



THE PATRIOT SPY.

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

To drum beat and heart beat
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum beat and heart beat,
In a moment he must die.

By star-light and moon-light
He seeks the Briton's camp,
He hears the rustling flag
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the star light and moon light
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Give no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave!
It meets his eager glance,
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance.—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang!
And terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow, and steady brow,
He robs him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod,
Aid the brutal guards withhold
E'en the precious Word of God;
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ has trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree,
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty;—
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his message words,
A soldier's battle-cry!

From Fame Leaf and from Angel Leaf,
From Monument and Urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His history shall learn,
And on Fame Leaf and Angel Leaf
The name of Hale shall burn.

ple to worship, to toll for their funerals, and to tell them at 9 o'clock each night that it was time to rake up the fires and go to bed. In 1797 it was bought by a son of Capt. John Parker and removed to his homestead, remaining there for nearly a century. Then it was purchased by the Lexington Historical Society, restored to its original appearance and replaced on Belfry hill.

Three buildings of great historical



THE HANCOCK-CLARK HOUSE, LEXINGTON, MASS.

interest stand one opposite each of the three sides of the Common. To the east is the Merriam House, known at the time as the Buckman Tavern, the rendezvous of the minute-men. It was fired on by the British regulars and the bullet holes can still be seen. To the west of the Common is the Monroe house, built in 1728. A bullet passed through the glass over the door and imbedded itself in a bureau. The bureau, bullet and all, is in the possession of one of Monroe's descendants at Chicopee, Mass.

At the north of the Common is the Harrington house, at the door of which the original owner died with his head in his wife's lap the morning of April 19, 1775.

Only 100 rods northeast of the Common is the famous Hancock-Clark house. The original part of the house, which is now the rear L, as shown in the illustration, was erected in 1698 by Rev. John Hancock. His son built the two-story front in 1734. After Rev. John Hancock's death it passed into the hands of Rev. Jonas Clark, who had married Hancock's granddaughter. The ministry of John Hancock and Jonas Clark extended over a period of 105 years. Young John Hancock and Samuel Adams were hiding with Rev. Jonas Clark in this house when warned to flee by Paul Revere.—A. M. D.

Hindoo Are Vegetarians.

The Hindoo is a strict vegetarian. The low caste Hindoo is a fatalist. So, when the famine stalks abroad the Hindoo submits uncomplainingly. Day by day he will subsist on less food, until at last, when a mere shadow, he will drag his bony self to a relief station. There he may get food—or he may not. If not, he crouches in some corner, or out in the fields, under the trees and awaits the coming of death.

Mule Catches Turtles.

A mule patrols the beach at St. Augustine, Fla., in quest of turtles. When she has found one she turns it on its back, and then ambles off to inform her master.

A man never accomplishes much till he has got something behind him to be ashamed of.

HARDSHIP OF WAR.

ENDURANCE OF SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD.

War Correspondent Describes Them as Human Fighting Machines Who Are as Happy on Quarter Rations as on Whole.

A graphic description of the rigors of camp life and the hardships endured by the British soldiers in the war in South Africa is given in the current issue of the London Daily Mail by Julian Ralph. He prefaces his correspondence by a humorous account of his own mishaps. He says: "Battered externally, disordered inside, unable to digest food for weeks, nursing bruises and ailments a half dozen at once, I look upon this war as having ill-repaid me for the kindly and jubilant tone in which I have dealt with it.

"And oh, how sick of it I am—how deadly, unutterably sick I am of it!" "The long months of sand diet and hard faring under Methuen took from me a stomach which an ostrich would have envied and exchanged for it a second-hand, worn-out apparatus which turns upside down at the approach of any food except diluted milk. A piece of Boer shell which hit me on the chest made me faint and weary for many days, and then a novel method of alighting from a Cape cart into a trench, with the cart on top of me, left me one-legged for five weeks, after which I found myself with a low-class, no-account limb in which I had no confidence. Upon my recovering this inferior and make-shift other leg, my horse shot me into a wire fence, which tore both arms into shreds, painted one thigh like an omelet and the other like a South African sunset and left me an internal fracture which I must keep as a perpetual souvenir of what we are all beginning to speak of as 'the bore war'.

"Try to imagine the feelings of a man fashioned in the image of his Creator who finds himself gradually changing into an exhibit for a medical museum and you begin to obtain a glimpse of the fatigue with which I now view this war."

But though battered and bruised, Mr. Ralph is "still in the ring," for he adds to the diagnosis of his own case one of the most interesting studies of the tributes to "Tommy Atkins" in the field that was ever penned by American or other correspondent. Describing his trip from Bloemfontein to healthier Naauwpoort, he writes:

"What did we see? Nothing but an illimitable, spongy, stodgey bog, with a driving cold rain beating upon it. And living upon it without tents were soldiers—soldiers everywhere. Mentally I asked forgiveness for having, even during one moment, thought of my own discomforts and worries. Some of those men had been guarding the railway a whole month. They had begun the task immediately at the end of the awful strain of the field marshal's progress from Graspan to Bloemfontein, when they marched as no Europeans ever marched before, and were starved as none ever should be again.

"Now the bitterly cold, driving rains had come and turned the veldt into a marsh. And here I found them like so many half-drowned rats, wet as the veldt beneath them, wet as the air around them, shivering, playing drum tunes with their teeth, coughing, walking and stamping to keep warm—doing everything except complaining.

"And these were Guards, mind you—the first few thousands spread over the first few miles, Grenadiers, Scots, Coldstreams! 'London pets' you have often called them; 'tin soldiers,' and you have laughed at them in your London homes and newspapers. Well, they did not complain at that, and they are not complaining at this. The officers were glad to take anything we could give them to read, and the men did not spurn small offerings of tobacco, but it is only just to say that none of them asked for anything.

"Tommy" is the queerest 'human' I ever saw—the most inexplicable. When his rations are down to two biscuits in three days you may hear the fact mentioned in an incidental way by a man here and there, but no one growls about it, as sailors would do. When 'Tommy' is marched in suffocating heat until his mates begin to drop out of the ranks or fall on their faces from the ranks a play of repartee will spring up among them and comical ideas and phrases will fly from line to line.

"Tommy is seldom witty—at least I have heard little genuine wit in the ranks—but he is droll and comical in a high degree."

Self-Esteem.

"I dislike his haughty manners very much," said the young woman. "I was tempted to tell him he is not the only pebble on the beach." "Don't use slang," replied Miss Cayenne. "Besides, it wouldn't suit his case. He doesn't think he's a pebble. He thinks he's all that counts in a solitary diamond ring."—Washington Star.

Return of Miracles.

Dr. Sheldon would better give himself longer than a week wherein to unravel the servant girl problem. If he straightens it out in five years the country will rise up and hail him as a worker of miracles.—Kansas City Times.

In the contest for happiness it's a draw between the young girl with her first beau and the young mother with her first baby.

CAMBON'S CAREER.

Comes of a Family That Has Long Been Prominent in France.

Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, has had an interesting and highly successful career. In his early youth he belonged to that courageous and patriotic band of young men who formed the nucleus of the republican party in France, and who were unalterably and unwaveringly opposed to the government of the Second Empire. With the downfall of Napoleon the Little and the setting up of a republic in the ruins of the empire, M. Cambon entered the public service and filled a number of lesser offices with great credit to himself, and was apparently well entered upon a career that was big with future promise when he was suddenly attacked by consumption. In recognition of his services and in the hope that it might prolong his life, a place was found for him in Algeria, whither M. Cambon departed with little hope on the part of the friends he left behind that they would ever look upon his face again. Yet a few years in the wonderful climate of Algeria so far restored his shattered health that the French government not only called again for his services in his native country, but made him prefect of the Department of Lille, in Northeastern France, where the climate is of a rigorous character. After a few years there M. Cambon was promoted to be prefect of the Department of the Rhone, and was then made governor general of Algeria, where it is conceded that he was the most successful governor general since the formation of the republic. Mr. Cambon, after his second service in Algeria, was transferred to the diplomatic corps and assigned as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the government at Washington. M. Cambon's brother, Pierre, is the present French ambassador to the Court of St. James, having previously served as French ambassador at Constantinople and Madrid. For the past hundred years the family of Cambon has been one of great prominence in France.

WINDOW CLEANING EASY.

A Practical Way to Perform an Unpleasant Task.

First remove all dust, both outside and inside. Use a skewer and a cloth to clean corners and grooves. If the woodwork needs cleaning, do this next. If painted, clean by rubbing with whiting and cold water mixed to the consistency of cream, then thoroughly rinse first with hot water and then with cold, and dry thoroughly. Varnished wood should be well rubbed with boiled linseed oil and then well polished with a soft duster. The glass may be washed with clear tepid water, to which ammonia or paraffin has been added in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a gallon, or cleaned with whiting like paint. Have plenty of clean, soft cloths, a chamolis leather, and soft paper—Crumpled newspapers does excellently. Dip the chamolis in a bowl of tepid water, ammonia and water, or whatever you may be using, squeeze it almost dry, and rub the glass with this, rinsing it often. After all dirt has been removed in this manner, rub dry with a clean soft cloth and then polish with soft paper. Be careful to get all corners clean. If you prefer to use whiting it must be mixed with cold water to a paste about as thick as thin cream. Dip a clean cloth in this and polish as you would silver. Rub off the whiting with soft paper, and polish with clean soft paper. In damp weather it is a good plan to add a little ammonia to the whiting and water, as this makes the glass dry more quickly, and it is less trouble to polish. The great secrets are to have the cloths clean, to use plenty of them, and not to make the glass so wet that the water drips from it.

They Were Harmless.

Some voracious Brazilian papers, including the Amazonas Commerce and A Federacao, have converted Mr. McTurk's visit a few months ago to the Takutu in quest of a man who was wanted on a serious charge into a raid into Brazilian territory. Among other things the commissioner for the Essequibo and Pomeroon rivers is accused of "going to Magalhães, a place occupied by an Indian tribe, and there, accompanied by three marines in uniform, causing the Brazilian flag to be taken down, raising in its place that of this country, in contempt of our sovereignty, since the place in question is situated in our territory, as fixed by the terms and provisions of the treaty of 1842." With the exception of a single breach loading shotgun for procuring food, the commissioner, his interpreter and a few Indian constables were unarmed.—Chicago Record.

Now He's Sorry.

"Went home Thursday night and found my wife ill. Symptoms alarming. Dosed her best I could Friday morning she was no better. Started for doctor. Struck by happy thought. Turned back. Cure complete." "What was it?" "Simple as pie. Just said, 'Too bad you have to be sick on bargain day, my dear.' She jounced up. 'What!' she cried, 'how stupid of me to forget.' In five minutes she was up and dressed and frizzing her hair." "Wouldn't it have been cheaper to have fetched the doctor?" "By jove, I guess it would!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spoke 225 Words a Minute.

There is a legend about the senate chamber that General Hawley, for ten or twelve minutes, in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The average speed of senators in speeches does not reach 110 words, and in dictating letters rarely reaches 100 words.

Short Horns of the Future.

At the February meeting of the Short-Horn breeders, held in Kansas City, Hon. S. F. Lockridge of Greencastle, Indiana, contributed a paper in which he said in part:

Now it is admitted, I believe, that in-and-in breeding has a tendency to reduce the size, to refine the form generally and to increase the disposition toward early maturity. How long this practice can be followed without impairing the useful qualities in the animal is a question not easily answered. The Collings and other early breeders of Short-Horns bred from very close connections without apparent injury to their cattle, and Bakewell, with the Long-Horns, probably to a greater extent than any other breeder of his day or since. As intimated above, however, the character of the cattle of that early period justified his practice to an extent that would not be permissible at this late day when Short-Horns have reached the highest degree of refinement, it seems, compatible with a good constitution and general usefulness. In fact, I think most of you will agree with the opinion that in some cases the limit has been exceeded, and that there are Short-Horns to-day that show the effects of too close breeding in an excessive fineness of bone, lack of scale and indication of delicacy throughout the whole animal. It is evident that animals of this character can not be depended upon to produce a healthy and robust progeny. If this is true, is it not time to call a halt, and as practical, common-sense men, having the best interests of the breed at heart, advise a return to safer methods and a more intelligent and liberal selection of material for use in the herd? The most successful breeders of the past did not hesitate when the occasion demanded to introduce new blood into their herds.

Now the question we should ask ourselves to-day is, are we exercising a proper degree of independence in our operations, or are we allowing the preference for this or that line or family to influence us against our better judgment and common sense? In selecting a sire should we not choose him because he possesses in a superior degree the qualities that we desire to secure in the progeny, rather than be influenced altogether by the fact that he is of a particular strain of blood that happens at the time to be of the prevailing fashion, although he may be deficient in individual qualities? In other words, shall we select a sire for no other reason than that his ancestors were famous in the hands of a man who had the genius to make and keep them so while he lived, when, possibly, their descendants in other hands have not maintained the family reputation? For that is the sum and substance of the whole matter. It is unfortunate, I think, that too many breeders continue to worship at the shrine of their early love so long after the source of inspiration has lost its power.

The successful breeder of the future will, in my humble judgment, be a firm believer in the value of pedigree, but he will insist that it be accompanied by unquestionable proof that the characteristics of the ancestors were such as to insure the perpetuation of the good qualities in the offspring. He will not refuse to introduce into the herd sires bred from close affinities, provided they possess in an unqualified degree the qualities already referred to, but he will resolutely reject all that do not measure up to that standard. On the other hand, I believe that the breeder of the future will not be hampered by the fact that the material he selects is not in line bred, but that he will unhesitatingly make use of miscellaneous bred animals, always conditioned upon the fact, however, that the converging strains are from the herds of men known and acknowledged to have been distinguished and reputable as breeders in their several ways. And in so doing he will but follow the precedents left him by the greatest breeders of the past.

Mutton the Primary Consideration.

Bulletin 96, United States Department of Agriculture: Notwithstanding this apparent contraction of our flocks the sheep industry has made substantial progress. It has been established on a more permanent and lasting basis by making mutton the primary consideration and wool incidental, instead of the reverse, as has generally been the case heretofore. On this basis, sheep raising will return a satisfactory profit one year with another, independent of the price of wool, or nearly so, as it has been clearly demonstrated that it does not cost any more, if even as much, to produce a pound of mutton from good mutton sheep under average farm conditions than to produce a pound of beef, when the wool is left entirely out of consideration; and the wool always has some value; it seldom goes so low that well-graded mutton sheep will not yield a fleece worth from 75 cents to \$1.50.

Starting Hair.

By rubbing bald spots daily with a 50 per cent lactic acid solution until the skin has become inflamed, then omitting for a few days and continuing when the inflammation has disappeared, Balzer, a German, claims to have started a new growth of hair within three weeks.

Run of the Farm.—I always let my fowls out as soon as possible. I have never been able to make them do well when confined. I think this is the experience of those that do not make poultry raising a business; for in that case the fowls do not receive the care and attention they need.—J. H. Wood, Lake County, Ohio.

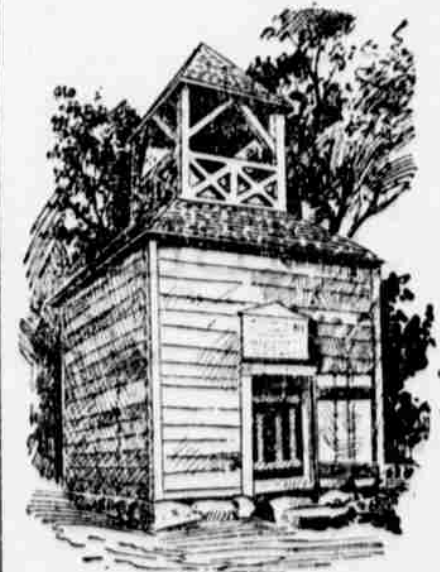
LEXINGTON AND ITS COMMON....

The village of Lexington lies about ten miles northwest of Boston. The first settlement was made there in 1640 near the site of what afterwards became known as the Buckman Tavern. There still remain in the village several well-preserved houses which were standing at the time of the battle of Lexington 125 years ago. They have been well cared for and have undergone little change. They add much to the historic interest of the place and are annually visited by thousands of tourists. The local historical society has placed tablets on them enumerating the dates and facts of especial interest.

Lexington Common is in the form of a triangle and stands nearly in the center of the village. At the time of the fight on April 19, 1775, it was an open space and used as a drill ground for the militia. Today it is a beautiful park. At the southern end of the triangle is what is known as the Pulpit monument, in the form of a granite pedestal surmounted by an open Bible. This monument stands on the site of the first three churches built by the colonists. Just behind it, properly protected, is a thrifty elm which was set out by Gen. Grant 25 years ago on the centennial anniversary of the battle. Near the northwest corner of the Common is the Minute-men monument, at the foot of which are buried those killed in the battle. It is quaintly inscribed and bears the names of those whose last resting place it marks. In 1824 Lafayette was given a public reception in front of this monument, and fourteen survivors of Capt. Parker's men shook hands with him. Near the northeast corner of the Common is a huge boulder mark-

ing the place where Parker's men were drawn up. Engraved on the boulder is a musket and Capt. Parker's command to his men.

The original church on the Common had no steeple and a belfry was erected near by. In 1761 a new belfry was erected on Belfry hill, just to the west of the Common. From this belfry rang out the alarm on that memorable morning 125 years ago. The belfry remained on the hill until 1791; then



LEXINGTON BELFRY.

(From which rang out the alarm on the night of April 18, 1775, warning the Americans that the British soldiers were on their way from Boston.)

It was removed to the Common and its bell was used to summon the peo-