

Action of a mighty stock!
Holds of iron, hearts of oak,
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led!

Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,
Ready at the country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

So shall Peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest,
So shall Honor's steadily blast
Beam upon thy closing days.

TAD AND HIS PANTHER.

"DID you hear the panther last night, Sergeant?" asked Tad, the captain's son.

"No," said the sergeant, as he cut at the top of a sage-brush with the loose end of the lariat hanging at his saddle. "I didn't hear it, but it yelled, I guess. Billy Murphy was on guard down at Post No. 2, and he didn't dare walk the length of his boat."

"Let's go there to-night and fetch it in," said the boy.

"No—no!"

The soldier rarely spoke in so positive a manner to his younger companion. They had grown to be quite good friends. So Sergeant Gore looked at the trim figure by his side, and admired—as a cavalryman would—Tad's posture in the saddle. And then he gazed down the long road to the bluff on the shingly ledges of which the panther they had been speaking of was said to prow! at night and call to the echoes in that fearsome voice.

Gore was a well-born, well-trained young fellow who had enlisted in the ranks of the regular army at a time when penniless and discouraged, as has many another son of a good family. He seemed peculiarly attractive to this boy. Tad admired Gore because he was cleverer than the others. Gore was a better shot and a better horseman, and he was the best wrestler in the fort. And there is nothing that so appeals to the soul of the boy as his ability in that close struggle of athletes, that embrace of gladiators, out of which comes the triumph of the unarmed hands, the victory of the unarmed muscles and skill.

And Tad's father, the captain, had not discouraged an association which gave him pleasure and seemed to make the lad more manly.

"Couldn't we kill the panther, Sergeant?"

"We might, and we might not. The last man in the troop who went out to kill a panther came back in a sling between two pack-mules; and he didn't get off sick-report for three months. Now, see here, Tad. Get that wrinkle out of your brain! How would it look for me to risk the captain's son out there on the bluff at night? How would I go to the captain's wife and explain it?"

"Wouldn't need any explanation if we brought the panther."

"Or how would I square matters with the captain when the captain's little boy was lying in bed—and surgeon-plaster all over him?"

"Pretty nice thing to kill a panther!"

"Yes; and then—"

"Sergeant, are you afraid of her?"

"I'm not afraid of anything alive," said the sergeant, calmly.

"If you are not afraid, why don't you go?"

"We don't do all the things we dare to do."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I dare tell Higgins, when we get to camp, that I won't mount guard to-morrow."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because it is my duty to mount guard whenever he details me. He's the orderly sergeant."

"I saw you throw him one time," said Tad, irreverently; and then he stopped to laugh at the recollection.

Higgins was a very strong man; and one day in spring, before mounted drill was begun, the soldiers got up a tournament on the parade-ground, where the orderly sergeant challenged any one to wrestle. Tad remembered Gore's acceptance, and how the bigger man had strutted to the encounter; how the two had grappled to the work, and how presently Gore had caught the huge weight on his hip, and had flung the other heels over head in one great sweep, and had landed him fairly and finally.

But that was months ago. Tad looked up at the distant bluff while the buglers were blowing a retreat, but he stood in "the attitude of a soldier" when the flag came down to the booming of the evening gun. That night he made his bed on the floor of the upper porch, and lay there wondering at the stars till long after taps. Time and again he caught himself almost across the border-land of dreams, and it seemed to him the lagging midnight must have passed when the sound for which he waited reached his ears. And then the suddenness of it, the savage strength of that panther's cry, startled the courageous little fellow till his heart was still. The half-human quality of the shout added to the terror of it.

Then his breath came back, and with it his daring. And the next time the cry was raised he knew the shingly shelves of the bluff were then a promenade for the panther.

Next night Sergeant Gore was on guard, but the next after he was free; and time and again he wondered where Tad was in hiding; for he had not seen the boy since dinner-call.

Lang and Warner were up the gulch with an eight-mule team, and they came in at sundown with a load of wood. When they had unharnessed the mules Lang found Sergeant Gore stretched on his bunk, trying to read by the afterglow.

"Oh, Gore, here's a note from the captain's kid," said the teamster Lang, carelessly.

Gore peered at the penciled lines:—

"DEAR SERGEANT: I am up on the bluff. If you don't come and get me, may be the panther will."

Tad.

A cayuse pony was picketed back of the quartermaster's store, and Sergeant Gore took a turn of the rope around the animal's jaw, leaped to the bare back, and galloped to the hills. He carried his carbine, and a belt of cartridges was buckled about him. And every muscle of his splendid frame quivered; for he loved the captain's son.

Tad had calculated the note might not be delivered until after dark; and he crept along the slaty shelves until he found a little recess where the loose earth had been worn away by the wind and the rain, and he climbed down there and backed in. About six feet below was a broad ledge which reached far around to the right. By lying flat his face just came to the edge of his narrow shelf, while his feet were pressed to the farthest spaces in his little refuge. He pulled his rifle within easy reaching distance, and then looked out and dared the panther to come.

Straight before him, down the valley, was the fort. He watched the twinkling lights go out in the mess-hall, and knew the belated teamsters had arrived in camp. And his faith was so firm in Sergeant Gore that he never doubted the soldier was coming.

Presently he heard the dull beat of hoofs on the long road. But it was from unshod feet, and not a cavalry horse. That chilled his courage a little. And just as he tried to convince himself that he was wrong, and searched for hope that an army horse and not a pony was galloping toward him, a shriek not fifty feet away rent the wonderful silence of the hills.

His little body was positively lifted and shaken with the shock of it. And then, because he was a captain's son, Tad hammered his bare knuckles against the stone, and forced his courage to come back.

He peered over the edge of his shelf at the broad ledge below; he looked straight down there a hundred feet to the foot of the bluff; and he could not tell for the life of him from what direction that thrilling cry had come.

Then a pebble was loosed, and fell down the bluff, around somewhere to the right of Tad's refuge and he called: "Sergeant!"

He heard something rattle gently against the rocks on the ledge below, and then another pebble bounded away; but no strong word of cheer came in answer.

In another moment, though his wide eyes had been watching all the time, the panther lay below him. She kept well to the farther edge. She saw him, and seemed gathering for a spring. It was seconds before he thought of the rifle. Then he fired, and she leaped.

He felt her claws strike at him, and catch again and again. But he withdrew far into the little nook, and there was no foothold for her.

She toppled back, and he could hear her breathing plainly. Then she tried again. As she stood on her hind feet, her claws caught in his clothing, but he fought free; and time and again she scratched him, but he did not cry out.

Once or twice she withdrew her paw, stretched very high, and pushed her black muzzle up till he could see the two red eyes; and he knew the two red eyes could very well see him. But when she struck she must withdraw her head to give the paw a greater reach, and by shifting a little he could dodge her.

But all the time, as she tried for him, first with one fore-paw and then with the other, her hind feet were clawing at the bluff for a foothold. If she had found it, she would have lifted and have reached him instantly. She did not find it; but she was loosening soil and stones with every effort, and these were forming a growing platform which brought her nearer.

When he knew the next fling of a paw would reach him he saw the bare blond head of Sergeant Gore on the ledge.

The back of her head was toward the soldier, for her left paw was at the bosom of Tad's blue coat.

"Cling tight!" said Gore.

And a wonderful thing happened. The sergeant stepped close to the panther's side, facing outward. His left arm flashed about the extended body. He made that splendid fulcrum of his hip. He swung just once, and swiftly; and the panther went—as Higgins had once gone—heels over head, and helpless. She flung both paws wildly, but she made no sound as her dark body shot over the edge and was swallowed up in the darkness. They listened what seemed a very long time, and heard her strike at the foot of the bluff.

"Great throw!" cried Tad, and he crept exultant from his nook, and clambered out where Sergeant Gore could lift him down. But he had to be carried. When it was all over his sturdy legs refused to bear him, and he staggered very helplessly. Gore laid him on the pine-needles at the summit, for a few minutes. And pres-

ently they went down the long road to the warm spring, where he washed the dust from Tad's face and hands and arms.

Later, they dragged to the captain's porch a monster panther, whose velvet skin not a single bullet had marred. But even at that, when Tad saw his father's white face, and caught the wordless welcome of his mother's embrace, he knew he had paid for the panther far more than it was worth.—St. Nicholas.

Midshipmate of the Old "Oak Walls."

Among other improvements in the art of war, as attained by the world in these later years, is the abolition of the practice of sending children to sea, as was the case when the midshipmen of the old "oak walls" of England often were boys of less than fourteen years.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in telling about the siege of Bomarsund, in the Crimean war, which he witnessed from the frigate Penelope, tells this story of one of these little fellows: "What pleased me most during the whole business," he says, "was the gallant behavior of a little midshipman, a mere child, twelve or fourteen years of age. About the time when the fire became pretty hot I happened to come across him, and, as he seemed to be as much out of a job as myself, I touched my cap, and took the liberty of observing that it was a fine day, to which he politely replied that it was. Encouraged by his urbanity, I ventured to ask him how long he had been at sea, to which he answered, 'I have only left my mamma six weeks, but I ain't going to cry on Her Majesty's quarterdeck,' a remark which I think as worth recording as many a one made by more illustrious heroes. Soon after this, however, a man was killed close to him, and the little fellow fainted, and was taken below."

Old Map of the United States.

State Librarian Galbreath has just secured another valuable addition to the collection of relics at the library, a map of the United States, made in the year 1796. The map was found in an old book shop at Philadelphia, and was formerly the property of a gentleman who was for years in the employ of the Federal Government. It is made from copper plates and is mounted on heavy linen. On the chart Ohio is a territory with rather vague outlines. Cleveland is not to be found, and Cincinnati is designated as Fort Washington. Sandusky is the only city of any great prominence. The Eastern States are shown with substantially the same boundaries as they have to-day. Georgia extends as far West as the Mississippi River, and the Southern portion of Florida is apparently unknown. Lake Michigan is much too narrow, and Lake Huron is far too broad. At the lower corner is a curious picture of Niagara Falls. Mr. Galbreath has discovered another chart of the United States, drawn in 1774, and it will soon be sent to Columbus.—Columbus Journal.

Where Learning Went Wrong.

Some Vienna savants were lately confronted with a language difficulty. According to the Independence Belge, a young girl, unknown, was found unconscious in a street at Presbourg, and was conveyed to the hospital at Vienna, where she recovered consciousness, and began to speak in a language which no one present could understand. The doctors came to the conclusion that the young woman was a native of an Eastern country. Consequently some professors from the Oriental School were called in, and they were all agreed that the girl did not speak a correct language, but a dialect. The Professor of Persian held that she spoke a Persian dialect, and that he understood it. Another professor was of the opinion that it was an Abyssinian dialect. A third was convinced that it was a Turkish patois. Since the savants were not agreed, the police deemed it necessary that the stranger was proved to be a Hungarian, who had escaped from a prison, and who did not understand a word of Persian, Abyssinian or Turkish.—London Globe.

He Would Taste the Soup.

Numerous complaints had come before a certain public official in regard to the quality of food served to the inmates of one of the public institutions, and he determined to investigate. Making his way to the building just about dinner-time, he encountered two men carrying a huge, steaming boiler. "Put that kettle down!" he ordered brusquely; and the men at once obeyed. "Get me a spoon!" he next commanded. The man that brought the spoon was about to say something, but was ordered to keep silent. "Take off the lid!" was the next command. "I'm going to taste it." The two men, cowed by the official's brusqueness, watched him gulp down a good mouthful. "Do you mean to say that you call this soup?" the official demanded. "Why, it tastes to me more like dirty water." "So it is, sir," replied one of the men, respectfully. "We were scrubbing the floors."

One Way Not to Have Enemies.

There was once a Viceroy named Tasi-Kwo-Fan who was said to have died without leaving a single enemy behind him; for, according to his satirical countrymen, he had killed them all while he was alive. Early in his political career Li Hing Chang is said to have followed his illustrious example, but for many years he has been too powerful to think it worth while to pay the slightest attention to his rivals and opponents, except those who were so powerful themselves that he could not with impunity inflict personal vengeance upon them.

It was during the Napoleonic wars that the phrase "to lie like a bullet" was invented.

The Gatling plow is the latest invention of the man who made the gun of that name. May the day quickly come when the plow will supersede the gun.

The increase of insanity among women is probably due to their altered and altering conditions. On all sides they are plunging into the battle of life as bread winners. With a nervous system far more highly organized than that of man, it is no wonder that they break down under the strain.

The poorer classes are being crowded out of all European countries. Into whatever country they migrate, they carry with them their heritage, physical weakness, mental inefficiency, poverty and misery. They create in all free countries the most difficult of social problems, thinks the Christian Register.

The application of a resident of Cuba for permission to send a shipment of arms and ammunition from that island to Colombia unwittingly discloses the fact that quantities of war munitions were in Cuba without the knowledge of the authorities. Are other arms concealed there for illegal purposes? Rather an important question.

It is curious that our earthquakeless country should have produced the method of building that promises to be of most service in countries not happily free from tremors of the earth. The steel construction of our skyscrapers is to be used for a palace for the Mikado, and it is expected to do away with the objections that have hitherto existed against large buildings in countries visited by earthquakes. The steel buildings will stay and yield, but they will not tumble down. The plastering may crack, but the man up in the sixteenth story may look calmly out of his window during a quake and experience nothing more uncomfortable than a slight attack of seasickness.

Taking them year in and year out the statistics of the Life-Saving Service show comparatively little change. Of course the service has grown, but its rate of extension has been slow. During the year covered by the report just submitted to the superintendent only one station was added, there being at the date of the report 265 stations, of which 193 were on the Atlantic and gulf coasts, 56 on the great lakes, 15 on the Pacific and one at the Falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Ky. Of the 3903 persons involved in disasters to documented vessels within the field of operation of the service during the year only 56 were lost, and out of a total estimated value of vessels and cargoes imperiled in the disasters, amounting to \$8,104,640, there was saved property valued at \$6,261,900.

Miss Estelle Reel, General Superintendent of Indian Schools, in her annual report makes a strong plea for compulsory education, and advocates strictly industrial training for Indian children. She says the industrial branch of the work should be forced to the front, and literary instruction should be narrowed to the simple, practical elements. The educational outlook for the Indians is painted as very encouraging, and better buildings and more facilities for industrial training have been provided during the year. The report urges a course of cooking, nursing and economic housekeeping for girls, making them home-makers in the highest sense. Farming, stock-raising and the useful trades should be added to the common branches taught the boys. During the year 23,378 miles were traveled by Miss Reel in her work.

The severe frosts in Louisiana of recent years are proving blessings to the orange growers. The orange business used to be an affair of luck. The frosts came about twenty years apart and killed the trees, and the business came to be regarded as a speculative affair, in which the efforts of man ruled less than the laws of chance. The greater frequency and severity of recent frosts, however, have set the planters to experimenting scientifically, and now they have discovered varieties of oranges and methods of treating them that make of even the severest frosts merely temporary drawbacks. The science of agriculture is advancing all over our country, in step with other industries, and the results of these trials in Louisiana ought to be of the greatest advantage to her sister State of Florida, the loss of whose orange trees a few years ago nearly ruined her financially.

LAWYERS SHOULD KNOW. Court Decisions of Particular Interest to Readers of Newspapers.

The papers are widely publishing the recent decision of Justice Gullivan, of Logansport, Ind., in the case of the Journal company against Thomas Reed for a subscription account, and some of them, says the Journal, are badly informed on the subject. In holding that Reed owed the Journal \$16.75, the court decided that he had never given the publishers proper notice of his desire to have the paper stopped. While Reed testified that he had ordered the carrier to stop the paper, the boy swore that he had never received any such notice. On this point the court held that even if it were proven that Reed had told the boy to stop, this would not be sufficient notice unless it were shown that the boy was the agent of the publisher to the extent of receiving orders for discontinuing subscriptions. The decision is of considerable importance to newspaper publishers, as it will compel subscribers to use proper business care in ordering their papers discontinued, and failing to do so will be held liable for their subscription.

Received the Paper and Had to Pay.

A case of interest to newspaper publishers occurred recently at West-brook, N. Y., wherein a firm of newspaper publishers brought suit, and obtained judgment for \$9 and costs, on account of subscription charges. The publishers admitted that the defendant never ordered the paper. The facts were not disputed that when they bought in the list of another paper in the town, this man's name was on the list, but without his orders. The new management wrote to all whose names were on the list they had bought, offering to stop the papers of all who did not expect to pay. The defendant did not answer this notice, but kept on taking the paper, and then refused to pay on the ground that he never subscribed. The plaintiffs argued that the general rule of law, that a man must pay for what he receives and uses, applies to newspapers as well as other things, and the court sustained that view.

Averages Must Be Paid.

The publishers of the Anoka Herald recently sued a delinquent subscriber and recovered judgment for seven years' subscription and costs that amounted to \$20. The paper had been ordered stopped and returned from the postoffice as refused, but the subscriber had not paid up the arrearages and his name continued on the books and the paper was regularly mailed to his address. The decision of the court was, a subscriber could be held for subscription until arrearages were paid.

He Cannot Be Honest.

"It's no use," said Hermann mournfully, "I simply cannot be honest."

"Have you ever tried?" asked Poole sarcastically.

"I should think I had tried; why, only last night I went out of my way to be honest and the effort was such a fiasco, I shall never try again."

"How was that?" inquired Poole.

"It was this way," explained Hermann. "I got on a Woodward avenue car at Alfred street to come downtown. The conductor was way up front and didn't see me. A woman boarded ahead of me and hid me, you know. I pushed across the platform and leaned against that screen on the left hand side. I fell into a conversation with a fellow and the conductor passed me entirely. 'Do him for a nickel,' said the fellow. 'I had done' conductors a lot of times, but suddenly my conscience began to stick pins in me and I decided to turn over a new leaf. But I still hesitated. Finally, though, I pulled the conductor's sleeve and, handing him a coin, said I could not beat the road, my conscience wouldn't allow it. He took my money and gave me two dimes in change. The next corner I got off—"

"Well—"

"Well, when I examined the money in my pocket I found I had given that conductor a twenty-cent piece."—Detroit Free Press.

The Australasian Secret.

The secret of the democratic efflorescence of Australasia is the same as that of the new vigor shown there by European plants and animals, says Henry D. Lloyd in the Atlantic. The secret is the same as that of the long step ahead of the mother country taken by New England, with its Puritans and Pilgrims. The wonderful propagative power of democratic ideas in Australasia is a fact of the same order as the miraculous multiplication of the European sweetbrier and rabbits introduced there. The old ideas and institutions, given a new chance in a new country, gain a new vigor. It is their new world. Hopes and purposes, which had fossilized in the old country, live again. When the holdback of custom, laws, and old families is removed, there is a leap forward as from a leash. What Australasia has been doing is only what England and the older countries have been slowly attempting to do. Paradoxically, too, this renaissance of democracy in Australasia is not the fruit of colonization by religious enthusiasts, or social reformers, or patriots choosing exile, but of colonization by plain, every-day, matter-of-fact Englishmen, thinking only of making a better living.

America in Africa.

American refrigerating machines, American pumping machinery, an American dynamite plant, 150 miles of American railroad, laid with American rails on California redwood sleepers and American water lines, are some of the Yankee products to be seen at the South African mines.

THE LADY WITH THE SMILE.

Shall woman come to drive man from his place? And tell where he is laboring to-day? Shall he at length retire in disgrace? To scrub and cook and clear the plates away? Ah, whatever the result, at last maybe There is one who is in power all the while Who will never cease from ruling you and me— The charming little woman with the smile.

The woman may be noble and her mind. May be a mine of lore withal who ne'er Lets the man who gapes at her visage find The shadow of a sniper lurking there; But however good or gracious she may be There's another to eclipse her all the while, And the one who comes it over you and me Is the foolish one who has the winning smile.

Oh, the diplomats may bring us lasting peace; They may stop the cruel wars on land and sea; The bloodshed and the tyranny may cease, They may set the last bled-out vessel free; But in spite of all diplomacy may do, And in spite of man's world without an I his guile, He will never cease from paying tribute to The captivating lady with the smile. —Chicago Times-Herald.

FIT AND POINT.

She—"I wish you wouldn't call me 'dearest.'" He—"Why?" She—"It implies that there are others."—Brooklyn Life.

She—"Is he rich?" He—"No." She—"Someone told me he had more money than brains." He—"He has, but he hasn't got much money at that."—Yonkers Statesman.

I asked my friend for good advice, My notion now I sorely rue; For he advised—it wasn't nice— Just what I didn't wish to do. —Washington Star.

Nodd—"There are times when a man has to lie to his wife." Todd—"And that isn't the worst of it." "What is it?" "There are times when he has to tell the truth."—Brooklyn Life.

"Have you any nice light bread?" asked a prospective customer in a bakery. "Yes," said the new boy, "we have some nice pointed loaves that weigh only ten ounces."—Chicago News.

Attorney—"When did your husband first show signs of insanity, madam?" Wife—"The day he married me. I then discovered he was making only \$10 a week."—Philadelphia North American.

"You are the only woman I have loved," he protested. "What?" she demanded. "That is, of course, this year," he hastened to explain, and she was so charmed by his truthfulness that she accepted him.

Hostess—"Can I get you a partner?" Party Addressed—"Well, ma'am, nothing would give me greater pleasure, but I'm afraid it's no go, as your husband engaged me for the evening as waiter."—Tid-Bits.

"The kind of drummer we want is a convincing talker who has a large circle of friends." "You'll not find him." "Why not?" "Convincing talkers never have a large circle of friends."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Well, I see you've moved. Did those people you employed do a good job?" "Fine. They broke only five mirrors out of a possible six, and I think I can have the plastering they knocked off replaced at an outlay of not more than \$45."—Chicago News.

"You have never known the pang of poverty," he exclaimed bitterly. The heiress' eyes softened, though liquid to begin with. "Indeed, I have," said she, warmly. "I went to a bargain sale where no one knew me and found I had left my purse at home."

Little Tommy—"Papa, did you ever see a cyclone that blowed everything up in the air,—cows and horses and houses and things,—upside down?" Papa—"Well, no, Tommy, although I've heard of it often." Little Tommy—"Well, I think it'd be rather tiresome to live so long, and never see anything!"

No Judge of Drygoods.

An exceedingly well dressed woman sat in an elevated railway car the other day, and opposite her was an elderly man. The woman got up to leave the car at Twenty-third street, and in the corner of the seat where she had been sitting the man spied a piece of black net. Jumping for it he called out: "Ma'am, you have left your veil!" As she took no notice of him he dashed down the aisle after her, and touching her on the elbow again said: "Ma'am, you have left your veil," at the same time holding it up in full view of all.

It was a frowsy, frayed, torn piece of black cotton net. "It is not mine, sir!" she snapped out, giving him a withering look, and the obliging old man shrank back as if he had been jabbed with a hairpin, while the passengers grinned.

"Why was she so mad about it?" he asked in a dazed way, as he laid the homely little rag on the window sill. "I guess you never paid for a woman's finery," said another man.

"That's so," said the withered one, in a hopeless tone. "I am a bachelor. Perhaps I'd know more if I'd married."

"You would that," said the other, feelingly.—New York Tribune.

Tom Corwin's Mouth.

Tom Corwin had an enormous mouth. He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation.

"Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up at the lecture room to relate my experience, and I opened my mouth, Deacon Smith rose up in front, and said: 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed?'"—Argonaut.

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