

WHAT THEY DO.

All night long the little stars blink;
All night long they twinkle and wink;
All night long, when we're fast asleep,
Through the cracks in the shutters they
peep, peep, peep.
But what do they do when the daylight
comes?

When the sun wakes up and his big,
round eye
Stares and stares at the big, round sky,
The little stars nestle right down in their
nest,
And their bright eyes close, while they
rest, rest, rest,
And that's what they do when the day-
light comes.

All day long in the warm summer time,
The posies blossom and creep and climb;
All summer long when the south winds
blow,
They nod their heads and they grow,
grow, grow,
But where do they go when Jack Frost
comes?

They wrap themselves in their faded
gowns,
And they take a trip to the rootlet towns,
When the icicle fringes begin to grow
And the air is full of the snow, snow,
snow,
And that's where they go when Jack
Frost comes.

And the little ones chatter the whole day
long,
Of building and weaving and lesson and
song.

All day long in the merriest way,
They laugh, and they work, and they
play, play, play,
But what do they do when the Dream-
man comes?

They nod and forget all their joys and
cares;
And they fold their hands, and they say
their prayers;
And under the blankets they gladly creep,
And they close their eyes, and they sleep,
sleep, sleep,
And that's what they do when the Dream-
man comes.

**HER UNAVAIL-
ING SACRIFICE.**

It was very quiet, very tranquil, in barracks that day, and from the deserted grounds, where only a solitary sentry or two paced up and down, none of the usual barrack-room talk, laughter, or singing could be heard. For every soldier, band-man, and officer had been called to the officers' police quarters, where a fellow-soldier was being tried for his life by the court-martial. It was during the revolutionary days, when power was vested in the hands of the military. They had the right to say whether or not Private Santiago Moreno was guilty of manslaughter, and whether, in payment thereof, he should die.

No women were present in the grim, fortress-like quarters; only the soldiers who stood in silent, stern rows around the room. On the dais sat the colonel, the mayor, and some lesser officers; fronting them, straight and erect, with shoulders thrown back, stood the prisoner, Santiago Moreno. He was a good-looking fellow, and the star on his uniform lapel showed that he had received credit "for valor in the field." Not a flicker of an eyelid, not a movement, showed what he felt; there was not even a tremor when the colonel, after long and grave discussion, at the last stood up, with the other officers grouped about him, and pronounced the sentence of death—"that on the morning of the following day, Private Santiago Moreno would be escorted to the plains of San Geronimo, and there be put by the ley de fuga to death." That was all. The prisoner drew himself up, and saluted, his face no more concerned than that of the men about him, and was taken to his cell.

The soldiers melted away, group by group, some of them displaying sorrow, some unconcern, and others anger. For the slaying of his companion-in-arms by Private Moreno had been a very cold-blooded and more than usually wicked deed, even in a country where wicked deeds are common. For with deliberate intention Moreno had waited for the other, after parting with his sweetheart, Pancha, and coolly and methodically bored a dagger straight to his heart. For it he had offered no excuse or defense, stating merely that the murdered soldier had "annoyed Panchita; that a caballero cannot allow such a thing as the molesting of his novia."

In his small stone cell—once the room set apart for those about to suffer in the auto da fe of the Inquisition days—Private Moreno walked about, whistling a gay Mexican danza, hunting the while for writing materials. He wanted to write adios to his sweetheart, he stated lightly to the warder, who was eying him warily, one hand on his pistol. Though Moreno might not be armed, he was a man to be watched. But at the prisoner's wish to write a note to Panchita, the warder's face relaxed, and he offered to find pen and paper. For Panchita was his own cousin, and every one loved the gay, pretty girl, with her artless, innocent ways that had lured two men on to death.

Poor little Panchita! Five minutes after the death sentence had been pronounced, she knew of it, and, her door locked, was lying face downward on the cold stone floor, moaning and crying to the Virgin for help. It had all been her fault, as she knew—through her two men would go to purgatory, and how would she answer for them? On the spring before her, decked out in blue and white, was a tiny, yellow

image of the Christ, with blood-stained body and hands. Underneath Him hung the holy pictured face of the Virgin, and to the two, Panchita, weak and faint from long fasting and crying, was pouring out heart and soul. Only that Santiago—her Santiago—might be saved somehow—in some way. Ay buen Dios—Marie madre de Dios—take her life—her soul for torture in purgatory—only let Santiago escape! Too weak to pray aloud, she had crawled before the shrine, and with burning, tear-covered face was faintly whispering her petitions.

The girl drew herself up numbly on her knees, sobs that came from her very soul still shaking her slender body. A sound outside startled her, until she remembered that Santiago's mother had come to weep and lament with her own mother. Out there, in the patio, they were lamenting and wailing with loud cries. How could they do it like that—wailing and shrieking so that the neighbors could hear? How angry Santiago would be if he could hear them making such a noise over him! She cast one more pitiful glance at the Virgin, but the sweet, calm face was so quiet, so restful, so little disturbed. What was the use to ask her anything? No, there was no help. She stood up, tottering, and moved over to the window. There was no one in sight; the hot sunshine poured down on the yellow sandy street and the gray adobe walls. Out in the middle of the callejon some dogs and small children rolled and tumbled in the dust together in high glee. A burro, with melancholy face and long, drooping ears, munched alfalfa, while his owner drank pulque in the pulque-shop nearby. It was all so ordinary, so every-day; and yet Santiago was to be shot to-morrow! That is, unless she could think of a plan to save him.

There was a sudden clatter, and the children scattered rapidly, with many duckings and bobbing of their small, fat bodies, as good Padre Francisco, on his pacing mare, turned the corner and went rapidly down the street. Behind him rode a mozo on a hacienda horse. There was a sudden clatter, and the children scattered rapidly, with many duckings and bobbing of their small, fat bodies, as good Padre Francisco, on his pacing mare, turned the corner and went rapidly down the street. Behind him rode a mozo on a hacienda horse. There was a sudden clatter, and the children scattered rapidly, with many duckings and bobbing of their small, fat bodies, as good Padre Francisco, on his pacing mare, turned the corner and went rapidly down the street. Behind him rode a mozo on a hacienda horse.

The next moment she was weeping her heart out, pressing passionate kisses on the cold feet of the Ivory Christ. He had heard her, after all, and the Virgin had helped her—interceded for her! For now she knew what to do, and Santiago should be saved. There was a plan—the Holy Mother had sent it to her. Now to carry it out.

At 6 o'clock that evening the soldier on guard before Santiago's door admitted without question the thin, stooped form of Padre Francisco, cloaked and hooded in his usual manner, and carrying prayer-books and rosary. The good father was silently telling his beads, and the soldier bowed humbly and crossed himself as he opened the door, speaking no word. For no Catholic is privileged to address a priest who is counting his rosary-beads—it is a sign that silence is desired.

The cell door opened and closed silently after the padre, and the watches outside heard a smothered, impatient ejaculation from Private Moreno, who was smoking a cigarette and trying to write that adios to Panchita. Then the door was locked, for the padre was going to confess the prisoner, and the guards retired, laughing at the idea of confession for Santiago—the wickedest dog in the army of Mexico.

Lounging in the doorway, the soldiers speculated lazily as to what was going on in the condemned cell, it was so quiet. Not even a murmur could be heard, and finally the men agreed that the padre was praying silently, with Santiago cursing in the other corner of the room.

It was dark—quite dark—when Padre Francisco came out, with head bowed lower than ever, cloak wrapped disconsolately about him, and fingers still telling his beads. He had been there for an hour, and surely Santiago was either talked down or dead by this time. "Shall we go and see?" asked a guard. "No, hombre; let the poor brute alone," said another.

To the men who watched all night for fear that the prisoner might escape, it seemed a century before midnight gave way to the darkness that comes before dawn, though to the prisoner—quien sabe! Such waiting is hard even on the men who are not to die, and there was a sound of relief when at last the first bugle sounded! It was time to get the prisoner and march. Because a soldier is allowed two privileges—to be executed before dawn, and to be shot in his uniform. There was no need to change the clothes of Private Santiago Moreno; so far as costume was concerned, he was ready.

either side of him. The prisoner, however, was not ready; and deep disgust and scorn was shown on every face when the warder appeared and stated grudgingly that the prisoner was weeping como un niño, and had begged one moment's grace. Weeping, indeed! A pretty way for a soldier of the Twenty-third to die! And men who had thought privately that they would aim low in the ley de fuga, hardened their hearts—a coward did not deserve such treatment.

That the prisoner, barely visible in the gray dawn, was perfectly calm and composed when he did appear made no difference to them; perhaps he had mustered up some courage, after his weeping, but he had played the coward for all that, and a coward's death was no loss.

Out on the bare, swampy plains of San Geronimo, just where Mount Ajusco rises up bleak and rock-covered, was the place of execution. The walk was not long for the men, to the sound of the muffled marcha, but very dreary. There was hardly light enough to see each other's faces, and the trees and cactus shrubs loomed up gray and ghostly along the side of the rocky trail. As for the condemned man, though he might have played the part of a coward in the prison, there was no sign of fear now. With quick, light steps, almost out-distancing the regular pace of the others, he walked out bravely, as though going to another decoration by el presidente, instead of to the death of a murderer, at the hands of the very men with whom he had fought at Matanzas, and Huella and other places, arm to arm, back to back.

Here was the spot. And, with his back to Ajusco, his feet sinking into the damp ground, and the gray mist of the morning resting like a pall about him, the prisoner was allowed to stand for a moment, while the Captain made a brief address, concluding with the statement that only because the prisoner was a soldier the "law of fire" would be put into effect; when the word "uno" was pronounced he was to run for his life. On the craggy side of Ajusco, he might find shelter, perhaps. "Uno—dos—tres" were counted; at "tres" the squad would fire. Therefore he would have to hasten—otherwise, God have mercy on his soul.

"Atencion!" The soldiers stood on guard. "Uno" was counted slowly. The prisoner stood stock still, and the man nearest swore that there was a smile on his face. "Dos!"—(Dios de la vida, was he paralyzed, that he could not run, even to save his life?)—and at last, slowly, "Tres! Fire!" Motionless, horrified, the men had watched. Still the prisoner stood there, head up and shoulders back. At the sound of the "tres," however, muskets were lowered, and every hammer pulled. Out thundered the salute of bullets, a veritable hail of them, and the solitary, pathetic figure tottered, then reeled over, face downward, in the damp grass. Dead, of course—how could it be otherwise? The Captain should have looked to make sure, but he wanted his breakfast and some cognac; merely glancing casually at the body, he gave the order to march, and with the marcha once more ringing out the men tramped back through the light of the coming day to barracks and breakfast, leaving the dead man alone on the plain.

The next day Private Santiago Moreno himself, whom we have seen shot and left dead on the San Geronimo plains, was there at sunset, pale, crased with grief, and holding in his arms a dead body in the uniform of a soldier, but with the sweet, peaceful face of a woman who had offered up her life for a friend. When the sun went down his lifeless form remained, still clasping—even in death—the other body that had been thought his.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Resent Being Made a Show.
"The Steerage of To-day" is the title of an article by H. Phelps Whitmarsh in the Century. Mr. Whitmarsh says: One evening several members of steerage No. 1 and I were grouped about the foremast, talking upon the all-absorbing subject, America. The conversation drifted into an argument on the equality of man, and this, in turn, led to a discussion as to the rights of the saloon passengers.

"If we ain't got no right to go into their quarters," said one of the men, "wot right 'ave they to come into ours? It 'ud be all right if they 'aved themselves; but they don't, blast 'em! Anybody 'd think as 'ow we was a lot of bloomin' lepers, to see the way they carries on—a 'oldin' 'andkerchiefs to their noses, an' a-droarin' their silk petticoats close to 'em, an' 'tiptoin' an' 'titerin'." "Ho, George," says the big woman with diamonds in 'er ears, as come down yesterday, 'the pore, bloomin' creechans; but wot makes 'em smell so? Just as loud as that, mind you. S'elp me, I could 'a' tore 'er to pieces!" As I happened to witness the incident so graphically described by the cockney, I could not help feeling that his anger was righteous.

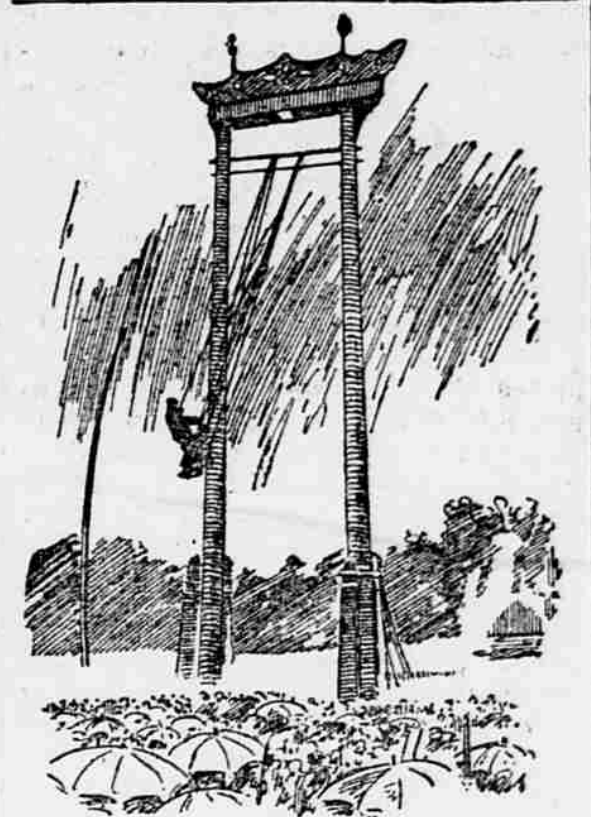
Measuring Tapes Made of Steel.
Steel tapes for measuring are made in lengths varying from three to 1,000 feet. Tapes of 1,000 feet in length are made only one-eighth of an inch in width, so as to save weight, and are usually made to order. Tapes of great length are used in bridge and railroad work and in measuring streams. Sometimes two 1,000-foot tapes are joined in measuring.

The First Printers.
The first printers used to print only on one side of a page, and then pasted together the two blank pages to give the impression of one leaf.

There is enough salt in the sea to cover 7,600 square miles of land with a layer one mile in thickness.

THIS IS INDEED A SWING.

Ninety Feet High, and Speeds at a Mile-a-Minute Gate.
The enterprising Yankee who should erect a swing of the dimensions of the one shown in this picture would make a fortune in a season—if he wasn't arrested the first day he started his dangerous apparatus. What do you think of flying through the air at the rate of a mile a minute, suspended by a mere thread? That is what the Siamese



SIAMESE SWING EXTRAORDINARY.

trapezists do. It is not so professional as some of the performances seen in this country. The exciting spectacle of two men, literally risking their necks in midair, is seen only at the Siamese harvest festivals, at which all Siam congregates. The attention of the crowd is directed to the performance of the swinging games by a great blare of trumpets. The swing itself is like any ordinary child's swing, except for its enormous size. The pillars are over ninety feet high, and the seat of the swing is about half-way between the ornamented cross-bar and the ground.

Fair Cuban Eager for War.
Miss Frediavinda Sanchez, of No. City, Fla., was the first Cuban young lady to volunteer from this country to go with the Red Cross Society. Miss Sanchez is the belle of Ibor City, a suburb of Tampa, inhabited mostly by



MISS FREDIAVINDA SANCHEZ.

people of Cuban extraction. She has taken great interest in the struggle of the insurgent leaders. She declared that if she couldn't go as a nurse to care for the wounded she would take a rifle and join the Cuban army, and she is a good shot.

Sending Messages at Sea.
This is the way messages are sent from ship to ship during the daytime. The tar waving the flags is signaling



GIVING AND RECEIVING SIGNALS.

and the officers on the bridge are reading like signals coming from the other vessel.

Where a Battle Was Fought.
An antique earthen vessel of Spanish design, half filled with gold dust, dug with other valuables from the ground in an uninhabitable spot in the Indian Territory, is the latest discovered evidence to corroborate an old Indian tradition to the effect that one of the most cruel battles ever fought on American soil was an engagement between the Spaniards and the native Indians that has never been recorded in history. T. B. Powell, of Webber's Falls, while walking in his yard, stumbled on what he found to be a peculiarly shaped earthen vessel. He dug it up, and found it to contain about fifty old Spanish and American coins, some of which dated as far back as 1726. His curiosity having been excited, he excavated in the spot, and found a much larger vessel of the same shape, containing what proved to be more than a gallon of pure gold dust.

It has long been an Indian tradition that in the last part of the eighteenth century, or the first of the nineteenth, the native Indians of what is now the territory, and the encroaching Spaniards from the South, fought an awful battle in the territory, and that the In-

dians were so badly routed that they retreated with great loss of life, and never returned to retrieve the valuable jewelry and gold they had buried near the battle-field just before the engagement to prevent the Spaniards from obtaining it in case of their success. In the past few years the territory in the neighborhood of Webber's Falls, a little town near Chelsea, has become inhabited by the whites, and so frequently have relics of the ancient Spaniards and the Indians been unearthed that the Indian story of the battle has gained credence in that section.

The Triumph of "Danny."
Several years before the discovery of oil at Pithole an Irishman named McCarthy and his son Dan came to this country from the Emerald Isle, says Bazar. Dan was a young man of 20, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy, and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

"Yis, Dan is a good b'y," he would say sarcastically, "but, Danny, me b'y, ye'll never set the river on fire."
This was his stock of witicism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job.

"Yis, Danny has a job all right," he said; "it's a dollar and a half a day, but the b'y'll never set the river on fire. Not he."
When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene, and was soon earning unusually large wages as a teamster. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and teams were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land, and soon had a well drilled that was producing 100 barrels of oil per day at \$10 per barrel. The older McCarthy joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money, and then shook his head ominously.

"'Tis a good thing, Danny," he croaked; "ye're doin' well; but mark me words, ye'll never set the river on fire, me b'y."
A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's small wooden tanks, the oil ran down the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away, Dan drew a match and lighted it.

"Father," he said coolly, "the next time ye say O'll never set the river on fire, please remember that O' had a chance wanst, and—didn't do ut, bedad!"
Then he blew out the match.

A Fickle Weathercock.
An old saying, "Fickle as a weathercock," once received a striking refutation in the experience of Dr. W. E. Channing. The famous Boston preacher, being of a feeble constitution, was led to go to extremes in protecting himself against the cold, penetrating air of the winter in Boston; at such times nothing would induce him to go out of the house, even in a carriage, if the wind was from the east.
A friend not having heard from Dr. Channing for three weeks, notwithstanding that the weather had been unusually mild and agreeable, feared that he might be ill and called at his home to inquire. He found Channing in his library, the sun streaming through the closed windows, and a blazing fire in the grate; the room was almost suffocating. The doctor himself seemed in his usual health and spirits. Naturally, the visitor asked why he was not enjoying the soft air and sunshine. Channing shook his head and said: "Impossible, my friend. I dare not, and you know I never venture out of doors in an east wind."
"But the wind has been in the south for the last three weeks!" urged his friend.
"You are greatly mistaken," rejoined the doctor. "Look at the weather vane!" and he pointed triumphantly to the weathercock of a neighboring church.

"But that vane has not moved for the last three weeks. It wants oiling," was the response.
The good doctor had been kept a prisoner for three weeks by a rusty weathercock—Youth's Companion.

Cooking Meals by a Volcano.
A volcano is not generally looked upon as affording comfort to the weary climber, but a party of four mountaineers derived warmth and succeeded in cooking their meals by the volcanic heat in the crater of Mount Ranier. They ascended the mountain and a storm came on, which broke into a hurricane after they had crawled over the rim of the great crater. The steam which ascended from the hot, sulphur-laden springs served to cook some prunes and to soften hard tack, which they had brought with them. The hurricane raged for four days and three nights, and they were kept prisoners, not being able to descend on account of the storm. During this period they cooked their food and managed to keep themselves warm through the volcanic heat in the crater.

Hats as Life Preservers.
It is generally known that when a person falls into the water a common felt hat can be made use of as a life preserver. By placing the hat upon the water, rim down, with the arm round it pressing it slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

Couldn't See It.
"I don't see where I come in on your scheme," said Uncle Silas to the fire insurance agent. "If I pay you a hundred dollars I lose the hundred; and if my house burns down I lose the house. Seems as if I was doomed anyhow!"—Harper's Bazar.

An Ancient Tub.
An old Roman tub well has been discovered at Silchester. It is in a comparatively perfect state of preservation, though 1,600 years have elapsed since it was made.

Possibly no man is as anxious to go to war as he pretends to the reporters.

HIS START IN LIFE.

His Desire to Accommodate a Customer Brought About His Success.
The Philadelphia Times prints an interesting and encouraging account of the manner in which Mr. McLaughlin, the late publisher of that paper, gained his first upward start in the world. He was then employed in the printing-office of the Ledger. Young readers may find in the narrative something better than a good story.

Upon one occasion in 1851, when Frank McLaughlin was twenty-three years of age, it happened that the foreman and his assistant were absent, and that John McLaughlin was at home ill. Young Frank McLaughlin was then the fastest setter of type in the office. At the dinner hour on the day in question, when every "stick" was lying at rest, Abraham Barker, the father of the well-known Wharton Barker, and himself then one of the very few brokers in this city, walked into the Ledger job printing-office with a stock-list—an enumeration of the figures of the financial market of the day—and expressed a desire to have it put in type and fifty copies struck off for immediate use.

By reason of the conditions described, there was no one in authority to wait upon him, and Frank McLaughlin stepped forward and received the order. The stock-list of that time, unlike the complex affair of the present day, was an abbreviated statement, and two men could easily place it in type within a quarter of an hour.

When Mr. Barker asked the young printer if he would undertake the task, the latter answered with cheerful alacrity, "Certainly." Cutting the list in two and turning to one of the oldest compositors in the office, he said, "Here, Jim, take one of these 'takes' and I'll take the other, and we'll rush her through in a jiffy."

The man addressed walked forward with a frown on his face, and after he had taken the slip of paper and was moving back to his case, he muttered some half-understood words about "giving a fellow a chance to eat his dinner."

"Never mind, Jim," said young McLaughlin, walking quickly after him and taking the copy from his hands, "I'll do the job myself." During these proceedings Abraham Barker never left the office, nor did he do so until the work had been completed. He leaned quietly against a make-up table, reading a copy of the New York Tribune, apparently oblivious to all that was going on about him.

Young McLaughlin's fingers flew as he plucked up the little pieces of metal. In less than half an hour he had the stock-list in type, revised, and fifty copies struck off. He handed them to Mr. Barker with an apology for keeping him waiting. "What! Done already?" said the broker, and with a simple "Thank you!" he left the office.

The following morning the young printer was surprised by receiving a note from the customer of the day before, requesting him to call at his office. He did so.

"I heard everything that took place in the Ledger office yesterday," said the financier, "and fully appreciate your conduct. I would like you to print the stock-list for me every day for one month, and I'll pay you five hundred dollars for the work."

"But it is not worth so much as that," answered the printer.
"It is worth as much to me to have it done as you did it yesterday," was the reply.

That was Frank McLaughlin's first work for himself. At the expiration of the month the contract was extended to three times that period, and then to twelve months, with an annual recompense of six thousand dollars. At that time journeymen printers were receiving about ten dollars weekly, and only in extraordinary instances earned one or two dollars beyond that sum.

Burgoyne Best of British Generals.
Burgoyne was the natural son of Lord Bingley, and had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Lord Derby. As matters went then, these were sufficient reasons for the appointment; but in justice to Burgoyne it must be said that he had other attributes than those of birth and marriage. He was a member of Parliament and a clever debater; a man of letters and an agreeable writer; a not unsuccessful verse-writer and playwright; a soldier who had shown bravery in the war in Portugal; a gentleman and a man of fashion. He had not given any indication of capacity for the command of an army, but this was not thought of importance. Let it be added that, although as a soldier he was the worst beaten of the British generals, as a man he was much the best, for he was clever, agreeable, and well-bred.—From "The Story of the Revolution," by Senator H. C. Lodge, in Scribner's.

Tinplate Scrap Has a Value.
The tinplate clippings from the stamping factories of this country are gathered together, tied in bales and delivered at the dock in New York for about \$6 a ton; thence they are shipped to Holland, where the tin is recovered and made into ingots, while the iron scrap is sold and turned to different uses. Some factories have as high as 1,200 tons of this scrap tin to dispose of in a year. The process used in Holland for separating the two metals is secret, and the efforts of manufacturers to obtain a knowledge of it has thus far been in vain.

Seemed the Appropriate Kind.
"Joseph is real sick with slow fever," "Well," and Mrs. Martin gasped her apron reflectively, "I know if Joseph had a fever it would be a slow one."

It is exceedingly hard on a horse with a balky horse.