who but a few years preceeded him, in his journey to the undiscovered country; had a well earned reputation for sympathy and charity. No home bereft of a loved one was a stranger to them, no sick bed was there that knew not their kind assistance and cheering presence.

But why attempt to eulogize farther? The events of every day, yes every hour of a long life, would have to be chronicled to give a true biography of our departed friend.

We sympathize with the bereaved ones; that they should lose so dear a father, yet we should take comfort in the thought that by reason of strength he had run beyond the allotted time of man, and that he was prepared to lay down life's burdens, to throw off this mortal coil and pass into eternal life.

S. A. C.

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE years ago last Wednesday Alexander Hamilton crossed the Hudson river from Manhattan island to fight a duel with Aaron Burr in Weehawken. Burr killed Hamilton.

It would seem strange now to read of the secretary of the treasury crossing the river to fight about a woman, and to be killed in the fight.

We have improved a little.

Another anniversary, yesterday. The battle of the Boyne was fought July 12, 239 years ago, when William of Orange, Protestant, defeated the Irish under James the Second.

Irishmen brush aside that unpleasant date, effectively reminding you that the English were led by a Dutchman, while the Irish were led by an English king, who was galloping miles away, while the Irish were still fighting.

"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"

"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"

COLONEL LINDBERGH OUR MAIL PILOT

He thought, he studied, he worked, he planned,
This pilot of mail, this genuine man,
Of bridging the gap in a flight cross the sea,
Though others had failed, 'twas not meant for he.

From the wide blue Pacific to the river of might,
He flew with one stride undaunted by night.
He talked with his sponsors, they bade him "God speed,"
Then away without plaudits in his worthy air steed.

He landed in York on the shore of the main,
No stop had he made in his wonderful plane;
There awaiting around him, planes tuned for quick action,
Airmen impatient for the forecaster's sanction.

Then alone and unheralded with courage of steel,
This man of the hour, this man who could feel
The pulsation of victory urging him on,
Shot into the sky and all to soon—he was gone.

With land clear in sight through the first long day,
He followed the shore line and then soon would say,
"Good-bye, dear America, I leave you tonight,"
With prayer on his lips, "God lead and guide me right."

Then alone, all alone, can you fathom the thought
Of this Lochinvar brave as he guided and brought
The white-winged ship through the air lines unknown?
Though besieged by the elements, born of courage, which won.

He was trained in a service which takes only men,
Who will persevere on, every energy bend,
To fulfill their mission, complete appointed round
Though gloom of night, sleet or cold, never wanting, found.

He sighted a ship, he even saw men,
He slackened his speed, he lowered his plane,
"Does this route pass Ireland?" 'though the question unheard,
The sight of a human, his whole being stirred.

His good ship sped on, his compass still his guide,
He soon sighted land, could this man be denied?
No! No! but with what joy, victory now in sight,
Oblivious of honor, he rushed forth to alight.

Sights Eiffel, then Paris, he knew he had won,
In silence he thanked Him, his work was well done.
With skill, safely guided his plane through the throng,
And the name of our hero to the ages belong.

FERGUS R. ELLSWORTH,
in "The Postal Supervisor."

Couldn't Be Done—So He Did It

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied,
That "Maybe it couldn't" but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that!
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it:
With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin.
Then take off your coat and go to it.
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—Exchange.

* * *

TO BE SUNG TO SOFT MUSIC

The dying man groaned feebly,
And his family gathered nigh—
They wiped their eyes, and sadly
Prepared to say good-bye.
With sudden strength, the victim
Rose up upon his bed
And with death close upon him,
These words to them he said:—

"I've left my cash in trust, my dears;
My coin you cannot blow—
The bank won't let you cut a dash
On Papa's hard-earned dough!
I know you've waited anxiously
For me to hit the dust—
But though I croak, I'll have my joke—
I've left my kale in trust!"

—o—

Think It Over!

We hear a lot of talk these days
About "Henderson on the air,"
How he tells about the chain stores
As much as he can dare.
How the hungry sharks of Wall Street
Gobble up our city trade.
Then send the cash to Eastern banks
And leave ours in the shade.

We hope he makes the matter plain
To the good folks all around,
From the chaps who live on "Yankee Hill"
To the end of "Dago Town."
That the gift to public enterprise
From the independent man
Is different from the chain store boost
Which isn't worth a damn.

We independents seem to feel
That the public should think harder;
Especially those who get their bread
From our generous public larder—
Those clerks up in the capitol,
The cops and firemen, too,
And teachers in our public schools,
We are speaking now of you.

The buildings that you occupy
Were here and built to stay
Before that roll of capital
From the East loomed up this way.
Don't bite too hard at hook and line
And swallow all the bait,
Just help the man who has helped you,
Then stop and meditate.

You rural girls who come to town
With cabbage and termaters
Will Roebuck buy your butter 'n eggs,
Does Ward want any taters?
Just try 'em once my country friend,
Then see who does the kickin'
You'll find these big town business birds
The hardest kind of pickin.'

The labor fellow hollers most
'Bout importing help to town
And says the jobs the city has
Won't more than half go 'round.
But when at night he rests from toil
And feels he must be fed
He cheats his empty belly
By eating "shipped in" bread.

We're with you townsmen, as of yore,
To make our city grand,
Just stick around and work with us;
We need your helping hand.
So in the last analysis
Tell your independent friend,
"You boosted us in early times,
We're with you 'till the end."

—A Madison, Wis.,
Independent Merchant

Couldn't Be Done—So He Did It

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied,
That "Maybe it couldn't" but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
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That couldn't be done—and he did it.

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Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—Exchange.

Hiawatha and True Love

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

In such beautiful words did the poet Longfellow picture the need of man and woman for each other.

In these equally beautiful words he pictures Hiawatha's wooing.

"Thus continued Hiawatha—
"Give me as my wife this maiden
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

Perhaps in all literature the love theme has never been pictured more beautifully.

Surely there has never been a nobler lover than Hiawatha nor a more winsome woman than Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

This month, on our cover page, the artist gives you his vision of Hiawatha and Minnehaha as they journeyed to Hiawatha's home after the wooing.

In these days when it seems a common thing to make light of true love, it is refreshing to read again the appealing love story of Hiawatha and Minnehaha.

And so we make our appeal for true love; love that is founded on deep respect; love that always seeks to serve the other.

Hiawatha was a great lover because he was utterly unselfish. His whole life purpose was to help his people. To Minnehaha he gave utter, undying love.

Minnehaha was as great. She, too, gave all and followed her husband to a strange country, unafraid. Best of all, wherever she went she brought happiness. She was Laughing Water;—joyous, sparkling, appealing.

In the love story of Hiawatha and Minnehaha there is a lesson for every man and woman today.

No home is happy without true love. Love is the greatest thing in the world. Love conquers all things and love is always kind.

True love and abiding happiness do not come unbidden. They are achieved by being worthy.

Lord Byron ,in his youth took up his residence for a time in Athens and while there ,wrote the stanzas entitled"Childe Harold."which to this day is renowned as the choicest treasure ever written in the English language

It was also then and there that he wrote the following love poem and addressed it to the eldest daughter of the Athenian Lady ,in whose house he lodged.

Little did the fair maiden ever imagine that his verses would make her known in every literary country throughout the entire world.Yet so it was. And we may well believe that her freshness and beauty would compare favorably with the typical Grecian woman of the present day.

MAID of ATHENS.

.....

By those tresses unconfined,
Wove by each AEgian Wind ;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks'blooming fringe;
By thy wild eyes like the roe,
" My LIFE,I Love THEE! "

By that lip I longed to taste;
By that zone encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well:
By love's attitude joy and woe,
"My Life I Love Thee! "

Maid of Athens!I am gone :
Think of me,sweet.when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee?No.
" My Life I Love Thee."

THE DREAM of KING SOLOMON.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared unto Solomon in a dream, by night:and God said"Ask what I shall give thee." Solomon spoke thus: I am but a little child:I know not how to go out or come in.And thy servant is in the midst of thy people,which thou hast chosen,A great people,that cannot be numbered or counted for multitude.

Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart.

"There is only a curtain between us,
Between the beyond and the here.
They whom we call dead have not left us--
Nay,they were never so near.

Not dead,but only promoted,
They have entered the Heaven above,
And there neath the smiles of the Master,
They will finish their labor of love."

Free State Starts Extensive Archeological Research to Trace History From the Time When Celtic Tribes Arrived on Island

AT LAST the world is to have the truth about the Irish. President Cosgrae of the Irish Free State has appointed a commission, composed of the leading scholars and archeologists of old Erin, to ferret out, co-ordinate and arrange an official history of the Irish people. It is to begin in the mists of antiquity, when the Celts ranged mid-Europe, warring and loving and adventuring. Archeological excavations are to be carried out, old manuscripts re-translated, ancient records searched and the whole set down, authenticated and documented once and for all. Free State officials believe that the shadow of the British empire has obscured many of the beauties and nobilities of Irish history.

One of the most interesting leads for the commission is the theory that the Celts, or original Irishmen, made their way into Asia, and are mentioned on the Assyrian monuments under the name Gimarri. It is believed that as long ago as 1450 B. C. the Celts made inroads into Greece, settling in some sections and influencing Greek art with their characteristic geometrical designs.

The Greeks called them Keltoi, and this people, divided into many tribes, must have lived in central and western Europe before moving down to take possession of central Gaul.

It is generally admitted that the Celts were the greatest metallurgists of the prehistoric and early historic ages. They knew how to handle copper and how to make bronze by combining tin and copper; and, most important of all, they knew how to smelt iron out of the hillsides. It is to this expertness in manufacturing spears and swords of hard iron that the military success of the Celts is attributed.

It is believed that Ireland holds untold archeological treasures running back to some centuries before the Christian era. There were two reasons why exploration was not before undertaken. One was the law that whatever was found belonged to the government. The other was that the native Irish themselves objected to having their fields ploughed up in search of old stones and implements, no matter how historically valuable.

Although the discoveries up to now have been accidental, the mass of gold, silver, bronze and enameled jewels and ornaments in the national museum at Dublin is great. Everything thus far found has been on the surface, unearthed sometimes while digging potatoes in the field, as was the case with the unique chalice of Ardagh, and many other pieces of surpassing workmanship and beauty.

THE world is curious to understand how the mighty empire of the Celts, which proved its power all over Europe, and even in Asia, fell into ruin. Of this there is not a word save the guesses of some who hold that Christianity was the cause of the fall of the Celts as it was of the Roman empire. All this and much more that cannot even be guessed lies ready for the spades of the excavators.

Even before the Celtic empire embraced Scotland, Wales, Isle of Man, Cornwall, Brittany and the Basque lands, authorities assert the mighty tribes lived north of the Alps and in the Danube valley, gradually spreading thence into Gaul and making incursions for conquest into Italy and Greece.

There is a statement by one of the Roman historians that in the sixth century B. C. the Celts of France, under the leadership of the Biturgian king, Ambigatus, invaded both Spain and Italy with uniform success. Two centuries later another wave of Celts flowed down into Italy, drove the Etruscans before them, and occupied Rome, from which stronghold they retired only when huge sums of gold had been paid them. Then, about 280 B. C., the Celts made their way down to Macedonia and took possession.

Some other Celtic tribes proceeded westward while their brothers were invading Italy in the sixth century B. C. These hardy warriors reached southeastern Britain and extended their settlements into Ireland.

The task of the Irish commission, therefore, is to trace the history of the Celts backward for approximately 2,500 years.

TRADITION lists a line of pagan Irish kings, 136 in number, before St. Patrick's time. It also assigns to Ireland quite a number of names before its present designation was fastened upon it in the eleventh century It was known as Ogygia, the ancient island, for it was supposed to have been inhabited before the biblical deluge Other names, such as Ierna, Juverna, Hibernia and Inisfail, or the Isle of Destiny were given the land at various times. The names Banba and Erin were bestowed upon it, also Scotia, supposedly after the daughter of an Egyptian pharaoh, wife of one of the chiefs who settled there. Ireland was

The Unknown Soldier

T. E. Connell
Beatitudes

Blessed are they who plant the long lived tree and shrub, for generations shall rise up and call them blessed.

Blessed are they who are owners of flower gardens, for in the heart of a flower may be seen its Creator.

Blessed are they who appreciate nature's gifts, for they shall be known as lovers of beauty.

Blessed are they who clean up the highways, byways and home grounds, for cleanliness is next to godliness.

Blessed are they who brighten and freshen their buildings and fences with paint, for improvement and the praise of many people shall be their reward.

Blessed are they who war on signs and banish the billboards along the rural highways, for they shall be called the protectors of roadside beauty and landscape scenery.

Blessed are they who stand against friend and relative in the protection of nature's gifts to our nation, for they shall be recognized as true patriots of America.

Blessed are the towns with planning boards, for great beauty, prosperity and peace shall descend upon them.

Great shall be the reward of those who protect our forests from fire, for the bird shall continue to serve him and the fish and wild animal to furnish him food.

Whosoever conserveth our national resources serveth himself, and the generations following.

UNTO THE HILLS.

Night on the shores of Galilee;
Westward a weary moon
Sank to the purple curve of the sea
That murmured a welcome croon.
Sleepers on housetops smiled and stirred,
Healed of their racking ills;
Out from the door went Jesus unheard,
Lifting his eyes to the hills.

Dawn on the peaks of Galilee;
Eastward a blazing star
Rose in the silver mystery
With never a shadow to mar.
Up from the lake a breeze like a bird
Hovered on brooding wings;
Softly the locks of Jesus stirred
Alone of created things.

Sunlight lay crimson, east to west;
Out from the crowded street
Multitudes pouring in eager quest
Followed the print of his feet.
Hot grew the day, and dense the throng;
Ever his deep eyes turned
Up to the hill of the night-wind's song
And the peak where the day-star burned.

"In man, whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In man whom men pronounce Divine,
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

Copied from an inscription over the old mission door in Mexico City.

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The Living Epitaph

When I pass out and my time is spent,
I hope for no lofty monument,
No splendid procession marching slow,
Along the last long road I go;
No pomp and glory I care for then,
When I depart from the world of men.

But I'd like to think when my race is through
That there will be in the world a few
Who'll say, "Well, there is a good man gone,
I'm sorry to see him passing on,
For he was a sort that's fair and square,
The kind of fellow it's hard to spare.

"He hadn't money, he hadn't fame,
But he kept the rules and he played the game,
His eyes were true and his laugh was clear,
He held his truth and his honor dear.
And now that his work is at an end,
I know how much I shall miss my friend".

If my life shall earn such words as those
I shall smile in peace as my eyelids close,
I shall rest in quiet and lie content,
With the words of a friend for my monument.

(Berton Braley)

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Miss Pankhurst and Child

A few years ago Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, daughter of the noted English suffragist, startled the world when she announced her belief in the modern creed of becoming a mother without marriage ties. Here is her son, Richard Keir Pethick Pankhurst, with whom she is seen on their estate at Essex, England.

THE SPIRIT OF W. W. PERRY

By Bro. A. H. Craig.

WHEN God in His infinite wisdom
Created His image in man,
He gave from His own perfect Spirit
A Spirit to guide and to plan.

This Spirit from dawn of creation
Has dwelt on the highways of Life,
To point out the way for the living,
Bringing peace in the hours of strife.

Then God saw the need for a being—
A being whose soul was pure light—
So He made from this wonderful Spirit
A man true and just in His sight.

THIS man was our friend and our brother,
A friend in the hour of our need;
A brother with heart and mind golden,
A brother in word and in deed.

Who devoted his life to the calling
Of Masonry's loving embrace,
Whose handclasp gave promise of friendship,
Who served with a smile on his face.

No guile was concealed in his speaking,
No falsehood was uttered for gain;
He lived the pure life of a Christian,
Accepting alike joy or pain.

MAY his life be our beacon to follow,
As we cherish his memory rare;
May that Spirit of brotherly friendship
Be waiting to welcome us There.

Historic Christmases

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

AN ARTICLE about "Historic Christmases" would be incomplete without mention of the first—and most historic—Christmas of all. For had it not been for certain events in the little town of Bethlehem in Palestine some nineteen centuries ago there would have been no Christmas to be celebrated each year, hence no Christmases to be characterized as "historic."

What those events were have best been recorded by "the beloved physician," St. Luke, who, more than any one of the four apostles who have written the story of Christ, has given the historic background of those events. And this is the story of that first historic Christmas, as St. Luke tells it:

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Gallee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

Those were the events, then, which were destined to bring about the world-wide celebration of December 25 of each year. However, this observance did not begin at once, for the very first evidence of a feast having been held in honor of the birth of Christ was in Egypt about the year 200. Although the regular observance of Christmas began sometime in the Fourth century, it was not until the Thirteenth century that the celebration became a general custom.

It is interesting to note that the first Christmas celebration in the New world took place only a little more than two months after that event which is usually referred to as "the discovery" of America. Soon after Christopher Columbus set foot upon the soil of the New world he started upon an exploration of the group of islands which he had found. During this time he anchored his ships in a harbor of Haiti, to which he gave the name of a saint whose day is celebrated on December 6 and who in the minds of children is inseparably connected with Christmas day—St. Christmas must also have been a joyful occasion for the settlers of the first English colony at Jamestown, Va., even amidst the privations and troubles of the early days of that colony. For they doubtless brought with them the English tradition of the Old country Yuletide with all of its feasting and merrymaking.

Quite different was the first Christmas of that other English colony founded "on the stern and rock-bound coast" of New England. The Pilgrim fathers landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth on December 21, 1620. But Christmas day that year brought with it no thought of revelry or gayety to these Englishmen. This first Christmas day found them without shelter from the piercing winds, since the day before was Sunday and no one was allowed to labor and disturb the sanctity of the Sabbath even for the purpose of building some sort of shelter from the icy blasts of a New England winter. So, instead of observing Christmas in any such manner as their descendants do, these pioneers celebrated the day with the swinging of axes, the felling of trees and the clearing of ground upon which their rude log cabins were to stand.

When the second Christmas in New England came around there was no joyous celebration, for still another reason. During the preceding year an-other ship had brought a load of emigrants and of this colony William Bradford, a stern Puritan, was governor. He formally outlawed Christmas, as the Puritans of England had done when they had gained control of parliament, because it was looked upon—at least so far as the Old English celebrations with their strange mixture of ancient Druid customs and Christian ceremonies—as a "godless and pagan rite." More than that, the General Court of Massachusetts, frowning upon the idea of making the Christmas season a time of enjoyment, passed an enactment which stated that "who is found observing by abstinence from labor, feasting or in any other way, shall pay for every offense five shillings."

For more than a century the stern Puritan influence prevented anything but a most joyless observance of Christmas until the gradual growth of Episcopal influence in Massachusets and its association with official power, when the colony came under the direct control of the crown brought about a relaxation of the anti-Christmas sentiment of the Puritans. In contrast to the Massachusetts type of Christmas was that celebrated in the great manor houses in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Maryland, especially in those days when George Washington was unknown to fame except as a prosperous Virginia planter.

And it was this same George Washington who was the central figure in what is perhaps the most historic Christmas in the annals of America.

On the evening of December 25, 1776, the Continental army, led by this former Virginia planter, was drawn up for evening parade near Newtown, Penn., nine miles above Trenton on the Delaware river. Instead of returning to their quarters they were marched toward McKonkey's ferry, where Colonel Glover's fishermen from Massachusetts bay were manning boats and trying to launch them in the river.

It was a cold raw evening and a snow storm had set in. The wind was from the northeast and beat in the faces of the ragged, barefooted soldiers, who were about to embark upon one of the most desperate enterprises in history. For Washington was planning to cross the Delaware that night and lead them on a nine-mile march over snowy roads to Trenton where the Hessian troops of Colonel Rahl were celebrating Christmas with feasting and merrymaking.

The crossing had begun at six o'clock. Washington had planned to have his entire army on the Jersey side by midnight, begin the march to Trenton by one o'clock, so that he could make his attack just at daylight. But the river ice threatened to spoil his whole program and Gates and other generals declared that the whole scheme was impossible. The iron will of Washington was not to be daunted, however, and although the crossing took no less than ten hours it was finally accomplished.

Then he set out for Trenton, and after a terrible march, with some of his men leaving tracks of blood in the snow and others struggling along with their guns wet and useless, he arrived in Trenton and immediately attacked. As he had anticipated, the appearance of his army was a complete surprise. Although the Hessians rallied and put up a stubborn resistance for a short time, the determination of the Continentals could not be denied. Rahl, the commander, and seventy of his men were killed and 1,000 of the Hessians surrendered. So Christmas day, 1776, is a red letter day in American history because on that day a great commander gave to his country one of the finest Christmas gifts that has ever been bestowed—a brilliant victory at a time when the cause of freedom seemed all but lost.

The Battle of Trenton

'TWAS Christmas-day in Seventy-Six
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In center, front and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

—Old Ballad.

The first Christmas in the New world—and surely it was a historic one—was an eventful day for Columbus and his men. They spent it in a vain effort to save the flagship, the Santa Maria, which had been beached on Christmas eve. Finding that their efforts were doomed to fail, they took what goods they could from the ship and carried them on board the Nina. Since this vessel was too small to carry all those who had been on board the flagship, Columbus found it necessary to leave some of his men in a fort which was built on an island and which in honor of the season was called Le Navidad, "The Nativity."

Although Christmas was, no doubt, celebrated by the early Spanish and French settlers in the New world, there is no record of any outstanding events on that day connected with these settlements which would make their Christmas celebration worthy of the characterization of "historic."

Don't Oppose Marriage Of Dad if Match Is an Ideal One, Girls Warned

By DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Eight years ago our dear mother died and our father, the best old dad on earth, who has worked hard and given 10 children a good education, wants to marry. He is 65 and the woman he wants to marry is 50. She is a good woman and has some property of her own, as had dad. He is active, works at his office every day, but don't you think it awful that a man of that age should marry? There are three daughters of us who are single and make more than a living, and if needs be can take care of him in his real old age. Please advise us.

Distressed Daughters.

Answer: I think you are altogether wrong and very selfish to oppose your father's marrying a woman who seems suitable and who will give him the companionship in his old age that he needs.

Have Wrong Idea.

Sixty-five isn't old in these days for a healthy, able-bodied man. He is in the prime of life, and there is no reason why he shouldn't marry and every reason why he should, provided he picks out a mate in his own age class. It would be suicidal, so far as his happiness goes, for him to marry a flapper who would have none of his tastes and interests that he has, but a woman of 50 belongs to his generation and they would have all tastes and habits in common.

I think children are very wrong when they oppose their middle-aged, or even elderly, parents' marrying, because they are dooming their fathers and mothers to very lonely traveling down the last stretch of the road of life. The children, very self-righteously, say: "But father and mother have us for company. We are here to take them into our homes and make them comfortable."

They think that should make the parents happy and they forget that no matter how much parents love their children nor how interested they are in their affairs they really can never be companions. A generation that no affection can bridge separates them. The young are absorbed in their own lives, their own business, their own families, their own amusements. The old cannot enter into these and they always know when their sons and daughters dutifully drag them along with them or try to entertain them that they are not really in the picture, that they are always a little in the way, a little damper on the occasion.

Besides, old people do not want to do the things that young people do nor even to talk about the things they talk about. They don't want to be received as Tom's or Mary's father and mother who has to be asked. They want their own friends, their own place in society.

Leaves Children Free.

Nor can any man or woman who has ever been at the head of a house ever be really happy in another's house. So for all of these reasons it is a good thing when old people marry, if they marry suitably. And it is a great thing for their children, because it solves the in-law problem and leaves the children free to lead their own lives.

DOROTHY DIX.

Ducks Provide Lessons In Picking Likely Mates

MENOMINEE, Mich., May 10—(Special)—Intimate hints on the intricacies of choosing a life mate are being dispensed gratis in the best Elinor Glyn fashion by hundreds of ducks, mostly bluebills, swarming the waters near the Menominee and Marinette paper mills.

Crowds of spectators line the water's edge daily, amused by the lovemaking of the fowls, which arrive in great flocks and then fly away to the north in pairs to build their nests.

Potency of love at first sight is the prevailing lesson. There is little billing and cooing, no masculine dawdling or maidenly reticence. The birds land in a whirl of wings, paddle about a moment while they eye each other speculatively in the approved fashion of modern young persons, then draw apart in twos, brush each other's feathers with their bills and without further ado take to the air. With the female leading, and the drake, like an obedient husband, about a foot behind, they head into the north.

An entire flock is thus mated in several hours, but by the time they have departed, other birds have arrived.

The "affairs" in general run smoothly, but one female, to human eye no more comely than her sisters, but evidently heavily endowed with "It," threw dissension into the ranks of the males. Four drakes drew apart from the flock with her, but while they hovered in attendance she scanned the remaining males. Then picking her man, she paddled into the throng, brushed him peremptorily like a Royal Northwest mountie and took to wing. The male almost passed her in his rise from the water

AD INFINITUM.

The farmer sells a load of wheat, and all the
world grows fair and sweet;
He hums a couple of cheerful tunes, and pays
the grocer for his prunes.
The grocer, who has had the blues, now buys
his wife a pair of shoes.
That ten the shoe-man thinks God-sent, and
runs and pays it on the rent.
Next day the rent man hands the bill to
Doctor Eakins for a pill.
And Doctor Eakins tells his frau, that business is improving now.
And cheers her up and says: "My dear, you've
been quite feeble for a year,
I'm thinking you should have a rest; you'd
better take a trip out West."
And in a couple of days the frau is on the
farm of Joshua Howe.
She pays her board to farmer Howe, who
takes the bill and says "I swow!
Here's something that just can't be beat, this
bill's the one I got for wheat."
He hums a couple of cheerful tunes, and goes
and buys a lot more prunes.

SONNY BOY.

How Londoners Got Nickname of Cockney

The man came down to breakfast red-eyed and pale.

"A quiet country holiday?" he grumbled to a farmer's daughter. "Why, nothing like it is ever heard in town: the pandemonium was unexampled. Dogs barking, pigs grunting, sparrows chirping, roosters crowing, horses neighing—no, I didn't sleep a wink."

The pretty daughter of the farmer gave a little laugh. "You city people have such nerves!" she said. "None of you can stand our pastoral repose, you are all like the cockney." "What cockney?" he asked.

"The first, the original Cockney," she replied. "He left London, just like you, to spend his holiday in the country, and just like you the noises wouldn't let him sleep. He said at breakfast that the wild beasts' roaring had been something frightful. And as he talked a cock crowed. 'That's the one,' he said, excitedly. 'That's the feller. He's been neighing like that all night.'"

The girl laughed. "And ever since that time," she said, "Londoners have been called cockneighs."—London Answers.

DONNA JUANITA.

I.

There is a lady
Whom no one has sung.
Her path has been shady
Since she was young.

II.

Tolerant, careless
And debonair,
Any man's ribbon
To fasten her hair.

III.

On meeting Don Juan
That naughty Juanita
Eyed him over her fan.
"Your slave, Señorita!"

IV.

Perfidious the jilt,
Smooth-tongued the beau,—
Much milk may be spilt
Ere either can go.

V.

Both being artists
In how to deceive
Which will be first
To take a French leave?

ROSALIE DONAI

SEE IT THROUGH

When you're up against a trouble.
Meet it squarely face to face;
Lift your chin and set your shoulders
Plant your feet and take a brace.
When its vain to try to dodge it,
Do the best that you can do,
You may fail—but you may conquer.
See it through!

Black may be the clouds about you,
And your future may seem grim,
But dont let your nerve desert you,
Keep yourself in fighting trim.
If the worst is bound to happen,
Spite of all that you can do,
Running from it will not save you—
See it through!

Even hope may seem but futile,
When with troubles youre beset.
But remember you are facing
Just what other men have met.
You may fail, but fall still fighting;
Dont give up what e're you do;
Eyes front! Head high to the finish!
See it through!

—Edgar A. G

Three Days

Noon! on a Roman road
By weary prisoners trod,
Bowed to the earth a fainting form,
The Son of God.

Night! and a naked Cross
Lifted against the sky,
On whose stark arms the Sun of God
Lay Down to Die.

Dawn! by an empty Tomb,
He who is strong to save,
The Son of God, hath conquered death
And rent the grave.

Infantile Paralysis

"He must compete—and compete—and compete. He must do everything other boys do. You do not want him different from the others," is the keynote sounded by a doctor in mapping out the after-care for infantile paralysis when the victim, a boy, was ready to return to school. Florence Brookins Newman, whose own son faced the ordeal of convalescence after infantile paralysis, tells of his story in Hygeia Magazine.

HIGH HEARTED.

Our neighbor is proud of his fertile land,
His sweeping fields of golden grain,
The fancy herds that bear his brand—
But no child romps his shady lane.

My father tilled his barren soil,
The while he watched his children grow;
His days were spent in cheerful toil
With back bent over plow or hoe.

My dad is proud of stalwart sons
Who work from morn till day grows dim;
Our neighbor scorns the lowly ones—
Our kindly dad just pities him.

Down Memory's Lane With You

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Down the Lane of Memory,
It leads to the happy times we had
In the days of Used-to-be;
And Christmas Day seems brighter
And friendship seems more true,
'Cause Christmas Day suggests a stroll
Down Memory's Lane with you!

A fly and a flee in a flue were imprisoned.
So what would they do?
"Let us flee" said the fly.
"Let us fly" said the flee.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue

LOVE.

Love went wandering, God knows where,
With restless eyes and plaintive air.
Love went down the road a space,
Love . . . and no one saw his face.

Love is such a quiet lad,
No one knew his heart was sad;
No one knew that Love could die,
Till they heard his parting cry.

Love was young and none could guess
He had tasted loneliness;
Yet somewhere, I've heard it told
In a whisper . . . Love is old.

Older than the thoughts of men,
Old as life, and twice again,
Weary, too, of earth and sky;
Love went crying . . . was that why?

DUBLU.

YOU AND I.

Oh, I am as bad as you are,
And you are as good as I.
Laughter and sorrow in living,
Heaven—or hell!—when we die!
Toast and bacon for breakfast,
A new spring suit, or a hat,
A book of poems for beauty,
The chair where Washington sat!
The vase, and the yellow roses
Holding the sunlight—there—
Four stories up, and the city
Below on the streets—ah, pity
For swarming humans down there.

The same old drudge and new laughter,
The same bright blue of the sky!
Oh, I am as good as you are,
And you are as bad as I!

EDITH EVANS.

If My Heart Were Right

By BERNARD LEE RICE

I COULD see God tonight
If my heart were right.
If all the rubbish of my soul
Were cleared away, my being whole,
My breast would thrill in glad surprise,
At all the wonder in my eyes—
Tonight!
If only my dull heart were right.

If you, O heart, were right,
I could see God, tonight.
And in the radiance of His face
I'd flame with light and fill this place
With glory, and the world would know
How God meets man down here below—
Tonight!
If you, O heart of mine, were right.

Constructive Criticism.

"Elsie Rosenwrig Shows Promise of Billiard Future." That was the headline in the *New York Herald-Tribune* that intrigued us. What was here about Elsie that made the *Herald-Tribune* think she had a great billiard future, and then we read the story, and it was all about a twelve year old girl in Pittsburgh who writes poetry. And when the *Her-Trib* correspondent asked her about it Elsie sat down and dashed this off:

The snow is falling thick and fast,
Winter now has come at last;
Children with their sleds appear,
Happy, smiling, see them here.
Come one, come all, play in the snow,
That shines like crystals clear,
For it will not last very long,
The first snow of the year.

considering all the facts in the case we cided that the headline writer of the *Her-* right. For there are lots of poets who promise of a billiard future.

STANDARDIZATION.

They're working to make everybody alike,
The same things to love, the same to dislike;
To eat the same food, to wear the same clothes,
To resemble each other from our heads to our toes.

We must sing the same songs and read the same books,
Catch the very same fish in the very same brooks;
Go to bed the same time, get up the same hour,
Think the same things are sweet, the same things are sour.

We must have one religion, have the same politics,
Have the very same praise and the very same kicks;
Have the very same pleasures and the very same ills,
Take the very same powders and the very same pills.

We must have the same houses, bet on the same horse,
Have the same kind of joy, the same kind of remorse;
Have the same color hair and the same kind of eyes,
The same kind of shoes and the same kind of ties.

Standardized? No! for it leaves us in fear
That when at the last we have quitted this sphere,
The reformers would make us go where they'll dwell,
That is, all together, in the very same hell.

LIFE'S URGE.

When one has an easy old arm chair
By the side of a bright roaring fire,
With the wind and rain on the window pane,
And the road all a muck and a mire;
Who would wish for a walk on the south downs,
When the work of the day is done,
Where the wind twangs sharp as a giant's harp?
I would, for one!

When one has a cozy apartment
Over by Hammersmith way,
With Polly and Scotch in the window notch,
And a pipe at the close of day;
Who would long for a rolling freighter,
Outbound on a northern run,
All hell set free and a following sea?
I would, for one!

E. LESLIE SPAULDING.

A Robin's Egg

Only think of it—joy and song,
The passionate joy of the Summer long.
Matins and vespers, ah, how sweet,
A nest to be in the village street.
A red breast flashing in happy flight,
Life's full of ecstasy and delight,
Thrilling God's minstral through and through
All of them packed in this egg of blue.

Would you believe it, holding dumb,
Line and pigment 'twixt finger and thumb?
Would you believe there was love within
Walls so brittle and cold and thin?
Such a song as you heard last night,
Thrilling the grove in the sunset light.

Out of the casket in which we dwelt
What may issue? Can you foretell?
Can you say when you will not spread
Bits of our egg shell, we are dead?
Can you think, if this shell be crushed,
All that was in it is cold and hushed?
Look once more at this bit of blue—
Has it no message of hope for you?

SUBLIMATION.

The sky was a cloak of sapphire blue
All sprinkled with stars where God looked through.
And it wrapped us round like a soft caress
And whispered of love and tenderness.
And I said as I waited to meet your kiss,
"Never can Life hold more than this!"

But now the sky is a mottled gray
No thought of rapture or love today.
I take no glance—no lingering look—
The tale is ended. I close the book.
But I sigh, as I take up my task again—
"Thank God for work in a world of men!"

MARJORIE F. W.

A Toast To Our Flag

Here's to the Red of it—
There's not a thread of it,
No, not a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it—
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it,
But feels the might of it
Through day and night?
Womanhood's care of it
Made manhood dare for it,
Purity's prayer for it
Keeps it so White.

Here's to the Blue of it—
Beauteous view of it,
Heavenly hue of it
Star-spangled dew of it,
Constant and true.
States stood supreme for it,
Diadems gleam for it
Liberty's beam for it
Brightens the Blue.

Here's to the whole of it—
Stars, stripes and pole of it
Body and soul of it
On the goal of it,
Carry it through.
Home or abroad for it,
Unsheat hthe sword for it,
Fight in accord for it,
RED, WHITE AND BLUE!

(John Jay Daly)

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile.
THE SMILE that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen,
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again.
IT'S FULL of worth and goodness too, with manly kindness bent,
It's worth a Million Dollars and doesn't cost a cent

CAPITAL ST. PAUL

Pioneer St. Paul,
Steadfast old St. Paul
With your lakes and grounds,
Friendly bluffs and mounds,
That tell of other days,
And of Indian ways,
Where the highways call
To Capital St. Paul.

Seaport to our state,
Empire builder's gate,
Travelers gather here,
Come from far and near;
And aeroplanes on high
Stop as they go by;
Welcome one and all
To Capital St. Paul.

Minnesota's Fair,
With exhibits rare,
Brings the great Northwest
Here to see the best;
And Washington, D. C.,
Needs our men to be
Leaders of us all
From Capital St. Paul.

COME TO ST. PAUL

1. High on our hills we stand,
Visions on ev'ry hand,
Hearts to enthrall,
If you would beauty see,
That has no rivalry,
Come to Saint Paul.

2. Here in our sparkling air,
Children beyond compare
Grow strong and tall.
If you would healthy be,
Find strength and jollity,
Come to Saint Paul.

3. Here is a fruitful field:
Who knows what it may yield,
For one and all?
If you would wealthy be,
Find true prosperity,
Come to Saint Paul.

4. Here is a chance to earn,
Here is a chance to learn,
Fortune may call.
If you would famous be,
Find life a victory,
Come to Saint Paul.

The Heart's Anchor

Think of me as your friend, I pray,
And call me by a loving name;
I will not care what others say,
If only you remain the same.
I will not care how dark the night,
I will not care how wild the storm,
Your love will fill my heart with light
And shield me close and keep me warm.

Think of me as your friend, I pray,
For else my life is little worth;
So shall your memory light my way,
Although we meet no more on earth.
For while I know your faith secure,
I ask no happier fate to see;
Thus to be loved by one so pure
Is honor rich enough for me.

(William Winter)

A fly and a flea in a flue were imprisoned,
Now what would they do?
"Let us flee" said the fly.
"Let us fly" said the flee.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Contributed by Tom Connell

ECLESIASTES 9th.-9th.

Live joyful with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of thy life, of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the Sun. All the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the Sun.

Ezra's Head

Ezra Hawkins, I hear 'em say,
Insured his life the other day;
Give up 'bout a hundred bucks
Fur somethin' don't amount to shucks.
Got to die to win, ain't he?
Then where's he a-goin' to be?
Better keep his dough, I say,
An' have it fur a rainy day.
Slick feller from the city come
An' talked him into it, by gum.
He couldn't pull the wool on me,
I'm just as wise a guy as he.

What's that you say, Ez Hawkins dead?
Fallin' shutter hit his head?
Well, by gum, that is too bad,
Wife an' three kids—ain't it sad.
Never had much chance to save,
Now poor feller's in his grave.
Wonder what his wife will do,
Hampered with them children, too.
Insurance! What? D'ye mean to say
They're goin' to pay it right away?
Well, by gum, I always said
Ezra had a business head.

—Charles L. Tompkins.

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose: nor can we pass current in a higher college, if we do not undergo the tedium of education in this lower one.

EASTER CANTATA

A splendid audience enjoyed the Easter Cantata given by the choir of Trinity Presbyterian church, on Palm Sunday night.

Chilton, no less than the Presbyterian church, has great cause to be proud of the fine work of this fine choir. Every member is to be congratulated for the splendid way in which they handled their different parts.

On all sides words of praise are heard. Much credit is due not only to Mrs. Robert Larson, who directs the choir, but to everyone who took part in the program.

The church wishes to especially thank Miss Larson and Miss Luecke, of Plymouth, for their splendid numbers with the violin and the organ. Their assistance contributed much to the success of the occasion.

Shelley's Burial

"Shelley's body," says "The Dictionary of National Biography," "was cast ashore near Viareggio on July 18, 1822, and, after having been buried for some time in the sand, was on August 16, in the presence of Byron, Hunt and Trelawney, cremated to allow the interment of the ashes at Rome. This took place on December 7, immediately under the pyramid of Caius Cestius. The heart, which would not burn and had been snatched from the flames by Trelawney, was given to Mary Shelley and is in the keeping of her family."

AND ANYBODY THAT LAUGHS AT ME—

Let the poets bust, if so they must,
Into sonnets and pretty verses;
But I'll take mine straight with a chorus of hate
And a rhyme-scheme made of curses.

I'll write my pomes upon fat men's domes
While I tickle their ribs with a pencil;
And the name I sign to these pomes of mine
Will be signed with a red-hot stencil.

I want my song to be virile and strong
Like the noise of a riveter's hammer.
I won't waste time on rhythm or rhyme
So long as there's plenty of clamor.

I'm wild and hard; I'm a he-man bard;
When my Muse won't work, I kick her;
I tell her things that singe her wings,
And I keep her full of licker!

PETROLEUM PETE.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN

There was a little woman whose hands were worn and red,
And long ago the beauty of her youthful days had fled,
For she had suffered sorrow, and she had suffered pain,
But after these had left her she learned to smile again,
And out she'd come with cookies for the children on the street
Till it seemed where'er she wandered there were young ones round her feet.

She hadn't any money; she was never gayly dressed;
She had a shawl and bonnet which she called her Sunday best.
And if you gave her something in a little while you'd see
Some other person strutting in that bit of finery,
And she'd give this explanation if you asked the reason why:
"I thought she ought to have it. She's so much worse off than I."

No one ever seemed to notice that her hands were coarse and red;
That she wasn't good to look at no one ever heard it said,
And the smartest of her neighbors who appeared to know it all
Never spoke a word in censure of her bonnet or her shawl.
So I take this truth for granted: that a sweet and tender smile
And a heart so brave and kindly never do go out of style.

(Copyright, 1931, Edgar A. Guest)

I, AT LEAST, BY WISHING.

If I had those Wishing Scissors
I know what I would do:
I'd neither pattern silver stars
Nor moons of golden hue.
But I'd cut out a lilting poem
With harmonies laced through;
A poem trimmed in the sparkling gems
Of inspiration's dew,
So neatly done, so nicely made
It would appeal to you.
And then, of course, I'd see it
In your Line o' Type or Two.

FROMAGE DE BREEZE.

(Apologies to Pandora.)

"Oh say, kind sir, can you tell me, please,
Why did Gawd put the holes in Limburger cheese?"
"Ah that, fair maiden, so I've been told,
Is to give the dear mice a better hold!"

KOUNT VON KULMBACHER.
Graduate, Pandora Poetry School.

THE GREATEST OF TREASURES

We may travel over mountain and meadow,
We may journey through valley and dell;
We may ride on the waves of the ocean,
And hear the sweet story they tell;
But unless we bear the burdens for others,
And lift up the heads that are bent,
We can never hope to discover
That greatest of treasures, Content.

* * * * *

LONG SLEEP.

The crosses make long shadows,
Long shadows in the sun,
While you, William and Ellen,
Are sleeping—sleeping on.

The oriole's song comes calling
When the sun is almost gone,
Comes a liquid lingering,
Lingering of song.

The lilacs breathe old lyrics
While you keep sleeping on,
Sleeping, William and Ellen,
Sleeping—sleeping—long.

The early moon is rising,
Slim and thin and white,
The pines in the wind's old sighing
Guard your dreamless night.

And lilacs keep on breathing,
Breathing—till stifled air
Hangs in heavy memory,
O'er your long, long sleeping there.

EVADNE.

* * * * *

COUSINS

Can and Will are cousins
Who never trust to luck;
Can is the son of Energy,
Will is the son of Pluck.
Can't and Won't are cousins, too,
Always out of work;
Can't is the son of Never Try,
Won't is the son of Shirk.

Recipe for a Poem

Take some phrases, polished well,
Each a shining empty shell.
Pour in these with measured haste
Sophistry to suit your taste.
Add some sparkling frothy lines,
Bubbling up like yellow wines.
Mix well with a dash of wit,
And, if you wish, include a bit
Of bitterness, since it's the fashion
To parade each pale pink passion.
Then, to cover any fault,
Season with the acrid salt
Of cynicism, and behold,
Poetry that can be sold.

—Lillian T. Gainsburgh, in Forum Magazine.

Edgar A. Guest, in the following paragraph quoted from his poem "A Heap o' Livin'", said:

"You can do as much as you think you can,
But you'll never accomplish more;
If your afraid of yourself, young man,
There's a little for you in store.
For failure comes from the inside first,
It's there if we only knew it,
And you can win, though you face the worst,
If you feel that you're going to do it."

Give the blues a chase,
Find a sunny place
Go and paint your face,
With sunshine.

Pay your doctor bills
Throw away his pills
You can cure your ills
With sunshine.

Take your tear drops, one by one
Before it gets too late;
Just hang them up out in the sun
And they'll evaporate.

When your trouble starts
Pounding at your heart,
Rub the injured part
With sunshine.

PAST PANICS inHISTORY of U.S.

1837
1857
1873
1893
1903
1907
1921

Koschat was widely known as a composer of songs for German male choruses. "Forsaken" has become world famous. It may be considered a folk song.

Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken am I,
Like the stone in the causeway,
My buried hopes lie;
I go to the churchyard
My eyes fill with tears;
And kneeling I weep there,
O my love, loved for years.
A mound in the churchyard that blossoms hang o'er;
It is there my love sleepeth, to waken no more;
'Tis there all my footsteps, my passions all lead;
And there my heart turneth, I'm forsaken indeed.

THE MERCY- SEAT.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm,a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place ,than all besides,more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far;by faith they meet,
Around the common mercy-seat.

Ah,whither could we flee~~flee~~ fo aid,
When tempted,desolate,dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There,there on ~~on~~ eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent,cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell,1827,1831

AN EPITAH TO BAD ROADS

They took a little gravel,
And took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar;
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a good street
To last for many a day.

They came with picks and smote it,
To lay the water main,
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To lay a railway cable
They took it up once more,
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits,
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They tore it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric lights;
And then they put it back again,
And were within their rights.

Oh, the street's full of furrows,
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare,
It's a very handsome street,
A credit to the town;
They're always digging of it up
Or putting of it down.

TO THE MOON.

The moon plays funny tricks—
Makes us fall in love,
Makes a man see Romance
In a flapper's glove.

Makes a man kiss a maid—
Makes a maid expect it—
(Did you ever see a girl,
Offered one, reject it?)

Makes the sad whippoorwill
Whimper in the dark;
Makes each cricket do his stuff—
And makes my puppy bark.

HUCK OF HIGHLAND PARK.

A Question

My heart, I will put thee a question:
Say, what is love, I entreat?
Two souls with one thought between them,
Two hearts with a single beat.

And say whence love comes hither?
Here he is, we know, that is all;
Where he goes, tell me how and whither?
If he goes, 'twas not love at all.

And what love comes most purely?
The love that has no self quest.
And where is the deepest loving?
Where love is quietest.

And when is love at its richest?
When most it has given away.
And what is the tongue love useth?
The love that it cannot say. (H. I. D. I

Behind The Plan.

I. I recon when the world we leave
And cease to smile - and cease to greive,
When each of us shall quit the strife
And drop the working tools of life,
Somewhere, somehow, we'll come to find
Just what our Maker had in mind.

II. Perhaps thru clearer eyes than these
We'll read life's hidden mysteries
And learn the reason for our tears —
Why sometimes came unhappy yea[rs]
And why our dearest joys were brief
And bound so closely unto grief.

III. There is so much beyond our scope,
As blindly on thru life we grope,
So much we cannot understand,
However wisely we have planned,
That all who walk this earth about
Are constantly beset by doubt,

IV. No one of us can truly say
Why loved ones must be called away
Why hearts are hurt, or e'en explain
Why some must suffer years of pain
Yet some day all of us shall know
The reason why these things are so.

V. I recon in the years to come,
When these poor lips of clay are dumb,
And these poor hands have ceased to toil,
Somewhere upon a fairer soil
God shall to all of us make clear
The purpose of our trials here.

PRAYER.

A Classm

Give me a good digestion, Lord
And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best,
Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh
Don't let me worry over much
About the fussy thing called "I,"
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some pleasure out of life
And pass it on to other folk.

State Approves Purchase Of Lake Winnebago Site

Madison, — The state highway commission has approved the purchase of a four-acre triangle commanding one of the most beautiful views in eastern Wisconsin on the rim of the ledge overlooking Lake Winnebago. The tract lies at the intersection of State Trunk Highways Nos. 31 and 55 in Calumet county.

The triangle purchased is opposite the exact center of the east shore of Lake Winnebago, the largest lake in the United States wholly within a state. The entire lake may be easily seen from this point, including the cities of Fond du Lac at the south end and Neenah and Menasha at the north.

No plans have been made for developing a roadside park, the immediate concern of the highway commission being to preserve the beauty spot for public use and prevent the erection of roadhouses, filling stations, and other structures likely to create hazards to traffic meeting at the intersection. There is a well in the triangle suitable for a water supply for tourists. Similar triangles and strips of land adjoining the state trunk highway system have been landscaped by nearby cities and villages or by local community organizations.

By Douglas Malloch

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

I do not think that Mr. Watt
Thought out an engine on the spot,
Or even Mr. Stephenson,
Like that, an engine that would run.
I guess they studied quite a bit
Before the right idea they hit,
And had a lot to do and learn
Before the wheels began to turn.

Come down today and see the mill;
You want to come, I hope you will.
And then I hope you do not miss
A lot of lessons such as this.
Yes, sonny, there is one mistake
I wouldn't like to see you make;
Don't think the biggest wheel, my son,
Is always the important one.

For there is many a little wheel,
Perhaps that biggers ones conceal,
That always has to do its part
Before the bigger wheel can start.
For I don't know a wheel, or man,
That isn't part of all the plan,
A single task there is to do
That isn't most important, too.

The boy who brings my morning mail
May fool along the way, and fail,
Or pass a hundred bigger chaps,
And help me more than them perhaps.
His promptness many a time, no doubt,
Has straightened many a matter out.
If to our task our best we bring—
Well, that's the most important thing.

Tomorrow: A Place To Play

Immigrants You Can Eat

The Onion came from Egypt.
The Chestnut came from Italy.
The Nettle is a native of Europe.
The Citron came from Greece.
Oats originated in Northern Africa.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
Spinach came from Arabia.
Walnuts from Persia.
Peaches from Persia.
Cucumbers from the East Indies.
The Quince from Crete.
The Pear from Europe.
The Apple from Europe.
Rye from Siberia.
Celery originated in Germany.
Peas came from Egypt.
The Horse-Chestnut is a native of Thibet.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is the constant partner of those who are living under the providence of God. (mind
Cheerfulness is the outcome of the scientific aptitude of
Cheerfulness is cheer resulting from confidence or assurance.

God Tells Us

" Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."
" Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."
"Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world. "

So mote it Be — Amen

Mr. Bloom's Heart Broken By 4 Banks, He Tells NRA

Describes 3 Closings Before Coat Catches Afire; Figures He's Smarter Than Morgan by Paying Tax.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27 — (AP) — Charles P. Bloom's complaint was against four banks that took away all his money but told it to NRA today because "it breaks my heart, and NRA ought to know about it."

The Philadelphia small brass manufacturer, exporter and importer, said his money was in one bank which failed.

At last a 20 per cent dividend was paid depositors. Bloom put the check in another bank, which promptly failed.

In the course of time there came a 10 per cent dividend on the 20 per cent dividend. It went in a third bank, "then all the banks closed."

What became of the fourth bank was not revealed because a lighted cigar set Bloom's coat on fire at that moment.

In calling for NRA amendments Bloom observed:

"I am cleverer than Morgan—during the years when he couldn't pay income tax, I did.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself for not being smarter than I am."

Minute Biographies

Leo Thomas Crowley.

LEO THOMAS CROWLEY...sometimes called Wisconsin's unofficial prime minister...is 46 years old today...but unless someone else reminds him of it, he'll never know the difference...Leo is a hard worker...he has two bosses...Governor Schmedeman and the voters of the state...he has been working for both since the gubernatorial inauguration and seems to be getting along very well...

Leo was advisor to the governor when the latter was mayor of Madison for six years...and when Mayor Schmedeman was promoted to his new job, he brought Leo right along with him...Leo was named chairman of the executive council on Jan. 3 ...since then he has worked hand in hand with the governor through a series of major happenings... when they closed all the banks last spring, Leo led the work of reopening them...some weeks later he helped the governor cope with the farm strike...and now he's capturing headlines as state chairman of the National Recovery Act...Leo is a Milton Junction, Wis., boy who made good in the capital city... and his career started behind a counter in a grocery store when he was still in his teens...since then he has been the owner of a paper company...director of a seed firm and several financial institutions...part owner of an oil company...president of the Bank of Wisconsin...director of a life insurance company ...public representative on utility boards...and leader of numerous charitable and civic campaigns...two governors, La Follette and Schmedeman, appointed him to the state banking review board...that may appear to be a political anomaly...but the fact remains the La Follettes have confidence in democratic Leo's ability...four years ago Pope Pius decorated him with the Cross of St. Gregory and created him a knight in the order for distinguished service to the church in Madison and the state...Leo is big and handsome and extremely affable...his hair is snow white and curly...they call him the busiest man at the capitol and his secretary estimates he interviews an average of 200 persons daily...she didn't say how many are job seekers...Leo has the knack of sending most of them away smiling...his own smile is infectious.

The Liar and His Eyelids

Do you want to read the character of the men and women with whom you are brought in contact? Watch their eyes, head, handshake and walk, and the matter becomes simple as reading the first book in your library, if you only observe a few rules laid down by Dr. Charles F. Boger, who has made a study of character reading for many years. If you follow Dr. Boger's recipe you can tell almost at a glance the hidden idiosyncracies of character of anyone you meet. Here they are:

(1) A man who presses his thumb on the back of your hand when shaking hands is liberal.

(2) The man who never presses his thumb against yours when handshaking is stingy, and the higher he keeps his thumb the stingier he is.

(3) A man who shakes hands with the tips of his fingers only is not to be trusted—he may pay one debt, but he will never pay the second.

(4) When a man gives you a listless and lifeless hand, which you have to shake, beware.

(5) You can tell a liar as far as you can see him by watching the eyelids. If the eyelid cuts off the eye at the outside corner, drooping over it, the possessor is a stranger to the truth and has only heard of veracity as a word in the dictionary.

(6) The persons who show white all the way around the eyeball are persons who prevaricate.

(7) When a person's head is bigger at the back and sides than at the front and top, the animal predominates over the intellectual forces.

(8) In judging women the essential things to be observed are the lips and eyes—pay no attention even to powder and rouge in your estimate of female character. The woman with a thin upper lip—like a streak of red—is not only cold-hearted, but clammy.

(9) If a woman's eyelid cuts off the eye at the corner she is a liar like the man with the corresponding eyelid.

(10) If she has white all the way around her eye she does not tell the truth.

(11) Beware of the person, man or woman, who does not look you straight in the eye. If he or she examines the wall or the sky or the dog, make up your mind that you are dealing with one who is insincere.

(12) Courage and force of character are shown by the person who walks with his head held up in the air.

Dr. Boger also believes the following to be true:

Twentieth century methods of dispensing justice usually consists first in ascertaining the defendant's condition. If rich he is a kleptomaniac. If poor, a thief.

In determining character you must estimate the man as a whole.

Dishonesty exists not so much from a desire to possess, as from the inability to resist that desire.

As it is impossible not to feel hungry when the stomach is in a certain condition, so it is impossible not to feel definite desires, tendencies and dispositions, whether for good or evil, when particular brain centers are in a state of excitement.

A man of great intellect possesses more liberty than an ordinary individual.

A man is great because he is born great.

A born criminal never feels remorse.

ANSWER.

"Age, Age, will you tell—
Did Love serve you ill or well?
Is it true he only brings
Heartaches on his shining wings?
Is it true he will not stay
Past the glamour of a day?"

"What you ask I've long forgot;
This remembrance wavers not—
Youth, Youth, Love is worth
Any heartbreak of the earth!"

ADELAIDE P. LOVE.

U. W. BALL AIDS CHARITY FUND

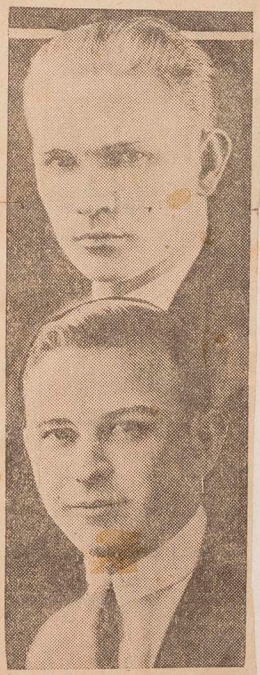
(Badger Studio Photos, Madison.)

Costume Dancers at U. of W. Charity Ball. Insert — Margaret Knauf.

MADISON, Wis.—(Special) — "McDougall's Alley," where sixty girls in costume sold dances for 10 cents each, was the feature attraction at the third annual Charity ball at the University of Wisconsin. Proceeds of the event went to swell the funds of the State Conference of Social Work.

Harry Augustine, Sturgeon Bay, was chairman of the affair. Other committee chairmen were: Floor, August Brann, Bailey's Harbor; decorations, Margaret Knauf, Kiel; refreshments, Pauline Dickinson, Edgerton; publicity, Gertrude Adelt, Kenosha; McDougall's Alley, Marjorie Trumbull, Racine; tickets, William Madden, Sawyer; entertainment, Nella Burgess, St. Louis.

The girls in the costumed group shown above are: Back row, left to right—Gertrude Adelt, Jean Dunbar, Marjorie Trumbull, Esther Griffith. Center—Catherine Rice, Myra Connell, Della Dean Diefenthaler, Gertrude Tesch, Pauline Dickinson. Below—Dorothy Marshall.



(Badger Studio Photo, Madison.)
August Brann.
Harry Augustine.

TWO GIFTS

"That's a fine letter case, old man."
"Yes. My wife gave it to me on my birthday."
"Fine! Anything in it?"
"Yes—the bill for the case."

* * * *

That man is so tight that for tobacco he begs cigars; smokes the cigar, chews the stub, and uses ashes for snuff.

* * * *

Visitor—Do you find poultry-keeping pays?
Farmer—Well, no, I can't say it pays me, but it pays my son, Mike.
Visitor—How's that?
Farmer—Well, you see, I bought him the fowls, I have to pay for their keep, and buy the eggs from him and he eats them.

* * * *

You don't seem very enthusiastic about my daughters' chances of making a singer, professor. Surely she has some qualifications."
"Vell, yah, I admit she's got a mouth."

* * * *

The hen-pecked man is usually a weakling and seems to be proud of it.

* * * *

T'ain't no use frettin'
'Cause 'nother fellow imitates your goods.
'Long as they hast' follow yo' footsteps
They ain't ve'y apt t' catch you.

* * * *

The man who starts out to borrow trouble finds that his credit is always good.

* * * *

One nice thing about traveling by airplane, there are no detours.

* * * *

A college student says it costs a lot to learn French and Latin, but the biggest bill is for Scotch.

* * * *

A WORD TO THE WISE

Be moderate in everything including moderation.

* * * *

A soft answer may turn away wrath but that's a lot more than can be said of a soft tire.

The T. E. Connell family received word that Donald Koch, 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Koch, of Chicago, was seriously injured this week when he was struck by an automobile as he stepped off the curbing. He was struck on the shoulder and thrown to the pavement and received a painful injury to his ear and a laceration on his right shoulder.

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

How to the Line, let the quips fall where they may.

TRINITY.

Three Gods there are: God of Infinity,
Who moves among the endless nebulae,
Sowing and gleaning stars, with strides sublime,
Beyond the reek and ravaging of Time;

The God of Beauty, whose unstinting hand
Arrays in April's hues the lucent land,
Molds mighty mountains, fashions lofty trees,
Carves crags from rocks and billows from the seas;

And the great God of Love, whose heavenly grace
Shines in each new madonna's holy face
And mirrors, as the pool reflects the skies,
In every cooing babe's responding eyes.

Sometimes I think this wondrous trinity
Of Love, of Beauty, and Infinity
Abides, unheeded by their conscious ken,
Immortal in the hearts of mortal men.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

You are to me a young gazelle,
O maid of thirteen summers,
I gaze at you for just a spell
And know you're with the comers.

So soon, my dear, a debutante,
The years they turn quite promptly;
Deny you things? I simply can't,
You beg so nonchalantly.

It's dad, I want this hat, that coat;
Dear child, can I deny you?
You win me to you, get my goat,
Most anything I'd buy you.

You are to me a young gazelle,
With dainty grace and carriage,
And, O, to think how short a space
From thirteen until marriage.

CLARENCE P. MILLIGAN.

By Douglas Malloch

THE BIRD OF HOPE

One little bird keeps singing on,
Even after the day is gone,
One little bird sings a note or two,
Even after the day is through.
Some say robin, and some say wren,
Some will say it's a bluebird then;
Some may wonder, and some may grope,
But I know that bird, and his name is hope.

One little bird never failed me yet,
Even after the sun had set.
I went to bed on a bed of tears,
One little song in my weary ears.
I might have slept till the sun was high,
I might not rise, and I might not try,
But there at dawn on my window sill
One little bird was a-singing still.

The bird of joy we will follow far,
Will try to climb where the eagles are,
Will chase the bird with the golden wings,
And lose our way in the midst of things;
And then we'll follow another bird,
When another sings that we have not heard.
We'll find our joy and we'll climb life's slope—
But the bird to thank is the bird of hope.

Tomorrow: Hiring A Boy.

The Marry-Go-Round

By HELEN ROWLAND

IN GRANDMOTHER'S TIME he was a "suitor"; in Mother's day, he was a "beau"; now, he is just a "date."

A brunette is apt to put too much heart and too little head into the love game. A blonde, being less emotional, plays her hand with more skill and seldom loses a trick. That's probably why gentlemen think they prefer blondes.

HELEN ROWLAND.

Sometimes a girl marries a man just because she thinks he is too attractive to be left around loose, for a lot of other women to "spoil."

A man never tires of pursuing a woman; it is only after he has overtaken her that he begins to feel that touch of ennui.

About the only social function at which a man is absolutely indispensable these days is a wedding.

When a girl encourages a man to spend his money, she is probably a gold digger; but, when she urges him to save it, he usually suspects that she is digging for a platinum wedding ring.

A girl's thoughts always run to marriage—a man's just limp along until they are tripped up and dragged there.

Judge Upholds Will of Eccentric Woman

BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL.

Green Bay, Wis.—Just because Miss Margaret Kane, De Pere, was eccentric is no reason she was not competent to make out her will, ruled Judge Carlton Merrill in county court here Wednesday when he admitted the will of the De Pere woman to probate. The will had been contested by Mrs. Katherine Newman, De Pere, a sister. The Kane estate was valued at $3,500. Witnesses testified that Miss Kane believed that she had committed some mortal sin and must do penance in expiation. At one time she cut crosses in her flesh, and often remained at prayer in a church all day, it was testified.

"ELDERLY suitors must use extreme care," warns the defendant in a heart balm action. And there are lots of married men who are certain that youth should heed the same advice.

* * *

Today's proverb: "The woman who has her eye on a fortune generally has her hand on some unfortunate."

* * *

HERBERT HOOVER, your new president, promising to obey the constitution, kissed the bible with his thumb on this verse in Proverbs: "Where there is no vision the people perish, but he that keepeth the law, happy is he."

Vision, ability to look ahead, see what is needed and do it.

Keeping the law, even if you don't happen to like it, that is a good program.

TO A LITTLE PAL.

Don't grow up and be a man,
Be my little Peter Pan.
Grown up people have no joys
Like your tinsel tinker toys,
And their dreams—they don't come true
As your own dreams do.

Don't grow up and be a man,
Stay as little as you can.
Grown up people have no fun
Like your pleasures, Little One,
And they're not so wise, by far,
As they think they are.

Let me come and play with you—
Oh, the wondrous things we'll do!
We will scale the rainbow's bars,
Mount the moonbeams, gather stars—
Don't grow up and be a man,
Be my Peter Pan.

EOLUS.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

"Now back to God's country I'm going,"
Familiar these words are today—
I've wondered just where lies God's country,
North, or south, or the far sunset way?

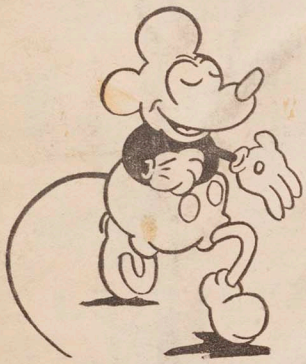
I've wandered afar and I've halted
Where the wind in the trees and the sea
Make melody sweet and soul-soothing,
And there seemed God's country to me.

I've halted where walls rose around me,
Where wonderful towers reached high,
Where buildings stood close in the cities,
And the crowds went hurrying by.

Perhaps there to some is God's country,
Where men jostle elbows and smile,
And where, both in work and in laughter,
They can join with the rank and the file.

After all, 'tis the something within us,
Entirely a state of the mind;
Wherever the heart finds contentment—
There alone is God's country, I find.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.



SAID Mickey Mouse to Minnie Mouse, "Will you be my wife?
I'll build you a palace of cheese, my dear. We'll live a wonderful life."

• • •

"You speak to Papa," Minnie said, and coyly hung her head.
"If he consents, then I'll say 'yes.'" She blushed a rosy red.

• • •

When Papa heard young Mickey's plea, he paced the floor and said,
"Do you have money in the bank?" And, "Will you get ahead?"

• • •

At that, young Mickey stood up straight, with triumph in his look,
And proudly showed the pages in his bank account pass book.

• • •

"One thousand dollars," he went on. "Do I win Minnie's hand?"
Papa nodded . . . Mickey grinned . . . and Minnie said, "That's grand!"

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried apple pies.
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's fit to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is dried apple pies.
The farmer takes his smallest fruit,
That's wormy, bitter, and hard, to boot;
Leaves in the cores to make us cough,
And don't take half the peelings off.
Upon a dirty string they're strung,
And from some chamber window hung;
And there they serve as a roost for flies
Until they're ready for the pies.
Tread on my corns, and tell me lies,
But don't pass me DRIED apple pies.

E. S. B., Joliet, Ill.

* *

A Part-Time Poet

Adrian, whose friends say that he has inherited his father's gift for writing is, in his spare time, a poet. Most of his time, however, is occupied in motor car racing. He piloted a Frazer Nash car in the six hours endurance race at Brooklands last year. On the same car he won the Crawshay trophy at the Lewes speed trials in Sussex.

Young Doyle also owns one of the only American speed cars in England, a dirt track Fronty-Ford with which he gained a silver medal at

When I have ceased to dream,
God, let me die.
Hope will no longer gleam
When I have ceased to dream.
Dusk and the dawn will seem
Fruitless and dry.
When I have ceased to dream,
God, let me die.

Myself and I

Myself and I live all alone
In my old shop, which I call home;
Here I work all day — not cov'ting wealth—
Trying only to please myself.

I like to hold my head erect,
Worthy of all true men's respect—
That, in the race for fame and pelf
I will not quail, nor fear myself.

I don't want, with the setting sun,
To hate myself for the wrongs I've done;
I don't want, on a closet shelf,
To hoard dark secrets 'bout myself.

For I must live with myself, and so,
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to feel, as the days go by,
I can look myself right in the eye.

I don't want, as I come and go,
To fool myself, so I must know
That I'm the man you think I am
And not a cheating fraud and sham.

For I can see what you can't see,
And I can't hide myself from me;
So I wouldn't want myself to know
That I was a bluff and windy blow.

For I would know—e'en tho' you'd not,
And I'd remember after you'd forgot;
So whatever happens—I'll live and be
Clean, square and conscience free.

I CANNOT SAY AND I WILL NOT SAY
THAT SHE IS DEAD SHE IS JUST AWAY
WITH A CHEERY SMILE AND A WAVE OF THE HAND
SHE HAS WANDERED INTO AN UNKNOWN LAND

AND LEFT US DREAMING HOW VERY FAIR
ITS NEEDS MUST BE SINCE SHE LINGERS THERE
AND YOU OF YOU WHOTHE WILDEST YEARN
FOR THE OLD TIME STEP AND THE GLAD RETURN

THINK OF HER FARING AS DEAR
IN THE LOVE OF THERE AS THE LOVE OF HERE
THINK OF HER STILL AS THE SAME I SAY
SHE IS NOT DEAD SHE IS JUST AWAY

AND IT CAME TO PASS

The JEWS own this country, the IRISH ru
the BRITISH envy it, the GERMANS cuss it,
FRENCH style it and perfume it, the NEGRO
enjoy it, the ITALIANS fruit it, the GREEKS fe
it, and shine it, the BOOTLEGGERS irrigate it, t
CHINESE wash it, the JAPS fear it, the MEXICAN
hate it, the RUSSIANS pity it, ALL NATION
cigaret it, EVERYBODY likes it, and the AMER
CANS---well, those poor simps just pay the bills an
can keep out of jail if they behave themselves an
are very careful about their driving and parking.

(Copyrighted by Dr. Mak)

Shakespeare,s Great Play entitled

Hamlet was born and lived in a little town named Elsinore,dominated by the Danish guns from Kronsburg.It was here that Shakespeare laid the scene for the great tragedy,and on the terrace which he styled the "Platform before the Castle of Elsinore the Danish prince held watch at midnight with Horatio and Marcellus, and saw his fathers restless ghost,while in the neighboring banquet-hall the royal murderer and guilty queen were feasting.

It was here that Shakespeare made known his wide world query,old yet ever new:--

To be,or not to be,that is the question;
Whether'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by poopsing end them?

Beaver Study Reveals Much

Family Life, Reproduction and Food Habits Observed

Much of romance and not a little fiction exists in the popular mind regarding the natural history of the beaver. The manifestations of instinct or intelligence, whichever it may be called, by the beaver has always been a subject of the keenest interest to everyone.

George L. Ramsey, owner of the North American Beaver ranch at Sylvan, Minn., and James M. Totten, a Minnesota game warden, have collaborated in a very interesting article embodying their observations of the family life of the beaver.

Five pairs of beaver held in experiment pens were under continuous observation by them day and night for 10 months. As the beaver are to a large extent nocturnal in their habits, the artificial ponds and pens were so arranged and illuminated by artificial light as to permit observation at night as well as in the daytime. The animals were readily tamed and did not object to handling. They soon learned to eat from the hands of their keepers, much the same as well domesticated animals. They were fond of fresh white bread, apples, carrots and of course their natural diet of poplar, birch, alder and willow bark.

Some of the things learned in those observations were that the beaver could remain under water without breathing for seven minutes. They were seen to use only their hind feet for propulsion in swimming, using the tail as a rudder. Sticks, stones and mud for dams were carried against their breasts, held by their front feet. The largest beaver of the colony was a male weighing 90 pounds. The largest female, weighing 85 pounds, gave birth to six young, while the young females brought forth three each.

The mother beaver taught her young to swim, taking each, one at a time, into the water for that purpose. The young commenced to eat solid food at 20 days of age and were not much over half grown at 1 year of age.

Marvelous, wonderful, amazing, far beyond the adjectives of any writer of circus advertising, was the crowning of Haile Selassie I as emperor of Abyssinia, at Addis Ababa.

The emperor, you must know, is a direct result of the visit that the Queen of Sheba paid to King Solomon. She had a baby when she came home. That baby is Selassie's ancestor. This may be mentioned as Sheba has been dead 2,000 years, and more.

The powerful Solomon, for whom 1,000 wives were not too many, would hardly recognize his emperor descendant with thin ankles, tiny hands, a little whiskered face, like any one of a dozen gentlemen that sell imitation lace tablecloths in German restaurants.

The emperor and his wife, powerful, heavy woman, sat up all night praying. In the morning they washed, and meanwhile the supply of water was cut off from everybody in Addis Ababa, that it might be kept pure for the monarchs.

Abyssinian princes wore silk, satin, gold, and carried shields of rhinoceros hide and medieval swords hundreds of years old. Six snow-white horses dragged the emperor in a carriage that once belonged to the German kaiser.

The delicate emperor was almost suffocated with incense and stifling smoke from candles at the coronation in the church.

When that was over the bearded priests danced a wild dance in front of the church, swaying their bodies violently to the music of drums and cymbals.

Then the emperor sat on a high platform, out of doors, to be seen and cheered, with four wild, roaring lions fastened with ropes to the platform. With their beautiful golden manes they were supposed to be guardians of the throne of Ethiopia, descendants of the lion of Judea. They would have eaten the emperor, if they could have got him.

Finally, the emperor fed 25,000 of his tribesmen with the raw meat of 5,000 head of cattle, and as much as they could drink of wine made of fermented honey.

It was a real party.

A Morning Prayer

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joys too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind—
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say—
Because of some good act to beast or man—
"The world is better that I lived today."

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

IF AND WHEN.

How I like that pregnant phrase,
"If and When,"
As it greets my casual gaze
Now and then.

In prospectus, say, of bond,
Standing out
With an air of promise fond—
Also doubt.

It shows such a dexterous touch
Of the pen,
Means so little and so much—
"If and When."

There is comfort in the When,
But the If,
As I con it o'er again,
Knocks me stiff.

Life is like that through and through
With us men:
What great deeds we mean to do
"If and When!"

KINDNESS

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath —
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
Oh germ! Oh fount! O word of love!
Oh thought at random cast!
You were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Medical Society To Give Cancer Lecture at Chilton

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE WILL BE HELD FOR CALUMET COUNTY PEOPLE

Chilton—A representative of the state medical society will give an illustrated talk on how cancer may be controlled, at the high school in Chilton at 3:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, March 15. This lecture is being given by representatives of the various state medical societies throughout the nation, as a part of the education campaign being put on by the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the control of cancer.

In view of the fact that cancer claimed the lives of 153,000 persons in the United States last year; and in view of the further fact that one out of every eight women who have passed the age of forty dies of cancer; and one man out of every eleven beyond the age of forty succumbs to this disease, this subject should be of vital interest to every adult person.

Cancer now ranks second as a cause of death in this country. There is abundant evidence in possession of the medical departments of each of the states that perhaps fifty percent of the cases of cancer can be cured if they are taken in time.

In 25 years, through a systematic campaign against tuberculosis, the number of deaths from that disease have been cut 50%, and tuberculosis is no longer considered hopeless of cure. Medical authorities believe that a systematic campaign of education against the cancer menace will produce results as satisfactory as have been made in the campaign against tuberculosis.

Let us organize and fight this greatest menace to human life.

No admission will be charged for this lecture, and every person is urged to attend.

New Holstein Man Named Ass't. Attorney

Attorney General Orland S. Loomis announced the appointment of Maurice B. Pasch of New Holstein to the position of Assistant Attorney General.

Mr. Pasch was formerly secretary to both Governor Philip F. La Follette and Senator Robert M. La Follette. He also served as a member of the legal staff of the National Recovery administration under Donald Richberg, as assistant to Sam Becker, chief counsel in the investigation of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and since his return to Wisconsin has been executive secretary and attorney for the Rural Electrification Administration. He has also been engaged in the private practice of law.

Mr. Pasch is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Pasch of New Holstein. He attended the University of Wisconsin and the George Washington university law school. At the age of 29 he becomes one of the youngest assistant attorneys general in the United States.

know more good pedagogy than most professors. How to present a subject best has always been the weak point of university instruction.

There is a unit of the teachers' union at the university and apparently the rivalry has been keen. Just what the bar would be to membership by the teacher in both organizations, we do not know. But we assume teachers to be intelligent enough to decide which they wish to affiliate with.

Anyway, this talk of a "company union" as applied to an organization with a long and honorable career in improving the schools of the state is as mythical as the "company" that does not exist.

Cashier is Charged With Fraud by State Banking Commission

A warrant charging embezzlement of bank funds and false entries in bank records, with intent to defraud, was issued last week by Dist. Atty. Edw. S. Eick and served on George Dawson, resigned cashier of the Farmers and Merchants State Bank of Brillion.

Dawson's resignation was accepted by the bank directors Monday, Apr. 19, and he was found the next morning with a bullet wound near the heart. He was taken to a Green Bay hospital, where it is said he has a chance for recovery.

The warrant was ordered by the state banking commission after an examiner for the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation alleged that discrepancies existed in the correspondent bank accounts, according to the state commission.

Bank officials have ordered an audit of the accounts, but stated that there will be no loss to depositors because of the FDIC guarantee.

EXCLUSIVE FROM KEYSTONE-PARAMOUNT

Il Duce peaks

of peaceful conditions."

Disputed by Carmody

Carmody said he was "keenly disappointed" and disputed Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the intended meaning of the passage he quoted from an address by Theodore Roosevelt. To the president's excerpt about "sins of our own," Carmody added a statement in the same address:

"There are, however, cases in which, while our own interests are not greatly involved, strong appeal is made to our sympathies. There are crimes committed on so vast a scale and of such peculiar horror as to make us doubt whether it is not our manifest duty to endeavor at least to show our disapproval of the deed and our sympathy with those who have suffered by it."

Reich Gives Hand to Horny Handed Farm Peasantry